**Composure**

by **Heal3r**

**Summary**

Everyone has secrets.

Everything in Jimin's life changed the day he presented as an Omega. It's as though the world were grabbed out from under him, launching him into a special hell not meant for someone with as much fire and potential as him.

This is why when Jimin is given the opportunity to stop being an Omega, he takes it.

What Jimin hadn't anticipated, is meeting his roommate, Yoongi, or realizing his entire cover will be blown if he can't stop going so crazy over that cinnamon and mint scent he has.

Too bad that is the least of his worries...

*(This is a story containing serious and dark themes with disturbing elements which become more prevalent as the story progresses.)*
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
The world is not kind, not to him, or anybody like him.

As a child, he had never paid much attention to the structure of society, the interworking’s, the fine details. Instead, he fell in love time-and-time again with laughing, with nature, and with the friends and family he was surrounded with.

Without question, Jimin had a happy childhood, something he cherishes now that the initial bitterness has worn off. The bitterness that developed, festered, and grew only after Jimin presented as an Omega on his fourteenth birthday.

In this world, Omegas are limited by their physiology, their sub-gender, and by society. Omegas are not meant to go too far, to achieve, to dream, or to accomplish. His childhood dreams of becoming a lawyer, doctor, astronaut, etc, were torn away the very moment slick collected between his legs, from the very first heat which left him curled up in his bed whining.
Shortly after presenting, he had found himself with a new prescription for heat suppressants. Although his parents claimed they weren’t ashamed, Jimin could easily read the embarrassment on their faces as they took him to the drug store to fill the prescription. From this he learned that while they love-love-love-love him unconditionally, they’re ashamed of his physiology, something which feels exactly like being ashamed of him.

The following week, he had been called into one of the conference rooms at school. His parents and every big wig had been there, staring at him, inspecting him as though he were some object. All of the confidence Jimin had developed until then, vanished. While seated in an uncomfortable chair, he could only listen as his parents provided the medical sheet verifying his sub-gender. The words ‘OMEGA’ looks dirty, but the look the principal gives him from over his glasses is even dirtier.

“You understand what this entails correct?”

Jimin didn’t understand, he couldn’t understand, but everything changed after that. He was pulled from his advanced classes and placed in level-classes. His position on the track team was revoked and he was put into cooking classes instead. All of Jimin’s electives for the rest of the year were suddenly decided for him, the ‘Omega Success Plan’ it had been called. Cooking, Childcare, Homemaking, and Dynamic Sexuality. At fourteen, Jimin was taught the correct way to submit and please his future Alpha in the bedroom, a class which tied his stomach in knots and caused him to question his worth.

Although his parents were sympathetic, they remained adamant that Jimin could not go against the order of things. Omegas have an important job, the job of helping to bring more pups into the world, of maintaining the world’s population, of raising polite and successful future adults.

At first, Jimin had been depressed about his bleak future outlook. He spent days and days crying in his room, angry at his body, at his parents, at the world, angry that he had the job of spreading his legs like a good Omega while his classmates were picking out which universities they wanted to attend.

But that depression changed shape after the Omega rights movement. Year long protests against the inhumane treatment of Omega’s found success shortly before Jimin’s graduation from High School. An act was passed, one which granted Omega’s the freedom to attend University, though only for ‘Omega Approved majors’. Still, a step in the right direction is better than no step at all, so for the first time, Jimin felt hopeful.

After graduating high school, Jimin’s parents debated on what to do with him. He hadn’t found a mate, and while other Alphas were interested, they were only interested in fucking him, not mating him. With his hands in his lap and his gaze directed towards the floor, he listened as his parents discussed selling him to a third party, a company responsible for finding Alpha’s mates quickly and efficiently.

And so, just like the voiceless object he’d been told he should be, Jimin didn’t breathe a word as his bags were packed and he was carted off to a large white building in the middle of downtown. He didn’t breathe a word as his parents hugged him goodbye, he didn’t breathe a word as he was ushered into a backroom and told to undress.

Every memory of that place pains Jimin to think about. The white walls, the sterile smell, the even more terrifying scent of the doctor’s Alpha scent enveloping him as he tested whether or not Jimin successfully produces slick in response to an Alpha’s aggression.
“It’s important that you get wet when your Alpha is upset with you.” He had explained.

“When that happens, your job is to submit, and not to cry during it.”

After Jimin’s body immediately produced slick in response to the aggression, he was allowed to get dressed again before being led down a maze of hallways to a room now deemed ‘his’. A single twin bed on a metal frame stared sadly at him from the corner of the room while a toilet, a sink, and a small mirror with a light above it rest only a few feet away. As he stood in the doorway, his eyes sweeping over the small room, he couldn’t help but struggle with the emptiness inside of himself. This is the life society has decided for him. One where he can only hope his Alpha doesn’t hit him, where all he can do during a disagreement with his Alpha is spread his legs like a good boy.

This wasn’t the life he wanted.

After one week within the thick walls of that prison, Jimin finally gathers up the courage to run. In the dark of night, he packs his bag, escaping the building and catching the first train he can all the way to Seoul.

He spends a year loading himself on street-bought scent suppressors and heat suppressants. Instead of embracing his dim future as a fuck toy or baby oven, he buys a bottle of sprayable scent, Alpha scent.

Jimin is an Alpha now, he’s an Alpha because he wants a choice.

With his new sub-gender, Jimin begins working all kinds of jobs, anything to make enough money to support himself. All types of comments are flung his way, Jimin is too pretty to be an Alpha, too small, too cute, too soft.

But he learns to growl, he learns to speak with authority, he learns to stare an Alpha in the eye and challenge them. After one year, he has taken his own Omega side, and replaced it with a passable Alpha copy.

It’s also around this time that Jimin finds out that the doctor who first documented his sub-gender; had their office burn down without a single item left standing. Jimin’s sub-gender had never been reported to the government leaving his high school as the only remaining evidence.

From there, Jimin passes through various shady networks including a shady doctor who agrees to falsify his sub-gender report in exchange for sexual favors and money. A single blow job and a few hundred dollars means nothing when Jimin is currently clawing for his life back, for an opportunity to be something more than a baby making machine.

Jimin still retains the ambition his school tried so hard to stomp out of him, he still has dreams usually not allowed for Omegas, he still has a chance.

Every heavy aspect of Jimin’s past breathes down his neck as he stands in the clean, well-lit hallway of the Alpha student apartments. Although he has the key for his apartment, and he’s standing in front of the door with the gold plat reading ‘303’, he still hesitates. The university he had been accepted to divides up the living situations so keep Alphas with other Alphas, Betas with Betas, and Omegas with Omegas. On his way over, Jimin had caught sight of the Omega apartment complex, a shabby, run down lot with an even shabbier building. Although he hadn’t seen the Beta apartments, he can’t imagine it compares much to the Alpha apartment
building he’s currently standing in.

Still, it’s only been a little over a year since Jimin has embraced his synthetic sub-gender, and while he’s far better able to play the Alpha role adequately, the Omega side of himself that he’s damn near locked away; still becomes nervous with the heavy scent of Alpha cloying around him from all angles. Scent suppressors may hide his own scent, but Jimin can still distinctly smell the scents of others, and his body still responds to it whether he wants it to or not.

Re-adjusting the black duffle bag on his shoulder containing all of his possessions, he takes a deep breath before pressing the key into the lock and turning. What he finds when the thick, gray door opens, is a spacious apartment with floor to ceiling windows along the far wall. The apartment is far too nice for a college student and Jimin can’t help but scoff at the blatantly unfair way Alphas are lavished when compared to Betas or Omegas.

Stepping in, he immediately finds a plush black carpet in the entry as well as a note taped to the light gray walls welcoming them and outlining the contact numbers they’ll need in case of emergency or other issues. As the heavy door closes behind him, he slips off his shoes, setting his bag down as he begins to explore his new home.

What looks like a hickory wood covers the floor of the apartment, the glossy finish almost clearly reflecting the trees outside the living room window. To the right of the front door Jimin finds the kitchen, shiny black countertops accenting not only the floors and the wall, but also the stainless-steel appliances fully hooked up and ready for them.

Passing the kitchen, the rounds the bar, passing it on his way down the short hallway containing several doors.

The first door he opens on the left is a closet, the next one on the right is a bedroom, large and currently uninhabited. The last two doors reveal another bedroom on the left, and a bathroom across the hall on the right. As Jimin steps into the expensive looking bathroom, eyeing the large bathtub and double sink, he can’t help but wonder what sort of price tag this place comes with. His student loans are fortunately taking care of the cost of his studies, but is it even possible that so many Alpha’s hail from wealthy families that can afford this sort of luxury? This apartment alone may be nicer than even his parent’s home, the very thought of living here begins to make him slightly uncomfortable. After all of the dingy apartments he rented out on his meager paychecks, this sort of apartment is nothing short of a daydream.

Sighing, Jimin returns to the entry, picking up his duffle bag before resting it against the wall in the living room instead. His bed will arrive soon along with the night table and dresser he bought. Although he’s damn near tapped out on money, the grumbling of his stomach convinces him that grocery shopping is mandatory.

With his keys and his wallet in tow, Jimin locks up the apartment before heading back down the wide hallway. On the way, he passes a few other Alpha residents, some of them sparing him a second glance, reminding Jimin that despite how he smells, he still looks very much like an Omega.

The grocery store is slightly better than his Alpha-infested apartment. Mixtures of various sub-genders roam the aisles and push carts, others haul over-stuffed baskets in what appears to be an unnecessary struggle. To avoid embarrassing himself, Jimin grabs a small
double-decker cart before pushing it towards the soup aisle.

As he crouches down to pick out the types of ramen he wants, he tries not to pay attention to the various Omega’s passing by behind him. Each one seems to have a child with them in some shape or form, some of them still carrying the fetus in their belly, others with the child strapped to their back, in the cart, or walking beside them. Only once does Jimin spot an Alpha assisting the Omega with the grocery shopping or the children.

Staring hard at the ramen, he picks out three flavors, each one a six-pack. Dropping them into the cart, he moves on to the refrigerated section, adding a carton of the cheapest eggs to his pile of broke college student food. Jimin has eating on a budget down to a near science at this point. Although his usual diet consists of ramen, water, eggs, chips, and crackers, his metabolism burns each spec he provides, leaving him with a lean figure, but gently curved hips meant to aid him with childbearing.

After he slowly makes his way around the store, picking out only what is cheap and will take him the furthest, he heads up to the check-out, staring at the screen to ensure everything rings up correctly before paying for his groceries.

It’s a five-minute walk home and fortunately his chosen purchases are light enough that he doesn’t struggle. The Alpha apartments are located off campus unlike the dorms, though just a few blocks further and he would be approaching the east entrance of the University. Instead of walking all the way to campus, he crosses the street, going down another block on the quiet, tree-lined road until he can see the sign for the student housing.

Since it’s still warm outside, Jimin’s wearing shorts and a white athletic t-shirt, one with a Nike check mark across the left breast, though, just by watching the weather network he can see the colder days beginning to approach. Fall is around the corner, and classes start tomorrow morning. Although Jimin wants to think he’s not nervous, he’s definitely nervous. After-all, his high school pulled him from his advanced classes and placed him in level, he received no help, no further education, and to top it all off; he has been out of school for over a year now.

Clutching the plastic handle of the bag a little bit tighter, he passes a moving truck before reaching the front door of the building. After digging out his wallet, he presses his security card against the wall panel until the light turns green, a loud beep sounding as he’s let inside.

Inside the building, he takes an elevator alone to the third floor, his eyes watching the digital panel as it counts the ascent until the elevator stops and the doors slide open.

Now, for whatever reason, the third floor is loud right now. Stepping out of the elevator, he can see a few doors propped open, some of the students mingling in noisy conversation and laughter. The sight of students having fun and enjoying their college-days should make Jimin feel good, but instead, he just feels irritated. It’s unfair they’re carelessly having fun like this. It’s unfair they’re in such a nice apartment while the Omega students are in a damn near dilapidated building. Are they even aware of how much the Omegas struggle? Or do they not care so long as they’re able to fuck them?

‘I’m just grumpy…’ He tells himself as he makes his way down the hallway. Between open doors and groups of students, someone moves to stand in his way.

“What’s an Omega doing here?” Laughter breaks out around them, a few ‘Oh shit’s and ‘Bro, this is an Alpha only apartment!’ are called out among other mumbled words he fails to catch.
Jimin freezes, his knuckles white around the bag handle before immediately composing himself. Raising his gaze to stare up at the Alpha, he glares in the same way he’s glared at many Alpha’s before this one.

“Excuse me?”

The Alpha standing in his way grins at the other Alpha’s in the hallway, his arms coming up to cross around his chest. “Are you meeting your mate or something? It’s dangerous for Omega’s to enter an Alpha only apartment alone you know.”

“I am an Alpha, dumbass.” Jimin’s chest heaves in the same way an Alpha’s does before they growl, though it’s just a show. He pretends to be holding it down, his body relaxing slightly as though trying to convey how little of a threat this strange Alpha is.

“You’re too fucking small to be an Alpha.” The Alpha reaches forward, one hand coming to grab Jimin’s shoulder while he ducks in to press his nose against Jimin’s neck. It happens too quickly for Jimin to respond, all he can do is stand rigid as the Alpha sniffs at his scent gland.

“The fuck…” The Alpha draws back, his nose scrunched in disgust. “How the fuck are you an Alpha… You look like an Omega.”

“Well looks can be deceiving, huh? Get the fuck outta my face now.” Jimin releases the growl he had been pretending to hold down earlier. The rumbling begins deep in his chest, ending with a menacing threat of a growl from between his lips. As the hallway silences, the Alpha in front of him backs off.

“Fuck, fine, sorry.”

He spares one more glare towards the Alpha, then another down the hall at the on-lookers before continuing until he reaches his apartment. By the time he’s slotting his key into the lock, his anxiety is through the roof. Maybe coming to this school had been a mistake, one slip-up and he’s going to be eaten for fucking breakfast…

Caught up in his thoughts, Jimin is late to register the new scent in the apartment as the door closes behind him. He also fails to notice the presence of a black couch and love seat, or the person standing at the mouth of the dark hallway, watching.

Setting the bags down on the countertop, Jimin finally notices a coffee maker, toaster, and stack of bowls and utensils set out on the counter. Initially, he wonders if he entered the wrong apartment somehow, if maybe his key works on two locks. It’s only once he inhales that he picks up the scent of cinnamon and mint.

“You must be Jimin.” The Omega in disguise looks up, his eyes finding an Alpha a few inches taller than himself standing half-way in the hall, half-way in the light of the living room. The first thing that catches his attention aside from his mouthwatering scent, is his mint colored hair. Against his pale skin, the color compliments every aspect of him, including the baggy black hoodie and gray joggers.

“Are you… my roommate?” It takes Jimin a second to get the words out. It feels as though Yoongi’s scent is wrapping around him, suffocating him in the most pleasant way.
He never realized Alpha’s can smell this good.

“Yeah, I’m Min Yoongi, senior, Music Theory major.” The Alpha extends his hand, allowing Jimin the opportunity to shake it before they both almost seem to recoil at the touch. Something flickers in Yoongi’s gaze, barely caught by Jimin, but still curiously there.

Too bad he can’t ask about it.

“I’m Park Jimin, freshman, Forensic Science major.” Yoongi nods, his gaze dropping to the bags Jimin brought home with him before he motions to the coffee maker and other items also on the counter.

“If any of my shit is in the way feel free to move it. The movers are gonna be bringing up my bed in here in a minute, so you might wanna watch out.” As soon as Yoongi warns him, a knock comes to the door, catching both of their attention.

“That’d be them.” He mumbles, making his way over to the door.

As the two moves carry in Yoongi’s bedroom furniture, Jimin tries to focus on putting his groceries away. In the short period he had left to go shopping, Yoongi had damn near filled the fridge with random items. Soy milk, some vegetables, fruits, what looked like some type of dessert, and canned espresso shots among a few other stray odds and ends. On the bright side, Jimin at least notes that there are no eggs in the fridge, so he adds his as well as a few other things before packing away his ramen into the pantry.

When he’s finished, the movers are bringing in the last of the furniture while Yoongi scoots the couches around in the living room, positioning them to face the large flat-screen TV now sitting on an entertainment center against the wall.

Really, Jimin thinks he may hate Alphas.

There’s now a dark colored rug sitting at an angle with a coal colored modern looking coffee table on-top of it. Just by looking at the furniture Yoongi owns as well as his coffee maker, Jimin decides the tired looking Alpha must have modern design tastes, something Jimin both appreciates and despises.

Alphas really do have it so much easier.

“Oh right, your bed and shit were delivered while you were gone. I didn’t know which room you wanted so I picked for you. Sorry, but I think they’re both the same size anyway.” Yoongi’s standing on the other side of the bar again, his eyes trained on Jimin and somehow, the Omega feels small beneath his gaze.

He feels the same way he did in the office of that white building.

“That’s fine, I didn’t have a preference anyway.” He shrugs to play off his discomfort, reminding himself that any slip up at all could cost him everything. In a building stuffed full of Alpha’s, he’d turn into some community sex toy and that is not on his list of desires now or ever.

“Cool, I’m gonna go unpack then. Feel free to use my stuff, just don’t break any of it.” Yoongi pushes away from the bar, disappearing down the hall into the first door on the right. This means that Jimin gets the bedroom at the end of the hall, the one right across from the bathroom.
'That probably works out perfectly.' He thinks to himself as he scans the apartment once more. The sun is beginning to set from what he can see, and he can also feel the pit growing in his stomach. Since his classes don’t actually start until ten, he makes the decision to have a late dinner and use the time in-between to set up his room a bit more. Although Jimin doesn’t own very much, he does want to put his clothes in his dresser and set up his bed before tonight.

Jimin gets to work in his room, playing quiet music on his phone as he pushes his dresser to where he wants it, putting his bedframe together before sliding the full-size box spring into place, heaving his mattress to fit seamlessly on-top. After ensuring his bed is in the primary location for the outlet to charge his phone, he pushes his night table against his bed before starting in with his duffle bag. It feels like it’s taking hours, though it’s probably been fewer than eighty minutes. As Jimin unpacks his clothes and places them neatly in his new dresser, he finds his thoughts pre-occupied with school. Returning to school for a higher education is a dream Jimin once thought he wasn’t allowed. But now, standing in his own bedroom in off-campus student apartments, he can hardly believe what all the traumas of his life have led up to.

He’s going to be the first Omega to do something with his life other than have pups. He’s going to prove that Omegas are not ‘less’ than Alphas or Betas, he’s going to prove his own worth to himself.

Pulling his suppressants and scent suppressors out of his duffle bag, he hides them carefully within his dresser, though the bottle lists them as a prescription for pain medication, he won’t take the risk. Distracted by his thoughts, Jimin doesn’t notice Yoongi’s approach until the scent of cinnamon reaches his nose again, grabbing his attention immediately.

“Wanna get some food?” Yoongi looks uncomfortable and Jimin can’t help but wonder if it’s him. Does he smell bad? Does Yoongi not approve of his style choices for his furniture?

“Yeah, sure. I’m actually pretty hungry.” Right now, Jimin decides he shouldn’t be questioning Yoongi’s thoughts or intentions. He needs to focus on building a good relationship with him, ensuring peace at home so he won’t have to deal with the potential fallout from smelling his aggression.

‘I’ll produce slick, he’ll smell it, all hell will break loose.’ The very thought makes him feel sick, but he pushes it away just as quickly as it comes. There’s no way in hell he’ll fail for even a moment, he made it a solid year posing as an Alpha, he can do a few more if it means he’ll get an Alpha’s degree out of it.

“Cool, I’ll drive.” Yoongi turns away, disappearing down the hall. The scent of cinnamon and mint lingers faintly in the doorway and Jimin scrunches his nose while pursing his lips.

‘Why can’t my roommate smell like dirty socks or something…’

Yoongi’s car is sleek and likely recent, within the past year or two. Jimin bites his lip, irritation and a thousand questions about how he has a car like this entering his mind as he slides into the soft black leather of the passenger’s seat. The center console lights up as Yoongi starts the car, a quiet hum of the engine filling the cab of the sedan. After fiddling with the radio for a moment, the screen displays a Bluetooth connection to a galaxy phone, one Jimin assumes to be Yoongi’s.

“Where do you want to eat?” Yoongi asks, shifting into reverse and beginning to pull out of the
“Anything is fine, but something cheap and quick would be best.” Jimin’s knees press together, his hands wrapped around them as they turn out onto the quiet road.

“Sounds good.”

It’s a comfortable, quiet drive, one where words aren’t spoken between them. It’s welcomed for Jimin at least who is almost dizzied by the way Yoongi’s scent clings to every bit of the car. He hadn’t anticipated this when he decided to risk staying in the Alpha apartments, though a double dosage of scent suppressors might help him overall.

When they finally do pull into a parking lot, Jimin looks up to see it’s just some weird Asian fusion fast-food place. Judging by the cars nearly outpouring from the lot, he decides it must be a student favorite. Usually, student frequented places are cheap, or that’s the impression Jimin grew to have while working this past year. He spent most of his employment working in the kitchens of restaurants, the cheaper the restaurant, the more students he’d see whenever the kitchen door opened.

However, Just in the past four hours Jimin has learned that none of those usual things apply when it comes to Alphas, or perhaps just not at this university.

Considering each one of them seems to bleed money out of their assholes, he mentally calculates the money currently in his bank account, subtracting the pending transactions, future transactions that he can’t avoid like bills, and other mandatory living expenses. When he’s finished, he has a reasonable ballpark estimate of his budget, he can’t really afford to spend much tonight.

“Okay, c’mon.” Yoongi puts the car into park after locating a spot beside the dumpster. Killing the ignition, the two step out, crossing the dark parking lot towards the clean looking building.

“You ever been here before?” The Alpha asks as they step inside, their eyes meeting the menu board above the cashiers.

“No, I don’t go out much really.” The anxiety of uncertainty about the cost of dinner leaves him as his eyes scan the menu. Everything is dirt cheap, cheaper than cheap, this is the type of place he can easily afford tonight even if he really shouldn’t waste his money like this.

“Ah, well… I’ve been eating here since I started college, so I can at least say that it’s fuckin’ good for the price.”

“Well that’s a relief.” Jimin hums. “I like to cook though so you probably won’t see me coming here that often.”

“I probably won’t see you much at all. I’m not home a lot, or I’m busy.” Yoongi responds. Their turn comes up and Yoongi steps forward.

After the two have ordered and received their food, they find an empty table, cleaning it off themselves before sliding into the uncomfortable wooden chairs before digging in.

Between mouthfuls of the delicious food, Jimin decides his curiosity is going to best him no matter how much denial he’s in. If Yoongi is rarely home, or often busy, then Jimin’s anxiety about hiding his sub-gender is moot, it’s just too bad that this is Yoongi’s last year, otherwise it would be a smooth ride.
“So what do you mean you’ll never be home?” Jimin asks.

“I mean, I’m in my studio a lot and I usually get home late so you probably won’t see me unless you’re up late too. Or sometimes I just work in my room. Depends on if I have a project or something.” Yoongi shrugs, taking another bite of his food. He’d said something about being a music theory major, but Jimin had no idea what that sort of student would need a studio for, or what kind of studio it is.

“Studio?” He asks, raising an eyebrow in confusion.

“I make music in the school’s music studio, but also in my room. I’ll make it at school if it’s for school, I make it at home if it’s hobby.”

Jimin makes an ‘O’ with his mouth, nodding before staring down at his nearly empty tray. Yoongi might smell really good, but Jimin will probably never see him, which means a can of de-scenting spray and careful regulation of his medications will save his ass at least this first year.

“Look, I don’t wanna have like bad blood between us or anything, so I left my phone number on that contact sheet in the entryway. Since you might not see me, you can text me if you need to.”

Yoongi’s expression is neutral, but there’s something in his gaze that Jimin can’t pinpoint. It’s similar to the flicker he noticed while in the kitchen, as though the wheels in Yoongi’s head turn faster-and-faster when their gazes meet.

‘Or maybe I just need to up the dosage on my suppressants.’ He considers. His Omega could just be responding to having an Alpha so close, or one that smells this good at least. In the interest of not taking unnecessary risks, he decides to make an appointment tomorrow to have his medication adjusted, though he can’t pay for the pills or the appointment until his next paycheck.

“You ready?” Yoongi asks, pointing to Jimin’s now empty tray. Once again shaken from the floodwater of his idle thoughts, Jimin sits up straight before nodding.

“Yeah, I’m done.”

By the time the two return to their apartment, the spontaneous party in the hallway has ended. Where a loud chatter of sound had once filled the long hall, silence now resounds almost louder.

Jimin does take a moment to save Yoongi’s phone number to his phone, grabbing the pen off the kitchen counter before writing his own number down as well. It’s late enough now that Jimin can finally justify going to bed, though he hears Yoongi mumbling something about needing to work on some sound before disappearing behind the closed door of his bedroom.

Left alone, Jimin washes his face and brushes his teeth, trying to become comfortable in the new apartment as he closes the door to his own bedroom, shedding his clothes before turning off the light and crawling beneath his warm covers.

Tomorrow is the first day of school, his first day of school in over a year. But more importantly, it’s his first day of school since he was fourteen where his curriculum hasn’t been dumbed down to an appropriate Omega level.

Ready to prove himself and Omegas as a whole, Jimin plugs his phone in to charge, double
checking his alarms before falling asleep.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

The BTS concert was amazing and I'm quite possibly still reeling!

I met so many ARMYs and made a ton of new friends. I hope we're all able to continue being kind and accepting of one another!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin wakes up early, earlier than he had planned at least. Outside of his window, he can see a thick fog has descended over their area, the orange and yellow leaves of the trees outside appear far darker with the hints of a recent rain. Fall is still just barely brushing over them and yet, Jimin feels this is the perfect atmosphere in which to begin his first true day as a university student.

After spending fifteen minutes scrolling social media, he drags himself out of bed and into the bathroom to get ready. Although he fully expects to run into Yoongi, he manages to change clothes, wash his face, brush his teeth, and style his hair without seeing his roommate at all, which isn't a bad thing really. Actually, it gives him time to quickly collect his heat and scent suppressors, carrying them into the kitchen before washing them down with a drink of water straight from the tap.

Jimin usually takes an extra scent suppressor before bed, usually, if he expects to be sleeping near Alphas. However, last night he had definitely forgotten and had he slept for much longer, his forgetfulness would've led to his natural scent being released. In a strange place, a new home, Jimin would've scented his bedding overnight and Yoongi would've definitely smelled it this morning.

Since it's not exactly a good idea to spray the synthetic Alpha scent in the bathroom where Yoongi might take the bloated Alpha scent as a challenge, he retreats to his room, closing his door before spraying over all of his scent glands, including the two on his inner thighs. The smell isn't perfect by any means, but it's passable and passable is all Jimin needs. He also takes the time to spray his bedding down a bit, selling the idea that he's scented his new room, or, marked his territory in other words. Although the synthetic scent used to bug him before, his nose has grown fairly used to ignoring it now.

From there, Jimin double-checks his backpack to ensure he has everything, his eyes giving one last sweep over his room to make sure he hadn't accidentally nested or done anything else Omega-like in his sleep before he turns and carries his backpack to the living room. A quick glance at the time lets him know that he still has a solid thirty minutes, enough time for him to prepare some coffee and eggs before class.

There are a lot of small things Jimin has to watch out for. Even when doing something as mundane as cooking breakfast, he's generally careful not to be too particular or too good. After-all, Omegas are the ones meant to cook and provide for their mates, Alpha's seldom know how to cook, much less cook well. When living alone, Jimin would create whatever he could afford for dinner, using various ingredients and his knowledge of chemistry and cooking, he never failed to make something delicious. But here, while living with an Alpha, he has to be very careful not to draw attention to himself.
As Jimin watches the eggs cooking in the skillet, he wonders just for how long he can keep this charade going. Living with Yoongi may be easy, or easier than others. He may be able to slip by solely because Yoongi is apparently not going to be around much, but next year he'll have a new roommate, someone the University will decide for him, someone who may be around near constantly and may be very touchy-feely. Although the synthetic Alpha scent is high quality, any Alpha trying to scent him will figure it out.

'Not that any Alphas should be trying to scent me, another Alpha.' He frowns, trying not to imagine that absolute madness that would ensue should an Alpha try.

Jemin grips the black spatula harder, probing at the eggs now as they sizzle in the pan. It's not as though he expects to fail, absolutely not, there is too much riding on this. It leaves a bitter taste in his mouth when he thinks back to just what sort of bad shit could happen should he fail. No, he can't fail, he won't. There isn't any time or room for that, not when success is within his reach. He won't return to that building, he won't be sold off to an any just any Alpha with deep enough pockets. He has every right to a full, happy life as any Alpha or Beta.

Just as his eggs finish cooking, he hears movement within the apartment, the door to Yoongi's bedroom opening a moment later followed by the sound of the bathroom door closing. Given that Jimin has already gotten fully ready for class, he doesn't worry about raising any suspicions with his scent or habits, instead, he transfers his breakfast onto a plate before grabbing a fork and digging in. There's more shuffling from the bathroom, the sounds of a toilet flushing and the tap running before the door opens again.

Still focused on his breakfast, Jimin opens up his phone, looking over his class schedule again before switching to a pic of the map he'd downloaded the other day. Really, all of his classes are reasonably close together, he even has an hour break where he can eat and study. It's not like Jimin really understood how university work when he first applied, although he'd heard about it and seen it on TV, none of that really compared to the unbelievable stress which followed him as he tried to enroll for classes, tried to work out his schedule, and tried not to forget that a full day of classes would in-fact require a lunch break that he would have to fit in himself.

It isn't like high school where things were decided for him, and at the peak of his stress, he found himself wishing someone else would do it for him. After shaking that thought away, he'd managed to map out his schedule for the week in a way that allowed him time to eat, work, study, and maybe go out once-in-awhile... maybe.

Yoongi appears in the mouth of the hallway, his feet dragging along the wooden floors as he pads his way into the kitchen. A small glance is shared between the two, an acknowledgement, before Yoongi begins digging around in the cabinet. He produces a toaster as well as a bag of bagels, from the fridge he pulls out a small tub of cream cheese before wordlessly beginning to set everything up. While Jimin feels it would be polite to greet the Alpha, he decides that is probably more of something that was taught to him as an Omega and returns his focus to his breakfast. Alphas aren't required to greet each other anyway, right?

Jemin finishes his meal just as Yoongi's bagels pop up from the toaster. The Alpha, despite standing in-front of the toaster staring at it, doesn't flinch at all before pulling the heated bagels out and setting them on a plate.

"Can you put your class schedule on the fridge?"

Jemin looks up at Yoongi's question, perhaps a bit more surprised by just how deep and gravelly the Alpha's voice sounds in the morning. Sure, it had been deep yesterday, but his morning voice is a lot more slurred and tainted with a dialect Jimin can't place. Placing his dish into the sink, he turns
on the faucet to wash it while pretending not to be surprised by Yoongi.

"Yeah, sure. Having people over?" He breezes, grabbing the brush to scrub off any remnants of eggs or black pepper.

"No, it's just curtesy." Picking up his cream cheese coated bagels, he carries them atop the paper towel to the table before sitting down in the same seat Jimin had been sitting in. The Omega's eyes trail over the Alpha for a moment, trying to read him and failing. Something about Yoongi is just strange, he's a strange Alpha, at least in Jimin's eyes.

"Okay, I'll print a copy." Turning off the water, he dries his hands on the nearby towel. It's definitely not his, but the skillet hadn't been his either. Yoongi had said to use any of his things but somehow it feels a little too dependent for Jimin's liking, he'll have to go buy some skillets and cooking utensils soon.

"Thank you. I left mine on the fridge already. Feel free to take a picture of it."

Jimin turns around to eye the schedule left on the fridge. Yoongi's classes begin closer to noon and let out in the evening, though the two have the same overlapping lunch on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. It's not something he'll bring up unless Yoongi does first. More than that, his eyes drift to the top left corner of the page, a box beside his name with the bolded word 'ALPHA' written as his sub-gender. After a full year of blending in, he still gets nervous seeing the word, even more so considering it's his roommate.

"I'll be home around four today." Jimin looks away from the paper, determined to get used to Yoongi as a roommate, and as an Alpha. "But I go to bed early so you probably won't see me."

Yoongi nods, onto bagel number two now with his phone open in his other hand.

"I figured, it's fine though. I'll be quiet coming in and catch you in the morning."

Jimin nods, walking out of the kitchen to retrieve his backpack from the living room before pulling it on. He really does feel less awkward with Yoongi after dinner with him last night, but it'll probably take a while to fully dissolve the awkwardness.

"See you tomorrow." Jimin calls as he reaches for the door handle.

"Yeah, have a good day, Kiddo."

The fog still hasn't lifted as Jimin makes his way towards campus. The wet pavement will definitely cause his shoes to squeak in the hallways, but hopefully the squeaks of a few handfuls of students will help to avoid drawing any particular attention to himself. With a backpack weighed down by spirals, a textbook, and a few of the novels from the required reading list portion of the syllabus, he crosses the last street before heading up the sidewalk towards the main quad on campus.

It's still early, early enough that fewer students are out, and the ones who are out look nowhere near as put together as Jimin does, the Alphas at least. Jimin does note that the one or two Omegas he spots look put together like himself, a fact that broils anxiety in his gut. He will need to remember to put less effort into his appearance if he wants to continue flying perfectly under the radar, though for today, he'll just say he's a morning person.
Jimin's first few classes go off without a hitch. In each one, he arrives early enough to pick a seat which suits him best. Towards the front but not front row, a little off from the center as to not be anyone’s main focus. The little things which had been making him anxious such as his appearance; don't seem to matter at all when he's seated at his desk, especially since his classes contain a decent mix of Betas and Alphas.

It isn't until Jimin enters one of his elective classes that he smells an Omega scent for the first time.

The dance studio is spacious, well lit, and lined by walls of mirrors with only two normal walls. The students who had arrived prior to Jimin are sitting on the floor in groups chatting, all except for one student who is sitting off to the side by himself. That student is the one Jimin quickly picks out as another Omega.

He looks young with tousled brown hair, and round eyes which seem to be nervously scanning the room. Dressed in a black t-shirt and gray joggers, his shoulders are hunched in a bit as though he's trying to remain unseen, but he's hard not to see considering he's gorgeous. It's a little surprising to Jimin that he's in a class with another Omega, granted, to his classmates and to everyone, he's an Alpha so maybe it's stranger that there's an Omega in his class period.

'I wonder if he lives in those shitty dorms...' Jimin sets his bag down along the wall where everywhere else has left their things, his liter sized water bottle threatening to fall out of the netted holder on its side.

'Or maybe his Alpha is nice.' It's better to think that this young Omega just has a nice Alpha. To avoid blowing his cover, Jimin knows he's going to have to bite his lip and turn his head the other way for a lot of things. It's selfish now, maybe, but in the long-run he hopes that by doing so, he can ultimately change things.

The Omega's eyes find Jimin's, lighting up for a moment before Jimin can see him sniff the air, the light quickly dying out as he scents Jimin as an Alpha. It does make Jimin feel a little bad, but not bad enough that he can risk going to sit with him to make him more comfortable. Right now, his position in the school is too delicate, one small mistake and he could give himself away, so for right now, that Omega will have to wait.

Class begins with their instructor speaking at length about what to expect from this class before mentioning warm-ups. Warm-ups are to be done every day, and when you're not in class, you're expected to keep in shape. Something his syllabus had failed to mention was the not-required-but-required work-out routine he needs to begin, such as running every morning or evening. But then again, Jimin only took this class as a means to keep in shape. Despite passing himself off as an Alpha, it's still important to him that the rumored freshman fifteen doesn't catch up to him. When he does find an Alpha he or Beta he likes and agrees to mate with them, he wants to look and feel hella good, after-all, it should be a landmark where he has a degree earned while passing himself off as an Alpha, 'and' had a voice in choosing a mate.

Rather than let himself get too excited or get his hopes up too high, he tries to remind himself that this all depends on whether or not he can successfully complete his program without being caught. It's most important that he focus and blends in, so instead of extending his hand to the Omega in his class, he watches himself in the mirror and works on perfecting each step their instructor teaches to them. He's a natural according to his instructor. The praise pleases him, an Omega trait that he could never shake. Though, rather than giving a chirp of pleasure, another purely Omega trait, he merely smiles and thanks the instructor the way an Alpha would.
After class, Jimin showers and changes, walking to the cafeteria to fill his empty stomach now that his hour break has officially begun. So far, he feels like classes are going well. None of them seem particularly difficult, and none of the students seem particularly interested in him. Of course, a few stray glances wandered his way, but a quick sniff of the air dispelled their interests. Biologically, the Alpha scent coming off of Jimin should dissuade any other Alphas, it should smell like a threat to them while drawing in Omegas. However, in the full year he's been using the spray; Jimin has never once had an Omega develop an interest in him. He assumes that somehow, the Omega's instincts can tell there's something strange about his scent.

The cafeteria is large and mixed with scents of mostly Alphas and Betas but with a couple lingering Omega scents as well. Combined with the mixture of scents from the students, is the smell of the food. Jimin's stomach growls as he lets his feet lead him past rows and rows of circular tables sprinkled with students and staff to the actual kitchen of the cafeteria. It's huge, far larger than Jimin recalled during his initial tour of the campus at least. Lining the walls are coolers, drink fridges, and open-air fridges. Beyond that are hot food bars with staff behind them cooking food and serving it to the students. Dead in the center of the kitchen is a large island with utensils and napkins on one side, and a salad/pastry bar on the other side.

Considering how clean the kitchen looks, Jimin doesn't worry over what is safe to eat and what isn't like he would at the kitchen of the company his parents sold him to. Here, he takes his time exploring all of the options, eventually picking out a cheeseburger and fries along with juice and an energy shot. The cheeseburger is the cheapest option, not that it really matters since his loans pay for his food, but he still tries not to overspend on them.

After going through the line and paying, he carries his tray out into the dining portion of the cafeteria hall, his eyes scanning the room before finding a more secluded section of booths off to his left.

As he sets his tray down, Jimin can't help but wonder why nobody is sitting here. The booths are clean and brightly colored, abstract designs artfully drawn along the wall near them. Setting down his backpack on the padded bench seat beside him, he shrugs and decides it doesn't really matter why nobody else is sitting here since there are no signs saying he 'shouldn't' sit here. Unwrapping the foil from his burger, he sets it back onto the paper plate, letting it cool a bit as he opens his juice, taking a sip before pulling out his phone to catch up on the rest of the world.

Although Jimin is aware of the glances which continue to be sent in his direction, he pretends not to notice as he scrolls Twitter, re-tweeting and liking posts from the strangers he follows, not that he has any actual real-life friends. It's not as though Jimin feels lonely, not really, this past year he's made plenty of acquaintances, more than enough to make him feel as though he's part of something without actually being part of a formal friendship. It's difficult to have actual friends with the sort of path he's chosen. With actual friends, you can share anything, everything, but with Jimin, he's forced to hide so much, at times, even hiding his actual name.

Those sorts of thoughts never really get him anywhere though. The memories of the life he left behind and the experiences he's missing out on; fade away as he switches apps. In the news, the Omega's who took part in a particularly violent protest last year and were arrested, had been tried and found guilty and are being sent to breeding farms, a type of Omega prison, for their part in the mini-uprising against the government. Jimin's stomach twists as the photos show the faces of the Omegas. The further he scrolls down the article, the more he can tell that the article was written as a warning to any Omega who may share similar views. The population is decreasing, they've wanted to mandate the breeding of Omegas to a particular degree anyway, this is just a way of
doing that without needing permission from anyone.

The sound of someone clearing their throat grabs his attention suddenly. Locking his phone screen lest he be caught looking at such a thing, he finds a rather tall, broad shouldered Beta staring down at him with a scrunched nose. Now, Jimin knows his synthetic Alpha scent smells mostly like lemongrass, a non-offensive scent that's close enough to his natural scent to mix well with his body, so it doesn't make a lot of sense to him that this Beta seems so put-off by it, but whatever. Glancing at his uneaten burger and partially drank juice, Jimin looks back up to the Beta.

"Can I help you?" He does his best to remain polite, after-all, Jimin's strength is no more than that of an Omega. Even a Beta is a far stronger than him, and Jimin is no match for an Alpha, generally, fighting in general would be another giveaway so he tries to avoid it as much as possible.

"You're new to this University, right? A Freshman?" The Beta asks before slipping into the bench across the table from Jimin. Although it seems a bit brazen that this stranger has just decided to sit with him, Jimin doesn't comment and instead, nods.

"Yeah, why?"

The Beta holds his gaze, his lips upturning in what appears to be a pitying smile.

"This is our pack's table, that's why nobody else is sitting here."

"Your... pack's?" Jimin's eyebrows raise, bewildered and understandably so. It's not so common these days that you find packs, most people stopped forming them years and years ago. In-fact, the only packs Jimin is aware of were formed back in the forties by the older generation and most of the pack members have passed already.

The Beta nods slowly, as though Jimin is denser than he had thought.

"Pack Bangtan?" The Beta tries as though the name should ring a bell. Jimin just shakes his head, offering a light shrug before reaching for his juice to take another sip.

"Well you can't sit here, you have to go sit somewhere else. The other pack members will be here soon and they won't be as nice about it." The Beta leans back in the seat, his eyes still focused on Jimin as the two stare at each other.

'He probably assumes I'm going to leave.' Jimin thinks to himself. 'And I could... but I can't now... not really... ' Jimin can't leave because that's what his Omega side wants. His Omega side wants to obey and do as he's told, but his common sense tells him that as an Alpha, he needs to stand his ground and hold out for as long as he can. After-all, it doesn't seem like the Beta intends to get violent with him.

"I think I'll sit here and finish my lunch. If this table is reserved then you should get a formal sign from the school that says so." Placing his drink back onto the table, Jimin doesn't miss the way the Beta's nostrils flare as he picks up his burger, beginning to eat again.

The Beta continues to sit silently, staring at Jimin as he eats. It doesn’t bother Jimin in the slightest, not really. This pack he claims to belong to can come ask him to move, maybe they can explain it better than him, or maybe they have some official document from the school which shows their reservation of this booth. But in all honesty, it sounds silly as fuck in Jimin’s head. What sort of pack becomes so territorial over a fucking cafeteria table? If this is what Alpha’s are actually like then maybe he’s been hesitant of them for nothing.
About midway through his burger, two more people walk up, Alpha’s by the smell of it. Jimin takes another bite, only his eyes shifting to glance at the two Alpha’s before he returns his focus to his food.

“I brought your food, who’s this?” One of the Alpha’s passes the broad-shouldered Beta a tray loaded with various items from the kitchen. Without missing a beat, the Beta makes dramatic motions to Jimin.

“Some Freshman Alpha who won’t move!” The irritation in his voice is obvious, but it’s more in the way he sits sagged in his chair, paying little mind to his food and much more attention to Jimin and the two new Alphas.

“Oh?” The Alpha who gave the Beta his food; moves to sit beside the Beta, extending his hand towards Jimin with a kind smile.

“Hi, my name is Kim Namjoon, the leader of the Bangtan pack, and you are?”

Jimin eyes the Alpha, finishing his bite of food before reaching out to shake the Alpha’s hand.

“Park Jimin.” He gives Namjoon’s hand a firm shake, holding eye-contact before the two let go.

“This is Jung Hoseok, another Alpha in our pack, second in command. And this Beta here is Kim Seok-Jin.”

Jimin’s gaze sweeps between the three, Hoseok still standing outside of the booth with two trays of food in his hands. Glancing down at his food for a moment, Jimin tries to think of how he’s expected to break this awkward tension, but his mind blanks. The pack leader is nicer than he had thought, or maybe he’s jumping to conclusions. What if this guy is actually a grade A asshole and is only nice to other Alphas? Or what if he’s only being nice because he thinks it’s the quickest way to making Jimin move?

“It’s nice to meet you. I wasn’t aware packs are still a thing.” Jimin picks up his burger again, casually taking another bite as the Beta, Seok-Jin, continues to fume across from him.

Namjoon chuckles, motioning for Hoseok to hand him one of the trays and sit. Rather than sitting beside Namjoon, Hoseok slides into the same bench with Jimin, setting his tray down in front of him. As inconspicuously as he can, Jimin inhales Hoseok’s scent, a mixture of freshly baked bread with undertones of cherry blossoms. The scent surprises Jimin, who nearly finds himself leaning closer to the Alpha to inhale more before stopping himself.

“Not so much these days, but we’ve all been pretty much inseparable since middle school so we thought it made sense. We’re family now, a bit beyond normal friendship.” Namjoon reaches down for his food, beginning to eat which then causes both Seok-Jin and Hoseok to follow.

“Was Jin giving you trouble?” Hoseok asks between mouthfuls.

“Not really.” Jimin shakes his head. “But he made it sound like you guys were gonna kick my ass.”

Hoseok snorts loudly from beside Jimin, followed by Namjoon shooting Jin a look that can only spell trouble. Clicking his tongue, Jin continues eating, more or less still annoyed by Jimin probably.
“I just wanted him to move and he kept giving me an attitude. This little baby Alpha who doesn’t even smell like he’s had a rut yet giving me lip. I mean, wouldn’t you be upset?”

Jimin’s face reddens, his eyebrows furrowing as he sets his burger down.

“I’ve had my rut already, I don’t care if you can smell it or not, asshole! Why do you have to be so-“

“Let’s not fight.” Namjoon interrupts, raising his hand to calm everyone. “Jin, just let it go. I know you’re still angry about what happened earlier but it doesn’t have anything to do with Jimin.”


“Look, sorry but he’s in a bad mood today. Normally he’s not like this, Beta’s you know… They’re naturally calming but when they get upset it’s an all-day event.” Namjoon smiles at Jimin, and the Omega can’t help but give a small smile in return. He has heard about the lasting tempers of Betas. Although the most calming of the sub-genders, their wrath is famously long-lasting.

“So, is this your whole pack?” Jimin asks as he finishes up his burger.

“No, there’s a few more.” Hoseok speaks up. “Jungkookie, TaeTae, and our fearsome little lazy-ass rock of an Alpha.”

“Lazy-ass rock of an Alpha?” Jimin asks, raising one eyebrow in confusion.

“Yeah, he’s something like…” Namjoon pauses as if searching for the word.

“He practically runs this town.” Jin finishes.

“Yeah… He’s from a line of really powerful Alpha’s, and he’s really strong himself. Probably the strongest Alpha on campus.” Namjoon takes another bite, his gaze softening a bit as he thinks back on this mysterious Alpha. In Jimin’s mind, it’s some six-foot bulky Alpha with a deep voice and a superiority complex. With that in mind, perhaps moving to another table is best…

“So then he’s like the leader of the pack?” Jimin finishes up his burger, moving onto his fries next. They’re unsalted, and a bit soggy, but he decides the excess sodium isn’t what he needs so soggy dull fries are just fine.

“No-no, I mean, he should be, but he doesn’t want to be. That’s what we mean by lazy. He doesn’t like to do anything that doesn’t interest him as much as some of his other hobbies. He’s more of a guard dog for the pack I guess.” Hoseok pauses long enough to take a drink of his water before turning his attention back to Jimin, eyeing the Omega for a moment with an odd smile.

“You two are close in height actually. He’s a short Alpha too.”

Jimin considers telling Hoseok not to shit on his height but bites his tongue as two more people approach the table, one of them being the Omega from his dance class.

“Oh, Jungkookie! TaeTae!” Hoseok scoots closer to Jimin while Namjoon does the same, giving the two newcomers a place to sit within the large booth.

“Jungkookie, this is Jimin, an Alpha. Jimin this is Jungkook, an Omega.” Jimin raises his hand,
smiling and giving a small wave to Jungkook who shyly waves back with a bunny smile that damn near stops Jimin’s heart for a moment.

“And this is Taehyung an Alpha, Taehyung this is Jimin.”

Jimin has to lean forward to see Taehyung from behind Hoseok, the two reach out to shake hands and Jimin can’t help but inhale his scent. ‘Spearmint’

“It’s nice to meet you.” Taehyung smiles before pointing to Jungkook across the table. “This is my boyfriend so be nice to him please.”

Jimin can see the way Jungkook’s cheeks burn red, and he can’t help but feel a little happy that Jungkook does in-fact seem to have a nice partner. It’s difficult to find Alpha’s that treat their Omegas right in this world, or it has begun to feel that way to the Omega.

“So does this mean I can sit here?” Jimin asks.

“Yes, you can sit here, you don’t seem like you mean any harm.” Namjoon smiles at Jimin from across the table, and Jimin notes that even Jin looks a little less ruffled now that Jimin has been introduced to the pack.

“Ah, here comes our faithful rock now.” Namjoon leans back in his seat before motioning for Jin and Jungkook to scoot down. One more person is tight fit no-doubt, but then again, they’re the asshats who insist on a booth.

“Mm, table seems a bit crowded today.” A familiar voice reaches Jimin’s ears and he goes immediately from idly eating his fries, to searching for the deep voice approaching them.

“Yeah, we gained a plus one. A freshman.” Taehyung’s voice sounds like he’s smiling, but he’s facing the person approaching them so Jimin can’t verify at all.

“Oh? That’s interesting, most of ‘em avoid us like the plague, huh?”

A familiar head of mint colored hair becomes visible over Taehyung’s head. Jimin tries not to make it too obvious that he’s trying to see, but the scent of cinnamon and mint tells him all that he needs to know.

“Jimin-,” Namjoon begins. “this is Min Yoongi, our lazy-ass rock and guard dog.”

Chapter End Notes

☆ I’m preparing to end my other fic, so this one may have delayed updates while I write the final two chapters to my other story ‘If I Ever See You Again’.

Let me know what your thoughts are in the comments! And don’t forget that I do take one-shot requests via Twitter OR you can use my CC (linked on my twitter) for anonymity.

The only things I will not write:
Scat, Watersports, Underaged, AnybodyxReader
I do reserve the right to add onto this list.

I have half of the chapter for my other fic, 'If I Ever See You Again' written so look for that in the next few days!
Chapter 3

Jimin drops his head down against his notebook, the class slowly beginning to fill in around him. He’s only just escaped the cafeteria, a quick comment about needing to make it to his International Politics class had been more than enough. However, he hadn’t escaped before assuring the group he would return to that booth for all of his lunches. Despite the awkwardness of maybe befriending his roommate’s pack, the group seemed to like him. ‘This is too fuckin’ much.’ Jimin inwardly whines.

It’s not as though Jimin has anything against making friends, it’s just that making friends with a group of people who still believe packs should be a thing; is not how he expected his first year at University would go. Through the rose-colored glasses of his mind, Jimin had foreseen long nights spent at the library, scenic walks through the quad with books in hand and faceless students milling about around him. He’d expected to maybe admire the rustic architecture of the buildings, to get on good-terms with his professors and possibly even make the Dean’s List.

But right now, as Jimin slowly lifts his head off his spiral notebook, all he can foresee is a future with six other guys galivanting around seemingly without a care in the world. He can foresee himself being dragged to parties, bars, and one of the pack Alpha’s scenting him while drunk.

Pack Alphas are a different species. Being in a pack is like being in a family, a family you selected and put together, a team you built, maybe thinking about it like an RPG game is easier. Pack members are marked through bite marks made on the opposite side of their neck from their scent gland. Things like scenting within packs is loose and not as stringent as it is outside of them. Pack Alphas scent each other frequently, it’s friendly and although the pack mark keeps pack members smelling like everyone else, the scenting is more as a way to bond.

Jimin’s thoughts wander back to Yoongi, to the way his cinnamon and mint scent had bloomed tenfold as their eyes met, to the way his gaze narrowed in confusion before flickering between Namjoon and Hoseok. Immediately, he’d pointed out that Jimin is his new roommate, and to follow-up, Taehyung informed Jimin that Yoongi thinks he smells ‘funny’.

Apparently, that’s something Yoongi had texted their group chat.

Rubbing his face, Jimin exhales a sigh of annoyance as the final few students trickle into the room. Yet again, his class is comprised of mostly Alphas and Betas, though this time, it smells like there are more Alphas than anything. Of course, Jimin counts himself as one of them.

Nobody sits beside him on either side, something that doesn’t bother Jimin as class begins. Syllabus’ are handed out despite being available online and emailed to them, another stapled stack of papers he already has really. Their professor tells a few odd jokes, before explaining the large
projects they’ll partake in this semester. The class is essay heavy, at least one a week but no other work. There are discussions everyday about current political events, and two large projects. One project is their mid-term grade, while the second is their final.

According to his professor, skipping the final project is an automatic fail, something that causes Jimin to put a star beside the final’s due date.

Class lets out after almost two hours. Since it’s his last class of the day, he checks the time on his phone before collecting his things. With it being nearly five, he decides it’s too late to have coffee, and even though he doesn’t really want to go home to his new pack owned roommate, it becomes the safest option.

‘Yoongi said we probably wouldn’t run into each other though.’ Jimin reminds himself as he heads back towards the apartment.

‘But we run into each other in the mornings.’

The apartment is dark when Jimin arrives.
After turning on a few choice lights, he sets his things down in his room before moving to the kitchen to rummage around for a snack. He has a light amount of homework already, something he hadn’t quite anticipated, but nothing that could put him off from college.
After collecting a small snack for himself, he takes it back to his room, settling in on his bed to begin working.

Jimin is halfway through the chapter his Chemistry teacher told them to read when he hears the doorbell ring.
Looking up from his book, he hesitates as if here were still living in that shabby apartment above the bakery. It only takes Jimin a second to remind himself that this place is safer, that this play has a secured entrance, and that random Alpha’s are not stalking him convinced he’s an Omega.

Getting off his bed, he quietly pads down the hall, rising to his tippy-toes to peer through the peephole in the door.

‘Taehyung?’

Unlocking the door, he steps back enough to open it, gazing at the Alpha in confusion.

“Yoongi isn’t here.” He says, his eyebrows drawn together.

“Aw, Jiminie, usually people say hello.” Taehyung teases with a grin. Jimin can’t help but notice the odd box shape his mouth makes when he does that. It’s not unattractive, because honestly Jimin isn’t sure Taehyung can do anything unattractive, but it’s eye-catching.

‘Jiminie?’


“Better! Also, I know Yoongi isn’t here, but he said I could wait for him since he’s not going to the studio tonight. Didn’t he text you?” Taehyung tips his head to the side, his lips pursed in question as Jimin digs out his phone, looking over his recent notifications.
“I don’t have anything from him… But if Yoongi said it’s fine then I mean, I don’t care. Anything expensive is his anyway.” Jimin steps back, opening the door further as Taehyung snorts. Packs usually live together, but since this group is a pack seemingly living separately, Jimin can’t really rationalize why Taehyung shouldn’t be in their apartment without Yoongi present.

Once Taehyung is inside, Jimin closes and locks the door, rubbing the back of his head as he slowly walks towards the hallway again.

“I’m working on some homework but Yoongi brought his TV and game systems so since you’re in his pack I guess that means you can use them.” Jimin honestly has no idea, but it seems right to him.

“I won’t interrupt your little study session, don’t worry. I’ll entertain myself until he gets home.” Taehyung flops onto the couch, digging the remote out from beneath him before turning on the TV. Just judging by how relaxed the Alpha is, Jimin assumes this is a frequent occurrence.

‘Not that I really want to be alone with an Alpha…’ But it’s something Jimin signed up for when he began this. Being alone with Yoongi will take time to get used to, but as he walks back to his room, he can’t help wondering how things will go if their apartment turns into the pack hangout spot.

‘What if that’s what Yoongi’s place is? What if the pack hangs out here most of the time?’

Since it isn’t anything worth worrying about right now, Jimin returns to his room, crawling back onto his bed before burying himself back into his Chemistry book.

Yoongi returns home an hour after Taehyung had arrived. Jimin first hears the front door open, followed by Yoongi groaning and Taehyung laughing.

“Why are you here?” Is the first thing Yoongi groans, followed by, “I just bought that, you better replace it.”

“Aw, but I’m a guest.” Taehyung whines. The curiosity of the situation has Jimin drawn out of his studies, his eyes trained on the empty portion of the hallway that he can see from his room. Really just a few feet and a lot of wall is visible.

“How did you get in anyway? Is Jimin here?” The sound of shuffling feet and things being set down fills the gap of silence before Yoongi pops his head into Jimin’s room.

“He let me in!” Taehyung calls from the living room.

“Why are you here?” Is the first thing Yoongi groans, followed by, “I just bought that, you better replace it.”

“Aw, but I’m a guest.” Taehyung whines. The curiosity of the situation has Jimin drawn out of his studies, his eyes trained on the empty portion of the hallway that he can see from his room. Really just a few feet and a lot of wall is visible.

“How did you get in anyway? Is Jimin here?” The sound of shuffling feet and things being set down fills the gap of silence before Yoongi pops his head into Jimin’s room.

“He let me in!” Taehyung calls from the living room.

“Uh… He told me you knew he was coming.” Jimin makes a face before pulling his shoulders up in a shrug. It’s clear now that Taehyung didn’t tell anybody he was coming, so now Jimin knows he has yet another thing to worry about. Random, unannounced visitors.

“Don’t worry about it.” Yoongi sighs, his eyes searching the mess of papers and textbooks in front of Jimin. Surely, he looks like an overly diligent student, or a fucking freshman, whichever.

“Taehyung likes to come over whenever he feels like it because he was raised in the middle of the woods by hillbilly wolves.” A light smirk pulls at Yoongi’s lips and from the living room, Jimin
can hear Taehyung shouting an indigent ‘Hey!’ in response.

Snorting, Jimin watches as Yoongi disappears from his doorway, heading back down the hallway and into his bedroom by the sounds of it. As Jimin organizes his papers and puts them away, he can hear Yoongi and Taehyung talking about Jungkook, something about an oncoming heat and how they couldn’t afford to miss classes the first few weeks of school.

The mention of a heat reminds Jimin of the pain he’d felt during his first heat. Since he had only just presented, the pain wasn’t as excruciating as he has heard it can be, and fortunately he was put on suppressants immediately after.

Jimin hasn’t had a heat since he presented as a teenager, not a proper one at least.

There is a solid week every few months where Jimin is ravenous and wild with cravings. He’s snappier, tired, and generally just unbearable, but at least he isn’t in pain and whining for an Alpha’s knot.

The conversation between Yoongi and Taehyung becomes too quiet for Jimin to eavesdrop on, so instead, he puts his things away before laying back on his bed to play on his phone. At some point Jimin dozes off, his phone still in his hand. It would’ve been a welcomed nap had it not been for the unruly visitor waking him up, his face mere inches from Jimin’s, his thighs straddling Jimin’s waist.

“Good mor-,” Taehyung is cut off by Jimin thrusting his palm into his neck, catching the Alpha off-guard as Jimin immediately uses his bed as leverage to buck Taehyung off of him. The force causes the unbalanced Alpha to fall off his bed, hacking as he clutches his throat. It had been a moment of pure panic without the slightest hint of rationality. Waking up to an Alpha on-top of you is not how you end a nap.

From the doorway, Yoongi lets out a low whistle, his eyes raking over the scene of Jimin wide-eyed on his bed, propped up by one hand and ready to fight. As Taehyung slowly wobbles to his feet, he frowns at Jimin.

“What the hell was that for?” He chokes out. His voice still sounds a bit horse from the force of Jimin’s hand striking him, but the Omega doesn’t feel quite so bad. After-all, he barely knows Taehyung and here the Alpha had gotten into bed with him.

“I told you it wasn’t a good idea.” Yoongi hums, still leaned against Jimin’s doorframe.

“I just wanted to know what he smelled like.” Taehyung defends. “You smell weird, dude.” He shoots Jimin another look before pulling his hand away from his neck, it’s red where Jimin’s palm had dug in.

“Probably because I’m an Alpha and you’re not supposed to get that fucking close to me.” Jimin frowns as he crawls off his bed. Being splayed on his bed with two Alpha’s in the room isn’t dangerous *exactly* since they believe he’s also one of them, but it’s uncomfortable for his Omega side.

“Fine, but look what was I supposed to do? Curiosity got the better of me, blame Yoongi for telling everybody you smell weird.” Taehyung shrugs as Jimin’s gaze shifts to Yoongi who is now smirking at the two.
“Everyone says I smell like lemongrass. Maybe you just don’t like lemongrass.” Jimin huffs, doing his utmost not to take any of the comments personally. Omegas are proud of their scents, and even though Jimin hasn’t smelled his natural scent in a long time, he’s proud of it. This synthetic Alpha scent may not be his own, but it is his for now and he’ll be damned if some country bumpkin of an Alpha is going to knock it.

“It’s lemongrass but wrong .” Taehyung stresses the ‘wrong’, making a face at the same time. “Like… it’s like air freshener.”

This conversation is going places Jimin doesn’t want it to go, day two in his apartment and he already has two Alpha’s questioning his scent, not a good sign.

“I’ve smelled this way since I presented, what do you want from me?” Jimin cross his arms over his chest, doing everything he can to play this off.

“Tae, can we just go? Don’t you have a boyfriend who needs you? Or are you going to make him walk home by himself?” Yoongi appears to be trying to resolve the situation, though he’s still smirking at the two; something that irritates Jimin.

“Oh, yeah I should go get Jungkookie.” Taehyung rounds his bed as Yoongi walks away. Pausing for a moment, Taehyung’s eyes meet Jimin’s.

“Sorry about intruding on your space, dude. I really didn’t mean any harm.” Taehyung sounds sincere, so Jimin accepts the apology before watching the Alpha leave.

The lingering scent of cinnamon and mint mingles with the spearmint. Jimin’s clothes and bed now bear traces of the Alpha, something Jimin finds obnoxious even if his Omega side is preening. It might be a worthy investment to get a new doorknob, one with a lock. The thought is something Jimin puts on the backburner of his mind as he gathers his towel and a change of clothes for a shower.

Over the next few days, Jimin decides he enjoys the walks through quad towards his classes: the carefully manicured lawns and gardens, and even the cafeteria where he now avoids the Bangtan pack’s table. Despite each square inch of the campus being riddled with Alphas, the atmosphere is so different from what he’s used to, it’s livelier, almost hopeful.

Hope is all Jimin really has to grasp onto right now.

The first week of school is coming to an end and although it hadn’t been perfectly smooth sailing as he had hoped, it had quieted down once he began avoiding the Bangtan pack. However, even though he had hoped Yoongi’s scent would stop affecting him so much after a few days, he soon found himself doubling his dosage of suppressants. At one point, he even went so far as to rub a scented gel beneath his nose to block out the smell.

Nothing seemed to work, nothing can get Yoongi’s scent out of his mind.

Fortunately, Yoongi stops coming home at night, at least, not during the hours in which Jimin is awake.
The fewer interactions Jimin has to have with Yoongi, the better. Even in the mornings, as he quietly moves about the apartment getting ready for class, the ghost of Yoongi’s scent assaults his sensitive nose. To make matters worse, his Omega side can’t get enough.

Part of Jimin wonders if it’s this way for Yoongi too, but if it is, the Alpha hasn’t yet shown any affliction. Considering Jimin’s natural scent is concealed by medication and synthetic spray, he finds it difficult to believe that Yoongi is at all obsessed with his fake Alpha scent.

The Alpha isn’t standoffish with him though. If at any point his path does cross with Yoongi’s, the two hold a superficial conversation about school or bills before going their separate ways. It’s a little strange as Jimin had thought Yoongi might question him about why he stopped showing up for lunch with the pack, but fortunately, Yoongi never asks.

The pack stops making random visits as well.

With the weekend in full swing, Jimin overhears a multitude of excited conversation about which bar or club or party is the hot spot for the night or the weekend. Faintly, he considers dropping by a bar himself before deciding that an Omega going to a bar alone is beyond stupid.

Besides, he needs to be top of his class. He’s not here to party or have fun, he’s here to make a political statement.

That’s why, on a Friday night, Jimin plants himself on the couch with his backpack. A freshly made cup of noodles sits on the coffee table in-front of him, each small whiff of the food makes his stomach growl as he unloads his textbooks and spirals.

Jimin turns the TV on if only to have the background noise as he works on his assignments. Outside of the apartment, he can hear the loud conversations of the other Alpha students in their building. Hoots, hollers, and other obnoxious noises threaten to tear his focus with each passing second. Clearly, making it through the first week of university is worth celebrating, or so Jimin assumes by the ruckus.

The evening news begins just as Jimin completes one of his assignments, his eyes briefly trailing up to the screen as it displays a new bill which had been presented earlier today. In response to the birth crisis, many citizens have been putting pressure on the government to react, and although Jimin is positive it’s just needless panic, many people have convinced themselves that the population will become extinct if action isn’t taken.

Which is where this new bill comes in.

Jimin’s throat tightens as the anchor explains the proposal. Families will be offered a hefty sum of money for turning over their healthy Omega children. In return, the government will selectively breed the Omegas until they’ve produced five litters each, turning them back over to their parents afterwards.

The bill outlines the breeding age requirements, seventeen, while also stating that the government will take charge of having the pups fostered. In Jimin’s mind, it’s far more than a dismissal of basic human rights, it’s the beginnings of government owned Omegas.

Each of the litters bred by the government will contain a certain amount of Omegas, maybe even just one, but the whole litter will belong to the government which in turn would suggest that the government could then breed the Omegas from the litter for as long as they desired.
Perhaps even until the Omegas died.

Completely distracted from his work now, Jimin stares at the screen, his mouth feeling as though it’s full of cotton balls as the news anchors excitedly discuss what a wonderful solution the bill is, the way it solves all of the issues raised by the general public. But Jimin feels sick, his stomach twisting as he remembers the way his parents sold him off to that company after high school. To this day, Jimin is positive that company is still looking for him, but now he’s so far away that he feels they won’t have a chance.

Even still, even if that company never finds him, if a bill like this one goes through then he might lose every ounce of hope he has.

The bill that allowed Omegas to attend University is moot if they're also being sold off to breeding farms.

The sound of key slipping into the lock prompts Jimin to change the channel, though he’s not in any sort of mood to deal with anybody right now. He’s angry, scared, and no longer certain of what his future holds. Of course, it was never as easy as he had naively believed. Of course, he couldn’t just get an Alpha’s degree and assume that would fix everything.

Even once he has this degree, he’ll be reclaimed by the company that owns him once he speaks out, he’ll be put into a breeding farm.

‘How can I stop the bill from going through though? I don’t have that much power…’

In the end, Jimin is still just an Omega.

“Hey.” Yoongi shrugs his backpack off, making slow steps towards Jimin before looking to the TV. Still distracted by his heavy thoughts, Jimin mumbles out a ‘Hey’ in return before continuing to stare mindlessly at the TV. He isn’t really watching it, nor is he fully aware of what channel he had changed it to.

“I didn’t take you for a sports sorta guy. Who’s your favorite team?” Yoongi sinks down into the couch beside Jimin, his eyes on the TV.

“Oh… uh… I don’t watch sports. I was just flipping channels.” Jimin picks up the remote, holding it out for Yoongi. “You can change it. I’m not really watching it. I’m supposed to be doing homework.”

Taking the remote, Yoongi sets it down in his lap before shrugging. “Oh, I like sports. I rather be playing them though. Some of them.”

Jimin’s eyebrows furrow in thought, his eyes dropping from the TV before he leans back on the couch. He’s tense, and he knows Yoongi has probably picked up on it; part of him wonders if Yoongi is suspicious that Jimin’s scent isn’t polluting the room.

Generally, someone experiencing heightened emotions will have a spike in their scent, you can smell when someone is upset, angry, or even scared. But right now, Jimin knows he smells the same as always despite giving visual cues that he’s upset. If here were Yoongi, he would be suspicious too.

‘It’s not like it matters.’ He frowns as soon as the thought passes through his mind. He doesn’t
“What’s your favorite sport?” Jimin tries to be engaging, hoping that a light conversation will dispel some of his anxiety and quell any lingering suspicious Yoongi may have about him.

“I like to play Basketball, but I like watching football and soccer too.” Yoongi crosses one ankle over his knee, slouching down a bit on the couch before glancing at Jimin. “Do you wanna order pizza? I’ll pay since it’s my idea.”

Understandably confused by Yoongi’s behavior, Jimin does his own glance towards the Alpha, studying his profile for a second before nodding.

“Yeah… Actually, pizza sounds good. Thanks…”

Yoongi lets Jimin pick out the pizza, adding on cheesesticks as a side as well as a two liter of soda before sending the order away. While they wait for their pizza, the two sit quietly, watching the game even though Jimin doesn’t give a shit about sports. Right now, he’s planning. He’s planning his next step if the bill is passed, a small voice in the back of his mind urging him to leave the country before that happens. Of course, in some parts of the world, Omegas are equal to all other sub-genders, some even leading fortune five hundred companies. In other parts, Omegas are treated far worse than they are in South Korea, Jimin decides he should try to be thankful for the small freedoms he does have rather than dwelling on the negative. Surely those Omegas are thankful for what they have, even if what they have is just a small amount of food and access to sunlight.

The pizza arrives after only half an hour, the two setting it up where Jimin’s schoolwork had been on the coffee table before digging in. It’s counter-productive for him to have pizza when he wants to maintain a lean figure, but this is college, and this is free food, he won’t say no to free food.

“So why are you home anyway?” Jimin asks as he picks out another slice of pizza.

“The studios aren’t open on weekends unless there’s a project, or if you put in a request. I rather work on my own stuff at home.” Yoongi opens the box with the cheese sticks, his eyes scanning over the steaming array.

“Oh, I really thought I’d never see you after what you said on Sunday.” Jimin doesn’t mean it in a bad way, but that’s definitely how Yoongi takes it as he hears the Alpha snort beside him.

“I said I didn’t want bad blood between us, but you already seem to dislike me.”

“I didn’t mean it like that, Yoongi.” Jimin shoots him a small smile, surprised at how comfortable he feels just hanging out with the Alpha like this. It’s almost like having a friend, almost.

“I know, but speaking of bad blood… Is there a reason you’re avoiding the pack at lunch?” Jimin hesitates, his eyes on the greasy pizza in his hand.

“I’m just…” Jimin tries to think about how to phrase it. “not really sure how to handle socializing with so many Al-… people.” He had very nearly said ‘Alphas’ and considers himself lucky that he caught himself in time. Although Yoongi probably would’ve overlooked it, he feels he’s been far too suspicious with his scent today to risk it.

“Ah… I understand that.”
The two eat in silence for a few more minutes, commercials loudly display various Alpha hygiene products, commercials featuring Omegas push cleaning products and childcare supplements. The game begins again, and Yoongi chooses to break the silence between them.

“I hope you’ll come eat with us again soon. The whole pack really likes you.”

Wiping his hands on the paper towel, Jimin reaches for his drink, adding Yoongi’s words to the mixture of emotions swirling inside of him. He still doesn’t know if this pack is a friend or foe, he doesn’t know if it’s safe to be around them, he doesn’t think it is. But regardless, Jimin nods.

“I’ll think about it. Tell them I’m sorry.”

“Tell them yourself on Monday, Taehyung thinks you’re avoiding us because of what he did. He feels really bad.” Finished with his meal, Yoongi leans back on the couch with his lap now free of paper towels and the paper plate he had been eating off of. There’s something else Jimin decides he likes, Yoongi’s voice. It’s low and gravely, between his voice and his scent Jimin decides Yoongi is an Alpha he likes to be around right now.

He hopes it stays that way.

“It’s not about that. He apologized, and I trust he won’t do it again.” Jimin says.

“I know it’s not about that, but Taehyung is sensitive. He gets along with everybody, so it bothers him that he might’ve really upset you.” The way Yoongi talks about Taehyung isn’t exactly how Alphas typically talk about other Alphas. Describing another as ‘sensitive’ would be insulting usually but somehow, he feels like Yoongi is being honest rather than mean.

“He did at first, I don’t really want to wake up with another Alpha in my bed.” Jimin means this, and part of him hopes that no matter how close him and Yoongi become, Yoongi remembers it. He doesn’t want Yoongi in his room, in his things, he doesn’t want anybody going through his things, especially considering what he’s hiding in there.

“Yeah, Taehyung doesn’t really get boundaries, so you’ll have to tell that to his face. He was trying to scent you, but I don’t think he managed it since you woke up.” Jimin’s heart drops through his feet, anxiety plaguing his features as he drops his gaze. He’ll definitely have to set boundaries for the pack if he ever returns to them.

“Ah… Is that what he was doing…” Jimin mumbles. “I guess on Monday I might eat with you guys then. I don’t really want Taehyung to be upset because of a misunderstanding.”

“Thank you…”

The rest of the night is quiet, the two finish their meal, watching a bit more of the game before retreating to their own rooms for the night. As Jimin crawls into bed, he can’t help but wonder what sort of relationship he has with Yoongi now. Are they still only roommates? Or are they friends?

Would Yoongi still be his friend if he knew the truth?
I hope I explained the social and political situation regarding Omegas sufficiently enough. If anybody has questions, feel free to ask!

I don't typically reply to comments as I do this on my phone and I really suck at typing on this thing, but I do appreciate each and every comment. Thank you, guys!

☆Chapters may be slightly delayed as I am currently ending another fic! The other fic has larger chapter updates now which take more time to complete.☆
The weekend passes by fairly quickly for Jimin. Yoongi and him shared a quiet breakfast of cold pizza on Saturday morning before Jimin took off for the library, while on Sunday, Yoongi left for something he called ‘pack bonding time’. Though, Yoongi hadn’t seemed too thrilled about it at the time either.

Presently, Jimin is laying on the floor of the dance studio, his chest heaving as sweat drips down his forehead from the intense routine. His diet of processed shit really isn’t cutting it for how much he pushes himself during these classes but getting a job will really strain his study time. With how long Jimin has been out of school, he feels like he needs all the time in the world to hammer all the information into his brain.

Around him, other students are grouped up, some chatting quietly while others focus on rehydrating. It’s a small break for them, and although Jimin had enjoyed spending it alone last week, he’s unsurprised to find a certain Omega crawling over to him.

“Jimin…? Right?” Jungkook sits down a foot away from Jimin, likely keeping his distance since Jimin smells like an Alpha. It wouldn’t look good for the Omega to be hanging around with two Alphas, not to other students at least.

“No, it’s Jimin. Jungkook, right?” Jimin sits up, dabbing his forehead with the towel. Although he had wanted to avoid over-associating with the Omega, he decides that since he’s been accepted by the pack, it may not look as strange.

“It’s not like he can send Jungkook away anyway.”

“Yeah?” Jungkook’s eyes light up. “Are you going to eat lunch with us today?”

“I might.” Jimin smiles but it doesn’t reach his eyes. He really has nothing against the pack, it’s just that hanging around them puts him at far more risk of exposure than flying solo like he had wanted to. Still, he doesn’t want to take out his discontent on this pup. Jungkook is braver than him in many ways, the most prominent one being that he’s in university despite being an Omega, and he isn’t hiding himself.

“We’re saving you a spot, so you can come anytime.” Jungkook is sweet, what’s even sweeter is the innocent way he smiles at Jimin. It’s almost as though the Omega hasn’t known anything unjust, as though he’s lived sheltered; away from the unfair way Omegas are treated.

It’s possible Jungkook has somehow flown under the radar and avoided a lot of mistreatment. It’s possible his parents are wonderful people and his pack mates have always looked out for him. Maybe Jimin is feeling jealous right now as he looks into the large doe eyes seemingly full of
wonder and excitement, maybe he’s also bitter that life was not as kind to him.

Would he have been innocent and full of wonder too?

“What are you majoring in?” Jimin asks even knowing there are only a small handful of Omega approved majors right now.

“Culinary arts with a minor in baking and pastry.” Jungkook says this without a hint of interest in his voice, and it’s at this moment that Jimin realizes Jungkook is aware of just how deep the injustice is.

“What would you rather be majoring in?” Jimin asks quietly, his eyes holding the Omegas.

He can see the conflict in Jungkook’s gaze, the way his eyes waver and drop to the floor in hesitation as he quietly speaks.

“Video production…” The Omega smiles softly before raising his gaze to meet Jimin’s. It’s clear he isn’t sure whether or not he can trust Jimin with information like that, no matter how light, it can show an Omega’s unwillingness to obey. It can make it difficult for them to find a mate.

“You make movies?” He smiles, softening his gaze in hopes that Jungkook will understand he’s safe to confide in. They may not know each other well, and Jungkook may not realize he’s an Omega too, but there’s a sense of comradery for the faux-Alpha. Hopefully one day, Jimin can change everything and help Jungkook have a better future doing what he wants to do instead of the only thing he can do.

Nodding, Jungkook rubs the floor, a bit anxious in his habits.

“Sometimes… like… of the pack and… the things we do… I edit them on Namjoonie’s computer since his is so nice. I’d like to do that all the time.”

“You don’t have your own computer?” Jimin asks.

“I live in the Omega dorms right now, it’s a requirement for freshman… and since our front door doesn’t really lock that well; it’s not safe for me to have expensive things in the dorm. I’m keeping a lot of things at my old house. I just stay there on the weekends.” Jungkook sounds sad as he tells Jimin this, but he lifts his head, smiling at Jimin with all the wonder and hope back within his gaze. Something about it saddens Jimin, but he doesn’t say anything of it.

“Your old house? With your parents?” He asks instead.

“No,” Jungkook shakes his head. “The pack’s house. We all live together, well except for Yoongi. He says he can’t focus on his work with all of us around.”

“Oh, that makes sense. How long have you lived with them?” A quick glance at the clock tells him the break will be ending soon, and despite his initial anxiety about interacting with Jungkook, he realizes not a single student has glanced his way.

“Uhm, probably since I presented… We became a pack then so… uh…” Jungkook leans back on his hands to think, his head tilted up towards the ceiling in a dangerously innocent way that exposes his neck. If Jimin were an actual Alpha, his instincts would’ve regarded the action as submission and prompted him to claim Jungkook as his own.
‘Jungkook is lucky… right now… that I’m not an Alpha… But he doesn’t know that… he doesn’t know that and yet he’s doing this…’

Anxiety twists his stomach as he imagines Jungkook being forcibly mated after an innocently naïve slip such as this one. His pack wouldn’t be able to save him, to protect him, the wonder and excitement may actually leave his eyes in that situation.

“L-lower, lower your head.” Jimin’s nervousness finally gets to him, but his words seem to catch Jungkook off guard who immediately slaps his hand over his scent gland, dropping his chin against his chest with the smell of fear polluting his previously sweet scent.

“I didn’t mean to scare you.” Jimin whispers, wishing with everything inside of him that he could produce the same comforting scent Alpha’s can, wishing he could purr and soothe the frightened Omega.

He can do nothing but frown at the floor.

“It’s… it was my fault… Sorry…” Jungkook keeps his gaze averted, an awkward tension filling in the one-foot gap between the two before their instructor’s voice interrupts.

“Okay, back on your feet! Break is over!”

A spider’s web runs long between two tree branches, visible only when caught on the sunlight in the lightly blowing wind. The leaves on the branches are not green, but orange and swiftly drying in preparation for the changing seasons; within a day or two, they will probably join the others on the grass below. Despite the distance between the two branches, they’re close enough to capture the web beautifully, but too far for the spider to spin its web in the current wind. Instead, the web winds between two smaller branches nearby, trapping two leaves between it in a shape not normally created by the spider spinning the web.

All Jimin can do is watch from the bench across from the tree, his gaze captured by the simplicity of the task the spider is carrying out as the chilled wind sends goosebumps racing up his arms.

While focused on the spider, he fails to notice the emptiness in his stomach, or the lingering guilt that he’s once again skipping lunch with the Bangtan Pack.

It might have something to do with the way he frightened Jungkook earlier, the way his fear sent shivers up Jimin’s spine in bitter memory of just what an Omega is.

‘I’m not prey.’ He narrows his eyes at the spider as it works, each of its eight legs performing a task to spin the web, to build it in hopes of catching dinner. It’s survival, and maybe Jimin wishes he could be the spider for just a few minutes after a catch.

Just to feel what it’s like.

‘But I’m not a predator either.’

A football soars overhead, angled high enough, quickly enough, to take out the leaves the spider had built its web between. When Jimin looks again, the web is gone and with it, the spider.

“You threw it too far, dude!” He watches without speaking as a random Alpha runs up, grabbing
the football and throwing it again.

As the Alpha runs off, Jimin can’t help but wonder if the spider is still on the football. Is it revenge if the spider bites them? Or is it just the nature of spiders when threatened? Jimin will probably never know, not unless he gets up to follow the Alphas.

Jungkook’s face flashes across his mind again, the sound of his hand slapping over his scent gland, the frightful flicker in his eyes as the wonder all but lost itself for a moment. He’s young, a pup, and Jimin is so angry for him, for all of them.

“Jimin!”

He raises his gaze from where he’d been staring at the grass, zoned out on the spot where the football had landed. His eyes find Taehyung jogging up the sidewalk towards him, behind him, the rest of the Bangtan pack trails after attracting the gazes of all the curious students.

They had said Bangtan is a powerful pack after-all.

“Uh…” A guilty expression crosses the faux-Alpha’s features as he sits up straighter on the bench. Although it is within his nature to offer a charming smile, he decides to sheepishly rub the base of his neck instead.

“Stop avoiding us!” Taehyung whines when he reaches Jimin. Plopping down beside him, the Alpha is certain to give Jimin a few inches of space between them, though Jimin can practically feel Taehyung’s wolf crying with every urge to invade his personal space.

“Sorry, I got distracted.” Jimin drops his gaze back to the grass before looking up at the rest of the pack. Yoongi is lingering towards the back of the group, half-hidden behind Seokjin and Jungkook who is also shyly hanging back. Yoongi has an unreadable expression on his face, though Jimin thinks it might just be boredom, or hunger, or both.

“Well come eat with us, we’ve been looking all over for you. Jungkookie is gonna die of hunger if I don’t feed him. He might eat one of us!” Taehyung grins as his eyes find Jungkook who is glaring daggers, but before he can speak up, Namjoon joins in on the teasing.

“This pup looks more and more like an Alpha each day. I keep wondering what it is he’s eating but…” Namjoon grins back towards Jungkook who is looking shyer by the second. Jimin can make out Yoongi’s hand coming to rest on Jungkook’s shoulder, their eyes meeting in a silent exchange that Jimin desperately wishes he understood.

“I’ll tell you what he’s eating, it’s my---”

“Ah, if you finish that sentence with something dirty I swear to god I’ll put tacks in your mattress.” Hoseok wails, causing the rest of the pack to begin laughing.

The entire exchange is strange as Jimin witnesses it. Although he’s being included, he feels more like he’s watching a movie taking place around him. Is he allowed to join in on things like this? When he’s one-on-one with Yoongi; it’s different. Right now, Jimin isn’t sure what his place in this pack is. A friend to all? To some? To one? Is he a friend? They just met, friends don’t ‘just meet’, maybe in time… maybe.

“Okay-okay, I’ll eat with you guys.” Jimin gets up, grabbing his duffel bag and pulling the strap
over his shoulder. His thoughts are always a little complicated when it comes to the Bangtan pack, and as they walk towards the cafeteria loudly chatting, he decides that it’s fear which has him questioning all of this. He questions their interactions because he’s afraid of what they mean, he’s afraid of what can happen, of the consequences.

If even his parents could so easily sell him off for a chunk of change, what exactly would stop the Bangtan pack from selling him? With Taehyung’s difficulty with boundaries, it won’t take long before he figures out what is wrong with Jimin’s scent.

A bitter smile crosses his face, one he doesn’t realize is caught by Yoongi as he lowers his gaze to the concrete below.

The pack could sell both him and Jungkook when the bill goes into law, the money would probably be enough to pay off all of their tuition, and they would lose nothing but a warm hole to fuck. It’s worst case scenario, but the fact that it’s anything more than a zero percent possibility is what feeds the bitterness inside of Jimin.

‘I wonder if something is wrong with me… To be so distrustful when Jungkook seems so happy.’

Jimin looks up in time to see Taehyung’s fingers intertwining with Jungkook’s, a carefree smile overtaking the younger Omega’s face as they walk up the steps toward the cafeteria. The fact remains that the pack is unaware of Jimin’s true sub-gender, so worst case scenario, if it happens, he’ll save Jungkook before he’s sold off.

It’s the least he can do.

The cafeteria is noisy when they step inside. Countless students eyeball the pack, countless more eyeball Jimin in particular. If the pack is as established and powerful as Seokjin had claimed last week, then Jimin must be an interesting twist, something worth talking about.

After combing through the kitchen with the pack, Jimin ends up with a salad, a small orange, and a bottle of water. Practice today had been difficult with the pizza weighing him down, correcting at least one meal a day to something healthy should make a difference.

The seating situation at the booth begins with Seokjin, Taehyung, Jungkook, and Hoseok on one side of the table, Jimin’s breath catching as he slides into the other side only to spot Yoongi sliding in beside him. Keeping his gaze directed on his salad, he silently chides himself for having any reaction at all, he’s an Alpha and so is Yoongi, there is no way Yoongi gives two shits about him. He shouldn’t want Yoongi to give two shits about him anyway, the lower he flies under the radar, the better.

“So, Jimin. What’s your major? Tell us about yourself, we don’t really know anything about you.” Namjoon’s question rouses Jimin from his distracted thoughts, the faux-Alpha’s eyes tracking Namjoon’s curiously before he leans back as though sitting so close to Yoongi isn’t actually driving him insane.

“I’m a Forensic Science major-,” He begins, pausing as he tries to think of what he should tell them next. Where he’s from? His family? He doesn’t want to remember those things, he doesn’t want to acknowledge them. He came from dust and built himself up.

“There really isn’t a whole lot to know about me… I like music and dancing.” He shrugs lightly.
“Oh! Have you heard any of Yoongi’s music? It’s really good!” Taehyung pipes up, pointing towards Yoongi with his dirty plastic fork.

Beside him, the Alpha grimaces before leaning back, the scent of cinnamon and mint is so thick that Jimin can almost taste it. Each small inhale of Yoongi’s scent is dizzying, his knees press together as he mentally wills his body not to react to it. No matter how thickly he lays on the synthetic Alpha scent, if he gets wet then it’s all over.

“Don’t point your dirty fork at me.” Yoongi grumbles which only causes Taehyung to grin even wider.

“I’m just trying to promote your music; shouldn’t you appreciate it?” Taehyung jams his fork back into his green beans, continuing to eat.

“To my roommate who I wouldn’t make pay for any of it and therefore makes promoting to him kinda pointless?” Reaching forward, Yoongi picks up his burrito. “Yeah, super appreciate it, pup.”

While Taehyung and Yoongi bicker, Seokjin leans forward towards Jimin and clears his throat.

“I should apologize for how I treated you last week, Jimin.” Jimin meets Seokjin’s gaze, reading the sincerity in them before nodding.

“It’s okay.”

“I was just in a bad mood and I took it out on you. It’s not okay, I’m sorry. Yoongi said you seem like a nice guy, a nice Alpha, and the world needs more of those so… I shouldn’t have been so shitty to you.” Crossing his legs beneath the table, Jimin has taken to breathing through his mouth, the taste of his salad somewhat masking the taste of cinnamon on his tongue.

“I appreciate it, thank you.” The Beta smiles gently, and it’s at this moment that Jimin can’t help but bask in the comforting feeling of being around a Beta. Just their presence alone is a leveler, assuming they’re in a good mood. With how riled up Seokjin had been the first time they had met, he hadn’t felt very comfortable around him, nor with the other pack members, but right now, it somehow feels less like he’s intruding on a closed group, and more like he’s one of them.

‘The effect of a Beta...’ Jimin thinks idly as he eats.

Beside him, Yoongi and Taehyung are still bickering, though their topic has switched into Taehyung intruding at their house too often and eating all of his food. Seated beside Taehyung, Jungkook is slowly picking apart his sandwich while having a quiet conversation with Namjoon. Although Jimin isn’t exactly part of any of these conversations, he’s more than comfortable just eating quietly while the pack does what he assumes they do all the time, things families do.

“You guys are too loud!” Hoseok complains. “And we still didn’t learn anything about our little Alpha pup!”

“Oh, right.” Yoongi mumbles beside him.

“We should bring him with us to the bar this weekend!” Taehyung offers, beaming despite the stare Jimin shoots his way. Taehyung completely ignores his stare, humming as he looks around at the rest of the pack.
“There’s no better time to get to know someone, right?” Hoseok says, apparently in agreement over the suggestion.

“I guess, but I wasn’t gonna go.” Finishing his food, Yoongi balls up the wrapper to his burrito, dropping it on his plate.

“Then it’s settled. If Jiminie is coming, then Yoongi has to come too. You’ll come, right?” Taehyung looks at him finally, an urging in his gaze, one that says he doesn’t have a choice even if he thinks he does.

Sighing, Jimin glances at the curious faces around him. “Yeah, I guess… I didn’t really have anything else planned…”

Taehyung loudly claps his hands together, smiling brightly at Jimin. “Hell yes! Yoongi already knows the usual spot so just come with him. It’s Saturday night, don’t forget.”

“I won’t, I won’t forget.” Jimin smiles as he makes the promise, half of him still confused about how this even happened in the first place. First, he was dragged to lunch, then made to agree to meet them at the bar on the weekend? Is it ever weekend? Or just this one? Some weekends?

‘I asked for this…’ By starting this stupid trek to his degree, Jimin essentially accepted this possibility. All he can really do now is hope that his scent suppressors do their job, and that he doesn’t accidentally say or do anything reckless.

“So how do we all feel about the new bill that was just presented yesterday?”

Silence resonates around the room, and although Jimin knows exactly what his professor is talking about, he keeps his lips pressed tightly shut as to not draw unnecessary attention to himself.

“Nobody?” His professor tries again, his eyes scanning the room. “Does anybody here watch the news? I told you guys we’d be having discussions about current events, this means you need to actually watch or read the news, however you do it.”

The silence continues, his professor finally rooting himself in the middle of the room before turning his upper body behind him, pointing the remote at the smart screen until an image of a news article appears.

‘National Assembly Presents New Breeding Bill Aimed at Omegas’

“I trust we’re all familiar with the legislative process, correct?”

A few students nod, including Jimin who has educated himself on various political matters. It’s useful in times like these, times where needless fear will get him nowhere.

“Oh, so you guys do know something about the government, great. Especially since you’re in a politics class.” His professor smiles at the room of quiet students, teasing them for their refusal to speak up before motoring to the board again.

“I’ll give everyone a moment to read over the article, afterwards, we’ll discuss it.”
The class remains silent for a few minutes, his professor checking his watch a few times during this time. With his hands tightened into fists beneath the table, Jimin’s eyes scan over the article for the third or fourth time, almost as though hoping for its contents to magically change. No matter how many times Jimin reads about the bill, it still makes him feel nauseous.

“Okay, so who wants to tell me their thoughts on this? Remember, there is a participation grade, I expect everybody to speak at least once per class.”

Jimin doesn’t look around, his eyes dropping to his desk as he hears his professor call on someone.

From behind him, a male student speaks up, though he’s too far away for Jimin to distinguish his sub-gender beneath the mixture of other scents.

“I like it, I think it solves a lot of issues we’re facing as a society. I’ve heard we have a birth crisis right now, like… our species is gonna go extinct if we don’t start mating and reproducing more often.”

Jimin grits his teeth, his expression remaining neutral.

“Ah, so then why Omegas? And why forcefully? Does anybody have an idea? Why not Betas? Or why not requesting mated pairs reproduce? Hmmm, you there in the Nike hoodie.”

Another voice speaks up, Jimin does not dare search for it’s owner.

“Omegas produce stronger pups, especially if one parent is an Alpha. Plus, they’re also more likely to produce another Alpha or Omega while Betas produce average pups who are usually also Betas.”

His professor nods and begins pacing, his fingertips tapping together as he mulls over what the student offered. Of course, Jimin already knows his value in society’s eyes, is in his womb, it’s in his genetics, his ability to create strong pups, to create more Alphas and Omegas.

“Wonderful… but why by force? Why is it-,” His professor pauses, his eyes scanning the room again. “Why is it that we can’t request mated pairs reproduce? Or ask for Omegas to volunteer?”

“Mated Omegas can’t make that decision for themselves.” One student speaks up, disgust in their voice.

“So then couldn’t their mate breed them? We’re talking about collecting Omegas for forced breeding, guys. I need stronger arguments than you’re giving me.” His professor searches the room again, his eyes falling on Jimin’s.

“You, you haven’t spoken at all. Can you answer the question?”

Jimin’s lips press into a firmer line, his heart rate spiking as he tries to collect his thoughts even a quarter as much as they need to be collected to form a coherent thought. Although he knows it isn’t so, he feels as though everyone is staring at him.

“Uh… didn’t the government try making requests? The birth crisis isn’t new… I think it wasn’t being responded to strongly enough… so this is an emergency back-up.” Jimin keeps his tone indifferent and his expression neutral despite his rage. His classmates are fucking idiots if they can’t see the truth sitting right in front of them.
“Exactly, the bill is being proposed because asking didn’t get enough done. So now we’re taking.” His professor begins to pace again, winding his hands behind his back.
“How do we all feel about that?”

“I think it’s fine because it’s for the greater good.” Someone says.

“Yeah, it’s okay to sacrifice a few to save the lot. That’s just logic isn’t it?” Someone else says.

“It’s rape.” Jimin mumbles under his breath.

His professor stops, meeting Jimin’s gaze again. By their distance, Jimin doesn’t believe there’s anyway in hell his professor could have heard him, and yet his professor asks him to repeat himself.

“I didn’t say anything.” He shakes his head, not wanting to say it, cursing himself for even mumbling it in the first place.

“This is a platform for our thoughts, Jimin. Should I repeat it for you if you don’t want to say it?”

Jimin nods but refuses to sink into his chair. He’s an Alpha, Alpha’s don’t shrink themselves, they don’t let others make them feel small.

“It’s rape, everyone. And what we’re doing, what many of us are thinking right now, is that it’s okay because they’re Omegas. Is rape okay? Do we all agree that rape is good?” His professor’s eyes finally leave his, scanning the room as a few students shift with discomfort.

“You can’t rape an Omega.” Someone finally says it, what Jimin hadn’t wanted to hear, the truth of their society.

“By law, no. But morally? We all understand what rape is right? So, disregarding how the law views Omegas… Does everyone fully understand this bill and what it’s suggesting?”

There is more uncomfortable shifting, and even Jimin himself crosses his legs before uncrossing them, unsettled by the atmosphere. His professor is only pointing out the obvious, and although Jimin would usually be elated to have someone who understands his views, he’s been burned enough to know that jumping to conclusions about someone’s views is dangerous. This is a class, and his professor’s words may only be in the name of learning.

“Since we all understand, how do we feel about the bill now?”

There’s quiet mumbling and whispers around him, the sound of chairs scraping the floor, feet sliding across tile, and clothing rustling. Nobody wants to speak, nobody wants to say what they’re thinking. But as usual, a random student gains the nerves to speak.

“I still think it’s a good idea, unmated Omegas aren’t doing anything anyway… They might as well contribute to the population growth.”

Jimin tunes out the rest of the class period. He earned his participation points, and he knew he’d face situations like this when he enrolled.

‘Grin and bear it.’ He reminds himself.
“You’re home again.” Jimin states as he sets his bag down near the front door. The scent of cinnamon and mint is overwhelming but comforting, Jimin would give anything in this moment to nuzzle against Yoongi’s scent gland and just wrap himself up in the scent.

From the couch, Yoongi looks up from his cup of ramen, frowning despite his noodle-filled cheeks before swallowing. “And I’m starting to really believe that you don’t like me.”

“It’s not that.” Jimin sighs, his politics class had been long and maybe he was still a bit tense. “It was just a long day, sorry. I didn’t expect you to be home.”

“Hmm, someone else booked the studio I usually use so I came home. Did something happen today?” Yoongi continues to shovel the steaming ramen into his mouth as Jimin takes small steps towards him, running his hand through his hair.

“Nothing worth mentioning really… The woes of a college student, right?” He tries to smile despite knowing it isn’t reaching his eyes, and judging by the odd look Yoongi gives him, the Alpha isn’t at all convinced the issue is so simple.

Fortunately for Jimin, Yoongi doesn’t pry.

Turning his attention back to the cooking program on TV, Yoongi blows on his hot noodles.

“Right.”

Taking this as his cue to leave, Jimin heads down the hall to his room, immediately getting into his dresser before withdrawing his bottle of scent suppressors disguised within a bottle originally intended for some pain medication.

Even though his dosage is one pill a day, or two if he’ll be sleeping near Alphas, he takes out another pill, swallowing it dry before sealing the bottle and dropping it on his bed. Although Jimin wants to believe he’s stronger than his instincts, stronger than a fucking smell, he’s afraid of what could happen if he continues to be exposed to Yoongi’s scent like this. It was supposed to be manageable, Yoongi’s scent was supposed to become dulled and eventually ignored by his body like every other scent, but with each day it becomes harder and harder to resist, and suddenly the Omega side of himself that he spent a year pushing down--- is clawing its way to the surface again, preening for Yoongi’s wolf.

Chapter End Notes

°I actually took several days off of writing because I fell into this 300k+ fic that captured all of my love and attention.

°This chapter is an apology for me being distractable and lazy~☆

°RM’s new playlist/mixtape ‘Mono’ was on during the entire writing process of this chapter. Please go listen to it!♡.
“Are you sure you want to go out tomorrow?” Yoongi asks, his eyes unmoving from the TV.

“Yeah, I mean… I guess.” Jimin shrugs, drawing his knees up closer to his chest as he glances at the Alpha.

It’s now Friday night, and although the rest of the school is probably out partying, Jimin and Yoongi are camped in the living room watching old Disney movies with a large bowl of popcorn between them. So far, the two haven’t spoken much, though Jimin has caught Yoongi mouthing the lyrics to a few songs.

“If you back out then we can stay here and watch TV. We don’t even have to talk.”

“You don’t want to talk to me?” Jimin’s lips curl into a grin, the teasing tone in his voice not even bringing a hint of a smile to Yoongi’s face. One day, he’ll make Yoongi smile, really smile.

“I want to talk to you, I just don’t want to go out tomorrow.”

“You don’t have to go just because I’m going.” Jimin reminds him. The TV cuts to a commercial break, but Yoongi even stares at that as though it’s mildly entertaining.

“I do, or I’ll never hear the end of it.” He sighs.

“Sorry to make you suffer in my honor, but I’m sure it won’t be that bad. Besides-,” Jimin reaches over, pinching some of the popcorn before popping it into his mouth. “We don’t have to stay late or anything. I’m not a party person. We’ll stay long enough to be polite and then escape.”

“You’ve never been out with Taehyung.” Yoongi snorts.

“Aren’t you an Alpha? Letting another Alpha push you around?” Jimin teases, shifting on the couch so that his back is against the armrest.

“You act like anybody can say no to him. Taehyung is a free-spirit, he does what he wants and if you get caught in his gravitational pull then you’re doing whatever he’s doing.” Yoongi turns to look at Jimin, and for a moment, the Omega finds himself wonderfully captivated by Yoongi’s beauty. The bluish glow from the TV highlights his soft skin, gently curving cheeks, and soft lips. Jimin averts his gaze if only to have a moment to think of his response, a blush creeping up his neck.

“I see… Well consider me caught… and by extension, you I guess.”
The commercials end, and the movie begins again. The two remain silent for the rest of the movie, the plush throw Yoongi had around his waist at the beginning, ends up over his shoulders as he zones out on the screen. While the credits roll, Jimin reaches for the popcorn bowl as he slides one leg off the couch.

“I’ll make more unless you’re going to bed?” He quirks an eyebrow at Yoongi who waves him off.

“More popcorn and there’s some chocolate in the cabinet if you want it. Second shelf to the left of the fridge.”

“Ooh, sharing chocolate is a new step in our friendship, Min Yoongi.” Jimin hops up from the couch, passing by Yoongi before hearing the Alpha snort.

“Are you one of those chocoholics? Am I gonna have to start hiding it in a locked box beneath my bed?”

“Well, now you’ve told me where you’re going to hide it, so it would be pointless.” Flipping on the lights in the kitchen, Jimin dumps the un-popped kernels from the plastic bowl, taking out a popcorn bag from the cabinet before shrugging the plastic wrapping and popping it into the microwave.

“What time is it?” Yoongi calls from the living room.

“Uh, almost eleven.” Jimin calls back, leaning his hip against the counter as the microwave counts down.

Neither of them had anticipated spending their evening this way. After school, Jimin had worked on homework until close to eight when Yoongi finally came through the door. All week, Jimin has taken to carrying his scent suppressors around with him, taking one with breakfast, one with lunch, and one with dinner. He also pops one if Yoongi’s scent becomes overwhelming, or if he’s set to sit beside the Alpha for an extended period of time.

Like right now.

Although he can still smell Yoongi’s scent, thick and inviting, he isn’t as worried about his own scent escaping should his body try to respond with mating signals. And fortunately, despite his brief distraction by Yoongi’s beauty, his body hasn’t produced any slick, and for that he mentally thanks his wolf for not potentially ruining his life.

What he wouldn’t give to be a Beta…

The microwave beeps loudly, the smell of popcorn now striking Jimin’s nose as he pulls it open. After dumping the popcorn into the bowl, he swipes the chocolate bar out of the cabinet, carrying it into the living room with the popcorn before sinking back into the couch, placing the bowl between them.

The next movie begins, both Alpha’s letting themselves relax fully, getting into the movie to an embarrassing extent until they’re both howling with laughter over jokes they never understood as children. Disney movies have a surprising amount of dirty jokes, or so they’ve learned.

The night fades around them, countless empty bowls of popcorn and seemingly endless movies on repeat; softly lull the pair to sleep on their respective sides of the long couch.
In his dreams, cinnamon and mint is all he can smell and taste. Yoongi’s hands are warm sliding down the gentle curves of his body, his lips are soft, and Jimin shudders beneath the sensation of hot breath against his ear. He’s begging, the word *Alpha* dripping off his tongue with heavy traces of lust. If he could just be swallowed up by this smell, he would be satisfied. This is what he’s been craving after-all, an Alpha, a knot, Yoongi’s knot.

Yoongi’s hands part his legs, exposing the Omega by putting his nudity on display. Although he would usually feel embarrassed to be stared at, he just breathes the word again.

*Alpha*...

Yoongi’s groaning is what rouses Jimin from his sleep first, followed by a kick to his shin that has Jimin groaning as well. When he opens his eyes, the first thing he notices is that Yoongi’s throw blanket is now on-top of him, warmly protecting him from the chill in their apartment. Down the couch from him, Yoongi is still curled up with one of the couch pillows beneath his head, his jacket sleeves pulled down over his hands as he feigns for warmth.

Shit, he hadn’t meant to fall asleep on the couch, especially not with Yoongi. Though, as he pulls the throw blanket off of himself and drapes it over Yoongi instead, he realizes that the throw blanket is probably what caused his dream. The blanket has been scented, something people do to their personal belongings with or without meaning to. Bedding, furniture, and blankets usually carry heavy traces of their owner.

In Jimin’s case, the blanket evoked responses from Jimin that he would’ve preferred to have avoided.

Quietly, the Omega gets up from the couch, checking the time on the stove, 10am, before retreating to his room and collecting a change of clothes along with his bath towel. Once he makes it into the bathroom, he quickly strips down. The best thing he can do right now is scrub Yoongi’s scent from his skin, removing it before his body can react anymore than it already has.

After the last piece of clothing has been removed, he steps beneath the hot spray, using his scent removing body wash before following up with a citrusy one. Since Jimin’s natural scent is citrusy, he’s careful to use similar products for himself, covers incase his scent ever bleeds through.

So far, his scent has never been the initial cause for question about his sub-gender, instead, most people view his appearance to be an indicator of his Omega status. He’s shorter than the average Alpha, his hands are small, and his body bears the curves that only an Omega would have. After-all, Alpha’s have no need for wide hips, their bodies are not primed for pushing out a pup.

Once Jimin can no longer smell Yoongi on his skin, he steps out of the shower, quickly drying and changing into a hoodie and dark skinny jeans before leaving the bathroom with his towel.
“Hey.” Yoongi yawns from where he stands in-front of his bedroom door, his throw blanket slung over his shoulder as he tiredly gazes upon Jimin.

“Oh, hey… Sorry I stole your blanket last night.” He laughs but it probably sounds fake, right now, he needs to get into his duffel bag and take his scent suppressors before Yoongi smells anything.

“It’s okay, I put it over you.” Yoongi pushes his door open a few centimeters, looking away a bit shyly.

“Oh… Thank you then…” Before the Alpha can get another word in, Jimin escapes into his room, hanging his towel up on the rack behind his door before digging into the duffel bag left on his untouched bed. Pulling out the bottle, he also pulls out the half-empty water bottle, taking the pill before getting into his dresser for his heat suppressants.

Both are important, but lately, Jimin has been prioritizing his scent suppressors.

Closing his bedroom door all the way, he turns on some music to drown out the sounds of the spraying for his synthetic Alpha scent. He sprays it over his scent gland and between his thighs where his scent is thickest. The actual spraying of the scent is the worst part, the overwhelming stench of lemongrass has his nose scrunching as he recaps the bottle, hiding it away in his dresser before turning off the music, opening his door back up.

With Yoongi still hidden away in his bedroom, Jimin decides to make breakfast, idly wondering what he should do for today while his eggs sizzle in the skillet.

Half an hour passes quietly in the apartment. Jimin finishes cooking breakfast, planting himself on the couch to eat as a recap of the morning news plays. Yoongi’s room remains oddly quiet aside from the soft sounds of music bleeding through the walls. Although he’s curious, Jimin doesn’t go knock and instead, remains on the couch until he’s finished eating.

Two more hours pass without Yoongi leaving his room. Jimin takes up an unflattering, yet comfortable position on the couch as he watches TV. He can’t help the casual flickers his eyes make at Yoongi’s door, or the nagging curiosity he has about what Yoongi’s room looks like or what he does in there aside from producing music Jimin has still never heard.

Another hour passes before Jimin drags himself up again, collecting a few things along with his duffel bag before he calls out to Yoongi.

“I’m heading out! I’ll be home later!”

Yoongi doesn’t respond, nor had Jimin really expected him to.

Jimin walks across campus with his duffel bag bouncing against his thigh, a slight chill in the air making his hoodie appear a little less out of place.

Since it’s now Saturday, fewer students roam campus giving him more leeway on the sidewalk. It’s welcomed, considering he feels he has more than a few things on his mind. One of the things on his mind being the wet dream he definitely had about his roommate, another being the odd way Yoongi had vanished this morning. It really shouldn’t bother him considering Yoongi frequently sleeps late and keeps to himself, but maybe Jimin had been hoping for something, even if he doesn’t know what that something is.
As he passes the bench he’d sat at a few days ago, he glances up at the tree, finding a new spider web has been created in place of the one previously destroyed by a stray football. Although it’s unlikely to be the same spider as before, part of him hopes that it is, and he doesn’t even like spiders.

Not allowing himself to become too distracted by the web, he continues towards the performing arts building, letting himself in before trailing down the quiet hallways, twisting the maze before descending a short staircase to the dance studio his class is held in.

It’s in his syllabus that the studio is open until nine every day of the week. Cameras with bored security guards watching them; ensures his safety, and his understanding of the equipment allows him to set up the music with ease. After changing into black joggers and a loose white t-shirt, he stretches before standing center with the mirrors.

It’s surprising to find that nobody else is in the studio, but Jimin decides it’s fate giving him the time he needs to work things out. While dancing has never before been an outlet for him, somehow, the dance studio feels like where he’s supposed to be.

It feels free.

Jimin dances from memory, recalling each step they had been taught, carefully monitoring himself in the mirror as his body slowly begins to move in sync with the beat. Beads of sweat roll down his back despite the fans working overtime, his breathing turning into something more akin to panting as he pushes and pushes himself.

Does he like Yoongi?

Does he like him as more than a roommate, more than a friend...?

It feels like his body is slowing down, so he pushes harder, his gaze narrowed as he wills his limbs to move as gracefully as his instructor’s. The way his instructor moves is beautiful, fluid. It appears effortless even though Jimin knows it’s the product of years of hard work.

It’s not easy, although it’s beautiful, beautiful things take time and effort, dedication that Jimin feels he is splitting into so many things that not a single ideal is getting enough attention.

Can he like Yoongi and still hate Alphas?

Is he allowed to like Yoongi?

It’s probably not fair for Jimin to even think that he hates Alphas, he doesn’t. What Jimin hates are the mindsets many Alphas have regarding Omegas, he hates the laws they impose without considering the humanity of the Omegas they’re mistreating. Omegas by nature are sweet and kind, but the fear coaxed into them by the violence of Alphas has turned many Omegas into hollow shells with only polite kindness and forced sweetness.

Or they become bitter and angry like Jimin, clawing for a way out, no matter which way they have to go to get there.

Distracted by his thoughts, Jimin fails to notice the studio door opening. His only indication that someone else has entered is the faint smell of baked bread with undertones of cherry blossoms.

Pausing, he throws a glance towards the door, finding Hoseok standing there with his own duffel
“Jimin!” He smiles brightly and Jimin can’t help but smile back before moving to pause the music.

“What are you doing here?” Jimin asks, grabbing his towel to dab the sweat from his face.

“I came to do freestyle, my bones are itching to move!” Hoseok sets his bag down along the wall beside Jimin’s. Crossing his arm straight over his chest, he begins to lightly stretch. “What about you? I usually only see dance majors in here on the weekends.”

Jimin shrugs, dropping his towel back onto the chair. “I just needed to clear my thoughts.”

“Dancing is the best way to clear your thoughts. I always feel so loose when I’m dancing.” Hoseok lowers himself to begin stretching his legs, and Jimin realizes that although Hoseok is an Alpha, he isn’t afraid of him.

Not right now anyway.

“I think I’m still too new to it for that… But I feel freer when I’m dancing… It’s hard to explain.” Jimin looks away, a bit embarrassed by his words. He had come here to work through his odd feelings regarding Yoongi, and yet here he is discussing the freedoms of dance with Hoseok, another Alpha.

“Do you want me to help you?”

Hoseok’s question grabs Jimin’s attention, his eyes raising before a polite smile crosses his lips.

“Oh, it’s okay, I’ll learn I mean… I’m in a class right now…” He trails off, unsure of where he had been going with that.

“Yeah, with Jungkookie right? I tutor him on the weekends too, I’m the TA for the senior hip-hop classes.” Rising to his feet, Hoseok crosses the studio until he’s leaning against the mirror in front of Jimin.

“I know the routine already, so show me and I’ll give you pointers!”

Although hesitant, but more so embarrassed about his own personal skills, Jimin shyly nods before quickly straightening himself until he feels like the Alpha he’s convinced everyone that he is. Something about meeting Yoongi has messed with him, messed with his Omega side. Passing himself as an Alpha didn’t take this much effort prior to his first inhale of that cinnamon and mint scent.

The hours tick by, wearing on Jimin’s muscles as they take very few breaks. The first few hours are spent perfecting the routine his class is working on, while the following few hours consist of Hoseok teaching Jimin new dance moves and then filming themselves horrendously but comically; executing them.

They leave the studio once to get something to eat, swiftly locking themselves away again as they then burn off everything they’d just eaten. The worries which had been plaguing Jimin’s mind before; vanish as he finds himself having fun just hanging out with Hoseok. It’s different from the
way he feels when he’s with Yoongi, but it’s freeing in almost the same way dancing is.

It’s nearly nine PM when Jimin’s phone rings from across the room. Having lost track of time between laughing and playing around with Hoseok, the faux Alpha audibly curses as he checks the text.

From Min Yoongi (20:42):
Are you coming home? We need to go meet the others soon.

From Park Jimin (20:45):
Oh shit, sorry! I’m on my way now!

From Min Yoongi (20:46):
See you soon.

“We have to go, I still need to get ready to go out with you guys tonight.” Jimin calls to Hoseok as he begins piling his things back into his duffel bag.

Hoseok, who is still dancing in front of the mirror to no music, pauses to look back at Jimin.

“Eh? What time is it?”

“It’s almost nine! We’ve been here for like six hours!” Jimin would laugh if he wasn’t sure it would hurt his stomach to do so. Muscles he hadn’t touched in years had suddenly been put to the test, and if he hadn’t been enjoying himself so much he might not have made it for as long as he did.

Pulling out his pill bottle, Jimin pops a scent suppressor into his mouth, swallowing it with his water bottle before shoving both into his duffel bag.

“What was that?” Hoseok asks, bending down beside him to put his own things away.

“Oh, pain killers. An old sport’s injury.” Jimin lies with a smile, and he’s surprised at how naturally it comes out.

With an understanding nod, the Alpha finishes packing up just as Jimin does, both of their faces red and exhaustion obvious on their faces now that they’ve finished mindlessly enjoying themselves.

“Sport injuries are usually pretty bad, but it’s nothing that should stop you from dancing, right?” Hoseok asks as they head out of the studio.

“No, or I wouldn’t be here. It’s just some lingering pains.” Jimin explains, pulling every ounce of the cover story out of his ass as they head back down the empty hallways.

“Okay, good. Don’t push yourself too hard, Jiminie.” The Alpha casts him a warm smile as they reach the doors, the sky now darkened with the disappearance of the sun. Stepping out onto the
sidewalk, Hoseok pauses before raising his hand.

“The pack house is the other way, but I’ll see you at the bar, okay? Make sure Yoongi comes in something other than sweatpants if you can.”

Snorting, Jimin nods, pivoting his body. “I’ll see what I can do.”

The two wave before heading in separate directions. The walk isn’t too terribly far, but each step seems keen on showing Jimin just where he aches, which is everywhere right now. Tugging out a pair of earbuds from his bag, he pops them in before pulling up the most up-beat song on his playlist.

Something to force him to believe that tonight will go just fine.

Chapter End Notes

°I just wanted to write Composure today. I wrote half of the next chapter too. ☆

°Y'all's comments are too sweet, I'm so happy you're enjoying this! I'm enjoying writing it!

°Which Disney song do we think Yoongi knows by heart?
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

'If I Ever See You Again' has a new chapter today or tomorrow. I haven't forgotten about that fic, don't worry!

For updates on my writing progress, or general stan account bs, follow my Twitter @Lustrationsy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Even for a Saturday night, Jimin can’t believe how insanely packed the bar is. Hundreds of scents assault his nose, and even though he knows he’ll get used to it in a few minutes, he just wants to leave despite having only just arrived.

After getting home earlier, Jimin had taken another shower to clear the sweat from his body before dressing himself in distressed skinny jeans and a silky black, long sleeve button-down. He took another scent suppressor, spraying the Alpha scent on thickly before eyeing his exposed, unmarked neck in the mirror. Generally, it’s considered dangerous for Omegas to walk around with their necks exposed. The rates at which Alphas will forcibly mark Omegas is high, far higher than it should be and it’s not a punishable offense. Yet, since Alphas don’t hide their necks, neither does Jimin, even if it frightens him sometimes.

As Jimin had been styling his black hair in the bathroom, he managed to spot Yoongi emerging from his own room in jeans and a black hoodie. Since his outfit was neither sweatpants nor pajamas, he didn’t say anything aside from a ‘Hi’ followed by ‘I’ll be ready in five.’

With no seats left at the bar, the group stands, making their drink orders by shouting as loudly as they can over the music, flashing their ID’s before their drinks are handed back one-by-one. With cold drinks in hand, the group heads over to a mostly vacant corner, grouping up to talk outside of the traffic flow.

“Where’s Jungkook?” Jimin shouts as he looks between everyone. Only five of the six pack members are present, the missing link being the Omega pup from Jimin’s dance class. With the new bill that’s been presented, Jimin can’t help feeling nervous about his absence. Is he being pulled from the pack in preparation for the breeding farm? Is the pack whoring him out?

“He’s at home, at the pack house.” Taehyung answers sipping his beer.


“Yeah, he’s just not old enough to drink.” Taehyung answers again. “He’s only eighteen.”

“Oh…” Jimin looks down at his beer. He hates beer, the bitter taste, the piss color, the way it makes his tongue feel. Although he had wanted to order a cocktail, he knows Alphas drink beer, or some other brown liquor and beer is far more palatable than whisky or bourbon.
“You can come stay at the pack house after this if you want to! We can have a bonding night!” Hoseok chimes in.

“Is it even ok for non-pack members to enter the house?” Jimin asks with genuine curiosity. Everything he’s heard is that pack houses are territory, and Alphas infringing on other pack’s territory causes fights.

“Yeah, I mean, ‘cause we know you.” Hoseok nods.

“We have a spare bedroom you can stay in, it’s not scented or anything, so it should be comfortable.” Namjoon adds.

“And a ton of movies!” Hoseok finishes.

“Uh…” Jimin nervously shifts beneath their eager gazes. Beside him, Yoongi continues to quietly sip on his whisky.

“You guys are putting him on the spot.” Seokjin scolds the group. “Jimin doesn’t really know us and entering pack territory is stressful when you don’t know the pack.”

“I tried to scent him, but he didn’t like that.” Taehyung motions to Jimin with the same hand holding his drink. “Right now, I think he likes Yoongi the best.”

Jimin can feel his neck heating up, his eyes dropping to the floor before he laughs.

“Well, he is my roommate.” He plays it off, before glancing at Yoongi who looks as unphased as always. Of course, there’s no reason for Yoongi to be unsettled by the comment, as far as Yoongi is concerned, Jimin is an Alpha and Alpha/Alpha relationships are uncommon at best.

“Let’s grab milkshakes after this.” Yoongi says.

“Huh?” Namjoon stares, confusion written all over his face before his eyes shift around the group.

“There’s a place near the house that makes them till two in the morning. We can go there.” He specifies with another sip of his whisky.

“Uh, okay?” Namjoon and Seokjin share a look and Seokjin makes a move to prevent a laugh from escaping.

“Milkshakes sound good.” Jimin smiles. “But I don’t know how well that’ll mix with the alcohol.”

“Yoongi has a stomach of steel, but the rest of us…” Hoseok grins as he looks around the group.

“I’m sure there’s food or something though. Or we can eat here.” Taehyung chimes in.

“The food here is probably dangerous.” Namjoon says. “We’re better off eating at this place Yoongi wants to go to or eating at home.”

“Huh, you’re probably right.” Taehyung shrugs.

The group remains in their little circle, idly chatting as they work through their drinks. It feels
strangely normal to Jimin despite his overall hesitance of the group and the bar. So many Alphas are stalking around their place, their eyes washing over the Omegas, and whether or not there intentions are good, Jimin can’t help feeling on edge as he watches them.

Digging into his pocket, he takes out his bottle of scent suppressors, taking another one to block out the mixed and dizzying scents of so many Alphas.

“Oh, Jimin, how do you feel about Alphas being with other Alphas?” Hoseok asks suddenly, a mischievous grin on his face.

“You’re not fucking inviting him to bed in front of us, are you?” Namjoon groans, his face probably redder than Jimin’s.

“Oh…” Jimin hesitates.

“I’m not inviting him to my bed, it’s just that there’s an Alpha giving him the bedroom eyes from across the bar!” He defends.

The whole group turns their heads to look, including Jimin, and Hoseok audibly groans. “You guys are way too obvious, oh my god…”

Sure enough, there’s a tall Alpha standing across the bar near a wall. Broad shoulders, thick arms, and what is definitely ‘bedroom eyes’ on his face. Jimin cautiously eyes the cleanly dressed Alpha, the two making eye contact before Jimin quickly turns back to the pack.

“That guy?” Taehyung asks, his lips tugging downward.

“Yeah, he’s been staring for-fuckin-ever.” Hoseok sighs. “At first, I thought he was staring at me because we made eye contact a few times, but then I realized he was staring at Jimin. He’s being really obvious about it.”

“I’m not uh… interested in other Alphas…” Jimin says. “Should I tell him?”

“Nah, just wait and see if he approaches. You can tell him then.” Namjoon says.

“Okay.” Jimin turns his attention to his neglected drink, beginning to take frequent sips so it’ll vanish quicker.

As the group dissolves back into conversation, Jimin’s drink slowly but surely disappears. Slowly, they make their way back to the bar, ordering their next drinks for the night.

“Oh right like I haven’t had to pick up your clothes from the middle of the bathroom.” Seokjin snorts, rolling his eyes at Taehyung. “You’re the worst about picking up after yourself.”

“Leaving my clothes in the bathroom while I go change doesn’t count.” Taehyung fires back.

“It doesn’t take you thirty-two hours to change, Taehyungie!” Seokjin half-shouts. Namjoon’s hand settles lightly on the Beta’s forearm, willing him to lower his voice while Yoongi and Jimin exchange glances.

“So a milkshake, huh?” Jimin grins at the Alpha.
“It’s been on my mind, since we’ll be out that way.” He shrugs, thanking the bartender as his beer is sat down in front of him.

“Can I also have a lemon wedge?” He requests. When he’s given the lemon, he moves to squeeze it into his beer for a moment, pausing before bringing it close to smell it.

“What’s wrong?” Jimin asks. “Is it off?”

Yoongi’s eyebrows knit as he shakes his head, although he hesitates, he does eventually move to squeeze the lemon into his beer.
“‘It smells like my blanket did this morning.’

Jimin freezes, watching as Yoongi drains as much lemon juice as he can before bringing the wedge to his mouth, sucking the last of it.

“‘Your blanket, smelled like lemons?’ He asks cautiously. Jimin knows his own scent is citrusy and depending on the person; he can smell like a mixture of things.

Does he smell like lemons to Yoongi? Did Yoongi smell him on the blanket?

Shit, did he scent the blanket in his sleep?!

“Yeah.” Yoongi nods. “It smelled like lemons or oranges… both maybe? It was a really… fresh citrusy scent…” The Alpha sets the wedge down on a napkin before raising his beer to his lips, sniffing it before taking a sip.

“I’ve been craving a citrus beer or cider, but this is close enough.” He sighs.

“Oh… that’s weird… It must’ve been my bodywash.” Jimin laughs to play it off, thanking the bartender as his own beer is handed to him.

“Oh right, you do have that citrus bodywash don’t you?” The Alpha tips his chin up, his eyes meeting Jimin’s. Regardless of all the people around them, of the blaring music, or the lightly dimmed lights, it feels like it’s just them.

Jimin and Yoongi.

“Yeah, and a citrus shampoo. Sorry.” He takes another sip of his beer, hoping Yoongi can’t tell how nervous he is as bits of the conversation from the rest of the pack begins to bleed into their ears again.

“Then do the dishes for once!” Seokjin shouts.

“You really nag a lot when you drink!” Taehyung is laughing, and a quick glance shows that Seokjin is too. Although Jimin knows he should be more cautious and distrustful of the pack, he can’t help smiling at the very average conversation taking place. Can a pack that argues like this sell off their youngest Omega for money?

Jimin knows the answer to that, it’s obvious, so he takes another drink.

“It’s okay, I like it.” Yoongi says.
“Huh?” Jimin turns his attention back to the Alpha, confused before realizing he’s talking about his citrus shampoo. “Oh, oh you mean my shampoo?”

“Yeah, it smells good.” Yoongi looks like he wants to say more, but he closes his mouth, dropping his gaze to his beer as he takes another sip of it.

“Well good, it’s better than smelling bad.” He smiles.

“Can I interrupt?”

Jimin turns around at the unfamiliar voice directed towards him and Yoongi, his eyes settling on the Alpha who had been watching him from across the bar earlier. Up close, Jimin can easily see how attractive the man is, his aura exuding every sign that he isn’t used to being told ‘no’. It’s the sort of thing Jimin hates in an Alpha, he hates the self-satisfied smirks, the confidence, the loudness, and the aggressive self-centered nature they all seem to have about them. Despite their inability to do something as simple as cook an omelet or load a dishwasher, they really do put on airs of entitlement.

“Yeah?” Jimin asks, half-dreading the awkward conversation that is about to follow.

The Alpha glances to Yoongi before speaking. “You’re not his Alpha, are you?”

“His Alpha?” Yoongi snorts. “I’m not, no.”

“Good, that means you’re free.” The Alpha turns back to Jimin. “Let me buy you a drink.”

Confused, Jimin realizes the Alpha has pegged him as an Omega, something that both makes him nervous and also annoys him. Yoongi is a short Alpha too and yet Jimin has never once seen anyone mistake his sub-gender.

“Uh, sorry but I’m not into other Alphas.” Jimin smiles politely, glancing at Yoongi only to see the other Alpha hiding his amusement behind his hand.

“Other Alphas?” The man frowns, leaning in before sniffing, his nose scrunching immediately. “You look like an Omega, I guess Alpha’s come in all shapes and sizes.” He mutters before waving his hand with a ‘Never mind’ and leaving.

Jimin stares after him, watching as he picks out a pair of Omegas sitting at the bar a few feet away. “Well that’s that.” Yoongi laughs as he lifts his beer.

“That was awkward you mean.” Jimin sighs.

“It was, but it could’ve been worse. At least he took the hint.” As Yoongi sets his glass down, Jimin notices that it’s already half gone, little lemon seeds sitting at the bottom of the glass.

“Yeah, I guess…” Jimin lets his words trail off as he watches the Alpha talking to the two Omegas.

“Your secret admirer, eh?” Hoseok says from behind him.

“I already told him I’m not interested.” Jimin replies, his eyes still on the Alpha. One of the Omegas looks upset, the other just seems uncomfortable. Jimin can’t help the frown that works over his lips.
“Well at least he didn’t try to convince you.” Hoseok’s hand settles on Jimin’s shoulder, and from the corner of his eye, he spots Yoongi glancing at it before looking back to his beer.

“How would he have convinced me? ‘Oh yeah you’ll like a knot if you try it’?” Jimin raises his eyebrow although he knows Hoseok can’t see his face. Behind him, the Alpha stifles a laugh.

“Well *have* you ever taken a knot, Jimin?” Taehyung calls out.

Jimin’s face heats up as the rest of the pack explodes in laughter, even Yoongi’s shoulders begin to shake though Jimin can’t see his face. Lifting his beer, he makes a point of taking a long swig before rolling his shoulders.

“I’m an Alpha, I give knots I don’t take them.” Jimin mumbles.

“Oh, big Alpha over here doesn’t take knots!” Taehyung howls, causing the pack to start laughing again. Although Jimin has no idea why it’s so funny, he can feel the blush deepening even further before Yoongi finally looks at him.

“They’re just teasing you.” He tells him quietly.

“I know, but it’s embarrassing.” He admits. It’s more so embarrassing because he’s an Omega and although the idea of a knot is enticing, he can’t say that because Alphas don’t say that.

As the pack continues to laugh and joke at his expense, Jimin observes one of the Omegas across the bar get up and leave, the friend beginning to go after them. Jimin also watches the Alpha pull something from his pocket, dropping it into one of the drinks before swirling the glass lightly.

“What…” He mumbles to himself as he watches the Omega being stopped by the Alpha.

His stomach twists up in knots as the Omega is ushered back to the bar. The Alpha orders a drink before encouraging the Omega to drink from their own tainted glass.

This can’t happen. He has to stop it.

“I… I have to go.” Jimin pushes away from the bar.

“Jimin, wait it was just a joke!” Hoseok calls, but Jimin doesn’t stop. His heart is pounding in his chest, thumping so loudly he’s afraid his sternum may shatter as the blood rushes loudly in his ears.

Despite his fear, Jimin lets his feet carry him through the throngs of people, his eyes trained on the Alpha and Omega as he approaches them.

“Don’t drink that.” He says immediately when he reaches them. “He put something in it, your drink I mean. He put something in your drink don’t drink it.” Jimin knows he’s speaking a mile a minute but he’s desperate to stop this before something happens.

“What the fuck.” The Alpha shoves Jimin by his shoulder, forcing the faux-Alpha back a few steps.
“Get the hell out of here, dude.” The Alpha positions his back to the Omega who is now watching them with wide, confused eyes.

“I’m not leaving until you do! Leave them alone! Who the hell do you think you are drugging Omega’s drinks?!” He shouts, stepping forward before letting out a deep growl. He shouldn’t be challenging this Alpha because he stands no chance and he knows it, but somehow, he can’t stop himself. If anything is going to change, someone has to start demanding the change, so why not him?

The Alpha growls back, a growl loud enough to have Jimin’s Omega side whining in complaint. His wolf doesn’t want to participate in this fight, but Jimin is forcing it to.

“It’s none of your fucking business, Pup!”

“It’s my business if your drugging Omegas! It should be everyone’s business!” He snaps, wishing he could snarl as ferociously as a true Alpha can.

“Get the fuck out of here before I break your pretty face.” The Alpha steps forward again, forcing Jimin back for a moment before he steps forward again, shoving the Alpha away.

In the next moment, Jimin feels a fist connecting with his jaw, throwing him to the ground before he feels the Alpha on-top of him, straddling his waist before another fist connects with his cheek. Pain explodes upon each impact, his hands flying up and winding into the Alpha’s shirt, but he’s not strong enough to throw him off, nor is he strong enough to fight back.

Before a fourth blow can hit, the weight is suddenly thrown off of him, Jimin’s eyes flying open where he finds Yoongi leaning over him while Hoseok stands in front of him, snarling at the Alpha.

“Get the hell away from our friend. Get out!”

It’s a side of Hoseok that Jimin has never seen before, one he couldn’t have fathomed previously. Hoseok who is usually so chipper, smiling, loud, and ready to help anybody who needs it, even Jimin, is an explosion of burnt bread scent and rotting cherry blossoms. He’s snapping his jaw at the other Alpha, snarling, growling, every inch of his body looking like a threat.

To make matters worse, he’s standing in front of Jimin in the same way an Alpha would stand in front of their mate to defend them, he’s in a protective pose with his shoulders squared and his legs positioned to strike. Jimin pushes down the whine in his throat as he notices the Alpha retreating a few paces. The full bloom of Hoseok’s aggression scent continuing.

“Are you okay?” Yoongi asks as Jimin sits up. The floor is sticky, but Jimin has difficulty really finding that gross right now, his attention drives towards the Omega only to see Seokjin speaking to them with Namjoon standing nearby. The Omega seems frightened, but complies with Seokjin, pushing the drink away.

“I’m fine.” Jimin lies, bringing one hand up to his jaw as Hoseok leaves to make sure the other Alpha actually exits the bar.

After climbing to his feet, Seokjin guides the Omega out of the barstool, pausing long enough to tell Yoongi and Jimin that they have to go find the Omega’s friend before they could leave. Namjoon stands off to the side, calling a cab for the Omegas while Jimin just works on centering himself. His whole face aches, and he finds himself opening and closing his mouth a few times just to make sure it’s working like it’s supposed to.
“What the hell were you thinking?!” Hoseok snarls as he storms back up to Jimin, shoving the Omega back a few steps.

Taken aback, Jimin stumbles but manages to catch himself, his eyes meeting Hoseok’s red ones. His face is contorted in a mixture of anger and worry, and although Jimin does feel a bit guilty for running off like that, there’s no way he can explain his distrust of the pack without hurting a few feelings.

“Whoa, guys.” Yoongi reaches out, his hand wrapping around Jimin’s arm again.

“I had to stop him.” Jimin finally says, but his answer doesn’t seem to please the enraged Alpha.

“And what? You couldn’t tell us? You couldn’t tell us what was wrong, so you just ran off and started a fight? He was beating you senseless!” Hoseok is shouting, a larger crowd gathering around them now.

“Hoseok, let’s talk at home.” Yoongi interjects.

“Yeah, yeah we’ll fucking talk at home.” Hoseok shoots Jimin a look that makes his chest ache before pointing towards the door.

“Yoongi, take him home. I’ll pay the tab, we’ll all talk once everyone gets there.”

Yoongi nods, his thumb rubbing gently on Jimin’s arm before he pulls on him lightly. “Come on, let’s go.”

The two are quiet on the car ride. Jimin watches the bright street lights passing overhead, the sky dark but starless with the city lights. Yoongi has the windows rolled down half-way, the night chill numbing his nose as a lulling song mixed with careful beats and drops plays through the speakers.

His jaw and cheek still ache from where he took the Alpha’s punch. It’s not like Jimin has never taken a punch before, he’s taken quite a few, but it’s the first time he’d felt as frightened as he had back there. Was it because of the pack? Was it because he had been drinking?

Uncertain, Jimin keeps his eyes on the passing buildings, rubbing his jaw gently despite the throbbing pain.

Another fifteen minutes passes before the car pulls into the parking lot of what looks like a local diner. Confused, Jimin sits up straighter in his seat, casting a look towards Yoongi.

“Why are we here?” He asks.

“I still want my fuckin’ milkshake, Jimin.” Yoongi huffs, pulling into a parking spot near the door.

Somehow, being yelled at by Hoseok had been eerily reminiscent of his childhood days being scolded by his parents. Yet, as Yoongi puts the car into park, Jimin could almost laugh at how nervous and downtrodden he’d been thinking he was in trouble now. The pack isn’t his family, Hoseok isn’t an authority, not really, and Yoongi is his only actual friend in the group, if that’s what they are. There was no reason for him to feel so guilty, so bad, for doing what he thought was right.
“Oh…” Jimin says quietly as the engine cuts off. It feels like a weight is lifting from his shoulders as the two step out of the car and head inside. Yoongi is the first to step up and order, but he tosses a look at Jimin over his shoulder.

“What do you want?” He asks.

“I can buy it.” Jimin quickly shakes his head. “It’s okay.”

“Don’t be difficult, I’m older so I’m paying. What do you want?” Yoongi’s gaze is something Jimin can only describe as ‘thick’ and ‘heavy’ these days. Whenever Yoongi is looking at him, it feels like he’s being exposed, bit-by-bit, piece-by-piece, and while that excites his Omega side, Jimin shifts with discomfort.

“Chocolate fudge with cherries…” He finally tells Yoongi.

Yoongi turns back to the cashier, repeating Jimin’s order to her and making sure to include that it’s all ‘to-go’ before handing over his debit card. After he’s paying, Jimin and him step aside while another worker behind the counter prepares their milkshakes. Around him, other patrons give the two curious glances, often enough that Jimin nearly turns his back to the dining room like some pup with its tail hidden between its legs.

Standing tall and firm like an Alpha, Jimin turns to Yoongi.

“Do we smell like liquor?” He asks quietly.

“Huh?” Yoongi shoves the receipt into his wallet along with his debit card. “No, you just look like you had the shit kicked outta you.”

Jimin’s ears burn as he pulls out his phone, turning on the front-facing camera to examine his face. Along his jaw and cheek, there are already blooms of purple and red swelling, his formerly sharp features now puffy from the fight.

“Ugh.” He groans, putting his phone away. “I look awful.”

“I bet it feels worse.” Yoongi reminds him. “You’re lucky we got there when we did. He was ready to bust your nose next.”

“Ah yeah… Thank you guys for that. He was a lot stronger than I thought.” Jimin is bluffing and he thinks Yoongi knows, but the other Alpha doesn’t comment, instead he leans back against the white counter.

“You know, you really do look like an Omega.” Yoongi says.

“When you were on the floor, I noticed that you don’t have that flat shape of an Alpha. It caught my attention.” He shrugs, his eyes traveling across the floor as Jimin inhales the cinnamon and mint.

“I didn’t realize you’d be checking me out after I had my ass handed to me.” Jimin grins at the elder.

“Don’t get too full of yourself. It’s just hard to miss that damn near hourglass shape you have.”
Yoongi holds his hands out in front of him, making the hourglass shape before looking to Jimin. “You have Pup hips.”

Although Jimin knows his best bet is to play along with Yoongi, to tease and not become too nervous about his words, he does find his mind rapidly throwing up options towards him, wrapping his waist in ace bandages, wearing layers, anything to disguise his figure.

“You have Pup hips.” Jimin shrugs. “Handlebars for them when they’re in heat, right?”

Yoongi raises an eyebrow. “I shouldn’t have said anything, I don’t need details.”

Behind them, their number is called as the two milkshakes are placed on the counter in clear cups. After thanking the staff, Jimin leads Yoongi out, perhaps feeling his pride aching after having his ass beaten then having Yoongi commenting on his Omega-like body-shape.

“Thank you, for the shake.” Jimin says as they get into the car.

“Don’t worry about it.” Yoongi slips the key in to the ignition. “We might want to finish them before we get to the pack house though.”

Jemin nods in agreement, taking out his straw before licking the whipped cream off of it and setting it back into his milkshake.

“What’s this we’re listening to anyway?” He asks as they start back down the darkened road.

“My music.” Yoongi says. “Finished beats mostly.”

“You made this?!” Jimin exclaims, reaching forward before turning up the volume dial.

Leaning back against the leather seat, he sucks on his milkshake as the beats surround them. They’re sad, far apart, and filled with echoes that sound like longing. It’s the sort of sound that Jimin can see himself listening to while walking through a foggy forest early in the morning, it’s relaxing even if it’s sad.

“Yeah, these are my personal beats for sale.”


Yoongi hums in response, and the car settles back into silence as the two listen to the music and down their milkshakes. Jimin manages to give himself a brain freeze twice before they pull up outside of a two-story house near an expanse of woods. The house itself is nice with a long driveway and managed lawn and garden. Part of Jimin wonders how Yoongi gets his money, how he affords his car, his furniture, his tuition, and rent, while also possibly paying a mortgage and utilities at the house.

It’s not something that will probably ever be polite to ask though.

Yoongi’s car is the first one in the driveway. They leave their empty milkshake cups in the car as they get out. Yoongi leads this time as he fumbles with his keys, the porch light coming on as they walk up the stone steps.
“It’s going to smell really strongly of us in here, so it might make you dizzy at first.” He warns as he unlocks the deadbolt.

“I figured that much already.” Jimin replies.

The very moment Jimin steps inside, a wall of scents smacks him in the face. His nose burns as it tries and fails to separate each smell, bread, flowers, spearmint, cinnamon, mint, and apples, among the ones he can decipher at least. Unsteady on his feet, he takes small steps while Yoongi closes the door behind him. There’s a staircase directly in front of the door and then a short hallway to the right of it which looks like it blows out into a living room.

Passing over the white carpeted floors, Jimin slowly makes his way down the hall with Yoongi, the faux-Alpha’s eyes settling on Jungkook who’s sitting on the couch with his knees pulled up to his chest, a large bowl of ice cream in his hands.

“Yoongi.” Jungkook looks like he’s been caught, his eyes are wide as he looks between Jimin and Yoongi.

“What’d you have for dinner, Pup?” Yoongi heads the conversation, leading Jimin towards the long black couch.

“Uh….” Jungkook hesitates, a bit too long apparently.

“Yeah, you didn’t eat dinner, did you? Ice cream is your dinner, right?” Yoongi scolds the younger Omega. “Seokjin and Namjoon are on their way, you better go hide in your room.”

“W-why are you guys home so early? Did something happen?” He makes a point of looking at Jimin who’s face is bruised and swelled.

“Don’t worry about it, just go upstairs so we can talk down here.”

Jungkook nods, getting up from the couch with the ice cream bowl still held close to his chest before heading back down the hall they’d come from, his footsteps loud on the stairs as he goes up.

“Why can’t he be here?” Jimin asks as Yoongi drops onto the couch.

“Because things might get heated, if he smells a bunch of Alpha’s getting pissy then it’ll get to him. You know how Omega’s bodies are.” He makes a vague motion with his hand.

‘I should take a scent suppressor then…’ Jimin can feel the prescription bottle bulging in his pocket, but somehow it feels like it would be strange to take them out right now, maybe if he can get to a bathroom?

“He smells like heat.” Jimin points out, taking a seat a few inches from Yoongi.

Yoongi snaps his head towards Jimin, narrowing his eyes. “Don’t get any ideas.”

“I’m not!” Jimin raises his hands up. “I was just saying…”

Yoongi relaxes again, and even though Jimin strains to inhale Yoongi’s scent alone, all he can get are the mixed scents of the whole pack.
“He’s due for his heat soon, if you don’t mind, Hoseok might crash with us. Namjoon too.” The Alpha closes his eyes at the sound of the front door opening, Jimin’s own anxiety beginning to climb again.

As the voices of the rest of the pack begin to reach their ears, Jimin reaches into his pocket, taking out another scent suppressor before swallowing it dry.

“It hurts?” Yoongi asks, raising an eyebrow at Jimin.

“A bit…” He says once he realizes Yoongi was talking about his pills. “You probably shouldn’t take them when you’ve been drinking.” The elder Alpha mumbles as the rest of the pack approaches, Hoseok in front.

Hoseok appears less pissed off, or upon first glance he doesn’t seem so angry. The pack slowly files around the living room, each one of them taking a spot on the loveseat or the a nearby chair before all eyes settle on Jimin.

“You look like shit.” Seokjin says first.

“Thanks.” Jimin mumbles.

“You were reckless.” Hoseok adds with a sigh, his eyes back to normal now.

“You guys didn’t have to get involved.” Jimin says to avoid apologizing. He doesn’t feel like an apology is necessary, not exactly, since the pack just threw themselves into the fight without invitation.

“We didn’t? So, you could’ve handled him yourself?” Namjoon raises an eyebrow as Hoseok snorts.

“We understand why you did what you did, but you should’ve asked us for help.” He says.

Jimin presses his palms together, staring down at his hands. He’s not part of this pack, he’s not even really friends with them, and yet he begins to feel an inkling of guilt over how concerned the others seem.

“I’m sorry.” He finally apologizes. “I was just…” He trails off.


“Yeah.” Jimin nods. “I just saw him and couldn’t stop myself.”

Hoseok, Namjoon, and Seokjin all exchange a glance between themselves before Yoongi speaks up.

“I think what you were doing came from the right place, you were protecting an Omega, right?”

Jimin nods.

“So next time, ask us for help.” Yoongi’s voice makes it sound like he’s not putting much effort into his words, it’s much deeper and almost syrupy, but Jimin decides he likes that sound the most.
“I wasn’t sure where the pack stood with Omegas.” The faux-Alpha admits, tapping his fingers together. “I didn’t want you guys to try and stop me.”

A quiet ‘ah’ is heard from Namjoon as Hoseok rolls his neck before speaking.

“We’re on the same page when it comes to Omegas, Pup. Equal rights and all that bullshit, we’re on that page.”

Jimin raises his gaze to look around at the pack members. He doesn’t want to be too hopeful, too reassured. There’s a slight possibility that they’re not being wholly honest with him, but for a moment, Jimin wants to believe it’s true. He wants to believe that this small pack is disgusted by all the same things that he is.

“You are?” Jimin asks quietly.

“I mean, we’ve got Jungkookie and I wouldn’t let Taehyung lay a finger on that pup’s head… Or any other Alpha for that matter.” Namjoon crossing his legs, leaning back against the sofa.

Taehyung, who has been strangely quiet the whole conversation, raises his gaze from his lap.

“We’re not traditional Alphas.” He says. “Or a traditional pack.”

Jimin knows that what Taehyung is saying, is that Jungkook isn’t the pack Omega, he isn’t shared or owned. It pleases and relieves Jimin to hear this.

“I’m glad… I’ve been sort of wondering… since I met him.” Jimin smiles softly.

“Don’t worry about it, Jungkookie is well taken care of!” Hoseok smiles back at Jimin, the moment shattered as Seokjin slaps his knees.

“Ok, now that we’ve all talked, can we get some snacks and watch a movie? Where’s Kookie?” The Beta rises to his feet, stretching his arms over his head.

“A movie sounds good, Tae, go get Jungkookie.” Namjoon motions to the Alpha.

The rest of the night is quiet, with Yoongi still packed in to his left and Hoseok to his right, Jimin remains wedged between the two Alpha’s throughout the whole movie, countless snacks being passed to him as the pack takes it upon themselves to feed him anything and everything.

Yoongi smiles whenever Jimin eats something he gave him, but Jimin pays no mind to it.

At the end of the movie, they all clean up their mess of wrappers and empty bowls. Taehyung is tasked with carrying a fast asleep Jungkook upstairs despite the quiet coos from the rest of the pack. With a silly smile on his face, Jimin helps with the dishes before Hoseok grabs him to show him to the guest room upstairs. Just as they had promised, it’s not scented, and Jimin’s surprised by how thin and lonely the air feels without the warm scents of the pack around. Though, he is surprised to find it is fully furnished with a large, comfy bed and even a dresser and desk. After Hoseok shows him to the clean towels, he leaves, closing the door behind himself.

Jimin paces the room for a moment, looking out the window to the view of the dark woods, before pushing on the soft bed. The moment almost feels unreal to Jimin. To be here with this pack, with Yoongi, to be surrounded by Alphas, accepted as one of them, and even to find out that they are all...
good Alphas rather than the hateful ones Jimin had assumed them to be. If someone had told Jimin before that this would be his reality, he would’ve scoffed.

It’s possible that the Bangtan pack is giving him something more to believe in. Something more than despair and the constant fear of being outed.

There can be seven voices against the grievances of Omegas now.

Chapter End Notes

I keep wondering what pairing I should write next...

Also, I keep thinking that Jimin's solo song 'Lie' works well for this.
If you guys are made uncomfortable by ANY of the trigger tags, I implore you to stop reading now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Showering is probably the riskiest part about being in the pack house. While everyone else slept, Jimin snuck off into the bathroom between Yoongi and Hoseok’s room, showering just to clean himself a bit before re-dressing in the same clothes he’d worn to the bar.

The bathroom is surprisingly large, and surprisingly clean. Despite being a pack house manned by mostly Alphas who Jimin has always assumed can’t tell their head from their ass. Every inch of the bathroom shines. Even the shower is carefully set up with various types of shampoos and descenting washes, razors and body wash neatly piled into a wire rack hanging from the shower head. Overall, he doesn’t feel uncomfortable undressing or using the shower, but he does decide that impulsive stays away from home are probably not intelligent since he has no access to a toothbrush or toothpaste.

His mouth tastes pretty bad if he’s being honest with himself.

It’s not until after his shower, while Jimin is fixing his silk shirt, that he realizes he’s missing something imperative, a few things actually… He doesn’t have his synthetic alpha spray, nor his heat suppressants.

Jimin stares at his swollen and bruised face in the mirror as a chill runs down his back. He can probably mask his scent with the scent suppressors, sure, but without the Alpha spray, he won’t smell like anything to the rest of the pack, and without his heat suppressants, well that’s just a whole separate issue.

Combing his fingers through his hair, Jimin contemplates his options, if he stays then he runs the risk of exposing himself. Surely his lack of a scent will raise a few red flags, even worse, if he even becomes slightly aroused then his scent suppressors won’t be able to hide everything, someone will smell him out, and often times Alpha’s cannot control their instincts when it comes to Omegas giving mating signals.

Pressing his lips together, Jimin decides that his best bet is to call an Uber and get the hell home before the rest of the pack wakes up and realizes he’s suddenly scent-less. The mere idea of getting railed by three Alpha’s while not on birth control just doesn’t sound pleasant, even worse would be getting knotted three separate times. Regardless of how the pack claims to view Omegas and Omega rights, Jimin can’t risk blowing his cover and wasting all the time and money he’s put into this, he has far too much to lose, and the Alphas have too much to gain.

With anxiety swelling in his chest, Jimin touches his neck, frowning at his swollen scent glands, mentally calculating how many scent suppressors he has versus how many he’ll need. A trip to the underground doctor is probably in order for a refill or four, but that will have to wait until a weekday.
Stepping out of the bathroom, Jimin makes a beeline for his room, quietly collecting his things before hearing the sound of a door opening behind him.

Jimin holds his breath, his back to the door as he slips his hand into his pocket, pulling out his scent suppressors and popping two into his mouth. The side-effects for these things are insane, but Jimin can’t risk being sniffed out via pure recklessness.

“Jimin?” Yoongi’s voice is quiet, and the Omega can smell the Alpha only a few feet behind him.

“You’re up early.” The Alpha yawns. Since it’s unavoidable, Jimin turns around, giving Yoongi a small smile to play off his anxiety.

“Yeah, I just couldn’t sleep. Did I wake you up?” He asks.

“Nah, I always have trouble sleeping here. My real bed is at home, so the bed here isn’t comfortable for me.”

“Oh…” Jimin knows one thing, and that’s that he needs Yoongi to go away so he can slip outside and call an Uber.

“Have you eaten?” Yoongi asks as he leans against the doorframe.

“Not yet, but I’m not that hungry.” Jimin presses one hand to his stomach, praying that it won’t growl and give him away.

The Alpha nods, his eyes sweeping the room for a moment. “Your shampoo is really strong.” He comments.

“Huh?” Jimin touches his still-wet hair.

“It’s so citrusy in here…” Yoongi mumbles, his pupils beginning to dilate before he looks to Jimin again.

“Oh, that’s weird.” Jimin laughs, but it’s a bit awkward and he hopes the awkwardness is missed by Yoongi. “Were you gonna take a shower?” He decides to ask, hoping to rouse Yoongi from whatever scent-induced stupor his wolf has fallen into.

“A shower?” Yoongi frowns, taking a step into the room. “I don’t know why I would leave this room.”

“Yoongi…” Jimin tests the name carefully, putting his hands up as his heart thumps hard with each passing second.

“I like this smell…” Yoongi mumbles. “Smells like…”

“Don’t say it…” Jimin whispers as Yoongi takes another step towards him. He can feel Yoongi’s Alpha side clawing at him, predatory as the air in the room thickens with tension that even his own wolf whines at. Yoongi is strong, so strong that Jimin wants to expose his neck and submit just by the way he’s approaching him as though he’s prey.

Any second now, he knows he’ll give.
“Good morning!” Hoseok beams at the two from the doorway, his voice loud and apparently successful in waking Yoongi up from his daze. With a confused look on his face, Yoongi glances around the room, looking at Jimin, studying him as though he’s trying to figure something out, something he can’t understand.

“Huh, oh hey, Hoseok.” He turns around, waving to the other Alpha.

“Were we talking about something?” He asks as he turns back towards Jimin.

“Breakfast… we were talking about breakfast.” Jimin exhales his held breath, his eyes moving to Hoseok who is still curiously watching the two from the doorway, his hair a complete mess from sleep.

“What’s going on in here? Ooh, what’s that smell?” Hoseok sniffs the air and Jimin can feel his heart sinking.

‘Not again….’

But Yoongi surprises him by turning around, glancing to Hoseok before speaking up.

“Wanna make some breakfast? Waffles sound good.”

“And lemonade.” Hoseok adds, sniffing the air again before humming. “It smells really nice.”

“Lemonade… yeah…” Yoongi mumbles, turning away from Jimin before beginning towards the door. Jimin watches the two, part of him wondering just how much anxiety his heart can take, another part of him wondering how the hell he made it through that.

Really, he’s taking far too many risks. It’s almost as though his Omega side is trying to get fucked senseless.

“Oh, you should put something on your face, it looks fuckin’ awful.” Yoongi calls over his shoulder.

“It really does.” Hoseok adds. “But at least nothing is broken, right?”

“Right.” Jimin nods, reaching up to touch his face.

Things could be worse, things can always be worse.

Once Yoongi and Hoseok have retreated downstairs, Jimin waited quietly until he hears the sounds of pots and pans, the clinking of ceramic, and the familiar howl of laughter from Hoseok who is a morning person apparently.

Although he knows his disappearance will cause undo stress and hurt, he quietly slips down the stairs, thankful that his current lack of a scent essentially hides his presence so long as he’s quiet. As he reaches the front door, he quietly twists the deadbolt, opening the door just wide enough that he can slip through before closing the door just as quietly behind himself.

After that he sprints.
Jimin sprints down the street, following the road back the way they had come until he reaches a gas station. Panting, he pauses to catch his breath beside the building, his eyes and ears keeping track of his surroundings before he pulls out his phone, opening the Uber app to have one dispatched to his location.

The ride home is fairly quiet at first. The Uber driver doesn’t speak much beyond polite conversation, and Jimin only engages enough to be equally polite. He can smell that the driver is an Alpha, and although he knows he shouldn’t smell like anything at all, he’s very aware of how Omega-like he looks.

Half-way home, his phone vibrates again, this time, it’s a text from Yoongi asking where he went off to. Jimin sends a short text back, one explaining that he has homework and shit to do, that he’s sorry to have vanished but he didn’t want to interrupt anything.

It’s probably not really a solid explanation, but Jimin doesn’t want to go into too much detail, nor does he want to make up some extravagant lie that perfectly explains it. School isn’t exactly a lie, and it’s believable to a point, it just depends on Yoongi.

When Jimin finally makes it home, he heads straight for his bedroom. After getting into his dresser, he sprays himself down with the synthetic Alpha scent, reaching next for his heat suppressants before taking his daily dose of that. A quick check of his phone shows him that Yoongi hasn’t texted him back, so he carries on, making breakfast before settling on the couch with his textbooks to study.

He can’t forget the original reason he came to this university, and part of Jimin is afraid this newfound friendship is going to cause him to lose sight of his goals and thus crush any hope he has of becoming a voice for Omegas. He needs to be top of his class, he needs to be on the Dean’s list, to have a perfect GPA. He needs to pass off as an Alpha flawlessly, just as he thought he would when he first met Yoongi and learned about the Alpha’s studio hours. Right now, and forever, he can’t give up.

Yoongi doesn’t come home at all on Sunday, nor does he respond to Jimin’s text message. The faux-Alpha spends the day with the whole apartment to himself, studying and eating, watching TV occasionally as a small break. The anxiety which had been clutching his chest weakens as he relaxes to the familiar scent of ‘home’, but he doesn’t let himself relax too much. Even while alone, Jimin does his utmost not to revert to any Omega habits, he’s an Alpha now, for as long as he needs to be one.

Monday morning, Jimin wakes up to a still silent apartment. Unable to smell any fresh traces of cinnamon, he deduces that Yoongi has still not come back home, but he doesn’t text the Alpha to ask any questions about it. Instead, Jimin goes about his morning getting ready and making breakfast. It’s comfortable being able to casually walk to the bathroom in his boxers, spraying himself down with Alpha scent and taking all of his pills before pulling his clothes on. He does make sure not to put too much effort into his appearance, wanting to blend in with the other Alpha’s as seamlessly as possible. Today, he’s in black joggers once more, a white hoodie drawn over his head with a simple white tank beneath.

His first class on Monday’s is a Forensic Analysis class, a requirement for his degree, and something he finds interesting. With a coffee in hand, he plops down at his desk, pulling out his phone to scroll the news while he waits for his professor to arrive.
Jimin’s breath catches in his throat as he hovers over the link to the article, the title holding his gaze, mixing an uncomfortable cocktail of fear and anxiety in his gut. He shouldn’t be as afraid as he is, he’s an Alpha, right? It’s not like he’ll be taken, it’s not like he’ll be swept up from class and carted to a breeding facility, no… As long as he remains hidden, he’s fine…

Everything has just become so much riskier.

Jimin hadn’t quite expected the bill to make it to the president, though he hadn’t discounted the likelihood. Maybe he just didn’t want to believe it, maybe he was still clinging onto some shred of hope in society. It was stupid of him, ignorant, naïve, he should’ve known better than to harbor any hope or faith, he should’ve known that at the end of the day he’s only good for a quick fuck or bearing someone’s pups.

Jimin expands the article, his muscles tensing and gaze narrowing as he reads about the overwhelming support the bill had, about the population projections which have the country making a recovery within five years as opposed to the twenty forecasted previously. It sounds great in theory, the article is convincing enough for the common Beta or Alpha, and yet, Jimin doesn’t read a single thing about the Omegas, their views or the psychological repercussions of being taken and used in such a manner. Will they be able to safely bear pups afterwards? Will they still be desirable as a mate for Alphas? Will they ever be the same, able to re-assimilate into the same society that used them dry?

Jimin quickly puts his phone away as his professor enters the lecture hall, and yet, he can’t shake the disgusting feeling soaking through his bones. He’s so much more than a breeding machine, he’s so much more than something to fuck.

If the government, society, would just let him prove it without having to hide himself. If they would just give him a chance.

By the time lunch rolls around, Jimin is the textbook definition of exhausted both mentally and physically. Jungkook hadn’t been present during dance, and the instructor had taken it upon himself to announce to the class that a certain Omega was currently at home begging for a knot. It took everything in Jimin to keep his lips sealed as the class laughed.

It’s not funny, it’s not fucking funny.

Jimin works his way through the lunch line, picking out light foods that won’t agitate his already twisting stomach before he takes a seat at the pack lunch table. Although he keeps waiting for them to show up, the pack never appears, and Jimin eats lunch alone.

“So who wants to discuss the Breeding bill?”

Jimin’s International Politics professor lurks the room, his eyes scanning the faces of the students before he smiles.
“Not all at once.” He says to the silence.

“The president is set to review the bill this week, do we all understand what that means?” He says, and this time, some people do respond.

“He can set it into law.” Someone says.

“Right.” His professor responds. “Did anyone read the article? It just came out this morning, so you might have missed it if you’re an evening news sort of person.”

A few students around Jimin raise their hands, including Jimin himself. He doesn’t exactly want to hear his peer’s thoughts on the bill since most of them are Alphas, but he also knows he’s going to, and he’s forever going to hear things he doesn’t agree with.

“I saw that our population is supposed to recover in like five years.” A guy towards the back of the room says.

“That’s the projection-,” His professor begins with a nod. “but that of course depends on how many Omegas are participating, whether or not they can carry a full litter, whether or not the full litter makes it. There’s a lot of details that are important here, but that projection is very convincing, don’t you guys agree?”

There’s a mummer of agreement, some nods, and Jimin has to grit his teeth to avoid losing his cool.

“So we discovered a few classes ago that many of you are in favor of this bill. Just wondering, are any of you mated?” His professor glances around the room, nodding. “So, a few of you.”

Pacing again, his professor picks up a marker, approaching the large whiteboard before turning back to the class.

“How many of you have an unmated Omega sibling? Cousin? Friend? Add them up then give me some numbers row-by-row, starting with you at the upper left.”

“Three.” The first student says, the professor quickly writes it down.

“One.” Another student says, the professor adds it to the three and writes four instead.

This goes and goes until the whole room has spoken, Jimin tells his professor ‘two’, counting himself and Jungkook. By the time everyone is finished, the professor has a large number of ninety-eight Omegas connected to students in this class, ninety-eight unmated Omegas that just this class knows.

He quickly does the math again.

“A litter of pups can be up to how many pups?” His professor quizzes as he begins a math equation.

“Up to five but usually two or three.” A girl near the front says, Jimin’s pretty sure she’s a Beta, but he’s never been close enough to smell her.
“So we’ll just say five if we’re being hopeful, does anyone know what ninety-eight times five is?”

“Four hundred and ninety.” Jimin says without missing a beat, his expression stone.

“You’re right… So that’s four hundred and ninety pups brought into the world just by your friends and family alone. “Does anyone know how many pups there are currently in our country?”

“I heard it’s around a million.” The guy behind him says.

“It’s about a million, yes.” His professor nods.

“That’s not enough pups for the future workforce. So, there is a population crisis, and the Omegas can solve it.” His professor nods, setting his marker down.

“This isn’t an Ethics class, so I won’t go into the morals again, but I want us all to remember the faces of our siblings and friends who might be pulled into this.” The class quiets down as the professor scans the room, his face free of emotions, but Jimin thinks he might faintly see sadness in his eyes.

“Right, so let’s move on to the Gaza crisis.”

Jimin sinks into the couch, closing his eyes and breathing in the lingering scent of cinnamon and mint mingling with his own lemongrass scent. Each inhale has him thinking about how much better his citrus scent would be with Yoongi’s cinnamon, it would be better than the lemongrass, but that isn’t what he should be thinking about right now and he knows it.

In an attempt to keep his mind off the bill, Jimin turns on the TV before flipping to the trashiest drama show he can find. He lacks the motivation to even touch his homework right now, and deep down, he knows he just wants to scream and maybe even cry with just how unfair all of this is.

But Alpha’s shouldn’t cry, so he stares at the TV instead.

Night sweeps over the apartment before Jimin hears a key being slotted into the lock. Without looking up, he calls out. “Hey, Yoongi.”

“Jiminie!” Hoseok’s voice causes Jimin to look up, only to see the Alpha squinting before reaching for the light switch. “It’s too dark in here, are you brooding or what?”

Through the door, Hoseok, Namjoon, and Yoongi come in all carrying bags. Jimin’s confused for a minute before recalling what Yoongi had said on Saturday about the two potentially staying with them during Jungkook’s heat.

It’s too bad he’s really not in the mood right now.

“Oh, hey, guys.” Jimin acknowledges all of them this time.

“Sorry to intrude, Kookie’s heat only lasts a few days so we’ll be out of here soon.” Namjoon says as he sets his bag down beneath the bar.

“It’s fine,” Jimin assures. “I already told Yoongi that I don’t mind.”
“Just don’t go crawling on-top of him while he’s sleeping.” Yoongi says as he walks around the two of them, heading for his bedroom. “He throat punched Tae for that.”

“Ooh did you really!?” Hoseok laughs loudly.

“It’s weird to do that to an Alpha you don’t really know that well anyway.” Namjoon says.

“Where’s Seokjin staying?” Jimin asks as the two make their way into the living room, sitting down on the loveseat.

“With Kookie and Tae. Someone has to make sure they eat and drink, and since he’s the only Beta…” Namjoon answers, jerking his thumb towards the TV afterwards. “What’s this?”

“Trash TV, something to take my mind off school.” Jimin shrugs lightly with a smile.

“Did you pick up this habit from Yoongi?” Hoseok asks, crossing one ankle over his knee.

“Yoongi watches trash TV?” Jimin raises an eyebrow just as Yoongi emerges from his room, oblivious to the conversation taking place.

“All the time! He said something about it making him feel grateful for his life or something.” Hoseok giggles before giving a pointed look to Yoongi. “Maybe he gave it up when he moved here though.”

“Jimin sleeps at night, unlike you.” Yoongi pipes in. “He’s never awake when I’m watching it.”

Rounding the couch, Yoongi takes a set a few feet from Jimin, in his hands, the blanket Jimin had scented a few nights ago, except it now smells like fresh laundry.

Jimin isn’t exactly sure why he finds himself frowning as he catches the scent, or why he feels the slightest ache of pain from it. Of course Yoongi would wash his blanket, why would he keep using one that smells like his Alpha’s roommates shampoo?

Returning his attention to the TV, Jimin inwardly chides himself for his Omega reactions. He’s being a little bitch about this, he should know better than to actually give a shit about anything when it comes to Alphas. He isn’t allowed to like Yoongi, and he definitely isn’t allowed to feel hurt about having his scent washed away. He’s an Alpha.

“So what’s the sleeping situation?” Namjoon asks.

“There’s two couches, pick one.” Yoongi hums.

“I wanna sleep in your bed, Yoon.” Hoseok whines, leaning forward just enough to really sell his pout.

“I don’t really want to share my bed.” Yoongi deadpans.

“Then sleep with Jimin and let us have your bed. You can’t make guests sleep on the couch for three or more days!” Hoseok insists.

“Uh, wait…” Jimin starts. “I don’t want to share a bed.”
“You’d make us sleep on the couch too?” Hoseok frowns at Jimin, and although Jimin knows he’s just being teased and Hoseok is really just teasing all of them, he does feel nervous at the prospect of sharing his bed or sleeping with Yoongi.

“You guys can’t force my roommate to give up his privacy just because Kook went into heat. That’s not his fault.” Yoongi tries to defend, but somehow, Jimin feels like they’re up against an avalanche.

“I’m a dancer, Yoon. I can’t sleep on the couch for three days or I’ll get stiff!”

Namjoon, who has been watching quietly, sighs.

“Why don’t we just get a hotel room, Hobi? It’ll be less imposing on these two.”

“That’s expensive.” Jimin says, and Yoongi nods in agreement.

“It’s our best option.” Hoseok shrugs, pulling out his phone.

“Okay-okay, fine… Fine… I’ll… Yoongi can sleep in my room… If he’s ok with you two in his room.” Jimin sighs. This is a terrible idea, the worst one yet, and still he concedes to it.

“You guys are the worst.” Yoongi scowls at Namjoon and Hoseok. “If you break anything in my room I will come for you…”

“We won’t break anything!” Hoseok promises as Namjoon nods.

“We’ll be really careful, thank you two. I know this is really annoying and you’re going out of your way for us.”

“It’s fine.” Yoongi waves the two off, but Jimin still feels the crippling anxiety in his belly. This is actually all a terrible idea and he should run for the hills. Sharing a bed with an Alpha? He’s lost his mind, he’s seriously lost his fucking mind.

The group watches trash TV for an hour longer before Yoongi gets up, grabbing some clothes out of his room before moving them to Jimin’s room. Wracked with nerves, the faux-Alpha doesn’t budge from the couch even though he knows Yoongi is in his room right now putting his clothes for the next few days away.

Hoseok and Namjoon get up as well, carrying their bags into Yoongi’s room, whining about the smell, but thanking Yoongi again in the end.

“So what do you guys usually do here?” Namjoon asks as he returns to the living room.

Jumin looks up from the TV where he’d been zoned out in his thoughts.

“Oh, we watch movies or just whatever is on TV.” He shrugs. “We ordered pizza once, I don’t know.”

“Wanna order pizza again? As a thank you for letting us impose on you?” Namjoon smiles gently, and Jimin finds himself surprised that despite Namjoon’s Alpha status, he sort of respects him beyond that.

Namjoon is kind.
“If you guys want to.” It’s only Namjoon and Jimin in the room right now, so he smiles back at Namjoon. “I’m sure nobody would be mad if there was pizza.”

“You’re probably right about that.” Namjoon chuckles as he pulls out his phone.

After the pizza arrives, the four sit down in the living room to eat, trashy TV still blaring at an obnoxious volume as they fight over the last slice and spill marinara on Yoongi’s couch. Hoseok demonstrates his favorite dance move to Jimin who then eagerly asks Hoseok to teach him, but at the studio away from the prying eyes of the pack.

The night crawls by and after Namjoon is able to reach Seokjin to check on Tae and Jungkook, he announces that he has an early class and is heading to bed.

Jimin knows that this sort of thing is a domino effect. One person goes to bed, and the rest follow, it’s almost without fail.

Sure enough, Hoseok is the next to get up, stretching before saying that he’s going to bed too, he calls Jimin out, telling him to get to bed so they can meet at the studio tomorrow.

With only Yoongi and Jimin left, the faux-Alpha finds himself damn near panicking, his breath hitching when Yoongi stands.

“We should probably go to bed too. Since you have early classes, I’ll just go to bed at the same time, so I don’t wake you up.” It’s considerate, and while Jimin would usually appreciate Yoongi being considerate, right now he feels like his guts are going to drop through his knees with how nervous he is.

What if he scents the bed? What if he has another wet dream? What if he gets wet period?

“Oh… yeah… good idea…” Jimin smiles weakly, and he’s sure his anxiety is probably written all over his face. This is his fault in the end, although he knows how much riskier everything is now, he literally just threw himself to the wolves, literally.

Since there’s no escaping it now, Jimin slowly carries himself down the hall, washing up and brushing his teeth before he inches into his room, finding Yoongi already in bed, the covers pulled up to his shoulder and his phone light casting a blue glow across his face.

This is fuckin’ it, huh?

Chapter End Notes

So give me your thoughts, will Jimin make it through these next few days sharing a bed with Yoongi without being discovered? Or do you think he’s toast?
There is no way Jimin’s going to be able to sleep tonight, this much he knows. His room is dark, but the door has been left open just a crack, a faint sliver of golden light making it through. Initially, Jimin had left his door cracked to help air out Yoongi’s scent, however, he’s now finding that Yoongi’s scent is stubborn and sticks to literally everything as if only to drive Jimin insane. How is he supposed to relax with an Alpha literally at his back, to make matters worse, in his bed.

There’s a solid foot of space between the two and yet from beside him, Jimin can feel Yoongi’s body heat as it warms the blanket they’re both under. He can feel the heat on his back, taunting his Omega side which is apparently starved for attention from an Alpha. As he lays quietly, he can hear the sound of Yoongi typing on his phone, part of Jimin considering starting a conversation except the Alpha is curled up on his side with his back to Jimin.

‘It would be weird to try talking to him right now.’

It’s awkward, possibly more awkward than Jimin had been expecting. Cinnamon and mint is all he can smell, and he hopes Yoongi can only smell the lemongrass of his synthetic scent. What’s he supposed to do if Yoongi picks up on his scent in the middle of the night? Just the other day, Yoongi had fallen into a total stupor from mere traces of his natural scent, there’s no telling what could happen in a situation like this one.

Well, there is, but Jimin doesn’t want to think about it.

From down the hall, the sound of snoring reaches Jimin’s ears, a loud sigh following from Yoongi.

“I forgot to mention that Namjoon snores.” He says, the glow of his phone disappearing suddenly.

“Does he know he snores?” Jimin asks.

“We’ve all told him, but it’s a medical problem apparently. Not much to be done about it right now.” The blue light reappears as Yoongi begins playing on his phone again, ending the conversation just as quickly as it had begun.

Jimin turns his attention to the alarm clock on his bedside table, staring at the glowing green numbers while mentally calculating how much sleep he can still get if he can manage to relax enough. It feels impossible if he’s being honest with himself, his muscles are tense, and his eyes refuse to shut for more than a few seconds at a time. It’s the fear crawling over his skin, the fear that Yoongi will sniff him out, that he’ll wake up with a too-strong Alpha holding him down.

It’s unfounded, probably. Jimin feels like Yoongi isn’t the sort of Alpha to force themselves on someone, but he also knows that instincts are a very difficult thing to resist. Yoongi might not want to, he may not be that person, but it could still happen.

‘I still have seven hours… ’ He double checks his math.
‘I just need to sleep… Then go see my doctor tomorrow… Nothing will happen…’

“I’m sorry about this…” Yoongi says suddenly.

“Huh?” Jimin turns his head, though it’s not enough to give him a good view of the Alpha, not that he would be able to see much more than his back.

“I know you weren’t really comfortable with this and it kinda sucks that it was pushed on you.” Yoongi explains.

“It’s okay.” It’s not. “I don’t mind.” He does.

He can hear Yoongi chuckling quietly, though it’s faint against the loud snoring from down the hall.

“I’ll make sure they make it up to you.”

Jimin smiles, turning his face more into his pillow as he inhales Yoongi’s warming scent. Life is really unfair for a lot of reasons, but lately, he’s thinks it’s also unfair because he can’t have Yoongi.

The following morning, Jimin is a zombie with dark bags beneath his eyes and a stare that threatens anybody who dares to approach him. He’s dragging his feet across quad, a coffee with two extra shots of espresso in hand as he makes his way towards his Criminal Justice class. He isn’t sure how he’s supposed to make it through today, but he hopes that overloading on coffee and voice recording his lectures will be enough.

In the end, he hadn’t been able to sleep at all. Although he did eventually hear Yoongi’s breathing even out, he was too nervous about having the Alpha in his bed to sleep. Instead, Jimin stared at his alarm clock all night, watching it add up the hours until he had to be up for school.

In the morning, he ran into both Namjoon and Hoseok. Since he had already sprayed down with synthetic scent in the bathroom and popped two extra scent suppressors, he wasn’t too anxious about the two Alpha’s hanging around him as he cooked breakfast for himself, motioning to the kitchen before telling them to help themselves as well.

His morning routine was delayed partially by his inability to really change or get ready in his own bedroom, and partially by the wait time for the bathroom as both Hoseok and Namjoon also got ready for classes. By the time Jimin was finally preparing to leave, Yoongi was only just waking up. He saw the Alpha briefly, their gaze meeting just before he disappeared into the bathroom without a word.

Perhaps any other day Jimin might be bothered by the behavior, but today he just wants to stay the fuck away from Yoongi, for as long as he can at least.

Since today is a short day, meaning his last class ends at two in the afternoon, he manages to make it through his classes on caffeine and pure willpower. Although he had wanted to study in the library, he finds his feet carry him back home, a finally empty apartment awaiting him as he drops his bag at the door, setting an alarm on his phone before crawling back into his bed and falling
asleep.

Jimin only lets himself nap for an hour before he pulls himself back out of bed, perhaps grumpier than before as he checks his phone. He needs to see his doctor, which means he’ll probably be giving him another unsavory blow-job just to get the pills that are protecting his secret. It’s not something he’s proud of, or something he likes to think about too much, but there’s no other way around it assuming he wants to continue going to school and studying what he wants to study. A blow job and a few hundred from his stash of money, is nothing compared to the impact he intends to have on the future.

Jimin shoves his wallet into the back pocket of his jeans, checking himself in the mirror before fixing his hair. He has no idea what Hoseok and Namjoon’s schedules are like, but he assumes the two will be occupied until later in the afternoon which makes this a really good time for him to make a pill run.

Picking up a small backpack, he slings it over his shoulder patting his pockets to make sure he has his keys before he heads back out.

His doctor’s office is not so much an office as it is a basement room beneath a stir-fry place downtown.

Jimin doesn’t look around as he dips into the alley, he doesn’t make any motion that would make it seem like he wasn’t supposed to be there. Instead, he follows the familiar path through the dark alleyway, side-stepping any suspicious puddles as he follows the narrow path. The last staircase is the one he wants, inconspicuous, dirty, no normal person would get medical treatment here without fearing for gangrene, and yet Jimin knows he isn’t the only customer.

It’s a few short concrete steps, four, five, six, and then he’s at a large metal door covered in graffiti and various stickers. The door itself is rusting, the paint peeling back to expose the orange and black metal beneath. Drawing his sleeve down over his hand, he knocks in a particular pattern, waiting patiently until the doorknob twists and the door swings open.

“Oh, my little Omega.”

His doctor is an older Alpha in his fifties with a rounded belly from too many beers, and dark hair that always seems like it needs a trim. He goes by the name ‘Doc’ and has never given Jimin another name, though it’s not like Jimin could really care enough to want more than that.

On an average day, Doc smells like woodchips and liquor, but more so like liquor today.

“Hey.” Jimin always makes a point to be polite to the doc, when he’s polite the doctor isn’t as rough on him during the physical payment.

“So, what are you here for? Heat pills or scent pills?” Doc asks, stepping aside to let Jimin inside.

The office is small and not very well lit. A desk piled high with papers sits in the corner to his left, while a small bed sits in the furthest corner to the right. There’s a few locked cabinets lining the walls, wilting plants on the floor, and a fluorescent light above. Really, it’s the definition of sketchy, but Jimin doesn’t really have a plethora of options, so he ignores it.

“Both, but I need a few bottles of the scent suppressors and maybe birth control.” Jimin walks over toward the middle of the room as the doctor coughs, walking over to his desk before sitting down.
Pulling open his file cabinet, he begins to flip through the tabs. “You’re Park Jimin, right?”

Jimin nods, watching as the doctor pulls out a file with his name written on it.

“How, I’m surprised you’re not on birth control already. But you’re the one pretending to be an Alpha, huh?” The doctor glances at him before snickering. “You look like an Omega bitch just so you know. How’s being an Alpha working out for you?”

Jimin ignores the comment about his appearance and smiles. “So far it’s still fine. I’m not having much trouble.”

“Then why so many scent suppressors and why the birth control? Doesn’t seem like it’s going well.” The doctor continues pulling through Jimin’s file before he gets up, taking out his keyring before getting into one of the locked cabinets, extracting a gallon sized bag full of little white pills.

“My roommate… His scent really bothers me.” Jimin says as the doctor sits down again, taking out a few empty prescription bottles.

“Really? So, he smells bad or what?” Jimin watches as the doctor begins counting out pills and adding them to the bottle, judging by the appearance, these are scent suppressors.

“No, he smells really good… That’s the problem.” Sighing, Jimin takes a few steps, but ultimately just circles the same spot.

“So what, you’re afraid you’re gonna let him fuck you or somethin’?” Doc laughs again, raising his gaze to wiggle his eyebrows suggestively at Jimin before returning his focus to the pills. “Bet you miss the feeling of a knot huh, Pup?”

“I’ve never…” Jimin trails off, frowning.

“You’ve never taken a knot? Oh man, no wonder you wanted to do this. I’ve never met an Omega who could live without it. Hedonistic little bitch’s you guys are. Just whining ‘bout knots and pups all day long. It’s more than I can satisfy.” Doc laughs again and Jimin can feel his muscles tensing in irritation. It’s not worth arguing with Doc about it, he relies on him too much to start trouble, and he knows that Doc knows this. It’s part of why Jimin hates coming here.

“I’ll tell you what, let me fuck you and I won’t charge you a dime for any of these pills. If you don’t then you only get less than half a bottle.” Doc stops counting pills, capping one of the bottles and pushing it aside before starting on a new bottle.

“Are you being serious?” Jimin asks, flabbergasted that he’s literally being blackmailed. The blow-jobs are bad enough, they always leave a sick feeling in his stomach, a dirtiness he can’t erase or purge without hurting himself in some way.

“Look, take it or leave it, Pup. One time offer. In this day and age, I can really charge whatever I want.” Doc laughs and Jimin thinks he might hate his laugh almost as much as his smile.

“That’s blackmail.” Jimin narrows his gaze. “I’m not interested in having any Alpha.” His stomach feels like it’s full of rocks, vibrating rocks that have his legs feeling like jelly as sour bile rises up his throat.
Part of Jimin begins to blame the government and society for the situation he’s facing. He begins to bitterly think about how he wouldn’t be facing this issue if he were treated equally, if he weren’t going through sketchy underground networks just to get the pills that allow him a normal life.

‘I have a choice but…’ Jimin frowns. ‘I also don’t…’

“With that new bill, I could always just turn you into the government and collect the payout. It’s probably more than I make from your little pill refills.” Doc looks up from where he had been counting out pills, smirking at Jimin. “Or you can let me fuck you and I’ll think about keeping your secret a little longer.”

Without the pills, he won’t last much longer as an Alpha, and there’s no telling what exactly will happen if he’s exposed as an Omega. The possibilities are like tree branches in his mind, the various responses, the consequences, the future. Jimin can’t take that risk, especially with this new bill being pushed through, he can’t be anything but an Alpha.

Gritting his teeth, he tightens his hands into fists before dropping his backpack onto the floor.

“Fine.”

Angry, disgusted, *humiliated*, none of those words really do justice to the feelings currently swirling through Jimin. He doesn’t feel they’re deep enough, descriptive enough, he can’t put a word to what he’s feeling, so he drinks.

On his way home from Doc’s with sore hips and an aching back, Jimin stopped by the grocery store a few blocks from home, picking up a six back of beer and a bottle of vodka before carrying it home. With the pills tucked safely in his backpack, he returned to a still empty apartment, and despite it not even being six yet, he plopped himself on the couch and began drinking straight from the vodka bottle with his new pill bottles spread on the coffee table before him.

Just looking at them disgusts him now.

By the time anybody else makes it home, Jimin has moved onto drinking beer instead. Without the TV on, or music, he knows he’s something of a pathetic sight getting drunk on the couch while staring bitterly at a bunch of pill bottles. If he were in his right mind, he would’ve hidden his medication, he would’ve had the TV on or something to make his current situation seem less troubling. But instead, Jimin only gives a small glance to Hoseok, nodding before returning to his beer.

“Oh… Jiminie… what’s going on?” Hoseok approaches slowly, carefully. Jimin can’t see his face, but he can’t tell by his tone that he’s concerned. Jimin doesn’t want his concern, he doesn’t need a goddamn thing from any Alpha.

“Wh-what’s that smell?” Hoseok bends down beside the arm of the couch, and Jimin can see he’s glancing at the pill bottles.

“Another Alpha.” Jimin mumbles, taking another sip.

“I thought you weren’t interested in other Alphas…” Hoseok doesn’t make any move to touch Jimin.
“M’not.” Jimin slurs through gritted teeth. “Leave me ’lone for now.”

“I don’t know if you should be alone right now.” Hoseok reaches out to take the beer from Jimin, and Jimin gives it to him because fighting isn’t something he thinks he can do right now. He just gave his virginity to an Alpha who disgusts him, he just let that fucker blackmail him into sticking his dick into him; so he can survive.

That’s the world Jimin is living in, and there’s nothing he or anybody else can do about it.

“God… were you mixing the alcohol and the pills?” Hoseok asks next, his voice quieter as he sets the beer down on the floor beside him.

“No.” Jimin frowns at the pills before reaching forward, sweeping them back into his backpack before zipping it up. There’s a short silence as Jimin begins to remove the evidence a bit, placing the vodka and empty beer bottles on the table, making everything as neat as he can despite his drunkenness. This isn’t him and he knows it, but maybe tonight he doesn’t want to be himself.

“Are you doing okay?” Hoseok asks.

“I’m fine. I’m just stressed from school.” He almost wishes he could tell Hoseok the truth, he almost wishes he could face the Alpha and admit that he was blackmailed into sex he didn’t want to have with someone he didn’t want to have it with. But he can’t, he can’t tell him about how he used baby wipes to clean the slick and cum from between his legs, he can’t tell him about the way Doc kept threatening to knot him, to fill him with pups, to make him his.

Jimin had cried as he Doc grazed his teeth over his neck, he’d cried as his knot caught on his rim. In the end, he hadn’t been mated, nor had he been knotted, but the terror was real enough that Jimin can’t shake it from his thoughts, the alcohol is only numbing it.

“School is stressful, but if you have any trouble then come talk to me. This isn’t really a good way of handling it.” This time, Hoseok reaches out, touching Jimin’s arm gently before the Omega pulls his arm away.

“Thanks.” He mumbles, turning his head away. Hoseok is kind, but he might not be so kind if he found out Jimin is an Omega, he might be just like Doc. “I’m going to bed.”

“It’s not even eight yet.” Hoseok protests as Jimin stands, wobbly on his feet. Reaching out for him, Hoseok is gentle as he tries to steady Jimin, helping him walk around the coffee table.

“I don’t care, I just want to sleep.”

“Okay, okay let me help you.” This time, Jimin doesn’t protest as Hoseok helps him into his room. He doesn’t protest as the Alpha helps him change, nor does he complain when Hoseok eyes the bruising on his hips and arms. It doesn’t really matter anymore, he’s an Alpha as long as he has these pills, bruising only means he likes to get fucked, whatever, maybe he does.

Maybe he’s a good little Omega bitch.

Jimin wakes up Wednesday morning with a pounding headache, Yoongi’s quiet and even breathing
drawing his attention for a moment before he presses his palm lightly against one eye. Although he
wants to believe yesterday was just a nightmare, the pain which radiates as he sits up; verifies that
it was real.

“Oh fuck…” Jimin mumbles as he recalls Hoseok’s return home. In Jimin’s momentary lapse of
sanity, the other Alpha had seen the pills, and he’d seen Jimin stripped to his boxers, he’d been
reckless.

More than reckless.

Through his clothes, his body shape is at least arguable, he can play off his curves or change the
subject, but how the hell is he supposed to play this off to Hoseok who has essentially seen him
naked?!

Quietly, Jimin grimaces as he slides out of bed, mentally cursing himself the whole time for how
he had behaved last night. Everything is ruined if Hoseok has it figured out, and the blackmail sex
he had yesterday will suddenly have been for nothing.

The most stressful thing was supposed to be sharing his bed with Yoongi, and yet now that’s the
furthest thing from his mind.

Sneaking into his dresser, he takes out his clothes for the day along with the Alpha scent and his
pills. Carrying them to the bathroom, he’s quick to take a shower and wash away all of the dirt and
alcohol stench which is still be clinging to his skin. He wants to forget everything about yesterday,
he wants to rip the memory from his skull instead of taking the high road and using it to better
himself or sharpen his future goals.

Jimin just doesn’t want to remember at all.

He leaves early, earlier than usual in an attempt to avoid running into anybody else. The bruises on
his face are fading, but now he has new bruises on his hips and arms, ugly reminders hidden
beneath a black hoodie.

Jimin makes a stop in at a local coffee shop, ordering coffee even though he’s not tired, then using
his purchase as an excuse to loiter at a table in the back of the shop.

Indie music softly plays through the overhead speakers as Jimin stares at the steam curling from
his paper cup. Around him, there’s a dull hum of conversation and clinking of ceramic, he can
smell the pastries and breakfast sandwiches being warmed, his stomach growling as though he can
even think about eating right now.

It’s unusual for Jimin to yearn for things like friends, he’s been alone for so long that he’s grown
used to his own company and advice, he’s used to being distrustful of even other Omegas, used to
the disgusting side of society that he’s forced to face because of his sub-gender.

But even though he’s used to it, right now, Jimin really wishes he had someone he could talk to.

Jungkook is still absent from dance class, not that Jimin is really surprised. Heat’s last a few days,
and even afterwards he’ll probably be too exhausted to come to class for a bit. It’s fine though, as
selfish as it may be for Jimin to think so, he’s glad he doesn’t have to face those round doe eyes.
He’s in his own little world as he dances, watching himself in the mirror as he perfectly executes each step thanks to Hoseok’s help. His instructor praises him, but he finds himself barely able to smile, thanking him with a very slight curve to his lips that almost makes it sound sarcastic.

He’s letting everything that happened yesterday get to him even though he knows it’s not going to help anything to do that. Right now, he feels like he’s slowly isolating himself further, even though he needs to socialize and network for the endgame result he wants. He wants his classmates and professors to be stunned by the revelation that he’s an Omega, he wants the shock to wake them up, to make them realize that the workforce isn’t lacking because of the lack of graduates in that field, but because they’ve made an entire gender unable to reach their full potential.

Jimin waits until the showers are empty before washing himself up. After changing into his spare set of clothes, he skips the cafeteria and heads instead to the History building where his Politics class is held. There is a lot of time, too much probably, until his class begins, but he doesn’t want to face the Bangtan pack right now.

Instead, he settles down on the bench outside of class, pulling out a textbook before starting on his homework. He spends his whole lunch period doing that, ignoring the curious glances of other students as he answers the stupid questions that were assigned. When the time finally comes for his Politics class to begin, he finds his mind a bit too preoccupied to be as excited for it as he normally is.

Normally, he loves his politics class.

“Protest groups, I’m sure we’re all really surprised, right...?” Jimin’s professor smiles as he searches the room, his eyes meeting Jimin’s only briefly.

“Obviously, not everyone agrees with the new Omega Breeding bill and who can blame them. It kind of sucks for the Omegas.” His professor begins to pace, like always, his fingers threaded behind his back as he walks the expanse of the lowest level, turning before walking to the other side.

Jimin wants to nod, but all he can do is stare, his mind feeling vacant. He doesn’t care about his participation grade today, it can go to hell along with all the shitty Alphas of the world.

“Several groups have begun to protest the bill calling it a step back from the direction we should be going. These groups argue that Omegas should have the same rights as any of us.” His professor pauses as a few student’s giggle.

“That’s dumb, it’d be too risky to have an Omega in any normal job.” Someone says.

“Why is that?” His professor asks as though genuinely curious.

“Because, they have heats and shit... and when they get turned on it’s almost impossible for Alphas to ignore. It’d be too dangerous.” The student responds in a tone that suggests he finds his answer to be an obvious one. It irritates Jimin.

“So what you’re saying is that Omegas shouldn’t be allowed to have a job like you or me because they’re too powerful and can control us with a single smell?” His professor smiles, a mischievous
twinkle in his eye that almost brings a small smile to Jimin’s face. Behind him, the student sputters.

“We can control them with our tone! We can order them to do anything and they obey!” He calls out in revolt.

“That’s true, so both Omegas and Alphas have an equal ability to control each other in different ways.” His professor moves to stand behind his podium, propping his elbows on it as he moves to cup his chin in his palm.

“There are protests groups demanding the bill be rejected by the president. There’s already a news story on it, so if you guys have time then make sure you check that out.” He pauses before quickly adding, “After class, no need to have your phones out right now. Let’s continue where we left off yesterday with Russia.”

Jimin’s text ringtone temporarily silences the music coming through his earbuds. Digging his hand into his pocket, he slows his steps through quad, moving to the side of the sidewalk so that he isn’t in the way as he checks the notification.

He’s been ignoring his phone all day for the most part, not that anybody really contacts him aside from Yoongi that one time. Since a text from Yoongi seems a bit unlikely, he can’t help feeling a little unsettled, or maybe he’s just jumpy from the terrible week he’s been having.

There are two new texts, both from an unsaved number, Jimin’s lips press together as he expands the text conversation before reading the messages.

From UNSAVED (16:45):
This is Hoseok, I took your number from that paper by the door.

From UNSAVED (16:45):
we need to talk

Chapter End Notes

I’m glad everyone voted for me to write Composure. This chapter was a ride.

It nearly lost the vote!

If you want to take part in my stupid votes, follow my Twitter. I actually reply to people there, and I have fresh memes.
The apartment is dark when Jimin gets home, but he can smell the fresh scent of baked bread and cherry blossoms. Slipping his bag off of his shoulder, Jimin takes slow, hesitant steps further into the apartment. The entire walk home had been riddled with nervousness. Although, he believes he knows what Hoseok wants to talk about, he also acknowledges the other possibilities. Jimin has really driven himself into something of a corner here…

As he passes the kitchen, he can see Hoseok sitting on the couch playing on his phone, but he puts his phone away upon spotting Jimin.

“There you are, I almost thought you weren’t coming.” He smiles, and it’s the same smile as always, but it only makes Jimin all the more nervous.

“Yeah, I was uh… still on campus…” Jimin makes his way over to the loveseat, sitting down before clapping his hands together. On his way over, he had gone through various excuses in his mind, lies he thought might convince Hoseok of whatever he wanted him to believe if it came to that. Although it sounds ridiculous, a large part of him hopes that the Alpha is only worried about his drinking and pill use.

“Why didn’t you eat lunch with us?” Sincerity laces Hoseok’s words, concern on his face as he watches Jimin anxiously fidgeting first with his fingers, and then with a loose thread on his pants.

“I was doing homework in the History building.” He answers honestly, raising his gaze to meet Hoseok’s for a moment before dropping it to his knees once more.

“Namjoon and Seokjin were saving a dessert for you, you know.” A small amount of guilt seeps into the cracks, but Jimin reels his Alpha back in and sighs.

“I have no way of communicating with you guys, so I hope they figured out I wasn’t coming and ate it.” He’s nervous still, yes, but he’s even more afraid of relinquishing the life he’s desperately fighting for. Jimin can’t let anybody take this away from him.

“Well, I have your phone number now and you have mine so feel free to text me anytime.” Hoseok lowers his gaze, leaning back on the couch before stretching. Jimin doesn’t bother to fill the silence, his index finger and thumb still tugging lightly on the loose thread of his pants.

“So I still want to talk to you, about last night.” Hoseok pauses and Jimin can feel his eyes on him. That bread and cherry blossom scent is damn near suffocating.

“Do you have a problem, Jimin?” He asks quietly.

“What kind of problem?” Jimin looks up, watching as Hoseok searches for the right words. It’ll actually be a relief if Hoseok just thinks he has a drinking or drug problem, that would be the least of his worries.
“With alcohol, or pills, or both.” Hoseok says. “I saw the bottles. It’s Hydrocodone, and you eat it like candy.”

Jimin rolls his shoulders, raising his chin before letting out a small snort. If this is all Hoseok thinks, then he’s still safe, all of his anxiety had been for nothing.

“Oh, so then this is an intervention?” He laughs. “I don’t have a problem, no. Last night was just the end of a rough day for me, okay?”

“Jimin, you take at least six a day and those are just the ones I see you take. It’s a high dosage, and it’s not even prescribed to you, that wasn’t your name on any of the bottles.” The Alpha leans forward on the couch, silence ticking by around them.

“It’s really none of your business.” Jimin says curtly. “I know I hang out with your pack and I’m even roommates with one of them, but it’s none of your business.”

“Okay, then how about we talk about something that is my business. Like you being an Omega.”

Jimin’s heart sinks, his expression dropping before he gives a quick shake of his head.

“Excuse me?” There’s really no point in denying it, and Jimin knows that, but he makes at least one attempt.

“I mean, are you out of your fucking mind? You live with an Alpha, in an Alpha-only apartment building, and you currently have two other Alpha’s staying with you. What is this some trick to get pregnant? Lock Yoongi into some sort of a relationship with you?” Hoseok snorts, his scent amplifying with each passing second.

“I-It’s not like that.” Jimin denies, stumbling over his words in his anxiety. He doesn’t know yet if he can trust Hoseok, but he tries to remember what Hoseok had told him back at the pack house, about the pack being all for Omega rights.

All he can do is hope it’s true.

“Then why the hell are you sleeping in the same bed as him? I mean, do you understand how dangerous this is? If you leak or scent the bed or go into heat, he’s not going to be able to control himself!” Hoseok snaps, anger rolling off of him.

“What was I supposed to do?! You basically demanded his room and left us with no other option!” Jimin fires back.

“You should’ve slept on the couch or made him sleep on the couch!”

Silence falls over the apartment, both Jimin and Hoseok glaring at each other until the Alpha scoffs, crossing his legs.

“Are you going to tell him?” Jimin bitterly asks. He can hear Hoseok clicking his tongue, the scent of his anger still thick and cloying in the air as Jimin inhales slowly. If he spends too much longer inhaling this scent, his body will definitely respond.

“Tell Yoongi that you’re an Omega? No.” Hoseok isn’t looking at Jimin, his gaze focused on the TV which isn’t even on right now. Jimin can tell he’s thinking, possibly considering something, so
“I won’t tell the rest of the pack either. I’ll keep it a secret for you.” He says finally, earning him a long exhale of relief from Jimin.

“Thank you…” Although an Alpha, Hoseok has always been really kind to him, it’s something he can appreciate in an Alpha, though he never really expected to find much worth appreciating about them.

“But…” Hoseok trails off, his gaze snapping back to Jimin.

“We’re gonna play a game since keeping secrets is tiring. The game is really simple, I tell you to do something and you do it, if you don’t then I’ll wait until one of them goes into a rut and throw you to them. Or maybe I’ll sell you off to the government, that might be even better.”

Jimin’s breath hitches.

“I’m not your fucking toy…” He growls, furiously. He doesn’t want to be fucked with by Hoseok as well, someone he thought of as nice and close to being a friend. Doc was one thing, that fucker has always had some malicious edge, a little too much ‘nothing left to lose’ with a screw loose. But Hoseok… Hoseok has everything, a pack, friends, an education, what can he possibly gain by screwing with Jimin?

“I’m done with being blackmailed.”

“Oh? Who else is blackmailing you?” Hoseok leans forward again, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively. Still glaring at the Alpha, Jimin doesn’t restrain the hiss that works its way up from his throat.

Leaning back, Hoseok’s eyebrows shoot up before he laughs, clapping his hands together in an obnoxiously loud way.

“Did you really just hiss at me? Oh man, I love the when Omegas get aggressive, that sound is almost arousing.”

Jimin knows he’s breathing faster, harder, his heart thumping loud, so loud he thinks Hoseok can hear it as the Alpha’s eyes narrow on him.

“Answer my question, Pup. Who else is blackmailing you?” The command breaks through every inch of the Alpha persona Jimin has so carefully created for himself, his instincts taking over for him, controlling him.

“Doc, Doc is blackmailing me.” He answers, eyes a vivid glowing blue as his Omega side lingers on the forefront, free from its cage.

“Who is Doc?” Hoseok questions, smirking as he uncrosses his legs.
“My doctor… the one who gives me my pills.” Jimin doesn’t miss a beat, not that he could even if he wanted to. It’s like watching a movie, inside his mind he’s screaming at Hoseok for using commands on him, for using his Alpha voice on him, but none of the words actually leave his mouth.

“Is Doc a drug dealer, or a real doctor?” Hoseok asks next, studying Jimin.

“I’m pretty sure he’s a real doctor.” Jimin tells him.

“What sort of pills does he get you? The Hydrocodone?”

Jimin shakes his head, and although he tries to regain control of his body, he fails.

“He gives me the pills you saw but the bottles are different from what’s actually inside. It’s not hydrocodone.”

“Oh? Then what’s inside of those bottles.” The Alpha asks, a curious smile on his face.

“My heat suppressants, scent suppressants, and birth control.”

“Birth control? What could you possibly need that for?” Hoseok laughs. “Don’t tell me, you’re sleeping around, aren’t you?”

“No… I only just lost my virginity yesterday.” He admits.

“To who?” Hoseok asks.

“Doc, in exchange for the pills and keeping my secret.” Jimin explains.

Having apparently heard enough, Hoseok leans back on the couch, his eyebrows furrowed in thought as he stares at Jimin.

It takes him several minutes to regain full control of his body, his head hurts from the strain of the imposition.

Jimin holds a shaking breath, somewhere outside, a door slams.

One minute.

Two minutes.

“Why are you doing this?” He finally exhales.

“Doing what?” Hoseok’s voice is as light as always, his eyes twinkling.

“All… all of this.”

The Alpha laughs, shifting on the couch and Jimin nearly flinches.

“You don’t know anything about Pack Bangtan, do you?” Hoseok shakes his head as though chiding Jimin for his ignorance.
“What am I supposed to know? I barely know you guys. I only know Yoongi.”

“Do you even know Yoongi though? Do you know which side of this he’s on? Do you really know?” A giggle bubbles from the Alpha’s chest, unsettling the Omega who finds his knees pressing together, his shoulders hunching in.

Subconsciously, he’s making himself smaller in the face of a threat.

“I know Yoongi isn’t like you.” Jimin mumbles.

“Oh my god!” Hoseok laughs loudly this time, his head rolling back against the couch as Jimin grimaces.

“Jimin…” He begins, the laughter dying down. “You don’t know anything about Pack Bangtan or Yoongi.”

Staring at his knees, Jimin’s hands tighten into fists. So Yoongi is part of this too? Yoongi lied? Everyone lied?

“Maybe I should just tell the pack the truth, Yoongi’s rut should be coming up, even if I don’t tell them I’m sure he’ll sniff you out.” Jimin can feel Hoseok’s eyes on him, but he doesn’t look up.

“I just want to finish my degree. Let me do that.” He says quietly.

“I don’t care enough to interfere with that. I want you for other things.” Hoseok sighs.

“Like what?”

“I’m not sure yet, I guess it’ll depend on my mood. Since little Jungkookie was snatched up by Tae, you’ll have to do.” The Alpha shrugs, and Jimin can feel his stomach churning. He can’t trust Hoseok, or Yoongi, he can’t trust Jungkook or anybody in the pack.

Everybody is an enemy.

“You’re the worst sort of Alpha…” He doesn’t want to feel helpless, but he’s helpless against Hoseok’s threat. He was helpless against Doc’s threats too. “You have everything and you’re still doing this…”

“I have everything? I don’t have an Omega, or I didn’t until a few minutes ago. I guess now I have everything.” The happy, airy way Hoseok is still speaking disturbs Jimin but he only presses his lips together rather than commenting on it. The bearable situation of living with Yoongi while attending school and occasionally putting up with his pack-mates, just became a lot more unbearable.

“You can go now if you want to.” Hoseok picks up the TV remote. “As long as you understand that when I ask you to do something, it’s not an option.”

The TV clicks on but all Jimin can do is stare at his knees in anger. There has to be something he can do, he can’t live his university life being blackmailed, and he definitely won’t settle for being someone’s toy.
He may be Hoseok’s toy right now, but that won’t last forever… He’ll figure something out.

Jimin eases himself to his feet, returning to the entry to collect his bag before carrying it back to his room and closing the door.

An hour passes before anybody else comes home. Jimin had spent the whole hour laying in the dark on his bed, staring at his ceiling as crickets signaled nightfall. His mind spun with the potential ‘requests’ Hoseok might make of him, fear tingling his skin as he bit back each and every tear. He won’t cry, and he won’t give up, even in the face of what feels like betrayal.

Betrayal because he actually trusted Yoongi.

There’s a light knock on his door, Jimin closes his eyes for a moment inhaling the cinnamon and mint that lives in his room now before sitting up.

“Come in.”

Yoongi pokes his head in, frowning as he looks around.

“Why’s it so dark?”

“I was thinking.” Jimin sighs, pulling his legs closer to his chest. As long as Yoongi doesn’t realize he’s an Omega, it’s safe to be with him.

This is what he wants to believe.

“About what?” Yoongi opens the door fully, stepping inside before slipping his backpack off, leaving it near Jimin’s.

“This and that.”

“Look… Are you angry at me for something? Is this about the eggshells in the sink?” Yoongi crawls onto the bed, sitting at the foot of it near one of the corners, giving Jimin his space as he watches him.

The cinnamon and mint still smells so sweet even if it’s not.

“It’s not about the eggshells, I cleaned that already.” He sighs. “It’s nothing you have to worry about.”

“Oh…” There’s a beat of silence. “Your face looks better today.”

“It’s dark in here, Yoongi.” Jimin deadpans.

“I know but…” He trails off and Jimin can smell the shift in his scent, anxiety, worry, all of it he can smell in the various ways his scent presents itself.

Right now, he smells more minty than anything.

“Can I ask you something?” Yoongi says quietly.
“What?”

“Last night… when I got into bed… you were having a nightmare…” Yoongi exhales softly and Jimin can feel himself tensing.

“I didn’t mean to intrude but I had to sleep so I just tried to ignore it but then you were crying.”

“It wasn’t real, it was just a nightmare.” Jimin says quickly, wanting to disperse any preconceived theories the Alpha may have come up with between now and then.

“I know that… but I was wondering if you were upset because of that.” Yoongi’s voice slowly quiets towards the end of his sentence, Jimin breathes through his mouth as mint surrounds him.

“Did I say anything?” Jimin asks softly.

“You… kept saying… ‘Please stop’ and ‘hurts’.” Yoongi’s eyes meet Jimin’s and for a moment, Jimin thinks Yoongi might see the pain in his eyes, so he drops his gaze to the bed.

Memories flash through his mind of Doc’s fingers digging into his hips, the splitting pain as he continued pushing his cock in despite Jimin’s plea for him to wait until he was ready. He had begged with a chorus of ‘please stop, wait’ and ‘It hurts’ to deaf ears.

Jimin’s chest tightens.

“It was just a dream.” He mumbles, turning his head away to glance at the clock. It’s nearly nine now, the only lucky thing today is that he did his homework during his usual lunch break.

“I know… I just wanted to ask…” Yoongi goes quiet again, the two staring at the bed in silence before Hoseok’s voice rings out.

“Yoon! Let’s watch a movie! Namjoon is on his way!”

Yoongi turns his head towards the door but he doesn’t respond, looking to Jimin instead.

“Do you want to come watch the movie?”

Jimin shakes his head.

“No, I need to sleep.”

Yoongi shifts to slip off of Jimin’s bed, scratching the back of his head for a moment. Jimin can see him hesitate, opening and closing his mouth a few times before he sighs.

“Okay, goodnight, Jiminie.”

His slight smile catches Jimin off-guard, even in the darkness of his room, he can feel his chest tighten again. Yoongi betrayed him, even if his scent is intoxicating, even if it comforts him, he can’t have it, he shouldn’t have it.

“Goodnight, Yoongi.”
Jimin wakes up in the morning to hot breath against his neck. He tenses, alarm bells ringing in his mind.

There’s no way Hoseok would be so brazen as to sneak into his bedroom and mate him while Yoongi is asleep beside him, which means this is Yoongi.

It’s Yoongi’s breath on his neck.

His breathing is even and slow, a wave of relief simmers down the Omega as he realizes that Yoongi is only sleeping.

Except…
Yoongi is sleeping quietly, one of his hand still caught around Jimin’s waist.

They had been *spooning*. The Omega flushes a deep shade of red, instantly guilt and shame flood his body as he sits up slowly, detaching himself from Yoongi.

Glancing back, he watches the Alpha pressing his nose into Jimin’s pillow, searching for him, following his scent.

Jimin swallows the knot in his throat, he knows which scent Yoongi is tracking.

Slowly, and quietly, he slips completely out of bed, letting Yoongi’s hand fall to the mattress as he begins to quickly get ready for school. He’s stumbling around as quietly as he can, pulling his synthetic scent and pills from the dresser along with jeans and a zip-up hoodie before slipping into the bathroom to change.

Having Yoongi in his bed is doing nothing good for Jimin. Aside from the calming effects his scent has on him, waking up with an Alpha’s mouth so close to his neck is terrifying.

After he’s changed and sprayed down, he eyes his face in the mirror. The swelling really has essentially vanished; leaving only fading bruises behind. As he touches the discolored skin, he recalls the fight in the bar, the furious way Hoseok had responded, and the gentle way Yoongi had responded. At the time, he’d really fallen for their act, he’d really believed that the pack was good and on his side.

He’d almost told them the truth, he’d felt the desire to, the desire to have their support.

Right now, Jimin can only feel sick at the thought as he leaves the bathroom, putting his pills and synthetic scent away before heading into the kitchen to make breakfast. Last night had been another nightmare, one he hopes Yoongi missed. If every night is going to be full of nightmares, it’s going to be a very long semester.

Taking out a skillet, he gets into the fridge before taking out some eggs. The seconds, minutes, hours, they continue to tick by despite the issues Jimin is facing. The world goes on while he feels stuck in one moment, rocks caught in the lining of his stomach leaving him now constantly anxious and worried.

It’s not like he didn’t live a whole year in fear, it’s not like he didn’t face situations where he only
narrowly escaped something horrible.

It’s just that right now, those horrible situations are being presented to him with a catch-22.

Jimin considered running. After Yoongi left to watch the movie last night, Jimin had laid in bed wondering which city he could escape to, how he would survive there, and the best time to leave.

He could start over again.

But Jimin doesn’t want to run again. He doesn’t want to keep running from city-to-city as though he can escape the fact that he’s an Omega. He can hide it for a short period, sure, but at the end of the day, he’s still just an Omega.

An Omega who is now a toy for a sadistic pack Alpha and underground doctor.

He turns the burner off as the eggs finish cooking, slipping them onto a plate before pulling out a fork.

He doesn’t bother going to sit down, nor does he bother with seasoning them. Right now, he doesn’t care if it tastes good, he just wants to eat and leave before anyone else wakes up.

‘Is this how Jungkook lives?’

He shakes the thought. Jungkook may very well be part of it.

When he’s finished eating, he places the plate into the dishwasher, tip-toeing back to his room before pushing the door open.

“Why do you keep leaving so early?”

Jimin freezes as Yoongi yawns, now sitting up in bed his scent smacks Jimin in the face. It’s thicker now that he’s awake, but it’s also back to normal and no longer anxiety-laced.

“The coffee I like is gone if I don’t leave early.” He lies, picking up his duffel bag from the floor.

“Oh… well have a good day. I’ll see you this evening.” Yoongi yawns again before laying back down, pulling the comforter up to his chin.

“Yeah… you too.” He says before slipping out of the room.

Jimin rubs his face roughly, his coffee sitting between his feet as the chilling wind nips at his fingers.

The stress may slowly be catching up to him, his body feels heavy and all he wants to do is crawl beneath his sheets, sheets that don’t smell like Yoongi, and forget that he ever met any of them.

His homework is beginning to pile up too. All of his previous desires of being on the Dean’s List seem so far away as he finds his evenings and weekends decided for him, his focus beginning to lack as his mind wanders to worries about other things.

What if Hoseok wants sex too?
Jimin presses his palms to his eyes, his mind seems to physically ache at the thought. Why is this happening to him? What did he do?

What has Jimin ever done to them?

The wind picks up, the smell of rain dancing in the air as the Omega tries to squash his minor mental breakdown. All of it is so much and there’s not a single person that he can trust, there’s nobody he can bounce his thoughts off of, nobody he can talk to about any of this.

Lonely has never been a word Jimin would use to describe himself, but perhaps isolated is more correct.

Reaching down, he picks up his coffee, taking a sip to try and warm his insides. Maybe he had wanted too badly to have someone to trust, maybe that’s why he clung to Yoongi so easily, why he fell for his calming scent.

In truth, he still doesn’t want to believe that Yoongi is just as bad as Hoseok, but he also now finds himself terrified by the possibility of being burned a third time. It was stupid of him to even let himself become involved with his roommate. Socializing, networking, those things can be done at a safe distance, there was no reason for him to begin eating lunch with them or watching movies.

He fucked himself over being stupid and reckless.

Raising his eyes to the sky, Jimin watches the dark clouds moving overhead. He feels strangely empty. Although he is angry, he’s also just tired.

Jimin waits outside until the rain begins, and when it does, he pulls his hood up before rising from the rock he’d been sitting on, slowly making his way out of the small thicket of woods.

Rain is oddly comforting, especially if you’re in the sort of mood that calls for rain. He keeps his gaze down on the sidewalk as he walks, his shoes splashing the tiny puddles as other students run by in search of shelter. Really, he should be planning how he’s going to get out of the mess he’s found himself in, he should be conspiring to bring Hoseok down, to bring Doc down, but he can’t even focus enough for that.

This is his life that’s being played with, a life he’s fought for, that he’s only just barely begun to grasp.

As Jimin reaches the Science building, his phone vibrates.

Dread overwhelms him as he steps inside, sliding his feet along the mat, taking his time just to delay the point at which he should take out his phone and check it.

But he can’t avoid it forever.

Slipping his phone from his pocket, he unlocks it before swiping to the latest text.

**From Min Yoongi (10:50):**
Can we hang out tonight? Just us?

He stares at it for a moment, frowning before typing out a response.
To Min Yoongi (10:53):
I have homework.

From Min Yoongi (10:53):
Then we can do homework together. I’ll order food.

Jimin’s frown deepens, he’s starting to actually sort of feel bad even though he knows he shouldn’t. Yoongi is only nice because he thinks Jimin is an Alpha, the same way Hoseok was nice until he found out the truth. There are too many contingencies, and although Jimin has to play nice to a certain extent, he no longer has any desire to be buddy-buddy with Yoongi or any of the Bangtan Pack members.

To Min Yoongi (10:55):
I rather not, sorry.

From Min Yoongi (10:56):
Okay, maybe next time?

To Min Yoongi (10:57):
Maybe

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**Their class schedules in case you were curious...**

**Jimin**

**Monday**: 10am Forensic Evidence Analysis, Chemistry, Dance, -Lunch-, International Politics 4:30pm

**Tuesday**: 11am Criminal Justice, Business Ethics 2pm

**Wednesday**: Forensic Evidence Analysis, Chemistry, Dance, -Lunch-, International Politics

**Thursday**: Criminal Justice, Business Ethics

**Friday**: Forensic Evidence Analysis, Chemistry, Dance, -Lunch-, International Politics

**Yoongi**

**Monday**: 11am Musicianship IV, -Lunch- Keyboard Skills IV, Senior Instrument I (5pm)

**Tuesday**: 12pm History of Music in Western Civilization II, Wind Symphony, Pedagogy of Music Theory (7pm)
**Wednesday:** Musicianship IV, **Lunch**- Keyboard Skills IV, Senior Instrument I

**Thursday:** History of Music in Western Civilization II, Wind Symphony, Pedagogy of Music Theory

**Friday:** Musicianship IV, **Lunch**- Keyboard Skills IV, Senior Instrument I

Chapter End Notes

Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust, Trust.

Join me @LustrationSy on Twitter to participate in votes that bear no weight on the story.
The relationship tags don't give away the moral alignment of a character. It only means they're gonna fuck.

And no, I didn't tag everyone Jimin is going to be with, consensually or not. It would hurt plot points.

If you haven't already realized, this story will contain serious and dark themes. If that makes you uncomfortable, then stop reading now.

Please do not leave a random comment yelling at me because you don't like the antagonist, or because you don't like how dark it is. I've been sprinkling warnings in my author's notes throughout the fic, there is nothing else I can do if they're being ignored. You are in charge of your own happiness.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Read the author notes at the top before continuing.

The weeks pass quietly and uneventfully. Jungkook’s heat had ended not long after Jimin’s encounter with Hoseok. As soon as Namjoon and Hoseok returned to the pack house, Jimin had thrown all of his bedding into the washer, spraying down his room with de-scentor followed by his synthetic scent before finally feeling as though he can breathe again.

Yoongi made a few more attempts to talk to Jimin and to spend time with him, but Jimin shrugged each attempt off until Yoongi finally stopped asking.

He can’t trust Yoongi, he can’t trust anybody, especially since he knows that Yoongi is hiding something.

With the quiet weeks passing without a peep out of Hoseok, Jimin finds himself yearning to just leave everything with Hoseok and Doc in the past, to relieve himself of the stress.

Except he can’t, between the nightmares and the cold sweats, especially the anxiety he feels at having an Alpha at his back, he can’t let it go so easily.

Instead, Jimin focuses on school once more. He begins spending long nights at a library, returning only to immediately crash in his bed, his run-ins with Yoongi becoming less-and-less frequent until they stop altogether.
He also stops joining the pack at lunch, although he had bared with it at first, he eventually tires of the pressure and uncertainty he feels beneath their stares. He tires of the stress of being mocked and lied to.

Hoseok’s gaze feels especially dirty, the first Alpha to use a command on him.

This sort of life isn’t what Jimin had ever wanted for himself, a life lived isolated, rushed, pressured to prove himself while also watching his back, front, and sides. Other students jeer at him in the hallways until they catch a whiff of his synthetic scent, but some days he worries it won’t be enough.

Today is Monday, but more specifically, it’s now the week before midterms.

Jimin isn’t particularly worried about midterms. Despite having less of an education than any of the Alphas or Betas here, he works four times as hard as any of them, and his grades show it. What Jimin is worried about, is the small vacation from school which generally follows the exams.

While most students are planning on returning home, Jimin has no home to return to, nor does he have the money to rent a hotel for the duration of the break.

As Yoongi sleeps, Jimin quietly dresses himself, his mind heavy beneath the weight of everything piling up. He’s resigned himself to the possibility of being homeless for a week while the school is on break, it’s his own fault anyway for not thinking about it sooner, but it doesn’t make it sound any better.

The days have grown colder, the thick of Fall bringing foggy mornings and freezing temperatures. He can survive for a week in this, but it won’t be pleasant.

Once Jimin has finished getting dressed for school, he takes to the kitchen to make breakfast, eggs and toast today, a small change to his usual breakfast of scrambled eggs.

As the eggs cook, he takes out his phone, opening his news app with a pit of nervous anticipation. A few weeks ago, the Omega breeding bill had been sent to the president for approval, and although Jimin had expected it to be rejected or approved within a week, it seems the protests have delayed things.

The app crawls as it launches, Jimin’s patience wearing thin as he prods the eggs with his spatula. When it finally does load, his eyes zero in on the top headline for Seoul.

‘**Omega Breeding Bill Approved by President Kim: How Soon Will It Take Effect?’**

Jimin can feel his stomach lurching, his grip on the spatula weakening as he quickly expands the article to read more.

“Fucking ads…” He chews on his lower lip, reading carefully as the article outlines the anticipated effective date for the bill.

Next week.
Due to the population crisis, they’re not wasting any time, and Jimin could vomit at the mere thought.

Government officials will be dispatched to pick up unmated Omegas, others can be sold directly to the government for an undisclosed amount of money. The comments are riddled with supporters, those voicing against it are being voted down and called Omegas.

‘My voice doesn’t matter.’

Jimin scrolls the comments, watching as the rest of the country types out hope for each Omega to give birth to several full litters, other commenters volunteer themselves to help breed the Omegas.

He puts his phone away.

Turning the stove off, he continues chewing on his lower lip, abandoning his eggs in the skillet as he grabs his backpack from beside the door.

Jimin runs.

He doesn’t run far, but he runs fast. Out of the building, down the road, past campus, and into the woods.

He runs until he finds a still wet, fallen tree, crashing into it and catching his breath.

The icy wind burns.

Jimin squeezes on the rough, wet bark, his fingers slipping over it, tearing up bits and pieces as he grunts and whines. He allows his Omega side to come out for just this moment, whines and distress signals being sent out in a frenzy as he cycles between a furious anger to a crushing fear.

What if they come for him too?

From inside his pocket, his phone vibrates, and although Jimin wants to scream, to throw a fit, to cry, bites his tongue.

**From Hoseok (09:34):**

Good news!! =D [IMG]

Attached is a screenshot of the article, Jimin’s chest heaves as he stares at it with anger burning in his eyes. A fire has been lit beneath him, and although he’s terrified, so-so terrified, he can’t give up.

Not yet.

Swallowing his swell of emotions, he forces his Omega back, trying hard to be brave, trying hard to remember why he’s here and why he’s doing this.

**To Hoseok (09:35):**
From Hoseok (09:35):
Aw, that sucks. I need you to meet me tonight. We’re going to a party.

To Hoseok (09:36):
I have to study for my midterms.

From Hoseok (09:37):
Cool, I don’t care.

From Hoseok (09:38):
Meet me in front of the cafeteria at seven tonight. Wear jeans and a hoodie.

To Hoseok (09:38):
You said you wouldn’t interfere with my degree

From Hoseok (09:39):
I’m not stopping you from going to your classes or ratting you out to the school.

From Hoseok (09:40):
Manage your own time better, Pup.

How fucking dare he.

Shoving his phone into his pocket, he shivers as the cold air finally catches up with him. He’d been so distressed that he had run out of his apartment in just jeans, shoes, and a jacket. However, with the current low temperatures, it’s not enough.

He’s overwhelmed, and he knows it. But he’s facing a lot alone, so he also tries to give himself credit for even making it this far. He has more freedoms than most Omegas in this country, and he’s going further than most of them. It might’ve been too much for him to hope to complete his degree, but he’ll get damn close and maybe by then he’ll have proven something.

Hoseok, Doc, no Alpha will stop him.

Jimin makes the trek out of the cold, damp woods. The soft earth and dead leaves squishing beneath his shoes until he reaches the wet sidewalk. A thin fog hides some of the thinning trees, cars passing paying him no mind as he returns home.

Yoongi is awake by the time he walks back through the front door, after taking one look at Jimin, he pauses with his coffee mug in hand.

“Where’d you go?” He asks.

“I took a walk.”
Jimin passes Yoongi, picking up the skillet with his now cold eggs before dumping them onto the cold toast he had waiting nearby. He can feel the Alpha’s eyes on him, and he doesn’t like that he’s being studied by the same Alpha who probably is happy about the bill being passed.

“Is everything ok?” Yoongi asks, setting his coffee down on the counter.

“Yeah, it’s fine.” He says before taking a bite of his breakfast.

“You’ve been… really weird for the past few weeks…” The Alpha says quietly, his gravely voice somehow still pleasing to Jimin even though he knows he should be disgusted by every aspect of Yoongi.

“I just have a lot on my mind.” Jimin tells him, turning around to finally face him.

“Remember how I said I didn’t want bad blood between us?” Yoongi asks. Jimin nods. “I feel like we have bad blood between us.”

“It’s not about you.” Jimin grits his teeth, worn out from having this conversation at least once a week with Yoongi. The Alpha has stopped asking Jimin to hang out with him, but he brings up Jimin’s attitude change whenever they meet face-to-face.

“Then why did you suddenly change? I mean, hell, Jungkook said you ignore him in dance, you stopped eating lunch with us, Hoseok said you still talk to him, so what did the rest of us do to piss you off?” Yoongi stares at Jimin, his scent billowing like crashing waves as a tension descends on the room.

Jimin growls.

“It’s none of your business, Yoongi. Drop it.”

“Fine, but you’re being an unreasonable bitch for no reason. If I did something then tell me, if the pack offended you then tell me. Going around with a stick up your ass and making my living situation uncomfortable is a shitty thing for you to do. You’re young, but you need to act your age and discuss things like an adult.”

“My opinion doesn’t fucking matter!” Jimin roars, surprising even himself as his anger finally peaks.

Yoongi’s expression doesn’t change, but the Omega can smell his foaming emotions.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Yoongi fires back.

“It doesn’t matter, Yoongi.” He’s being unreasonable. “I don’t want to be friends with the pack,” He’s only hurting himself more. “I just want to finish my degree and get the hell out of here.” Jimin is both the match and the accelerant bringing the flames of his downfall.

Yoongi stares at Jimin, his eyes narrowing with traces of red bleeding into the brown. Jimin, in his anger, stares back as though unfazed by the obvious aggression Yoongi is holding down.

Wordlessly, Yoongi turns around.

Picking up his coffee mug, he doesn’t say another word to Jimin as he carries it back into his room.
The door to Yoongi’s room clicks shut, and just as Jimin exhales his suspended breath, he hears the crash of the coffee mug hitting the wall.

“Don’t… please…”

“Don’t what?” Doc’s voice is low against his ear, a shiver racing down Jimin’s spine before Doc’s hips snap forward again.

“Don’t… inside… me…” He grimaces as the knot continues to swell, a tear escaping from where he’s squeezes his eyes shut. He’s trying to be anywhere but here, anything but who he is, he just wants to escape the pain.

“You don’t want my pups?” Doc laughs, low and haunting.

It feels like razors inside his mind.

“Please…” He begs, only to feel Doc moving.

His breath against Jimin’s scent gland.

“You can’t stop me, Omega.”

A textbook drops down onto the table behind him, rousing Jimin with a start from his daze. His heart is pounding with faint traces of a familiar fear, but he swallows it down as he tries to brush the thoughts away. He doesn’t want to be afraid anymore. He doesn’t want to be afraid.

Glancing around the room, he notices a few other students have begun to trickle in, a couple of them paired off and chatting quietly amongst themselves. They’re unbothered, of course, because most of them are Alphas. Today is a normal day as always, as will be tomorrow. They’re so lucky.

The memories haunt him, and they don’t care what time it is or what he’s doing. Asleep, in the shower, making breakfast, or waiting for his politics class to begin, they follow him.

In the mornings, he wakes up with tear stained pillows, a pain in his chest and slick between his legs. His body is responding to something that isn’t even happening, or maybe subconsciously he’s preparing in case it happens again.

Is that even possible?

Jimin has been sitting in the lecture hall since his lunch period began. After discovering that the door is left unlocked, he’d bought a small snack from the vending machine before settling in to study and work on homework.

At some point, he must’ve zoned out.
More students file in but Jimin doesn’t bother looking at their faces. He can smell the familiar scents, flowers, honey, asphalt, sulfur. Alphas, Alphas who don’t want him to have a voice, to have a choice, or a life.

Alphas who think he should be owned and used, no matter the cost.

“Alright… Good afternoon, everyone!”

His professor enters the lecture hall, dropping a textbook onto his desk as he circles around it, picking up a small remote before pointing it to the projector latched to the ceiling.

“Are we all here?” He asks.

Nobody responds.

“Great, uh before we begin I have something to show you guys.”

The projector turns on as his professor leans over his computer. On the screen, they can see him accessing his email, clicking through a few things before pulling up a video that had been sent to him.

The video is what looks like a traffic surveillance camera overseeing an intersection on a rainy night. Jimin glances at it before looking to his professor.

“Okay, so I got this red-light ticket in the mail, but I want you guys to look at this video and tell me if I should pay it.”

A couple of people laugh quietly, but otherwise it’s quiet.

His professor plays the video.

Jimin watches, with the rest of the class, but finds himself a bit confused about which car he’s supposed to be watching.

His professor stops the video when it ends, pointing out his car before replaying it.

This time, everyone begins to collectively nod.

“Should I pay it?” He asks, receiving a resounding ‘yes’ followed by some giggling.

“Let me play it one more time.” His professor replays the video, this time, the class is louder, making sure to tell him that he definitely ran the red light.

“Okay-okay.” The video is closed, a new window opening before the same article Jimin had read this morning appears.

“This morning, the president decided that Omegas are now responsible for increasing the population, by law.”

People clap, Jimin doesn’t move.
“There’s been an amendment to the bill, unmated Omegas, whether or not they are sold to the government, will be picked up and transferred to a breeding facility assuming they’re fit to give birth.” His professor takes a seat in his computer chair, kicking his feet up onto his desk as his eyes search the room.

“The government is going to kidnap Omegas. I want that to sink in.” He says again, this time, the room is dead silent, all sixty or so students watching their professor.

“There have been protest groups pleading with the government to not let this pass. Kidnapping, rape, if this sort of thing were performed on a Beta, it would be considered a tragedy.”

“This is literally what Omegas are made for.” Someone near the front says.

“Their bodies are best suited to birth, you’re right. But psychologically, they’re no different from you or I. They still feel pain, fear, sadness. Imagine being kidnapped off the streets and forced into a pregnancy you don’t want by someone you don’t know. Isn’t that scary?”

The same student snorts.

“It’s not the same thing.” He insists. “Omegas aren’t just like us; their brains are wired differently. They want pups.”

A few people around the room mummer in agreement, Jimin watches their heads nodding without breathing a word.

“They want pups but probably by their mate, don’t you think?” His professor says, picking up a pen before clicking it.

“It’s more important that our population recovers before we go like extinct or something.” The girl sitting behind Jimin says.

“At the expense of our Omegas?” His professor asks.

“We’ll get more, some of the pups they have will be Omegas. It’s not like we’ll run out.” Another student laughs.

“And what if the Omegas revolt? What if there’s an uprising?” His professor asks the question with nothing short of seriousness on his face, but the classroom begins to giggle, collectively mocking the very idea that Omegas can be anything more than bottom of the barrel.

“You guys laugh but, there are protest groups still at the court house. Rally’s happen almost daily, and it looks like it could get violent soon. Now, tell me you don’t think the protest groups are just Alphas or Betas, you know there are some Omegas mixed in there.”

“The government will arrest them, and the Omegas will just be easy pickings for the breeding facility.” Someone deadpans.

“Maybe, it’s possible that some of them will be picked up from the protests. Bu the protestors will surely fight to save the Omega before they’re taken. Now…” His professor lowers his feet off his desk, wheeling his chair closer to his computer.

“I want you guys to consider going to one of these protest rally’s. Not the violent ones, but this is
history in the making so maybe go take a look from a safe distance. If anyone goes, bring me back some pictures for extra credit.”

Jimin sits up a bit straighter in his chair at the mention of extra credit. It’s not like he really needs it in this class, he currently has an A.

But the mention of the protest rally has him interested. Interested in such a way that maybe, joining the protestors, actively fighting against the government is another route he should be taking. Maybe he should scream for his voice to be heard.

“We’re going to take an Uber to the party.” Hoseok eyes Jimin as he approaches, nodding when he’s decided that the hoodie and jeans Jimin is wearing will suffice.

“What sort of party is this…” Jimin asks. He’s still furiously angry with Hoseok, but he’s also weary of having the Alpha use a command on him again.

“Frat party, we’re just going to make an appearance, maybe meet a few people, Alphas.” Hoseok pulls out his phone, beginning to mess around with it and Jimin assumes he’s booking the Uber.

“Why am I here?” He asks quietly. He almost doesn’t want to know, especially now that he knows it’s an Alpha party, but he also can’t stop himself from asking.

“To test some things.”

“What things?” Jimin asks, his tone a bit sharp now.

“Things for Omegas. They already know, and they’re sworn to secrecy.” Jimin’s heart sinks, his stomach twisting up again as his brain flips between fight and flight.

Right now, he’s learning towards flight.

“What would you tell them?!” He hisses.

“Relax, we needed an Omega anyway, they’re not going to sell you out without selling themselves out first. Trust me.”

“Trust you? How the hell am I supposed to trust you?! You literally betrayed me, Hoseok!” Jimin is trying to keep his voice down to avoid drawing too much unnecessary attention, but he’s scared and he’s angry.

“Betrayed you? Shit, Jimin you barely know me what are you talking about?” Putting his phone away, Hoseok turns his eyes towards him, smiling the same as he always does. “Oh, Yoongi said you blew up on him this morning. You know he thinks you’re into some dangerous shit, right?”

Jimin’s expression drops, and for a moment, he isn’t sure what to say.

“Don’t worry, I told him you were just stressed about school. He seems really hurt that you talk to me but not him.” Hoseok laughs. “Actually, you ignore the whole pack now, don’t you?”

“What other choice do I have?” Jimin growls.
“None really, just keep doing what I tell you to do and it won’t matter what the rest of the pack thinks or feels, right?” Hoseok smiles again before a pair of headlights find them.

“There’s our Uber.”

The ride to the party is tense but quiet, Jimin stares out the window as countless buildings and trees pass. They’re going far, much farther than he thought they would, they’re definitely away from the frat houses.

When they arrive, Hoseok tips the driver before the two step out.

They’re standing in front of an old factory with broken windows and rusting metal. Along the walls, graffiti decorates the cold gray stone, debris and gravel littering the pothole filled parking lot.

“Come on.” Hoseok’s hand winds into Jimin’s elbow, and although the Omega tries to pull away, Hoseok is stronger.

“Where are we?” He asks nervously as Hoseok pulls him towards the huge doors.

“A party, I told you.”

“This isn’t a f-frat house.” He drags his feet a bit, alarm bells going off in his mind.

“Yeah, just frat guys, come on.” Hoseok pulls harder.

“I don’t want to go.” Jimin tries again to dig his feet in, but he just slides on the gravel, stumbling as Hoseok continues pulling him into the building.

Inside it’s dark, a few carefully placed lanterns provide enough visibility for the two to step over debris and other trash as they make their way towards a group of Alpha’s sitting around a make-shift fire in a large metal drum.

“Hoseok, aye!” One of them calls out.

“And the Omega! Wow, he’s a cute one.” Another guy whistles while Jimin’s legs turn to mush.

“His name is Jimin.” Hoseok pushes him onto the couch beside one of the Alphas.

“He’s our tester for the night.”

The Alpha beside Jimin leans closer to him, sniffing him before Jimin’s hands press to his chest, pushing him away.

“Stop!” He snaps.

A loud smack echoes in the mostly quiet room, Jimin’s cheek burning.

It takes him a moment to figure out that he’s been slapped.

“Learn your fucking place, Omega.” The Alpha growls before leaning in again, trying once more to sniff at Jimin only to be pushed away again.
“Fucking brat.” The Alpha grabs onto Jimin’s wrists, holding them painfully tight as he leans in. Jimin squirms, throwing his knees up to try and use his leg strength to put distance between them.

“He smells like an Alpha.” The Alpha comments. Still holding Jimin’s wrists, he grabs onto the Omega’s knees, using his position against him to force himself between his legs.

“Oh man, I can’t wait to fuck you later.” He groans, grinding down against Jimin who lets out a loud whine.

“Stop!” He pleads, his eyes shooting to Hoseok as though begging for him to help.

“Let’s wait until after he’s tested this shit. That’s what he’s here for anyway.” Hoseok says, motioning to the small table filled with baggies.

Baggies containing pills.

The other two Alpha’s laugh as the one on-top of Jimin grinds down again, his hands still pinning Jimin’s wrists against his chest.

“Right, right… If they work.” The Alpha pauses, grinning down at Jimin. “then this will be more fun later anyway… I’ll make you feel real good, Pup.”

The familiar feeling of disgust encompasses Jimin’s body as the Alpha moves away from him. Jimin is quick to right himself, tucking his legs beneath him he presses his body far away from the Alpha as the other two pay little mind to him.

They look high out of their minds.

They’re all dressed in hoodies and jeans, part of Jimin wonders if this is some weird uniform for drug dealers, or maybe it’s something with the frat they belong to.

He doesn’t ask.

Instead, he watches as the Alpha beside him leans forward, picking up one of the baggies off the table before taking out a pill and holding it out to Jimin.

“Take this.” He says, dropping the pill into Jimin’s hand.

“What is it?” He asks hesitantly.

“Something for Omegas.” Hoseok says.

“What does it do?” Jimin persists, his hand shaking causing the pill to jump around.

“It doesn’t matter what it does, Jimin. Take it.” Hoseok’s tone is far more serious now, his eyes focused on Jimin as the Omega eyes the little pill in his hand.

It’s small, white, and circular. It looks a little chalky in appearance, the numbers ‘31’ scratched onto it.

With how crude it is, Jimin finds an understandable fear at the prospect of just ingesting this
unknown substance.

“I don’t want to.” He says. “I-I don’t want to take something if I don’t know what it does!”

“Jimin...” Hoseok’s eyes flash red.

“Take the pill.”

Jimin pops the pill into his mouth, swallowing without question.

Chapter End Notes

New poll pinned to my Twitter. Go vote!
Chapter 11

He’s cold, despite the warmth from the fire only a couple of feet away. With his legs still tucked beneath him, he stares into the flames feeling vacant as Hoseok discusses business with the three frat guys.

Since being commanded to swallow the pill, nobody has spoken to him or touched him. Instead, Jimin’s been left to his thoughts, thoughts which are harder to swallow than the pill had been.

He still doesn’t know what the pill does, he doesn’t know what’s going to happen to him, or maybe he’s just in denial.

‘This is my fault.’ The thought weighs heavy on his mind.

‘If I hadn’t gotten drunk that one night, if I hadn’t had the pills out, if I hadn’t let Hoseok help me into bed…’

Trust, trust, trust…

Jimin was too reckless, too trusting even for being dis trusting.

These small missteps are the reason he’s here on this couch right now faced with the possibility of being gang raped, being forced to take drugs.

This is his fault.

“How long until the pills take effect?” The Alpha seated beside him asks. From his pocket, he takes out a pack of cigarettes, shifting one between his fingers before lighting it.

“I dunno, I don’t even know if it’ll work.” Hoseok shrugs, glancing at Jimin now.

“How do you feel?”

Jimin raises his gaze, meeting Hoseok’s eyes before looking back to the fire.

“I don’t feel any different.” He mumbles.

“It’s only been like twenty minutes.” One of the other guys says, his words a bit slurred by his inebriation.

“Twenty minutes is long enough.” Hoseok frowns. “They should’ve taken effect by now.”
“Can I test it?” The Alpha beside Jimin grins, ashing his cigarette onto the dust coated pavement.

“Give it another ten minutes.” Hoseok says. “He’ll probably scream if you do it before the pills take effect.”

Jumin’s chest constricts.

“What do the pills do?” His voice shakes, but he’s ignored.

“If he screams, I’ll just break his fucking jaw.” The Alpha laughs. He turns towards Jimin, a malicious twinkle in his eye as he takes another drag from the cigarette.

“You want my cock huh, bitch?”

Jumin stares, his mouth opening and closing, his words caught beneath the crushing fear consuming him whole.

“Speechless, huh? Are you scared?”

The Alpha’s hand darts out, gripping Jimin’s jaw tightly and pulling him closer.

A strained whine escapes which earns him a quiet laugh from Hoseok.

“He’s a whiny little Omega.” Hoseok comments.

“I hope he whines when my cock is tearing him in half.” The Alpha laughs, taking another drag.

He blows the cigarette smoke into Jimin’s face.

“You’re real pretty for a boy.” His eyes sweep down to Jimin’s groin. “Is there really a little Omega dick down there?”

The Alpha’s all laugh, except for Hoseok. Hoseok watches quietly as Jimin tries to pull away.

He watches as Jimin brings his hands up to the Alpha’s wrist, tugging to try and get him to release his jaw.

“Let me go!” His shaking voice causes another round of laughter, the Alpha tosses his lit cigarette away before letting go of Jimin’s jaw.

He grabs his neck instead.

In the next moment, Jimin finds himself thrown back against the arm of the couch, his back bending painfully over it as the Alpha’s other hand flies down to his jeans.

“S-stop!” He shouts, the hand around his neck becoming tighter.

He can feel the button being undone, his legs struggling to come out from under him as he tries to kick the Alpha away.

“Scream for me, Omega.” The Alpha laughs.
His zipper is yanked down, and the Alpha moves closer to him to avoid being kicked. Adrenaline races through Jimin’s veins, his eyes snapping to Hoseok, pleading with him.

“S-stop! Stop! Let go!” He’s begging now, and he doesn’t care how pathetic it sounds. He just wants this to stop.

Hoseok is just watching.

“Please! Please! Don’t do this!” Jimin is close to crying, hiccups and incoherent words mixing into his pleas.
He’s trying to hold back, inhuman noises leaving him as he gasps for air.

There is no pride left in his body, every ounce of him exudes terror.

He doesn’t care about saving face.

“Hoseok, please… please…” He’s whimpering as the Alpha’s breath meets his cheek, but Hoseok only smiles at him.

He smiles, and Jimin begins to cry.

The hand around his neck isn’t so tight, but he feels like he’s suffocating. Oxygen comes to him in short gasps, loud sobs interrupting as he feels the Alpha touching him through his jeans.

“You’re gonna love my cock.” He says, his breath hot on Jimin’s ear.

His pants are torn down around his thighs, followed by his boxers. He can’t feel the cold air that he knows he should be feeling, all he can feel is the heat of the Alpha’s body on-top of his.

He’d give anything to be cold.

The Alpha presses closer, his chest a few inches from Jimin’s as his hand begins to explore.

“Please… Stop… Please…”

The Alpha’s palms his cock, rubbing it painfully as Jimin sobs. He’s not looking at Hoseok to save him, instead, he’s pushing on the Alpha’s shoulders, on his arm, on his wrist.

He’s not strong enough, he’s nowhere near strong enough.

“You’re gonna get all of us, don’t worry.” The Alpha’s hand slides over his balls, winding to his ass.

Jimin screams.

“I don’t think the pills are working.” Another Alpha says.

His finger presses against Jimin’s entrance, wasting no time before he begins trying to push it in. Sobbing and screaming, Jimin begins pounding his fists against the Alpha.

“He’s not even wet.” The Alpha on-top of him grunts. It hurts, his finger just barely slips past his
rim before being stopped again. Jimin is clenching, tightly, tightly, so tightly.

“Take him anyway, I guess.” Hoseok says.

“He’ll get wet on instinct.” Another Alpha laughs.

“This is what bitches are made for.”

Jimin whines as the Alpha removes his hand from his neck, gripping his bare hip instead while Jimin continues squirming and fighting. He knows he’s annoying the Alpha because he can smell it, but he can also smell the arousal it’s causing.

The Alphas, they’re enjoying his pain.

Nausea washes over Jimin, his stomach turning summersaults as the Alpha’s finger slips in further. It feels disgusting, he’s disgusting.

“Does that feel good?” The Alpha grins, drawing his finger out before forcing it back in slowly.

He’s not wet, so the Alpha’s finger drags along his walls, while he whines and claws at his arm.

The world begins to spin.

“Stop…” He begs again. His sobs are mostly under control now, but he’s still crying, whimpering, begging for anything except this.

He feels so sick.

Jimin’s stomach continues to twist and knot as the Alpha fucks him slowly with his finger. His body is responding, slick beginning to collect until wet squelches sound with each thrust.

A second finger is added and Jimin can feel stomach acid rising up his throat.

He’s dizzy, and he doesn’t know if it’s from his crying, but suddenly he’s having trouble focusing on anything except how sick and dizzy he feels.

“Aw, he stopped crying.” One of the Alpha’s comments.

Jimin’s mouth is wet, wetter than normal, his lips pressing into a firm line.

He’s gonna vomit.

“Oh, oh I think he’s gonna puke.” Hoseok says.

And Jimin does.

He twists his body, his stomach emptying itself beside the couch. The Alpha doesn’t seem to care even as Hoseok curses.

He presses in a third finger anyway while Hoseok gets up.

A burst of pleasure causes him to whine as the Alpha finds his prostate, feeling even more
disgusting for feeling pleasure no matter how small.

Bile rises in his throat again as a hand winds into his hair before his head is yanked back, Hoseok’s phone light shining blindingly into his eyes before the Alpha curses again.

“The pills aren’t working.” Hoseok says.

Jimin turns his head, vomiting again onto the floor.

“Goddamnit, that splattered on me.” Hoseok snaps, releasing Jimin’s hair and stepping back.

“You’re disgusting.”

He throws up again, this time, it’s foamy and it all tastes awful.

“I think he’s having a reaction.”

The fingers slip out of him and Jimin pulls his legs up before tugging on his pants, trying to cover himself despite his slick covered thighs.

Things are happening around him now, the Alpha’s are all moving to collect the baggies of pills as Jimin curls in on himself. The world is spinning, and his mouth keeps filling with saliva. He’s never felt this sick in his life, this disoriented.

He can barely keep track of what’s happening around him.

“Fuck, fuck, what if he dies?” One of the Alpha’s says.

Jimin closes his eyes, his heart racing against his chest.

“It doesn’t fucking matter, he’s just an Omega.” Another Alpha snaps.

“Get him out of here!”

“What the hell, I’m still hard!”

“Are you gonna fuck a dead body?!”

Jimin feels hands on his forearms, roughly pulling him up from the couch, forcing him to stand.

More hands tug his jeans up all the way, buttoning them.

His boxers are still around his thighs.

“Jimin, are you allergic to anything?” Hoseok’s voice is a few inches away, Jimin opens one eye a crack to look at him before shaking his head.

Talking is too difficult.

“Fuck, Hoseok! We have to make a whole new batch!” One of the Alpha’s snaps.

There’s a flurry of sound but it all seems sort of gargled to Jimin’s ears. If it weren’t for Hoseok’s hands on his arms, he would’ve fallen over by now.
“Whatever, we’ll discuss it later!” Hoseok begins pulling on Jimin, forcing his shaky legs to walk.

“I’m going to dump him at home, if he dies then whatever, I’ll make sure it’s covered!”

“Don’t let this come back to us!” One of the Alphas calls out.

“Nobody gives a fuck about Omegas, you know that.” Hoseok replies, a hint of amusement in his voice.

Jimin nods.

Nobody gives a fuck, yeah.

He can’t keep up with Hoseok’s pace, the Alpha begins to partially drag him through the factory but Jimin can barely keep his eyes open.

He stumbles over something, Hoseok’s grip tightening painfully as he keeps Jimin from falling on his face.

They make it outside, icy rain pelting his skin now as Hoseok continues to drag him across the parking lot. It feels like they’ve walked for miles, but Jimin can’t keep up, his brain is fuzzy and slow.

The hands release him, and he falls onto the gravel with rocks digging into his knees. Jimin vomits again, terrified as his wobbly arms lower him onto the wet rocks and pavement.

He might be laying in his own vomit, but he doesn’t care. He lays on the ground as the world spins violently around his shaking body.

Jimin is scared, so scared, he’s dying, he must be.

Whatever they gave him is killing him.

“Fuck, fuck…” Hoseok’s voice sounds far away, and when Jimin opens his eyes, he can barely focus on the sight of the Alpha’s legs standing less than a foot from him.

He’s doing something on his phone, his face is twisting in anger before he spares a glance at Jimin.

“You’re on heat suppressants, I forgot. I fucking forgot.”

The world begins to glow, sharp edges dulling, sounds growing further and further away.

He wants to say something, he wants to ask Hoseok about it, but he can’t move nor can he speak.

The glowing increases until he can no longer understand what he’s looking at.

Panic swells before Jimin is engulfed in white.

‘Am I dead…?’

He can barely feel his body now, and from somewhere far-far away, he can hear Hoseok cursing
again.

Jimin’s body is shaking, he can faintly feel that, but all he can see is white.

White, white, white, white.

White like death, like emptiness, like solitude.

‘I’m dying… I must be dying…’

An eternity passes before the whiteness dissipates.

Before his eyes, he can see Hoseok’s face, but he can’t speak, his body won’t obey him now.

Nor does he understand where he is.

Terror quietly consumes him as he stares, his eyes searching, trying to understand where he is, who he is.

“Jimin, fuck.” Hoseok is crouched beside him, his phone’s flashlight shines into Jimin’s eyes again.

“You had a seizure.” He says, but Jimin can only stare.

It feels like several minutes pass before Hoseok stands up again, doing something else on his phone before putting it away. He’s not looking at Jimin now, but down the darkened road instead.

Jimin wishes he had just died.

Nausea swells again as Jimin spots two headlights crawling up the road, he turns over to vomit before Hoseok reaches down to pull him up again.

“Don’t fucking puke in the car.” He warns him.

Jimin doesn’t puke in the car. Instead, he lays his aching head against the window with his eyes closed, focusing hard on not vomiting as they drive for what feels like hours.

When the car finally comes to a stop, Hoseok pulls him out, picking Jimin bridal style before carrying him up the sidewalk.

He spares a small glance, expecting to see a river but finding his apartments instead.

Hoseok is taking him home.

Jimin closes his eyes again. All he can smell is baked bread, cherry blossoms, and fresh rain. He’s barely conscious to the buzz of the security door as Hoseok beeps himself in, the entire walk up to his apartment is a blur of colors and scents he can’t quite understand.

He’s so dizzy he feels like he’s falling.

“Fuck, what happened?!” It’s Yoongi’s voice, Jimin inhales the cinnamon and mint for comfort.
“I don’t know, I was at this party and I went into another room and found Jimin passed out. I think he’s on drugs, Yoongs.” Hoseok lies, and Jimin is too tired to defend himself, he feels too sick.

“Shit…” Yoongi curses.

The apartment is warm, Jimin’s eyes remaining closed as he’s carried somewhere.

When he finally does open his eyes, he finds himself being laid on the couch.

“I’m gonna go ask the other guys what they saw. We need to find out what he took.” Hoseok is a good liar Jimin decides. He watches through heavy lidded eyes as Hoseok talks to Yoongi.

“Shouldn’t he go to a hospital? What if he overdosed?” Yoongi sounds stressed, his scent heavy with mint, the same smell he’d had during their argument.

“The police will get involved and he’d get kicked out of school.” Hoseok says. “Unless he passes out or his pulse gets weak, we should let him sleep it off.”

Yoongi keeps looking at Jimin, his expression dark and awash with an emotion Jimin can’t wrap his mind around. Their voices grow distant as Jimin closes his eyes again, finally slipping into unconsciousness.

When Jimin wakes up again, he’s in a bathtub.

His clothes are being tugged off, panic settling in as he immediately begins to growl, throwing his arms out and pushing his assailant away.

“Stop!” His voice is hoarse.

“Jemin! Jemin, stop! Let me help you!” It’s Yoongi, his hands wrapping gently around Jimin’s wrists.

“Stop it!” He screams again, thrashing and kicking at the end of the tub.

He’s still dressed, his jeans still buttoned, his vomit covered hoodie still disguising his body, but he still feels so exposed.

“Jemin, please.” Yoongi’s begging. “Let me help you…”

“I can do it myself! Let me go!”

And he does.

Yoongi’s hands leave his wrists as Jimin tries to sit up, the world is upside down and spinning but he doesn’t want help from an Alpha.

He knows Yoongi is watching, he knows what he must look like.

A pathetic Omega.
A pathetic Omega who is only good for one thing.

Jimin vomits again.

“Shit…” Yoongi reaches over, turning on the shower head before reaching down for Jimin, trying to pull him into a better position.

“Don’t be scared, I’m not going to hurt you.”

Comforting pheromones reach Jimin’s nose, calming him enough from the anger that had been turning over and over in his mind. He’s not angry at Yoongi, but he’s taking it out on him anyway.

His racing heart slows as he inhales more of the pheromones, but he’s still shaking even as the warm water washes over him.

“I put your phone on the counter, you didn’t even have your wallet on you. Did you take it to the party?” Yoongi asks quietly.

Jimin shakes his head.

“Did you take anything?” Yoongi asks. “Drugs…?”

“It’s not your business…” Jimin refuses to look at his roommate.

“I want to help you, Jimin, but you have to tell me what happened.” Yoongi sounds tired, weary, but Jimin just wants to be left alone.

“Let me wash you off, you’re covered in dirt and vomit…”

“No… No, leave me alone…”

Yoongi leans back, sitting on his ankles as he looks at Jimin.

“Jimin…” He begins hesitantly.

“Were you…” He stops. “You…” He stops again.

Please…” Jimin begs quietly, closing his eyes.

“Another Alpha…” Yoongi says, his voice tense. “I can smell them…”

Jimin shakes his head as his hands move to clutch the slimy front of his hoodie. He feels disgusting, weak, pathetic. This isn’t right, nothing about this is right.

“I wanted it.” He says. “I asked for it.”

“Did you…?” Yoongi doesn’t sound convinced, so Jimin persists despite the sour taste of bile collecting on his tongue.

“I wanted it…"

Yoongi is quiet for a moment, Jimin just watches the chunks of vomit catching on the shower drain.

“Will you bathe if I leave you alone?” Yoongi asks finally.
“Yes…” Jimin doesn’t feel like he has the energy to remove his clothes, the world is still spinning, and his stomach is still fluttering with nothing left to give.

“Okay… Okay… Bathe and then… we should talk…” Yoongi’s voice is gentle. He rises slowly, his eyes sweeping over the pathetic mess in the tub before he sighs, running his hand through his hair.

It feels like ages before Yoongi leaves the bathroom, closing the door quietly behind himself.

Jimin spends the first ten minutes trying not to cry as the warm water washes over him. He’s having trouble convincing himself to undress, and when he finally does, he curses first because it’s too difficult to remove his wet clothes, and then because he has new bruises to replace Doc’s fading ones.

He’s trapped now. Hoseok is possibly worse than Doc, possibly a lot worse.

He sprawls himself in the tub, laying his head against the cold ceramic as the water pelts his bare chest and stomach. He felt good when Doc fucked him, and he felt good when that Alpha was fingering him.

It’s something he can’t stop thinking about.

*It felt good.*

*It felt good.*

*It felt good.*

Why did it feel good?

Why did something he didn’t want, feel good?

His teeth grit as he reaches between his legs, rubbing the insides of his thighs to remove the dried slick.

He’s so gross, he’s so fucking gross.

He curses himself again, self-deprecation painting his thoughts as he tries to push the memories away.

He’s disgusting.

He must’ve wanted it, he wanted this, he caused it.

Yoongi knocks on the door, asking Jimin if he’s okay. The Omega hasn’t plugged the tub and instead, is just laying in the spray from the showerhead, staring at the ceiling.

He calls out that he’s fine, closing his eyes as the scents are all washed away from him.

Including his synthetic scent.

It probably doesn’t matter anymore if Yoongi finds out the truth. He doesn’t trust him, he doesn’t trust that Yoongi won’t force himself on him too, but he doesn’t have enough energy to rush into
his room and spray down, he doesn’t have the energy for anything except laying here in the warm water.

“You’ve been in there for over an hour.” The door cracks open, and Jimin can feel the fear collecting in his chest again.

“I-I’ll get out soon.” He says, sinking lower to hide his body.

“Okay… I’m making food… Call me if you need help.”

The door closes again.

Jimin sits up, falling sideways and knocking his shoulder on the tub before he’s able to turn the water off.

He doesn’t feel clean, but he’ll probably never feel clean again.

Jimin uses every surface available to pull himself out of the tub. He falls to his knees on the bath rug, tugging his towel down from the metal bar before wrapping himself in the warm fabric.

He misses Yoongi’s calming pheromones, he misses the warm cinnamon and mint that makes his wolf feel better.

He probably wants Yoongi to fuck him too.

Jimin dries himself off, and it takes longer than anything.

With the world still swirling around him, he stumbles to his feet, knocking his hip into the sink, and tripping over himself. When he reaches the door, he clings to the doorknob for dear life, leaning against the doorframe before poking his head out.

The smell of food reaches his nose, his stomach twisting anxiously until he hears the sound of pots and pans in the kitchen.

Jimin leans against the wall as he makes the very short escape into his bedroom. He can hear Yoongi call his name, but he closes his door without responding.

Getting dressed is another task that takes him too much time. A clean hoodie, boxers, pajama bottoms, these things are easy to put on usually but right now they feel impossible.

He ends up laying on his bed, the room spinning as he tugs his boxers on followed by his pajama bottoms. His hoodie he more or less crawls into, taking small breaks to breathe while trying not to vomit. Vomiting right now would make everything twice as hard.

He sprays his synthetic scent haphazardly across his scent gland and jaw, a mumbled ‘good enough’ falling from his lips as he shoves the bottle back into his drawer. It’s really only a matter of time until Yoongi comes to get him, but he’s enjoying the alone time for as long as he can right now.

He’s trying to remember why he’s even doing this in the first place, why he isn’t just running.

Jimin still doesn’t know what that pill was, or what it was supposed to do. Right now, he doesn’t
even know what is happening to his body. He’s never felt so dizzy or disoriented before, he’s never had a seizure, he’s never found himself vomiting and then laying in it as though it’s nothing.

Right now, part of him still wonders if the pill will kill him, if he’ll fall asleep tonight and never wake up.

Would that be okay?

There’s a knock on his door, Jimin props himself onto his elbows, slowly pushing himself into a sitting position on his bed before he calls out that Yoongi can come in.

The Alpha’s eyes sweep over Jimin for a moment.

“You look really bad, Jiminnie.” He says, pushing the door open wider.

“I know…” He mumbles.

“You’re really pale… Are you cold? Hot?” Yoongi steps closer, cinnamon and mint wafting into Jimin’s nose, clouding the scent of meat and from the kitchen. He should be more fearful of Yoongi, more hesitant, but Jimin’s wolf feels calm and safe, so Jimin doesn’t waste his energy.

“I’m cold…” He says, closing his eyes for a minute as a wave of nausea rushes over him.

“Ok, come on… Let’s go into the living room.”

Yoongi props one of Jimin’s arms over his shoulders, helping him slowly make his way to the couch before helping him sit.

The TV is quietly playing a trashy drama, but the light and movement makes him feel even dizzier, so he closes his eyes, leaning his head back against the couch. He’s sitting still, and he knows he’s sitting still, but he still feels like he’s being flung around violently.

He opens his eyes again when he hears Yoongi approaching, his dazed eyes finding the Alpha holding a bowl with some sort of soup, a spoon already sitting in it as he begins to try and settle it onto Jimin’s lap.

“You should eat something and then lay down for a bit. I need to keep an eye on you.” Yoongi says as Jimin takes the soup.

“Why?” Jimin asks as he picks up the spoon, stirring the mixture around for a moment.

“Just in case…” He can tell Yoongi doesn’t want to say the exact reason, so he doesn’t ask again. Instead, he begins to blow gently towards his lap, watching the steam giving way to his breath.

Yoongi takes a seat on the loveseat a few feet away. He doesn’t stare at Jimin while he eats, instead he watches TV, giving Jimin as much time as he needs to slowly eat and refill his painfully empty stomach.

It’s strange for Jimin. With all that has happened within the last few hours, it’s strange that he’s being shown kindness. Although it’s only because he’s an Alpha in Yoongi’s eyes, he’s happy for the short break from the
nightmare, he’s happy to be somewhere that for the moment, is safe.

As he slowly eats, Jimin tries not to think about Hoseok or the other Alphas. He tries not to think about the drug he was given, Doc, or the bill that was just enacted into law.

Instead, Jimin allows himself a small moment just to enjoy the savory taste of the meat soup, and the smell of cinnamon and mint accompanying it.

Once he’s eaten as much as he can, he sets the spoon down, closing his eyes for a moment before opening them again. He’s still dizzy, but he’s not as nauseous now, something he’s thankful for.

Maybe he isn’t dying.

“How do you feel?” Yoongi asks, his eyes now focused on Jimin.

“Better…” Jimin’s voice is still hoarse, his throat is surely shredded from all of his screaming.

“Good… That’s really good… Are you done eating?”

“Yeah, I’m done.” He nods, watching as Yoongi gets up, picking up his bowl before setting it on the coffee table.

Yoongi sits down on the same couch as Jimin this time, his body turned towards the Omega.

Jimin’s pulse quickens.

“Jimin… Are you doing okay?” Yoongi begins. All Jimin can focus on is the proximity, about one foot, and the fact that he’s in no shape to fight an Alpha off right now.

Not that he was even able to fight one off while in good shape.

“Yeah…” Jimin lies, and it comes out so easily. He can’t tell Yoongi the truth, he can’t tell anybody.

“I really… I think you’re a good kid with a lot of potential, Jiminie… I think you’re sweet, and strong… and I think you can beat this… if you’ll just be honest with me about it.” Yoongi is drawing each word out carefully, his voice is quiet, but the sincerity in his gaze is tearing Jimin up inside.

If Yoongi knew the truth, he wouldn’t care about him.

“I can handle it…” Jimin assures him. “I promise…”

“Okay… I just… I don’t know if I can handle coming home and wondering if I’ll find you overdosing… I mean, what happened at that party tonight… What did you take?”

“I don’t know.” Jimin says, and this time he’s honest. “It was just given to me.”

“You took a drug without knowing what it was or what it did?” Yoongi exhales, exasperated by Jimin’s ideocracy. Of course, Jimin knows all of this is his fault, so he deserves Yoongi’s disappointment.
“I’m sorry you had to take care of me,” Jimin offers. “I didn’t know this would happen.”

“I just don’t want you to do anything you’re going to regret, Jimin. You have a lot of dreams and aspirations, don’t let that go down the drain over some college peer pressure. Come hang out with the pack again or find another friend group that doesn’t do that stuff.”

It’s like being lectured by a parent, probably, not that Jimin really had parents after he presented. He stares down at his lap for a moment, blinking slowly, watching the floor tilt and spin before he slowly looks back up at Yoongi.

Yoongi’s expression hurts.

“I’m going to get out of it as soon as I can… I promise…”

Jimin means it, with everything inside of him, he means it. His body may not belong to him right now, and he may be a test rat for some sketchy drug Hoseok and his friends are making, but he will escape them.

He will not let anybody stop him, even if he’s injured, battered, bruised, and damaged along the way.

Chapter End Notes


There will be a new poll pinned to my Twitter. Go vote!
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

This story touches on disturbing topics, please reference my tags, @LustrationSy on Twitter for any questions.

Chapter Notes

Can you afford to trust him...?

What if you're wrong...?

What if being wrong costs you everything...?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin ends up falling asleep on the couch while Yoongi watches TV. At some point, a small trash can is placed beside him, and when the next wave of nausea wakes him up, his stomach empties itself of the delicious soup Yoongi had prepared for him.

The world continues to spin and although falling asleep is hard because he feels like he’s moving, he manages it time-and-time again, desperate for rest.

Nightmares come to him in vivid but short scenes of the factory, of Hoseok, panic waking him sweat-covered and panting. Sometimes, he feels he’s only slept for a few minutes before he shoots up, wide-eyed and terrified of nothing and everything.

Yoongi doesn’t leave him alone all night.

After each nightmare wakes him, Jimin finds himself inhaling an abundance of cinnamon and mint, Yoongi’s eyes on him, his voice low as he tells Jimin that he’s home and safe and to go back to sleep. Yoongi doesn’t approach him during his panic, nor does he touch him, and Jimin is thankful for that. It’s more than Jimin deserves, and he knows he’ll have to make it up to Yoongi at some point.

When daylight finally comes, Jimin feels like a zombie. The nausea has finally subsided, and the world is no longer spinning. There’s a general heaviness in his chest, exhaustion in his limbs and pain in his abdomen from his muscles tensing as he vomited.

Yoongi finally rises from the couch.
“I have to get some sleep. You’re not going to leave, are you?” There are dark circles under the Alpha’s eyes, guilt crushing down on Jimin now that his thoughts have finally become more organized.

“No… I think I’ll skip my classes today…” He pushes himself up, surprised by how weak his muscles feel right now. There’s no way he’d be able to get to all of his classes even if he wanted to.

“Okay, get some more sleep too… You didn’t sleep that much last night.”

“I know, I will… I need to study too though…” Jimin leans back against the couch, his eyes trained on the coffee table which has now been cleared of his soup bowl. The bag in the trash can has also been replaced, not that Jimin thinks he’ll be needing it again.

He’s never really felt as sick or as close to death as he did last night.

“I’ll see you in a few hours.”

Yoongi disappears into his room, leaving Jimin alone with the silence of the apartment. Pressing one hand to his head, he can’t stop the flood of memories flashing before his eyes. They’re not full scenes, but more like pictures. The outside of the factory, the pot-hole filled parking lot, a lantern near the door, the ceiling from when he was bent over the couch, Hoseok’s face as he watched him being raped.

Jimin squeezes his eyes closed tighter, the pressure in his chest building and building like steam caught inside a tea kettle.

He opens his eyes again.

Jimin slowly gets up from the couch, putting the trash can back in the bathroom before wiping down the couch from his sweat and body fluids. It takes him a little longer than it normally would with how slow he’s moving, his feet dragging over the wood floor as he shivers inside of his hoodie.

Eventually he returns to his room, crawling onto his bed with his duffel bag, pulling out his text books and spirals before getting up again to hunt around for his phone.

He finds his phone dead on the bathroom counter.

Jimin is trying to move quietly since Yoongi is asleep, so he returns to his bedroom and closes the door, plugging his phone in before settling in to study for his midterms despite his exhaustion.

He tries not to think about how surreal it is that he’s just sitting on his bed doing homework right now. He tries not to think about how heavy or tight his chest and head feel. The fact that he can sit here and do something so normal so soon after everything that happened; is only further proof that he wanted it.

Hours pass before Jimin finally looks at his phone. It takes it a bit to start up, and after unlocking his encrypted SD card, he watches as his home screen comes to life, all of his apps slowly loading, the time and temperature slowly correcting.

Several text messages pop up.
Jimin takes his tongue between his teeth, chewing lightly as he opens his text messages. They’re all from Hoseok.

**From Hoseok (23:34):**
I have pictures!

**From Hoseok (06:44):**
Are you still alive?

**From Hoseok (08:12):**
Text me back if you’re still breathing, pup.

Jimin doesn’t want to text Hoseok back, but part of him worries the Alpha may just show up if he doesn’t.
He stares at his phone, watching the minutes adding up as he writes something, then erases it, then writes something again, then erases it.

What do you say to someone like Hoseok? Someone who watched so carelessly, while you were attacked and did nothing…?

Someone who orchestrated it?

**From Jimin (14:55):**
I’m alive. What sort of pictures?

Jimin drops his phone onto the bed, unease building as he turns his attention back to his textbook. There’s no way he can focus now.

Getting up, he quietly makes his way back into the living room. Grabbing the remote, Jimin turns on the TV, drawing his legs up as he turns the volume down and begins channel surfing. Blurred pictures and blurbs of sound pass by as Jimin skips past almost every channel, reaching the last channel before starting again from channel one. It’s mindless, mindless because he has other things to think about.

Things he doesn’t want to think about.

He stops on a news channel, staring at the screen as the subtext rolls by towards the bottom. The anchors are discussing the UN and the threat of sanctions in response to the archaic Omega breeding bill. The anchors scoff at the word archaic, one of them going off on a tangent about population and birthing rates.

The screen flips to a clip of a foreign president speaking, subtitles appearing at the bottom.

Jimin sits up and begins to pay a bit more attention.

“As a nation, we cannot stand by and watch the mistreatment of our fellow humans.” The foreign president pauses, his eyes scanning the people seated in front of him. “We have all progressed through these years, from archaic laws which disabled the strong, to a lack of laws which failed to protect those unable to protect themselves. The current bill which has just
passed in South Korea—- is a regression from the rest of the world.” He pauses again.
“I don’t believe one country alone can change the mind of another, we must all stand united. We
must all put our foot down, we must defend the lives and freedoms of others. Alphas, Betas,
Omegas, we are all human, we are not slaves to each other, we are not the property of each other.”

The world is watching them, the world is watching and retaliating.

Jimin’s eyebrows draw together as he continues to read the translation of the speech, the president
goes on to say that he supports the sanctions being threatened, and he would support an embargo as
well.
The screen flips back to show the two anchors, both of them appearing flabbergasted by the
response as they glance at the papers on their desks.

“These are our allied nations.” One anchor begins. “We have information suggesting President Kim
is in talks with--,”

There’s a knock at the door, startling Jimin from where he’d become drawn into the news. He
changes the channel quickly before getting up from the couch, anxiety forcing his pace to slow,
forcing him to hesitant and consider hiding in his room instead.

‘I’m an Alpha…’ He reminds himself, but he doesn’t really feel like one these days.

Standing up straighter, he finds each step more difficult. It’s harder to ignore the racing of his
heart, or the shaking of his hand. As strong as he wants to be, that front feels so thin and fragile
now.
Jimin twists the lock before reaching for the door handle.

He exhales.

‘It’s going to be Hoseok…’ He knows it.

Jimin pulls the door open, revealing an Alpha, a spearmint scented Alpha that is not Hoseok.

“Taehyung?” Jimin’s eyebrows furrow as he exhales. He has every reason to be cautious of
Taehyung, but at least Taehyung isn’t likely to force unknown drugs onto him.

“Jiminnie! Hey! Where have you been?”

Taehyung is dressed in a forest green zip-up hoodie, baggy jeans barely disguising the eccentric
sandals he has on despite the cold weather. The goofy smile on the other Alpha’s face draws Jimin
out of his thoughts again.

“Oh, just busy with school.”

Taking drugs.

“It’s almost time for mid-terms.”

Getting gang raped with your pack
mate watching.

“Same, I’ve been so busy lately! Even Jungkookie has no time for me, he lives in the kitchen!”

Taehyung’s shoulders slouch as he groans, displaying his displeasure with the exam season they’ve
fallen into.
“Y-yeah…” Jimin laughs awkwardly as the memories try to slip back into his thoughts.

“Is Yoongi here?” Taehyung asks quickly.

“He’s sleeping.” Jimin says. “We were up pretty late last night.”

Taehyung raises an eyebrow, lifting onto his tippy-toes to peer over Jimin’s head before looking back down at the faux-Alpha.

“What are you doing?” He asks.

“Uh, I wasn’t really feeling that well so… Yoongi was making sure I didn’t choke on my own vomit.” Jimin laughs awkwardly, hoping Taehyung can’t tell how uncomfortable he is.

“Oh, that explains a lot… I thought you looked pretty sick.” Taehyung comments. “Are you feeling better?”

Jemin nods, casting a look back into the apartment before meeting Taehyung’s gaze. “Do you want me to tell Yoongi that you stopped by?”

“Well yeah, but do you wanna go get coffee with me instead? Yoon probably wouldn’t have gone anyway but…” Taehyung trails off.

“Yoongi’s usually still in class right now.” Jimin says with a faint smile.

“Oh… right…” Taehyung looks down at his feet. “Well like… do you wanna go? I mean, with me? Coffee?”

Jemin lowers his gaze a bit. “I don’t really feel like going out right now, Taehyung.” He says quietly.

“It’ll be good for you, especially if you’re sick. Being cooped up in here won’t help.” The Alpha whines. “I really need coffee, but I don’t wanna go alone!”

The faux-Alpha sighs as Taehyung leans against the doorframe, batting his eyelashes at Jimin with a pout on his lips.

It’s really a pathetic sight and although Jimin wants to slam the door in his face, he wants to prove to himself that he’s not as fragile as he feels. He wants to regain his voice, rebuild his Alpha, and begin plotting his escape from Hoseok’s control.

“Fine…” He finds himself sighing. “Let me get dressed.”

“Yes! Okay, I’ll wait in the living room!” Taehyung invites himself in, and Jimin doesn’t really care enough to stop him. He pauses once to tell Taehyung to be quiet while Yoongi sleeps before dragging himself back to his room.

Getting dressed is a slow process. Jimin drags a hoodie out from his dresser, frowning at it before tossing it away. He pulls out a turtleneck sweater instead. With that, he pulls on a pair of jeans and a belt. He doesn’t usually wear belts but somehow the
accessory feels a bit safer, as though it may deter someone just because of the struggle it would create.

After re-applying his synthetic Alpha scent, he swallows his heat suppressant, scent suppressant, and birth control, dry.

These days more than ever, his birth control feels really important.

Once he’s dressed, he grabs his phone, shoving it into his pocket before hunting around for his wallet. He can hear Taehyung in the living room, and it sounds like he’s rolling around on the couch but Jimin doesn’t want to waste time going to look.

Instead, he checks the bathroom and his bedroom before ending up in the kitchen where he finds it on the kitchen counter.

Yoongi had asked him earlier if he was going to leave and he said no, part of him feels bad about this.

“Ready?” Taehyung asks as he gets up from the couch.

“Yeah…” Jimin nods, slipping his wallet into his back pocket.

His keys are the last thing he grabs before the two head out. Jimin locks up behind himself, not daring to text Yoongi incase the text wakes the Alpha. Instead, he keeps an eye on the time, following Taehyung out of the building and into the cold, open air outside.

Last night, he had been laying in his own vomit in the unkept parking lot of some abandoned factory. He had possibly overdosed on a drug or taken a bad one and had a reaction in the form of a seizure, dizziness, and vomiting. He had laid in the icy rain, slick leaking out of him and drying between his thighs. He had found himself hoping it would all just stop and the white would swallow him whole because the pain was too much.

But right now, right now Jimin is walking to the coffee shop with Taehyung who is chattering non-stop about the delicious foods Jungkook keeps making in preparation for his mid-term. Right now, he is an Alpha, hanging out with another Alpha, pretending like last night never happened.

The two walk to a nearby coffee shop on campus, standing in line behind other freezing students before making their orders. Taehyung buys for the two of them despite Jimin’s protests, promising Jimin that he can buy the next time they go out.

‘If there is a next time…’

Because of the pack bond, Jimin can very faintly smell baked bread on Taehyung, a scent which has his muscles tensing and his thoughts spinning despite his fight to remain in the present moment. Although Taehyung’s scent is more strongly a mixture of spearmint with heavy traces of Jungkook’s apple scent, even the slightest traces of Hoseok make Jimin feel sick.
“So how was class today?” Taehyung asks as they take a seat at an open booth style table.

“I didn’t go, I wasn’t feeling well.” Jimin says, watching the steam rising from his own coffee.

“Oh, are you gonna sit out tomorrow too? I know Kookie is really hoping you’ll partner up with him in dance.”

Jimin frowns.

“Uh, I dunno yet, Tae… I think I have to go, but I was thinking about flying solo in dance.” He shrugs, finally giving in and blowing lightly on his coffee.

Taehyung is quiet for a few seconds, the sounds of the coffee shop filling the silence before Taehyung begins to quietly speak.

“I’ve been meaning to ask… Did we do something to upset you? Because you’ve really been avoiding us, and Yoongi said you’re avoiding him too.”

The faux-Alpha continues staring into his coffee, softly inhaling the scent of it, as well as the scent of baked bread.

It’s the only scent his mind can really focus on.

There’s a brief moment in which gravity seems to fail Jimin, his body feels like it’s floating, as though the lights are too bright and the sound is too loud and his thoughts are going to crush him.

He can almost feel the Alpha’s fingers inside of him still, as though an invisible mark has been left, a disease.

“Uh, Jiminnie?”

Jimin closes his eyes for a moment, exhaling before plastering a small smile onto his face. It should be enough to appease Taehyung.

“Huh? Sorry, I was thinking about my homework.” He laughs, and it’s short, but he knows he sold the lie when Taehyung smiles back at him.

“Don’t zone out! I’m trying to have a serious conversation here.” The Alpha huffs, the teasing glint still in his eyes as he takes another sip of his coffee.

“I asked you if we did anything to upset you, because you’re avoiding us, the pack I mean.”

Jimin wraps his small fingers around his coffee mug, raising it an inch.

“I’ve just been busy, that’s all. I’m trying to get on the Dean’s List.” He takes a sip, watching as Taehyung nods but doesn’t seem to really accept his answer.

“I mean, why don’t you study with us? Sometimes we all meet in the library and study together, or at home.”

“I have trouble focusing in groups.” Jimin shrugs lightly, Taehyung’s eyes drawing down towards
“I don’t wanna push you if you don’t want to hang out with us, but we liked having you around… There’s been some… not so good rumors going around though.” Taehyung raises his gaze to Jimin’s for a moment before looking down again.

“What kind of rumors?” Jimin asks.

“That… you’re getting into drugs… Like hard stuff…” Taehyung says lowly.

Jimin’s muscles tense, adrenaline coursing through his veins as though there’s an immediate threat, but there isn’t one, and Jimin isn’t sure why he’s so scared but he is.

“Oh… Who said that?” He tries to keep his voice even, but he can hear the tension in his own voice.

“I don’t wanna name names, Jimin… But if that’s what’s happening…” Taehyung pauses, the sincerity in his voice causes an ache inside of Jimin’s chest despite knowing that he can’t trust the Alpha. “Just make sure you don’t let it go too far, okay?”

Jimin nods, but he feels distant from the conversation, from himself.

“I’ll try.” He doesn’t promise anything since he doesn’t have control over those things, images of Hoseok flickering by in his mind, of the pill in his hand and the sloppily scratched ‘31’ that had been on the pill.

From inside his pocket, he feels his phone vibrate.

Taehyung returns to sipping on his coffee as Jimin pulls out his phone, unlocking it before thumbing over to his latest notification.

From Hoseok (15:48):
[Img]

From Hoseok (15:48):
[Img]

From Hoseok (15:49):
[Video file]

The world tilts violently as Jimin’s eyes settle on the pictures. They’re pictures of him with his legs splayed, the Alpha from last night with his fingers buried deep inside of Jimin. From the pictures, it’s impossible to tell Jimin didn’t want it, in-fact, the pictures only show him staring between his legs, his hands gripping the Alpha’s arm, one hand around his own neck.

It looks consensual, they all do.

Jimin shoots up from the table, mumbling something about needing to use the bathroom before rushing towards the back of the store. He doesn’t wait to hear Taehyung’s response, nor does he feel anything about the surprised and confused look on Taehyung’s face. It feels like his brain is vibrating, like needles are shooting through his blood stream, like his heart may shrivel up in his
He hadn’t wanted to fucking leave the apartment anyway.

Jimin enters the vacant bathroom, locking the door before pacing the bathroom for a minute.

A shiver races down his spine just as his stomach begins to flutter, the familiar collection of saliva in his mouth warning him that he might vomit at any moment.

Jimin drops back against one of the stone walls, his breaths coming out short and shaky as his thumb lingers over the play button.

God, he really might puke…

He presses play, and the sound of his own voice echoes in the small bathroom.

“Please… Stop… Please….”

From the angle, it’s clear one of the other Alpha’s had taken it, but the video is of a high enough quality that Jimin can easily make-out his own horrified face, and each emotion flickering over it.

He even can see the moment of panic that had washed over him as he realized he couldn’t fight the Alpha off.

“I don’t think the pills are working.” The cameraman says.

“Take him anyway, I guess.” He can see a smile on Hoseok’s face as he says this. As though he isn’t condoning something horrible.

“He’ll get wet on instinct.” Someone says.

“This is what bitches are made for.” The cameraman adds.

Jimin can hear himself whining on the camera. His legs give out beneath him and he slips down the wall, curling up on the floor, no longer looking at the screen, or watching what’s happening.

“Does that feel good?” The Alpha’s voice has Jimin’s chest clenching, an unimaginable pain washing over him.

He can hear himself crying, and he can hear the cameraman chuckling as though it’s funny.

“Stop…” His own begging finally has him pressing the lock button on the side of his phone, forcing the video to stop playing, forcing himself to stop reliving everything that had happened.

He’s supposed to be rebuilding his Alpha side right now, not bathing himself in his pathetic Omega side that enjoyed getting fucked by a strange Alpha.

His phone vibrates again, and Jimin wants to throw it away, he wants to watch it shatter on the wall.

Instead, he raises his head just enough so that he can see his phone screen.
He unlocks his phone again.

**From Hoseok (15:55):**
You look so good on camera, you know how hard I got watching that?

**From Hoseok (15:56):**
I should send it to Yoongi, I’m sure he’d enjoy it too.

Horror washes over Jimin as he finds his head suddenly jerking up, his fingers flying across his keyboard.

**From Jimin (15:56):**
Don’t

**From Jimin (15:57):**
Please

**From Hoseok (15:57):**
Oh? You don’t want Yoongi to see you moaning for some Alpha’s cock?

Jimin’s throat feels like it’s closing up, the pain in his chest swelling by his inability to draw in oxygen.

**From Jimin (15:58):**
Don’t show him please please. He can’t know.

The stress mounts as he watches the text ‘Hoseok is typing’ appear on screen. On his hands and knees, he crawls to the toilet sitting adjacent to him, vomiting the warm coffee he’s only taken a small sip of. It’s disgusting and painful, the stench has his eyes burning.

**From Hoseok (16:00):**
He can’t know how much you like getting fucked by strangers? Or he can’t know that you’re an Omega? Hmm, which one?

**From Jimin (16:01):**
Please this isn’t funny don’t show him.

**From Hoseok (16:02):**
I guess I’ll wait to show him, I’m sorta in the middle of something anyway. Do you wanna see?

**From Hoseok (16:03):**
[Img]
Jimin taps on the image file, watching it slowly loading as his stomach turns summersaults.

His heart palpitates as the image suddenly expands across his whole screen.

The picture is definitely from Yoongi’s room, and of Yoongi, naked and on all fours, His back is curved slightly, but his head is turned enough that Jimin can see he’s moaning.

He’s moaning while Hoseok has his cock buried inside of him.

The buildup of dread inside of Jimin has him slamming his back against the stone wall, a strangled cry of pain leaving him as he realizes that Yoongi is very much part of all of this.

That if Yoongi knew the truth, the truth about Jimin being an Omega, he would probably be just as awful as Hoseok, maybe worse.

**From Hoseok (16:04):**
Don’t come home yet unless you want to join us.

He feels trapped, and as much as he wants to tell himself that he’s strong and capable of overcoming Hoseok’s fucked up games, he’s terrified. He’s terrified that Yoongi will find out, terrified that the pack will take him. How is he supposed to protect himself against so many Alphas? How is he supposed to protect himself from Hoseok?

“Jimin?”

There’s a knock on the door, and from the floor, Jimin presses his palm hard against his chest, his teeth tightly clenched as he wills himself not to cry or vomit.

Terror, terror, terror.

He’s really trapped, he’s trapped and Hoseok gets to play with him however he wants, he won.

“Y-yeah?” Jimin’s voice is shaky, hoarse, he can hear the door handle jingling.

“Are you okay? You’ve been in there for a long time.”

Shaky legs slowly raise Jimin to his feet, carrying him towards the double sinks where he’s able to examine himself in the mirror.

He looks awful.

“I’m fine, I’ll be there in a second.” He calls out, his voice both hollow yet also filled with every ounce of his pain.

How long can he keep doing this for?

If he’s this distressed after just once?

How long until Hoseok breaks him?

“Okay, I’ll wait for you…” Taehyung’s voice sounds strange, and Jimin thinks for a moment that
the other Alpha might actually be worried.

Why would he possibly be worried over an Omega, an Omega who enjoys getting fucked by strange Alphas, just like Hoseok said.

Jimin wanted it.

He doesn’t know how long it takes for him to finally leave the bathroom, but eventually he does.

Through the small caféd it feels as though every eye in the room is on him. The scent of coffee outweighs the scents of Alphas and Betas, his pulse still thrumming, his head still fuzzy.

His scent suppressors may not be enough to disguise his distress, not right now.

“Are you okay?” Taehyung gapes at Jimin, clearly startled by his pale appearance.

Jimin just nods as he shakily slips back into the booth, his phone burning a hole in his pocket.

“I’m still just not feeling well.” He lies. “I guess the coffee didn’t really sit well.”

“I’m so sorry, I didn’t realize you were that sick!” Taehyung begins to get up only to be stopped by Jimin. It’s not like he can go home anyway.

“I don’t want to go home yet.” He says. “I’m feeling better now. Is there anything else you wanted to do?”

Jimin lets Taehyung cart him around for hours. The terror he’d sunk into in the bathroom feels like a distant memory, and somehow, he feels strangely numb now.

He smiles at Taehyung’s stupid jokes and listens as the Alpha complains about his weight gain from Jungkook’s cooking. The memories are crushing him, the photos on his phone are taunting him, but the fear of running into Hoseok at home is worse than anything else.

Together, the two shop casually at the local mall, stopping in for lunch at a diner before Taehyung calls it a day. Although Jimin wouldn’t have minded avoiding his apartment for a bit longer, he sucks in a heavy breath before waving goodbye to Taehyung.

Beeping himself into the building, he realizes his thick his thoughts feel, how slow his brain is moving. Thoughts almost seem to be coming slower to him the higher the elevator climbs, and although he knows there really is no way for him to know if Hoseok is there or not unless he goes inside, he still finds himself searching for some sort of hint.

Nothing.

Jimin steps off the elevator, slowly walking down the hallway, his thumb rubbing anxiously over his house key as he approaches his apartment door.

He stands quietly outside, but can only hear silence.

Pressing his key into the lock, he twists it slowly, his heart pounding again as he gently slides the key out, unlocking the bottom lock just as quietly before slowly pushing the door open.
If Hoseok is home, maybe he can just quietly slip into his room without being noticed.

“Jimin?”

Yoongi’s voice stops the faux-Alpha dead in his tracks, fear gripping him as he closes the door behind himself.

“Yeah?” He calls out.

“Where’d you go?” Yoongi appears, Hoseok’s scent still sticking to him.

Their whole apartment smells like Hoseok now.

Jimin slips his shoes off, trying his hardest to appear normal, to not let Yoongi figure out his secret.

“Out for coffee with Taehyung.” Jimin says honestly. He moves slowly as he approaches Yoongi, sniffing the air, looking for a fresh scent from Hoseok, but only finding traces of older scents.

He’s gone.

“You look like shit and you went out like that?” Yoongi raises an eyebrow.

“Uh, I don’t feel like shit so yeah?”

“Jimin…” Yoongi sighs, turning away from him and beginning to walk back into the living room. “I was up all night checking your pulse, making sure you weren’t dead…”

“I appreciate that…” Jimin says honestly as Yoongi sinks into the couch. The TV is on, but the volume is muted, captions rolling over the bottom of the screen.

“Then be honest with me…” Yoongi begins. “Did you go out to get drugs?”

Jimin stares at Yoongi, startled by his suggestion.

“I was… with Taehyung…” Jimin says slowly. “You can ask him…”

“I don’t want to have to do that.” Yoongi says.

“We’re roommates.” Jimin says. “But you’re acting like a parent right now.”

“I know…” Yoongi’s quiet for a few seconds, his eyes focused on the TV. “I’m sorry, I’m overstepping my boundaries, aren’t I?”

Jimin looks down at the floor before stepping a bit closer. As nice as Yoongi appears on the surface, as helpful and caring as he seems, he’s only like this because he thinks Jimin is an Alpha.

“I know you’re worried, but you don’t need to be. I’ll be fine… I’m not addicted to anything, I just had a bad reaction to whatever I was given, maybe it’s an allergy.” He shrugs.

“As long as you don’t take whatever that was again…” Yoongi looks over at Jimin, and the faux-Alpha can feel his gaze heavy as it inspects every inch of exhaustion on Jimin’s face.
“You really still look like shit, maybe you should stay home tomorrow too.”

“I just need a good night’s sleep.” Jimin says. “And then I’ll be fine.”

Yoongi nods, and Jimin thinks for a moment that there’s something unspoken on his lips, something he isn’t saying.

But Yoongi doesn’t say it, instead, he turns back towards the TV.

“Yeah, I hope so.”

Chapter End Notes

♡

There is a new poll pinned to my Twitter.  
I usually post multiple so please expand the Tweet and view the replies.

♡

Are there any songs that remind you of this fic?  
Post them in the comments, I love checking out music. For me, it's between Jimin's solo 'Lie' and 'Baby, you're worth it' by Kina
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

I made 2 updates back-to-back.
This is update #1, chapter 14 is coming out any second.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

From Hoseok (09:36):
We’re going out again tonight.

From Hoseok (09:37):
Don’t take your suppressants.

Jimin stares down at his phone, anxiety and fear twisting knots into his stomach.
Right now, he’s leaning against one of the kitchen counters waiting for the toaster to finish. His night had been spent tossing and turning, his own stupid fears waking him time and time again.

Closer to five in the morning, he had ended up giving up on sleep and spent hours creating study guides in his room. Although he feels as though his stomach and body are finally back to normal, he can tell his brain is still struggling to sort through the recent events as well as his new situation.

However, right now he suddenly isn’t sure he’ll even be able to manage the toast, not with the news that he will be going out again tonight.

From Jimin (09:40):
I’m still recovering from last time…

From Hoseok (09:41):
You got sick last time because of your suppressants, this time you’ll be fine.

From Hoseok (09:42):
These are different drugs btww. I wanna try something new.

From Jimin (09:43):
What do you mean

From Hoseok (09:44):
It’s a surprise, you’ll like it ;]
The toaster pops and Jimin jumps, surprised by the sound given how deep in thought he is. There really aren’t too many drugs intended specifically for Omegas, but it could also be a general drug, one that even Alphas and Betas can take.

That doesn’t sound like Hoseok though.

Turning, Jimin shoves his phone back into his pocket, grabbing the wooden tongs before pulling the bread out of the toaster and onto the paper towel square he laid out earlier.

He can feel himself zoning out as he stares down at the counter. Robotically, he reaches for a piece of toast, taking a bite and slowly chewing.

Is he going to be assaulted again tonight?

He takes another bite.

Will Hoseok just watch like last time?

He swallows it.

How many Alphas will it be this time?

He takes another bite.

Jimin is strong, and he knows he’s strong. He’s been through a lot, he’s endured so much and still come out on his own two feet. But somehow, this situation is difficult for him to get through, especially when he wants his only concerns to be about his midterms, not about when he’ll be raped next.

This isn’t the sort of university experience he had foreseen for himself. His days of enjoying quiet walks through quad, or nights full of laughter with Yoongi, suddenly seem so far away.

Lately, he doesn’t really enjoy anything anymore. Instead, Jimin is constantly looking over his shoulder, afraid he’ll spot one of the frat guys, afraid he’ll find an Alpha is following him.

He thought he was done being a target when he began posing as an Alpha, Jimin thought he was finally free.

Yoongi’s bedroom door opens, and Jimin snaps out of his daze long enough to catch a glimpse of the Alpha dragging himself down the hall towards the bathroom.

Looking back at his toast, Jimin can’t find any motivation to finish it, so he crushes it up inside the paper towel before dropping it into the trash can.

All he has to look forward to, is whatever Hoseok has planned for him tonight.

There’s an unforgiving bite to the wind that seeps through every hole in his jacket. Pulling his sleeves down, he keeps his hands shoved into his pockets, his shoulders drawn up as he mentally calculates the cost of bills versus his miniscule weekly checks. There probably isn’t enough money for him to buy a good jacket, so like usual, he begrudgingly accepts that he’ll likely freeze all Winter long.
The walk from his apartment to the university is quiet, and like usual, he has one earbud in his ear to try and drown his noisy thoughts beneath his music playlist. It’s not very effective, and Jimin knows that in his pocket, he not only has a video and photos of what happened that night, but also a compromising photo of Yoongi that he still has no explanation for.

It’s not like Yoongi’s sex life is Jimin’s business, not unless it means he has to sleep in the hallway for the night. But the constant worry that Yoongi is in on everything, that every conversation they’ve ever had, and every moment spent hanging out together—has been a lie; is too much. Jimin wants to believe that there are good Alphas in the world, but he always feels like he’s proven wrong.

Despite all of his mounting concerns, Jimin still enjoys school because it gives him something else to focus on. Initially, he had worried that his grades would suffer due to his personal issues, but lately he finds that school is the one place where he’s still viewed and treated as an Alpha. It’s safe.

What isn’t safe, are isolated bathrooms or anywhere near the frat houses. Jimin knows those Alphas from the factory belong to a fraternity, but he doesn’t know which one and he’s not about to ask. Instead, he remains alert of his surroundings, tucking his hood into his jacket when he’s walking alone, keeping one earbud out despite the way it throws his songs off-balance. Omegas are walking targets and even though he smells and holds himself like an Alpha, there are now three students on campus, three Alphas, who know the truth. Potentially more, now that he has this photo of Yoongi.

Safety is a weird thing for him to think about. When that word comes to mind, so does the current political climate as well as the current social perception of Omegas. Social perception varies by location, age, and upbringing. Some Alphas view Omegas as equals while others believe they shouldn’t be allowed outside of the house. For an Alpha to take a midnight run or to shift while alone in the woods; is a mostly safe venture, but for an Omega it’s like asking to be raped or forcibly mated… or killed. Although Jimin knows he appears to be an Alpha, he still doesn’t feel safe walking alone at night, nor does he feel comfortable shifting since it leaves him so vulnerable right before and after.

Safety is a weird word, a word which is really only applicable to Alphas, the ones who seated themselves at the top of the food chain.

Automatic doors slide open, granting Jimin entry to the library. It’s a cheat maybe to cut through the library, but knowing which buildings connect to which helps him to avoid being overly cold for too long.

As Jimin walks between tall shelves of books, he curls and uncurls his frozen fingers, willing the blood to return to them. A heat pack may be a good idea, gluing them to his body may also be a good idea.

Jimin likes to think he regularly has good ideas.

“Jimin?”

The faux-Alpha pauses, glancing over his shoulder to see Seokjin standing at the end of the aisle, a thick book held loosely in his hand.

“Oh, hey…” Jimin feels awkward as he slowly turns around, facing the Beta who is now smiling
warmly at him. Seokjin is wearing a gray fleece-lined jacket with dark colored jeans. Rather than tennis shoes like Jimin has on, he has on boots, and his fingers don’t look discolored and frozen like Jimin’s are.

It must be nice.

“I heard you hung out with Tae yesterday, did you guys have fun?” Seokjin takes a few steps towards Jimin, his height and build suddenly registering distinctly in Jimin’s mind.

He’s never feared Betas before, they’re naturally calming and generally peaceful, but he doesn’t trust the pack anymore, even Betas can do awful things.

“Yeah, I mean… I did, but I can’t speak for Taehyung.” He smiles, trying to remain casual. There’s still thirty minutes until his Chemistry class begins, so he’s not really in any rush, though that doesn’t mean he wants to be having this conversation right now.

“He had a good time, he wouldn’t stop talking about how much fun he had when he came home.” Seokjin laughs.

“I’m glad he had fun.”

“I am too. He’s been having a rough week with mid-terms approaching and all. But I guess we’re all sort of enduring it now, huh?” The Beta smiles, and Jimin makes a point of checking the time on his phone.

“He had a good time, he wouldn’t stop talking about how much fun he had when he came home.” Seokjin laughs.

“I’m glad he had fun.”

“I am too. He’s been having a rough week with mid-terms approaching and all. But I guess we’re all sort of enduring it now, huh?” The Beta smiles, and Jimin makes a point of checking the time on his phone.

“Do you have class? Am I holding you up?” Seokjin gives him an apologetic look. “Sorry, I wasn’t thinking.”

“It’s okay, uhm, maybe we’ll run into each other again.” Jimin hopes he won’t.

“You know where and when we eat lunch so feel free to join us. We all kind of got used to having you around.” He gives a short laugh. “We’re not usually so comfortable with strange Alphas, it’s strange isn’t it?”

Seokjin laughs again and suddenly Jimin feels like he’s being mocked. He must know, this is the only conclusion Jimin can draw. Seokjin knows and he’s standing here laughing in Jimin’s face.

“I should get to class.” Jimin says abruptly, no longer interested in the conversation.

“Oh…” Seokjin stops laughing, a small frown crossing his lips before he quickly corrects it into a smile.

“I hope we see you at lunch.” He waves, waiting until Jimin waves back before walking away.

The calming feeling of a Beta disappears, and Jimin finds himself with a strange feeling of being pulled into the ground, wishing it would swallow him whole.

“You don’t have to pair up, but it might help you.”

Jimin is seated on the floor of the dance studio in black basketball shorts and a black long sleeve t-
shirt. The class has only just returned from the locker room where they had changed into their practice outfits, and although they usually move right into warm-ups, their instructor had asked everyone to sit so he could discuss the midterm.

Their midterm is a specific dance routine which combines a lot of the footwork they’ve learned so far. Although it was initially outlined to be a solo routine, his instructor had recently announced that they could team up as well.

It’s good news for some students, but Jimin is rather indifferent to it.

However, the announcement had led to Jungkook approaching Jimin and asking to team up. Although Jimin had declined and said he wanted to go solo, the Omega kept finding reasons to approach Jimin and ask again.

“Does anybody here already have a partner picked out?”

A few students raise their hands, Jimin notices Jungkook doesn’t raise his.

Their instructor asks each student with their hand up to name their partner, as they do so, he begins to write it down on a notepad.

Jemin allows himself to zone out during this time. Although school is generally a decent distraction from everything, moments like this give him far too much time to think. The memories really shouldn’t bother him as much as they do, after-all, the things he’s experienced are fairly mild compared to other Omegas, and if he hadn’t escaped that company his parents sold him off too, he would certainly have become some house whore for whichever Alpha picked him up.

It’s not like good Alpha’s go buy their mates from companies.

“Jungkook.”

Jemin looks up as another Alpha claims Jungkook as his partner. He can see Jungkook’s nervous gaze in the mirror, he shakes his head.

“We’re not partners.” Jungkook says. “I already told you no.”

The other student grins before their instructor speaks up.

“You can’t force someone to be your partner, guys. I didn’t think I had to say that.”

“Come on, he’s unmated anyway so that means the government is gonna take him!” The student complains.

Jemin’s throat tightens as he lowers his head, watching Jungkook through his bangs in the mirror. The Omega looks devastated, stress evident on his face, and the scent of rotting apples filling the room.

“Everyone, drop it.” Their instructor walks across the studio, turning on one of the de-scenting fans which pull the air from the room while other fans force in new air. The smell slowly fades.

“Guys, if you haven’t already agreed to be someone’s partner, or if they haven’t agreed to be your
partner, don’t claim them.” There’s a brief pause. “Moving on…”

The rest of practice goes fairly normal, aside from the distracted look Jimin keeps seeing on Jungkook’s face. The Omega is usually very on point with his dancing, each of his moves flawlessly executed and clean, but today he’s sloppy and slow, messing up and even tripping over himself and others.

Jimin keeps his head down each time the instructor calls Jungkook out on his dancing.

When class finally ends, Jimin sits on the bench in the hallway with his towel draped around his neck. The sweat has mostly dried on his skin, leaving him feeling dirty and stiff. Although the other students are usually showering right now, his nose picks up on the scent of apples.

“Hey…” Jungkook takes a seat beside him, shifting his backpack into his lap before leaning back against the stone wall.

Jimin looks up from his phone, his eyes barely reaching Jungkook’s face before dropping again.

“Hey.”

He feels bad for being so distrustful of the Omega, but he can’t even trust Seokjin much less someone who gets private lessons from Hoseok. If they’re all childhood friends, then chances are they don’t keep secrets from each other.

Jungkook has probably seen the video already.

“Are you waiting for the showers?” Jungkook asks.

The two stare forward, there’s an unspoken and unseen wall between them that they’re both aware of.

“Yeah…”

“Me too…” Jungkook is quiet for a moment, the distant sound of voices barely concealed behind the thick door of the locker room.

“I wish they had a locker room for Omegas.” Jimin says suddenly. “So you could shower without having to wait.”

“I do too, but apparently they don’t think it’s fair… Because the Betas don’t have their own either.” The Omega sighs, one of his fingers rubbing gently at the rough material of his overstuffed backpack.

“Why are you waiting?” Jungkook asks, glancing over at Jimin.

“The other Alpha’s pick on me for my height, so I rather wait until they’re gone.” He lies. It’s close enough to the truth since there’s no real way he can say that being naked in the presence of Alphas would be a dead giveaway to his true status.

Jungkook probably knows anyway.

“Bullying in University?” Jungkook laughs but it sounds bitter, the faintest scent of rotting apples
reaching his nose.

“It’s silly, but I don’t want to deal with it so I’ll wait.”

The locker room door opens, two students walking out without paying them any attention. Jimin waits until they’re gone to speak up again.

“You can shower before me.”

“I’m not afraid to be in the showers with you, Jimin.” Jungkook replies softly.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea for an Alpha and an Omega to be alone in the showers together.” Jimin tells him as a few more students leave the locker room. “And I can guard the door.”

Jungkook seems to consider this as the noisy laughter of other students drifts in and out of the vacant hallway. The white halls are lined with posters for music festivals both old and new, as well as on-campus clubs looking to draw in students.

Jimin frowns.

“Thank you… then… I’ll shower first.” Jungkook nods as the last student leaves the locker room.

It’s finally silent.

“I’ll wait here.” Jimin says. “Or do you want me to wait further away?”

Jungkook rises, pulling his back up over his shoulder before shaking his head. The scent of rotting apples is no longer lingering.

“You can wait here, it’s okay.”

Jimin nods, slowly dropping his head back against the wall as he closes his eyes. The sound of the locker room door opening and closing echoes in the hallway, and then it’s silent again, silent in just the way Jimin hates for it to be.

So he waits.

From his position in the hallway, Jimin can hear if anybody approaches, and he’s also comfortable knowing he would smell them. So while he waits, he closes his eyes, day dreaming of his bed at home, and struggling against the thoughts trying to consume him.

His mind, it aches and aches.

A few minutes pass in silence and Jimin finally opens his eyes again. It’s not like showing would be much more of a distraction, but he finds himself becoming impatient for Jungkook to finish his shower. Doesn’t he have a pack to meet?

To his left, there’s a long hallway stretching out several yards with multiple doors lining it. The dance studio, supply closets, bathrooms, an office, and at the very end, there’s a narrow staircase leading back up towards the main halls of the art building.

Jimin hears the staircase door open and close.
Although he doesn’t have any reason to assume it’s anybody other than his instructor, he finds his gaze lingering on the mouth of the staircase, listening to the slow descent of the newcomer while sniffing the air for a hint.

Baked bread and cherry blossoms.

Jimin’s stomach drops as Hoseok steps off the last staircase and makes eye contact with him. There’s a rift in the air, a moment in which the two of them are caught strangely off guard before Hoseok smiles.

“Jiminnie!”

Hoseok approaches and each footstep seems to escalate Jimin’s already pounding heart. He doesn’t need to be afraid, no. There’s no way Hoseok will try to give him some experimental drug at school, and there’s no way he’d try anything, right?

“Why… why are you here?” Jimin finally asks.

“To pick up Jungkookie. Taehyung is meeting with one of his professors.” Hoseok passes Jimin, standing between him and the door now.

“Oh…” Jimin doesn’t want to have a conversation with Hoseok, so he drops it immediately. Instead, he glances at the door where he can faintly hear the sound of water running.

“What are you still doing here?” Hoseok’s voice is lower, a predatory look in his eyes as he stares Jimin down.

“I still need to shower…” Jimin swallows the lump in his throat, internally screaming at himself not to back down, not to show fear.

But he’s so, so afraid.

“Go shower at home, you’ve been here too long.” Hoseok tells him. “And don’t wear your Alpha scent tonight. I’ll make sure Yoongi is out of the apartment, so he won’t smell you.”

“I live in an all-Alpha building, I can’t leave the apartment without it.” Jimin argues.

“Then you’ll wash it off when you get to the party with me tonight. Mmk?” Hoseok smiles, glancing back at the door once more before looking at Jimin again.

“Go home, Pup.”

“Why? Why do you want to be alone with Jungkook…” Jimin feels breathless as he asks as his Omega side shrinking down before the predator. He can’t let Hoseok win, he can’t back down.

“It’s not really your business what I do with Jungkookie, is it?” Hoseok smiles, red bleeding into his gaze.

Jimin knows he’s about to be given a command, and suddenly he allows his fear and panic to show on his face.

“Don’t touch him, Hoseok, don’t you-,”
“Go home, Jimin. And don’t tell anybody about this.”

Jimin’s mind blanks.

Grabbing onto his duffel bag, he rises to his feet before slipping it over one shoulder.

There’s a satisfied look on Hoseok’s face, but Jimin barely registers it.

He needs to get home.

His steps are slow, and even as he hears the locker room door open and close, he thinks nothing of it.
Jimin’s thoughts are so fuzzy, and maybe fuzzy is nice because suddenly he doesn’t feel as stressed out or frightened.

He only has one goal right now anyway, one goal and that’s to get home. Getting home is really important, he has to do it, he has to do it because he was told to and that’s all that matters.

As Jimin reaches the top of the staircase, he can hear Jungkook screaming his name.

But getting home is really important.

Jimin slams his fist against the stone wall of the shower, tears mixing into the scalding water spraying from the showerhead.

It’s all his fault, he didn’t trust Jungkook, he didn’t protect him.

There’s a sound caught between a scream and a strangled cry as his mind replays the sound of Jungkook screaming his name.

He’d heard it, he’d definitely heard it.

That desperation, the fear. Jimin has sounded like that before, he’s made a sound like that before, he knows exactly what Jungkook must’ve been feeling.

The water burns each inch of his skin, turning it a bright red as steam suffocates the room. The water is too hot, way too hot, but Jimin doesn’t care at all. He deserves this pain, and he needs this pain to wash away the weight of his thoughts.

To wash away Jungkook’s scream.

‘My fault, my fault, my fault.’

Jimin thinks this even though there was nothing he could have done. It all boils down to him being an Omega. Because he’s an Omega, Hoseok can issue him commands, he can force Jungkook to obey him, he can force Jimin to obey him.

Because he’s an Omega, he couldn’t do anything to help Jungkook.

Jimin is rough as he washes himself, mentally replaying various scenarios, searching for a scenario in which he’s able to save Jungkook.
It’s painful to think about these things, and Jimin who has been so selfishly focused on his own pain, had completely overlooked any potential suffering with Jungkook, someone who lives with an Alpha like Hoseok.

‘He’s so young.’

Jimin slams his fist against the wall again, crying for himself and for Jungkook. Crying because he didn’t do enough to save him, because he was scared and selfish.

Hoseok’s order doesn’t allow Jimin to talk to anybody about what happened with Jungkook, and although Jimin wants to tell someone, anyone, about what he saw, he can’t.

‘Who can I trust, anyway?’

Seokjin had mocked him earlier in the library, Yoongi is fucking Hoseok, Namjoon is the leader and likely oversees all of the pack’s activities, and Taehyung…

Jimin thinks of Taehyung as an oddity.

It’s hard for Jimin to think of Taehyung as being alright with Jungkook being hurt like this, but Jimin has also been proven wrong so many times that he’s afraid to trust his own opinions and instincts.

He keeps missing the forest for the trees.

He keeps fucking up.

Jimin turns the water off, staring at the wall of the shower, contemplating his options. It would be better if it were him instead of Jungkook. Why couldn’t Hoseok have taken him? Why did he take Jungkook? Did he do it to mess with Jimin? Has he been doing this for a long time? Is that the first time?

Is it the first time and Jimin didn’t save him?

Jimin dries off slowly, the hollow ache in his chest mostly concentrated into a dull pain close to his heart.

He feels like he’s in a daze as he walks to his bedroom, spraying down with the synthetic Alpha scent, popping another scent suppressant, then getting dressed.

Everything is so exhausting suddenly, and all of those mounting homework assignments don’t seem like anything.

He could still run.

Jimin grabs a snack from the kitchen, but just looking at it makes him feel sick, so he puts it back. Instead of eating, he considers each city available to him. He could run away from Seoul, start again in a different university, isolate himself so thoroughly that nobody has the chance to question his sub-gender.

His phone vibrates, and Jimin isn’t sure his chest can constrict anymore than it already has. Things
really can’t get much worse, even though the worst of it is a combination of things Jimin has brought onto himself. He’s the cause of this.

**From Min Yoongi (14:02):**  
Want to get dinner with me tonight?

---

**From Jimin (14:03):**  
I’m going out tonight.

---

**From Jimin (14:03):**  
Sorry

---

**From Min Yoongi (14:04):**  
Oh okay… be safe yeah?

---

**(From Jimin (14:04):**
.I’ll be safe

---

Chapter End Notes

Keep an eye on my Twitter, I'll have a poll pinned to the top.

As always, please expand the tweet to explore the other polls all related to this fic.
“The UN is threatening sanctions in response to the Omega Breeding act.” His professor begins.

Jimin can hardly focus on the way the man is pacing the room again, but he doesn’t miss the way his professor’s eyes linger on his several times as though trying to figure something out. He hadn’t even wanted to come to class after what had happened.

How is he supposed to focus with Jungkook’s voice screaming his name—on repeat in his mind?

“More specifically, they’re threatening economic and diplomatic sanctions. Presently, foreign embassies have already removed their Omega employees and returned them home, but some nations are threatening to pull out completely.”

The room is mostly silent as their professor returns to his desk, pulling up a news article before throwing it up onto the projector.

The article is discussing the economic implications of losing so many Omega employees, and questioning just how many Omegas the government intends to retain on hand.

“Our tax dollars will be paying for the care of these Omegas and their Pups. I want to point out something really obvious for you guys, okay?” His professor looks up, something of an amused smile on his face as he looks around the room.

“Look at you, so many Alphas, established and ready to mate… Some of you are mated already as we learned awhile back… But others are not… Now… The government intends to snatch up unmated Omegas for this breeding program, where does that leave the rest of you?”

A few people shift, there’s quiet mumbling as though his peers are unclear about the question, or what they’re being told.

But Jimin understands.

“If all of the unmated Omegas are taken, then who are you guys going to mate with?”

There’s a deafening silence, one in which Jimin can clearly count each of his heart beats as they thump against his sternum.

One.
Two.

A dull conversation begins as students whisper between each other. His professor watches quietly
without signaling for their silence, and without interruption. Jimin stares at his desk, and although he wants to be amused that the Alphas are only *just now* realizing all of their future mates are going to be spoiled goods, he isn’t sure he can even process such emotions right now.

Several minutes pass, and soon, the classroom has become a field for debate. Students are conversing much more loudly, questioning each other and the professor about the specifics of the bill.

Nobody wants an Omega who’s already been fucked and filled with pups, after-all.

Jimin listens to the conversation, listening as many of the Alphas begin to panic about finding their mates, listening as others confirm their plans to mate their partners tonight.

Although his professors words woke many of the students up from the illusion they’d been under, it had also brought up a second problem: Forced mating.

“It’s kind of scary isn’t it?” His professor asks, being met with a few nods from concerned students.

“I don’t know what sort of quota the government is using for this, so I don’t know how many Omegas they’ll want or need, but we could have our own little Omega shortage here soon.”

Jimin zones out, leaning back in his chair, he stares at the projected article on the wall, at the blocked letters drawing out an eye-catching article title.

So many things have changed in such a short span of time, it’s difficult for him to accept or wrap his mind around it. The problems seem to keep mounting, and although it feels like it’s the end right now, Jimin knows that for as long as he can publicly pass as an Alpha, he still has a chance.

He needs to fix things with Jungkook, he needs to help him.

That’s another thing he hadn’t really thought about. He had told Jungkook he would guard the door for him, and Jungkook had trusted him.

He’d trusted him, and yet Jimin had let Hoseok into the locker room, had walked away from his screams.

Jimin closes his eyes for a moment, lowering his head as to not catch his professors attention.

“Higher taxes, yes, that’ll be one way, but what do you think this means for your Omega friends and family? How many did we say you guys knew? Ninety-four? Ninety-eight?” His professor pauses. “In another class, we had over a hundred. That’s a lot of Omegas…”

There’s short laughter, polite enough to fill the silence but short enough to avoid being too annoying.

Every sound is annoying to Jimin right now though.

“So if people begin to panic about the Omega shortage, we’ll probably begin seeing a lot more forced mating, people may actually begin to hide Omegas or stock them away, right? Collars may become a thing again, Betas may become the targets of crimes like rape and assault.” Jimin can hear the click of his professor’s shoes as he paces the tile floor.
“What do you guys think?”

“What assault? Why would assault crimes go up?” Someone asks.

“Ah good question, lets go all the way back to the days of packs.” There’s a pause, but Jimin doesn’t look up. “When packs were still a popular thing to do, it was common to have an Omega count equal to the count of Alphas in the back, if not higher. This prevented all sorts of fights over territory and mates, an everybody wins sort of scenario. But if present day, without the protection of packs we’re still facing the threat of other Alpha’s with a far lower count of Omegas, more Alphas will be likely to fight for that one Omega.”

Silence falls over the room again, and Jimin can feel unease filling him. The very idea of a herd of Alphas fighting over him is terrifying.

The winning Alpha, covered in blood, exhausted, forcibly mating him… Jimin doesn’t want to face a future like that. Nobody should have to face a future like that…

After school, Jimin takes his sweet time getting home. He hasn’t heard a peep out of Hoseok, and although the Alpha had told him they would be going out tonight, Jimin isn’t sure what time exactly that means.

He’ll definitely have to ask about Jungkook though.

That’s another downside to avoiding the pack, Jimin realizes. Although he doesn’t trust the rest of them, he’s starting to wonder if Jungkook is just caught up in all of this, if he’s not a willing participant, if maybe he’s suffering just as much as Jimin is.

Despite the smiles Jungkook wears when he’s with Taehyung, those may not be much different from the way Jimin disguises his own emotions.

The apartment is empty when Jimin arrives, not that he had expected anything different. He leaves his bag on his bed in his room, his stomach still too twisted up to even try food. Instead, he does something he doesn’t usually do.

He ignores his homework, and all of the rest of his responsibilities, and leaves the apartment again.

It’s nearing five in the afternoon now and although Jimin is anxious and scared, although he’s a mixture of so many volatile emotions, the only thing he can thing to do is run.

He needs to run.

There’s a forest not to far from their apartment, and although it’s freezing outside, he ignores it for the length of the walk. His fingers are startlingly white and numb by the time he reaches the forest, but he just shoves them into his jacket pockets and keeps walking.

The wet leaves mush under his shoes, the soil still wet from the morning condensation. Going days and days without sunlight is beginning to wear on Jimin, but he also thinks it may have something to do with his circumstances. Certainly though, the lack of sunlight is not helping.

When he reaches the center of the woods, he takes a moment to inhale, checking his surroundings for other wolves, other people, and then exhaling when he finds nothing.
The icy wind bites him hard as he strips off his clothes, tucking them into the hollow of a tree before taking another breath.

He shifts.

It’s been ages since Jimin has last shifted, and as he shakes out the weird feeling left lingering in his bones and joints, he can still feel that crushing urge to run.

So he does.

Jimin takes off through the forest, running, running, running. It doesn’t matter where he’s going, and he doesn’t care, as long as he avoids other people and other wolves, it’s fine for him to let go.

‘Even though this isn’t safe…’ Shifting isn’t safe, as an Omega, he’s being reckless.

‘But I have to run.’

The wind isn’t as painful now that he’s protected by a thick layer of gray fur. Each small sound in the forest is picked up by his ears, each smell is intensified. It’s freeing to shift, and although not many people actually do it anymore, Jimin finds himself idly daydreaming about a life in which he shifts and then never shifts back.

Where he lives like a wolf, snapping his teeth at any who approach him, and killing wildlife to survive.

Jimin runs as he fantasizes about a life in which he can live like that, away from the society he’s grown to distrust and hate.

He fantasizes about taking Jungkook with him, freeing him from the pack, destroying his pack mark.

He runs and he doesn’t stop until the forest is completely dark, and his muscles are exhausted.

It’s difficult for him to judge the time, but if Jimin had to guess he would assume it’s closer to seven or eight at night. It’s probably about time for him to meet up with Hoseok, something else he hadn’t really been thinking about when he decided to shift and run around outside.

He’ll definitely need a shower.

When Jimin reaches his clothes, he shifts back. While his teeth chatter and his knees knock, he pulls his clothes back on, checking his phone for notification as he walks back home.

Four text messages, twelve missed calls.

Jimin’s teeth are still chattering, his touch screen barely responsive to his icy cold fingers as he struggles to open his text messages, scanning the conversation.

From Hoseok (19:00):
I’m on my way.
From Hoseok (19:19):
Where are you

From Hoseok (19:25):
You can’t hide from me, Omega.

From Hoseok (19:34):
You’re so much more trouble than you’re worth, Jiminie.

It almost feels like it’s impossible to escape Hoseok, and although Jimin feels this way, a small voice in the back of his head continues to scream about escaping. It’s possible if he tries, it’s possible, possible.

He just has to run.

Jimin clicks on the message box, slowly typing out a response.

From Jimin (19:40):
I went for a run, omw

Shoving his phone back into his pocket, he increases his pace despite the complaints from his muscles. Being an Omega means his wolf form is smaller than Alphas, but Omegas are fast, faster than Alphas and that’s something he tries to commit to memory as he approaches the apartment building.

If worst comes to worst, he’s faster than an Alpha.

Hoseok is waiting for him when the elevator doors open.
Down the long hallway lined with doors, he can see Hoseok leaning against the wall staring at his phone, his eyes raise as Jimin steps off the elevator.

“Take a shower and then we’ll leave.” He says as Jimin slowly begins down the hallway.

The faux-Alpha’s stomach clenches, but the lack of food for the day at least promises he has next to nothing to throw up. His numb fingers slip around his house key, drawing it from his pocket as he finally raises his gaze to the Alpha’s.

“Where are we going?” He asks as he slips the key into the lock.

Hoseok doesn’t move from his spot against the wall, leaving less than a foot between them. It feels dangerous, the proximity makes Jimin nervous.

“There’s a house party, we’ll have a special room reserved for us though, so don’t worry.”

Jimin pushes the door open, the information doesn’t make him feel better, nor does the feeling of Hoseok following him inside.

The door clicks shut behind them.
Nerves leave Jimin’s hand shaking as he puts his key back into his pocket. Hoseok is standing right behind him, his eyes on Jimin, and the faux-Alpha feels that at any moment, he may feel Hoseok’s teeth sinking into his neck.

Marking him.

He walks quickly past the kitchen, flipping on a light for the living room before pointing to the couch.

“Wait there… I’ll be right back…” He tells him.

And fortunately, the Alpha complies.

Jimin goes into his bedroom, collecting a change of clothes before carrying them into the bathroom. He probably smells awful, like the forest, like dirt, like the cold Fall air.

He washes it all away beneath another round of scalding hot water, mumbling chemistry equations to himself in an effort to distract his thoughts. It’s only half-way effective, his lips stilling from time-to-time, his eyes squeezing shut.

He can’t get the memories out of his head, each one piling on-top of another one, twisting his insides hard until he forces out the next equation.

When Jimin finishes showering, he dries off with his still-damp towel before blow drying his hair and brushing it out. If he runs again, he’ll definitely dye his hair, or maybe he’ll dye it sooner than that, these black locks are depressing sometimes.

After dressing himself, he ignores his first instinct to spray synthetic scent and instead, puts his shoes on before walking out to see Hoseok.

The other Alpha is laying on the couch watching TV, his eyes flicker to Jimin for a moment before he sits up.

“You didn’t put on that Alpha scent, did you?” He asks, a warning in his eyes.

Jimin shakes his head. “No… but Yoongi should be home soon and I don’t want him to smell me…”

“I asked Namjoon to hold him up at the studio.” Hoseok smiles, all of the threat exiting his face as he once again exudes that now disturbing brightness.

It’s scary how people can change from one moment to the next.

“Namjoon is in on this…?” Jimin asks quietly as Hoseok rises from the couch.

“Oh, Jiminie… Namjoon thinks you and I are fucking. He’s keeping Yoongi away so I can get my dick wet, isn’t that nice of him?”

Jimin feels sick.

“Oh.”
Hoseok picks up the remote from where he’d dropped it on the couch, turning the TV off before motioning towards the door. “Let’s go.” He begins.

“If you have all of your things, we need to get there.”

Jimin double checks his pockets, his phone, his keys, he doesn’t need his wallet and he knows it.

“I’m ready.” He doesn’t feel ready, he feels like his stomach is going to split open, he feels like his chest is going to cave in and like his throat is going to close up. He may not know exactly what to expect out of tonight, but he well enough knows what Hoseok wants him for, what he’s good for.

The two exit Jimin and Yoongi’s apartment. Jimin takes his time, slowly locking up, checking the doors, and then checking them again. Hoseok huffs as he’s made to wait, and then the two are finally walking back down the hallway towards the elevator.

The elevator ride is quiet, Jimin’s body is on full-alert, noting each small movement Hoseok makes, and going out of his way to maintain a certain distance between them.

That doesn’t stop Hoseok from reaching down and squeezing Jimin’s ass.

“Don’t be so nervous, you’re going to love this.” He tells Jimin quietly before removing his hand.

“Don’t touch me again…” Jimin tries to growl, tries to pull his Alpha front up from where Hoseok has beaten it down, but all that comes out is a small grunt, one that has Hoseok bursting into laughter.

“Pup, your claws were trimmed a long time ago.”

They step off the elevator, crossing another hallway before pushing through two sets of glass doors and into the cold air outside.

“I’m driving us.” Hoseok says as he points across the parking lot. “Since I’m not a resident, I had to park over there.”

Jimin follows because he doesn’t have any other option. He wants to run again, but he wants to run far-far away. As he mentally debates the pros and cons with himself, he opens the passenger side door and slips inside the little blue car.

“How far away is it…?” Jimin asks as Hoseok pushes the key into the ignition.

“Not that far, I’ll drop you off tonight.”

Pulling out of the parking spot, Hoseok slowly drives through the parking lot, avoiding the other residents with their hands full of bagged groceries or textbooks. Jimin catches eyes with one of them, and he knows he must have a desperate sort of look on his face with how the student then glances at Hoseok.

It’s only a few seconds and then the student is out of sight, Hoseok puts on his blinker, waiting until it’s clear before pulling out onto the road.

The drive itself takes less than ten minutes. The house they pull up to is on the other side of campus nestled in near the fraternity houses. Twenty or so other cars are already packed into the
street, bodies spilling out from the house and onto the patio where the sound of laughter and conversation drifts into the car.

“They don’t all know that I’m not…” Jimin trails off, his eyes glued to the students as the engine cuts off.

“That you’re an Omega? No, this is a special party.”

The doors unlock, and the two step back out into the Fall air.

Jimin follows Hoseok as he weaves them between the party goers and into the house. They skip the staircase heading upstairs and instead walk towards the living room. It seems that too many people are packed into this one house, and it takes Jimin a lot of focus to avoiding running into too many people.

The two enter the kitchen where there’s another door, this one has a tall male Alpha standing in front of it like a guard.

“Hobi!” The guard’s face breaks out into a smile as Hoseok approaches, his eyes flickering to Jimin next before he raises his eyebrows.

“This for the thing?” He asks vaguely. Hoseok nods.

“Yeah, man. This is Jimin.” He jerks his thumb back towards the Omega.

“We’re gonna head downstairs and get it going, give us ten or fifteen minutes, sound good?” Hoseok asks.

“Sounds good, man. I’ll make sure no one goes down there.”

The Alpha guard steps aside, allowing Hoseok to pull the door open.

There’s a long staircase leading down into a finished basement. As the two head down, Jimin notes the college sport banners and posters lining the wall, the carpeted staircase creaking beneath their weight.

When they reach the bottom step, Jimin can see a couch against one of the walls, as well as a TV, a stereo, and a beanbag chair. At first glance, it looks like a generic hang-out spot, though Jimin assumes they didn’t come down here to watch a movie.

“Sit, I don’t care where.” Hoseok says, motioning between the couch and the beanbag chair.

Jimin picks the couch.

Hoseok reaches into his pocket, drawing out another baggie full of little white pills, as well as a baggie full of pre-rolled blunts.

“These pills won’t make you sick.” He says as he tugs it open. “Take one.” He holds a pill out, waiting until Jimin extends a shaky palm before dropping the pill onto it.

“What does this one do?” Jimin glances at the circular pill. This one isn’t as crude, the code ‘Z4-78’ inscribed on one side of its otherwise smooth surface.
“It doesn’t matter, take it.” Hoseok shoves the baggie back into his pocket, his eyes flickering back to Jimin as he Omega hesitates.

“Would you rather I issue you another command?” The Alpha asks with an edge of irritation. “I told them ten to fifteen minutes, you’re going to have a bad time if you fuck around, Jimin.”

The fear swells and although Jimin doesn’t want to, and although he just wants to go home, he pops the pill into his mouth, swallowing it. The action earns him a smile of approval from Hoseok who plops down onto the couch with Jimin, pulling out one of the blunts from the baggie before taking a lighter out of his pocket.

“What happened with Jungkook…?” Jimin asks quietly as Hoseok lights the blunt. A thick ploom of smoke appears, the skunky smell leaving Jimin’s nose crinkling as he leans away from the Alpha.

“Kookie? I fucked him.” Hoseok says as though telling the time.

Jimin’s blood runs ice cold.

“W-why? Did he want to?” Jimin stumbles over his words, worry collecting harshly.

“Don’t all Omegas want it? Taehyungie can’t give him what he needs anyway, I just wanted to make sure he was satisfied.”

The tension explodes in Jimin’s chest again, the thumping pain with each beat of his heart, the clenching of his insides, he’s horrified.

His fears are confirmed.

“You’re… You’re the worst…” Jimin finally says, turning to stare at the Alpha he now perceives to be nothing short of a monster.

“Oh?” Hoseok asks as he inhales the smoke. “You should’ve heard him moan though.” He exhales the smoke, another thick cloud consuming the room.

“But he didn’t want it…” Jimin insists. “You forced him…”

“Did you want me to tell you about it?” Hoseok asks, taking another hit from the blunt.

“The way screamed your name, then Taehyung’s, then yours again. The way he cried when he came even though he’d been moaning so loudly.”

Jimin has nothing to throw up, but he feels like he needs to throw up.

“Stop it…” Jimin says as Hoseok takes another hit.

“It was tragic really, he loved it so much but then he just kept crying saying he hated me and was going to tell Tae.”

Jimin snaps his attention towards Hoseok.

“Where is he? What did you do with him?”
Hoseok laughs.

The rolling paper crackles as he takes another hit, the seconds crawling by like hours as Jimin’s throat feels like it’s swelling shut.

“I gave him an order, I commanded him.” Hoseok says as he exhales the smoke.

“To do what? For what?”

It feels like his entire body is shaking, like his heart is exploding.

“To tell everyone that you did it, to tell him that you raped him.”

Hoseok laughs, and Jimin feels as though time has frozen around them.

Jungkook is going to tell everyone that Jimin did it?

Jemin is going to be labeled a rapist?

Hoseok leans over, one hand pressing into the couch cushion as he tries to press his nose towards Jimin’s neck.

But the Omega is quicker.

“Fuck you!” He swipes his nails across Hoseok’s face, kicking the Alpha in the chest to force him back.

He’s angry, and for all the right reasons. Hoseok is making him take the blame for an atrocity he didn’t commit, one he couldn’t have committed, and there’s nothing Jimin can do about it without exposing that he’s not an Alpha.

“Goddamnit.” Hoseok holds one hand to his face, leaning towards the coffee table before dropping the blunt onto an ashray.

His head snaps towards Jimin, his eyes a deep shade of crimson.

“You’re too feisty for your own good, Omega.” Hoseok leans forward again and this time, he pushes Jimin until he’s laying on the couch, his knees digging into Jimin’s thighs as he tightly grips the Omega’s wrists in one hand.

“Do that again and I’ll make sure the entire pack gets a turn with you. Nothing better than a revenge fuck, right?”

Terror licks at the edges of Jimin’s mind as Hoseok leans in, pressing his nose to Jimin’s scent gland as the Omega whines and squirms.

“Don’t, please, don’t mark me…” He begs, feeling Hoseok’s tongue dragging over the swollen gland.

“I don’t have any plans to do that right now, you’re job is to make me money.”

Sweat collects on Jimin’s forehead, the room is too hot, and Hoseok’s body heat is too hot.
Hoseok moves to position himself between Jimin’s thighs, his one hand still holding onto Jimin’s wrists, holding them above his head as his free hand works to unbutton the Omega’s jeans.

At least it’s not Jungkook, at least he didn’t bring Jungkook.

As the Alpha drags his jeans down, he tries to tell himself that this is okay because it’s him and not Jungkook, but that doesn’t stop the whine that escapes him as his pants are pulled completely off, the Alpha’s eyes leveling with his.

“I’m going to take off your shirt and jacket too, if you hit me again I’ll break your arm.” The threat is heavy enough that Jimin quietly nods, his eyes wide as Hoseok releases his wrists, unzipping Jimin’s jacket inside before forcing him out of it.

Each piece of clothing that’s removed from him makes him feel that much worse. And Jimin knows that at the end of the day, Hoseok really only sees him as a useful body for him to put his cock, not that anybody has successfully put their cock in him except for Doc that is.

“Why are you doing this to me?” Jimin asks quietly.

“Because I want to.”

When Hoseok has him down to just his boxers, he pauses to admire Jimin’s body. Pressing his fingertips to the Omegas shoulder, he trails them down over his chest, slowly touching, feeling, until his fingertips reach the waistband of Jimin’s boxers.

He pulls them down slowly, inch-by-inch revealing another piece of Jimin. It leaves him feeling so vulnerable, and although Jimin wants to cry and scream, he holds it in, allowing his mind to drown quietly. He won’t be able to change Hoseok’s mind, and even if he does, he’ll leave here and return to an apartment where his roommate thinks he’s an Omega rapist, something he may or may not be okay with. Jimin has no idea where Yoongi’s loyalties lie.

Hoseok pulls his boxers off of him before pressing his palms against the top of Jimin’s thighs, dragging them roughly up towards his hips, his eyes still a dark red which has a whine sitting in Jimin’s throat.

“You look so good.” Hoseok says quietly.

“Please don’t…” Jimin doesn’t want this, and he knows it, but all he can smell is baked bread, the scent is beginning to make his mind feel fuzzy.

His entire body feels fuzzy.

“Do you want me to fuck you?” Hoseok slips his hands beneath Jimin’s thighs, spreading his legs open wider before Jimin feels slick collecting.

“No… No, don’t…” Jimin presses his hands to his chest, the hot pain spreading so rapidly that he feels sweat drip down his forehead.

“You’re already so wet though, are you sure?” Hoseok laughs, pressing his hips forward before grinding against Jimin’s ass. The sensation has Jimin moaning despite his complete confusion, he doesn’t want this, but he wants it, he wants it so badly he would beg if he weren’t holding himself back.
Jimin squeezes his eyes shut as Hoseok rocks his hips against him, his cock hardening second-by-second as slick begins to leak out of him. He wants Hoseok to fuck him, he needs Hoseok to fuck him.

“The pills are already taking effect.” The Alpha moves away from Jimin, and the Omega whines at the loss of contact. He’s far-far gone and he doesn’t yet realize it, his mind too fuzzy and pre-occupied by his desperate need to be filled right now.

A door opens upstairs, and Jimin doesn’t pay any attention to it, his eyes opening as he reaches out for Hoseok, trying to reach his jeans, to get his dick out, to ride his knot.

“So citrusy… It smells like an Omega in heat…”

A familiar voice is descending the staircase, but Jimin only whines because Hoseok is no longer paying attention to him.

“Hoseok?” The voice reaches the bottom of the staircase, Jimin’s legs splay open wider as he scents the strong spearmint to be another Alpha.

There’s a loud growl from the new Alpha, and it only takes a few seconds before Hoseok gets up from the couch.

“Tae…” Jimin whines at the red-eyed Alpha.

“Please… fuck me… please…”

Chapter End Notes

♡
Taehyung wavers in place, his pupils blown wide as he struggles with his instincts.

It’s difficult if not impossible for an Alpha to resist an Omega in heat, especially if that Omega is alone, unmated, and begging for an Alpha.

It’s an unfair situation, but Taehyung is fighting as hard as he can.

“J-Jimin…” Taehyung gasps. “O-Omega? You’re a-an Omega?!”

Hoseok laughs from where he stands on the opposite side of the coffee table, his eyes narrowing after a few seconds.

“Are you just going to let him suffer?” Hoseok taunts.

Jimin doesn’t care at all for the conversation taking place. His nails drag across his chest as he raises his legs, propping them on the couch as he begins to try and turn over.

He needs to present for his Alpha.

“Jimin…” Taehyung lets out a low growl, and Jimin whines as if to beckon the Alpha towards him. His entire body is tingling, the heat spreading so forcefully through his body that each small touch from Taehyung sends sparks of pleasure through his skin. The scent of Alpha thoroughly saturates the room, Jimin’s Omega side growing unbearably desperate.

Jimin isn’t even seeing Taehyung anymore, not exactly. What he sees is an Alpha, what he smells is an Alpha, what he needs is an Alpha.

Their instincts are in control.

“Please…” He whines as he makes it onto his hands and knees. Raising his ass up, he feels the slick running down between his thighs, and somewhere in the back of his mind, he knows this isn’t right.

It was never supposed to be like this. Taehyung is Jungkook’s partner…

Jungkook, the one he betrayed.

There’s a groan from Taehyung, and seconds later, he can feel the Alpha’s fingers digging roughly
into his hips, the couch dipping in as he positions himself behind Jimin.

“F-fuck…” Taehyung’s fingers dig in deeper, his nose touching Jimin’s spine before he leans forward, pressing his nose firmly into Jimin’s scent gland before inhaling deeply.

“F-fuck you smell so good.” The sensation has Jimin’s back arching, his hips swaying as he feigns for any sort of friction he can get against his ass. It feels so good, it feels so fucking good to have Taehyung scenting him.

“Tae…” Jimin whines as he inhales the thickening scent of spearmint and arousal.

He’s preening, his instincts urging him to present, to do anything he needs to do to get Taehyung’s knot. “Fuck me…”

“I’ll do more than that…” Taehyung struggles to undo his own jeans as he half grinds his clothed erection against Jimin. From a few feet away, Hoseok begins undoing his pants.

All the Omega can think about is getting Taehyung inside of him, getting his knot, and being filled. He doesn’t care that Hoseok is here, that he’s watching, he doesn’t care about anything except getting fucked.

“Such a good… good fucking Omega…” Taehyung growls as his he nips lightly at Jimin’s ear. “You want me to fuck you, huh? Are you going to beg for it?”

Jimin moans, pushing his ass back against Taehyung as the Alpha finally gets his jeans down around his thighs.

“Please, Tae, please!” He groans. His voice is a lot higher and whiner than usual, his eyes glowing blue and submissive. This drug Hoseok has given him is fucking with his hormones and with his instincts. “I need it!”

“Jiminnie…” The Omega looks up at the light call of his name, his eyes finding Hoseok standing beside the couch with his cock in his hand. “Use your mouth, baby.” The Alpha reaches out, petting Jimin’s hair gently, coaxing him forward until Jimin opens his mouth wide.

“Oh fuck…” Taehyung groans as he watches.

Jimin holds his mouth open as wide as he can, letting Hoseok’s thick cock past his lips, letting him fuck into his mouth while Taehyung’s fingers press into his entrance. Slick trails in little rivers between Jimin’s thighs, his back arching again, raising his ass up as high as he can as Taehyung’s fingers sink in.

He’s moaning around Hoseok’s cock, the Alpha’s fingers tightening in his hair as he thrusts into Jimin’s mouth. This is an ideal situation for an Omega in heat. Two Alphas, both holes filled.

He just needs a knot now, he needs to ride a knot.

“I’m gonna fuck you so hard, Omega…” Taehyung leans forward again, his body hovering over Jimin’s as he licks at his scent gland. On instinct, Jimin tilts his head to the side, submitting by presenting his neck for the Alpha.
Taehyung curses under his breath.

“Want me to mate you? Want me to bite into that pretty skin?” He adds a third finger, thrusting them until Jimin’s moans are louder than the wet sounds of his fingers thrusting into his slick hole.

Jimin can’t respond with his mouth full, but he moans again as if begging Taehyung to bite him. Taehyung is a fairly strong Alpha, he can smell that much from his heavy scent. Just the thought of feeling Taehyung’s teeth sinking into his neck has his cock leaking pre-cum onto the formerly spotless couch.

Hoseok suddenly gives a hard tug on Jimin’s hair, forcing his head back as he watches the blue-eyed Omega taking his dick.

“Good boy…” Hoseok mutters as he pushes his cock in deeper. It’s deeper than Jimin is prepared to take Hoseok, and he immediately tries to pull back, but Hoseok’s grip on his hair prevents him from moving away.

“Open your mouth wider, Omega…” Hoseok tells him as his hips draw back. His cock slides slowly over Jimin’s tongue, baked bread and cherry blossoms mingling with the spearmint from Taehyung.

Taehyung’s fingers slip out of his hole, the empty feeling bringing a whine up from his throat as he spreads his legs wider before Hoseok tugs on his hair again.

“All the way down your throat, Jimin. Keep your mouth open.”

Jimin’s eyes hold Hoseok’s red ones as the Alpha pushes his hips forward. His fingers remain tightly curled in Jimin’s hair, holding his head still as he sinks his dick in much further than Jimin can manage to comfortably take it.

The Omega begins to choke around the girth, an amused smile tugging at Hoseok’s lips.

“Good Omega…” He praises Jimin as his eyes begin to water. His instincts are fighting between feeling pleased about having his throat stuffed and being afraid of his inability to breathe correctly.

Taehyung begins rubbing the head of his dick against Jimin’s entrance, spreading the slick around unbearably slow. Impatience has Jimin rocking his body back as much as he can with Hoseok’s tight grip on his head, and Taehyung lets out another growl.

Jimin’s chest tightens at the sound, his Omega side immediately excited by how powerful Taehyung sounds, but also urged into submission.

He whines again, trying to pull his head back but finding his head still held firmly in place as Hoseok sinks himself fully into Jimin’s mouth.

“Fuck, you feel so good. What a good little Omega, taking two cocks, you’re going to take both of us aren’t you?” He mutters, grinding his hips softly against Jimin’s face before finally beginning to pull back.

Taehyung begins pushing in as Hoseok pulls out.

With his mouth empty, Jimin moans loudly as Taehyung’s dick spreads him open, his toes curling in delight as another wave of slick collects. He’s so turned on, he wants this so bad, he wants Taehyung to fuck him open and Hoseok to fill his stomach.
He wants pups.

“Jiminie…”

The Omega’s glazed over eyes lazily raise to look at Hoseok, but he finds a cell phone in his face.

“Do you feel good, Jiminie?” Hoseok asks as he spans the phone towards Taehyung, and then down to where his cock is sinking deeper into Jimin.

He moans as Taehyung sinks in fully, nodding as the phone returns to him.

“So… so good…” He gasps. Taehyung doesn’t waste time letting Jimin adjust to his size, instead, he pulls his hips back before roughly thrusting back in, another loud moan rips from Jimin as he drops onto his elbows.

“You just sucked my cock didn’t you, Omega?” Hoseok asks.

Jimin nods again, his blue eyes glancing up towards the phone and then to Hoseok’s face. His eyes are still flooded with red, red that demands obedience, red that threatens aggression, red that commands control.

“You want to taste it again, little Omega slut?”

Taehyung begins a quick, rough pace, his fingers digging painfully into Jimin’s hips as the Omega whines and moans around his dick. The pleasure is like static, the warmth blossoming in his stomach travels down towards his cock as the pre-cum continues to drip messily everywhere. He won’t last much longer and he knows it.

“Y-yes… Nn…” Hoseok’s fingers slip through Jimin’s hair, brushing his bangs out of his face before his fingers trail lightly down Jimin’s cheeks.

“I’m so good to you aren’t I? I’m giving you everything you want.”

Taehyung growls loudly, clearly disasatisfied by the way his Omega is being distracted by another Alpha. In response, he begins thrusting harder, pounding into Jimin until the Omega is moaning loud enough for the whole house to hear him.

“Who do you want to fuck you?” Hoseok asks, the camera still carefully capturing Jimin, panning to Taehyung only every few seconds.

“Nnn…” Jimin bites his lip as the pleasure begins to overwhelm him. It’s so hard for him to focus on anything except how good he feels, but he’s trying, fuck he’s trying.

“Jiminie… Who do you want to fuck you?” Hoseok asks again, bending down beside the couch until the phone points at not only Jimin, but also Taehyung who’s still roughly abusing his hole.

Above the sound of Taehyung’s hips smacking against Jimin’s ass, the Omega whimpered, his eyes squeezing shut as the pleasure which had been building finally escapes.

“Y-Y-,” His words are interrupted by a long moan as he cums onto the couch, Taehyung’s cock burying deep into Jimin before his hips snap back and he continues his rough thrusts. His entire
body is trembling, his fingers curled tightly into fists until his nails dig deep crescents into his palms.

“Who, Omega?” Hoseok asks more forcefully.

“Y-Yoongi!” He cries, his legs shaking as he moans again.

Taehyung slams his hips forward again, forcing his cock as deep as he can inside of Jimin, the swell of his knot beginning.

Jimin moans again, his body overly sensitive as Taehyung pulls his hips back. His knot swells slowly, but with each thrust Jimin can feel it beginning to catch on his rim.

“Knot him, Alpha.” Hoseok suddenly puts the phone away, speaking directly to Taehyung now.

In response, Taehyung snarls at Hoseok, his nails digging into Jimin’s hips as he leans over the Omega, biting into his back until Jimin whines from the pain.

“Knot him, fill him with your pups.” Hoseok tells Taehyung.

Taehyung’s mouth travels further up Jimin’s body as his knot catches harder on Jimin’s rim. It’s starting to hurt, and Jimin squirms to pull away only to feel Taehyung’s nails forcefully holding him still.

“Fill you… with my fucking pups.” He growls against Jimin’s scent gland.

“Y-Yoongi…” Jimin whines, the smell of cinnamon and mint now distracting his mind as Taehyung tears his knot out of Jimin, earning a loud cry from the Omega.

“Beg me for it, Omega. Beg me for my fucking knot.” Taehyung snarls, licking a long strip up Jimin’s scent gland.

“P-please!” Jimin cries as Taehyung grinds his knot against Jimin’s ass. It’s too large to fit inside of him now, the emptiness growing inside of Jimin. He needs it.

“Knot me, Alpha!”

Taehyung’s hips pull away, his teeth sinking lightly into Jimin’s neck as he slams his hips forward, forcing his knot into Jimin as the Omega screams.

“Good boy…” Hoseok praises as Jimin’s entire body shudders.

Taehyung snarls and snaps at Hoseok as he reaches forward to touch Jimin. Pulling his hand back, Hoseok smirks at Taehyung as the Alpha keeps his cock buried deep into Jimin, filling him with his cum in hopes of putting a few pups inside of him.

Jimin’s forehead drops against the arm of the couch as the heat begins to slowly dissipate from his body, exhaustion taking over instead. He can feel the warm gush of cum filling him, his toes curling again as his cock throbs. His Omega side is grappling hard with him to retain control, a whine spilling from his lips as Taehyung begins painfully grinding his cock inside of Jimin. His instincts are excited by the knot, excited by the implications.
Taehyung licks at Jimin’s scent gland again, nipping at it lightly in some places which has the Omega shivering. He hadn’t bitten him deeply enough for a mating mark, but it had still felt really good.

The minutes pass, Taehyung’s knot still ballooned inside of Jimin and holding them together. Knots can last from minutes to hours depending on the Alpha, and Jimin really doesn’t know anything about Taehyung or his knots, not enough to know how long they’ll be attached.

Though fortunately, Taehyung is the first one to come to his sense.

“Oh… Oh my god…” He drags his hips back only to have his knot get caught on Jimin’s rim. The pressure has Jimin whimpering, pushing his hips back to stop the discomfort of Taehyung trying to pull out.

“J-Jimin? Oh my god… Oh my god…”

The scent of Taehyung’s distress replaces the arousal he’d been giving off formerly. It’s uncommon to smell an Alpha in distress, and Jimin’s Omega side wants to respond immediately, but he’s slowly beginning to come to his senses as well.

“Tae… fuck…” He curses, squeezing his eyes shut for a moment.

He looks over his shoulder, watching the Alpha as he stares panicked around the room, his eyes zeroing in on Hoseok who’s slowly stroking himself while watching them.

“Wh-what the fuck is this?!” Taehyung snaps at Hoseok. His fingers which had been painfully digging into Jimin’s hips, lighten, relieving Jimin of some of his discomfort.

“A game.” Hoseok tells him airily, still stroking his hand down the length of his cock.

Jemin doesn’t want to look up, he doesn’t want to see this situation with his own eyes, but he has to.

“Tae… god… what are you doing here?” Jimin asks.

“I was told to come!” Taehyung snaps at him. “What the fuck, did you guys plan this?!”

“I have nothing to do with this!” Jimin snaps back at him. His first instinct is to pull away from Taehyung, but that only causes a sharp pain, so he remains put.

“That’s not true at all, you have everything to do with this.” Hoseok laughs. “You’re the one who begged for him.”

“Because you drugged me!” Jimin’s eyes glow blue again, his aggressive hiss reverberating throughout the room and instinctively placing both Alphas on alert.

The two relax after a moment, but Jimin continues to glare at Hoseok.

“Why are you pretending to be an Alpha, what the fuck is going on.” Taehyung breaks the silence, his voice tense but also sounding tired.

“Do you think it’s better to be an Omega?” Jimin turns his head to look at Taehyung. His eyes are back to their usual brown, but Jimin can easily see how conflicted the Alpha is. It’s confusing, of
course it is, and although Jimin is hurting, he knows his pain isn’t the only thing that matters.

“I know it’s not better… but god…” Taehyung runs one hand through his hair, his gaze dropping to where his cock is still stuck inside of Jimin.

“You literally live with an Alpha… You live with Yoongi, fuck… He’s smelled you already, Jimin!”

“I know! I’m trying to cover it up, okay?” Jimin drops his head back against the arm of the couch. From where he’s standing, Hoseok laughs lowly. This must all be hilarious for him, both Taehyung, Jimin, and Jungkook doing exactly what he wants them to do.

He has so much power over them now, it makes Jimin feel sick.

“Ah yeah, the lemons… Yoongi has been craving lemons and oranges so much lately.” Hoseok comments. “But that’s because you smell like citrus, Jiminnie. He must want you so bad.”

“He hasn’t realized it yet. That you’re an Omega.” Taehyung says quietly. “You tricked all of us.”

“It wasn’t a trick, Tae! I was protecting myself!” Jimin wants to cry, he feels like he’s under attack and he’s in the worst position possible for it. Being naked, on all fours with an Alpha inside of you isn’t exactly how healthy communication begins.

“I know… fuck, I know…” Taehyung sighs, the two falling into silence.

Jimin raises his gaze, watching Hoseok as he strokes himself, wishing he had bitten off his dick while he had the chance. If only he’d been in the right frame of mind…

“You want Yoongi too.” Hoseok comments.

“I know.” Jimin admits. “Does he know about all of this?”

“Hmm.” The Alpha smiles, giving a carefree shrug as he takes a few steps closer to Jimin.

“Taste my dick again and maybe I’ll tell you.”

A terrifying growl rips from Taehyung’s chest. Jimin immediately stills, his Omega side already so close to the surface that he can’t suppress the immediate whine he gives in the face of such aggression.

Taehyung’s hand moves to Jimin’s waist, gently rubbing small circles with his thumb to calm the Omega as he addresses Hoseok.

“Don’t fucking touch him, I don’t even know who the fuck you are anymore, Hoseok.” He snarls.

“Jiminnie here doesn’t really have a choice.” Hoseok deadpans.

“Like hell he doesn’t, I’m still here.” Taehyung snaps.

“You’re still here with your cock stuck inside of his ass, what can you really do?”

Hoseok’s fingers slip into Jimin’s hair, yanking his head up.
'I have a really good video of you fucking little Jimin here. I already sent it to my cloud, so destroying my phone won’t do you any good. But you know…” Jimin’s eyes meet Hoseok’s, his chest tightening again.

“If you try to stop me from doing whatever I want, then I’ll make sure little Jungkookie sees the video. I’ll also make sure the whole school sees it. The government is always looking for more Omegas you know.”

Jimin can practically feel Taehyung realizing how helpless he is. He feels it in the way Taehyung’s thumb stops drawing small circles on his back, in the way his fingers press tighter into Jimin’s waist as though he’s fighting himself.

Hoseok’s cock presses to Jimin’s lips again.

“Open wide, sweetheart. You have to finish your meal.”

Taehyung growls again, but this time, it’s a more defeated growl, a growl holding so much pain and anguish that Jimin squeezes his eyes shut as he opens his mouth.

Now that he’s lucid, he can note how salty Hoseok tastes. He can faintly smell apples on him, disgust and anger swelling inside of him as the Alpha’s fingers continue brushing through his hair.

“Such a pretty Omega… You moan so pretty too…” Hoseok sighs, slowly thrusting his hips.

Taehyung returns to drawing small circles on Jimin’s back, it’s a small gesture, but Jimin appreciates his attempts at keeping him calm.

“Stop talking to him.” Taehyung says quietly. “Once my knot goes down, we’re leaving.”

“You’re going to take him home smelling like heat and citrus?” Hoseok asks.

Jimin keeps his mouth open wide, Hoseok’s fingers still pulling through his hair, occasionally dipping down to brush over his cheek bones or jaw.

“I’ll make sure Yoongi isn’t home.” Taehyung says.

“And what about when you go home? Smelling like sex, like another Omega.” Hoseok laughs as Taehyung’s grip on Jimin’s waist tightens again.

“Take Jimin home without sending Yoongi away, give the Omega what he really wants.” He says as he lowers his hand to grip Jimin’s jaw.

“You want Yoongi to fuck you, so let him fuck you.”

“Is Yoongi in on this?” Taehyung asks. “Who all is in on this? Namjoon? Seokjin?”

Hoseok laughs.

“Considering the blackmail I have on you and Jimin, you two are part of this… and Kookie now.”

Taehyung’s nails dig into Jimin’s waist, and he whines as Taehyung tries to dislodge his knot but
fails.

“What the fuck did you do to Jungkook?!” He’s snarling again, aggression laying thick like a blanket.

“I did the same thing you did to Jimin. I made him feel good, just like you made Jimin feel good.”

The Alpha roars, and Jimin whines and cries with wide-eyes as Taehyung suddenly begins tugging more forcefully, trying to remove his knot even though it hasn’t gone down enough for that yet. It hurts so bad tears spring to Jimin’s eyes, his hands flying back to try and stop Taehyung while Hoseok laughs.

“You’re hurting Jimin, TaeTae.” He says.

“I’m going to fucking kill you.” Taehyung’s voice sounds broken up, as though he’s holding back tears, and although he’s stopped struggling, Jimin can still feel his rim burning with pain.

“Better wait until you’re not balls deep inside another Omega.” Hoseok says. “Or maybe you don’t mind selling Jimin out, because if that’s the case then by all means, we can fight.”

Hoseok returns his attention to Jimin, stroking his face gently as the Omega’s watering eyes threaten to spill over. It was one thing when Hoseok was just using Jimin like a toy, but now he’s made toys of everyone, and it might be Jimin’s fault.

He’s hurting everybody around him.

“Hmm, to answer and earlier question… Yoongi isn’t aware that Jimin’s an Omega… but he’ll probably figure it out soon. His rut is coming up, and you know he’ll sniff Jimin out.” Hoseok’s hand returns to Jimin’s hair, slipping back to the base of his neck where he grips tightly, craning Jimin’s head back and thrusting deeper down his throat.

“And whether or not he’s part of this…” Hoseok groans, and Jimin can feel the small twitches his cock’s giving inside of his mouth. The pre-cum tastes disgusting, sour, and too easily he can smell Jungkook’s apple scent on him still.

“Yoongi is the one who started all of this.”

Jimin’s eyes widen as Hoseok forces his cock in as deep as he can, fully sheathing himself inside of Jimin’s throat as he moans.

As Taehyung begins to cry, Jimin can taste the bitterness of Hoseok’s cum on his tongue, his moans increasing in volume as he slowly rocks his hips back and forth, milking himself in Jimin’s mouth.

Yoongi isn’t trustworthy.

Yoongi is the mastermind behind all of this.

Yoongi is the reason everyone is suffering.

As Hoseok pulls out, Jimin chokes around his cock, vomit threatening his throat as Taehyung continues crying. Jimin feels hollow, and if he’s being honest, finding out that Yoongi isn’t
trustworthy doesn’t surprise him. It just hurts.

Jimin had already prepared himself for the worst-case scenario, and although the cinnamon and mint scent is an affliction, an in-escapable luxury, it’s also something like a forbidden fruit.

If he wants Yoongi, he first has to throw away his own humanity and embrace a life of pain and suffering for not just him, but others.

“Y-yoongi…” Taehyung cries. “He’s not even confrontational… He’s… he’s fucking peaceful…”

“You think you know someone.” Hoseok shrugs, stuffing his dick back into his jeans.

The knot feels like it’s deflated enough for Taehyung to pull out, but Jimin notes the Alpha’s distress as a possible reason for him remaining attached. Taehyung’s pain is palpable, his body beginning to slouch against Jimin’s, hugging him around the middle as his tears stain Jimin’s bruised and bitten-up back.

“Tae…” Jimin says softly. He understands his hurt, and he wants to comfort him, but he also feels far too vulnerable in his current position, he needs out.

“Shut up…” Tae digs his nails into Jimin’s back. “This… this didn’t start until… until you got here…”

Jimin’s heart aches, his eyes dropping as his throat begins to feel like it’s closing up. It hurts where Taehyung is digging his nails in, but his words definitely hurt more.

“Nothing was like this… We were all so fucking happy…”

Jimin doesn’t turn around, but he can feel his eyes glazing over as he stares at one specific patch of the couch.

Taehyung pulls his hips back, his knot easily slipping past Jimin’s rim with little to no resistance.

“You’re right. This started after Jimin’s arrival.”

Jimin’s gaze snaps to Hoseok’s and he knows immediately that it’s a lie, but that doesn’t stop Taehyung’s hand from wrapping around the back of Jimin’s neck.

Painfully, he’s shoved face down into the couch, Taehyung’s hand holding him down by his neck as he begins roughly thrusting into him again. Between each thrust, he sobs, incoherent mumblings of Jungkook’s name leaving his lips as his grip on Jimin’s neck tightens.

And Jimin takes it, quietly, because he deserves it.

If he had saved Jungkook, then Taehyung wouldn’t be suffering like this, Taehyung probably wouldn’t have been dragged into this at all.

The Alpha’s other hand slips between Jimin’s legs, spreading his legs a little wider while Hoseok laughs as he watches. It hurts because of how sore Jimin is still, his rim burns from where Taehyung had tried to force his knot out earlier, and each thrust becomes more forceful than the last as he continues to hold Jimin down.
“Your fault… It’s… fucked… fucked up… because of you…” Taehyung’s tears slide down Jimin’s back, catching in the dip where his spine is and traveling up his back towards Taehyung’s hand. On instinct, his body begins producing slick again, and he knows Taehyung can smell it when he uses his free hand to smack Jimin’s ass.

“Fuckin’ sicko… Getting… turned on…” He growls.

Jimin closes his eyes, chewing on his lip to avoid crying as Taehyung fucks into him.

It hurts, fuck it hurts, but all he can do is gasp, breathing hard through his nose as Hoseok continues watching, laughing.

It doesn’t take Taehyung long to finish, and when he does, he moves his hand from Jimin’s neck to his hair, yanking on it painfully, forcing the Omega to arch his back backwards as he digs his cock in as deep as he can before shoving Jimin down again, grinding against him but not knotting him.

When he pulls out, Jimin feels strangely empty.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

☆ Double release 2/2

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Taehyung takes Jimin home despite his angry outburst.

Jimin sits quietly in the passengers seat, his ass aching from being fucked too hard, his pride hurting from being used, and his heart hurting from all of the pain and suffering he’s seen and caused. He wants to fix it, but he doesn’t know where to start. Suddenly, getting his degree and proving Alpha’s wrong seems like such a selfish endeavor.

Taehyung’s knuckles are white where he grips the steering wheel too tightly. His scent is still pulsating anger, and Jimin feels too subdued to dare speak to the Alpha. Instead, he does his best to remain absolutely still, pretending as though his stillness can somehow help him morph into nonexistence, if only that were possible.

When they reach Jimin’s apartment, Taehyung doesn’t speak as Jimin unbuckles his seatbelt, nor does he speak as Jimin opens the door and steps out.

He doesn’t speak until Jimin thanks him for driving him, his voice quiet and far hollower than he feels.

“I’m sorry.” Taehyung says quietly.

“It’s okay.” Jimin replies, his gaze distant and devoid of emotion as he closes the door.

In the end, Hoseok had fortunately agreed to make sure Yoongi wouldn’t be home when Jimin got in, and the Omega doesn’t even worry about his neighbors or anybody else seeing him. Instead, he pulls his hood up over his head, hiding the shallow bite mark on his neck as he lets himself into the building and takes the elevator up to his floor.

He doesn’t see anybody the whole way, and each heavy step is met with a deepening despair on Jimin’s part.

He just wants to cry all the time and that really isn’t an acceptable way to live, is it?

Taking his key out of his pocket, he unlocks the door, stepping into the dark apartment and not even bothering to turn on any lights.

His facial expression is something that concerns even him as he makes the dark walk to the bathroom, closing and locking the door behind him but not turning on the light.

Instead, he stands in the darkness for a moment, waiting for the tears to strike…
But they don’t come.

His chest feels heavy, his limbs feel weak, but he turns on the light before mindlessly removing his clothes, turning on the water as hot as it can go before stepping beneath the spray.

It hurts, it hurts…

But he hurts worse inside.

He takes a longer shower than usual, carefully removing Hoseok and Taehyung’s scent from his body before using the scalding water to wash the cum out from inside of himself and from where it has caked between his legs.

He feels disgusting, dirty, sick, but he also doesn’t feel like anything at all, he feels like nothing, it’s nothing, he’s nothing.

When he’s finally clean, Jimin gets out of the shower again, going through the motions of spraying himself down with Alpha scent, taking a scent suppressor, and then spraying de-scentor throughout the apartment incase his natural scent still lingers.

Once he’s dressed, he crawls into bed, falling asleep just as he hears Yoongi come home.

The following morning, Jimin is surprised by just how empty he still feels. Isn’t this something that should pass? He isn’t sure, he’s never had to experience anything like this, nor has he known anybody else who has.

So he gets up and gets dressed.

Jimin begins the motions again. More Alpha spray, more scent suppressors, more birth control, more heat suppressants, and then he gets dressed, making sure to wear a turtleneck to hide the bite mark on his neck; before washing his face and brushing his teeth.

His hair is a wreck and his skin seems a bit dry from where he had let the hot water spray on it for too long. Taking out his moisturizer, he massages it into his skin, his thoughts vacant as he focuses only on tasks that are taking place immediately, things that he’s doing right now.

Like right now, now he has to go make breakfast.

Quietly, Jimin walks past Yoongi’s room, the cinnamon and mint scent tingling in his stomach. Why does Yoongi’s scent still affect him despite what he knows? Shouldn’t he be repulsed by him now?

Maybe if the world were fair…

In the kitchen, he does his best to make as little sound as possible as he pulls out the skillet he usually uses. It’s non-stick, so he doesn’t spray it down with anything as he places it onto one of the burners, turning the heat on medium before pulling out his carton of eggs.
Food doesn’t really sound good right now, and to be honest, Jimin isn’t entirely certain that he won’t vomit immediately after eating, but he decides it would be good to try anyway.

When the skillet is hot enough, he cracks the egg on the side of the countertop, dropping it into the skillet and watching it sizzle.

He zones out as he stares at the single egg cooking, his thoughts a mess but also so quiet. Taehyung is in so much pain, Jungkook is in so much pain...

Jimin’s mind replays the feeling of Taehyung’s hand on his neck, the fear that had re-grown itself as the Alpha decided to fuck him again.

He closes his eyes, pushing the thoughts away.

When his eggs finish cooking, Jimin slides them onto a plate before sitting down on the couch with them. He has plenty of time before his classes start, so he doesn’t think anything of it as he stares down at the plate with no motivation to eat.

How many days has it been since he’s eaten? One?

He has to eat today, and he knows it, but he can’t bring himself to raise his fork, he can’t stomach the idea of putting anything past his lips.

He can’t stop seeing things he doesn’t want to see, reliving things he wants to forget.

Jimin loses himself to his thoughts, the steam which had been rising slowly from the eggs; disappearing until they’re ice cold.

Yoongi doesn’t leave his room even though Jimin half expected him to, instead, the blaring alarm from Jimin’s phone rouses him from the barrage of intrusive thoughts and memories. It’s already time to leave for class, he had zoned out for thirty minutes.

Jimin dumps his egg in the trashcan, and after retrieving his duffel bag from his bedroom, he leaves for school.

It’s cold, probably colder than the day before, but he just keeps his cold hands shoved into the small pockets of his jacket, his shoulders drawn up as he makes the short walk to campus. He knows he’s dwelling and that it won’t do him any good, but he’s begun feeling guilty for all of the trouble he’s caused with his charade. If he left Seoul, then maybe things would improve? Maybe Hoseok would leave Jungkook alone, maybe Taehyung would stop hurting and heal, maybe Jimin can find somewhere else where it’s easier to hide himself.

His breath comes out in white puffs as he walks up the sidewalk between looming buildings. The gray sky overhead warns of rain, as does the humidity in the air. If he were in wolf form, the rain wouldn’t be as much of a threat, he could hide in the woods, shake his fur out, and remain warm.

In human form, he worries how blue he would turn if he were wet and cold.

Around him, other students pass-by without a second glance. He smells like an Alpha, and although he’s not carrying himself like one, he’s uninteresting, even to the Omegas who instinctively know something is off about him. It’s more comfortable to blend in, but Jimin finds himself fearing the moment when he’ll inhale baked bread or spearmint, when he’ll have to face Hoseok or Taehyung.
But really, nothing would be worse than smelling apples.

Jimin goes through the school day quietly and without speaking up in either of his two classes. Despite his fears, he doesn’t once scent Taehyung or Hoseok, nor does he catch sight of, or smell Jungkook.

So he walks home.

It hasn’t rained yet, and Jimin is thankful the weather is merciful as he reaches his apartment. He tries to tell himself to puff up, to stop being a little bitch, to stop acting like some angsty teen.

But he really thinks he’s lost his motivation now.

There’s a larger picture to everything than just getting his degree, of course. Jimin had initially set out to prove that Omegas could do anything an Alpha could, that Omegas were smart and capable, that he would be just as useful in the workforce as he would be at home cooking dinner or raising pups.

At first, that one desire to prove himself and all Omegas had been enough to fuel him, it had been enough to earn him straight A’s, to inch him closer to the Dean’s List. Although right now, he doesn’t feel that’s a good enough reason.

Would it even matter if he proved himself? He might just spend six years suffering the way he is now only to end up as some Alpha’s cock-sleeve and personal cook, raising pups with a college degree shoved behind some boxes or perhaps in the trash.

It won’t amount to anything.

Jimin makes it inside his apartment, locking the door before making his way back to his bedroom. Despite his lack of motivation, he’ll be dropped from his classes if he fails, and that mountain of homework isn’t going to do itself.

Since his appetite hasn’t yet returned to him, Jimin pulls out the books he needs to complete his homework, situating himself on his bed before getting to work.

It’s difficult to concentrate, but Jimin begins pinching himself whenever his mind begins to wander. As soon as a bruise begins to form on his thigh, that he finishes his first piece of homework, moving onto the next one without hesitation.

Along with it being difficult to concentrate, it’s taking him longer to understand the questions. He reads the question while thinking he understands, only to find his mind blanking, forcing him to go back and re-read the question. He re-reads the same questions five or so times before moving to answer them.

Hours pass, several bruises now forming on various points of Jimin’s legs and arms when he hears a knock at the front door.

His heart lurches in his chest as he raises his head, looking out into the empty hall and listening to the silence.
Another knock, this one louder.

Jimin catches his bottom lip between his teeth, chewing on it gently as he shifts his book out of his lap, sliding slowly out of his bed before quietly walking towards the front door.

Another knock causes him to jump, and he inwardly curses himself for becoming such a scaredy cat. Just because bad things have happened doesn’t mean bad things will always happen, or that’s what he tells himself as he reaches up to unlock the door.

Spearmint hits his nose, adrenaline pumping into his veins as he finds himself looking at Taehyung.
The Alpha looks exhausted with deep bags under his eyes and wrinkled clothes. Jimin can see the void in his gaze, emptiness where a spark used to sit.

“Jimin…” Taehyung says.

“Yoongi isn’t here…” Jimin says quietly. It doesn’t strike him until after the fact that he probably shouldn’t have given that information away.

“I know, I was looking for you.” Taehyung says. “Can I come in?”

Jimin hesitates, his gaze falling to the side. He doesn’t want to invite trouble, he doesn’t want to suffer more than necessary.

“I promise I won’t do anything. I just want to talk, to apologize…” The broken sound of Taehyung’s voice has Jimin’s eyes crawling slowly back to the Alpha’s face. If Taehyung is lying, then he’ll get hurt again. If he’s telling the truth, then he can maybe get help with stopping Hoseok and ending this endless ring of blackmail and pain.

He has to try, one more time.

Jimin steps back, opening the door wider. He’s frowning even as Taehyung thanks him and steps inside, his heart refuses to stop pounding.

The two move into the living room, taking a seat on different couches as they stare uncomfortably at their laps. It’s awkward, but it’s also scary for Jimin. Although he understands why Tae did what he did, and although he feels he deserved it, that doesn’t mean he has forgiven him.

“How’s Jungkook?”

Taehyung’s face immediately twists into an expression of pain, his eyes watering before he drops his head.

“He’s alive… but he just cries… and… god… Jungkook… I can’t make enough comforting pheromones for him…”

Jimin stares down at his knees, his fingers threading together as a pit opens up in his chest. Jungkook’s pain is his fault too, and he only hopes that the young Omega is able to overcome it without being put through any more suffering.
“I’m sorry… about Jungkook…” Jimin says.

“Don’t apologize… Not to me…” Taehyung’s fingers press to his forehead, his hands shaking now before he speaks again, this time, his voice is nearly a whisper. “I’m no better than Hoseok… what he did to Jungkook… I did to you…”

Jimin doesn’t refute that, not immediately. It does give him some amount of comfort to know that Taehyung is aware of what he did, even if it doesn’t fix anything.

“I told Jungkook I would watch the door for him… Guard it… so that an Alpha wouldn’t go inside.” Jimin admits. “And I really thought I could…”

“How… How did he get inside…?” Taehyung raises his head, openly displaying his bloodshot and glassy eyes. His torment doesn’t make Jimin feel any better

“He used his Alpha voice…” Jimin says quietly. “He commanded me to leave and not to tell anybody…”

Jemin drops his head as Taehyung’s gaze departs from him. There’s so much pain in this one room, his scent suppressors can no longer disguise the distress signals he’s giving off.

“It’s not your fault…” The Alpha sighs, his hands rubbing roughly at his face, dragging his cheeks down.

“It feels like it’s my fault… I heard him… I heard him calling my name… I couldn’t go to him…”

“You can’t disobey a command…” Taehyung tells him.

“I know… but I still feel bad… because he thought he was safe… because he thought I was an Alpha… If I were, I would’ve been able to protect him.”

The two fall into silence, Jimin stares at the coffee table, idly day dreaming about just dropping dead on the spot. That might be nice.

“I won’t lie and say I’m not mad at you for that… it’s true that… Jungkook would’ve known better if he had known that you’re not an Alpha… but even if he knew you were an Omega, that wouldn’t have prevented Hoseok from doing what he did… He would’ve used his Alpha voice on the both of you…”

Jemin nods, chewing on his lip again.

“Jemin, I need to apologize to you… I don’t want to… pretend like I didn’t do what I did either.” Taehyung raises his head, his eyes on Jimin, even though Jimin doesn’t look up. Maybe he’s afraid to look at Tae.

“The first time… was because of your heat… because of the drugs Hoseok gave you… and I’m sorry I wasn’t strong enough to fight against my instincts, and I’m sorry you were in that situation.”

Jemin’s eyes unfocus, his breathing strangely even despite the anxiety curling inside of him. He almost feels as though he can detach from his body, escape the uncomfortable apology he’s about
to hear, escape the way he’ll feel inclined to accept it and pretend like he can even begin to forgive
him right now.

“I raped you the second time…” Taehyung exhales. “I raped you… I… I can’t pretend like I
didn’t… I held you down… I was… really rough… I was so angry… I-,”

“Stop…” Jimin says softly as he closes his eyes, wincing at the memory.

The two fall into silence again, Jimin’s thoughts spinning as he begins to shake. He doesn’t need
Taehyung to describe exactly what happens, he remembers it clearly enough, he’s still sore from it.

“I’m sorry… for what I did…” Taehyung says finally. “I know that isn’t good enough… but I’ll
never be able to make it up to you… I can at least promise it won’t happen again…”

“It’s okay.” Jimin’s voice is tense and shaky. He can’t bring himself to look at Taehyung, he
wasn’t ready to have this conversation, and yet, within this spearmint and citrus soaked room, the
two of them are unwrapping their pain.

“It’s not okay… I did something terrible… I hurt you like Hoseok does… the same way Jungkook
is hurting… “

“If you’re really sorry then help me…” Jimin is chewing more roughly on his lip, the pain is a
distraction, a means for him to remain grounded when his thoughts are bouncing around wildly.

“Help me stop him…”

Taehyung is quiet for a moment, his head dropping again before he nods.
“I want to… seeing his face last night… when he came home… I couldn’t do anything, or say
anything… I don’t know who I can trust in that house now… I don’t even know my own pack…”

Jimin hadn’t really thought about everything that Taehyung and Jungkook have lost. Although
Jimin may have suffered physical and psychological pain, those two are definitely hurting a lot
worse than him.

“You can trust Namjoon…” Jimin says. “The way Hoseok talks about him… it doesn’t seem like
Namjoon knows anything.”

Taehyung looks up.

“Would you be alright with Namjoon knowing your secret?”

Jimin shrugs, exhaling as his distress scent begins to taper off. He’ll need to spray the de-scenting
solution before Yoongi gets home.

“He’ll probably have to know if this is ever going to end… It was one thing when it was just me,
but if Hoseok is hurting other people too then…” Jimin trails off. He’s still weary of Taehyung,
unsure of being alone with him, too close to him, but when facing the possibility of not being
alone, he feels a little bit better.

“Thank you, Jimin…” Taehyung pauses. “I’ll try to help so that he can’t hurt you… but I can’t
promise that I can stop him…”
Jimin nods, unthreading his fingers before cupping his hands together between his legs.

“I know, and I’ve already accepted that…”

Taehyung leans back on the couch, sighing as the two of them take in the pressure that’s been placed onto them. It’s not fair, and it hurts, but at least they’re not alone.

“I know this is awful of me, but I have one last question… and then I’ll leave you alone…”
Taehyung says carefully.
Jimin raises his eyebrows but doesn’t look up, he already knows what Taehyung wants to ask him.

“Are you… on birth control…?”

Jimin nods, raising his eyes and briefly meeting Taehyung’s for a moment.

“Yeah… Don’t worry…”

The Alpha looks down, nodding slowly but not speaking.

This isn’t the way Jimin had expected the conversation to turn out, and even though there are still some details to work out, the Omega tries to tell himself that this is the only thing he can do. Although he had been content with the possibility of running away, although he had lost the motivation to finish his degree, he may find safety in trusting Taehyung.

It’s the least he can do, for what he did to Jungkook, for the way he betrayed him.

“Do you think Yoongi is really behind all of this?” Taehyung asks.

The tension in the room has lightened, and although forgiveness is far from their shores, Jimin decides he has to begin accepting this pain if he wants to accomplish anything, if he wants to stop Hoseok.

He will continue to be hurt, raped, but he can’t let it stop him. He can’t wallow in his misery the way he has been. He has to try and enact change.

“I don’t know.” Jimin says truthfully. “He doesn’t… I just didn’t see him like that…”

“You like him.” Taehyung states, and Jimin doesn’t refute his claim.

“It doesn’t matter how he smells or how I feel if he’s the cause of so much suffering.” Jimin rests his chin on his folded hands, staring at the coffee table as his thoughts begin to sort out.

There is still a light at the end of the tunnel if he’ll just continue chasing it.

I know… but… you know Yoongi is a really quiet Alpha… I mean that’s why he’s not our pack’s leader even though he’s the strongest one… He doesn’t like fighting, he’s always talking everything out…” Taehyung trails off. It’s obvious the Alpha isn’t at all convinced that Yoongi is part of this, or not in the way Hoseok wants them to believe. Looking back on it, Jimin isn’t sure he’s convinced either. Yoongi is a bit strange, a loner, quiet, and kind.

He’s not someone Jimin can see doing the things Hoseok does.
Instead of voicing his thoughts, Jimin asks, “Why doesn’t he live at the pack house?”

“It’s hard to really say… He tells us it’s because we’re too loud and he can’t focus… But now… I’m not sure if that was ever true…”

There’s a short pause before Taehyung speaks up again.

“By the way… The drugs everyone thinks you’re into… is that because of Hoseok?”

Jimin’s lips finally curl into a sardonic smile, though it doesn’t reflect itself in his distracted gaze.

“My scent suppressors… When I’m around Yoongi, I have to take so many… It probably looks like a weird drug addiction.”

“Ah…” Taehyung smiles softly to himself. “Yoongi’s been really stressed out about it… in our group chat… he mentioned that you keep going out at night and have been acting really strangely…”

“Hoseok…” Jimin clears his throat. “I go out at night when Hoseok wants me…”

Taehyung rubs at his jeans while Jimin glances at a clock. There isn’t too much time left before Yoongi’s class will end.

“I don’t want to ask you uncomfortable questions… and I know you’re going to keep getting hurt until we can stop him… but I hope you’ll come to me if it gets to be too much… You can talk to me if you need to.”

Jimin bites down on his lip until he tastes blood, closing his eyes as the pain, both mental and physical, wraps around him like a second skin.

“I’m okay.” He lies. “I can handle it.” He lies again.

He opens his eyes in time to see Taehyung nodding, a small frown on his lips as he stares at the floor.

“I know you’re strong, Jiminnie… and I know I don’t deserve your trust… but even strong people hurt… so just… anytime…. If you need to…”

Jimin’s chest hurts.

“Thank you…” He says quietly. “Yoongi’s classes will end soon… I need to spray the de-scentor.”

It’s an excuse, a means to escape the conversation, to escape himself. Maybe he’s afraid to confide in anybody, afraid to face his own pain, his own weakness. Maybe all Jimin is—is afraid.

“Oh, right sorry.” Taehyung rises, but he makes sure to move slowly, walking in front of Jimin rather than behind him, keeping his scent contained rather than overwhelming the Omega with the scent of an Alpha.

He’s being considerate, and Jimin appreciates the small gestures.
“Can I give you my phone number?” Taehyung asks as they reach the door.

“Yeah… Yeah, it’d probably be good if I had that…” Jimin reaches into his pants pocket, pulling out his phone and unlocking it before handing it to Taehyung.

“You can call or text me anytime… if I’m not in class, I’ll answer or text you back.” Taehyung hands him his phone back, and if Jimin were being honest, he’d say the Alpha looks a little less stressed now that they’ve talked.

Jimin also has to admit that he feels better too.

“Okay… Thank you.”

Jimin lets Taehyung out, locking the door before going around and spraying the de-scentor, using probably more than is needed until he feels he’s fully removed both the smell of citrus, and the smell of spearmint.

A lot of things are changing now, and despite the grim future Jimin knows he’ll be facing, he’s comforted by the warm flame of hope that’s been presented to him, however unstable and however small, this may be his last chance.

If Taehyung betrays him, if they fail, he’ll either run or die trying.

Chapter End Notes

Check my twitter for the poll! It'll be pinned to the top!

Don't forget to expand the tweet and view the other polls.

The polls do not affect the story.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Read the tags. This story contains disturbing elements which are described in detail.

I'm not going to add these warnings going forward. So last call!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s only once Taehyung is gone that Jimin finds himself wishing he had asked about the picture. The one of Yoongi and Hoseok having sex.

Although he should have erased it, erased the whole conversation, he’s almost afraid to lose the proof, the evidence ... as though he’ll ever be able to really do anything with it. It’s not evidence for legal proceedings or accusations, it’s evidence for himself in case Hoseok really does manage to break him, in case he questions his own sanity beneath the spell of whatever drugs the Alpha feeds him.

Jimin pauses in the middle of the dark hallway, a half-empty can of de-scentor hanging from one hand as he stares at the wall, his mind trying to sort through all the possible answers Taehyung could give him about the photo.

It’s not as though Taehyung’s apology makes him trustworthy, but a lie repeated twice is usually not alike the first. However, Jimin believes Tae will just be drawing conclusions same as him. Neither of them has an answer, not a good one at least.

Jimin takes the can back to his room with him, leaving it on-top of his dresser as he takes out his synthetic alpha scent, spraying himself down again before popping another scent suppressor. Over the past few days, he’s noticed that his scent suppressors have stopped working as well again, and although Jimin would like to avoid it, the possibility of another trip to Doc dangles itself before him.

The faux-Alpha sighs, and for the first time in what feels like ages, his stomach growls.

Jimin’s in the middle of making dinner when Yoongi comes home. It’s a weird night for Jimin at least, weird because he actually doesn’t feel like he’s drowning in a pit of black tar anymore. His chest isn’t as tight, his throat doesn’t feel swollen, and his body isn’t needlessly exhausted.

The stress of school, homework, exams, all of that—is still hanging over his head, but the stress caused by Hoseok feels significantly lessened. For Jungkook, for himself, and for all Omegas, he’ll endure anything Hoseok throws at him.

Yoongi pauses as he reaches the kitchen, deep bags under his eyes as he watches Jimin cooking. The scent of cinnamon and mint is so much stronger right now, or maybe Jimin is just more sensitive to it. His pupils dilate as he dips the wooden spoon back into the stew, breathing through
his mouth a few times before he feels like he can look at Yoongi.

He should hate him.

“Hey…” It sounds casual despite the millions of thoughts ripping through Jimin’s head. Yoongi may be responsible for everything, unknowingly or knowingly.

“Hey…” Yoongi pauses, one hand coming up to touch the wall as he steps into the kitchen. His movements are slow, as though he’s collecting information and sorting through it to reach some grand conclusion. As though he knows something Jimin doesn’t know.

“Did you have someone over?” Yoongi asks after a moment.

Jimin pauses, confused before nodding. “Tae came over for a little bit.”

Yoongi frowns, dropping his gaze and searching the floor as he continues to think. Jimin returns to the pot on the stove, watching as the dark broth lightly bubbles until he stirs it again. Really, he wants to take another scent suppressor because the one he took earlier isn’t really doing it. Yoongi’s scent is just as impactful, just as strong and heavy. His skin feels like it’s heating up with each inhale, and his Omega side preens again.

He shoves it down, forcing his Omega side away as he tries to preoccupy his mind with thoughts of the meal he’s currently working on.

“Was… there an Omega here?” Yoongi asks finally.

Jimin looks up again, surprised by Yoongi’s question, and now a little nervous. Is Yoongi smelling something he can’t smell? Is he more sensitive to Jimin’s scent than Jimin actually realizes? He takes a cautionary inhale through his nose, the scent of cinnamon and mint alighting all of his instincts, but that’s all he can smell.

“No… Jungkook didn’t come with him.” Jimin says. He’s hoping that’s the last of it, that Yoongi will just drop it, because he isn’t sure he can deal with another wrench in things. If Yoongi really is behind everything, then him finding out about Jimin will only cause problems, problems Jimin may not be able to solve.

Yoongi takes a step closer, his chin raised as he sniffs the air again.

“I can…” The Alpha trails off as he takes another step closer. “It really… smells like… citrus…”

Jimin doesn’t move even as Yoongi gets to be less than two feet away. Gripping the wooden spoon tightly, he focuses the bulk of his attention on the Alpha, anxiety prickling his insides.

“It’s just my shampoo…” Jimin reminds him. “Are you feeling alright?”

Yoongi’s face twists into a look of confusion, but he pauses his slow approach and looks around instead.

“Your shampoo is too strong…” Yoongi mumbles. “I wish you’d buy something else.”

The Alpha no longer appears dazed or one-track minded, so Jimin relaxes and begins stirring his food again. He really is taking too much of a risk by living with Yoongi, someone whose scent he has trouble resisting, someone who may or may not be the ultimate cause of his suffering.
“I’ll keep that in mind when I run out.” Jimin tells him as he turns the heat down on the burner.

Yoongi continues lingering despite the silence between them, the awkward yet tense atmosphere has Jimin’s gaze returning to the Alpha. In Yoongi’s eyes, he can see flakes of red where his instincts are bleeding through, the Omega’s insides lurch.

“How far off is your rut?” He asks.

“A few days probably.” Yoongi sighs. “I know that’s what’s making me tense. Sorry for hovering.”

Jimin shakes his head, suddenly glad that he has a turtleneck on to cover up the bite mark and handprint bruise on his neck. It would just be another thing for Yoongi to focus on, and if his wolf has already grown suspicious of Jimin, then something like that could end poorly.

“It’s okay… Uhm… just try not to invade my personal space.” Jimin gives him a small smile, doing everything in his power to act casual. It’s difficult to rope in his own instincts, to convince his own wolf that baring his neck to Yoongi won’t end well. Really, Jimin deserves an award for how long he’s gone without Yoongi fully realizing the truth, even if other people have.

“I’ll try, sorry.” Yoongi apologizes again. “Why was Taehyung here?” He asks, switching the subject as he walks out of the kitchen, rounding to the bar before leaning against it.

“Just to hang out.” Jimin shrugs.

“Oh… Did he say anything about Jungkook?”

The faux-Alpha looks up, meeting Yoongi’s gaze with furrowed brows before shaking his head. “No, what do you mean?”

“I dunno, that’s why I was askin’ you…” He sighs. “Namjoon left some weird voicemail on my phone about needing to talk about Kookie.”

A bowling ball sits in Jimin’s chest as he blinks at Yoongi. Taehyung may know the truth about him, but it’s possible Namjoon doesn’t know, that Jungkook accused Jimin and Taehyung wasn’t around to talk to Namjoon.

“I hope everything’s okay.” Jimin says, his mind a thousand miles away as he turns the heat off. He doesn’t want to seem too interested in what Namjoon has to say, but he does feel anxious about what Namjoon could say.

Getting his teeth kicked in by his roommate doesn’t sound like a fun night.

“Yeah… I guess I should go shower.” Yoongi yawns, glancing over the living room before he inhales again.

“By the way… it’s probably not a good idea if Kookie or any other Omega comes over between now and my rut. It’s a little embarrassing but I uh… am pretty aggressive… I’d feel really bad if I hurt someone by mistake.”

Jimin pulls a bowl out, nodding. Does that mean him too? Is Yoongi saying this because his nose
is more sensitive right now and he can smell Jimin?

“Okay, if you say so.”

The atmosphere in the room is still strange, but Jimin does his best to shrug it off as he pours his dinner into a bowl. It’s a light soup with meat and veggies, nothing special since he worried a heavy food would irritate his empty stomach.

Yoongi retreats to the bathroom, relieving some of the stress from Jimin who carries his bowl into the living room, sitting down on the couch with it. As he eats, he makes guided efforts not to think about unpleasant things. He’s not going to get anywhere by allowing each mishap to affect him so deeply, and even though it hurts him, he mentally wills himself to get over it and move on.

It’s really not that simple, but he tries to tell himself that it won’t hurt as much one day.

As Jimin picks up his empty bowl to return it to the kitchen, he catches sight of Yoongi leaving the bathroom. There’s a towel wrapped around his waist, one of the thick and expensive ones that Jimin can only dream about. But he finds his eyes catching sight of small marks to his otherwise unblemished skin. The marks are sprinkled across his chest, over his shoulders and around his collarbones. Although Jimin has never been handled carefully during sex, he understands what they are. He also understands who put them there.

“Uh…” Noticing Jimin’s staring, Yoongi’s ears heat up, an amused smile pulling at his lips as he reaches for his door handle. The acknowledgement is all it takes for Jimin to snap out of his daze, his entire face turning red as he stutters an apology, hurrying into the kitchen to clean out his bowl.

Still mentally chiding himself for being caught staring, he quickly cleans out his bowl, storing the remainder of the soup in the fridge before cleaning up any lingering mess. Afterwards, he makes a mad dash to his bedroom in an effort to hide from his own embarrassment.

Friday morning comes, and as Jimin sits up in bed, he decides he isn’t going to school that day. Instead, the Omega lays in bed, squirming around beneath his warm sheets, inhaling his own citrus scent which is somehow a little stronger than usual.

Normally, smelling his own scent would have him leaping out of bed to cover it up, but right now, he feels strangely comforted by it. Being forced to smell an Alpha all day long, even a synthetic scent, is uncomfortable.

Pulling the soft comforter up higher, he tugs it down over his shoulders, burying his chin beneath it as he takes a moment just to appreciate how comfortable he is. His bed is soft, his sheets are warm, and faintly, very faintly, he can still smell cinnamon and mint.

For thirty minutes, he just lays in bed appreciating the comfort of it, the safety, until his phone vibrates beneath his pillow.

From Hoseok (10:01):
Do you have class today?

Jimin frowns at his phone, unwilling to respond, but knowing he has to, the confliction has him
kicking his feet, groaning as he rolls over on his bed again.

It feels like there’s no escape from Hoseok, and although that can’t possibly be true, each solution Jimin has come up with is a catch-22, one he doesn’t want to endure. Left with no other option, as usual, he begins typing a quick response.

From Jimin (10:03):
Yeah

He sets his phone back down, rolling over to dwell on his thoughts about Hoseok but before he can get too far, his phone vibrates again.

From Hoseok (10:04):
Are you going?

From Jimin (10:06):
Yeah

From Hoseok (10:07):
Email your prof and tell them you’re sick.

The Faux-Alpha blinks at his phone, rolling into his stomach, he props himself up onto his elbows. Something about the text feels like a trap, and even though he can’t really refuse, he finds himself mentally preparing for whatever situation Hoseok will throw him in so early in the day.

Furrowing his eyebrows, he types back.

From Jimin (10:09):
You said you wouldn’t interfere with school.

From Hoseok (10:10):
Well today I am. Meet me at the diner four blocks down on Northside in an hour.

From Hoseok (10:11):
If you don’t show up then I’ll make sure that video our little threesome gets around.

Jimin can feel his stomach clenching, but he swallows the anxiety crawling up his throat. It won’t do him any good to refuse or to fight. All he can really do is go and see what Hoseok wants from him today.

Dragging himself out of bed, he sprays down his room with descentor until the thick citrus scent is no longer detectable. Afterwards, he begins his morning routine of medication, Alpha scent, hygiene, and finally clothes.

By the time Jimin is zipping up his jacket, he hears Yoongi exiting his room, a grunt with tired eyes is all he’s given before Yoongi drags himself into the kitchen.
The faux-Alpha picks through his duffel bag, grabbing his wallet and keys before shoving them into his pockets. As he leaves his room, he runs into Yoongi again in the hallway, this time, the Alpha appears more alert with a mug of coffee in one hand.

“Shouldn’t you be gone already?” Yoongi asks with a quirked eyebrow.

“Ah yeah… I have somewhere to be though so I’m not going to class this morning…”

Yoongi takes a sip of his coffee, his eyes studying Jimin who shifts with discomfort. It’s maybe not his best reasoning, but he doesn’t exactly have to explain himself to Yoongi either.

After-all, Yoongi should know where he’s going already.

“Are you sure everything is okay?”

“Yeah, it’s fine… Just going to a diner.” Jimin shrugs. Yoongi continues staring, his eyes redder than before, prying into Jimin. Although he expected the Alpha to ask him more questions, Yoongi just raises both eyebrows before turning away from Jimin, putting one hand on his doorknob.

“Let me know if you get into something too deep.” He says.

“Too deep?”

“Yeah… Something you need help out of… Even if you don’t want to ask for help… just call me and I’ll come.”

Yoongi isn’t looking at him, rather, he’s staring down at his coffee, frowning at the black liquid as Jimin watches him curiously.

“Okay…” It’s not an option, and even though he wishes he could tell Yoongi right now that he needs his help, he can’t trust him, and attempting to trust him would be reckless and stupid.

So instead, he watches as Yoongi opens his door, the scent of cinnamon and mint taking Jimin’s breath away.

He doesn’t breathe again until the door closes.

The diner is surprisingly quiet when Jimin arrives. Large windows let in the natural sunlight, while yellow lights supply the remaining lights. Jimin finds Hoseok seated near one of the windows overlooking the quiet road. The Alpha looks as unperturbed as always, no loss of sleep showing in his face, no anxiety in the way he holds himself.

Instead, he’s well put together with a black hoodie and jeans, his hair neatly combed and styled, his skin clear and flawless.

It irritates Jimin, who is arguably juxtapose the Alpha. His skin is pale, there are bags under his eyes from long nights spent tossing and turning in the grips of nightmares, his clothes are clean but he values safety over fashion in the way of a belt, no matter if it matches or not. He always wears a belt now, just to slow them down.

Hoseok spots Jimin quickly, a smile crossing his face as he waves him over.
Jimin’s feet feel like they’re full of lead as he drags himself slowly to the table, sliding into the seat across from him before Hoseok slides a menu in front of him.

“You’re right on time.” He grins.

“Right on time for what?” Jimin glances at the menu, his hands in his lap before he looks back to Hoseok.

“Breakfast, I’m starving!” The Alpha whines before pointing to an item on the menu. “This is what I’m getting. Figure out what you want before the waitress comes back.”

The faux-Alpha frowns at Hoseok, his eyes dropping to the menu again. He really can’t afford to spend his money on stupid things like this, if he could then he would’ve bought himself a winter coat already.

“I don’t have the money for this.” Jimin says with a frown. “I have bills to pay.”

“I’m buying, it’s only customary right?” Hoseok reaches forward, tapping on Jimin’s menu. “Pick something.”

Jimin’s frown holds as his eyes drop to the menu again. Slowly, he raises his hands up from his lap, turning the menu over a few times as he scans over the options. Beneath the discomfort and anxiety of the meeting, he isn’t hungry at all, but it’s likely Hoseok isn’t going to let him slip by without ordering something.

So he points to a small breakfast meal of eggs, sausage, and a waffle with whipped cream and strawberry sauce. It’s stereotypical of Omegas to enjoy sweet things, so he doesn’t let it phase him when Hoseok laughs while saying “of course that one,”

Instead, he leans back in the plastic booth seat while Hoseok stacks their menus up and sets them on the corner of the wooden table. Something about this meeting is strange, and Jimin feels like he’s doing nothing other than holding his breath as he waits for the other foot to drop.

“So did you email your professor?” Hoseok asks.

“Yeah…” Jimin nods. “Midterms are coming up, so this better be important.”

“It’s really important.” Hoseok smiles. “I realized last night that I haven’t actually taken you out yet, so we’ll be doing this more often.”

“Why?” Is Jimin’s first question. It isn’t exactly as though Hoseok has to maintain appearances by taking Jimin out, and it isn’t like Jimin will starve and die unless Hoseok takes him out.

“Because I’m courting you, so I have to take you out sometimes.”

Jimin’s heart stills, his breath catching in his throat as his eyes snap up to Hoseok’s. There isn’t a trace of amusement in his eyes, no sign that he’s joking, and that’s when the anxiety begins to tingle through Jimin’s chest again.

“Courting me?” He asks almost breathlessly. “What do you mean?”

The Alpha raises his arms, propping his elbows on the table before intertwining his fingers. He’s
looking at Jimin as though he’s prey, amusing prey that hasn’t yet realized they’re caught.

“I mean that we’re dating now, Jiminie.” He says, his voice confident and level.

He’s decided they’re dating without even asking Jimin, and now he’s saying it as though he never needed to.

“We’re not.” Jimin says. “We’re not dating, I’m not dating you.”

“You don’t have a choice, Omega. It’s an Alpha’s place to decide these things, and I’ve decided that we are and that I’m going to mate you when the time is right.”

The little color which had been left in Jimin’s face; drains. His lips part, short breathes coming through as his unease and fear swells. He can smell his own distress scent, rotting oranges, and he doesn’t even care that his scent suppressors are failing right now.

“W-what, no. No…” Jimin’s wide-eyes drop to the table and suddenly he’s grasping the gravity of the situation.

Yoongi’s words replay in his mind, “Yeah… Something you need help out of… Even if you don’t want to ask for help… just call me and I’ll come.”

“Like I said, it’s not a choice. We’re dating and that means I’m going to take you out sometimes and that you’re going to come over and stay the night.”

The faux-Alpha’s eyes continue to search the table, and he’s only faintly aware of the waitress approaching before Hoseok repeats their orders to her.

Once she walks away, Jimin’s eyes snap up again, his eyebrows furrowed in anger. There’s no way he’ll let Hoseok decide something like this, there’s no way he’s going to let this monster mate him, he won’t be mated to him.

“Hoseok… I’ve gone along with you for this long… You said it was just a game and I played along… This isn’t a game now, I’m not going to be your mate and we’re not dating.” He says it quietly, his voice low and almost a growl as he stares at the Alpha with a warning in his eyes. He can’t let Hoseok drive every situation, he can’t let him have so much control.

Hoseok growls, and it’s quiet, but it’s enough to rattle Jimin’s wolf.

“If you keep telling me no then I’ll take you out of here and mate you right now.” He warns. “You need to learn your place.”

Jimin’s Omega side is whining, urging him to expose his neck, to submit to Hoseok because it’s scared. But can he just give up? How can he just give up? He has to fight this, he has to get out of this.

“This really isn’t funny.” Jimin finds himself almost begging. “Hoseok, really… It’s not funny, stop it…”

“This is why Omegas aren’t meant to be in university. You’re dense if you think I’m joking, Jimin..”
The faux-Alpha’s gaze drops to the table again, his unease swelling again, until he feels as though his skin will split wide and his fear will pour out.

“But… but you… you… You’re letting… letting Alpha’s have their way with me… and you’re giving me drugs… Why would you treat someone you wanted to be your mate like that…?” Jimin is hopelessly confused and scared, and he knows that shows in his voice when Hoseok laughs again, leaning back in his seat as he looks out the window.

“Well at first it was just for fun, because I needed an Omega to test my shit on… but I decided I like your scent… and I like the sounds you make when you feel good, and I like it when you’re so scared you’re crying and begging. I love all of it, so I’m going to make sure you’re mine, so I can always have it.”

He’s clinging so hard to every last ray of hope that he can, but Jimin can feel the emptiness voiding out his insides again. Hoseok is going to mate him and he’ll spend the rest of his life being terrified and tormented for Hoseok’s amusement.

And what happens when he isn’t amusing anymore?

“Don’t… I don’t want to be your mate…” Jimin whispers, his voice shaking almost worse than his body.

“And what? Do you want to be Yoongi’s mate?” The Alpha raises one eyebrow at Jimin, curiously studying the frightened Omega.

Jimin bites down on his lower lip, refusing to cry again, refusing to give Hoseok that satisfaction. He won’t cry for him anymore, especially if he enjoys it.

“I don’t need a mate.” He tells him. “I don’t want pups, I don’t want an Alpha, I just want to be free.”

The waitress arrives, sliding their plates in front of them before bending down beside the table. Jimin can immediately scent the smell of baked bread increasing, comforting pheromones Hoseok is putting out.

“Is he doin’ ok?” The waitress asks softly. “The whole diner smells like an unhappy little Omega.”

Jimin bites harder on his lip, angry that she’s talking to him, and angry that Hoseok’s comforting pheromones are positively affecting him. All of this is so fucked up… The person who has him raped, who has raped him, is going to mate him…

“He’s okay, he’s just a little emotional.” Hoseok tells the waitress.

“I hope your day gets better.” The waitress tells Jimin. “You have such a nice Alpha here taking good care of you.”

Jimin bites his lip until he tastes blood, focusing on the pain of it until she leaves them. Once she’s gone, Hoseok reaches forward, resting his hand on Jimin’s arm until the faux-Alpha yanks his arm back.

“Don’t fucking touch me.” He hisses.
“Jiminie, don’t talk to me like that. I usually like your sass since it puts a bit of a flare into our relationship, but when we’re in public you need to be respectful.”

Jimin’s eyes begin to water and he blinks it away. He won’t let Hoseok win, he won’t let him have this, he needs to talk to Taehyung.

“Eat.” Hoseok instructs him, motioning to his plate as he picks up his own utensils.

“I’m not hungry.” Jimin mumbles, the coppery taste of his own blood still washing over his tongue.

“Jiminie…” Hoseok smiles. “Eat.”

Picking up his fork, Jimin selects his eggs first, taking a bite without hesitation. The action, whether or not brought on by a command, still brings a small smile to Hoseok’s face as he begins to eat as well.

It probably really looks like a date to any outsider watching them. An Alpha and their Omega eating breakfast at a quiet diner on a Friday morning. Without someone actually looking into Jimin’s eyes, they won’t realize that he’s under a command, and they won’t see the despair he’s drowning in.

Quietly, the two eat their breakfast, making it through half of the plate before the command begins to wear off, and Jimin slows his eating as his sense begin to return to him.

“Stop using commands on me.” Jimin snaps as soon as he has full control again, his fork held tightly in one hand.

“Then do what I say the first time. It’s not that difficult to be obedient. I don’t ask for a lot.” Hoseok takes a bite out of a piece of sausage. “Oh yeah, what are you doing for the Fall break?”

Jimin’s still glaring at the Alpha but gives up when it seems to have no effect. Looking down at his food, his expression sours again before he forces another bite. Not eating would likely only stir up more trouble, and as much as he doesn’t want to obey Hoseok, he also doesn’t want to be commanded.

“I’m going to my parents.” Jimin lies before taking another bite. The food tastes bitter on his tongue.

“Oh? I should come with you then and introduce myself. I’d like to know my soon-to-be in-laws.”

Jimin’s distress signal begins to pollute the area in rotting oranges, and once again, Hoseok is swift to counter his mood with his own calming pheromones.

“You can’t meet them.” Jimin says, a shudder racing down his spine as he inhales Hoseok’s thickening scent. It’s impossible to escape, and what is even more disgusting is how his wolf eats it up, uncaring of what the Alpha has done.

“Why not?”

“Because they’re dead. I’m just going to the gravesite.” He pushes his fork into the whipped cream, smearing it over the waffle that he has yet to touch. Food isn’t sitting well with him, it all
tastes like grass, and it sits in his stomach like deadweight.

“Jimin, tell me the truth or I’ll just order you to tell me the truth. Which would you prefer?”

He stills, his fork still covered in whipped cream and strawberry sauce as his heart continues racing. He doesn’t want to tell Hoseok the truth, but he doesn’t want to be commanded to do anything else either. Hoseok really is the worst Alpha he’s ever met.

“Fine, I’m not doing anything.” He hisses.

“Cool, I’m not going anywhere either and a lot of the pack is staying home too. Looks like you’re staying with me.”

Jimin stares at his waffle as Hoseok continues to eat. It’s nothing more than what he had expected, of course Hoseok would want that.

“I don’t want to stay with you.” It’s pointless to say, but he still feels like he needs to tell him, like he needs Hoseok to know that he hates him.

“I don’t care, Jiminie.” The Alpha hums, taking another bite.

“I hate you, and you’ll feel that in the mate bond.” Jimin makes sure to add.

“You’ll learn to like me eventually. I’m not nearly as bad as you think I am.”

“You had me gang raped!” Jimin snarls. “You drugged me then shared me with Taehyung! You nearly killed me with some fucked up drug you made with those frat guys! What else am I supposed to think?! I hate you! I hate you for ruining my life, for using me, for… for… fuck… everything!”

Hoseok sets his fork down.

His gaze is serious as he looks up at Jimin, an added shard of fear worming its way through Jimin’s mind as red bleeds into Hoseok’s brown eyes.

“You’re mine, Jimin. That’s the end of it. You can hate me all you want right now, but you need me. And if you try to run away, then I’ll find you. I’ll have the whole pack out searching for you.”

Jimin can’t find the words he needs, nor does he believe his words hold any power. Hoseok has made a decision, and whether or not Jimin wants to be part of it, Hoseok is going to force him.

“Let’s talk about something else now that we’ve squared off the important details.” Hoseok smiles brightly, and suddenly Jimin realizes that Hoseok may not be mentally stable at all. It shouldn’t come as a surprise, but maybe Jimin had been too blind by what was actually happening to really think about Hoseok as a person. Alphas aren’t typically like this, they’re not typically so sadistic, so cruel. Hoseok is a special case, a special Alpha, a predator who has found its prey.

“Do you think you’re ready for your midterms?”

Jimin stares down at his food, but he doesn’t feel as though he’s present in the moment, it feels like he’s watching a movie. A movie about someone else, someone unrelated to him, someone who
isn’t him.

“Jimin?”

The Omega raises his gaze, hollow eyes looking at Hoseok before drawing towards the window. Just recently, he had found hope in an alliance with Taehyung, and even though he’s still uncertain of who he can really trust, he can’t let Hoseok snuff that little bit of hope out of him, he has to fight, he has to.

“Y-yeah… I think I’m ready…” He mumbles as he watches a car pass by.

“Oh, I don’t think I’m ready at all! But I’m studying every free chance I get.” Hoseok begins to ramble about his classes, but all Jimin can do is think.

There has to be a way out of this…

Surely… he can’t allow Hoseok to mate him, he can’t be his mate. But if feels like he’s trapped in a nightmare, as though the horror story will never end.

What if it only gets worse?

*Maybe it only gets worse.*

Maybe he doesn’t get a happy ending…

Chapter End Notes

Scream at me in the comments? I make myself sad while writing too.

Check my Twitter for the poll! Expand the tweet and view the replies, sometimes I have multiple polls!
Jimin makes a break for it the minute they step out of the diner.

Although it’s within an Alpha’s instincts to chase, and although Jimin was really only making himself prey by running, he had thrown logic completely out the window after spending forty-five minutes struggling through idle chit-chat with Hoseok.

It’s maddening in a way, sitting across from someone you hate, watching them smile and laugh as they slowly eat breakfast—with a sense of casual pleasure that makes you want to peel your skin back. Each smile passed his way, each offer of a ‘bite’ from Hoseok’s plate, had Jimin’s stomach flopping and bile rising.

Right now, as Jimin’s shoes pound the pavement, he can still see the smirk on Hoseok’s face as Jimin tore off down the sidewalk. He can remember Hoseok’s words ‘You want me to chase you?’ which only made him run faster.

Omegas are faster than Alphas, and Jimin is so happy for that.

Though, despite his predatory instincts Hoseok hadn’t begun to chase him. Instead, the Alpha watched him run with nothing more than a smirk over his lips. Jimin only chanced a look back just once before focusing all of his attention on getting as far away as he can from Hoseok, urging his jelly legs to move faster and faster until he can no longer see Hoseok.

By the time Jimin stops, he’s run a few blocks and has crossed into the downtown scene. It’s busier here with bustling sidewalks and the rolling vibrations of so many car engines and exhaust pipes. He takes a moment to catch his breath, the cold air feeling like it’s frozen his throat making each inhale painful. Once his breathing is back to normal, he checks behind him once more, relief slipping over him when he doesn’t see Hoseok.

Exhausted from the run, Jimin crosses the street before delving deeper into the city. Tall buildings and skyscrapers loom on all sides of him, busy pedestrians with somewhere to be or something to sell pass by him with little mind. He still smells like an Alpha, but maybe now with a hint of citrus from all of his distress in the diner earlier.

Without a specific destination in mind, he keeps walking with his hands shoved into his jacket pockets and his face red from the cold air. His chest still aches from the over-exertion of his muscles, but Jimin can’t bring himself to stop yet, just a few more blocks.

The city blocks appear endless, as do the crosswalks. Jimin keeps his head up, eyes raised, he’s confident like an Alpha, he’s a predator, he’s not worth bothering, this is what Jimin wants.
everyone to think despite how badly he wants to shrink down and hide. Ten minutes pass, then twenty before he finally he pauses in front of a library, taking a seat on the concrete steps before pulling out his phone and calling Taehyung.

It’s not like Jimin trusts Taehyung, not fully, but he doesn’t want to be all alone either. If Tae betrays him then he’ll shift and run through woods until he’s too far away for Hoseok or anyone else to find him.

“Hello?”


“Oh… Give me one second.” There’s rustling on the other end, loud voices cutting through the line before there’s silence. Jimin has to check his phone to be sure the other hasn’t hung up.

“What’s going on?” Taehyung’s voice comes back over the line, and Jimin can feel his chest tightening as a crash of the past hour or so fills his mind. Too much is going on, too much to explain, he’ll have to condense it.

“Hoseok… He made me go to breakfast with him this morning. He said we’re dating, that he’s going to mate me.”

Taehyung curses. “Are you serious?”

“Tae… I don’t know what to do…”

“I know, Jiminie… shit… what did you tell him?” Taehyung asks, his voice serious and absent of the usual teasing flare to his words.

“I told him no, that I didn’t want to mate with him and that we weren’t dating… because we’re not.”

Jimin inhales sharply, breathing in nothing but the scent of the city. It’s nearly impossible to decipher the sub-genders of the people who walk by, so he feels safe hunched over on the cold, concrete steps smelling like both citrus and lemongrass.

“I’m guessing he didn’t like that…” Taehyung curses again.

“No… he wants me to spend the Fall break at the pack house.” Jimin sighs, the weight of Hoseok’s casual words are more taxing than he would like to admit. He’s spent many restless nights trying to conjure up a plan, anything to free him from the blackmail hanging over his head, and yet, he never comes up with anything, he just loses sleep.

“What are you going to do?”

Jimin sighs again, his eyes dropping to the sidewalk before raising again to the large corporate-looking building across the street.

“I don’t really have a choice…”

There’s a growl on the other end of the line, Jimin’s skin prickles in anxiety for a moment before the growl stops.

“What if he… I’ll kill him if he… does that here…”
Jimin’s gaze hollows out again, the void reaches out and begins pulling him back in. He knows Taehyung is suggesting that Hoseok may force himself on him at the pack house, and the growl is enough to express Tae’s view of that.

“He might…” Jimin admits. “But he could do that anywhere…”

“What about Jungkook…” Taehyung says after a few seconds. “Because of that bill… Kookie is moving back into pack house for safety…”

Jimin’s heart sinks as he recalls the way Jungkook had screamed for him from the locker room. He can’t let him down again, he’ll definitely protect him, he’s already decided this much.

“I’ll work something out with Hoseok…” Jimin says softly. “If… If I don’t fight him… and I cooperate… I bet he’ll leave Jungkook alone.”

“You can’t do that!” Taehyung hisses. “What about you? What about your safety?”

“There’s a lot that you don’t know.” Jimin frowns, poking his index finger against his kneecap. “It’s not like the night with you was the first time.”

There’s silence.

“Jimin…” Taehyung trails off, but the sadness in his voice is louder than anything he could be saying.

“I’ll be okay… I think I’m getting used to it.” The faux-Alpha responds. “If it’s just Hoseok, I can handle it.”

“One day… would you want to… talk about it?” Taehyung asks quietly.

“I don’t know what good it would do.” Jimin tells him, the screech of a bus’s breaks catching him off-guard.

“It might help you… Jungkook talked to me about what happened and… he seems to be doing a little better now… He doesn’t cry anymore.”

Yoongi’s words fill Jimin’s mind again, adding to the tightness in Jimin’s chest. He’s running so hard from everything Jungkook has. From a partner, from happiness, from his sub-gender, from society.

If Jimin gave in and embraced his Omega side, what would happen?

“I’m glad he’s doing better…” It’s not a lie, even if Jimin is a little jealous of Jungkook’s support system. He has someone he trusts fully, someone he can lean on, someone he can cling to when he’s scared. This isn’t to say that Jimin wants someone to cling to or someone to comfort him, but he wishes he had someone he could trust as deeply as Jungkook trusts Taehyung.

Would it break Jungkook’s heart to know what Tae did to him?

“Look… if you do end up here for the break… I’ll do everything I can to protect you from him… I know I’m not much better than him because I did it too… but I won’t let it happen anymore if I can help it.”
The words are empty and Jimin knows it, but he remains quiet and lets Taehyung speak anyway. When he’s done, Jimin finds his lips pressed into a firm line as he gazes out over the busy sidewalks.

“IT’ll be okay.” He says quietly. “IT’ll be okay.”

He hopes it’s true, and he also hopes that the more he repeats it, the truer it’ll become. So he says it again, quietly. “IT’ll be okay.”

Taehyung is quiet, but his silence is also loud as a frustrated sigh reaches Jimin’s ear through the phone.

“I won’t let him mate you… that’s all I’ll promise you… even if I have to kill him…”

The silence presses on once more, and although Jimin knows he should speak, his tongue feels like sand in his mouth.

The line goes dead before he can make a sound.

Jimin sat on the steps for ten minutes more, his phone held loosely in one hand as his mind wanders lightyears away from where he’s currently sat in the heart of Seoul.

When he begins to notice the same group of Alpha’s passing by him three separate times, he finally gets up and begins moving again.

This time, Jimin has a destination in mind, and although he’s not too familiar with the city, he knows the general location of the place and so he begins to walk in that direction. The city is still crowded despite it being in the afternoon now, and although Jimin knows he should be sitting in class taking notes and stressing over his upcoming midterm, he’s wandering around Seoul with no money to spend and a jacket that is far too light for the weather.

As Jimin comes to stop at another crosswalk, his mind wanders back to Jungkook. He’s glad to hear that he’s doing better because it means that Hoseok probably hasn’t messed with him since that incident in the locker room. However, what Taehyung hadn’t mentioned, is whether or not Jungkook is aware that he’s actually an Omega as well, or whether or not he’s already spoken to Namjoon about it.

Namjoon had left Yoongi a voicemail anyway… It may already be too late.

As the crosswalk signal changes, Jimin begins moving with the flow of the crowd around him. If he cooperates with Hoseok in exchange for him leaving Jungkook alone, does that mean Hoseok will request him often? That he’ll find himself inhaling baked bread while his pants are pulled down, that he’ll have to pretend like he’s enjoying something that he usually sees in his nightmares…?

That’s probably what it means and Jimin knows it. It’s sickening enough just imagining trying to pretend to ‘like’ something like that with Hoseok… but what if he brings in other Alphas? What if Jimin begins regularly finding himself being played with by multiple Alphas?
Jimin reaches the other side of the road, stepping back onto the sidewalk, there’s a frustrated glare on his face as his mind cycles through the information available to him. He doesn’t have many options, nor any guarantee that Hoseok will even care enough to take the deal. It’s not like Jimin is a special sort of Omega or anything. Sure, he’s attractive, he has a nice scent, but beyond that he has nothing that would make him worth two Omegas.

He has nothing to incentivize Hoseok leaving Jungkook alone.

The faux-Alpha makes a guided effort to neutralize his expression, though his lips are still pressed firmly together. It’s a lot of pressure for one person, pressure he more-or-less shoulders alone, pressure with no guarantees but millions of consequences.

And… What if he gets used to it, gets used to being gang raped, to be lowered to property only valuable as a warm cock sleeve.

Will he still be a person?

A chorus of voices draws Jimin from his thoughts, and although he thought the sight he’s now walking onto would energize him, he feels more drained than ever.

Jimin is standing on the street corner across from the courthouse. Bodies, masses and masses of bodies are gathered outside with signs and megaphones, police officers are sprinkled around the area and blocking the actual entrance to the courthouse.

As Jimin waits for the crosswalk to change, he wonders what reason these people have for selecting the courthouse specifically. Wouldn’t the government office or the Blue House be better? Protesting where the bill was not even set into law is tantamount to protesting at a 7-11 or even a foreign embassy, Jimin doesn’t understand it.

When the signal finally does change, Jimin takes out his phone, snapping a photo of the protest for his politics professor before finally reaching the other side. Things are being thrown towards the courthouse, bottles, cans, and snapped blocks of wood. The shouting is increasing in volume as officers’ rush one of the protestors and attempt an arrest. Jimin can hear screaming, a lot of screaming and police sirens.

It probably wasn’t his best idea to come here, especially after his professor warned them about the protests becoming violent. But Jimin also can’t idly stand by and allow himself to be tormented in the way Hoseok is tormenting him. This is a small step, a tiny step, and it may be insignificant, and it may lead to him being caught and put into a breeding facility… but it’s still a step.

It’s more than he had before with just his degree in progress.

Jimin raises his phone again, snapping an image of the man being held on his stomach by the police, snapping images of the handcuffs being affixed onto his wrists, of the protestors screaming at the officers, of the arrestee screaming in general.

His heart is beginning to pound as he lowers his phone again, his eyes searching the area, eventually settling on two other guys around his age, glaring at him.

Looking away, he quickly begins moving again, walking around the outskirts of the protest where broken glass bottles, empty cans, and other trash litters the road and sidewalk.

It appears as though the road has been blocked off to the general public, little orange cones and
large signs warn drivers of a detour route. Jimin doesn’t step onto the street, instead he pulls his jacket more tightly around himself, shivering as the icy wind strikes once more.

Around him, he can smell all sub-genders, each of them fighting for Omega rights, to rehumanize them. Jimin wants to join in, to shout, to scream at any official he can that he isn’t property or something to be used.

He’s a person.

But Jimin doesn’t move, nor does he open his mouth. Instead, he stares at the backs of the protesters, a pain building in his throat. He almost wants to cry watching all of these people fighting for other Omegas like himself. These are not people like Hoseok, they’re not people who trap Omegas, blackmail them, drug them, have them raped, and then psychologically torment them. These people look normal, of varying age ranges, of varying backgrounds.

Jemin watches a teenage Omega hopping up and down with a sign, ‘I BELONG TO ME’.

Raising his phone again, he snaps another photo, taking a few steps to the side before carefully centering the image again.

“Yo…”

His phone is yanked out of his hand, and Jimin finds himself staring at the two guys who had been glaring at him earlier.

“What the hell?” He leaps for his phone, but the other guy is both taller and faster. Although he misses the small window to retrieve his phone, Jimin is close enough to inhale the scent of coffee, an Alpha, he jumps back.

“So what, are you here to mock us?” The Alpha is still glaring at Jimin, his scent bold and vibrating with aggression as he taps Jimin’s phone against his free hand.

“I’m just here to watch.” Jimin snaps.

“Then why are you taking photos?”

Jemin directs his attention to the other guy, a much shorter man with black hair and striking features. He’s cute, cute enough that Jimin allows himself to inhale.

‘Omega.’

“For school… my professor wants photos for extra credit.” Jimin frowns at the other Omega, quickly becoming frustrated by how rudely they’re treating him, and how carelessly they’re treating his phone which he can’t afford to replace.

The scent of aggression increases, and Jimin’s skin prickles like a thousand tiny pins poking gently at his skin. His eyes snap to the Alpha, a growl sitting in the back of his throat.

“You know, we’re not some fucking school project so you can take your phone and get the fuck out of here, Alpha.” The unnamed Alpha is the first one to growl, it’s loud and drawn from within his chest. Jimin can feel his heart lurching before it begins to pound hard against his chest. It took him so long to just avoid crumbling at aggression like that, so he’s proud to find himself still
standing, and his eyes unchanged.

He growls back.

Being an Omega, Jimin is meant to hiss rather than growl. His growls are quieter and less threatening, they’re defensive calls, while hissing is aggressive and offensive, meant for defending pups and mates.

Except hissing is a dead-giveaway to an Omega, so Jimin keeps it locked inside of him, struggling to increase the volume of his growl before snapping his teeth at the Alpha. It’s not like Jimin wants to fight, or is trying to pick a fight exactly, but he can’t back away when another Alpha is behaving so aggressively.

And he needs to get his phone back.

“Return my phone and I’ll think about leaving.” He snarls at the Alpha.

“I should break it knowing what you’re going to do with it. This isn’t a game, Alpha.”

The others eyes tint red, glowing until Jimin can almost feel his Omega side whimpering in fear, but he swallows it down as best as he can before lunging towards the Alpha, his hands darting for his phone.

“F-fuck!” Jimin knocks straight into the Alpha’s chest, forcing them both to the ground before he hears the Omega hissing from behind him.

A fist connects with his cheek and stars explode behind Jimin’s eyes, but he throws his own punch before both of his hands dart for the Alpha’s hand, the one still holding his phone.

Behind him, the Omega isn’t getting involved in the scuffle but rather, is just hissing and shouting at Jimin. It’s not wise for an Omega to fight with an Alpha, so between the two of them, the unnamed Omega is the more intelligent one.

Comparatively, Jimin is still straddling the Alpha’s waist, his fingers fumbling to get the Alpha to release his phone, the Alpha’s red eyes making his body feel weak and his wolf submissive.

He snarls to kicks his Omega side away.

“Fuck, give it back!” Jimin just sees the price of his phone when he looks at it, the cost of replacement is more than he could dream of, not right now at least. So as he watches the Alpha’s grip tighten around the phone, he throws another punch which lands.

Sooner than he can track, the Alpha sits up while also pushing Jimin back, forcing the faux-Alpha onto the concrete where his head smacks into the pavement. He yelps loudly, a fist connecting with his heart, another with his stomach.

He’s really getting beat up over his phone, it’s such a joke.

The Alpha’s fingers grip onto Jimin’s jaw, forcing the faux-Alpha to look at him before he holds up Jimin’s phone.

“Why are you fighting so hard for something you can easily replace? Does humiliating us to your
college class mean that much to you?"

The glowing eyes are staring directly into Jimin’s, challenging him with thick walls of scent which roll in waves, challenging Jimin’s own scent and eyes to match.

But nothing changes.

“I can’t afford to replace it.” Jimin’s words are tense with the Alpha’s fingers gripping his jaw so tightly, but he can see the confusion flickering across the Alpha’s face.

“Why isn’t your scent changing?” The Alpha asks. “Why are your eyes still brown?”

Jimin looks away, his eyes drawing towards the sky. A few people walk by and glance at them, nobody cares about an Alpha beating up another Alpha.

Alphas will be Alphas.

“Fuck you…” Jimin growls, but the Alpha doesn’t appear to be falling for it anymore. It was bound to happen eventually, and while Jimin had thought Yoongi would be the first to organically realize, apparently, a complete stranger is more observant.

The Alpha sits up, his scent shifting, his tone changing, he directs his full attention to Jimin but with a softer gaze.

“Omega.”

Jimin can feel his entire body reacting. His eyes change to blue, his aggressive glare drops into a more neutral stare.

He’s pliant, his Omega side is taking over.

“Holy shit.”

The Alpha climbs off of Jimin, and although the faux-Alpha is a little out of it with his wolf fighting him for control, he allows himself to be pulled up into a standing position.

“He’s an Omega?” The unnamed Omega steps closer, allowing Jimin to smell his fresh peachy scent.

“Y-yeah, oh my god… Oh my god I just stole an Omega’s phone and beat them up!”

The Alpha twists in shame, rubbing his face as Jimin’s instincts slowly return to normal. Even an Alpha he doesn’t know using their Alpha voice on him is effective, just for shorter periods of time. This unnamed Alpha had only called out Jimin’s Omega side, but not commanded him or given any sort of direction.

Jimin is embarrassed regardless.

Blinking a few times, he wills his eyes to return to normal, but he somehow feels too ashamed to look either of the two in the eye now. He definitely just got caught pretending to be an Alpha, it’s embarrassing, like a child being caught with their hand in the cookie jar.
“Here.” The unnamed Alpha holds Jimin’s phone out to him. “I’m sorry, I thought you were another one of those jerk Alphas.”

Jimin takes his phone, his face still red with embarrassment as he shoves it into his pocket.

“Are you okay?” The Omega asks.

“I’m fine…” Jimin mumbles. It’s mostly true, his face and stomach hurt from each punch but overall, he’s ok aside from his damaged pride.

“Did you come here alone?” The Omega asks. Jimin can scent the anxiety in the Omega’s peach scent, and he chances a glance up into his eyes despite the embarrassment.

“Yeah… I skipped school…”

“High school?” The Alpha asks, Jimin shakes his head.

“University… It’s a long story…”

As the embarrassment begins to wash away, Jimin feels more comfortable raising his chin. He can see the Alpha and Omega pair exchanging glances, but he can also see that their necks are free of mate marks.

So they’re not each-others.

“I see…” The Alpha nods, exchanging another indecipherable look with the Omega before glancing to Jimin again.

“I’m Yugyeom.” The Alpha then gestures to the Omega.

“I’m Sungwoo.” The Omega offers, giving Jimin a gentle smile.

Jimin looks between the two, the shouts increasing around them as another glass bottle explodes against the side of the building.

“I’m Jimin.” He finally says as two police officers run past.

“Jimin…” Yugyeom nods. “Aren’t you cold in that little jacket?”

The faux-Alpha looks down, nodding faintly but also deciding that the adrenaline and the fighting had warmed him up momentarily.

“I’m okay right now, but usually, yeah.” He nods.

“You know, once a week the drives drop by with jackets. Maybe if you keep comin’ back, you can get one. It’s Omegas first, so if you’re near the front of the line you’ll be fine.”

A coat drive? Coat drop-off? Jimin hadn’t heard about anything like that, but the idea of being gifted a new, warmer winter coat has a small thread of hope stitching itself into his chest. If he can get his hands on that jacket, then he won’t be as frozen, he’ll suffer just a tiny bit less.

“I want to keep coming… if I can…” Jimin says quietly.
“Your mate?” Yugyeom asks, his tone laced with sympathy.

Jimin shakes his head, watching as two more officers run by, forcing their way into the crowd where two other officers are wrestling with two people.

“Just… an Alpha who thinks they own me.” He says quietly.

Both Yugyeom and Sungwoo are silent, all of their eyes now glued to the violent scene as more screams fill in around them. Glass shatters a few feet from them, and Yugyeom motions for them to walk further away.

“Things will change one day…” Yugyeom says when they get a few feet away from where they had been standing.

“Or that’s what we’re out here trying to do… Are you going to be okay next week when the bill begins?”

Yugyeom digs one hand into his pocket, pulling out a pack of cigarettes before drawing one out. It shouldn’t distract Jimin so much, but somehow it does. His mind flickers back to the factory, the strange Alpha’s, his screaming, begging, desperation plaguing his every move as Hoseok watched.

“Jimin?”

The Omega snaps out of it, blinking a few times before looking up at Yugyeom who hasn’t yet lit his cigarette.

Something in Jimin’s gaze must’ve given his distaste for them away, because the next thing Jimin knows, Yugyeom is putting the cigarette back into the box before stuffing them into his pocket.

“I don’t think you heard me, but I asked if you’d be okay next week when the bill begins.”

Jimin nods, crossing his arms over his chest in an attempt to disguise his discomfort.

“I pass myself off as an Alpha at school and home so… they won’t be looking for me…”

Yugyeom nods while Sungwoo shifts beside him. Jimin’s eyes dart to the Omega.

“Will you be okay?”

Sungwoo nods, nodding towards Yugyeom as he rubs his hands together.

“We’re going to mate so they won’t come for me.”

The faux-Alpha fakes a smile, but it’s weak and doesn’t reach his eyes. Letting his gaze drop to the sidewalk, he watches a passerby kick an empty Coke can away.

“I hope that the protests are successful…” Jimin says. He wants to admit that he’s scared, that he’s really struggling right now because of the dehumanization of Omegas, but he holds it in just as he always does.

“I hope they are too.” Sungwoo hums. “But we have to keep a positive attitude. The minute we start to doubt ourselves, we lose.”
Yugyeom reaches out, putting one arm around Sungwoo’s shoulders before drawing the Omega closer. Jimin checks the time on his phone.

“I should go, I need to work on homework and study guides.” Jimin dodges a flying bottle, the shouts from the protestors increasing again.

“Not property, more than Omegas! Not property, more than Omegas!”

They’re chanting the phrase over-and-over, the officers and officials not engaged in an arrest or a scuffle watch on with disinterested expressions.

“I hope we see you next time, Jimin. We’re here around this time every day, but it’s not safe at night so don’t come at night.” Yugyeom is more serious in his tone towards the end, his eyes really focused on Jimin, as if urging the Omega to understand and obey.

“What do you mean…?”

“Alphas raid at night, Alphas unrelated to the protests. We’ve had many Omegas raped, beaten up, drugged… Don’t come here at night, okay?” Yugyeom smiles weakly, but Jimin can feel his chest clenching with anxiety once more.

“Alphas?” He breathes. “From where?”

“Pack Alphas.” Yugyeom clarifies.

“There’s an entire pack.”

Chapter End Notes

Be sure to check my Twitter for the poll!
Click on the tweet to expand it and read the replies. I often post multiple and pin the thread.
“Want some spaghetti?”

Jimin glances up from where he had been staring at the TV, his legs stretched out in-front of him with his feet propped up on the coffee table. Although they have the heat on to combat the chilly weather, Jimin is still wearing his red, fleece pajama bottoms, Yoongi’s fuzzy blanket wrapped warmly around him.

“Huh?”

From beyond the breakfast bar, Yoongi holds up a nest of cold, pale spaghetti, store bought.

“I’m making spaghetti, do you want any?”

Jimin eyes the cold noodles, and he knows he must have a look on his face because even though he hasn’t said anything, Yoongi slowly lowers the pasta with his head slightly tilted in confusion.

“What’s wrong with it?”

Lifting his feet from the coffee table, Jimin shivers as he waddles towards the breakfast bar. From there, he can see the pots on the stove as well as the can of tomatoes Yoongi has acquired. It’s a little weird to see an Alpha actually cooking rather than just heating considering they’re never taught, but Jimin bites his tongue and considers that Yoongi may have an Omega parent who taught him.

He also can’t help but notice the wall of scent that smacks him in the face. Yoongi is so close to his rut now that the scent of cinnamon and mint is thick in the air. The smell wraps around him, haunting his dreams and strangely comforting him when he awakens from his nightmares. It’s not right and Jimin knows it. He should feel comforted by Yoongi, not when Yoongi is the one calling all of the shots.

“Cold noodles really aren’t the best, dry pasta is the way to go.” Jimin says.

“Oh… I thought the cold noodles were fancier.” He drops his gaze to the nests, frowning at them before Jimin speaks up again.

“There’s no rule that says you can’t use them.”

Yoongi shrugs before beginning to free the first nest from its plastic packaging. Cooking is something Jimin enjoys regardless of it being his ‘duty’ as an Omega. Although he had assumed he would need to keep any and all knowledge about food prep to himself, the longer he lives with Yoongi, the more he realizes the Alpha also has an interest in cooking and appears to try making something at least once a week.

It’s cute, and although he makes mistakes, Jimin enjoys the attempt.
“Does this mean you’re eating too?” Yoongi asks as he frees the first bundle of pasta and moves onto the second.

“Yeah, sure.” He’s not hungry, not really. Although this very moment with Yoongi feels comfortable and appears almost serene, there’s a pounding at the back of his head.

Things he can’t run away from.

“So now would be a good time to tell me if you have any food allergies.” Yoongi says as Jimin continues to watch him fight the plastic wrapper of the pasta.

“I don’t, not that I know of.” Jimin tugs the blanket tighter around him, still inhaling through his mouth to avoid smelling too much of Yoongi’s scent.

“Good to know, I don’t either for the record.”

He watches quietly as Yoongi collects both pasta nests, carrying them closer to the larger pot before setting them into a ceramic bowl near the stove. Jimin can see the Alpha peering into the pot before he opens one of the cabinets overhead, withdrawing a bottle of oil.

“Don’t use oil, just salt.” Jimin says, catching Yoongi’s attention. “Salty like the ocean.”

Yoongi nods, putting the oil back before adding salt to the heating water instead.

Jimin observes like a high school cooking teacher, but he doesn’t say anything as Yoongi finishes salting the water and puts the salt back into the cabinet. It’s truly a wonder how Yoongi has not yet realized the oil does not belong in the pasta water. Part of Jimin wants to ask just where he learned something like that.

Tugging the blanket more firmly around himself, Jimin continues watching, his mind wandering from him as he stares at the back of Yoongi’s neck.

He had another nightmare last night.

In his nightmare, Yoongi had found out about his secret. He found out and dragged Jimin into the bathroom as he screamed, he scrubbed the synthetic Alpha scent from his skin, then fucked him over the bathroom sink.

He recalls it feeling good, and he also recalls feeling disgusted with himself for always taking so much pleasure in the things he hates. Maybe it’s like all the other times, maybe he wanted it.

Jimin vividly remembers refusing to look up at the mirror. Although most of the dream is hazy now, he at least recalls his determination to stare into the sink rather than giving Yoongi the satisfaction of looking at him in the mirror.

He remembers the Alpha’s fingers at the nape of his neck, digging into his scalp, twisting into his hair, trying to force his head up to get a good look at him. He remembers pleading with Yoongi to stop.

When he woke up in a cold sweat and his entire body shaking, some higher force of depravity allowed for Yoongi’s scent to calm him down from his terror.
Or maybe it’s not a higher force of depravity, maybe Jimin is some twisted hedonist, or maybe his Omega side is.

“Are you okay?”

Jimin blinks, his eyes refocusing on Yoongi who is now staring at him, having crossed the kitchen to stand just across the bar from the Omega. There’s a strange swell of concern within his brown eyes, but Jimin can hardly focus on that, all he can see is the small flakes of red signaling his nearing rut.

“Huh…?” The Omega pauses, licking his lips before nodding. “I’m fine.”

“You just,” Yoongi’s lips draw into a frown, his eyebrows furrowing as his voice begins to lighten enough for his words to nearly float away. “had this really pained look on your face…”

He feels too vulnerable right now, and although he believes himself to be fortified, being caught in such a personal moment has discomfort wiggling through his veins like a thousand tiny worms.

“Oh, I was just thinking about my parents.” He lies. “I just miss them.”

Yoongi nods, but he doesn’t seem convinced. Still, like always he doesn’t pry and instead he turns back to the large pot.

Jimin sighs.

Turning away from the bar, he takes a moment to re-center himself. His feet are planted firmly on the floor, he’s wrapped up in his warmest clothes and the warmest blanket, Yoongi does not realize he’s an Omega, Hoseok is not around, and he’s not currently under the influence of any of those experimental drugs.

‘I’m fine…’ He tells himself, a weak attempt to quell his anxiety which seems to appear and disappear at random. He shouldn’t be giving so much thought to the horrifying ways in which Hoseok is using him, it’s part of being an Omega after-all, or so he had been taught in school.

Still, Jimin had never really resigned himself to that life. He had always placed himself outside of that box society created for Omegas. He’s an Omega, but he’s not one of those, he’s not property, and he’s not a toy.

Maybe it would be easier if he had never separated himself from that box, maybe he wouldn’t be having these nightmares, and maybe he wouldn’t be terrified of his phone ringing.

Some things are so hard to outrun, he decides.

Jimin looks back when he hears a can opener. With a large can of peeled tomatoes sitting on the counter, the Alpha is slowly twisting the can open, pulling the sharp metal lid out before setting the can opener aside.

Jimin leans against the bar, watching as Yoongi dumps the can into one of the empty metal pots, wet plopping sounds following until the can is empty.

The Omega watches idly, his mind still drowning in flashes of memories that leave his chest caving in on itself. If he leaves then Yoongi will come look for him, but if he stays then at least he can
stay quiet, for the most part.

He inhales, cinnamon, mint, and other herb scents filling the apartment. The Alpha’s scent eases him, and although he hates it, although he hates that response, he hates feeling trapped even more.

“I heard you’re staying at the pack house for winter break.” Yoongi stirs the tomatoes around, adding in a few more herbs from the cabinet before pulling out the oil.

“Stop trying to add oil, Yoongi.” Jimin sighs. “It’s just going to slip off, you don’t need oil for spaghetti. Whoever told you to use it was not your friend.”

The Alpha hesitates before nodding, placing the oil back into the cabinet.

“Also, add a carrot or orange peel or something.” Jimin doesn’t want to talk about winter break, and he doesn’t want to pretend like he’s excited to be staying with Hoseok and the pack for a whole week. It might be a step up from staying on the streets, but he already knows what lays ahead.

“Why?” Yoongi glances back at Jimin, one of his hands still slowly stirring the pot of sauce.

“To nullify the canned flavor… You need something sweet.”

Jimin drops his gaze to the sink, spotting the drained spaghetti noodles sitting in a colander. Pressing his lips together, he doesn’t say anything about it, focusing instead on making sure the Alpha learns at least something from this.

“You know a lot about cooking.” Yoongi notes. His tone doesn’t carry a hint of teasing, nor does it sound like he’s accusing Jimin of anything, but the Omega still feels his stomach tighten before he wills himself to relax.

“I enjoy it.” He says simply.

“There aren’t many Alphas who would admit to something like that.”

“They won’t admit that they like to be independent and eat good things?” Jimin asks.

“I think it’s because it’s difficult and not easy like they want to believe.” Yoongi says quietly. “One of my dad’s is an Alpha, but whenever my Omega dad would mess something up, no matter how small, my Alpha dad would smack him so hard he’d hit the ground… It used to terrify me as a child.”

Jimin’s breath catches, his eyes darting to Yoongi even though he has his back to him. It’s not a surprising story, not really, but the sadness in Yoongi’s voice catches Jimin off guard. Isn’t Yoongi supposed to be cold-hearted? Isn’t he supposed to be some evil Alpha mastermind?

Why is he sad for his Omega dad?

At a loss of what to say, the Omega is quiet for a few seconds, perhaps a few seconds longer than it is polite to be quiet.

“I’m sorry…” Jimin finally says. It doesn’t feel like the right thing to say, but he can’t think of anything else.
“Don’t be. My Omega dad,” Yoongi pauses, letting out a quiet, self-deprecating laugh. “he’s so brainwashed that even when I tried to convince him to leave, he would tell me how much he loved my other dad. I think deep down he only stayed because of me, but then again, if he ran then he’d just be hunted… like cattle…”

Yoongi leaves the stove, getting into the fridge before pulling out a carrot. Jimin watches quietly as the Alpha pulls out a cutting board before speaking up again.

“Shred the carrot, peel it… You don’t need too much…”

For someone who is behind all of his suffering, Yoongi sounds more than pained by the unfairness in society. If nothing else, his stance leaves Jimin even more confused than before. Is Yoongi tricking him? Did he only say those things to earn Jimin’s trust? But why would he see something like that as a means of earning his trust?

And anyway, didn’t Namjoon already talk to Yoongi? Doesn’t Yoongi already think Jimin raped Jungkook?

Suddenly, Jimin realizes that he has no idea what’s going on. The way he thought things would go isn’t the way things went at all. With his face twisted up, he chews on his lower lip while Yoongi shreds a carrot into the sauce.

Nothing is going the way he thought it would, nothing.

“Now what?” Yoongi sets the carrot aside, looking back at Jimin with curious and interested eyes. It startles Jimin for a moment, the innocent look in the Alpha’s face as he waits for Jimin’s instruction. Fumbling for a moment, the Omega can feel his breath catching in his throat, a rush of red tinting his face as he looks away.

“You did things a little out of order…” Jimin mumbles. “But turn the sauce as low as possible and get out another skillet… as long as you haven’t added your onions or anything yet…”

“Okay.” Yoongi digs out another skillet, turning the heat onto medium before getting into the fridge again, taking out onions and nothing more.

“Garlic too.” Jimin says. “Usually, you should do this before dumping out the sauce… so that you can just add the sauce to the onions instead of the other way around.”

Yoongi laughs sheepishly, sparing Jimin a small smile before he begins chopping half of the onion.

Watching quietly from his position at the breakfast bar, Jimin shifts his weight from one leg to the other, his fingers still holding the fuzzy blanket around his body as he watches the Alpha’s messy cutting technique.

If Yoongi is under the impression that Jimin raped Jungkook, then he’s hiding it very well. But somehow, Jimin doesn’t believe for even a second that Yoongi would hide his anger, nor does he believe that he would take extreme measures to exact revenge.

Yoongi’s style of revenge seems more like a boot to the teeth and bones snapping beneath his hand. Personal, painful, effective and yet, not over the top.
The mere thought of Yoongi directing such anger at him has the Omega grimacing. The power Jimin can smell just in Yoongi’s scent alone is terrifying.

What is such a powerful Alpha doing living his life like this? Struggling to make decent spaghetti in the kitchen, staying up late hours composing music, running around with a pack of idiots.

What has Yoongi’s life been like to make him like this?

Quiet, isolated, and fairly non-aggressive.

Somehow, Jimin begins to find it more and more difficult to believe that Yoongi is truly the one pulling the strings here. ‘Violent’ or ‘sadistic’ aren’t words Jimin would use to describe Yoongi. The words he would use would be ‘quiet’, ‘kind’, ‘comforting’.

Positive words, words he may end up regretting, words which are bullets that will either strike him later or prove to be duds.

Yoongi is strong and domineering as an Alpha, but his power lies more in the hope Jimin still has in him. The hope he can’t seem to squash no matter what evidence is put before him.

Hope which is likely biological and related to how appealing Yoongi’s scent is to him.

“Onions in the sauce? Or the skillet?” Yoongi asks suddenly.

“Uh, put them in the skillet along with some minced garlic. I don’t know how much you like garlic but add as much as you usually like.”

The Alpha quietly retrieves garlic from the cabinet, squishing it with the flat side of the knife before beginning to mince it. He’s still sloppy with his knife, and although Jimin wants to correct him, he watches with a small smile on his face. He wants to badly to fall into this pretend world in his head, the one where Yoongi isn’t evil, where he can trust him, where he isn’t afraid all the time.

Jimin’s text tone sounds and suddenly, he’s yanked violently away from the rosy, picturesque fantasy he had contrived within his mind. He’s back in reality.

“Was that you or me?” Yoongi asks without looking up.

“Uh, it was me…” Jimin mumbles, digging his hand into the warm pocket of his pajama bottoms and pulling out his phone.

Dread is heavy in his chest as he unlocks it, swiping to his recent notifications before opening up his latest text message.

**From Hoseok (18:43):**
Can’t wait to see you, babe.

Jimin’s teeth grit as he stares at the text, staring more pointedly at the term of endearment Hoseok had chosen to end it with. He’s just playing with Jimin know, just trying to get a reaction out of him.

“Is Hoseok coming over?” Jimin asks suddenly, setting his phone face down on the counter.
“Huh? Oh uh… yeah…” It’s difficult for the Omega to miss the way Yoongi had tensed up at Hoseok’s name.

“Oh…” Jimin wants to ask how long Hoseok is staying, but it wouldn’t be appropriate or polite to ask, so he keeps his mouth shut despite the willingness of his tongue.

“It won’t be for long…” Yoongi says with a sigh. “Just until my rut is over… Sorry I keep letting the pack impose.”

“It’s okay.” It’s not. “I guess I should be studying for midterms anyway, without you to distract me—I’ll have no other option but to focus.”

“That’s one way of looking at it.” Yoongi chuckles as he stirs the cooking garlic and onions slowly. The smell is amazing, and although Jimin no longer believes the spaghetti noodles are really salvageable, he decides that it’s ok since Yoongi learned a bit about cooking today.

It’s ok because Yoongi enjoyed it.

“You can add the onions and garlic to the sauce once they’ve cooked a bit, then turn the heat up on the sauce and consider adding basil leaves.”

Silence grows between them, and although Jimin can probably leave Yoongi to his own devices now, he decides to continue observing, at least until the final product is ready. While he waits, he notices Yoongi glance over his shoulder a few times, his posture turning from relaxed, to tense and uncomfortable, and worsening by the second.

“Should I leave?” Jimin asks.

“What? No, you’re fine.” He sighs.

“You’re fidgeting.” Jimin squints. “Am I making you uncomfortable?”

“That’s not it…”

The Alpha turns the heat down a bit, pulling another bottle of spices from the cabinet before sprinkling it into the cooking sauce.

“Then what is it?” The Omega asks.

“It’s not important, actually… it’s none of my business…” Yoongi continues to busy himself with the cooking, as though making the sauce is any more complicated than peeling an apple.

“Just tell me.” Jimin persists.

Yoongi doesn’t give in right away, instead, he shifts his weight again, the discomfort in his posture growing before he finally turns to face Jimin, leaving his wooden spoon resting atop an already dirty paper towel.

“Do you like Hoseok?”

Jimin gapes at the Alpha whose gaze is anything but teasing. His eyes are set with a serious look,
his lips turned in a bit of a frown as his posture holds rigidly despite his loose clothes.

Jimin resists every urge to make a disgusted expression even though he’s utterly disgusted.

“No.” He says instead. “I don’t.”

The Alpha doesn’t relax immediately, not that Jimin had really expected him to. Instead, he continues staring at Jimin, searching his face as though looking for a hint of something, anything, before he turns back to the sauce.

“I believe you.” Yoongi finally says. “Don’t tell him I asked you that, okay?”

Jimin nods, a sickly suspicious feeling growing inside of him.

“Okay.”

When the sauce finishes cooking, Yoongi takes out two plates, plopping the now cold spaghetti noodles onto both before proudly pouring the thick and delicious smelling sauce over the top. There’s a few things extra which Jimin would’ve added to the sauce personally, but for an amateur cook, Yoongi did pretty well.

The Alpha adds some cheese to his, while Jimin decides to pass on the extras. Carrying their plates into the living room, Jimin does everything he can to push the gnawing reminder of Hoseok’s arrival from his mind. He’ll lock his door tonight, turn off his phone, anything to keep away from the other Alpha, to protect himself.

“What do you want to watch?” Yoongi asks, picking up the remote.

“I dunno, anything?” Jimin says as he leans back on the couch, drawing his legs up to crisscross as the steam deliciously curls from the sauce.


“It’s half-way through…”

“Harry Potter is Harry Potter.” Yoongi shrugs. “You said you didn’t care, don’t complain.”

Jimin throws Yoongi a look before digging into his spaghetti. He doesn’t really care what they watch, but he wants to live in these final few moments of happiness.

After-all, if both Hoseok and Yoongi are present, not to mention, while Yoongi is in a rut, this will be the best time for him to discover if he can trust Yoongi or not.

The next few days will either create new nightmares, or new hope.

“It’s really good.” Jimin praises as he swallows a mouthful of spaghetti and sauce. He’s not lying, or brownnosing, rather, he is actually enjoying the taste of the sauce, each of the accents provided by the added herbs.
“Thanks.” Yoongi nods. “Next time, you cook.”

“Sure.” Jimin agrees easily, mentally shuffling through various ideas before deciding that he wants to do something with chicken.

The two eat quietly for a few more minutes, the sounds of the movie as well as silverware scraping on ceramic taking up the living room before Jimin speaks up again.

“Should I leave while you’re in your rut?”

“I won’t leave my room, Hoseok will be here to make sure I eat and drink.” Yoongi doesn’t look up from the TV, his voice flat and free of any emotions. It’s troublesome for Jimin to read Yoongi when he speaks like this, when he speaks in a way that makes it difficult to discern his true feelings about something.

“Okay… let me know if you change your mind…” It’s not like Jimin really has anywhere to go. The pack house would be an option if he were a true Alpha, or if he knew he could trust the pack Alpha’s.

The problem is, that he doesn’t really trust anyone. After everything, it would be damn near reckless of him to trust anybody.

Yoongi doesn’t respond to Jimin, instead, he just nods like usual, his poker face as unreadable as always.

Dropping any attempts at conversation, Jimin focuses on his food and the movie, letting the taste of the tomato sauce roll over his tongue as cinnamon and mint intrudes his nose. It’s not the best combination, not really, and while scents usually don’t interfere with food, Yoongi’s scent is so hard to ignore.

A knock on the front door has Jimin’s heart slamming forward in his chest, anxiety sending a shiver up his spine as Yoongi sets his plate down on the coffee table, getting up and crossing the room.

Jimin’s eyes snap to the hallway, and although he wants to make a break for it, although each and every cell in his body wants to make a break for it, he doesn’t want Hoseok to come looking for him, to enter his room.

He has no idea what he would do if the scent of bread and cherry blossoms began lingering in his room.

The lock slides on the front door, followed by the squeal of the noisy hinges as the door is opened.

“Hoseok.”

Jimin can hear Yoongi greeting the Alpha, and although his gut is still twisting, and his mind is still pressuring him to run, he remains frozen in his spot on the couch, curling in on himself with his plate balanced atop his knees.

“It smells great in here.” He hears Hoseok say.

“Yeah, I made some spaghetti for Jimin and I.” The door closes, and Jimin can hear the deadbolt
being drawn.

“Oh? I didn’t know you could cook.”

“I’ve been learning.” Yoongi says. “Jimin helped me too.”

Hoseok snickers, and Jimin squeezes his eyes shut, counting to five, then counting again. It really isn’t any good for him to panic, he needs to face Hoseok, he needs to stop letting the Alpha have so much power over him.

But he’s scared.

Footsteps gradually approach, and although Jimin is inwardly screaming at his heart to stop pounding, he worries his sternum will crack beneath the force.

The footsteps stop just beside the couch, the smell of baked bread and cherry blossoms wrapping around Jimin, suffocating him.

He exhales his held breath, and although he doesn’t want to look, he opens his eyes.

“Jiminie.” Hoseok smiles, and Jimin can feel his heart crawling up his throat, riding the wave of fear overflowing his veins.

The Alpha smiles wider at Jimin’s silence. Leaning forward, he presses his palms to the arm of the couch, causing the Omega to flinch as he lowers his voice.

“We’re going to have so much fun.”

Chapter End Notes

Don’t forget to check my Twitter for the poll!

Thank you so much for reading!!
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long! I was busy ending another fic and then my word doc locked me out. OTL

But, I got back in so we’re back to our regular (random) update schedule!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The night darkens.

Silence so vast and terrifying stretches throughout the apartment, yet Jimin's mind is loud with the crashing of violent waves against his skull. The roar is deafening, images, sounds, things he doesn't want to remember are suddenly thrust before his eyes. It feels like marbles are rolling around within his chest as he curls in on himself, his blankets strewn around his bed as he makes himself as small as possible. The smell of the factory, the eyes of the Alpha's on him, the weight of Doc's body, the red of Taehyung's eyes.

Please, make it stop.

Jemin remembers his fear the most. The thumping of his heart against his chest, the sound of his own screams, his own begging. Fear has a shape, a name, it lives inside of him, toys with him.

He whines quietly, anxiety crippling him until it's physically painful. He's shaking, his teeth digging into his lower lip as his nails dig into his own arms. It's almost nightly, and Hoseok's presence in their apartment, his scent, it just makes it that much more powerful.

The thoughts crash once more, another whine escaping him as his citrus scent begins to turn sour, ebbing out from beneath the synthetic Alpha scent that practically makes him sick these days. It's weakness that has him wishing someone were here to comfort him, it's weakness that has him at the mercy of his own memories. If he were stronger, none of it would've ever happened.

If he were an Alpha, then nobody would have touched him like that.

Jemin keeps his eyes squeezed tightly shut, willing himself not to cry until the violent waves carry him to sleep, gifting him to the awaiting nightmares.

Monday morning is quiet, a bit more so than Jemin had expected at least.
After getting dressed, dark skinny jeans, a black mock turtleneck, and a gray hoodie, he’d taken his pills, pocketing a handful of scent suppressors as a precaution due to Yoongi’s rut. The Alpha’s cinnamon and mint scent is already dizzying on a normal day, but each new wave of pheromones from his rut has Jemin’s knees feeling weak, his Omega side growing more and more restless. Although his scent suppressors appear to be some drug addiction to Yoongi, Jemin can’t risk exposing himself yet. It’s a rare period in which Jemin would rather be viewed as a pill-head than an Omega, it’s safer too.
After washing his face and brushing his teeth, he wandered into the living room, taking a seat on the couch before flipping it on, beginning to idly click through channels with a familiar anxiety buzzing in his veins.

Today is the first day of mid-terms, and although Jimin would usually be on his way to class right now, his mid-term schedule has thrown his entire week into near chaos. The very thought of it is stress-inducing not only because these are his first exams in University, but also because they just so happen to fall around the same time as Yoongi’s rut, and Hoseok’s presence in their apartment. Suddenly, he feels restless and uncomfortable in his own home. The scent of baked bread and cherry blossoms circulates almost as naturally as Jimin’s synthetic scent and Yoongi’s real one. Jimin’s stomach flip-flops.

The Omega stops on a cooking channel, his eyes focusing on the Beta host, a beautiful woman who’s explaining the ingredients she’s going to be using. Cooking shows are a guilty pleasure, much like trash tv is for Yoongi. As he zones out on the simple action of measuring and mixing, he ignores the fact that he really should be studying for his politics midterm at noon, or maybe even washing the dirty dishes from last night. Jimin’s stomach growls as he watches the food being prepared. If he had more money, he would make things like what she’s making. Flavorful Korean dishes packed with meat, juices dripping down the sides, and a perfect amount of seasoning on-top.

Subconsciously, the Omega’s lips press together, rubbing gently as the camera zooms in on the finished food once more. The eggs and ramen he has in the kitchen in no way compare to this, and even though he’s hungry, he knows the food won’t be satisfying.

Before Jimin can sink lower into his pity party, he shoots up straight as a loud growl rips through the apartment. Jimin mutes the TV immediately, his heart thundering in his chest as his muscles stretch tense along his body. The growl sounded aggressive, like an Alpha defending their mate, or their territory.

Another growl tears through the apartment and this time Jimin whimpers in fear, slapping his palm over his mouth as the words from his teenage years return to him. He’s not a good Omega if he doesn’t get wet when an Alpha displays aggression, he’s only a good Omega if he knows how to calm an Alpha from anger.

The bedroom door suddenly opens, a wave of Yoongi’s rut pheromones drawing Jimin’s mind into the clouds. He briefly catches sight of Hoseok closing the door to Yoongi’s room, one of his hands digging into his pockets before he shoves two more scent suppressors into his mouth. It’s more than he should take, but between the growl and the scent of rut, he’s going to lose to his instincts.

“It’s a good thing Yoongi is too fucked up to see you right now.” Hoseok laughs as he crosses the room, moving to sit beside Jimin on the couch.

Despite being disoriented by pheromones, Jimin shakily moves to his feet, taking a few steps away from Hoseok with a glare set on his face. It’s not a very threatening look and he knows it, but he doesn’t want to just go along with the Alpha either.

“Ey, sit back down. I came out because I need a few things from you.” Hoseok pats the empty spot where Jimin had been sitting, but the Omega remains put.

“Sit beside me, Omega.”
Jimin’s feet carry him to the couch, and he sits beside Hoseok again, unmoving as the Alpha slips his arm around Jimin’s shoulders, pulling him closer.

“I know you’re a little loopy from my command, but I know you can hear me just fine so I’m going to talk and you just listen carefully, okay?”

Jimin doesn’t move or speak, his body heavy beneath the imposition of an Alpha.

“That was Yoongi you heard growling. It’s not really good for two Alpha’s to share a space when one is in a rut, but that’s where you come in.” Hoseok’s hand slides down Jimin’s arm, dropping to his waist instead.

“I’m going to cover myself in your scent to keep Yoongi calm so I can help him. I want you to cooperate, you are my future mate after-all.”

Jimin still doesn’t move, but he can feel the pressure lightening on his body, and although he wants to turn to Hoseok and refuse him, although he wants to ask him for more information about his relationship with Yoongi, he can’t do it.

“Afterwards, I need you to run to the grocery store and buy some essentials and some food because Yoongi really has nothing in the pantry.” Hoseok’s fingers slip beneath the hem of Jimin’s hoodie, his cold fingers grazing over Jimin’s hip.

“I’m going to carry you into your room now, and afterwards, I’m going to take your sheets too.”

Jimin’s fighting with the haze on his mind, struggling to regain control, to move. But before he can, Hoseok’s arms are sliding beneath his knees, another arm wrapping around his shoulders before he begins carrying Jimin through the living room and down the hall.

The Alpha is surprisingly gentle as he sets Jimin down on his bed, not even bothering to close Jimin’s door before he begins tugging Jimin’s hoodie off of him, an action made more difficult as Jimin comes back to his senses.

“H-Hoseok!” The Omega snaps, a growl working from his throat as his hoodie is pulled off. Jimin pushes himself up, pulling his knees up towards his chest before Hoseok’s hand darts out, grabbing one of Jimin’s ankles and yanking him so that he falls down again.

“Stay still, Jiminie.” The Alpha crawls onto Jimin’s bed, positioning himself so that his knees rest on both sides of Jimin’s hips, straddling him as his pheromones overwhelm the Omega.

“F-fuck off, I don’t want to have sex with you!” Jimin shouts, thrusting one palm into Hoseok’s chest, knocking the Alpha off balance as he thrashes beneath him, pushing and squirming to get the Alpha away.

His struggles appear to pay off as Hoseok fails to grab onto Jimin’s arm, toppling backwards off of Jimin’s bed with a loud bang that the neighbors below surely heard. Jimin scrambles to the edge of his bed, hissing when Hoseok slowly climbs to his feet.

“Jimin…” The Alpha’s voice is tense, a growl rumbling in his chest as he walks around the bed.

“G-go away!” Jimin’s scared and pretending like he isn’t would’ve been more reckless than anything. His eyes track the Alpha carefully, fear filling the void of his chest until his heart feels like it may explode. There’s something horrifying about the way Hoseok is looking at him right
Jimin’s eyes aren’t quick enough to follow as Hoseok’s hands dart out, grabbing Jimin’s arms and yanking him across the bed towards himself. The Omega sprawls overs his messy duvet, his Omega side willing for submission despite Jimin’s desire to keep fighting.

Hoseok drags him off the bed, locking his arms behind his back as his mouth moves to Jimin’s ear.

“If you won’t let me have your scent, then I’ll just bring your scent to Yoongi.”

Jimin kicks his leg back, trying to get Hoseok, to knock him off balance or dislocate his knee. Instead, he misses and finds himself being slammed face first against the wall in the hallway, Hoseok’s nose trailing from his earlobe down to his jaw and then finally to the swollen skin of his unmarred scent gland.

“Unmated Omegas really shouldn’t challenge unmated Alpha’s so much.” Hoseok’s growls, one of his feet digging between Jimin’s, forcing him to spread his legs wider.

The Alpha leans down, nosing beneath his mock turtleneck and putting his mouth on Jimin’s scent gland, licking and sucking at the skin until a shiver rises up through Jimin’s body. The Omega knows what Hoseok is doing, he’s removing the synthetic scent, he’s trying to arouse Jimin so his natural scent will come through again.

And he knows that Hoseok knows how Omegas work biologically.

Hoseok growls loudly against Jimin’s neck, pressing his body into Jimin until the Omega whines. Hoseok knows that Omegas get wet from that too, but Jimin wonders if he knows that Omegas can also be so frightened that it doesn’t happen.

He wonders how much Hoseok really knows about Omegas.

The Alpha steps back, removing his mouth from Jimin’s scent gland before seemingly admiring his handiwork. Jimin shifts, discomfort free-flowing through his veins as warm trails of slick wet his boxers and race between his thighs. Fighting Hoseok was moot because he always knew the Alpha would win, but he had to try, he always has to try.

There’s pressure on his arms, and the next thing he knows, Hoseok is dragging him across the wall for a foot or so before pulling him away, jerking him against Hoseok’s body before walking him towards Yoongi’s room.

“Wait!” Jimin begins struggling again. “He’ll kill me!” Jimin cries. “Don’t take me in there!”

Hoseok laughs.

“He needs your scent and you won’t help him? You know he’s been insufferable right?”

“Take him my pillow instead!” Jimin squirms, but Hoseok’s grip on his arms tightens until it’s painful for him to wiggle around too much. “Please!” In Jimin’s mind, entering Yoongi’s room means immediately submitting to his Omega side. Surely the scent will be too thick, his eyes will go blue, his boxers will be drenched, and he’ll soon have an Alpha knotting him while biting onto his scent gland. Yoongi could kill him by mistake, he could bite too hard, he could be too rough. There are so many horror stories Jimin’s heard about Alpha’s in rut, about how rough they are
while lost to their instincts.

Jimin doesn’t want to die, not yet.

“Then cooperate with me, Jimin. I promise you, you’ll be properly trained before I take you as my mate.”

The Omega drops his head, nodding as Hoseok’s scent wraps up his nose.

He allows the Alpha to drag him back to his room, the scent of his distress filling his room with sour, rotting oranges as he’s pushed back against his bed. Jimin barely catches himself, his palms meeting his duvet as his wrists throb from the overly tight and awkward way Hoseok had been holding him.

“Strip.”

Jimin stares at his duvet, icy waves crashing inside of him as the marbles fill the cage inside his chest. His movements are slow, but Hoseok doesn’t seem to care at all from where he’s standing against the wall, watching Jimin with his arms crossed.

His clothes come off slowly, it’s like a knife twisting inside of his chest as his pants drop around his ankles, the cold air causing goosebumps to form over his skin.

“You’re so beautiful.” Hoseok’s hand burns as it lands on Jimin’s shoulders, sliding down his cold skin until it reaches his elbow. “I’m so happy I found you.”

The Omega exhales a shuddered breath, the anxiety crippling him as he can’t bring himself to even look back at Hoseok. He doesn’t want to do this, whatever this is, but he’s more afraid of the injuries he could sustain from Yoongi, of the fallout from having his secret exposed.

Whether or not Yoongi is behind all of this, Jimin has no idea, but he can’t take anymore chances, he has nothing else to give.

“What time are your midterms?” Hoseok asks as his hand migrates to Jimin’s back. He’s applies gentle pressure, pushing Jimin forward until his chest is against the bed, his feet still firmly planted on the floor.

“N-noon…” Jimin mumbles.

None of this feels real, none of it.

“Then you’ll go to the grocery store after your exams… Spread your legs.”

Jimin closes his eyes, biting his lip as he spreads his legs, his hips pressing more firmly against the edge of the bed. Hoseok’s fingers dip beneath the hem of his boxers, pulling them down in one motion until the pool around Jimin’s feet. His throat feels like it’s swelling up, but he swallows the knot that’s formed. He’s already weak because he’s an Omega, because he’s Hoseok’s toy, he won’t fall any further by crying right now.

Instead, as the Alpha’s pushes one finger inside of him, Jimin begins to recall the information he put on his study guides for his politics class. The crisis in Syria, the branches of the UN, the economic implications of a second cold war between the US and Russia.
He bites his lip harder as a second finger is pushed in, slick trailing between his legs as Hoseok thrusts the two fingers for only a moment.

The process of calling another country to court before the UN, the Peace Corps, he focuses hard as both fingers are pulled away.

“I have to punish you for fighting me.” Hoseok’s voice sends waves and waves of discomfort through Jimin’s mind, his eyes opening when he hears the sound of the Alpha undoing his own pants.

“I-I’m not ready yet.” He stammers, the Alpha’s hand still pressed firmly between his shoulders.

“I know, this is your punishment.”

Jimin’s eyes round, when he feels the head of Hoseok’s cock against his entrance. Beneath him, his bed feels almost like it’s pounding in time with his heart, the Alpha’s hands moving to grip onto his hips instead.

“You c-can’t, plea-,”

A cry of pain rips from Jimin’s throat as Hoseok shoves himself inside in one smooth motion. He squirms, his hands pulling at his duvet, trying to crawl away but Hoseok holds him firmly in place, giving no time for Jimin to adjust before he sets a quick and hard pace inside of him.

Broken sobs escape from Jimin’s throat before one of Hoseok’s hands move to his head, pushing his face into his bed to mute the sounds of his screams as he fucks into him without relent. The pain burns throughout Jimin’s entire body, his heart clenching as he continues squirming beneath Hoseok, crying and screaming into his duvet. Without adequate preparation, Hoseok’s cock feels a thousand times larger, like it has been rolled in broken glass and covered in razor blades.

It hurts so much he decides death might be merciful right now.

“Such a beautiful Omega, your skin is so pretty… Aside from…” The Alpha moans. “Aside from the ugly bite mark Taehyung left on you.” Hoseok presses himself deep into Jimin, pushing his face harder against the bed when the Omega screams again.

“I can’t wait to show you off. Put my own fucking bite mark on your pretty neck, fill you with my fucking pups.”

Hoseok’s hips roll forward again, grinding into Jimin who’s slowly adjusted to his size now. It still hurts, it still really fucking hurts but Jimin decides the pain is better than the pleasure he can still feel.

Why does his body still respond to this? Why does it still feel good?

“Tell me how much you like this.” Hoseok yanks Jimin’s head back, a gasp crawling from his throat as the Alpha continues to roughly fuck into him.

“Tell me, or I’ll give you to Yoongi.”

Jimin opens his eyes, catching sight first of his ceiling, before finding Hoseok staring down at him
with red flaked eyes. He’s getting off on Jimin’s pain, probably.

“I… I l-like it.” Tears stain the Omega’s face, his eyes bloodshot from crying, his throat dry from screaming into his mattress.

“You want me fuck you every day, huh? You want my pups, don’t you?”

Jimin closes his eyes again, grimacing as the Alpha slams his hips into him, pleasure shooting through his body until he feels nauseous from it.

He’s going to cum.

“Y-Yeah… I do…” He lies, biting his lip as the swell of heat overtakes his stomach. He doesn’t want to orgasm from this, he doesn’t want to give Hoseok that satisfaction, but he can’t help it.

The Alpha releases his head, his hand moving to Jimin’s back again as he holds him down firmly against the bed, focusing solely on his thrusts with small moans slipping in between thrusts. The heat continues building inside of Jimin, his teeth biting hard into his lower lip as the Alpha rolls his hips again, grinding his cock as deeply as he can into the Omega.

And that’s all he can really take.

As Hoseok begins fucking into him with another hard and painful rhythm, Jimin shudders, his whole body tensing as he cums against the side of his bed. He knows Hoseok can feel his hole clenching around him, he can smell the cum and sweetness to Jimin’s scent.

The Alpha laughs.

“Fuck yeah… Yeah, you like my cock. Omegas really love getting fucked, right?”

Jimin pushes his face into his mattress, gasping as the final few spurts of pleasure drain through his body. He’s really disgusting to like this, he must like it, it’s not normal to orgasm from this.

Hoseok thrusts harder, faster, until Jimin’s whimpering in pain against his mattress, squirming again to try and get away. The Alpha’s fingers dig tighter into his hips, holding him still as he continues fucking him, mumbling about how pretty he is, how perfect he’ll be once he’s trained, how good he’ll look full of pups.

It feels like hours before Hoseok finally cums. He shoves deep inside of Jimin, the Omega’s back arching from the pain as the Alpha bites down on his back, moaning as one of his hands grabs at Jimin’s ass, kneading it until he’s through.

As Hoseok pulls out, Jimin remains bent over his bed. Just like all the times before, he can feel the void swallowing him up as cum and slick drips down his thighs. He doesn’t look when he feels Hoseok’s thumb rubbing over his sore hole, and he doesn’t look when he feels the Alpha touching him just for the sake of it.

He spreads the slick and cum around Jimin’s ass and between his legs, painting it up his back before laughing.

“You look like a whore.”

Jimin cries, the sound of Hoseok’s laughter continuing to ring inside of his head long after the
Alpha left to return to Yoongi. Maybe toy was the wrong way to look at it all along, maybe he’s just a whore.

It’s a little painful to sit down, but Jimin does his best to make it look painless. After he’d calmed down, Jimin had taken another scalding shower, scrubbing Hoseok’s scent from his body before applying more synthetic Alpha scent. He changed into new boxers, pulling a different turtleneck on followed by the same hoodie and jeans. From his bedroom, he can hear the sound of Hoseok and Yoongi having sex, the snarls and growls, the moans.

He practically runs out of the house.

Right now, he’s sitting in his politics class hoping his face isn’t too puffy from crying. There are bruises on his arms from where Hoseok held him, and his throat feels swollen from screaming. This isn’t the time to be thinking about it, to be remembering, but the waves are so violent, refusing to be ignored even as his professor begins passing out the test packets.

Jemin stares down at his scantron and pencil as his professor counts the people in his row, giving the first person in the row the number of packets needed before moving on.

Everything He’s studied for the past couple of weeks suddenly feels like a foreign language in his head. What if he fails this test? What happens to him if he flunks out of college? Will he be trapped with Hoseok? Will the government take him?

Oh fuck, the government…

Jemin glances around the room, his classmates all Alphas and Betas. None of them seem perturbed in the slightest, their eyes either on their tests, or on their professor who is still handing out the tests.

This is the week the government begins taking Omegas, filling up their breeding centers.

A small stack of tests are passed in front of him, and although Jimin feels distant, like he’s in a dream, he shifts his distant gaze to his classmate, thanking them quietly before taking his test, passing the rest of the stack onto the students to his right.

The room deadens into a silence as all of the tests are passed out, but Jimin finds it nearly impossible to focus on the words in front of his face. Hoseok may be an immediate threat, but there’s so much more going on, so many more things worth worrying about.

How is he supposed to concentrate knowing that?

It’s nearly six in the evening when Jimin finishes both of his mid-term exams. Each exam was given for three hours, and although on a normal day he likely wouldn’t have needed so much time for eighty questions, today he had been far too distracted to take any fewer than three hours.

A shiver wracks his body as a cold wind breaches the thin material of his hoodie. Tugging his sleeves down over his frozen fingers, he crosses the wet street, avoiding the puddle just before the sidewalk on the other side.

Now that his exams are finished, he has to go grocery shopping and while that might normally agitate him, he doesn’t want to be home any more than he wants to be out shopping for the two
Alphas.

There’s really nowhere comfortable or safe for him right now.

Jimin tries not to let the depressing thoughts swallow him whole, but it’s difficult if he’s being honest with himself. It’s not like there’s a guide on how to handle these things, and there’s no one he can really talk to about it.

Well, except for Taehyung.

But what is he supposed to do? Call Taehyung and whine about how Hoseok fucked him too hard? That’s not how he should handle this and Jimin knows that, he knows there’s nothing he can do, there’s no steps he can take to right this. He’s just trapped.

Jimin slips his wallet out from his back pocket, pressing it to the security pad until it’s able to read his keycard and beeps to grant him entry. His fingers are numb by the time he gets inside, but the warm air blowing overhead feels much better than the frigid winds outside. As his feet carry him down the hallway, he pushes away all of his worries over exams, but no matter how much he tries, he can’t push out his anxieties relating to Hoseok. Somehow, the Alpha has made himself almost invincible within Jimin’s mind. If he doesn’t cooperate and fights then he’ll be punished, if he cooperates then he punishes himself with his own thoughts. Being at someone’s mercy is truly terrifying, Jimin had never really thought about it too much before.

He steps onto the elevator, staring at the digital pad above the doors as it climbs higher and higher until it reaches the right floor.

Jimin steps out, pulling his keys out of his pocket and although he doesn’t want to go home, although he doesn’t know what awaits him, he doesn’t have a choice.

Not going home could also mean Hoseok punishes him again, and Jimin is too sore for that right now.

Slipping his key into the lock, he turns it slowly, as though being quiet about it will somehow keep him safe. As though Hoseok won’t just smell him.

Closing the door behind him, Jimin’s eyes sweep over the apartment. It smells thickly of cinnamon and mint, undertones of bread and flowers bleeding through as a loud moan sounds through along with the rhythmic sound of a headboard hitting the wall.

Jimin keeps his lips pressed tightly together, unease uncurling within him as he steps into the kitchen, eyeing a note left out on the counter.

‘Jiminie!

*I’m going to list the things I need from the store below.
Use the pack’s credit card, this one is for ruts and heats.
Feel free to buy yourself some food too. You have nothing.*

*Also, go buy yourself a winter coat. Yoongi complained all*
Jimin’s eyes sweep over the grocery list, it’s too much to carry home by himself, but he also doesn’t have a license. Picking up the thick, black credit card left beside the note, he puts it in his wallet. As Jimin gets a glass of water from the fridge and willfully works to block out the sounds of Hoseok and Yoongi fucking, he wonders if it’s actually ok to buy himself a coat with the pack’s card.

If he accepts anything from Hoseok, then doesn’t that change things? If he buys food and helps support himself on it, then isn’t he relying on Hoseok in a way? Someone who he hates? Someone who hurts him?

Pulling out his phone, Jimin opens up Taehyung’s contact, his thumb hovering over the text message icon, contemplating his options.

But doesn’t he need a second opinion?

To Taehyung (18:06):
Can you come grocery shopping with me?
Hoseok is here, Yoongi is in rut, they’re sending me out for food.

Jimin sets his phone down on the counter, staring down at the list again with uncertainty. While he can go buy the food Hoseok wants, it feels like a dangerous idea to accept anything from the Alpha, even if they’re things he really needs.

Like a proper coat.

Reaching for the paper, he folds it up until it’s small enough to fit inside of his pocket, his fingers brushing the loose scent suppressors he’d dumped in there earlier as a snarl rips through the apartment. Jimin stills, his instincts going on full alert before a moan follows up.

He relaxes.

Withdrawing two of the pills, he pops them into his mouth, chasing them with the glass of water while his phone vibrates on the counter.

From Taehyung (18:10)
Sure, should I bring the car?

To Taehyung (18:11):
Yes, please. He asked for a lot.
Sighing, Jimin leans against the counter, the banging from Yoongi’s room amplifying until the Omega can’t take it anymore. With his glass of water and phone in hand, he walks back towards his room, and for the briefest of moments as he passes by Yoongi’s room, he thinks he hears Yoongi’s voice.

He thinks he hears his roommate pleading something so familiar to Jimin that his skin crawls.

“Please, stop, please.”

Jimin hesitates, his feet no longer carrying him down the hall as he instead listens for another moment. The apartment is still, but beyond Yoongi’s closed door, he only captures the escaping moans. Surely, he imagined that, a projection of his own fear, his own anxiety. Yoongi is the most powerful Alpha Jimin has ever encountered, someone who doesn’t strike Jimin as the type to take any sort of shit, not to such a severe degree at least.

As his feet begin to move again, the sounds fade away and Jimin decides the put it out of his mind.

It’s not real anyway. It’s not real.

Chapter End Notes

Check my Twitter for the poll! Go vote!
“Wow, that’s more than usual.”

“Is it?” Jimin looks back at the note in his hand, frowning at the list of grocery items Hoseok listed out for him.

Taehyung nods. “So he wants you to get a coat too?” From the driver’s seat, Taehyung eyes Jimin before returning his attention to the road. Right now, they’re driving across town to visit a grocery store further away from campus. Being at one too close to campus means putting up with a piss poor selection and jacked prices, and although it’s a bit of a drive, Taehyung had insisted on the trip.

“Yeah, I guess. But I don’t really need to.” Jimin folds the note back up, slipping it into his pocket. The roads are busy given the hour, and although the sun is almost completely gone; Seoul’s streets are packed with people.

“I mean, do you have a warmer jacket than that?”

Jimin drops his gaze to his hoodie sleeve. The material is thin, wimpy cotton and although no, he doesn’t have a warmer jacket, he doesn’t want to tell Taehyung that.

“Yeah, I just need to pull it out.”

“You might want to do that soon unless you want that freak forcing something on you.” Taehyung grips the steering wheel harder for a moment while Jimin stares out the window. Would a normal person have had some reaction to Taehyung’s word choice? Would they have flinched? Become uncomfortable? Would a normal person have grown upset?

Jimin doesn’t feel anything at all, and as he stares out the window, he can’t help wondering if it’s ok.

Is it ok to be empty?

The Omega hums to fill the silence, to avoid raising Taehyung’s suspicion as they stop at a red light. There are too many red lights in Seoul.

“I’ll take it out when it gets a bit colder. It’s too warm for the coat I have.”

“Is this some heavy-duty puffball coat?” Taehyung glances over at Jimin, and although the Omega doesn’t look, he can see Taehyung’s reflection in the passenger window.

He can see the Alpha’s eyes drop to his body, trailing over him in a way Jimin thinks he should hate.

The light turns green and Jimin shakes his head as they begin to move again. He doesn’t mention that he can see Taehyung, that he saw him. It may be like what he thought he heard from Yoongi’s
room earlier, it may just be a projection of his own fears.

“No, not really. It’s just a little heavier than what I need right now.”

“If you need something warmer than your hoodies but lighter than your heavier coat, then just buy something with the pack card, Jimin.” Taehyung’s hand slides, a quiet, rhythmic clicking from the blinker beginning.

They stop at another red light.

“I don’t want anything from him, Tae.” Jimin mumbles. “I don’t want a coat from him. I’ll get myself a coat.”

“The pack’s card is not his card, Jimin.”

“It doesn’t matter. It was his offer, so I don’t want it.” Jimin wraps his arms loosely over his stomach, signaling his dislike for the conversation. Seoul is too dreary tonight, or maybe it’s Jimin who is dreary.

“You’re a stubborn one.” Taehyung snorts as they’re given a green light. The car lurches forward, carrying them through the intersection and onto a new road. “Kookie is stubborn too.”

Jimin tilts his head toward Taehyung, allowing the silence to seep in for a few seconds before speaking.

“How is Jungkook?”

Taehyung glances over at Jimin, pain simmering his eyes before he returns his attention to the road.

“He’s better now. Back to normal for the most part, but he has nightmares sometimes… He’ll just wake up screaming, sometimes your name, sometimes just screaming.”

The mood has shifted so drastically that Jimin can feel it almost thick within his chest. He probably shouldn’t have brought it up, but he still feels guilty for what he did, for what he caused.

It’s still his fault.

“Does the pack think I did it?”

The car slows, entering a middle lane before Taehyung turns the blinker on.

“I don’t know, I don’t think anybody has asked Jungkook who did it… Actually… everyone’s been really weird the past week or so…” Taehyung trails off, and when there’s a small break in oncoming traffic, he makes his turn into the grocery store’s parking garage.

“Weird how?”

The Alpha sighs as the car slowly moves between tall concrete walls.

“Like Namjoon has been keeping to himself a lot more, but he’s always looking at Seokjin or Hoseok. When he does look at Jungkook, he looks away really quickly… Even Jungkook has
The parking garage is busy, and the tall, thick walls cause every small sound and creak from the car to bounce off the walls at an amplified volume. This isn’t a grocery store he frequents, and he’ll probably never come back here again.

“Oh…”

The tires squeal against the pavement as they round another blind corner. The lights inside of the parking garage are far too bright for his eyes.

“I don’t know if you can trust him.” Taehyung mumbles, the faint scent of wilted spearmint wafting in.

“I don’t.”

“He pretends like he doesn’t hear Jungkook screaming at night. Like he doesn’t see him flinching away from physical contact.”

Jimin doesn’t say anything else as they find an empty parking spot. Slowly, Taehyung backs into the spot, nestling his car between two others.

After shifting into park and killing the engine, the two step out into the frigid air. Jimin hides the shiver trying to shake his body, focusing instead on just breathing, breathing without letting the memories slip in.

It’s almost impossible.

“The elevator is over here.” Taehyung motions across the parking lot and Jimin follows. White puffs trail after each exhale, the crisp air cuts through his clothes as though they’re nothing.

The elevator takes them back down to the first floor of the parking garage, and from there, they traverse yards of oil stained concrete before reaching the automatic doors of the grocery store. Ugly yellow light filters in and becomes brighter as the doors slide open with their approach. Digging his list out of his pocket, he’s faintly aware of Taehyung retrieving a cart from nearby.

“So water first, and then I guess we can pile in the protein bars and junk around it.” Taehyung directs the cart towards the second set of automatic doors, pushing it through as Jimin trails quietly behind him.

As they walk towards the far end of the store, the produce section, Jimin wonders again if it’s ok that he’s with Taehyung right now. Is it ok that he’s trusting the Alpha not to hurt him, not to use him. After his most recent encounter with Hoseok, he’s more aware of just how his body responds to certain things. Pheromones, touches, his body doesn’t distinguish between what his mind wants and what his body wants.

Is it maybe that Jimin is just denying what he wants too strongly? Maybe the disconnect between his mind and body is the actual problem, maybe he really is a whore, maybe he really does want it and he’s only trying to convince himself that he doesn’t.

Does he want Taehyung to touch him? Hoseok? Yoongi?

Jimin gives a startled shout when he feels hands gripping his shoulders. Panic has him jerking
away before he blinks a few times, his eyes settling on Taehyung.

He’s staring at Jimin with fearful eyes, there’s pain in them.

“Are you okay?”

It’s only now that Jimin realizes they’re in the produce aisle. Standing between large displays of bananas and apples, the Omega glances around, willing his pounding heart to still as he swallows despite his dry mouth.

“Y-yeah, sorry.” Jimin doesn’t meet Taehyung’s gaze and instead, he looks at the apples, pretending to care about them.

Why is he so distractible lately? Why does his mind keep pulling him under, numbing him…

“Jiminnie… If you ever need to talk… You can talk to me…”

The Omega doesn’t look up from the fruit displays, narrowing his gaze on them instead as his lips press firmly together. How can he talk about it?

How can he say it aloud?

“I’m fine, let’s just buy the food.”

Taehyung doesn’t move despite the grocery store continuing to move around them, despite the odd looks shot their way, despite the loud overhead calling for a manager to pick up a parked call on line two.

“I want you to tell me, not right now… but one day. I want you to tell me what he’s done.”

Jimin stills, his breath coming out shorter, quicker. He’s not panicking, not yet, but he can still feel the same crushing pain in his chest, as though someone is squeezing the life out of him.

“Tae…” He begins.

“I need to know for when I kill him.”

Taehyung doesn’t move, instead he stares. His gaze is intense and beneath it, Jimin doesn’t feel much like the Alpha he’s trying to pretend to be. Taehyung is an Alpha, strong, imposing, threatening, and Jimin… Jimin is an Omega made uncomfortable by the stare of an Alpha.

Jimin turns away, still gripping the list in one hand, he sets off towards the protein bars, willing his mind to obey him, to stop thinking about it. Thinking about it won’t fix anything. It won’t make it any less real, it won’t prevent it from happening again. Thinking about it just makes him sad, it only forces him to smile and endure a weight far too heavy for his shoulders.

Behind him, he can hear the loud clatter of their cart, and he’s thankful not to hear Taehyung’s voice accompanying it. The Alpha may have good intentions, and he’s probably hurting too after watching the struggle Jungkook has endured, but Jimin can’t take it right now. He’s already full, he already hurts enough.

The two walk quietly around the grocery store, picking up the items on the list, only speaking to discuss a product or the difference between two products. Jimin doesn’t pick himself up anything,
and despite the emptiness in his stomach as he gazes at the food, he turns away from it to refer back to the list.

They’re halfway through the grocery store with a partially full cart when Taehyung speaks to Jimin again.
“Do you want to see Jungkook?”

Jimin frowns down at his list. The aisle they’re currently inhabiting is empty, despite how busy the store seems, Seoul doesn’t want crackers or soup.

“I can’t.” Jimin says, doing his utmost to keep his tone neutral as he pretends to focus hard on the list. Although he had been taught to keep ready-to-eat foods available for ruts and heats, half the list involves food prep items that makes Jimin think he’s going to be cooking a lot more.

“Why not?”

Jimin sets the list back into the cart, walking further down the aisle to grab the soup base Hoseok had written down. He spends more time than necessary at the end of the aisle, and Taehyung doesn’t follow him.

“Jimin,” Taehyung says when he comes back, dropping the soup base into the cart.

“Taehyung, please.” The Omega finally looks at Taehyung, and he’s sure his gaze reflects the pain he’s working so hard to keep contained because the Alpha looks away after a few seconds.

“I’ll see him when I can… and even if I’m not ready, I’ll see him next week… Let it go, okay? Just stop… stop bringing it up… I don’t want to think about it right now. I think about it enough.”

The two finish their shopping, and at the check-out, Jimin uses the pack’s card to pay for the expensive groceries. As he watches the credit card machine, waiting for it to approve the transaction, he zeroes in on a conversation taking place between nearby employees.

“They just came and took her! It was so scary, she was screaming the whole way out.”

“What? Oh my god, that’s so scary!”

“What if it happens to us?”

“You’re mated, it won’t happen to you.”

“Yeah, but your mate can sell you.”

“Would he do that?”

“Yeah, he would.”
Jimin breathes out through his nose, his eyebrows furrowed as the digital screen finally shows ‘APPROVED’ in blocky grey letters. Taehyung has already begun loading the bags into the cart as Jimin puts the credit card back into his wallet, sliding it into his back pocket as the two chatting employees are pulled away to work. He’s thankful maybe, he didn’t really want to hear any more about what happened to their coworker.

Seoul is scary right now, Korea is scary.

Being an Omega is scarier.

With a full cart of packed groceries, the two roll it out towards the same double doors they entered through. Jimin takes to the pushing the cart this time, his fingers squeezing hard on the plastic cover over the handle as they noisily make their way across the parking garage and into the elevator.

What if they just take him one day too?

A loud pop song bursts through the silence of the elevator, Taehyung struggles for a few seconds before pressing his phone against his ear.

“Hello?”

Jimin stares at the elevator doors until there’s a light ‘ding’ followed by the doors sliding open.

“Oh, Kookie if you’re hungry then just go get some food.”

Jimin pushes the cart across the parking garage as Taehyung trails a few steps behind, his phone still pressed to his ear.

“I’ll be home soon, I promise.”

Taehyung digs out his car keys as they approach, the headlights flashing once as Jimin stops the cart to begin unloading it.

“I’m just out with some friends right now.”

Jimin can feel his throat tightening as he clutches the handles of a couple bags in both hands, carrying them between Taehyung’s car and another to load them into the trunk.

“I’m not drinking, I’m actually going to be heading home soon. Do you want to wait for me?”

Why would Taehyung lie to Jungkook about being with him? Why is he lying?

“I’ll see you soon, Kookie.”

Jimin doesn’t ask Tae why he lied, he doesn’t ask as Taehyung ends the call and puts his phone away, and he doesn’t ask as the Alpha helps him finish loading the groceries.

After pushing the cart into the cart corral, the two slip back into the car, tensing slightly from the chill before Taehyung turns the key, lighting up the center console and turning the heaters and seat warmers back on.
This time, instead of conversation Taehyung turns on the radio.

Some pop song acts as the backdrop for their drive, bass vibrating the speakers as Taehyung drives them atop dark, wet roads. The city is quieter now, fewer people fill the sidewalks, and fewer cars dominate the road. The red lights still capture them each chance they get, but Jimin zones out with his gaze on the window.

He has too much time to think.

The drive feels shorter the second time, and Jimin thinks it might have something to do with the silence from Taehyung and the volume of his own thoughts. After parking in front of Jimin and Yoongi’s building, Taehyung helped Jimin carry in all of the groceries, piling them on the counter and pretending not to hear the headboard banging the wall of the moans bleeding through.

It’s a little awkward, but Jimin tries to remind himself that Taehyung grew up with both Yoongi and Hoseok, and that maybe he’s already used to this since they share one house.

Taehyung leaves after all of the groceries are brought in, mumbling something about needing to get home so that Jungkook can eat. Jimin hadn’t pressed for further answers on that, and although it doesn’t sit right with him that Taehyung lied about being with him, he doesn’t want to ask about it.

It’s just something else for him to worry about.

Jimin locks the door after saying goodbye, his eyes sweeping over the grocery bags covering the countertops, landing eventually on the dirty dishes in the sink. Several new ones have been added, and it’s not really something he can overlook anymore.

He gets to work, quietly unloading all of the groceries before storing the plastic bags. Afterwards, he cleans the dirty dishes, loading them into the dishwasher before wiping down the counters. Once the kitchen is clean, he picks up the twenty-four pack of water bottles from where Taehyung had left them by the door, carrying them to Yoongi’s door, knocking lightly.

There’s a loud growl followed by Hoseok’s voice speaking quietly. Jimin swallows the knot in his throat, staring down at the water in his hands, wondering if he should drop them and run, wondering if he never should’ve knocked in the first place.

The door opens, and a wave of pheromones slams Jimin so thickly that he drops the package of water, gasping as his wolf writhes and whimpers for the Alpha owning the scent. Jimin has scented an Alpha in rut before, he’s experienced the way his body immediately responds to it, wanting to answer it.

It’s never been as intense as it is right now.

“Reckless little Omega.” Hoseok picks up the case of water, pulling it into the room before stepping out into the hall with Jimin, closing the door behind him.

The Omega whines as Hoseok blocks the entry to Yoongi’s room, a pair of boxers being the only thing covering him aside from Yoongi’s scent. It’s driving Jimin crazy, it’s really driving him insane.
“Did you buy everything on the list?”

Jimin’s knees feel weak, but the sensation of Hoseok’s fingers gripping his jaw, forcing him to look up at him more or less returns his focus.

Yoongi smells too good, he’s always smelled too good.

“Jimin, did you buy everything?”

The Omega nods, swallowing again before he reaches up, grasping Hoseok’s hand and trying to pull it away from his face. His fingers are too tight on his jaw.

“Did you buy yourself a coat?”

Jimin shakes his head. “I h-have one already.” His voice sounds rough, so he clears his throat, still pulling on Hoseok’s hand.

“Does his scent bother you that much?” The Alpha asks. There’s something akin to disdain in his eyes, his fingers tightening on his jaw until Jimin whines, squirming as his knees bend. Refusing to let Jimin drop to the floor, Hoseok pulls him up by his jaw, forcing the Omega to stand tall before he cranes his head back, stepping closer until Jimin can feel his breath on his neck.

“Is he your mate?”

Jimin’s heart thumps, but he doesn’t know what answer Hoseok is looking for.

“Do you want to check if Yoongi is your mate?”

“Stop it…” Jimin coughs. “I did what you said, I bought the food.”

“It’s not about that, Jiminie. You’re going to be my mate soon, don’t you think I deserve to know if Yoongi is your intended mate?” Hoseok pulls him forward, and within the short hallway, it only takes a few seconds for the Alpha to open the door to Yoongi’s room, pushing Jimin inside and causing him to trip over the pack of water left in the doorway.

The Omega hits the floor, sprawling out before his gaze snaps to the bed. Yoongi is growling, his lips pulled back to expose his teeth as his hands sit tightly secured to the headboard, his eyes covered by a blindfold with Jimin’s sheets shredded nearby. The air smells thickly of cum and cinnamon, and immediately Jimin can feel his body responding.

There’s a haze in his mind, his heart hammering against his chest as slick collects between his legs. Subconsciously, he lowers his head, tilting it in submission before whining and eventually trying to inch closer.

A hand wraps around his ankle, yanking him back

Although Jimin may have thought he’d find amusement in Hoseok’s eyes, his gaze shifts up and all he can see is pure disgust. Hoseok’s looking at him like he’s a maggot crawling out of a corpse.

The Omega is too lost to the haze and his instincts to process or respond to what’s happening as Hoseok tears his jeans down over his hips, ripping his boxers away before spreading Jimin’s legs.
All he can smell is Yoongi, it smells like Yoongi.

“You’re wet from his fucking smell.” Hoseok sounds pissed, a snarl leaving his throat before the Alpha’s hands leave Jimin’s legs.

“How tragic for you two.” The Alpha mumbles as Yoongi lets out a far louder snarl. Surely, he can smell Jimin’s scent, the citrus, lemons, oranges, and an amplified sweetness from his slick.

Yoongi must know by now.

“Should I let him fuck you while he’s blindfolded? He won’t even know who you are, he doesn’t even know who you are.” Hoseok laughs. “I wouldn’t be breaking any promises.”

Jimin lets out another whine, beginning to try and fight through the haze. It’s like weights pressing down on his body, holding him back and lulling him into a more comfortable place. It’s easier to lose himself to this haze, to remain unaware and allow himself to be used.

This is probably how Omegas die, they lose themselves.

“Come on.” One of Hoseok’s hands wraps around Jimin’s bicep, pulling him up enough so that he can drag him towards the bed where Yoongi is still snarling and snapping his jaw with growls that sends waves of slick between Jimin’s legs.

The Alpha is naked on the bed, his body coated in sweat and dried cum. There are bruises forming on his hips and arms, another one dark around his neck. If Jimin were in his right mind, he might’ve understood better, he might’ve been able to ask.

Instead, his instincts have him drawing his attention to Yoongi’s cock. He’s already fully hard, the base of his dick swollen where his knot sits. The Omega has never really been driven too crazy over an Alpha, even after being fucked by a few of them, he never felt they were worth as much chatter as people gave to them. However, as he inhales Yoongi’s scent, as he looks over his naked body, Jimin thinks he understands what it is to want something on instinct alone. Jimin licks his lips, and before he can stop himself, his instincts have him expelling mating scents, signals given only in the presence of whomever the Omega wants to mate.

And apparently, Jimin wants to mate Yoongi.

“Fuck.” Hoseok curses and suddenly he’s dragging Jimin away from Yoongi while the Alpha begins thrashing even harder on the bed. His scent smells dangerous, aggressive, and his growls have changed from simple aggression, to almost pained.

Yoongi is feeling some sort of loss, his wolf is angry.

Hoseok roughly drags Jimin out of the room while cursing, his pants still around his ankles as he loses his footing over the case of water and is thrown into the hallway. As he smacks his head back against the wall, he stares dazed at the door, barely registering the repulsed curl of Hoseok’s lips before he slams the door in Jimin’s face.

Left alone in the hall, Jimin finds himself gasping for air and with no idea of what the hell he just experienced.
Jimin is still sitting in the hall and hour later when Hoseok comes back out. His head is throbbing, but his thoughts have mostly cleared up as the Alpha takes on look at him, cursing again before bending down beside him.

“Are you still wet?”

Jimin shakes his head, he doesn’t think he is at least.

“That’s too bad, I was thinking about fucking you. You wanted someone to fuck you didn’t you?”

Jimin shakes his head again, the pain in his head is really bothering him, but his muscles still feel weak from the escaping scent of Yoongi’s rut. He needs his suppressors, he should’ve taken more.

“Why did you get wet if you didn’t want to get fucked, Omega?”

Jimin stares at Hoseok, watching the amusement play out over the Alpha’s face. He no longer looks disgusted by Jimin, but he does smell sour.

He smells really sour.

“The next time I fuck you, it’s going to hurt.”

Hoseok gets up again, disappearing back into Yoongi’s room and leaving Jimin in the hallway. With more awareness of his surroundings, the Omega can hear the muffled sounds from Yoongi’s room, followed by loud bangs from the headboard hitting the wall again.

It sounds like it hurts.

It takes the Omega awhile to finally drag himself to his feet, and when he does, he shuffles into the bathroom to clean the dried slick from between his legs, his eyes refusing to look into the mirror as he prepares for bed.

Since his sheets and pillow have been taken, Jimin is been forced to sleep atop his stripped bed. With only his arms to act as a pillow, he tosses and turns more than usual, struggling to find a comfortable position in which his head doesn’t ache, and his shoulder doesn’t feel like it’s dislocating. It takes him close to two hours, but he finally manages to fall asleep.

In his dreams, he’s racing between the trees. The wind feels good on his fur, freeing. And all four of his legs are obeying his every whim, carrying him so fluidly that he’s damn near gliding over exposed tree roots and fallen leaves.

There’s something so impossibly freeing about shifting, about leaving behind your human form, about escaping.

Jimin loves shifting, and if he weren’t so afraid of the dangers, he would do it more often. However, since it’s too risky for him to freely shift, he lives for nights like these. Nights in which the nightmares are kept at a distance, their flames unable to lick at the beautifully wistful dream being offered to Jimin.

One day, he’ll be happy.
No poll today. :)

I hope everyone is doing well! Please pace yourself if you must! The story is quite dark.
Jimin slips out of the house early in the morning. A cold snap hit overnight leaving frost covered cars, roofs, and grass in its wake. As Jimin pulls his sleeves down over his numbing fingers, he tries not to focus on the discomfort of the cold but rather the solace of feeling it at all. Despite the pain he’s enduring, he’s alive. He’s alive and he’s free, mostly, so he should use his freedom for the ones who are not.

The pleasant dreams of the night had boosted his spirits a bit, and although he can never shake the wandering shadow of what awaits him behind Yoongi’s closed door, he does everything he can to focus on his exams instead. It seems a little silly now, naïve even, that he thought getting his degree would change everything, that he could gain so much power from words printed on expensive paper. The degree itself won’t be the answer, but the catalyst, and although Jimin knows the doubts weighing on the back of his mind, he wants to remain positive, he needs something to hold onto.

The sun is just barely peaking above the leafless trees when Jimin steps foot onto campus. Dressed in jeans, converse, and a black hoodie, he has nothing but his phone, wallet, and a couple of pens on him, two pens may be more than he needs anyway. His stomach growls as he walks down the sidewalk between looming buildings. Although he can’t remember the last time he ate something, his stomach feels tight whenever he tries to put food in his mouth. Still, Jimin knows he needs to eat something soon. It’s not like he had planned on not eating, it’s just that it was never what he could tolerate, especially not with Hoseok inhabiting the only safe place he had left.

Jimin presses his lips together, digging his hands into his hoodie pocket to hold his protesting stomach as he approaches the arts building, automatic doors granting him entry. Today he has his mid-term for Dance as well as Chemistry, and although he should be better prepared for the Dance exam, he doesn’t feel like he practiced nearly as much as he should have.

How was he supposed to go to the practice room after what happened?

Right now, as Jimin’s feet carry him down the long hallway, he can see flickers of Jungkook’s face in his mind. Of the way the other Omega looked at him while they were waiting for the showers, of the content in his face as he trusted Jimin to look out for him, protect him.

He also remembers the screams, the sound of his own footsteps on the stairs, and the determination he had to get home despite knowing what sort of torment Jungkook had been enduring.

It’s his fault, his fault, his fault, and somehow, that hurts worse than anything Hoseok has ever done to him.

Hoseok can do whatever he wants to Jimin, but knowing someone else is being hurt because of him is too painful.

Jimin takes the stairs slowly, focusing on his breathing and not on the images or sounds forcing
their way into his mind. It may really be his fault that everything is happening, that everyone is suffering, but one day he’ll pay that debt.

He’ll pay that debt no matter the cost.

The dance exams are held privately, so while the other students wait in the hall either practicing or listening to the music again, Jimin is inside the studio with his professor and a teaching assistant. He doesn’t know if Jungkook is in the hall, but he knows that he doesn’t want to see him, that he can’t. Jimin might actually cry if he has to look at the kid right now.

So instead, he focuses on his routine. The beat gives him a distraction, and although there are two people staring at him, judging him, he watches only himself in the mirror. His body flows, catching each beat before flowing to the next. It’s harder than it used to be, his head pounds and his limbs seem more sluggish than usual. However, despite his dizziness, his unease, he makes it through his routine, staring at himself in the mirror as his breaths come out in heavy puffs.

“Great, you can go now.”

Jimin nods before moving to retrieve his phone and pens from where he left them by the wall as his professor scribbles on the clipboard in his hand. It’s now closer to ten in the morning, and since his next exam isn’t until two, he decides he should go home and make breakfast or lunch or whatever it is right now.

Stepping out into the hallway, multiple scents reach his nose, some of them sour with anxiety as he tries to beeline for the staircase.

The scent of apples resonates, forcing Jimin’s hesitation and almost his attention before he regains himself. He can’t look at Jungkook right now, he can’t see him.

If he sees him, he won’t stop crying.

Instead, Jimin quickens his pace, his feet pounding the stairs as he runs. He’s running away from Jungkook the same way he did before, he’s turning away from him because he can’t face him. It’s pathetic.

He’s pathetic.

“You’re making food?”

Jimin’s head snaps up from where he had zoned out, his eyes meeting Hoseok’s as the Alpha gazes at him from across the breakfast bar. He’s naked again, save for a pair of boxers, and Yoongi’s scent hangs off of him like a cologne.

Jimin scrunches his nose, disdainful of the unpleasant mixture of cinnamon and bread. Yoongi’s scent doesn’t belong on Hoseok, but there’s no normal way to say something like that.

“Young.”

“Make us something too, the protein bars don’t taste very good.” Hoseok doesn’t ask but rather,
demands, and Jimin finds himself too afraid of the consequences of saying no to decline, so he nods.

In front of him, he has eggs and ramen, but as he feels Hoseok’s eyes looking over his selected ingredients, he knows it’s not going to fly, so he closes the eggs.

“Use the food you bought yesterday and make something else.” The Alpha grimaces at Jimin’s food choices, his arms raising to rest on the breakfast bar as his smell continues to permeate the air. It’s nauseating, and Jimin can feel his stomach clenching again. Food may not happen again today, he may not manage to get a single speck past his lips.

“What do you want me to make…?”

“You were trained after you presented, right?” Hoseok asks, when Jimin nods, he continues. “Look at the ingredients and figure it out then.”

In his head, Jimin wants to refuse to make anything for Hoseok. He wants to throw something at him, maybe an egg, and tell him to go fuck himself and get out of their house.

But if he says no, if he refuses, won’t Hoseok just punish him again? Won’t he spend another exam in discomfort because the chair is too hard and his ass is too sore…?

“Okay…”

The Omega begins putting the ramen and eggs away as he mentally runs through all of the things they bought at the store last night. Hoseok’s gaze feels heavy on his back as he takes out some raw beef strips, picking various ingredients from the fridge and cabinets before lining them up.

It’s a good thing he loves to cook, and it’s a good thing he’s good at it.

“Why’d you smell like Taehyung yesterday?”

Jimin tenses, turning his head slightly towards the Alpha before returning his attention to the food prep.

“He took me to the store.”

“Oh? Interesting, I guess that means he borrowed Seokjin’s car.” Hoseok hums, tapping one finger along the bar. Jimin has his back to Hoseok, and although he can’t see the Alpha, he can feel that he’s being looked at.

It would really be best if he would just go away already.

“It’s probably good he went with you. You should avoid going out alone until I mate you.” Hoseok says suddenly.

“What?”

“They’re already collecting Omegas for the breeding facilities. You might smell like an Alpha, but you don’t look like one, so don’t go out alone until I’ve mated you.”

Jimin picks up the beef package, willing his other hand to move so he can open it, so he has something else to focus on. The idea of being taken by the government is terrifying, but the idea of
being mated to Hoseok for forever; is just as terrifying. His skin crawls, his attention dividing between his distress and the food before him as he struggles with the plastic wrapping on the beef. If he weren’t so afraid of Hoseok, of the consequences for going against him, then he’d argue on it.

But Jimin is afraid.

After presenting, Jimin had found himself wondering how so many Omegas allowed themselves to be controlled by their Alphas. He wondered why they would take a slap, a punch, or a kick, without throwing one back, without defending themselves. He wondered why they would smile and nod at whatever their Alpha said to them, whatever they demanded, he wondered where their backbone went.

Back then, and until recently, Jimin did look down on Omegas to an extent. In his mind, he wasn’t part of that. Jimin takes up for himself, he challenges Alphas, he growls. Jimin had himself convinced that he is a special case, that he’s untamable, wild.

But right now, as Jimin finally gets the package of beef open, as he bites his lip to hold back the tears of his frustrations, he understands why those Omegas didn’t take up for himself.

“Yoongi’s rut is going to end tomorrow, when will you be finished with your midterms?”

Jimin preps the beef, blood collecting in his mouth from how hard he’s bitten down on his lip. Yoongi is something else Jimin hasn’t been thinking about. He’s put the ‘intended mates’ ordeal on the backburner, it’s low-priority, it’s not something he wants to think about.

After-all, Hoseok is going to be his mate unless he does something about it.

“Tomorrow is my last day…” He says quietly.

“Then tomorrow I’ll help you pack and bring you back to the pack house with me. Yoongi won’t be there until the weekend.”

Jimin nods, but he doesn’t speak. Casting the empty beef package aside, he continues working on the food, turning eventually to the stove as he begins pulling out skillets and pots while Hoseok watches on from his spot at the breakfast bar.

It feels tense beneath the Alpha’s gaze, and although Jimin mentally runs through various ways of politely asking Hoseok to leave, his tongue refuses to cooperate with his mind, and no matter how many times he casts glares towards him, Hoseok continues to watch him, unperturbed by Jimin’s discomfort.

As the food really begins to come together, Jimin hears a low growl from Yoongi’s room, followed by the Alpha’s voice.

“Hoseok…”

Jimin looks up, watching the way Hoseok’s lips curl into a slight smile. “Duty calls.” He says airily.

Instead of walking straight back to Yoongi’s room, Jimin’s muscles tense as he walks around the bar instead, slowly approaching Jimin before resting his hands on the Omega’s hips.
Right now, Jimin could pick up the pot of broth, he could throw the hot liquid onto Hoseok, he could injure him and make him hurt as much as he’s hurting.

His hand tightens on the handle to the pot, and although he wants to, he releases it as the Alpha slowly turns him around to face him.

“Knock when the food is ready, but don’t stick around. I’m not exactly fond of seeing my mate getting hot and heavy over another Alpha.”

Hoseok raises one hand, gliding his fingers along Jimin’s jaw before tilting his chin up. Jimin doesn’t close his eyes as Hoseok presses his lips against Jimin’s, and he doesn’t breathe. It feels wrong, and dirty. The fact that the Alpha has taken something so soft and warm and made it disgusting has Jimin’s stomach clenching again, the smell of rotten oranges beginning to overpower the smell of the food as Hoseok pulls away.

“I’m so lucky I have such an attractive mate.” He sighs. “I should take more photos of you.”

Hoseok’s fingers glide down Jimin’s neck, ghosting his collarbones until a shiver wracks the Omega’s body. He’s trying not to think about it, trying not to let it get to him, but really these moments are almost harder than the violent ones.

It’s harder for Jimin to not cry when Hoseok is gentle rather than when he’s rough.

“I’ll see you later.”

Jemin stands, rooted in place with his bottom lip quivering. He watches with a dull gaze as Hoseok walks away, but he can’t find relief in his absence. All around him, it smells like baked bread and cherry blossoms, a scent that is utterly repulsive now.

When the food is finally ready, Jimin turns the dial on the burners before removing the skillets and pots. Loud bangs and desperate moans fill the silence, and although Jimin has tried to distract himself from the sound, cooking just hadn’t been enough.

Instead, the Omega had snuck into his room, retrieving his earbuds before popping one in, turning his music up loud enough to drown out Yoongi’s moans, to drown out the act.

Jemin takes his time plating the food, and as he works, he finds himself mentally following the steps he’d been taught in school. Presentation is important because it’s for your Alpha, to show your gratitude.

That’s what he’d been told anyway.

Although this entire event had begun due to Jimin trying to finally make some food for himself, he can’t currently bring himself to eat anything he’s just made. Instead, he plates enough food for both Alpha’s, leaving the remainder in the pan in case anyone wants seconds, anyone but himself.

Jemin’s stomach feels hollow, and although it’s beginning to ache with a constant desire for food, the Omega ignores it.
It’s not like he wants to actively starve himself, but he still doesn’t think he can take it. If he’s going to eat, he needs to be in a good mood, or he needs to be distracted enough from the pain inside of him so that his stomach will unclench and allow the food inside.

Rather than focusing on his own hunger, he moves the plates to the bar before walking around it, getting close enough to Yoongi’s door to knock before recoiling as though burned.

The moans quiet down.

“One second, Jiminnie.”

Somehow, Jimin doesn’t like that Hoseok called him by name. He doesn’t like that he called him by name while fucking his roommate.

Backing away from the door, Jimin sweeps his eyes over the food once more. It really looks alright to him, and although he didn’t taste it too much while cooking, what he did taste was fine. So why does he feel nervous?

Why is he so aware of his own heartbeat?

Jimin reaches into his pocket, silencing his music just as the door to Yoongi’s room opens. Hoseok, still wearing boxer briefs, glances at Jimin as though unashamed of his own flushed face and bed ruffled hair. He looks like he’s been having sex, and he smells like it.

Jimin scrunches his nose.

“It’s on the bar.” Jimin says. “I have to study now…”

Hoseok steps out of the room, leaving the door cracked a couple of inches as he approaches the two plates of food.

“Yoongi’s out of it right now so he won’t eat.” The Alpha scratches his head before sighing. “We’ll eat later when he’s back to his senses again.”

The Omega swallows the knot in his throat, nodding with his gaze falling everywhere except for Hoseok’s face. He really doesn’t want to look at him, he doesn’t want to talk to him.

“I’ll come get you when we need it heated up. Or I’ll text you.”

Jimin nods, and with the hallway free and clear, he begins to walk towards his own bedroom.

“Text me… I don’t need you to come get me.”

Hoseok laughs, but Jimin doesn’t stop to entertain his amusement. Instead, he slips into his room, closing the door behind him and locking it.

To Taehyung (11:36):
When will you be done with exams?

From Taehyung (11:37):
I’m already done for the day.
To Taehyung (11:39):
Can we go somewhere?

From Taehyung (11:42):
Yeah, sure. Where?

To Taehyung (11:43):
It doesn’t matter, just anywhere else.

Jimin waits in his room for Taehyung to text him that he’s here. He waits with his still stripped bed, idly wondering how he is going to afford new sheets now that Yoongi or Hoseok or both of them; have shredded his old ones in the midst of a rut.

Strangely though, it doesn’t really bother Jimin to think that Yoongi used his sheets to ease his rut, that he used his scent. With any other Alpha, Jimin may have been put-off or repulsed, and it doesn’t really make sense to him that he’s somehow okay with it because it was Yoongi.

Well… he’s not really okay with it. The fact is, his sheets were still destroyed and his pillow his missing. Things like that aren’t super expensive, but they cost more than Jimin had planned to spend on such things.

Buying a coat will definitely have to wait.

The Omega sighs as he presses his palm against his mattress, recoiling as vivid memories of Hoseok’s punishment come to mind. His room was always supposed to be the safest place, the one that smelled like his synthetic scent, the one that no Alpha entered.

Jimin’s phone buzzes on his dresser, and with his thoughts still distracted by the pounding of his memories, he picks it up.

From Taehyung (12:13):
I’m here!

Jimin slips his phone into his pocket, making sure he has his pens for his last test of the day before quietly slipping out of his room and back into the noisy hall.

He tip-toes past Yoongi’s room, holding his breath when he thinks he hears his name. Hoseok probably wouldn’t try to stop him from leaving, but the fewer interactions he has with Hoseok, the better.

After letting himself out of the apartment, he locks up, cursing the squeaky hinges of their door before setting off down the hall. He takes the elevator alone down to the first floor. A few other residents pass by him on his way, but none of them pay him much attention as he steps out into the icy air, his eyes scanning the parking lot for Taehyung.

“I’m over here!”
Jimin follows the sound of Taehyung’s voice, eventually finding him sitting in a still-running car, the window cracked just enough to show his face.

It’s not cold enough for ice to form yet, but Jimin is still mindful of where he’s stepping as he makes his way out towards the car. He’s not really running, but he feels like he’s running. Taehyung feels like an escape.

“Hey.” Jimin shuts the passenger side door after he’s settled in, reaching for the seatbelt as Taehyung shifts into reverse.

“Hey yourself. Did something happen?” The Alpha’s eyes are on his mirrors as he spins his wheel, pulling out of the parking spot before shifting back into drive, and gently accelerating towards the exit.

“I just needed to get away from him.” Jimin doesn’t want to tell Taehyung any specifics about what has happened. It wouldn’t be fair for him to shove a portion of his burden onto the Alpha, especially not when Taehyung is helping to shoulder Jungkook’s burden because of him.

“Why don’t you come stay at the pack house while he’s there? We still have a spare bedroom.” They pull out onto the two-lane road running alongside Jimin and Yoongi’s apartment building. As they speed up, Jimin deflates against his seat, running his finger along the smooth leather.

“I just can’t.” He can’t face Jungkook, and he doesn’t think he can trust Namjoon. The pack house isn’t much better.

“If you change your mind, let me know.” Taehyung raises his hand from the gear shift, turning the radio on a low volume. Quiet rock music begins to flow from the speakers, and although Jimin has no idea where Taehyung is taking him, he lets himself relax.

Maybe he sort of believes in Taehyung…? Believes him to be a good person?

“I’ll come pick you up anytime.” The Alpha adds.

“Thanks, Tae…” Jimin sighs, closing his eyes for a moment. “Where are we going?”

“You smell upset… so I was thinking a diner.” The car slows, and Jimin opens his eyes enough to see that they’re passing through a side street near the courthouse.

‘I wonder if Yugyeom and Sungwoo are there…’

“Wait,” Jimin sits up, pivoting to stare at Taehyung. “You can smell me?!!”

Taehyung glances at Jimin, his eyebrows knitted in confusion before he looks back to the road. “I mean, not really but… I think it’s because I know what you really smell like.”

Jimin melts back against the seat, groaning quietly as he squirms. “That’s not good, what if Yoongi smells me? What if anybody else smells me?” He groans again, and from the corner of his eye, he can see Taehyung smiling softly.

“You’ll just need stronger pheromones. A few stores in Seoul have it.”

“They’re too expensive, I already have to buy new sheets.” Jimin frowns, pressing both of his
palm against the seat as they begin to drive again.

“I know you don’t like relying on people, but for this, can you rely on me to get you some?”

Jimin glances over at Taehyung, and honestly, he’s a bit suspicious of Taehyung’s motivations. He got into Taehyung’s car knowing full-well that he could be walking into another nightmare, and he allowed himself to relax with every understanding that he’s making himself an easy target.

So what could Taehyung possibly need to prove by offering to help Jimin get stronger pheromone spray?

“Why…” He doesn’t mean for it to sound rude or ungrateful, but the question slips between his lips before he can process it.

“Because I want to help you.”

“Why do you want to help me?” Jimin chews on his lower lip, his gaze departing from Taehyung to look out the window instead. Seoul is crowded again today.

“We’ve talked about this before.” The Alpha’s grip tightens on the wheel, his eyes flickering to Jimin despite the heavy traffic in front of them.

“I know that… I did something awful to you… but I’m not like that… and I don’t think Omegas should be treated that way… and what Hoseok is doing to you makes me sick… so anything I can do to help… please let me.”

Jimin remains silent, still chewing on his lower lip as anxiety gnaws on his insides. Giving Taehyung his trust for brief periods is one thing, but to trust Taehyung with a facet of his existence is another. If he has to rely on Taehyung to get these pheromones, then that’s something the Alpha has over him, it’s a way to control him.

But if he doesn’t, then he risks his classmates smelling him, or Yoongi.

Yooni...

Jimin grimaces as he once again recalls the whole intended mates deal. He should probably bring it up to Taehyung, at least mention it so that everyone is aware.

But if he’s going to give the Alpha his pheromones as leverage, then he should keep the secret about Yoongi to himself.

“Okay…” Jimin nods. “If you wouldn’t mind…”

“I don’t mind, I want to.” Taehyung says.

The Omega finds himself nodding again, a new emotion beginning to flicker inside of him. These days, it’s becoming harder for him to differentiate between the things he feels. Sometimes he knows he’s angry, and sometimes he knows he’s sad and hurting. But other times, there’s such a mixture of emotions that he grows numb, and the numbness always spreads.

And sometimes, the numbness is worse.
Which is what is strange about right now. Despite the growing numbness inside of his chest, and despite the anxiety which feels like marbles in his chest, he can feel something new.

Does he trust Taehyung? Is this what trust feels like?

Or is this something else?

Chapter End Notes

Poll over on my Twitter!
Chapter 23

The diner is chilly despite being full of hungry patrons. The sound of metal utensils scraping plates, and broken bits of conversations drift in and out of Jimin’s ears as he watches condensation dripping down the length of his water glass. It smells like greasy food and something sweet that Jimin can’t place, and suddenly he finds himself idly recalling the first time Yoongi took him out to eat.

Well, it was just fast food, but the thought is oddly nice.

Jimin rubs his thumb down the laminated menu, his nerves a little less on edge now that he’s far away from Hoseok. Eating might actually be possible right now, because he’s feels comfortable with Taehyung.

It’s reckless and as he looks around at the tacky décor, he questions himself on it. Why does he feel comfortable with someone who hurt him? Why doesn’t he hate him the same way he hates Hoseok?

Across from him, Taehyung flips the page of his menu, his eyes scanning down the options while Jimin pretends to look at his. Jimin has considered that maybe he doesn’t fear Taehyung because he understands him, his motivations behind what he did. At that time, Jimin wasn’t only drenched in the scent of heat, but he was the cause of so much suffering for Jungkook, someone Taehyung loves. He deserved it, every ounce of Taehyung’s anger and the form in which it took. Taehyung only did to him what Jimin caused to happen to Jungkook.

It was revenge.

Jimin focuses on the menu, numbness spreading through his body as he subconsciously nods to himself. Yes, he doesn’t fear or hate Taehyung because he deserved what Taehyung did. What Jimin didn’t deserve, was Taehyung’s apology for it.

“What are you gonna get?”

Jimin hums, changing pages of the menu again. “I don’t know.”

“Well, you have to eat something before I take you back. You look really pale.” Taehyung sets his menu down, clasping his hands on the table while the diner continues to buzz noisily around them.

“Do I?” Jimin hadn’t noticed. “It’s hard to eat with Hoseok around.”

There’s an understanding ‘ah’ from Taehyung before he picks up his menu again, flipping it over.

“A burger and a milkshake is classic.” He says. “I bet you’ll do better on your next exam if you’re full.”

“Yeah, I might…” Jimin scans over the burger options, settling on one and mentally deciding to skip the chips that are offered along with it. Just a burger and maybe a milkshake is enough, probably more than enough.
“What time is your exam?”

“Two, so I guess I’ll get back home around five.” Jimin doesn’t want to think about going home right now, so he rolls his neck before giving Taehyung his attention.

“How did your exams go?”

It only take seconds for their conversation to go from cautious tension, to a casual flow that feels more comfortable for Jimin. It’s been so long since he’s just had a general chat with someone about school, a general chat that didn’t involve the awkward ignoring of the elephant in the room.

Taehyung already knows the truth, so he can relax.

The two chat about school until their waiter drops by, taking their orders before disappearing to put them in. With the table clear of their menus, the two lean forward to talk.

“No being able to see your grade is the worst!” Jimin moans, his face scrunched with pain as Taehyung laughs from across the booth.

“It is! It’s just a guessing game all semester!” Taehyung lightly kicks his feet under the table, mimicking a tantrum before he huffs. “Last semester, I failed a class, but I didn’t know since they don’t report our grades until the end of the term. I paid for a whole class just to fail it!”

Jimin giggles with a full understanding of the pain. He believes he’s doing well in his classes just from the conversations he’s had with his professors, but he doesn’t know for sure. He won’t know until classes end in December.

“Did you have to retake it?” He asks, raising his water glass and taking a sip.

“Yeah, I mean, it was a required class. But I complained the whole way through it. I nearly offered to blow my professor just for an idea of what my grade is, talk about a low-point.”

Jimin snorts into his water, spilling a small portion of it onto the table which throws Taehyung into another fit of laughter. A few other patrons throw curious glances in their direction, watching as the two unravel into waves of laughter that have Jimin’s stomach aching and his eyes watering. It’s been so long since he’s laughed like this, since he’s felt this happy.

This safe.

“I can’t believe you.” Jimin says between trickles of laughter. Grabbing a napkin from the dispenser, he begins cleaning up the spilled water.

“I was desperate, ok?” Taehyung leans back in his seat as Jimin pushes the soiled napkins away, their conversation simmering down just in time for their waiter to return with their meals.

With his tension eased, Jimin finds his stomach growling again. He’s eager, he realizes. As his eyes sweep over his burger and the chocolate milkshake given alongside it, he can feel the saliva gathering in his mouth, his stomach ready and willing.

“Oh yeah, didn’t you get milkshakes with Yoongi that one night?”

Jimin looks up at Taehyung, finding the Alpha already observing him and his incessant lust for the
food in front of him.

“Yeah, after the fight at that bar.” Jimin reaches for his milkshake first, taking a small sip and relishing in the sweetness. He really does feel a lot better, and although the feeling may be temporary, he’s thankful for this pocket of comfort and genuine happiness.

“Oh right, you got into a fight with an Alpha…” Taehyung nods. “Like a dumbass.”

Jimin raises an eyebrow. “I was protecting the Omegas he was targeting.”

“You’re an Omega too.” Taehyung says quietly. “So, you’re a dumbass.”

Jimin sets his milkshake down, and there’s amusement in his gaze even as he fakes a glare at Taehyung.

“Then I’m a dumbass, but I couldn’t do nothing. He was dangerous.”

The Alpha sighs, picking at the chips on his plate as the greasy scent of their food wafts into Jimin’s nose. His stomach growls again.

“Well whatever, we already put you through the ringer for that nonsense.”

The two begin to eat, occasionally pausing to chat about the food or school. The conversation remains light and the mood remains positive. Although Taehyung sometimes wears on Jimin with his pestering about his issues with Hoseok, Jimin is glad he called Taehyung.

He’s glad he’s not alone.

“You’re gonna be late if we don’t go.” Taehyung holds up his phone, the current time, 13:32, is reflected above a background photo of Jungkook and Taehyung grinning at the camera with the sun blinding their eyes. It looks happy.

“Oh, you’re right.” Jimin hides his disappointment, not wanting to admit exactly how much fun he’d been having just hanging out with Taehyung, pretending like his world isn’t as scary as it is. Although he doesn’t always appreciate the stream of conversation or the prodding questions made by the Alpha, he appreciates the small break from his real life. It’s the closest thing to comfort he’s had in what feels like forever.

“I’m buying, do you wanna go start the car?” Taehyung holds out his car keys, and although Jimin doesn’t want him to pay, he takes the keys.

“Let me pay you back in the car.” He insists.

“No, going out to eat was my idea. Besides, it already looks like some of your color is returning, that’s payment enough.”

Jimin’s ears burn as Taehyung smiles at him. His smile is so genuine, and although there’s sadness somewhere deep in his eyes, Jimin pretends not to see it. He only wants to see the smile as it is, non-threatening and genuine.

Taehyung pats the table, nodding his head in a motion to signify that they should go before sliding
out of the booth to head up to the register.

The Omega remains seated for a moment longer to pile all of their plates together, cleaning up the table a bit before finally sliding out of the booth. His stomach is full, but he does feel better now that he’s eaten. It’s really just too bad he can’t spend each and every meal in privacy with Taehyung.

Taehyung is a good distraction, and suddenly he understands how Jungkook is doing better despite the horror he endured.

Unlike Jimin, Jungkook has always had someone there for him. He’s had someone to comfort him, someone he could talk to, someone to make him feel safe. It’s enviable, and although Jimin can feel the subtle longing nestling itself within his chest, he puffs out his cheeks before exhaling.

Jungkook isn’t weak for needing that, for wanting it, but Jimin doesn’t need it. He can’t need it.

After-all, how much worse would he feel after realizing he has nobody he can turn to? How much worse would he feel after realizing that he’s not alone by choice, but because he’s been abandoned…?

It’s easier not to need.

Jimin unlocks the driver’s side door, slipping into the seat and quickly noticing just how far back the seat is sitting. Shifting his legs into the car, he notices he can barely reach the pedals, a realization that has him pouting his lips in annoyance as he bends his knees in towards himself, sliding to the edge of the seat before slipping the key into the ignition.

The car comes to life with a dull hum of the engine. Gentle vibrations rumble around him as the radio springs to life, some pop song he doesn’t recognize beginning to play.

Since it’s cold, Jimin pulls the driver’s side door closed, and although he can’t drive, he waits for Taehyung from the driver’s seat. As he waits, he allows his gaze to wander curiously to the tall buildings and shops, to the day-workers and students walking towards their destination. Most everybody he sees is bundled up in thick jackets, their noses red and their hands hidden in their pockets. Jimin lays his head back against the headrest, wondering what it’s like to be any one of those people, wondering what sort of life they live.

Is it better? Are they happy?

Jimin jumps in surprise when the driver’s side door is suddenly pulled open, Taehyung bounces on his feet as he rubs his hands together.

“Move, Jiminie.”

The Omega stares before frowning at the Alpha, displeased by his sudden appearance while he had been lost in thought. Despite his displeasure, he slides out of the car and back into the chilly air. While Taehyung slips back into the driver’s seat, Jimin walks around the car before letting himself into the passenger’s side.

“It’s not my car so I can’t let anybody else drive it.” Taehyung says, waiting until Jimin has his seatbelt on to begin reversing.

“I don’t have a license.”
Taehyung shifts back into drive, casting a look at Jimin as he sets them back onto the road towards campus.

“Why not? Omegas can have a license.”

Jimin presses his fingers together, stretching his legs out as far as they can go before shrugging. “I never had the opportunity to learn, nobody ever taught me to drive.”

The song on the radio changes, quiet beats beginning to drone as they drive down familiar roads. Taehyung doesn’t speak or look at Jimin, but his scent increases until spearmint begins to circle Jimin’s head.

“I’ll teach you, if you want.”

Jimin looks up, his gaze meeting with Taehyung’s. He can’t read the Alpha’s expression, but he thinks it may be hopeful.

A hopeful expression.

“Is that… is that ok? I mean is that allowed?” Jimin has no idea what the driving rules are, but in his mind, you could only learn at a school with a teacher.

“Yeah, it doesn’t matter how you learn… I mean as long as you’re not breaking the law. I’m qualified to teach you though.”

“How are you qualified?” Jimin raises one eyebrow, a small smile pulling at the corner of his mouth.

“You just have to have held a license for a certain amount of years. Come on, let me teach you.”

Jimin pretends to think hard about it, scrunching his face with a pout on his lips. It’s so much calmer to let himself slip into this delusion, the delusion that everything is okay, that he’s ok.

“Okay, over break?”

Taehyung grins, glancing at Jimin with a nod. “Over break it is.”

Taehyung drops him off near the West entrance, the one closest to his exam site. Before leaving, he makes Jimin promise that he’ll call him if Hoseok does anything else, if he needs to go to the pack house for safety.

There is a serious look in his eyes, a glint of fire, a readiness to protect. By instinct, Alpha’s are inclined to protect Omegas close to them, but Jimin tries not to see it that way. He tries not to imagine having an Alpha friend who cares about him enough to have instincts over him.

Jimin hesitates, fidgeting with his fingers. He agrees only because he doesn’t think he can explain his fears to Taehyung. The fact is, he knows nothing about Seokjin, and he isn’t sure if he can trust Namjoon. Going to the back house while Hoseok is gone; may not be the safest option. But his
other option isn’t the best either.

As Taehyung drives away, Jimin watches his car from the sidewalk. There’s a small smile on his lips, but the moment Taehyung turns the corner, his smile fades. He’s building himself up to be hurt by interacting with Taehyung like this. If he betrays him, Jimin isn’t sure he’ll be able to protect himself, his emotions.
It might hurt too much, it might wreck him.

Turning, he exhales softly, inhaling another breath of the crisp air as he begins walking towards the exam site. Taehyung gives him some amount of hope and comfort, and although it isn’t much, it nice to finally feel something other than fear, sadness, or nothing at all. It’s nice to feel like he exists as a person rather than property, to be reminded that what he’s experiencing right now isn’t going to last forever, hopefully. Jimin wants to keep hoping.

When Jimin arrives at his testing site, he finds it’s in a smaller lab classroom than the enormous lecture hall he’s used to. A few of his classmates have already arrived, most of them doing some last-minute studying while others scroll their phones. The smell of anxiety is cloying, Jimin’s own chest twists with the scents until he spots an open seat near the back of the classroom. He’s only just sat down when he feels his phone vibrate in his jacket pocket. Without thinking, he pulls it out and unlocks it, frowning down at the text message staring back at him.

**From Hoseok (13:52):**
Go ahead and heat the food back up. Yoongi is comin’ around again.

Jimin scoffs, irritation humming through his veins as his fingers fly over his keyboard, typing back to the Alpha.

**To Hoseok (13:53):**
Fuck off

**To Hoseok (13:53):**
I’m not even home

Closing the text screen, he opens a flashcard app on his phone, beginning to lightly study just to avoid sitting there with nothing to do. As the classroom continues to slowly fill with equally anxious smelling students, Jimin mouths the words on the study cards. Keeping to himself had always been his original plan for not being found out. He’d wanted to remain somewhat isolated without being too noticeably isolated. He’d wanted to focus on school, to graduate quietly before using his degree as an anchor for the Omega Rights movement.

His phone vibrates in his hand, and after rolling his eyes he clicks on the notification.

**From Hoseok (13:59):**
Your exam right?

**From Hoseok (13:59):**
You’re real ballsy when we’re not face-to-face. Weren’t you in the kitchen with your tail between your legs earlier? XD

Jimin’s eyebrows furrow as he furiously holds down the power button on his phone. A new screen comes up, overlapping the text with his options.

Factory Reset
Restart
Power Off

He taps on the ‘Power Off’ button before shoving his phone back into his pocket. He really shouldn’t be mouthing off to Hoseok and he knows it, but he also hates submitting to him. He hates constantly going along with his whims, pretending as though he is or can be whatever Hoseok wants him to be.

Jimin can’t be like other Omegas, he can’t be trapped. And maybe with enough resistance, maybe Hoseok will give up on him.

It’s so unrealistic that Jimin snorts, a bitter smile still curving his lips as his professor enters the room.

Hoseok won’t give up no matter how difficult Jimin is, he will only become crueler.

After his exam, Jimin decides to take the long way home. The sun is falling fast, shades of pink and purple overtaking the sky as the Omega slowly makes his way down the sidewalk. He feels good about his performance on his Chemistry mid-term despite not studying nearly as much as he had wanted to. It had been tough to study with Hoseok and all of his plans, so the idea of succeeding despite that is satisfying enough to boost his mood up from the slums it had fallen into.

Jimin still hasn’t turned his phone back on, and as he walks down the sidewalk along the road, he decides to leave it off until he gets home. There’s nothing Hoseok can say over text that will ever be worse than the things he does in person, anyway.

He pushes the thought from his mind, focusing instead on the way Fall has completely overthrown Summer. The cold snap has successfully murdered all of the living foliage, leaving skeleton trees in its wake. Beneath his shoes, the sidewalk is more dead leaves than anything, an array of oranges and reds now coloring the usually gray sidewalk.

Even the street is dotted with fallen leaves, a biting wind dragging them along before disposing of them in place. Jimin usually loves Fall because of the colors. He’s always loved playing in the piles of dead leaves, spending warm nights with hot chocolate, and begging his mom for just a few more marshmallows after his melted in the hot drink.

He’s cold suddenly, the wind takes chunks out of his skin as he wraps his arms around himself. He doesn’t want to think about his family, even the happy memories.
‘Just breathe…’
They abandoned him, after-all.

He exhales, one foot in front of the other as he slowly approaches his apartment building. There’s a sense of impending doom that has his chest clenching, but he fights the anxiety.

He wants to be in a good mood for a little while longer.

Jimin inhales again, the scent of Fall, of exhaust fumes, of nearby fast food joints. He’s screaming inside, screaming at all of the memories, willing them away until his breaths become shaky. It’s mentally exhausting, being chased by images, sounds, smells, ghosts of the things he wants to forget, things he wants to escape.

He thinks back to the diner, to laughter with Taehyung, to the lightness he felt rather than the heaviness threatening to weigh him down right now.

He breathes, he just breathes.

The journey up to their apartment feels shorter than it should be. He shares an elevator with another resident, small talk about mid-terms spoken in short words between them before they both tiredly say goodbye. Jimin drags his feet down the hall, his eyes running along the metal plate beside each door, reading off the numbers until he finally reaches the apartment he shares with Yoongi.

Jimin is quiet about getting his keys out, and he’s quiet about unlocking the door. What isn’t quiet is the shrill squeal of the hinges as he pushes the door open, a grimace twisting his face as he locks the door behind himself.

The apartment is strangely silent, the two plates of food still sitting uneaten on the bar, dishes left unwashed in the sink. It won’t be good to leave the food out overnight, but Jimin doesn’t want to risk cleaning up, he doesn’t really want to see Hoseok.

As Jimin quietly walks further inside, he notices that Yoongi’s scent is a lot less pronounced than before. The cinnamon and mint that had been damn near suffocating at the start of his rut, now hangs gently in the air, simmering at a more normal and manageable level.

Hoseok had said something about Yoongi’s rut ending soon, but since Jimin has never experienced an Alpha’s rut or witnessed one, he wasn’t really sure what would happen. Even with his own heats, Jimin isn’t exactly sure how they end. Surely his scent will become less concentrated, but will it hurt?

Jimin practically tip-toes down the hall, silence echoing throughout the apartment as he passes by Yoongi’s room. If Yoongi’s rut really has ended, then it’s likely both Hoseok and him are sleeping, something that more than pleases Jimin who had been fearful of coming face-to-face with the Alpha.

After successfully slipping into his own room, Jimin closes his door before changing into more comfortable clothes. He takes another few scent suppressors, re-applying his synthetic Alpha scent before settling on his bed to review his study guides while enjoying the comfort of the silence. It would be best if Hoseok weren’t in their apartment, if he were anywhere else. But just having him asleep, having the silence, Jimin feels much more comfortable this way.
But then again, monsters are still monsters even when asleep.

The faux-Alpha studies for several hours, the silence continuing for long enough that he feels comfortable going into the kitchen and quietly cleaning up the mess from lunch. After disposing of the uneaten food and washing all of the dishes, he retreats to the bathroom to shower, still without hearing a single peep out of Yoongi’s room.

If Hoseok weren’t around, Jimin may have grabbed a facemask and entered Yoongi’s room, checked on him, brought him water. The only thing he understands about the end of a rut is that the Alpha is coherent again, no longer controlled by instincts or fueled by need. Right now, Yoongi shouldn’t be a threat to him, but Hoseok still is.

After his shower, Jimin carefully re-applies the synthetic scent, throwing on basketball shorts and a hoodie before crawling into bed. Once he’s settled into a comfortable position on his side, he turns his phone back on, ignoring all of Hoseok’s texts and opening one to Taehyung.

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To Taehyung (21:23):
I had a really good time today. Thank you!

From Taehyung (21:24):
I had a good time too!

From Taehyung (21:24):
Let’s go out again soon :D

Jemin smiles, the glow of his phone light wearing slightly on his eyes as he types back to the Alpha.

To Taehyung (21:26):
I’d love to

To Taehyung (21:27):
It’s been a really long time since I’ve had that much fun.

From Taehyung (21:29):
Same! Maybe next week we should go somewhere.

To Taehyung (21:30):
Okay, that sounds fun. :]

Jemin sets his phone aside, keeping it locked and charging as he smiles warmly to himself. He’s holding onto this more than he should, this little breath of happiness. But he just wants to experience it one more time.

The night slips by, and Jimin falls into comfortable dreams. He’s seven years old. Sprawled on his stomach on the floor, he has one small hand wrapped around
a crayon as he colors something onto a large piece of printer paper. Nearby, his mom is watching TV, humming to herself as though the soap isn’t interesting in the slightest, as though she dances to her own tune. She smells strongly of daisy’s and watermelon, a scent Jimin begins to associate with the smell of home.

He begins humming to himself too, attempting to mimic the song as he colors in the sky. His mom always praises him for his coloring skills, because unlike other children, he doesn’t color outside the lines. Jimin is too careful for that.

He chews gently on his tongue, still humming the same tune as he focuses on making the picture perfect. It’s for his mom, and like usual, she’ll put it on the fridge until his next drawing. He’ll point it out to his dad tonight and relish in their praise.

His parents are really kind people. Jimin is lucky, he knows he is.

“Minnie…”

Jimin tips his head back, looking at his mom with his tongue still caught between his teeth. He’ll chew off all of his taste buds and then everything will taste like sand, that’s what his mom had told him once.

“Would you be upset if we didn’t go to the park today?”

She’s no longer humming, but her expression is soft with curiosity in her gaze. Jimin is swift to shake his head.

“It’s ok if we don’t go, I’m still having fun.”

She smiles, nodding before slowly rising from the couch.

“How about I make you a snack since we can’t go to the park?”

Jimin perk up immediately. Pushing himself to his feet, he hops up and down, a buzz of excitement lighting up the wide smile on his face.

“Yes! I love snacks!”

She turns away from him, beginning to lead him towards the kitchen and although Jimin tries to follow, he can’t move.

He reaches out, confused considering he can feel his legs moving, he can feel the exhaustion creeping up his spine. But no amount of effort aids him, nothing he does gets him any closer to his mother.

“M-Mom…”

The scent of watermelons and daisy’s slips away, and there’s only emptiness in its place until a new scent begins to wrap around him. The scent of baked bread and cherry blossoms.

It doesn’t smell like home, it smells like fear.
Jimin wakes up with a start, a startled gasp working its way from his throat as his eyes snap around his still dark room. The door to his room is cracked slightly, Hoseok’s scent thickly filling up the small room until it’s nearly suffocating. He can feel the Alpha’s hands dragging over his chest and between his legs, and the panic leaves him thrashing atop his mattress.

“Oh, you’re awake now.”

Jimin claws at Hoseok’s hands, terrified and hissing with more fervor as he kicks to try and get away from the Alpha despite the gravely unmatched strength. It almost feels as though his struggle is amusing, against his back, he can feel Hoseok laughing.

Hoseok is laying horizontally behind Jimin, his body pressed against Jimin’s back as his hands are freely exploring the Omega’s clothed body. The Omega pivots his hips, thrusting one of his shoulders forward until he’s on his back, fighting to push the Alpha away from him, a furious blue flooding his usually brown eyes.

“Get the hell away from me!” Jimin has no concept of how loud he’s being, his panic leading him to throwing wild punches, uncaring of the injuries he receives after ripping his wrist out of Hoseok’s hold.

“Aren’t you feral…” Hoseok laughs again as he shoots up, his hands darting for Jimin’s arms again, but the Omega is quicker. Rolling away, he sits up before throwing a hard right-hook, his fist connecting with Hoseok’s jaw before he feels the Alpha’s hand wrap around his arm.

He’s pulled forward, and their struggle begins again.

Jimin makes a mixture of growls and hisses, each one more panicked and frightened than the last as he lands every hit he can on the Alpha. It’s fruitless in the end, and he knows that, but the mess of Hoseok’s face, bruised with his chest bloody from Jimin’s scratching, is enough to let him know that he put up something of a fight.

“You’re making this harder for yourself.” Hoseok’s voice is quiet, a hushed whisper as he throws Jimin back against the bed. The Omega bounces a few times from the force, but before he can push himself up again, Hoseok’s hands are holding down his shoulders.

“Stop it! Get away from me! Get out!” Jimin’s entire body feels like it’s buzzing, pain radiates from each of the places he’s been hit, his chest tightening as anxiety squirms around inside of him like maggots.

All he can smell is baked bread and cherry blossoms, there is no comforting scent of cinnamon and mint, no traces of spearmint to take the edge off of his terror.

All he can smell is his own fear, rotten oranges swallowing him up.

“You’ll stop fighting me eventually.”

Jimin presses his feet firmly against the mattress, attempting to buck Hoseok off of him, but the Alpha remains firmly planted, an amused smile on his face as he drags his eyes down Jimin’s body.

“Get away! Please! Please, get out!”
Desperation edges his words, the fear of having his happy day turned sour, the fear of having his dignity ripped from him again. He just wants it to stop, but he’s losing hope even though he tries to cling onto it.

“You need to make me feel good.”

Hoseok leans down, burying his nose against Jimin’s scent gland as the Omega writhes and thrashes beneath him. He claws at Hoseok’s skin with the little reach he has, but soon the Alpha’s chest is pressed against his, the weight of it holding him down as Hoseok’s hands hook around the waistband of his shorts instead.

Jimin lets out a monstrous, in-human sound that is caught between despair and fear. It feels like he’s being consumed by terror, by blackness, and strangely he finds himself wishing the numbness would take over, so he wouldn’t have to feel this. This hurts, it hurts and he isn’t sure how much more hurt he can hold.

Hoseok pulls his pants down just below his ass before sitting up and pressing his palm square onto Jimin’s chest, holding him down as he uses his free hand to try and pull his shorts down the rest of the way.

“S-stop!”

He tries to reach down for his shorts but misses, immediately shooting for Hoseok’s arm instead as he begins attacking him instead, kicking his legs to make the removal more difficult.

His hisses become shorter and more strangled as his shorts are stripped away, both of Hoseok’s hands pushing at Jimin’s hoodie, pushing it up enough to expose his chest before he takes both of Jimin’s wrists in his hands.

“Make me feel good, I told you.” Hoseok says it again, the red flaking his eyes sends shivers down Jimin’s spine as he squirms beneath the Alpha.

“Please…” Jimin begs, tears threatening to spill from his eyes. “Please don’t…”

His pleas are ignored, and as Hoseok works himself between Jimin’s legs, the Omega quietly lets the tears go. He doesn’t sob loudly, but his body shakes with his terror, hopelessness overtaking him as he gives up on the fight. As he lets himself slowly slip into the void, the pretend world where he’s anywhere but here, a floorboard outside of his room creaks.

Jimin tenses as Hoseok’s hands fit themselves on the back of his knees, pushing his legs up towards his chest which nearly revitalizes the fight in him. He hisses again, louder, like a trapped animal. Clawing at Hoseok, he tries wiggling away, the Alpha’s grip on his legs tightening until a cry of pain escapes him.

His knees are pressed against his chest, and as Jimin vies for some way out of this, he can see the Alpha pushing his own shorts down.

“Stop it! Stop! Stop!” He’s shouting, and he’s shouting loud enough that the Alpha painfully drops his elbow onto Jimin’s chest, pressing his hand hard over Jimin’s mouth to silence him as he uses his other hand to guide his cock against his entrance.
The Omega’s eyes round, despair blacker than the night crawling up his body as the tears continue to stream out. He’s not ready in the slightest to have sex, he’s not prepped and he’s not wet.

But Hoseok forces his way in anyway.

Jimin screams against Hoseok’s hand, his heart thundering until Jimin thinks he could be having a heart attack. The pain is overwhelming, so much so that blackness nips at the corners of his vision, his entire body shaking violently as the Alpha mercilessly fucks into him, moaning quietly while Jimin screams and cries beneath him.

Among the sounds of Jimin’s squeaking bed frame, among the sounds of his terror and Hoseok’s pleasure, he hears another floorboard creak in the hallway.

This time, he closes his eyes and lets the strangled cry consume his whole chest.
Chapter 24

It’s silent again.

Jimin stares at his ceiling, a strange dullness to his gaze as his emotions remain numb. When he thinks about it, it’s probably his body’s way of protecting him mentally from the things it can’t guard him from physically. He’s thankful for it, even if the numbness still aches in its own way.

Hoseok had used him up and left a while ago, and Jimin had remained on his bed, his back still pressed against the mattress as the cum and slick dried between his legs. He hasn’t moved much, his thighs ache, his hips ache, everything aches but mostly his mind does.

He closes his eyes, the steady currents of previous panic making it impossible to sleep.
Realistically, he has too much on his mind to sleep anyway. He’s facing a potential future with Hoseok, and it’ll probably be a lot like this.
But he also can’t shake the knowledge that Yoongi knows, that he heard, saw, and did nothing.

It’s not like he should have expected his roommate to intervene, and maybe he should just remain thankful that he didn’t join in, but something inside of him feels betrayed.
They’re intended mates, right?

Shouldn’t Yoongi have done something?

Jimin picks up on the hush of voices, nausea rising in his chest as he hears Yoongi’s door open.
That’s where Hoseok had disappeared to earlier, and the idea of him returning for round two has Jimin’s chest constricting.

“Get the fuck out, Hoseok.”

Jimin takes short breathes, every nerve on end as two distinct scents of aggression slide through his open door. He’s never scented this sort of anger from Yoongi, and strangely enough Hoseok smells more irritated than anything.

“Fine-fine, I’ll be back tomorrow to pick up Jiminie.”

The footsteps in the hall, who he assumes to be Hoseok, grow distant as he walks away. Jimin still doesn’t move, focusing on each small sound until he hears the front door open and close.

The Omega opens his eyes again, gazing at his ceiling. He’s almost expecting Yoongi to appear in his doorway now, to hear the Alpha preparing to take his turn. What a prolific situation for him, to have an Omega living in his apartment, to have something on him to keep him around, to be his intended mate.

Yoongi holds more cards over Jimin than anyone.

There’s quiet footsteps in the hall, as though someone is shuffling their sock covered feet. The
same floorboard creaks outside of his door, and Jimin holds his breath.

He can smell cinnamon and mint, but it smells sad and angry, the aggression significantly weakening into a general anger that Jimin doesn’t feel is directed at him.

The scent swells, encompassing Jimin, warming him, until his short breaths become desperate inhales. Yoongi’s comforting pheromones are strong, strong enough to soothe the crushing waves working to extinguish Jimin’s fire, strong enough to relax his tense muscles.

Jimin quickly slips into sleep, and this time there are no nightmares, only blackness.

The following morning, Jimin doesn’t see Yoongi. The scent of cinnamon still lives in his room, and although he would usually be frustrated by that, he doesn’t mind it as much right now.

His body still aches from mistreatment, but Jimin forces himself out of bed and into the shower, washing away his distress before getting dressed and covering himself with synthetic Alpha scent. His pills go down like boulders in his throat, one for his birth control, two heat suppressants, and two more scent suppressors. He’d really screamed and cried so much last night, enough so that his face is puffy, and his voice is somewhat hoarse. Truthfully, he regrets giving Hoseok what he wanted. He regrets reacting as defensively as he had, for screaming and crying in such a way. It’s a natural response, a protective one, he was only trying to protect himself.

But Jimin thinks Hoseok might actually get off on it, so he decides he’ll fight quietly next time.

Jimin drags his feet around the apartment, the air feeling far more breathable without the weight of Yoongi’s rut and Hoseok’s scent. Although the baked bread and cherry blossoms still lingers, it’s nowhere near as strong, and Jimin considers that Yoongi may have used a spray to try to get rid of it.

It’s just after nine in the morning now, and since Jimin’s last exam isn’t for another couple of hours, he lingers in the kitchen as he tries to decide whether or not he wants to eat something. On one hand, it would be best if he weren’t hungry during his exam, but on the other hand, his stomach doesn’t feel willing to accept food.

Jimin breathes out a sigh, and as he turns his head a rush of memories flood his mind. Hoseok’s nose pressed against his scent gland, the heat of his body, the hush of his whisper, the weight of his threats, the pain of his force.

The Omega presses his hand against his chest, feeling the sudden pounding of his heart as he quickly tries to blink the images away. The kitchen only reminds him of making lunch for Hoseok, of his eyes watching him, of his fear that the Alpha would decide right then and there was a good time to get his use out of him.

Sliding one foot forward, he slowly walks over to the couch, the panic beginning to simmer as he tries to go about a normal activity. He just needs a distraction, something else to focus on until he’s ready to start thinking about what he’s going to do.

As Jimin turns the TV on, he wonders how he should handle Yoongi now. The Alpha didn’t make any move to hurt him, rather he comforted him from a distance, giving Jimin enough peace to rest before quietly disappearing. They have a lot to talk about, and although Jimin doesn’t want to have
the conversation, he knows it has to happen.

If Yoongi says something first, that is.

Until then, Jimin knows this feeling of being on edge will remain. He has no way of knowing how Yoongi will respond, or what the remainder of the semester will look like with him knowing. Just because he used his pheromones on him doesn’t mean he’s good, and it certainly doesn’t mean he won’t use Jimin to his own benefit. Apprehension is safe.

And so, he feels restless as he flips channels, his mind buzzing with worries both old and new as the images and sounds flicker by. He’s not really paying attention, one of his feet beginning to bounce as his eyes flicker to Yoongi’s closed door. He can’t hear a single sound from the Alpha’s room, and although he knows Yoongi is probably exhausted and sleeping, he can’t stop thinking about what will happen when that door opens.

Watching TV was supposed to be a distraction, but Jimin almost feels as though nothing can possibly distract him from the weight on his mind.

After checking the time on his phone again, he squirms down until he’s laying across the couch. Settling on a travel show, he tucks one of the pillows beneath his head before focusing on the location for the episode.

Jimin consumes a little more than an hours-worth of travel shows before finally pulling himself up from the couch. He has to leave now if he wants to make it to his mid-term, and despite the time spent lounging on the couch, he still hasn’t heard a single sound from Yoongi’s room. It would be concerning had he not known the Alpha to be alive and breathing.

Turning off the TV, he takes a few minutes to reapply the Alpha scent, swallowing another two scent suppressors before heading out into the chilly air.

The temperatures continue plummeting, and although he has tried to bear with the cold and enjoy it, he’s more or less finding it almost impossible to ignore now. Pulling his arms around himself, he shivers as he makes the walk to school, his fingers numbing until they painfully throb and become stiff.

Jimin recalls what Sungwoo and Yugyeom had told him, that there’s a coat drive at the courthouse, that Omegas are given priority.

There really isn’t a specific reason Jimin hasn’t returned to the protests, not a negative one at least. Even the photos he took have remained on his phone, unsent and unseen by his professor. If he’s being honest with himself, he wants to go back and join in. He wants to be part of the change while also working on proving himself and Omegas.

But it’s dangerous, and that’s what worries him. If he’s arrested under the guise of violence, then his secret will be out, and he’ll be sent away. But if he doesn’t go, it’s not like he’s safe from the lust of an Alpha.

‘I want to go back…’

Jimin crosses the street, stepping onto campus and beginning up the same sidewalk as usual. Once Fall break is over, he’ll have to go back, he needs to do more than he’s doing right now. He needs
to be more than a full-time student and part-time fuck toy.

Jimin’s last mid-term exam is easy, and that can either mean one of two things. He either passed with flying colors, or failed miserably. The stress of not knowing has him rolling his neck, listening to it crack as he tries to ignore the slow trickle of dread beginning to fill him as he descends the curved staircase. It’s a few degrees colder now than it had been when he left, and his stupid thin jacket is doing jack shit to keep him warm.

To make things worse, Hoseok had texted him just before his exam, demanding the time his exam ends before telling Jimin he would be waiting at the apartment to help him pack and take him to the pack house. It’s really not necessary for Jimin to leave yet, he still has until the end of the week.

Hoseok shut him down too quickly for that argument to even be acknowledged.

Each step fills him with more and more bitterness, a subtle growth spurred in part by Hoseok but also by the biting cold. He isn’t sure if he wants to slow down or speed up, chased by his fears but also the pain of his body being unable to keep itself warm.

Jimin had once read somewhere that your abdomen is the most important area to keep warm because it houses so many vital organs. Within that text, he learned that if he could keep his abdomen warm, he wouldn’t feel as cold in general since the body works overtime to keep vital organs at prime temperature.

He scoffs as he thinks about it, his fingers feel like they could just snap off.

After buzzing himself into the building, he fights with his hands, trying to make his fingers cooperate enough to pull the door open before he steps into the heated building. Rubbing his hands together, he continues shivering as he approaches the elevator, punching the button with his frozen knuckle before licking his dry lips. If Fall is this rough, Winter is going to be hell unless he does something about his jacket situation.

Jimin takes the elevator up to his floor, and as the doors slide open, he does nothing to disguise the hatred on his face as his eyes settle on Hoseok waiting just outside of their apartment.

“There you are.”

Jimin reluctantly steps off the elevator, hesitating for a moment as the doors slide shut behind him.

“I was just texting you…” Hoseok puts his phone away, taking a few steps towards Jimin before stopping. He looks warm in a white down jacket with a fur trim around the hood, it looks like he has a thinner jacket underneath, but Jimin doesn’t care enough to continue looking as he approaches.

“I walk home.” Jimin slips his hand into his pants pocket, his heart beginning to race with a swell of anxiety as he is given his first inhale of Hoseok’s scent.

“Hmm, maybe I should’ve picked you up. I’ll pick you up next time.” Hoseok sounds the same as always, happy, free of worry.
Jimin hates the relaxed way he always seems to hold himself.

Dragging his housekey up from his pocket, he struggles with the metal keyring, his numb fingers refusing to obey him as he finds his frozen digits slipping over the chilled metal time-and-time-again before he’s finally able to grasp the right key.

Jimin lets them both inside, subconsciously inhaling for any fresh traces of Yoongi’s scent, anything to tell him that he’s not alone in the apartment with Hoseok.

As Hoseok closes the door, Jimin continues towards the hallway where he finally breathes in a spike a cinnamon and mint. From beneath Yoongi’s door, he can smell the Alpha’s anxiety accenting an overwhelming sadness. There are so many emotions Jimin has never smelled on Yoongi before, but this one specifically unsettles him as well.

Why is Yoongi so anxious and sad?

“You’ll need enough clothes for two weeks. Why don’t I gather the things in the bathroom while you gather your clothes?”

Jimin presses his lips together, walking slowly down the hall towards his bedroom. He almost wishes Yoongi would come out right now, but he still doesn’t understand his own desire for that. He still doesn’t know how safe Yoongi is.

Why is he so baselessly hopeful?

Hasn’t he learned?

Hasn’t he been hurt enough?

“Fine…”

Hoseok lingers in the hallway while Jimin retrieves a small bag from his room, it’s just enough that he can put his shampoos and toothpaste in it, and Jimin hopes that Hoseok doesn’t put Yoongi’s things inside the bag as well.

Returning to his room, Jimin begins the slow process of packing up his clothes and medication. It’s more draining than it should be, a cloud of discomfort and fear underlining each of his movements as he carefully folds up clothes, pressing them neatly into the duffel he uses for school.

Jimin doesn’t hear a single peep out of Yoongi’s room, but the scent of cinnamon and mint continues swelling and like a tidal wave it hits all at once before simmering down again. Jimin has no idea what Yoongi is going through, what he’s so afraid of, what he’s so sad about.

It can’t be about him, because Yoongi didn’t even try to help him. He didn’t try to stop Hoseok, he just watched.

So it really can’t be about him.

Jimin doesn’t pretend to understand Yoongi. His roommate has always been a little strange, although kind and considerate, he more or less floats through the apartment like a ghost of sorts. He doesn’t interact much with the environment, he doesn’t talk much to Jimin.
He’s just sort of there.

But the times they have spent together have always been really comfortable and pleasant. Yoongi is fun to be around, he’s warm, but he’s always been hiding something.

“You’re taking too long.” Hoseok stands in his doorway, the bag Jimin had given him is now half-full and dangling loosely from two of the Alpha’s fingers. Hoseok scans Jimin’s room, frowning at his bare mattress which is now stained with cum and slick before he breathes in.

“Your room smells like shit.” He comments.

“I wonder who made it smell that way.” Jimin shoots the Alpha a pointed glare, and rather than neatly tucking his shirt into his bag like he had been, he shoves it in.

“Jiminnie, you’re the one who got so distressed. Before you woke up you smelled so sweetly of citrus. It’s like you were calling for me, asking for me.” Hoseok laughs, malice shining through in his gaze as he bounces the bag a few times in his hand.

Jimin can feel his face paling, disgust collecting in his chest like a thick slime. Hoseok’s words feel gross, and the idea of his scent being seen as a ‘calling card’ is even worse. He doesn’t want his scent to give Alpha’s ideas, he doesn’t want his scent to be the cause for such terrifying things.

“Fuck you, Hoseok.” He snaps. “You don’t fucking touch people when they’re sleeping. I wasn’t calling for anyone, I don’t want you near me.”

“You were calling for your mom, ah I heard that when I first opened your door.” The Alpha’s expression takes on a softer look of fond reminiscing that causes Jimin’s stomach to clench.

Hoseok doesn’t know anything about his parents, about the way they were always so ashamed of him, the way they sold him off like cattle to make some money.

“Shut up…” He says quietly.

Hoseok can’t possibly understand the pain of having a parent who used to love you so much, suddenly look at you like you’re some dirty, used object.

It happened overnight.

“Mm, I’d like it if you called my name instead, y’know?” Jimin turns his attention back to his duffel bag, his heart pounding as his shaky hands pick up the last shirt he had picked out. These are the things of nightmares; his life has become a series of nightmares that he can’t wake up from.

How fast should he run to escape this?

“I’m done.” Jimin zips up his duffel, pulling the strap over his shoulder before turning around. He doesn’t look at Hoseok, he doesn’t meet his gaze or prompt him for anything else. He stares at the floor by Hoseok’s feet, despair gouging itself a permanent home within his chest.

The ride to the pack house is mostly silent. Hoseok turns the radio on, allowing pop music that is far too happy for Jimin’s mood; to fill the silence. The faux-Alpha stares outside the car window, watching as the tall buildings turn into trees and modest houses, a sign they’re migrating to the outskirts of Seoul where the forests are still vast and
the air is cleaner.

Jimin holds his duffel in his lap, grinding his teeth because sometime during their drive, Hoseok had demanded to hold Jimin’s hand.

“We’re dating after-all.”

Considering everything that’s happened, Jimin isn’t really sure why he feels so sickened by just holding Hoseok’s hand. Shouldn’t this be an easy way to appease him? Shouldn’t this mean nothing?

Except, Hoseok’s hand is too hot against his, his fingers occasionally rubbing against Jimin’s knuckles, reminding the Omega of his contact without ever removing his eyes from the road. He’s tried to distract himself by staring outside, but the anxiety continues to crawl beneath his skin leaving him restless and irritable.

Jimin can smell his own scent escaping from beneath his synthetic scent, faint traces of rotten oranges beginning to accent the air as he inwardly tenses.

“Hmm, could you try and not make my car smell like rotten fruit?”

Jimin frowns but doesn’t remove his gaze from the window, his irritation spiking as well as his scent.

“I don’t have any control over my scent.”

Hoseok lifts one knee, pressing it against the steering wheel to keep it from moving while he reaches over and rolls down Jimin’s window a few centimeters, allowing gusts of freezing wind to attack the Omega’s underdressed body.

“Then you’ll just be cold until you learn to control it.”

Jimin sinks down into his seat, fuming which only causes his scent to explode. In response, Hoseok rolls Jimin’s window down fully, leaving it that way for the rest of the drive.

“Jiminnie!”

Taehyung is the first person to come running out of the house, concern written all over his face as his eyes flicker to Hoseok. But he wastes no time in sweeping Jimin into a hug.

Jimin is painfully cold from the barrage of icy gusts Hoseok had forced him to endure, so the warmth of Taehyung’s hug is welcomed more so than it would’ve been before. After a few seconds of being crushed against the Alpha, Taehyung finally pulls away.

“Let me take that.” He swipes the duffel out of Jimin’s hands while Hoseok retrieves the bag of Jimin’s bathroom items from the backseat. Although Jimin doesn’t want to lose track of his belongings, he’s keener on following Taehyung than Hoseok.

“Kookie isn’t home right now, but Namjoon and Seokjin are here.” The Alpha nods his head
toward the house before beginning to lead Jimin up towards the front door. The air is so much fresher out here, crisper, but the openness of the land also makes the wind worse than it had been back home. Shivering, Jimin pulls his sleeves down over his fingers as Taehyung pushes the front door open, holding it open until Jimin gets inside.

“Where’s Jungkook?”

“He has an exam today, he’ll be back here afterwards.” Taehyung uses his free hand to motion to the staircase, his gaze on Jimin as Hoseok finally appears through the front door.

“Let’s go upstairs and put your things in your room… Then we can go say hi to Namjoon and Seokjin. They’re out back.”

Jimin nods, casting a wary glance back at Hoseok who’s staring after them with a concerning smile. Jimin isn’t sure what to think of it, so he looks away and follows Taehyung upstairs.

The guest room still looks exactly the same as it had the last time Jimin stayed here. The room still lacks a scent, and despite finding it rather lonely before, Jimin inhales peacefully now as Taehyung sets his duffel bag atop the unmade bed.

“Let me get you sheets and stuff…” Taehyung turns to leave before pausing. “Oh right…” Grabbing the door, he pulls it closed just enough to point out the doorknob to Jimin, showcasing the shiny new knob with a twist lock. “I put a lock on this doorknob, okay?”

Jimin smiles, and the relief must show on his face because Taehyung smiles softly back. “I’ll get the sheets, feel free to use the dresser for your clothes.”

Taehyung disappears leaving Jimin alone with his duffel bag stuffed full of clothes. Jimin really doesn’t own too much, so it doesn’t take him long to unload everything from his bag before folding the bag up and setting it into the lowest drawer of the dresser. He’s in the middle of organizing his clothes into the drawers when Taehyung taps gently on the open door.

“I brought sheets, they’re de-scented too.”

The Alpha steps inside, his arms full of off-white sheets as he moves to set the folded stack onto the mattress. Since Jimin is nearly done with his clothes, he quickly finishes putting them away before turning his attention to the sheets.

“Thank you, Tae… I don’t know what I would’ve done if I’d had to put up with Hoseok helping me settle in.” The thought sends a shiver up Jimin’s spine.

“I thought so… But I hope you’re not too uncomfortable with me.” Taehyung smiles shyly, reaching for the top sheet before beginning to unfold it.

“Not really…” Jimin hesitates. “I mean, I don’t think you’ll… do anything hurtful again.” And god does he want to be right about that. He wants to trust Taehyung, he wants at least one form of comfort. Is it selfish?

“I won’t, I swear… I swear, I fucking swear…” Taehyung’s scent blossoms, thick with anxiety and notes of guilt. Jimin may not have believed if it weren’t for his scent acting as an open book for Tae’s emotions.
“It’s okay, Tae. I’m not worried about you.” Jimin smiles at Taehyung, and although Taehyung smiles back, his smile seems different.

“I don’t know how you can smile so brightly like that; but still look like you’re in so much pain.”

Jimin’s smile begins to falter, the previously light mood beginning to sink like an anchor into the depths of Jimin’s sadness. Dropping his gaze to the sheets, he moves to collect some of them in his arms, placing them on the top of the dresser.

“Let’s make the bed.” He says, changing the topic.

Taehyung watches Jimin for a few seconds, unmoving from his position just beside the bed before he finally nods.

“Yeah, okay…”

When the bed is finally made, Jimin and Taehyung step back, pleased despite the ease of the task. The drop in their mood which had occurred only minutes ago suddenly feels like a distant memory as the two share another small smile.

“We should go say hi to Namjoon and Seokjin, pack rules and all that.” Taehyung shrugs lightly, as though he doesn’t take the pack rules as seriously as he should.

Although Jimin is tired, he doesn’t complain at the suggestion of more socializing, instead he acknowledges that he’s going to be sharing a space with this pack for more than a week and that he should say hi to avoid being the focus of aggression.

“Okay, I’ll follow you…”

Taehyung and Jimin make their way downstairs where Jimin spots the bag of his bathroom items resting near the front door. Making a mental note to grab it on his way upstairs, he follows Taehyung through the living room, the mixture of so many scents almost dizzying until they reach the back door.

From inside, they can hear muted conversation. Taehyung casts one more look back at Jimin, waiting until the Omega nods before opening the back door and plunging them both back into the frigid air.

The back deck is large with treated wood and sandpapered railings. There’s an outdoor wicker furniture set with a glass coffee table, and a porch swing connected to the balcony looming overhead. Nearby, there’s a small heater radiating enough heat to make lounging more comfortable. If Jimin weren’t so uncomfortable about the meeting, he might’ve been swooning over the set up.

Seokjin, and Namjoon are bundled in thick coats, lounging on the wooden porch swing while Hoseok sits in a wicker chair resting against the wall. Jimin’s eyes sweep over the two on the porch swing, pointedly ignoring Hoseok as he pulls the door closed behind him.

“Jimin, welcome.” Namjoon nods, and despite Jimin’s concerns, there’s no lust or animosity in his gaze. But there is something, something he can’t quite place.
“We’ve become a party house, collecting stragglers.” Seokjin smiles, motioning to the empty wicker couch.

“Sorry for the intrusion.” Jimin takes a seat on the wicker couch before Taehyung fits himself beside him.

“It’s fine, we heard you’re in a difficult situation. We don’t mind sharing our house with you.” If Namjoon is in on any of the mess with Hoseok, Jimin can’t directly tell from the way he’s talking. Shifting his gaze, he looks at Seokjin before looking down at his hands.

“Yeah, just a bit.” He plays it off with a short chuckle, Taehyung’s spearmint scent calming his nerves a bit before Namjoon begins speaking again.

“While you’re here, treat our house like your house. There’s food in the kitchen, feel free to make yourself something. We have pack dinners most nights, so unless you’re going out then we’ll have dinner at home. We rotate cooking, so since you’re here for more than a week you’ll have a night too. Do you know how to cook?”

Jimin nods, looking up at the Alpha to gauge his response. “I can cook, I like to.”

The Alpha smiles, and its surprisingly warm despite whatever it is Jimin can see flickering within his gaze. Namjoon definitely knows something, Jimin just doesn’t quite know what that something is yet.

“Perfect… We’re happy to have you, Jiminie. If you like shifting then this whole forest,” Namjoon makes a sweeping gesture to the forest their house is backed up against, a fondness on his face. “this whole forest is safe. We’re the only pack in the area so there’s no territory issues.”

Jimin can’t exactly deny the desire he feels when he considers shifting, but when he feels Hoseok’s eyes on him, he pushes the idea out of his mind. There’s no way he’s going to strip down and shift just so that freak can come chasing after him. There’s no way.

“Thank you, I’ll keep that in mind…” Jimin pauses as a crow calls out from a nearby tree. “Is there anything I should know? Anything I should do?”

“Don’t leave the house if you’re the only one here. We need to make sure it gets locked up, so leaving with one of us or just staying put is preferable.” Seokjin says as he rubs his thumb over the wood of the swing.

“Oh right, should we get Jimin a key?” Namjoon glances at Hoseok, and Jimin recalls what he’d been told when they all first met. Hoseok is the second-in-command for the pack, the vice leader of sorts.

Hoseok shrugs, his eyes dragging from Namjoon to Jimin. “Do you think you’ll need a key?”

“Probably not, no… I don’t really have any friends to meet. Is it okay if I just hang out here?”

Seokjin snorts. “It’s fine, pup. Mid-terms just ended, I’m sure you’re exhausted. We’ll have to take you out with us though. You might get flabby if we let you lounge around for too long.”

“Okay… Thank you again… for letting me stay…” Now that he’s experienced the cold snap,
Jimin isn’t so sure he would’ve done too well on the streets for a week. It wouldn’t have been impossible, but he would’ve been putting himself in a far more dangerous situation than the one he’s in now.

“Don’t worry about it, really. We’re happy to have you, Jimin.” Namjoon says. “Yoongi will be coming back this weekend too. Then we’ll really have a full house.”

“We’ll have fun.” Taehyung gently prods Jimin in the side with his elbow, smiling down at him as his scent continues to ripple gently, his pheromones tingling Jimin’s scent gland.

It’s a strange feeling.

“Come on, let’s go play video games. Afterwards, we can go pick up Jungkookie.”

Jimin’s heart lurches at the idea, fear tickling at the back of his mind as Taehyung scoots forward on the chair before rising. He hasn’t really thought about what he’s going to say to Jungkook, and yet he’s going to be facing him in just a few hours.

Nodding, the Omega rises. He’s less aware of the weight of all of their gazes on him, his mind too distracted by his nervousness to really think about it. As he follows Taehyung back into the warmth of the house, he realizes something he hasn’t allowed himself to think about.

Jungkook may not know he’s an Omega, Jungkook may think he’s part of it. That he let him get raped, that he allowed it.

Jungkook might hate him.

Chapter End Notes

Chapters are just a tiny bit longer now (1k), I hope it's enough!

I created moodboards for each character, it's the pinned tweet on my Twitter.

Do we want more polls? I couldn't tell if you guys liked them or felt burned out on them. I can start doing them again if you enjoyed it. ☆
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

Bridge chapter~

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Taehyung’s room bears a near overwhelming scent of spearmint, but it also smells strongly of Jungkook.

As Jimin steps inside, his skin tingles with the powerful scents, the notes of another Omega beginning to ride on his instincts until his stomach summersaults with discomfort.

Jimin has never felt so strangely about an Omega’s scent before, and as he continues to take tentative steps inside the cozy room, the frowns to himself as he tries to place the unsettling feeling inside of him. It’s probably because he can smell the lingering emotions tucked away in the corners of this room. Despair, fear, anger, confusion, hopelessness. Jimin can smell them all, he can smell that Jungkook isn’t okay, that he’s still hurting.

Jimin wonders why Taehyung lied about that, but he doesn’t ask.

Instead, he lets his eyes search the room. There’s a queen-sized bed pushed up into the corner, the sheets and comforters askew, both pillows dented with the evidence that Taehyung doesn’t sleep alone.

Near the bed, there’s a night table with a half-full water bottle, as well as a digital clock and a book with a bookmark poking out haphazardly.

Jimin drags his feet over the plush carpeted floor, his gaze drawing to the window overlooking the expanse of trees behind the house. Taehyung’s room is surprisingly clean, and surprisingly vacant of offending scents that college-age boys usually have going on in their rooms.

Nearby, Jimin catches sight of Taehyung dragging a large beanbag chair across his floor, settling it up a few feet from the entertainment center sitting to the right of the door. The Alpha smiles at him for a moment before pulling out a second beanbag chair, situation it beside the first one before he motions to them.

“Come on, I have a ton of games. What platform do you like?”

Jimin steps closer, his eyes sweeping over the various game systems all neatly arranged on the shelves beneath a too-large TV. He’s incredibly curious about where the pack gets their money from, but he swallows that question down.

“I used to like Xbox a lot, but I hear the new PlayStations have cooler games.” Of course, after he presented Jimin’s parents didn’t really give him much attention anymore. They did the bare minimum to keep him alive, but otherwise he was left to his own devices. Because of this, Jimin hasn’t touched a game system since he was twelve or thirteen, nor has he really thought too much
about it after being put through an Omega-style ringer.

“Cool, then let’s start with my PS4, the games are uh-,” Taehyung crouches down, opening the glass door to one of the small box-shaped cabinets on the right before looking back at Jimin. “The games are in here. I have a lot of two-player games so just pick whichever one you want.”

Jimin ends up picking a combat game before the two settle in on their beanbag chairs, playing the part of university students on break. It seems so normal, so calm, and Jimin allows himself a moment of repose to simply enjoy the game with Taehyung.

An hour into the game and the two are roaring with laughter, yelling insults at each other and stomping the floor when they lose.

Two hours into the game, and they’re working to sabotage each other, leaning over and pressing random buttons on each other’s controller which leads to more shouts and laughter.

They’re three hours into the game when Taehyung’s phone rings, the same pop song interrupting their match as the Alpha frantically thumbs to effectively pause the game.

“What?”

There’s a breath of silence where Jimin stretches out his legs followed by Taehyung jolting to his feet.

“Oh, crap, Kookie! I’m so sorry, we’re on our way!”

Jimin pushes himself up, digging his phone out to glance at the time while Taehyung motions for him to follow, his phone still pressed to his ear. Judging by the one-sided conversation, they forgot to pick up Jungkook at the correct time.

“Jimin is here, he’s with me.”

Taehyung snatches up a pair of red converse off the floor, holding them both in one hand as he leads Jimin downstairs.

“Stay inside, don’t go out. We’ll be there soon.”

Taehyung sits down on the staircase, pulling his shoes on before glancing back at Jimin.

“Uh-huh, yeah, we’ll see you soon. Be careful, Kookie.”

Jimin stands quietly as Taehyung ends the call, pocketing his phone before bellowing a loud ‘fuck!’ as he laces up his shoes.

Although it’s not Jimin’s fault that they’re late, and although he wasn’t even sure what time they were supposed to be there to pick him up, he can’t help feeling a bit guilty and uncomfortable as Taehyung clearly stresses out about the mistake. Walking down another few steps, he decides it’s good he kept his shoes on, especially as Taehyung grasps the stairway railing and thrusts himself to his feet and towards the door.

“Come on, we’ll take Seokjin’s car again.”
Snatching a set of keys from the wooden hook beside the door, he pulls it open, paying little mind to Jimin’s silence as the Omega awkwardly follows after him.

Taehyung appears to relax a bit once they’re on the road. Jimin sits hunched in the passenger’s seat, his hands shoved between his thighs as the trees blur into a mash of reds, greens, and oranges that are only individually distinguishable if he focuses.

With one hand on the wheel, the Alpha fiddles with the digital radio, pressing buttons on the preset stations until he finds one currently funneling a heavy rock song over the airwaves.

“Kook likes metal the most.” Taehyung mentions offhandedly.

“That’s a little-,” Jimin trails off, but the Alpha is quick to pick up.

“Surprising? Yeah, I know. He’s really quiet and kind, but when he’s really comfortable around someone then he turns into a huge brat who plays his music too loud and drinks the milk straight from the carton.”

Jimin laughs, and he’s pleased to see Taehyung cracking a smile rather than maintaining that overly serious expression he’d had. Slowly, the swell of spearmint begins to simmer, notes of cinnamon and baked bread bleeding through thanks to the pack scent.

“Can I ask you something?”

Taehyung must sense the hesitance in Jimin’s voice because he spares a glance at him before nodding. “Of course.”

“Why isn’t Yoongi the pack leader? I mean, I can smell how strong he is… And I don’t mean that I don’t think Namjoon is worthy I just…” Jimin trails off, suddenly realizing how negatively his question could be taken.

“I don’t know honestly. He was set to be the leader but then out of nowhere he just backed down and said he didn’t want to do it.” Taehyung taps his thumb against the steering wheel.

“Why?”

“I dunno… I tried to ask but he just said he didn’t feel like it—which is bullshit and we all knew it. But it’s not like we could force him.”

Jimin frowns at the window as the trees turn into shops which then turn into skyscrapers and taxis. The air smells like shit here, it smells violent.

“Do you think something happened?” Jimin finally asks quietly to which Taehyung releases a sigh.

“I’ve run myself in circles thinking about it, Jiminie. I mean, we all have. Joonie didn’t want to take over the pack, hell, we almost didn’t even make one because of it. But then Hoseok volunteered to be second-in-command and slowly it all just came together. Yoongi didn’t live with us for very long after that though.”

The more Jimin hears about the initial formation of the pack, the more suspicious he becomes of the circumstances surrounding the selection of pack leader. Yoongi is strong, so strong that Jimin
feels his knees weaken when he smells his aggression. There’s no reason Yoongi shouldn’t be leading the pack, not unless he also has a secret.

Rather than dragging the depressing mood out, Jimin falls into silence, his thoughts still working to organize everything he’s learned. There’s something really big that he’s missing and that much is obvious, but for right now, Jimin decides that Yoongi, Namjoon, and Seokjin, likely hold crucial keys to the larger picture.

If only he could ask.

They arrive at the university before Jimin has fully prepared himself, mentally that is. His heart thuds against his ribs while his anxiety flutters just behind his sternum. The feeling almost has him green with nausea, his eyes flickering from the passenger window and then to his lap several times as Taehyung comes to a stop beside the sidewalk.

“It’ll be okay.” Taehyung tells him as he unlocks all the doors. “If you stress out too much then your real scent will come through.”

Jimin nods, but it’s not like he’s really in control of his anxiety. Gripping his thigh, he squeezes the soft skin, squeezing until it hurts, until he hears the back door being pulled open followed by the sounds of Jungkook sliding into the seat.

The scent of apples is warped, stained by a rotten undertone that has Jimin’s nose scrunching. It’s subtle, subtle enough that Jimin thinks it’s more of a repressed sadness than a blatant dark cloud.

“I missed you.” Taehyung is turned halfway in his seat, a bright smile on his face as he looks at Jungkook who’s sitting behind Jimin.

It would be best if Jimin could just disappear, like right now.

“I missed you too, Taetae.” There’s a smile in Jungkook’s voice, and although Jimin feels awkward and wrong, he twists around in his seat to say hello and get it over with now.

“H-hey, Kook…”

Jungkook’s gaze snaps onto him, and the apprehension is enough to have Jimin’s fingers tightening on where he’s holding the seat. Slowly, as the tension begins to choke the air, Jungkook faintly smiles.

“Hey, Jiminnie. Long time no see.”

Jimin strains a smile, but the entire meeting is unpleasant and he almost wishes he’d remained at the pack house. He can’t really tell what Jungkook is thinking, but he can smell the swell of apple which swallows up Taehyung’s spearmint and Jimin’s lemongrass. He can smell the sourness of the apples.

The awkwardness is diffused by Taehyung, who taps Jimin’s thigh before replacing his hand on the gear shift.

“Face forward, we should get going.”
Jimin nods, chancing another glance at the Omega in the backseat before sitting down properly, his eyes fixated on his lap. The tension seems thicker now than it had been, and Jimin decides that Taehyung must’ve noticed it too because the Alpha seems far tenser than he had been earlier.

“Do you have your seatbelt on?” Taehyung’s eyes are on the rearview.

“Yeah.”

Taehyung shifts gears, pulling away from the sidewalk to begin the drive back to the pack house. The heavy metal pulsing through the speakers as well as the road noise, does not seem like enough to fill the unsettling silence. Jimin is unusually aware of himself, of his breath, of his movements. Although it’s probably not true, he feels as though Jungkook is glaring knives into the back of his seat, a familiar anxiety sliding over him before he feels Taehyung poking at his thigh.

The look Taehyung is giving him says it all. His scent is bleeding through, he’s freaking himself out, he needs to relax.

Jemin exhales quietly, attempting to focus on the scenery as Taehyung begins to engage Jungkook in conversation.

It’s strange being the third wheel to Taehyung and Jungkook. Although the other Omega had previously been so sweet and inclusive, he now makes no attempts to draw Jimin into the conversation. Instead, he focuses solely on Taehyung, as though Jimin isn’t even present.

It makes sense of course.
In Jungkook’s mind, Jimin is responsible for what happened to him. He’s responsible for his suffering, for that breech of trust. It probably won’t be too long until Jungkook snaps on him, and Jimin may very well take all of Jungkook’s anger quietly. He isn’t free of blame, and he does feel responsible for what happened to Jungkook.

It’s retribution.

Taehyung makes a few polite attempts to converse with Jimin the further down the road they get. Jimin also notices the Alpha’s willingness to touch him, and that his favorite place to poke at Jimin happens to be his thigh.

Since Jungkook sees Jimin as another Alpha, he doesn’t worry about the potential jealousy that could brew from the action. However, he does find a thread of guilt weaving its way in, joining the rest of Jimin’s loose threads. The guilt, shame, fear, anxiety.

Jemin is weaving so many painful things inside of himself, things that it will one-day shroud his heart.

The moment they pull up into the driveway, Jimin unbuckles his seatbelt. While Taehyung shifts into park, he mentally debates whether it would be best to get out first or last. What is he going to do now anyway? Continuing to play the third wheel with an already aggressive Omega won’t be that fun, and hanging out with Namjoon and the others could be downright dangerous.

The engine stills with a turn of the key, Taehyung’s eyes sweeping over Jimin before drawing to the backseat where Jimin can hear a seatbelt unbuckling.

“It’ll be dinner time soon, did you wanna finish our game?”
Jimin unbuckles himself, his expression flickering between several things as he weighs Taehyung’s question out in his mind. It sounds like an awful plan, and he feels like he should just be alone rather than intruding on their peace and quiet.

He shakes his head.

“I think I’ll work on an extra credit assignment. I’m pretty tired.”

The back door opens, Jungkook stepping out which draws Taehyung’s attention briefly. Once the door closes again, Taehyung’s gaze softens considerably.

“You might want to tell him the truth.” The Alpha says quietly.

“I can’t just tell everyone, Tae.”

“I know, but you can’t live with him so angry at you like this. He’s treating you the same way he treats Hoseok.”

That revelation stings a bit, Jimin’s chest tightens as though his lungs are shriveling up. Shifting his gaze, he watches Jungkook enter the house, closing the door behind him before Jimin’s gaze slides back to Taehyung.

“Then he really thinks I did it too.”

Taehyung sighs, running his fingers through his hair before unbuckling his seatbelt.

“Jimin, I know this is really tough for you… but this is a lot more complicated than another Omega finding out that you’re an Omega.”

Jimin closes his eyes for a minute, turning his head away as the ‘of course’ thoughts begin to wash over his mind. Of course, Taehyung would see it that way. Of course, Taehyung has another investment, another string that alters his perception of the entire situation.

It’s not as though he doesn’t understand where Taehyung is coming from, it’s just that Jimin is afraid to rule out too many people as potential aggressors. It’s probably unfair, no, it’s definitely unfair. Although Jungkook was hurt, although he suffered and is still suffering, Jimin is still hesitant to trust him in full. After-all, one instance of misplaced trust is what landed him in this situation. Just one wrong move, one tiny mistake that took him all of a second to make.

That split-second decision he made while inebriated has uprooted all of his plans just like that. What is Jimin supposed to do if it happens again?

Opening his eyes, he casts a smile over his face. It’s small enough to appear sincere, but the way it refuses to reach his dull gaze makes it less believable. It almost makes it seem sad.

“I know, Tae… I’m sorry.” Jimin turns his head back towards the Alpha. “I’ll fix it, okay?”

Taehyung visibly relaxes, his expression brightening a bit before he reaches out to cup one of Jimin’s cheeks. It’s a strange moment of intimacy, one where their eyes connect despite Jimin feeling as though he’s looking at Taehyung through thick glass, like he’s not even really present in the moment.

“Thank you, Jiminie… Everything will be better when you have fewer secrets to keep. I’ll be better
at protecting you too.”

The aching in his chest unfolds again, and for some reason, Jimin wants to cry. However, he turns his face away which causes Taehyung’s hand to lose its point of contact. His cheek still feels warm where the Alpha’s hand had been, but he brushes it off as he reaches for the door handle, pushing it open before sliding out into the cold, windy evening.

Jimin takes his opportunity to retreat into his bedroom. It’s larger than his room at home, and scentless which is also more than he has at home right now. With the door locked, he spreads out onto his bed, his breathing altering from quick and anxious, to slow and even as he drifts into a light sleep.

He used to dream about a lot of things at night. As a child, he had normal dreams and nightmares, dreams about his day, about people he met, about his parents. As he grew older, his dreams reformed into fears about his future, his present, about being chased, about being forcibly mated, about being abandoned again.
Right now, as Jimin lays atop the fully-made bed, he’s dreaming of school, of a group project he’s made to work on with classmates. For some reason in his dream, all of his project-mates are betas and they’re having a good time.

“Wake up, Jiminie.”

The Omega groans, holding tight to his easy, calm dream before rolling onto his side. He pays no mind to the hand that settles on his hip, or the way it quickly dips between his legs and begins palming his dick through his pants.

He’s on the boarder between the dream world and the real world when he lets out a quiet groan, squirming as the pleasure heats his skin. It feels nice, what’s happening between his legs feels nice but he also wants to keep sleeping.

The hand persists, continuing to palm him gently, rising his formerly flaccid cock until he’s half-hard in his pants, the dream world slowly slipping away from him.

Jimin’s eyes snap open the minute the real world settles in more fully, his elbows throwing themselves back against the bed as he twists his body in order to sit up and escape the wandering hand.

Hoseok has a faint smile on his lips, a look of pure adoration lingering within his gaze as he slowly retracts his hand from where it had been before Jimin moved.

“Ah, finally… You were sleeping so well I almost didn’t want to wake you.”

The Omega growls, low and quiet enough to not be caught by the other pack members as he draws his legs up to make himself less accessible. The disgust nestled within him begins to bloom, his throat constricting with a familiar anxiety that has his adrenaline pumping.

“How did you get in here?”

“I have keys to all of the locks in the house, Jiminie. In case of an emergency, of course.” Hoseok is still smiling, his eyes dropping to Jimin’s knees before he opens his mouth again.

“Besides, as your boyfriend, don’t I have a right to see you?”
Jimin’s teeth grit, his jaw tight as he narrows his eyes at Hoseok. He’s honestly terrified of the Alpha, terrified of what he can do, what he will do, but he’s even more afraid of the day he stops putting up a fight and completely forfeits his body to whatever sadism Hoseok can think up.

“You’re not my boyfriend.” He growls again, and just as always, Hoseok remains as unfazed as ever.

“You’re really so attractive when you sleep. You look so peaceful.” Hoseok leans forward, his hand moving to cup the base of Jimin’s skull as he crawls closer to him on the bed. The Alpha is on both knees, one hand pressed against the mattress for balance as his other hand remains gentle on Jimin’s head. He can hear Jungkook and Taehyung laughing from down the hall, bitterness welling up inside of him as he wills himself not to panic and scream like he had before. If Hoseok is really getting off on his fights, then he won’t give him such a noisy resistance anymore.

“Fuck you, Hoseok…”

“Don’t fight me, Jiminie. I told you, as future mates we’re going to do these things. Dates and sex… Mm, I just came to wake you up so it’s your fault for looking so good anyway.” The disgust thickens inside of Jimin, and his expression must show it because Hoseok smiles wider as though satisfied by his revulsion.

“I’m really only here to claim you on this bed too anyway, next will be my bed.”

Hoseok moves closer, his face drawing in closer to Jimin’s before the Omega turns his head. In response, Hoseok’s fingers are quick to wind in his hair, yanking his head back into position before he forcefully presses their lips together.

The Alpha tastes strangely like orange juice, his tongue working into Jimin’s mouth as the Omega whines and squirms in displeasure. For a brief moment, he tries to push the Alpha away, but the growl that’s delivered menacingly against his mouth has him shrinking away with a healthy fear born by instinct.

Slowly, Jimin is pressed back against the bed. Hoseok’s free hand slides down his clothed chest, fingerling the hem of his jacket before pushing it up slowly. Their lips are still pressed together, Jimin’s chest still constricted and heavy as he crosses his legs as though it’ll protect him at all.

“You smell so much better without that damn Alpha scent.” He mummers against Jimin’s lips, his hand gliding up Jimin’s bare chest as the Omega whines again. He’s afraid to do anything right now, he’s afraid to cause a scene and have the rest of the pack running in here, he’s afraid to be commanded and lose himself for minutes at a time.

So Jimin lays fearfully still, allowing the Alpha to touch him, allowing him to kiss him, and he can tell it pleases Hoseok just by how gentle he is with his touches.

Hoseok’s hand slides down Jimin’s body, his fingers touching the hem of his jeans before he begins to unbutton them. The distraction causes the kiss to become messier, and although Jimin tries to turn his face away, the Alpha is quick with his other hand to force his head back into place.

“Stay still and I’ll make you feel really good.”

The words feel like bowling balls being dropped onto his gut, his stomach clenching and twisting as Hoseok finally gets his pants undone.
The Alpha leans back, sitting on his ankles as he draws Jimin’s pants down around his thighs. Although he’d only just been half-hard from the touches, his fear has already shrunk him back down, something which appears to dissatisfy Hoseok.

“You don’t smell wet.” He complains.

“I-I’m not…” Jimin swallows the lump in his throat.

“Hmm…” Hoseok reaches down, slipping his fingers beneath the waistband of Jimin’s boxers before yanking them down in one smooth motion.

Having Hoseok staring at him while he’s exposed has Jimin wanting to melt through the bed and disappear. His gaze is heavy, judgmental, but Jimin also feels like Hoseok is seeing right through him, like he can’t keep any secrets from him.

Pressing his lips together, Jimin subconsciously shakes his head, his toes curling as the fear grips his heart. Hoseok won’t mate him right now, but his scent, his presence, Jimin has grown to fear those things.

Hoseok reaches out, running the backs of his fingers lightly over Jimin’s cock, reviling in the way the Omega shivers from the cold of his skin. It probably pleases him to have Jimin laying so still for him, so quiet, and yet, Jimin can’t stop focusing on the sound of Taehyung’s laughter in response to whatever Jungkook had said.

“Don’t be scared.” Hoseok smiles. “I said I’d make you feel good… I promise I’ll always take care of you, and you’ll always take care of me. We’re not intended mates, but we’re good together.”

“Hoseok, please…” He whines. “Please don’t…” His voice is barely above a whisper, anxiety trembling through him as his eyes dart to the door. What if someone walks in? What is he going to do?

Hoseok’s fingers wrap around Jimin’s cock, slowly beginning to stroke him before he leans down again, pressing his lips to Jimin’s despite Jimin making no motion to return the kiss.

The Alpha moves to lay beside Jimin, one leg cast across both of Jimin’s thighs with his erection rubbing into the Omega’s hips. As he continues the slow strokes and messy kisses, he begins to grind himself against the Omega’s hip, quiet moans vibrating Jimin’s lips.

“I wish I was fucking you right now.” He groans quietly.

“You’re always so tight, always so wet for me.”

Jimin closes his eyes, keeping them tightly shut as Hoseok begins laying kisses across his jawline and down his neck.

“I know you love my cock… You always moan so well… You always cum so hard…”

It’s sickening, he feels dirty, he feels more than dirty, he’s shameful. He’s a whore.

He’s a whore whose cock is actually getting hard from Hoseok’s touches.
“I can always feel you so fuckin’ tight around me when you cum… Like your ass was made for me… you were fuckin’ made for me, Jiminie. You smell so-,” Hoseok noses against Jimin’s scent gland, pressing the swollen skin until the pleasure shoots across Jimin’s chest and warms his stomach. “smell so fuckin’ good…”

Hoseok’s lips are on his scent gland now, tugging at the sensitive skin, his teeth grazing against it.

The Alpha’s strokes are quicker now that Jimin is hard, his wrist rolling as he fists Jimin’s cock until the scent of his pre-cum reaches their noses. Inwardly, the Omega recoils at the scent of his own arousal. It should smell good, it shouldn’t bother him so much, and yet Jimin has grown to hate the way his body reacts to being touched.

“When you cum, you better tell me what a good slut you are. You’re my slut, aren’t you? Tell me what a good slut you are.” Hoseok grinds his erection more firmly against Jimin’s hip, shuddering an exhale as his cock twitches in his sweatpants. There’s another chorus of laughter from Taehyung, Jimin bites his lip when his anxiety feels like it’s peaked.

“S-stop…”

“Cum now… Come on…” Hoseok’s entire mouth captures Jimin’s scent gland, a sensation that has Jimin’s body jerking in surprise, the coiling heat in his stomach beginning to feel like it’s too much as his back arches away from the bed. He wants to get away from Hoseok’s hand, away from the feeling of pleasure, away from his scent.

“Cum for me, tell me what a slut you are.” The Alpha persists. His tongue sweeps over Jimin’s scent gland, and the heat of it is all that it takes to push Jimin over the edge.

Shaking, he bites his lip hard to hold down the moans as he orgasms on Hoseok’s hand. It feels good, so good, but also, he feels so much dirtier now, so much more disgusting.

“Hmm…” Hoseok’s hand slows, his eyes sweeping over the mess left on Jimin’s chest and stomach before he pushes himself onto his knees.

“You didn’t tell me what a slut you are.”

His hands are on Jimin’s hips before the Omega fully processes what’s happening. He’s lifted up from the bed and flipped onto his stomach, Hoseok’s hands pulling his hips up higher before he nestles himself behind the Omega.

“I’m gonna put all my fucking pups in you, Jimin.”

There’s something weird about the way Hoseok smells right now. It’s aggressive, the burned bread scent amplifying until it’s cloying within the formerly scentless room. The usual fear Jimin has feels muted as he hears Hoseok pushing his sweatpants down, immediately, the Omega presses his face into his arms as though practiced.

He bites his lip hard to hold down his cries as Hoseok pushes two fingers inside, thrusting hard and fast despite Jimin’s current sensitivity. He can hear what sounds like the Alpha stroking himself, breathy moans drifting into his ears as he begins to bite down on his own arm instead of his lip.

“Tell me what a slut you are, or I’ll milk you until you’re dry.” Jimin bites harder, and he’s honestly surprised the scent of his distress hasn’t already brought forth all of the Alpha’s in the
“D-don’t…” He finally says despite his previous decision not to loudly fight Hoseok off.

“Then say it…” Hoseok curves his fingers, ghosting his prostate enough that Jimin jerks with a groan against his arms. He’s so afraid of so many things right now, of fighting too loudly, of drawing the rest of the pack to the room, of being mated on the spot.

“I-I’m a s-slut…” Jimin finally says after releasing his own arm.

“Yeah, yeah you fuckin’ are… How many Alpha’s have you let fuck you so far?” Hoseok curves his fingers again, this time, pressing more firmly against his prostate until Jimin shudders.

“F-four… I think…” He squeezes his eyes shut tighter. “P-please, stop… Hurts…”

Hoseok’s fingers still, and all of the thundering in Jimin’s chest begins to settle as he slowly slips his fingers out.

“You’re so wet right now, you’re dripping onto the clean sheets… How sloppy…” Hoseok’s finger hooks into his hole, pulling it open. “This is just how a slut looks… messy hole, whimpering, covered in cum… You look so good right now, Jiminie.”

There’s a sob in the back of his throat when he feels Hoseok’s cock press against his entrance, but he won’t cry anymore.

He won’t cry.

Jimin held his promise to himself and didn’t cry. He didn’t cry when Hoseok fucked him, when he came inside of him, or when he tried to tell Jimin to stop taking his birth control. He didn’t cry when Hoseok pulled out and made him lick his cock clean, and he didn’t cry as he dragged himself into the bathroom to shower beneath scalding water that leaves his skin bright red and angry.

He skips dinner that night, leaving his bedroom window open despite the cold just to air the scent of sex and Hoseok out of his room. From his bed, he can see the sun crawling across the sky, the shadows becoming bolder and bolder until his room is overtaken by night. Slowly, the sounds of the house begin to quiet down, boisterous voices growing silent as everyone slowly retreats to their own room for the night.

Jimin stares quietly at the ceiling the whole time, trying not to think about Hoseok, trying not to think about Jungkook or Yoongi. All he wants to think about is freedom, a day in which he’ll turn on the news and see that they’ve won, that Omegas have rights, that he isn’t property.

But instead, he recalls a time when he was seventeen. Money had become tight, rice beginning to overtake their meals leading to more arguing between his parents. It didn’t help that Jimin is an Omega, a sub-gender unable to get a job like most Betas and Alphas. He couldn’t help out with bills or do much of anything aside from going to school and consuming as little food as possible to save money. Despite the situation, Jimin had run out of his heat medication, a fact he had to bring up while shamefully staring at his feet as his parents prepared to leave for work.

Stress levels were running high in the house and they were facing the possibility of having their utilities shut off. This is why Jimin found himself unsurprised to scent the anger of both of his parents. He had raised his gaze, his eyes taking in their furious gazes as their voices rose.
“Are you fucking kidding me, Jimin?” His dad slammed his fist against the counter causing Jimin to jump.

“What are we supposed to do about that? Do you think it’s funny?”

Jimin’s eyes had welled with tears, fearful of the anger he could scent, fearful of the rage of an Alpha.

“And what if we can’t get you these pills? What if you have to wait?” His mom had asked, her voice tense and her lips pressed into a fine line.

Jimin shook where he stood, his hands anxiously pulling at his school uniform as his eyes search the floor.

“I-I’ll go i-into heat…” His voice shakes.

“Oh, so if we don’t buy them then you’ll go let every Alpha fuck you right? That’s what you want, right? That’s what Omega’s want. Money and pups.” His dad growls, turning away from Jimin before smacking a cabinet and storming off.

As the first tear falls from Jimin’s eye, he hears his mother’s quiet voice.

“You should’ve been an Alpha.”

At the age of seventeen, Jimin felt his heart caving in, pain sweeping over his body as his face contorted with it. Tears falls freely, trailing hot rivers down his cheeks as he whines.

“I-I’m so-sorry… I’m s-sorry…”

They abandoned him because he’s an Omega, because Omegas are whores, because they couldn’t love a whore.

Jimin stills as he hears a door opening from outside of his room. He listens carefully, his ears tracking the sound of quiet footsteps down the hall. The crushing weight of his memories has his breathes coming out shaky and uneven, his skin prickling as the footsteps pass straight by his room.

He lays in bed for another hour, listening to the stillness of the house before finally getting up and closing his window. His room is freezing now, and since he can’t sleep, he decides to head downstairs. Really, he just isn’t sure he can lay still anymore, not after the tidal wave of emotions he just cycled through.

Quietly, he lets himself out of his room and down the stairs. A few of the steps creak beneath his weight, a sound that is almost ear shattering at this hour. Once he reaches the final step, his ears pick up on the sound of cabinets opening and closing, the clanging of silverware against glass following. With the thick scents mingling in the house, he can’t smell who it is, but after a brief moment of hesitance, he decides to take a peek.

With still quiet steps, he finds his way beneath the golden glow of the kitchen light where Taehyung is working. The Alpha is standing at one of the counters dressed in flannel pajama bottoms and an oversized gray t-shirt. There are glass mixing bowls, measuring cups and
measuring spoons spread out along the spacious counters, and Taehyung appears to be struggling a bag of flour. Relieved to see him, Jimin steps into the kitchen.

“What are you doing?”

Taehyung spins around, his eyes landing on Jimin before he smiles shyly. Turning his body, he shows Jimin the bag of flour in front of him, a large recipe book laying open just beyond it.

“I’m baking,” He pauses. “Why are you awake?”

Jimin shrugs as he wanders closer to the Alpha, peering at the recipe book to see what he’s making. Orange cranberry muffins.

“I couldn’t sleep.”

He moves to lean back against the counter, and for some reason, he has the smallest of urges to seek comfort from Taehyung, but he stuffs it down.

“Couldn’t sleep so you came to watch me, the world’s worst baker?” Taehyung grins, his eyes full of careless happiness that wracks Jimin with jealousy.

“I’m sure there are worse bakers. I watched Yoongi try to make spaghetti, I can’t even imagine him trying to make muffins.”

Taehyung snorts, returning to his task of opening the flour before he begins measuring it out. Although he’s doing it wrong, Jimin doesn’t say anything.

“So why are you baking at-,” Jimin glances at the digital clock on the stove. “midnight…”

As Taehyung dumps the flour into the mixing bowl, he hums softly before shrugging. The careless happiness Jimin had seen before seems to flicker, and Jimin decides that feeling jealousy for the Alpha may be presumptuous.

“Jungkookie likes these muffins, so I thought I should make him some… Do you like muffins?”

Taehyung turns his head slightly, his eyes meeting Jimin’s.

“I do.”

The Alpha smiles softly once more, his gaze dropping to the task before him as he continues working.

“Do you want to help me then? If you can’t sleep and you like muffins…”

The Omega watches quietly for a moment, the scent of spearmint drifting softly through the air, mingling with the lemongrass scent that smells all wrong these days. Being with Taehyung is comfortable, his scent makes him feel better, even if it’s only temporary.

Jimin’s gaze slides back up to Taehyung’s face, taking in the angle of his nose, the curve of his soft-looking lips, the sharpness of his jaw.

Swallowing a thick knot of guilt, he inhales spearmint once more before nodding.
“Yeah, I’ll help.”

Chapter End Notes

Check my Twitter for the poll!
Hi!
I know I was slow to update this time around and I'm sorry for that... but jus' lemme explain. :p

Rather than 4k-6k chapters, I'm going to begin doing 10k+ chapters once a week. The updates will fall around Monday-Wednesday, but hopefully this will make it easier to keep up with and more fun to read!

As always, please consistently reference the tags as there are more to come!

He sleeps in on Thursday morning, and even when he wakes up, he doesn’t immediately get out of bed. Instead, Jimin lays beneath the warm covers, staring out the window as the birds chirp to an obnoxious degree. Despite his fears, nobody had entered his room last night, nor had he fallen into any nightmares despite the unpleasantness of the day.

Instead, Jimin had been surprised to wake up feeling oddly refreshed, the tingle of spearmint still stained onto him from where Taehyung’s skin had brushed against him. It’s not right that he’s seeking comfort in an alpha that’s spoken for, and it’s not right that he’s now deceiving Jungkook simultaneously. It’s one thing to keep his secret for his own personal safety, it’s another to keep his secret while using it as a cover to become closer to someone.

Without any excitement or anticipation for the day, Jimin slides out from beneath the warm covers, his feet gently padding along the floor as he gets into the dresser, pulling on a fresh change of clothes before swallowing all of his pills dry. Now more than ever his birth control is important, often times he finds himself eyeing the bottle, mentally counting up how much longer he has until he’ll need more. It’s another trip to Doc, one he doesn’t want to make but one can’t avoid.

Once he’s covered in the scent of lemongrass with a belly full of pills, he finishes the process of getting ready. Washing his face and brushing his teeth and hair before quietly descending the staircase towards the sound of the pack’s voices.

Everyone else likely woke up at a more normal hour, well-rested and excited for the day. Judging by the snorts and loud laughs he can hear, he decides his presumption is correct.

Jimin steps into the kitchen where he finds most of the pack chatting, crumbs and empty plates scattered along the counters. The muffins he’d made with Taehyung last night are sitting out in the open, half of them missing with the lid still unsecured.

His presence immediately draws the pack’s attention, pleasant smiles dawning most of their faces as Jimin shyly raises his hand in a ‘hello’.
“Jimin, did you sleep well?” Like most of the pack, Seokjin is still dressed in plaid pajama’s, his hair ruffled and sticking up in various direction. It’s really not that late in the day, a little after ten in the morning, but Jimin still finds it odd that he’s the only one actually dressed.

“Yeah… thank you…” Jimin nods.

“Are you hungry?” Namjoon follows up, reaching for the plastic container with the muffins before holding them out to Jimin. “You’re thinner than you used to be, so we’d like to see you eating more meals with us.”

The faint pink tint of embarrassment paints Jimin’s cheeks and neck as he reaches for the container, withdrawing one of the muffins before setting the container aside. He hasn’t really noticed his own weight-loss, but he fully blames it on the stress Hoseok has placed on him. Although, Jimin won’t say that of course.

“Sorry, my dance class is a little more rigorous than I’m used to I guess.”

Jungkook’s gaze is attached to the floor, his expression difficult to read even as Taehyung gently rubs his finger along his arm. Hoseok, who has been fairly quiet until this point, abandons his place beside Seokjin in preference of standing beside Jimin instead. The Omega knows he’s likely counting on his inability to really recoil from him, but despite knowing—he can’t really do anything about it.

Across from them, Taehyung visibly tenses.

“It’ll be fine, we make good food. Don’t forget that Jungkookie and I are dancers too, we don’t make anything that isn’t good for you in some shape or form.” Hoseok snake his arm around Jimin’s shoulders, drawing Jimin closer as Namjoon smiles.

“I suppose can’t say that and then give him only a muffin for breakfast. Who’s turn is it to cook?”

The pack leader’s eyes scan the room, and of course, Hoseok raises his free hand. “It’s mine.”

“Then how about you make some breakfast for everyone. Eggs should be fine.” Namjoon’s gaze shifts to Jimin. “Jimin, are you allergic to anything?”

The Omega shakes his head, subtly working to disguise his disgust with each inhale of Hoseok’s scent. Without looking, he already knows that Taehyung is watching him. However, as the latest addition to the pack house, as the guest, he already feels like he has too many gazes on him.

He’s constantly being observed because he’s trespassing on their territory.

“Great, then why don’t those of us who haven’t changed yet, go change. Afterwards, we should all meet in the living room.” Namjoon waits until everyone nods to push away from the counter, moving first to secure the lid back onto the muffins as the pack slowly filters out of the kitchen. Everyone except Hoseok, Namjoon, and Jimin.

“You already changed so you can go watch TV if you want.” Namjoon says as the lid clicks into place.

“Ah… thank you… I think I’ll do that…” Jimin pretends not to notice Hoseok’s eyes boring into him, or the pitiful smile Namjoon is giving him. He’d very nearly forgotten that he’s a charity case
right now, that they took him in because they were left without an option.

What if they don’t really want him here?

Jimin begins to follow Namjoon as he goes to leave, Hoseok’s voice catching his attention before he can pass through the rounded entryway.

“They’ll get suspicious if you keep ignoring me, you know.”

Jimin draws his shoulders up, listening to the sound of Namjoon’s footsteps as they grow further and further away. Finally, he turns to look at the alpha.

“I don’t want to talk to you.” Somehow, it’s become a bit easier for Jimin to exist around Hoseok, to speak with him. The anxiety is always present, like a lead ball in his chest, like a living creature squirming beneath his sternum, but somehow it’s almost normal now.

“It’s not really an option, Jiminie. You look so ungrateful disrespecting the second-in-command for the pack. Do you want them to think you’re ungrateful?”

Jimin’s gaze drops for a moment, searching the gray, custom tile floor. There’s a bit of dirt collecting between the tiles, the soft gray turning black in some places. Jimin doesn’t comment on it.

“I wish I had never met you.” His voice is light, almost a whisper as his eyes hold Hoseok’s steady. It feels like the lights are switching off inside of him, one-by-one, even his own fiery ambition is beginning to weaken.

“It’ll be a lot better once you just give in, Jiminie. I already told you that you’re mine, if you’d just accept it then you wouldn’t be struggling so much. I don’t even understand why you’re fighting me, I treat you really well.” Hoseok is the first to look away from Jimin, his attention drawn to the fridge now as he begins pulling out a carton of eggs.

“You think that forcing yourself on me is ‘treating me well’?” Jimin’s voice shakes with his bitterness, his heart beginning to pound harder with the closeted rage that he can never let out.

“I wouldn’t have to force anything if you would just let me do it. I know you want me too, you wanted me last night, and you wanted me just now.”

Jimin opens his mouth to speak, but before a single word can come out, Hoseok begins speaking again.

“When we first met in the cafeteria, it’s not like I didn’t notice you leaning closer to me, inhaling my scent. It’s like you wanted me to know what a whore you are, you wanted me to take an interest.”

It feels like the air is being pulled out of Jimin’s lungs, his anxiety becoming a pain that is now filling the entirety of his chest as his hands curl into fists at his sides. He wants to deny it, to chalk it up as being another one of the Alpha’s ridiculous delusions, but he can’t.

Because Jimin distinctly remembers being drawn to Hoseok’s scent, he remembers leaning in, wanting more.
Just like a whore.

“Stop…” Jimin presses his lips into a fine line, his head lowered as he hears a skillet being slide onto the glass stove-top. There are things Jimin doesn’t like to face about himself, things he’s still finding out. Hoseok is like the darkest of clouds, raining Jimin onto himself, forcing him to face these ugly parts of himself.

Whether they’re true or not, Jimin is starting to believe it.

The light behind Jimin’s eyes darkens, his gaze growing dull as Hoseok steps away from the stove. Jimin doesn’t move as Hoseok’s arms wrap around him, he doesn’t move as the Alpha’s lips graze the shell of his ear, his voice just above a whisper.

“It’s ok, Jiminie. I don’t mind mating a whore. I’m doing you a favor, honestly. After all the Alphas you’ve let fuck you; it’s not like you’re any good. You’re too sloppy down there, too stretched out.” Hoseok’s laughs lowly, a sound haunting enough to almost breech the whirlwind of pain swirling inside of Jimin.

“You’d be more useful being sold for spare cash, buffering some Alpha’s income. But don’t worry,”

Hoseok draws back just enough to smile at Jimin, staring into the Omega’s dull gaze. “I won’t sell your body, but I’ll damn well use it as I please.”

The Alpha pulls away, his hands still on Jimin’s shoulders, watching as the Omega stares blankly ahead before releasing him completely.

“So anyway-,” Hoseok opens the egg carton, withdrawing two of the large white eggs as Jimin feigns for air. His lungs feel empty, he feels empty.

“How do you like your eggs, Jiminie?”

Jimin is still struggling to come down from protective wall he immured himself with when the rest of the pack comes downstairs. Although he fakes smiles and struggles his way through casual conversation, he can feel Taehyung’s eyes on him, the Alpha clearly aware that something is bothering Jimin.

The eggs are flavorless on his tongue, and Jimin thinks it probably has nothing to do with the amount of salt or pepper that Hoseok used. Digging his fork into the scrambled eggs, he mechanically takes another bite, chewing and swallowing while Seokjin and Jungkook discuss some intricacy of cooking that Jimin isn’t listening closely enough to.

The dining room table is rectangular and made of worn oak, long enough to fit all seven of them even though Jimin knows his seat really belongs to Yoongi. To his left, Namjoon is quietly eating his food, listening into the current conversation and occasionally adding his own two cents. To his right, Hoseok is scraping up the last of the runny yolk from his plate, one of his hands resting on Jimin’s thigh under the table, squeezing occasionally.

“Don’t you have a meeting today?”

Seokjin sticks another forkful of eggs into his mouth, watching Jungkook who swiftly finishes the bite he had been working on before answering.
“Yeah, a meeting with one of the pastry professors.”

“Taehyung, are you taking him to that?” Seokjin turns his attention to Taehyung next, watching as the Alpha smiles.

“Of course, I don’t think he wants to walk.”

“Probably not today.” Jungkook smiles.

It’s not really right for Jimin to feel so bitter about the casual tone of the conversation. After-all, there is no proof that anyone else is responsible for what’s currently transpiring between Hoseok and Jimin. Still, the Omega stares down at the small bit of eggs left on his otherwise spotless plate, his silence picked up on by Namjoon who directs the next question at him.

“Have you heard from Yoongi at all, Jimin?”

The Omega looks up, blinking at the Alpha as the whole table, minus Jungkook, looks at him. Beneath their gazes, he feels himself shrinking, discomfort ringing inside of his head as he shakes his head.

“No… but I haven’t texted him or anything.” Honestly, Yoongi had managed to slip from his thoughts a bit. The whole deal about them being intended mates had fallen so much further back in his mind than he meant for it to. Thinking about it now, he wonders if it would be polite to text Yoongi, if he would get a response.

“Oh, well he should be taking his mid-terms so he’s probably busy. He missed them during his rut.”

Jimin nods, the scraping of forks against ceramic plates occupying the brief silence before Taehyung takes his turn to speak.

“Actually, I was thinking that Jimin and I could go out today. Since Kookie has a meeting, it’d be something to do.”

“That’s a good idea.” Seokjin nods. “And tonight, I was thinking we could build a fire in the backyard. Or should we do that when Yoongi comes home tomorrow?”

Hoseok snorts from beside Jimin, his hand dipping between Jimin’s thighs. “I don’t think he considers this home.”

Namjoon smiles softly, a hint of sadness in his eyes as he sets his fork down on his empty plate. Spending time with the entire pack sounds stressful, but Jimin decides it may also be the safest route.

And if not, at least he’ll then know that the pack isn’t trustworthy.

“I think waiting for Yoongi would be nice. How about we watch a movie tonight?” The head Alpha looks pointedly at Jimin, awaiting his response as the others members of the pack nod quietly, their mouths still full of food.

From beside him, Hoseok squeezes the inside of his thighs.
“Y-yeah…” Jimin says, “A movie would be fun.”

Jimin spends the remainder of breakfast quietly avoiding the casual conversation from the rest of the pack. Hoseok’s hand remains situated between his thighs, his fingers occasionally squeezing the sensitive skin as though to remind Jimin of his presence. It’s something the Omega tries to ignore, something he feels he should be able to put out of his thoughts given the overwhelming weight of other things… except he can’t ignore it.

All he can think about is Hoseok’s hand on him.

After helping the others clean up from breakfast, Taehyung’s fingers ghost down his arm, his hand wrapping gently around Jimin’s wrist as he draws him out of the kitchen and towards the stairway; away from everyone else.

“Let’s go practice driving today.”

A weak smile pulls at Jimin’s lips as Taehyung’s hand slowly slips down into Jimin’s hand, holding it between them like a promise, like something more.

“Is that really okay? I don’t want you to get in trouble…” There’s laughter in the kitchen and Jimin finds his head briefly turning toward it. Jungkook is still in the kitchen, he’s there with Hoseok and Taehyung is out here with him. He can only imagine how it must look, how Jungkook must feel.

“It’s fine, Jiminie. I promise. Afterwards, we can get something to eat, I just need to drop Kook off at school first.” Taehyung squeezes Jimin’s hand gently, and Jimin, despite his better judgement, squeezes Taehyung’s hand in return.

The Alpha’s scent amplifies, his emotions coming through as clear as day. Jimin can pick up on his excitement, and even on the faint traces of guilt. Jimin inhales more fully through his nose alone, letting Taehyung’s scent flood him until the initial weariness dissipates. It’s not right, nothing about this is right, and yet, their eyes meet with the fullness of their mutual understanding.

Jimin still can’t shake the shame and guilt as he allows himself to be comforted by the spearmint of another Omega’s partner, but he pushes it down, embracing his own selfishness. Taehyung must know how he feels… what he wants. It makes Jimin feel sick, but at the same time, protected.

He’s not a good person, Jimin is not a good person.

“Okay, then let’s do that.” He nods, watching the smile spread across Taehyung’s face.

‘He’s even more attractive when he smiles…’ Jimin’s stomach tightens.

‘Jungkook is lucky…’ But it’s not true, it’s not true because Jimin is taking Taehyung away from him, he’s hurting Jungkook… again.

But then again, Jungkook is really just an Omega from his dance class, an Omega part of a pack that Jimin became involved with—without meaning to. He feels guilty for not protecting Jungkook, he’ll blame himself for the rest of his life, but Jungkook is just an Omega he’s had all of two or three polite conversations with.
He doesn’t really know Jungkook.

“We’ll leave in an hour, I’ll come get you when it’s time to go. Does that sound good?” Taehyung waits until Jimin nods, a quiet ‘okay’ spilling from his lips before their hands finally part.

The Omega watches as Taehyung hesitates, his eyes traveling from Jimin’s eyes, to his lips, before he shamefully tears his gaze away. The absence of his attention is a relief, even if it had brought the feeling of consensual want to Jimin’s mind.

Jimin wants the ability to decide whom he loves, to decide whom is allowed to touch him. He wants ownership over his body again.

Turning towards the staircase, Jimin heads back upstairs, closing the door to his temporary bedroom before locking it. The lock is useless and he hasn’t forgotten, but he somehow feels better knowing it’s there.

There’s no grace in the way Jimin sprawls himself out on his bed, digging his phone out of his pocket before thumbing over to his news app. Several articles stick out to him, so he decides to pick the top headline for South Korea.

‘SOUTH KOREA SUMMONED TO INTERNATIONAL COURT’

Jimin’s squints at an old photograph of their president speaking at the UN. His suit is perfect, his hair is perfect, even his hand gesture is perfect. The hundreds of other countries present appear to be paying keen attention to whatever it is he’s speaking about.

He scrolls down past the photo, his eyes beginning to scan over the article as anxiety tingles within him. It’s a lot of information to take in because it cross-references previous instances of political tension involving South Korea, but he continues to read as the silence stretches on further within the room.

The article calls the breeding bill ‘a gross violation of international resolutions and willful deprivation of basic human rights,’ while citing the infractions as well as providing sources to back their accusation. The article shows images of the newly built breeding facilities, something Jimin hasn’t even seen yet, something that has his breath catching in his throat as fear creeps up in its place.

International law is something Jimin only has vague knowledge on, it’s something just barely touched by his politics class, something saved for the later classes when students have a better grasp on politics in general. However, Jimin does understand the resolution South Korea stands accused of violating. It’s the same one they’ve been violating, it’s the reason they’ve been called to court with the UN before.

Resolution 2200A (XXI), International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, ratified in 1966 with entry into force in 1976. Jimin’s mind spins as the information whips around him. As someone who has no rights based solely on the fact that he’s an Omega, he became well versed in this resolution. All members of the UN had pledged to uphold the resolution, including South Korea who continues to violate it.
The article goes on to make another reference to the proclamation by the General Assembly of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, something considered a standard of achievement for all people and nations. It also references Articles 1 and 55 of the Chapter, promotion of the universal respect for, and observance of human rights as well as fundamental freedoms. This is more like something Jimin would have expected to hear about during his politics class, and the idea of engaging in a discussion over this development has excitement thrumming within his veins.

It’s really too bad that they’re on break, Jimin always loves to hear his professor’s take on such things.

Without giving it too much more thought, Jimin copies the link before opening his student email. As he pastes it into the body of an email to his politics professor, he finds himself already convinced that their leader will not show up for court. It’s the true troublesome part of the UN, the power they hold is sand between their fingers without the cooperation of all nations, nothing can be done to force South Korea to attend, but sanction and embargos may help to sway their president’s mind.

Jimin locks his phone after sending the email, deciding not to think about all of the tensions and suffering likely to ensue from the actions of their government, from the old-fashioned mindset of their leadership. It shouldn’t be too much to ask for autonomy over himself, for rights to his own body and the freedom required to strive for the happiness he should be entitled to try and obtain.

Omega’s are not asking for a tank, they’re asking for a chance.

Jimin turns onto his back, staring at his ceiling as the information continues to circulate within his mind. He wants to discuss it with someone, to hear other thoughts on it, but he doesn’t want to scour social media, nor does he want to review discussion boards.

With a sigh, he sits up, sliding from the bed until his feet gently reach the floor. It’s strangely quiet in the house despite the amount of people living here, but Jimin doesn’t mind it as he crosses the length of his room to the door.

Against his better judgement, he makes his way downstairs to find the rest of the pack. As much as he’s afraid of discovering their position in relation to his/Omega’s rights to self-ownership, he can’t learn any more info while remaining locked up in his room.

Downstairs, he finds Namjoon and Seokjin on the couch, the news playing on the TV as the two sip mugs of black coffee. Jimin slowly approaches, catching their brief attention as he takes a seat on the empty loveseat to watch the news with them.

Although he had expected to see a discussion or heated debate about the call for South Korea to attend court, he instead finds the reporters discussing the war in Yemen, the UN only mentioned as a desired owner for a certain port involved in the dispute.

For several minutes, there’s only the sound of the news and sips of hot coffee, Namjoon is the first one to break the silence.

“Do you like watching the news?”

Jimin glances over, hesitating in his nervousness before he finally nods. “Yeah, I like to know what’s going on.”
“It’s important to keep up with the world,” Namjoon nods. “But I can’t get any of the others to take an interest.”

Seokjin chuckles quietly to himself, a small smile dawning Jimin’s face. He can’t really imagine Jungkook or Taehyung sitting down to watch the news like this, not really.

“You’re just stuck with me,” Seokjin teases before taking another sip from his mug. “This what we get for settling down with a pack too young.”

“Yoongi watches the news sometimes.” Jimin feels a bit silly after saying it, like he’s defending Yoongi for some reason.

“Yeah, but Yoongs likes to watch it alone. He says we talk too much.” The Beta shrugs.

“I wonder if the US will actually end its assistance to that Saudi-led coalition.” Namjoon wonders aloud, causing both Seokjin and Jimin to redirect their attention back to the TV.

“It’s the allies too.” Jimin says.

“How else will there be any support for this ceasefire resolution they want?” Seokjin adds in. “Everyone needs to cooperate.”

“Assuming everything goes well, it’s not as though we can expect peaceful coexistence anyway. This is more complicated than just a few nations doing certain things.” Namjoon says before leaning forward, setting his empty mug on the wooden coffee table.

Jimin nods slowly but doesn’t speak up, his eyes still watching the news anchor as she engages a political expert on her show. He doesn’t fully understand the war in Yemen but they’ve been talking about it in class a bit, enough for Jimin to have an idea of what’s going on.

Really, it’s far more complex than what his professor has taught, self-research may be his best option if he wants to have these discussions with Namjoon and Seokjin.

However, as the minutes continue to tick by, Jimin finds himself relaxing in their presence. The anxiety he felt before no longer crawls along his skin, his heart no longer pounds with a learned fear. It could just be that Hoseok kept his promise and never told Namjoon or Seokjin the truth about his sub-gender, but that also means Jimin has a semblance of safety to explore their thoughts in more depth on that subject.

“So what are you and Tae going to do today?” Seokjin asks as the news cuts to a commercial break. Namjoon rises from his spot on the couch, picking up his empty mug before asking if Seokjin wants a refill, the Beta nods and Namjoon carries off the two mugs to the kitchen.

“He’s going to teach me how to drive.”

Seokjin’s eyes bulge. “In my car?!”

Jimin nods, shifting with a mild discomfort. “He said he’s qualified, I don’t know if that’s true…”

“He is, but what if my baby gets damaged?! That brat!” Seokjin slouches on the couch, rolling his head against the plump cushion while Jimin presses his fingers into his arm.
“We don’t have to… It’s not like I have a car to drive even if I learn how.” Jimin says, his eyebrows knitting as the sounds of Namjoon rummaging around in the kitchen reach their ears.

“It’s fine,” Seokjin sighs. “I mean, as long as he takes you to a really empty parking lot or something. I don’t want you on any public roads. Especially if you don’t have a license.”

Jimin nods as Seokjin pauses his squirming to set the Omega with a serious expression, Jimin’s heart rate spiking briefly.

“I mean it, Jiminie. Don’t get on any public roads no matter what Taehyung says. He’s a good kid but he gets ahead of himself, don’t let him talk you into something you’ll regret.”

“I won’t, I promise.” Jimin says.

The serious expression which had been affixed on the Beta’s face—vanishes, a smile taking it’s place just as Namjoon returns with two fresh, steaming mugs of coffee.

Jungkook is the first one to appear, a backpack slung over one shoulder as he glances at the three of them parked on the couch with the news going. Without regarding any of them, Jungkook makes a point of sandwiching himself between Seokjin and Namjoon, and Jimin doesn’t miss the immediate flicker of guilt that washes over Namjoon’s face.

Jimin turns his attention back to the TV, unsettled by this gap of information that he’s missing. There’s something he doesn’t know, something Taehyung doesn’t know, and the not knowing is starting to feel a little dangerous.

“You ready?” Jimin turns his head, looking over the back of the loveseat as Taehyung approaches in a thick, puffy coat and jeans, another thick coat draped over one arm.

“Y-yeah!” He stumbles over the word, unaware of how dry his own mouth had been before he chews his lower lip with a hint of embarrassment. It’s a little nerve-wrecking spending time alone with an Alpha and Beta that he doesn’t know too well, but he decides the pit of anxiety in his stomach is worth it. It’s not like he has another option.

As Jimin rises from the couch, Seokjin shouts Taehyung’s name, startling the Omega seated beside him.

“If I see a single scratch on my car, I’ll stop letting you use it! And be back before three, we need to go grocery shopping before Yoongi gets home.”

Oh right, Yoongi comes home tomorrow…

“We’ll take very good care of your car.” Taehyung salutes the Beta, a boxy smile overtaking his face as Jungkook and Jimin make their way around the couch and loveseat.

“You better, worthless Alphas.” Seokjin mummers. There’s a teasing hint to his voice, one which assures Jimin that the Beta is more loving in his irritation than anything else. The warning not to scratch his car is perhaps more of a warning not to do anything reckless, nothing which could get them injured.
“Jimin, be safe. Don’t forget what Seokjin said about public roads.” Jimin glances back to find Namjoon smiling at him, his mug held close to his mouth as the steam curls in the air. He smiles back.

“We’ll be safe, I promise.”

Dropping Jungkook off at school is another car ride spent in awkward silence while Jungkook and Taehyung chat idly, the radio playing another metal song that Taehyung swears Jungkook loves. Jimin spends the car ride staring out the window, eyeing the dark gray clouds collecting overhead as the second coat Taehyung had brought sits in his lap. When they reach the school, Jimin makes an effort to say goodbye to Jungkook, but his voice comes out as a whisper that he’s sure goes unheard, the door to the backseat slamming shut before they watch the Omega walking up the sidewalk towards the front doors of the culinary building.

The first thing Taehyung does, is change the radio station. Pop music replaces the screams of the previous band, lyrics about getting fucked or fucking bring a hint of pink to Jimin’s cheeks as Jungkook disappears inside the building.

“I have a parking lot in mind, so we’ll go there first.” Taehyung says as he pulls away from the curb. The drive is less awkward without the subtle scent of souring apples, so Jimin lets himself relax in the passenger’s seat, gripping the smooth fabric of the coat between his hands.

“It looks like it might rain.” Jimin points out. “I didn’t bring my Alpha scent, so I can’t get wet.”

Taehyung snorts, and Jimin’s whole face turns red. “I didn’t mean it like that!”

“No-no, I know. Sorry.” Taehyung says between short laughs. “Sorry, uhm… If it rains then there’s an umbrella in the backseat but… we are in a car, so you’ll be ok in the car.”

Jimin sinks down lower into the seat, the red of his embarrassment still painting his neck and ears as he mumbles out an agreement. They drive without conversation for a few minutes before Taehyung pulls them into a side road, following it for a mile or two before they come across an abandoned mall, it’s parking lot vacant and accessible.

“We’ll practice here until it starts to rain or gets too late. We still have to pick up Kook then make the drive home so that gives us some time.” Taehyung pulls into a parking spot, shifting the car into park before pushing his door open.

“Come on, let’s switch.”

Jimin doesn’t feel ready to be in the driver’s seat, he feels like he should be learning something from the passenger’s seat first. However, as he watches Taehyung walk around the front of the car, he inhales a nervous breath before unbuckling his seatbelt and opening his door.

“Are you sure this is ok?” He asks as he steps out onto the pavement.

“It’s fine, Jiminnie. I wouldn’t let anything happen to you.” Taehyung grabs onto the door, waiting until Jimin begins to walk around the car before sliding into the passenger’s seat.

“Trust me.” He tells Jimin as the Omega gets into the driver’s seat.
The seat is pushed too far back and for a moment, Jimin’s anxiety causes him to forget how to move his seat. Fortunately, Taehyung reaches over, placing his hand gently on Jimin’s thigh to get his attention.

“On the left side between the door and the seat, you have little controls for your seat. One will move the back of the seat, and one will move the seat itself forward. Play with them until you’re comfortable.”

Jimin nods, swallowing despite the dryness in his throat as he reaches down between the door and the seat. He takes his time fiddling with the controls, moving his seat forward until he can comfortably reach the pedals before inhaling another shaky breath. It’s a little embarrassing how terrified he is of this, how unprepared he feels, but Taehyung remains quiet in the passenger’s seat, allowing Jimin to acclimate at his own pace until the Omega looks to him for his next instruction.

“Is the steering wheel too high? Can you see over it or is it in the way?”

Jimin looks forward before shaking his head. “The steering wheel is fine…”

“Okay, so now…” Taehyung points to the side mirrors, then once more to the rearview. “Can you see well out of these? The rearview should show you your whole back window, top-to-bottom, side-to-side. And the side mirrors should show you the lanes immediately beside you, but not all of them, just enough to show you if you have cars over there.”

Jimin glances in all of his windows, explaining that he can’t see well out of any of them which prompts the Alpha to then walk him through how to adjust each mirror. Both of the side mirrors have an automatic control panel on the door, and the rearview mirror he gently pivots until he can see well out of it, until he feels comfortable.

Taehyung sits there, showing Jimin each control, the blinkers, the windshield wipers, the high beams, every little button which seemed so complicated before—suddenly isn’t so complicated.

It feels like it takes Jimin hours to grasp what everything does and where everything is, and only once Taehyung has explained every button does he buckle himself in before motioning to Jimin.

“Put your foot on the break and shift into D or drive .”

Maybe Jimin doesn’t want to learn how to drive, that’s what he thinks at least as he presses his foot down on the break pedal, one shaky hand coming to grip the gear shift. He doesn’t shift gears immediately, nor does he move an inch. Instead, he breathes through his anxiety, Taehyung’s hand warmly encasing his after a minute.

“I’ll help you shift. Don’t lift your foot from the break until I tell you to, okay?”

Jimin nods and then feels Taehyung’s fingers squeezing around his, helping him press the button on the gear shift, helping him slide it all the way down to the little green glowing D . Jimin can feel the gears shifting, a slight vibration, the way the car makes a different sound than it had in park. Taehyung doesn’t remove his hand even when Jimin had expected him to, instead, he keeps his voice low and calm as he speaks.

“Lightly raise your foot from the break and very gently press down on the accelerator. The accelerator is really-really sensitive, you don’t need to push it hard. Very gently.”
Jimin rubs his lips together before slowly raising his foot from the break. Driving is scary, horrifying, terrifying. Jimin had never really realized what a frightening thing it is until he found himself expected to do it.

How can he reasonably operate this heavy, fast piece of metal on wheels?

Very gently, Jimin begins to push on the accelerator, his heart hammering as the car begins to move forward. He keeps one hand tight on the wheel, his other trapped beneath Taehyung’s hand as they begin to creep through the abandoned parking lot.

It’s scary despite how slow they’re going, but Taehyung’s hand on his is a reassuring point of contact that he relishes in each time he presses too hard on the accelerator and causes the car to jerk forward. Taehyung guides him through the parking lot, forcing him to follow down the lanes, to use his turn signal, to park a few times. As soon as Jimin’s anxiety begins to simmer down, the first few raindrops land on the windshield.

“Oh, I think it’s going to start now.” Taehyung glances over at Jimin. “Slow down to a stop, gently… Then with your foot on the break, we’re going to shift it into park okay?”

“Okay.” Jimin says as he removes his foot from the accelerator. The car gently slows as Jimin applies even pressure to the break, and once they’ve stopped, Taehyung squeezes his hand again, helping him slide the gear shift up into park.

Afterwards, both Jimin and Taehyung climb out, switching places as the rain begins to pick up, pattering gently on the windows as the Alpha readjusts the seat and mirrors. When he’s finally done, he looks over at Jimin with a wide smile.

“How do you feel?”

“Nervous… But I’m glad…” Jimin admits, toying with his fingers before reaching down for the coat which had fallen onto the floorboards.

“You did really well. I’ll have to take you out a few times until you’re really comfortable with it.” The promise that they’ll do it again has Jimin’s ears reddening. It’s not that he’s excited about driving, though he is, but that he’s excited for the promise of more alone time with Taehyung. This is a decision he made, it’s not one made for him, he wants this.

“Thanks, Tae… It was really fun… learning with you.” The Alpha shifts gears, beginning to pull away as the rain picks up.

“I’m happy I mean… shit, I guess I’m still a little stunned that you didn’t know how in the first place… I’m happy I was the one to teach you.”

Jimin’s shoulders draw up, a smile adorning his lips as he rubs the fabric of the coat between his fingers. It’s warm on his lap, cold beneath his fingers, but nothing can really compare to the feeling of Taehyung’s hand on his.

They drive along familiar roads, the patter of rain, the wail of the windshield wipers, and the low volume of music accompanying them as they drive in the direction of their school. A glance at the time tells him that it’s now two in the afternoon, there isn’t much time left now until they have to return to the pack house and go grocery shopping.
Per what Jimin assumes to be the new usual, Jungkook doesn’t greet him as he slips into the backseat of the car. The sour apple scent is strong now, annoyance prevalent in the air but nobody comments on it. Taehyung fiddles with the radio again, switching from the pop station back to the rock station which just so happens to be on commercial. On the drive home, Taehyung asks Jungkook a few questions about his meeting, but the Omega gives short answers in response, each of his words clipped until Taehyung’s sweet spearmint scent turns muted with his confusion.

Jimin is definitely caught in the middle of something that he would rather not be caught in. However, he has a strong feeling that it has a lot to do with him, maybe even everything to do with him. Thinking back to the last conversation he had with Tae about it, Jungkook’s annoyance is probably due to Taehyung spending time with him; the person who let him get assaulted in the showers.

Pressing his fingers into his thighs, he stares down at them, watching the fleshy bit of his leg dip beneath the pressure before pressing a little harder, until it almost hurts.

The three of them remain quiet for the remainder of the drive, and when they park, Jungkook is the first to get out of the car before Taehyung and Jimin silently follow after. The tension between them must be obvious as they step inside, nearly running into Seokjin and Hoseok who stare at the three with raised brows.

“Pissing off our baby Omega now?” Seokjin says as Jungkook brushes past, running upstairs.

Taehyung sighs, handing over the keys to the Beta’s outstretched hand before mumbling something about hormones and following after Jungkook.

Left alone with Hoseok and Seokjin, Jimin shifts beneath their gazes.

“Are you gonna tell us what happened?” Hoseok crosses his arms, his scent building, willing submission from Jimin despite not being in a pack with them. If Seokjin notices the action, he doesn’t comment on it as he waits silently.

“I don’t know… He was just mad when he got in the car, wouldn’t talk to us really.” Jimin frowns, bothered by how intimidated his wolf is by Hoseok’s scent, bothered that Hoseok would try and will his submission in front of Seokjin.

“I see,” Seokjin clicks his tongue, his gaze drawing upstairs. “Well, you and Jungkook are doing the grocery shopping, so I hope Tae is able to settle him.”

Jimin’s frown deepens at the mention of ‘settling’. Settling is an Alpha’s way of calming an Omega down, helping them relax, making them more pliable. When done correctly and with good intentions, it can be helpful for a pregnant Omega experiencing a lot of stress or anxiety, but when done with bad intentions, it’s similar to forcing submission.

‘Taehyung wouldn’t do that,’ Or this is what Jimin wants to believe. Seokjin must mean that he’s just calming him from his stress, making him more available for discussion rather than arguing.

Taehyung may have done something horrible once, but he won’t do it again.

“But I can’t drive…”

The Beta smiles and from behind him, Namjoon begins to approach.
“We’re going to drop you two off while we do some other shopping. It’s not safe for Jungkook to be out by himself with the new breeding facilities, and Taehyung needs to come with us.” Seokjin says.

“Yeah, we’re counting on you, Jimin. If any of those cops or whatever they are—try to take Kook, tell them he’s your mate. Say you’re going to mate him tonight. Do whatever you have to do to keep him safe.” Namjoon moves to stand beside Seokjin, there’s a trusting look in his eyes that has Jimin’s stomach knotting up. He has no idea what it is that they’re buying or why it’s so heavy, but he doesn’t bother asking.

Though, as he inhales Seokjin’s scent, his anxiety quells enough for him to swallow past the knot in his throat.

“I don’t know if this is a good idea…” For a lot of reasons, it’s bad. Jimin isn’t an Alpha and those cops will scent him, they’ll take him too. The Omega’s pleading gaze shifts to Hoseok, and as much as he doesn’t want to count on the Alpha, he’s almost begging Hoseok to help him.

“Jimin’s not in our pack, I don’t think we should send Jungkook with him.” Hoseok smiles at Jimin, and immediately the Omega knows he owes a debt.

Namjoon runs his hand through his hair, his gaze dropping as he exhales a sigh. “What else are we supposed to do?”

Jemin raises his gaze from Hoseok to Seokjin, watching the Beta carefully sizing him up before speaking.

“Can we send Jimin alone?”

Namjoon makes a sound like he’s considering it but hesitating, his gaze flickering to Hoseok, clearly asking the other Alpha to give an opinion on it.

“Send Taehyung with them, we can do the shopping without him. Really, he’s not the strongest Alpha anyway.”

A hint of relief washes over Jimin as Namjoon and Seokjin nod in agreement. Jimin knows he’s inconveniencing them, but this is better than allowing them to place such an important job on his shoulders.

“Why don’t we just take Jimin with us instead?” Seokjin glances at Jimin as Hoseok shakes his head.

“It’s probably safer to send Jungkook with two Alpha’s anyway. Besides, Jimin is even weaker than Taehyung.” Despite that being a true statement, Jimin frowns at Hoseok who pays him no mind. It’s frustrating that he’s finding himself in this position, that he’s being forced to rely on Hoseok despite wanting nothing more than to escape him, but Jungkook’s safety is worth more than his pride.

“Yeah, I’m not that strong, sorry. I come from a really weak line.” He gives an apologetic shrug as Seokjin digs his hand into his pants pocket, pulling out a small piece of notepaper before holding it out to Jimin.

“Well this is the shopping list. Since Tae is going with you guys, we’ll take Hoseok’s car, so you
guys can take mine. Afterwards, we’ll meet back here for lunch.”

Jimin had completely forgotten about the food Taehyung had wanted to go eat with him. They had become so caught up in the driving lesson that the hours had flown by until it was time to get Jungkook. Thinking on it now, Jimin is more aware of how hollow his stomach feels.

“Okay, that sounds good.” Jimin squares his shoulders when he realizes he’s slouching, a soft smile crossing Seokjin’s face as he nods. Without further interest in the conversation, Hoseok wanders off towards the living room, followed by Namjoon who begins to talk about potentially making some type of dessert to follow dinner.

Jimin and Seokjin focus on each other.

“You really don’t carry yourself like an Alpha…”

Jimin’s heard this before, he’s heard it so many times that his expression doesn’t flicker with concern or insecurity, instead he smiles. “I know, I was raised by two Omegas so I hear that a lot. I’m not a great Alpha.”

Seokjin’s eyes continue to search his face, but unlike with Hoseok, Jimin doesn’t feel exposed. Seokjin’s eyes are soft and his expression is softer. It could be the Beta scent keeping Jimin calm, or it may really be that Jimin doesn’t perceive Seokjin as a threat.

“That’s interesting, you don’t often see two Omegas raising an Alpha.” Seokjin slips his hands into his pockets, his posture relaxing in the close quarters.

“Yeah, usually… usually the child is removed and placed with Alphas… a strong Alpha figure in the house and all that.” Jimin casts his gaze aside, it’s a story he’s told thousands of times, yet it falls from his tongue far easier than the truth ever would.

“You were lucky then, and maybe we were too… To have such a kind Alpha around our pack. I trust you’ll take good care of Jungkook whether or not you’re with Taehyung, and I trust Taehyung won’t pick up any deplorable, meat-head Alpha habits from you.”

Jimin laughs, and it’s clear and so very fake but it comes out sounding real enough that Seokjin smiles wide.

“Meat-head Alpha, no, that I am not.” Jimin’s chuckles, his attention soon draws upstairs where he can hear a door opening and closing, Taehyung appears at the top of the staircase a moment later.

“Are we leaving?” He asks as he reaches for the banister, slowly beginning to walk down the steps.

“If you guys are ready. We’ve decided to take separate cars, you’ll go with Jungkook and Jimin to the grocery store.” Seokjin’s body is pivoted so that he can look at Taehyung, as the Alpha reaches the last step, he raises an eyebrow at the Beta.

“Won’t you guys need my help?”

Seokjin shakes his head, “We’ll manage. Jimin will need a pack member to accompany him incase the government happens to make collections at the store when they’re there. It’ll be easier if a pack Alpha is with Jungkook.”
There’s a brief pause where Taehyung glances at Jimin, smiling softly before Seokjin speaks again.

“Did you settle the little Omega?”

Jimin can feel his breath catching, but he’s thankful the other two don’t seem to notice as Taehyung nods, turning his attention back to the Beta.

“He’s just had a rough few days with finals. We talked it over, but it should be fine.”

The Omega drops his gaze to the floor. For obvious reasons, he doesn’t exactly believe that Jungkook had only been stressed about finals, nor does he actually believe that the problem is resolved.

What’s far more likely, is that Taehyung made a promise without asking Jimin, one Jimin will have to keep for him.

The grocery store is busier than Jimin had really expected it to be, though he does note the glaring lack of unmated Omegas shopping without an Alpha accompanying them. Jungkook hasn’t so much as looked at Jimin, and while this might normally bother the Omega, Taehyung’s reassuring smiles have a warmth building in his chest. A warmth that shouldn’t belong to him.

While Jungkook pushes the cart, Jimin runs down the list with Taehyung, helping the Alpha retrieve items from the shelves, and crossing off things as they go. The threat of the government swarming to collect Omegas; hangs like a dark cloud above his head. He finds his nerves on edge, cautious looks thrown over his shoulder as he finds himself listening intently to the sounds around the store. Would people scream? Would he hear Omegas shouting? Would they announce themselves?

The uncertainty coils fear into Jimin’s belly, the anxiety showing on his face as Taehyung reaches out to pet his hair.

“How many more things do we need to get?” He asks only after Jimin’s anxiety has simmered.

“Uh,” Jimin looks over the list, counting down the items. “Five, it sorta looks like a barbeque… a barbeque and snack food. What do you think it’s for?”

Jungkook snorts, rolling his eyes while Taehyung’s jaw tightens. Ignoring Jungkook, he speaks to Jimin alone.

“It’s still Hoseok’s turn to cook, it looks like he wants to barbeque, but the snack foods are probably for the movie afterwards. And then…” Taehyung points at the marshmallows and chocolates. “These are probably for the bonfire tomorrow night.”

Jimin nods. It’s a ton of food but then again, there are seven pack members and one extra guest. In general, Alpha’s usually eat a lot, so maybe this amount of food is fairly regular.

“You still have Hoseok’s credit card, don’t you?” Taehyung asks as they continue walking down the aisle.

“Yeah, I think so.” Jimin nods. “But isn’t it a pack card?”

“It is, but I think I forgot mine, so we’ll use Hoseok’s.”
Jimin nods, pointedly ignoring the putrid stench of rotting apples coming from behind them. Instead, he references the list in his hand once more, pointing out another item to Taehyung who grabs it from the shelf, adding it to their cart as another Alpha and Omega couple pass by.

He’s trying hard not to pay attention to the Omegas, not to look at their faces or really take in the forlorn expression each of them seem to have. Jimin has probably carried a similar expression before, or maybe he has one right now. Furrowing his eyebrows, he crosses another item off the list before mumbling the next one to Tae as they turn into the next aisle.

He really shouldn’t be thinking too much about the news article he read today, or the fact that their leader will likely not show up to court. But really, seeing those words printed on his phone has him really giving thought to what a spectacle their nation is creating on the global stage. In other countries, the rights of Omegas are protected and defined to a degree. Of course, there are countries with religious beliefs that alter the purpose of an Omega in a relationship, and there are other nations which are climbing the ladder toward equality in all aspects. To Jimin’s knowledge, South Korea is the first nation since the human rights resolution, to jump backwards without regard.

Various grocery items continue to fill up the cart, Taehyung’s gaze traveling to Jimin every so often while the Omega remains lost in thought. The economic implications of essentially ‘catching’ all of the unmated Omegas is critical, maybe even more so than a population crisis. While they may have a widening gap of work-age citizens, it’s only so wide because Omega’s aren’t given the opportunity to fill those holes.

This isn’t a population crisis, this is an Alpha and Beta shortage.

“Jimin…”

The Omega looks up from where he’d been mindlessly chewing on his lip, his serious and concerned expression dissipating as his eyes settle on an equally concerned Taehyung.

“Are you okay?” He asks, one hand on the front of the cart to prevent Jungkook from pushing it any further.

“Y-yeah…” Jimin smiles softly, nodding before dropping his gaze to the list. “Two more things then we can leave.”

Neither Jimin nor Taehyung acknowledge the thick scent of Jungkook’s anger, though they do receive many strange looks as they finish their shopping. After Jimin pays using Hoseok’s credit card, they push the cart out to the parking lot, loading up the trunk before piling back into the car. Taehyung has also gone silent, his spearmint scent remaining muted and withdrawn, a clear sign of irritation and tension which Omegas are all trained to relieve. It’s a wonder that Jungkook’s body hasn’t immediately responded with pheromones and slick, especially since Tae is his partner, but it’s none of Jimin’s business so he leaves it alone.

Although he’d felt extremely uncomfortable with Jungkook’s anger before, Jimin finds his thoughts too split up to really focus on it. The scent melts into the background, the anxiety of it merely tingling within his belly as he thinks about the future of their country, of their Omegas. It’s not like he wants to discount the way Jungkook is feeling, it’s just that there’s so much more going on.
‘That’s not fair…’

It’s not fair but life isn’t fucking fair. It’s not fair that Jimin was born an Omega, that he had his virginity stolen from him, that he’s being helplessly blackmailed into sex and drugs that he wants nothing to do with. It’s not fair that his nations leadership is against him and his kind, and it’s really not fair that everybody who can help him is turning a blind eye to the situation.

Even his own intended mate did nothing.

Jimin closes his eyes, leaning back in the passenger’s seat as he inhales Jungkook’s hate for him. Nothing about this is fair but self-pity isn’t going to resolve anything. He can hate and blame the world and others all day long, those thoughts won’t stop Hoseok from crawling into his bed.

They beat Namjoon and the others home, which is something of a relief to Jimin. When they step out into the frigid air, Jimin pretends not to smell Taehyung’s aggression, he pretends not to see Taehyung roughly grab Jungkook by the elbow, he pretends not to see him speaking lowly and with anger that has the younger Omega’s scent muting beneath his anxiety. Jungkook goes pliant beneath Taehyung’s hold, settled, submissive, Jimin knows he just watched Taehyung impose his will on him.

Instead of watching, he unloads the car, his eyes cast to the ground as he carries the groceries inside. When he does see Jungkook again, the Omega’s face is red with shame and tears, bags of groceries held in both hands as he carries them towards the kitchen. He had refused to look at Jimin, and Jimin thinks that Jungkook had resisted Taehyung’s imposition for long enough to be commendable. Jungkook is a strong Omega, and he’s becoming stronger.

On his way back outside to pick up more groceries, Taehyung stops him, a gentle touch to his shoulder being all it takes.

“Please… Tell Jungkook the truth… I don’t want him to hate me… He’s going to hate me if I keep settling him like that.”

Jimin looks away, glancing around to make sure Jungkook isn’t nearby before he looks back to Taehyung.

“I will… I’m sorry… I’m sorry I’m straining your relationship.”

Taehyung shakes his head, the anxiety and worry written all over his face as his hand glides softly down Jimin’s arm.

“You’re not the one doing that, I’m doing that… But it would help if Jungkook knew the truth.”

The sound of approaching footsteps has Taehyung’s hand leaving Jimin’s arm, the faint scent of apples reaching Jimin’s nose.

Without a moment of hesitation, the two part. Jimin continues on his trek outside, and Taehyung continues towards the kitchen.

Jimin is not a good person… He’s becoming worse by the second.

“I want you to help Jungkook shuck the corn while we prepare the grill.”

Seokjin is standing at the kitchen counter, tearing the plastic wrap from a package of raw meat, blood dripping as he plops it into a glass mixing bowl. Around them, the rest of the pack is helping
with the food prep, bottles of spices and seasonings littering the counters as conversation and the occasional belt of laughter—fills the air.

Jimin nods, his gaze traveling to the back door where he can see Jungkook working as the sun sets. It’s cold outside, but there’s a small fire kindling, the heater pumping while Jungkook remains wrapped up in his puffy coat. It looks warm, but Jimin knows it won’t be as warm for him. Really, he’d rather do anything other than work alone with Jungkook.

“You know how to shuck corn, right?” Seokjin asks when Jimin doesn’t respond. Returning his attention to the Beta who is now knuckle deep in kneading the meat, he nods.

“You know how.”

“Get your coat then, the rest of us will be out there when the meat is ready to go on.” Seokjin makes a shooing motion which prompts Jimin to quickly back away before turning and leaving the kitchen.

He first heads upstairs, grabbing a hoodie and pulling it on over his jacket. The fit is tight, his elbows becoming harder to bend before he washes his hands. As he begins to approach the staircase to make his way back downstairs, he pauses at the sight of a slightly ajar door. It’s Yoongi’s room, the one Jimin thinks he may have never used, but his curiosity nags at him.

His curiosity also gives him an idea.

If there’s something he’s missing, information that could fill the gaps in what Jimin knows about the pack and Hoseok, he might find it in their bedrooms. Actually, he might be able to completely avoid weaning information out of everyone if he just does a little bit of digging.

“Jimin! You’re taking forever!” Taehyung’s deep voice is booming as he calls up the stairs to Jimin, snapping the Omega’s attention back into place as he tears his eyes away from the open door. As he begins to descend the staircase, he decides that he’ll take the first chance he gets to search the bedrooms, and that he’ll start with the most important one.

Hoseok’s room.

Jimin takes the stairs two at a time, letting out an apologetic laugh when he spots Taehyung waiting for him at the foot of the staircase. The Alpha is smiling, but he has one eyebrow cocked as if to question the Omega on his activities while upstairs.

Although Jimin thinks Taehyung may have seen him and may have figured it out, he’s instead surprised by the Alpha pointing a finger at him.

“You can’t just wear two jackets, it’s too cold for that. Take one off and wear one of my coats.”

“This will be fine, there’s a heater out there anyway.” Jimin defends, looking down at his slightly-too-tight hoodie.

“Yeah, whatever. Take it off and wait here.”

Taehyung doesn’t wait for Jimin’s response before he begins running up the staircase, leaving Jimin with a bratty frown and no other option.
Peeling the hoodie away, he struggles to slip the fabric from his arms, and when he finally does manage to fight the stupid thing off, he can hear Taehyung approaching again.

“Here.”

Jimin’s head pops out from the fleece inside of his hoodie, his hair surely insane as he eyes the coat in the Alpha’s hand. It’s the same one he’d brought to their driving lesson earlier, the one Jimin had held on his lap for most of their time together.

“I brought it for you earlier too, but you didn’t end up needing it… It’ll be warmer than that hoodie.”

Taehyung all but shoves the coat into Jimin’s arms, snatching the hoodie from him before gesturing for Jimin to put it on.

He hesitates for a moment, the coat is saturated in Taehyung’s scent and he knows the hoodie Taehyung has in his hands is saturated in his scent. Lowering his head to hide the pink tint on his cheeks, he slowly begins to pull his arms through the soft sleeves, Taehyung’s hand reaching out to adjust the coat on Jimin’s body until it sits nicely.

“Warmer?” Taehyung asks.

The proximity of the Alpha’s body to him has Jimin’s breath catching. All he can smell is spearmint and it’s such a demanding scent. Taehyung smells a lot like safety, like comfort, like exactly what Jimin wants if he can’t have the other intoxicating scent on his mind.

“Jimin…”

The Omega raises his eyes to meet Taehyung’s, and he suddenly realizes the tension he’s always felt when he’s with Tae—isn’t imagined.

Taehyung wants him too.

The Alpha’s gaze drops to Jimin’s lips, his scent thickly crawling over Jimin as time stills around them. Why does he want to kiss Jungkook’s partner? Why does he want to kiss his friend? Why does he want Taehyung?

Jimin knows exactly why he wants Tae, but he pushes his reasoning aside as the Alpha’s hand comes to rest on his hip. He doesn’t feel as terrified as he does with Hoseok, nor does he feel repelled. It would be a stretch to say Jimin really wants to be with Taehyung, but it’s also not like he doesn’t want to be with him. Jimin just wants to decide, he’s never really been allowed to make a decision like this.

He just wants to remind himself that he has the ability to choose.

The sound of approaching footsteps has the two recoiling from each other, but no amount of distance between them can disguise the size of their pupils, or the faint blush across their cheeks. Hoseok only takes one glance between the two before disgust crosses his face, anger swiftly following.

“Jimin, go outside and help Jungkook like you were told.”
Hoseok’s voice is tense, and although Jimin wants to look at Taehyung one more time, he can tell by the intensity of the Alpha’s words that he’s already backed himself into a corner. There will definitely be consequences for this.

It’s not worth it, it’s not, but Jimin feels like he has to chase Taehyung. He has to make this decision.

As Jimin passes Hoseok, he can feel the thickness of his scent, the anger that chokes his throat with burned bread and malice. He wants to stay and see what Hoseok and Taehyung talk about, but he knows he can’t spend much more time bathed in anger that deep, his Omega side can’t take it.

The sound of Hoseok and Taehyung’s voices dim into a hush as he passes by the kitchen, his hands balled into nervous fists as he makes a beeline for the backdoor. Being outside with Jungkook isn’t much better, but Jimin is better able to handle the aggression of another Omega opposed to the aggression of an Alpha. At least with Jungkook, Jimin has set instincts for self-defense and warnings.

The younger Omega looks up as Jimin steps out into the cold air, his eyes dropping to the coat which is obviously a little too large for him.

“That’s Tae’s.” He mumbles, dropping his attention back to the corn in his hand.

“Yeah… He let me borrow it.”

Jungkook is sitting on the wicker couch with a large plastic bucket between his legs; full of corn husks. There’s another bucket sitting on the couch beside Jungkook, this one is loaded with the un-shucked corn, while the bucket on the other side of Jungkook is partially full of shucked corn. Jimin takes a moment to absorb the scene before taking a seat beside the bucket of un-shucked corn, drawing one out and beginning to work.

Although he may have expected to hear shouting, or maybe even fighting, Jimin is surprised that he isn’t hearing anything of the sort. While it’s possible that the two are still talking, Jimin finds himself worrying that other threats are being lain, or perhaps even something worse.

That time during Yoongi’s rut when he thought he heard Yoongi begging for Hoseok to stop, when he thought he heard something like a plea for help, Jimin can’t stop thinking about it now as he turns his head towards the window behind them.

Between the open blinds, he can see the pack members chatting in the kitchen as they work, open cans of beer and soda now join the other ingredients on the counter. It looks like a party and not like a group of people trying to ignore a very obvious horror taking place. Surely, if Hoseok is up to something so awful, the pack would be able to smell it.

Or…

They hadn’t smelled it when Hoseok entered his room, so it’s possible that something is happening. It’s possible that Taehyung is hurting while Jimin is outside pretending to shuck this corn in his hand.

“You’re not even trying.”

Jungkook sounds tired as he swipes the corn out of Jimin’s hands, shucking it swiftly before tossing it into the bucket. As he grabs another, he sighs while Jimin mumbles a quiet apology. He twists
back around, picking up another corncob from the bucket and shucking it before handing it to Jungkook.

As he takes out another, he twists around again, staring through the window as his thoughts hammer around in his head, distracting him until he finally spots Taehyung near the sink. He’s smiling softly at something Namjoon is saying, but even from this distance, Jimin can clearly see the bright red mark on Taehyung’s face.

He’d been hit for what they’d been doing.

Jimin turns around again, ignoring the way Jungkook glances at him as he works the husk from his corncob, his thoughts still running a mile a minute inside of his mind.

“Why do you keep looking at Tae?”

Jimin glances up, looking at Jungkook who’s still working faithfully on the task at hand, undistracted by the conversation or worried thoughts like Jimin is.

“Uh… well I just… I was worried.” Jimin says the last word quietly, as though he should be ashamed of his concerns for another Alpha. He just has no idea how Jungkook will see it.

“Why? He’s an Alpha, this is his pack. He’s safe.” The younger Omega’s words are tense, and Jimin can’t help but notice the more aggressive way he’s begun to work.

“Yeah… yeah I guess…” Jimin says.

“If you know that then why are you worried? Do you think Tae worries about you?”

Jimin turns to give a wide-eyed stare at the Omega, stunned by his question, stunned by how painful it was to hear. His tongue stumbles around for a response, struggling to form a word other than ‘I don’t know’ before he finally gives up.

With a resigned sigh, he looks away from Jungkook as he shrugs the husk from his corncob. The scent of rotten apples is thick enough to have Jimin’s instincts rearing up, a warning hiss on the tip of his tongue but he bites it down.

The two sit in a silence that feels as though it stretches on for an eternity, however, judging by the sun Jimin decides it’s only been a few minutes. Crows sound from the trees a few yards away, the fire crackling as it gains power before them. Jimin mashes his lips together, his teeth gritting when Jungkook speaks again.

“I hate you, and I hate that Taehyung pities you. Maybe I hate Taehyung now too.”

Jimin stops working, staring blankly as the Omega’s words sink in. Jungkook may hate Taehyung because of him.

“It’s not Taehyung’s fault…” Jimin says quietly.

“Shut up, Jimin… just shut up… You took everything from me… You let him take everything from me… and now you’ve taken the only good thing I had left…” Jungkook is shaking, the rage in his voice has terrifying hisses ripping themselves a place between his words, filling the silence as he struggles to control himself.
“I’m sorry…” Jimin can’t bring himself to look at Jungkook.

“You don’t get to be sorry.” Jungkook growls. “I wish you’d just die.”

‘I wish I would too sometimes.’

Jimin doesn’t respond, staring quietly at the ground as the Omega beside him trembles with fear and anger. In Jungkook’s mind, he’s standing up to an Alpha and that’s terrifying, so Jimin can’t help but feel proud of how well he’s standing his ground.

Even if it hurts.

“I… I never wanted that to happen…” Jimin whispers against his better judgement.

“Don’t give me that bullshit…” Jungkook hisses, and it’s loud enough that Jimin is certain the pack will come running

But no one comes.

“You planned it… You planned it and Hoseok knew I was saving my virginity for Tae. He fucking knew, and I bet he told you and you two concocted this fucked up plan of yours.”

Jimin’s stomach twists up, anxiety washing through him as he inhales the rage rolling off of Jungkook. God, god he fucking deserves this. He deserves Jungkook’s hate, he deserves all of it.

“I’m sorry…” Jimin says again, and immediately Jungkook’s hand wraps around his neck, throwing him against the arm of the couch as Jungkook climbs over him, squeezing until Jimin chokes.

“Shut up! Stop saying you’re sorry! You don’t get to be fucking sorry! You’re the fucking worst and I-,” Jimin squeezes one eye open, but all he can see is pain across Jungkook’s face, tears threatening to spill from his eyes as his fingers squeeze harder.

“I w-want you to die… I want you both to die!”

Jimin doesn’t try to push Jungkook away as his grip tightens around his neck, nor does he think it’s a bad way to go. He really deserves this, he really is so fucked up. This is his fault, all of it is his fault.

He doesn’t try to block out the sounds of Jungkook crying, or the growls of rage he makes when his hand gets tired from squeezing around Jimin’s neck. Suffocation is painful, but it’s not as painful as being raped, and it’s not as painful as being abandoned. Suffocation is a pain Jimin can appreciate because it offers something better afterwards.

His chest begins to ache from the lack of oxygen, his mind feeling strangely light. This isn’t right and Jimin knows it, it won’t solve Taehyung’s problem and it’ll only hurt Jungkook more, but Jimin is selfish and maybe he just wants an excuse. He’s too much of a coward to die by his own hand anyway.

The pained cries above him are becoming distant, and just when Jimin thinks he might really be free, he feels Jungkook’s grip loosening.
“Y-you…” There’s a pause, and instinctively, Jimin inhales as much oxygen as he can while he can. “You s-smell… like… Omega…”

Jimin faintly registers the sound of the backdoor opening followed by a curse and a growl that sounds suspiciously like Taehyung. He doesn’t open his eyes as Jungkook’s hand disappears from around his neck, the warm scent of spearmint wrapping around him followed by the sound of someone being slapped.

“Jimin…” It’s Taehyung, and although Jimin doesn’t want to, he cracks his eyes open as his chest painfully accepts the oxygen his body greedily sucks in.

“Jimin, I want you to look at Jungkook.”

He searches the patio, finding Jungkook on the ground, one hand pressed against his cheek as he stares at Taehyung who is currently holding Jimin in his arms. It feels bad, it feels bad being stared at by Jungkook while Taehyung is doing this.

“Now…” Taehyung begins. Jimin knows what’s coming next, he knows and yet he doesn’t close his eyes. “Show Jungkook the fuckin’ truth, Omega.”

Jimin falls into the fog of an Alpha command, the pain in his chest and neck becoming less prevalent, the pounding of his head becoming a distant memory. With his eyes trained on Jungkook, Jimin is only faintly aware of the blue glow that overtakes his eyes, or the startled gasp that Jungkook lets out.

Jimin lets himself dissolve into the command, he finds safety in it.

Chapter End Notes

☆ There will be a poll on my Twitter! Polls are done a new way now. You'll click on my pinned post, and scroll down to where I've linked polls up. I'll be adding all the polls to one thread from now on, so feel free to bookmark it!

If you need something really thrilling and dirty to read while you wait, read this BDSM fic. Dom Yoongi, Dom Jimin, Taegi, Jikook, it's excellent.
He doesn’t know what to say, and strangely, Jimin feels like he should look away.

Jimin sits curled in on himself, his eyes drawn to the pavement as Taehyung holds Jungkook in his arms. He has no idea at which point Taehyung left him, he has no idea when the warm body heat left him to comfort Jungkook instead. The Alpha command had been a relief almost, freeing him of any responsibility for his actions, for his words. That level of control used to terrify Jimin, and maybe it still does, but right now he can’t help feeling happy that he didn’t have to witness Jungkook’s face as he exposed the truth. He didn’t have to consider the consequences, he didn’t have to feel abandoned when Taehyung left him.

Jimin’s lips press into a fine line as the sun continues to sink behind the trees. The grill is very nearly ready now, the smell of it blocks out any traces of spearmint or apples. Soon, the pack will be outside to cook the meats, and it’s possible that Jungkook will blurt out his secret, that he’ll have put two-and-two together about Taehyung and Jimin’s relationship. What will happen then?

“I-I’m so sorry…” Jungkook whispers. It’s barely audible to Jimin’s ears, but he forces himself to look over at the younger. Taehyung is whispering softly in Jungkook’s ear, his comforting pheromones encasing the Omega until Jimin can feel the tingle of jealousy. This isn’t how Jimin had pictured his confession going, he’d wanted to take Jungkook somewhere more private, somewhere where Jimin could really apologize for failing him. Truthfully, it’s a miracle that the rest of the pack didn’t notice them or didn’t come to investigate.

“I’m sorry…” Jungkook says it again, and this time, Jimin feels like he may not be talking to him.

There’s a lot Jimin wants to talk to Jungkook about, a lot that needs to be said. But for now, all he does is give a bitter smile, returning his eyes to the pavement as he tries to stuff down his jealousy. Ever since Taehyung began showing him kindness, Jimin has felt confused about his feelings for the Alpha, uncertain if what he wanted was instinctive or something more. His neck aches from where Jungkook’s hands had been, his hands frozen from the cold despite the fire and heater.

“I’m not mad at you, Kookie,” Taehyung says quietly. It’s as though Jimin has been dropped from the conversation completely, walls blocking him out, reminding him that Taehyung is not his, that he’s never been his. He tries to sit up straighter, to open himself up from the hunched position he’s been sitting in, but it feels too vulnerable.

“We should all talk… soon… when the rest of the pack isn’t here.” The Alpha’s words are gentle, as though coaxing an injured animal from hiding. They seem to work as Jungkook nods while Taehyung begins to wipe the tears from his face. His apple scent is so much stronger now, but it’s still a little sour, even above the bold scent of a finally warmed grill.
Jimin hunches over again, his elbows pressing to his knees as the final few traces of the command fade from his mind. Without even the thinnest veil of fog, he’s too aware of the two sitting a couple feet away, he’s too aware of what he lacks. The Omega drops his gaze again as Jungkook really begins to calm down. He’s been shaking for a while now, and although Jimin had been cautious of Taehyung’s behavior before, he can now clearly see the love the Alpha has for Jungkook, and the love Jungkook has for Taehyung.

He’s probably upset because he has Taehyung back, because Jimin didn’t really take the one good thing he has left. Or maybe he’s upset because he’s realized that he nearly lost Tae to Jimin for a completely different reason. Jimin doesn’t know Jungkook, not really, but he still feels guilty for the way he’s latched onto the Alpha, and the guilt is heavier than a bowling ball in his stomach.

Leaning back against the wicker couch, Jimin stares into the small fire sitting just a few feet away. It’s contained by a black iron base, the flames crackling as they lick the air. They’ll probably be scolded for not finishing the corn, but Jimin can’t find the motivation to continue. Instead, he can’t stop thinking about the feeling of Jungkook’s hands around his neck, the lack of oxygen that had his head pounding and his chest aching.

He can’t stop thinking about the way he didn’t stop him, the feeling of repose as he allowed that sort of an ending.

“What the fuck am I doing…”

He drops his head back against the hard back of the couch—just as the back door opens. Seokjin appears with a glass bowl in his hand, slabs of meat soaking in a marinade sit like a disgusting mess inside of it.

“What happened?” He immediately asks, eyeing Jungkook and Taehyung.

“He’s just tired.” Taehyung says, “The stress finally got to him.”

Seokjin doesn’t appear convinced. Jimin can see the wheels in his head turning as his gaze shifts from Taehyung and Jungkook, to Jimin before his gaze narrows slightly.

“I see…”

It really looks bad that for the second time in one day, Seokjin has come upon an either crying or furious Jungkook. It must look like Jimin is doing something wrong, and that Taehyung is oblivious to it. Without a doubt, Jimin knows he’ll have to answer those questions later.

Jimin is the only one scolded for the un-shucked corn, but thankfully Namjoon points out that the amount of corn that had been shucked—is more than enough for the pack. Jimin is quietly thankful for the pack leader, despite Seokjin’s exhaustion. Namjoon goes out of his way to smile at Jimin, assuring him that he did a good job before returning to his task.

After cleaning up the corn husks, Jimin is tasked with helping out in other ways. He helps Hoseok clean up and make side-dishes, and he bites his lip when the Alpha takes his opportunity to squeeze his ass. It still sickens him to have Hoseok’s hands on him, but he knows better than to resist when the pack is nearby. Something tells him Hoseok won’t think twice about exposing his
secret to everyone, and really, it’s just not worth the risk.

When all that’s left is the wait for the meat to finish cooking, Jimin sneaks off to his room, checking his phone for an email back from his professor and trying not to feel disappointed when he finds nothing. It’s likely his professor is on some sort of vacation, or maybe he doesn’t check his email outside of office hours. The Omega thinks up various reasons, but in the end, he knows he’s just trying to distract himself from the other thoughts weighing on him.

What’s really bothering him, is the underlying tension in the air despite the casual conversation and laughter. Taehyung’s gaze finds him several times when they’re together, though Hoseok’s glare swiftly puts an end to that. Jimin can’t help but wonder what the rest of the pack said about Hoseok slapping Tae, or whether they said anything at all. Jimin will be the first to admit that he really doesn’t understand pack dynamics, maybe what Hoseok did is normal.

Or maybe it’s another clue to the larger picture that he’s missing.

When the food is finally finished, they all pile into the living room to watch the movie that had been suggested earlier. Despite Jimin’s attempts to maintain a safe distance from Hoseok, the Alpha makes a point of getting up and moving closer, smiling wide at him as if to say, ‘you can’t escape so easily’.

It’s a little difficult for Jimin to focus on his food or the movie. Between Hoseok’s hand around his waist and the subtle discomfort of the pack as a whole, he can feel his stomach tightening up. It’s strange, almost eerie, the way the pack operates. Taehyung had mentioned some strangeness before, but now that Jimin is actually witnessing it with his own eyes, he understands how unsettling it is to live with. Namjoon appears to almost ignore Jungkook, but then Seokjin seems to keep an observant, yet quiet eye on him. It’s as if everyone is waiting for something from the younger Omega, and he knows that anticipation must’ve been stronger prior to Jimin’s arrival. In the couple of days Jimin has been here, he’s also felt as though there are eyes constantly on him.

Mindlessly, Jimin places small bites of food into his mouth, his eyes unfocused on the screen as he tries to understand what is happening.

What is he missing…

His eyes flicker to the elder pack members. Namjoon and Seokjin are sitting together as usual, and on the other side of the couch, Taehyung and Jungkook are cuddling up. It aches a bit to watch, but Jimin refuses to give it too much thought as he redirects his attention to the TV. Whatever it is that he’s overlooking, he’ll probably find it in their bedrooms.

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It’s the following evening when Yoongi arrives home. Jimin had spent his day playing video games with Taehyung and Jungkook, each of them casually ignoring the elephant in the room as they mindlessly busted up each other’s characters. Hoseok had walked by a few times, looking more and more irritated with each passing second. It’s possible the Alpha was counting on animosity between the two Omegas, and maybe now he’s annoyed to find them getting along. It’s nice, Jimin thinks, to not be the only one missing something.

However, at the sound of the front door being opened followed by Namjoon and Seokjin loudly greeting someone, Taehyung pauses the game before they all file out to see what the commotion is about.
Jimin watches awkwardly from the top of the staircase as Yoongi is hugged and scented by the pack. One-by-one they take their turn, and Jimin doesn’t miss the tension which causes the Alpha’s body to become rigid as Hoseok takes his turn. Once all five pack members have properly greeted their packmate, Yoongi’s gaze travels up the staircase, locking onto Jimin’s as something flickers within his eyes.

“Hey, Jimin.” Yoongi’s voice is neutral as always, but Jimin still finds his mouth drying as his wolf grows restless in the company of his intended mate. It’s unsettling, like his stomach is fluttering despite his inability to do anything.

He can’t confess his secret to Yoongi, he can’t tell him that he’s an Omega, that they’re intended mates.

“Hey, Yoongi.”

“Ok, everyone stop crowding him now.” Seokjin waves his hands to disperse the small crowd, a smile on his lips as Yoongi shifts the backpack slung over one shoulder. “Go set your things down, have you eaten?”

Yoongi shakes his head as the rest of the pack trickles out towards the living room, Taehyung and Jungkook excitedly chatting, having seemingly forgotten about Jimin. It feels awkward to just wait at the top of the stairs, so Jimin quietly retreats towards his room. It’s not like he really has anything to do here, but until the base of the staircase is free from the traffic jam called ‘Yoongi’, he thinks this is the only place he can really go.

As he crawls onto his bed, he hears Yoongi’s footsteps on the staircase, the rustle of his backpack and the softness of his sigh. It’s weird, but then again, Yoongi’s room is near the guest room, near Jimin’s room.

Of course he can hear him.

Taking out his phone, he clicks onto his personal email, skimming over the spam before switching to his student email. There are a few updates from his professors, some mentioning that grades have been uploaded, others wishing them a happy break.

The one Jimin cares about though, is the one from his politics professor.

‘Hello Jimin,

I saw this headline first thing and I do plan to discuss it as a class. This is the sort of response I had anticipated although I don’t expect our government will follow through with the ‘request’. However, it’s a step in the right direction nonetheless!

I hope you’re having a wonderful and safe break,’

Although he had hoped to hear more of his professor’s thoughts on it, Jimin is happy to have received a response at all. It’s never really been clear to him whether his professor is an Alpha or a Beta, he’s never been close enough to find out. Yet, somehow, he hopes his professor is an Alpha, if only to prove something to him.

There’s a soft knock on his partially open door, Jimin’s eyes snapping over before he spots Yoongi
through the thin gap. Pushing himself up, he slides his legs over the edge of his bed before calling out for the Alpha to come in.

Yoongi looks tired more than anything. His skin appears a shade paler than usual, dark circles hug the underside of his eyes. Perhaps right now, he even looks thinner than before, but that could also just be a consequence of the oversized black hoodie he has on.

“Can we talk?”

Jimin’s breath stills as Yoongi takes a step closer, his hands dug deep into the pockets of his acid washed skinny jeans before he comes to a stop in the middle of Jimin’s room.

“Oh, yeah sure. What’s up?” Jimin’s trying to be casual, trying to pretend as though there isn’t something he’s deeply afraid of. Really, he’s not sure if it’s working.

The Omega watches as Yoongi fidgets, clearly uncomfortable and anxious about whatever it is he wants to discuss. To avoid becoming distressed himself, Jimin uses the brief silence to remind himself to breathe.

All he can do now is breathe.

“Can we actually… go somewhere else to talk?” Yoongi raises his gaze, watching Jimin as his scent whispers along the guest room walls. It’s a lot to be around Taehyung’s scent, but it’s so much more to be around Yoongi’s.

“Somewhere else?”

“Yeah, I just….” Yoongi pauses, slipping one hand out to rub the back of his neck before glancing over his shoulder. “It’s private.”

Alarm bells go off in Jimin’s mind. He still has no idea what to think about Yoongi and going off alone with him would probably be the most reckless thing he could do. Intended mate or not, Yoongi is an Alpha, one he really doesn’t know as well as he wishes he did.

“I uh… have… plans with Taehyung…” He lies.

Yoongi’s face drops, his lips pressing together as he rubs his neck a bit harder.

“Can you cancel?”

Jimin’s hands ball into fists against his comforter, anxiety knocking around the inside of his chest.

“I can’t, sorry.”

Yoongi nods before looking at Jimin again.

“Another time then… Sorry for bothering you.”

“It’s okay.” Jimin watches as Yoongi slowly turns, hesitation shadowing each of his movements as he leaves. It’s clear that the Alpha had been waiting for something, maybe hoping Jimin would change his mind or suddenly have time. Maybe if Jimin weren’t such a coward, maybe if he weren’t afraid of just what an Alpha can do…

‘I hurt enough already…’ He lets the thought pass over his mind, frowning before he shakes it out.
‘I can take it.’ He tells himself instead. ‘I can take anything now.’

Jimin can still hear Yoongi shuffling about in his room, his mind a whirlwind of thoughts as he listens to the Alpha unpacking his backpack and loading his dresser up. This isn’t really any different than it had been at home, he probably still won’t see Yoongi that often, and even if he does, he can use it as an opportunity to observe him and maybe try to figure out the missing piece.

Falling back against his bed, he spreads his arms out wide, staring up at his ceiling as the setting sun draws long shadows around his room. Maybe it’s only been a few days but overall, he feels like his stay with the pack hasn’t been nearly as horrible as he had imagined it. Hoseok more or less leaves him alone, and although the pack is strange, they’ve been polite and welcoming. Somehow, in his mind, he had imagined an absolute nightmare, granted those worries had probably only been the product of his own anxiety and paranoia.

The Omega sighs. Although Hoseok hasn’t left him completely alone and although the pack is strange, he’s thankful for his unmarked scent gland, and he’s thankful for the kindness. Even more than that, he’s trying to view this break as an opportunity to begin creating a way out. Surely Hoseok has a weakness, the pack has a weakness… If he can just find it and use it…

His phone vibrates against the bed, Jimin’s hand slowly fishing around on the comforter until he finds it and holds it up over his face.

From Taehyung (17:39):
Come downstairs!

A small smile crosses his face as he sits up and slides out of bed. Being forgotten isn’t really a good feeling, especially not in another pack’s territory. So just having a text from Taehyung, even one this small inviting him to join them, feels nice.

As he leaves his room, he glances into Yoongi’s, spotting the Alpha folding clothes and putting them away. Yoongi looks tired, the faint complication of cinnamon and something more; drifts from his room. Jimin hesitates for the slimmest of seconds, his voice catching in his throat as he’s surprised to find his instincts encouraging him to go to Yoongi.

‘Why?’

He forces himself to keep walking, confusion written across his face as he descends the staircase. His instincts want him to go to Yoongi, to comfort him despite having not yet received a signal from Yoongi’s wolf. Whenever Yoongi’s wolf recognizes him as his mate, Jimin should know, he should know because their instincts should go wild when they’re in the same room together.

But it hasn’t happened yet, so what do his instincts know that he doesn’t? Why is his gut telling him to talk to Yoongi, to have that conversation he had wanted earlier…?

It’s late by the time they get the bonfire going. The freezing night air is made more bearable by the coat Taehyung once again lends him, and despite an uncomfortable seat beside Hoseok on the log, he’s finding it easier and easier to ignore the Alpha and his unsettling scent.

The fire is enormous thanks to Namjoon’s positioning of the wood and kindling, thick flames
loudly crackle and lick the air as tiny embers travel towards the sky. The size of the fire makes it difficult for Jimin to really see Yoongi seated on the other side, but the occasional gaps between the flames grants him what he was afraid he would see.

Yoongi, watching him.

Jimin drops his gaze toward the burning wood as Seokjin loudly laughs at something Taehyung said. He doesn’t want to look at Yoongi, and he doesn’t want to think about what that look in his eye means. It’s counter-productive, but he’s scared. He’s afraid of what he might find out. Instead, he glances around the cozy set up, eyeing the three logs sat in a circle around the fire, a few feet of distance providing safety from the heat. Seokjin, Namjoon, and Yoongi are sharing one log, while Jungkook and Taehyung are cuddling close on another one.

It shouldn’t bother him to see Taehyung and Jungkook together, after-all, he has no feelings for the Alpha and he barely knows Jungkook. So why does he feel so guilty?

“Here,” Jimin feels something being pressed into his hand, his heavy thoughts slipping away.

“A stick…” He mumbles as Hoseok reaches down beside the log again.

“Yeah, we don’t use those modern melter stick things.” The Alpha holds out two large marshmallows, and something inside of Jimin recoils.

“Oh… I don’t… I don’t know if I want to…”

“Come on, you have to.” Hoseok’s hand encases his, forcing his palm to tilt slightly so that he can impale the marshmallows on the tip of the stick. The tension in his body is visible and Jimin knows it, but all around him all he can hear is the tail end of words or sentences, the crackling of the fire, and the quiet hum from Hoseok’s chest.

“There you go.” Hoseok releases him, though his gaze remains on Jimin, studying the Omega for a moment before he smiles. “You’re going to sleep in my room tonight, right?”

Jimin freezes, his eyes leveling with Hoseok’s yet not finding a single trace of humor in them. The Alpha is really so impossible to read and Jimin never really feels comfortable trying to assume his next move or understand his thought process. He’s either cruel or he’s kind, but the kindness he shows is a double-edged blade that Jimin doesn’t want to wrap his hand around anymore.

He subconsciously lurches forward, his throat tight as his heart pounds hard against his chest. He doesn’t want to, he doesn’t want to be anywhere near Hoseok.

“If not you then…” Hoseok’s voice drops as he leans in closer to Jimin, his breath grazing the Omega’s ear. “Maybe Kookie?”

The tension tangles itself inside of Jimin’s throat, his mouth opening as whispered words fall out, emotionless.

“N-no, me… I’ll do it…”

Hoseok smiles, and as his hand runs down Jimin’s back, the Omega isn’t sure if he’s feeling it or if he’s feeling the wind.
“That makes me really happy, you’re already learning. I’ve trained you so well.”

Jimin feels sick.

He isn’t sure how much time passes before he finally remembers the stick in his hand, or the marshmallows attached to the end of it. Namjoon has fed the fire a few times since Jimin agreed to sleep in Hoseok’s room, and although he really shouldn’t be zoning out while surrounded by a pack he doesn’t really know well, his thoughts are far too smothering to be ignored.

Bending his wrist, he slowly leans the marshmallows toward the flames. Around him, he casually listens in on the conversation taking place. Something about Yoongi’s song, something about a bar, he can’t really keep up, but nobody is really paying him any attention… Except for Yoongi that is…

Through the flames, he catches a brief glimpse of the Alpha, his eyes still narrowed and set on Jimin’s, his features hardened. It’s intimidating and Jimin’s pulse quickens as he draws his stick further back from the flames, purposefully putting more distance between them as though Yoongi is an active threat.

“Joonie, the fire’s dying.” Hoseok whines from beside him. Jimin hadn’t really noticed it before but looking at it now he’s overly aware of how small the fire has grown, and how visible Yoongi is over it compared to before.

“It’s not that small…” Seokjin says, shooting Hoseok a perplexed stare.

“Yeah, plus, how much longer do we want to be out here?” Taehyung chimes in. There’s no softness in his gaze like there had been in Seokjin’s. Instead, Taehyung’s jaw is tight, his eyes slightly narrowed as if to convey just how little he trusts Hoseok.

“Let’s just feed it one more time.” Hoseok insists to which Namjoon sighs.

“Oh, fine.” Namjoon rises, handing his bare stick off to Seokjin before he steps over the log and walks back up towards the house. Nobody else says anything more about it, but Jimin does find his eyes trapped in the slowly shrinking flames.

It’s probably because… Hoseok doesn’t want Jimin to see Yoongi, not even through the fire.

Jimin sits down on the edge of Hoseok’s bed, his heart hammering as the Alpha is in the bathroom, brushing his teeth in preparation for bed. Just as he had feared, Hoseok has seemingly grown more protective, more territorial. He kept himself glued to Jimin’s side, not allowing any other Alpha near him, not allowing Yoongi to speak to him when he asked again if Jimin would please just go talk to him.

His stomach knots up as he wonders what Yoongi wants to talk about. The expressions on his face tonight didn’t look good, so Jimin can only assume the worst. It may be something worth looking into, maybe if he can pull Taehyung aside, maybe if Yoongi will even tell him with Taehyung present.

Jimin’s hands ball into fists on his lap as he recalls the pained expression Taehyung had sent him
earlier. He had tried to drag Jimin away from Hoseok, to save him once he realized what was going on between them. However, Jimin had pulled away, assured him quietly that he had to go, that he wanted to, and then he had watched as Taehyung’s face cycled between so many types of pain that Jimin felt the marshmallows crawling back up his throat.

It’s for the best, and that’s what he keeps trying to tell himself. He’s only doing this to protect Jungkook, because he couldn’t protect him in the first place, because he can’t let him get hurt again. It’s nonsensical when Jimin really thinks about it. He’s fine with emotionally wounding the Omega by engaging in some sort of affair with his partner, and yet he isn’t fine with allowing him to be physically wounded by the vicious force of an unrelated Alpha. Instead, Jimin takes the pain himself and smiles to ensure Jungkook doesn’t feel any guilt weighing him down.

It really doesn’t make any sense.

Jimin grits his teeth, a bitter smile crossing his lips as he raises his head to glance around the room. He’ll be in here soon enough, snooping, taking his time to really find whatever it is that Hoseok is hiding. On first glance, he can’t really see anything out of the ordinary. Hoseok’s room is clean, his walls lined with posters but also paintings. His bed is neatly made and smells strongly of both him and laundry detergent, his bedside table is free of dust and trash. There’s really nothing unusual about Hoseok’s room, nothing except for the various safes planted around the room.

Beneath the Alpha’s desk, Jimin can see a large metal safe with a combination lock, and beneath Hoseok’s bed, he knows there’s another safe, or that’s what it had looked like when he first walked in.

Finally, Jimin’s eyes dart to the bookshelf to the right of the door, a smaller, portable safe resting onttop of it.

Who the fuck keeps so many portable safes and just *what* does he put in them?

The bathroom door in the hallway opens, Jimin’s heart sinks into his stomach as he watches Hoseok approaching, a predatory stare in his eyes. As Jimin tries not to let himself shudder beneath the weight of it, he spots Yoongi walking by from above Hoseok’s shoulder, the Alpha’s eyes meeting his in what feels like the longest split second of his life.

“Are you ready?” Hoseok closes his door, twisting the lock that hammers the last nail into Jimin’s coffin. He feels so closed off from the rest of the pack suddenly, but the shadows he can see moving beneath the door tell him that Yoongi is still lingering in the hallway, it’s not a comforting fact, but a worrying one.

“Can we make a deal?” Jimin sits up straighter, squaring his shoulders as he affixes his best play at confidence. Giving it no mind, the Alpha moves around his room, opening windows to let the freezing night air in, and plugging in wall fresheners.

“These are de-scenting wall plug-ins.” He says airily, ignoring Jimin’s original question. The Omega watches him fill each outlet with one, his lips pressed firmly together as he struggles to hold his resolve together.

“Great.” It’s at least one problem solved. “But I still want to make a deal.”

Hoseok continues to ignore him, pulling his shirt over his head and dropping it into the dirty
clothes hamper near the door before approaching Jimin. “Take your clothes off.”

Jimin tenses, pulling his shoulders up but fighting not to lose face. He promised Taehyung he would protect Jungkook, that he would never let Hoseok hurt him again. For as little power as he has over Hoseok, he can at least strike a deal.

“I’m trying to ask yo-,” The Alpha reaches for Jimin’s shirt, pulling it until it’s halfway up his back, forcing the Omega to lean forward as he pulls his shirt off and tosses it to the floor. There’s something more forceful in his movements, something strange. Jimin’s heart pounds even harder at the unknown, his hands coming up to try and ward the Alpha off as Hoseok reaches for his pants next.

“Stop! I want to make a deal!” Hoseok’s fingers shoot out, gripping Jimin by his jaw and holding him tightly as he stares into the Omega’s eyes.

“Why would I make a deal with you? You’re just shouting nonsense. Stop yelling before the rest of the pack comes to investigate. Your little mate is already hanging out outside.”

Jimin’s breath catches, and Hoseok takes that as a greenlight. Releasing his jaw, he moves to press on his chest instead, forcing his back against the bed as his free hand works to undo the buttons on Jimin’s pants. It still feels disgusting, but Jimin swallows it down and focuses on making his voice work.

“I won’t yell, I’ll cooperate.” He says as the Alpha drags his zipper down. “I’ll let you do whatever you want, and I’ll do anything you want, just make me this deal, okay?” Keeping his voice stable is hard work, he can feel his breath shuddering, anxiety overflowing as he shakes beneath the Alpha’s hand.

He shouldn’t be so afraid of what’s going to happen, it’s happened so many times before that he should just be able to take it. But somehow, he feels like he’s going to cry.

“Fine, tell me about your deal.” Hoseok stands up straight, his hands leaving Jimin’s body as he crosses his arms over his chest instead. It takes Jimin a second, his teeth capturing his bottom lip as he pushes himself up on his elbows.

He really does look like a whore right now…

“I’ll always… always c-cooperate… whenever you… want sex… but in exchange just… just leave… l-leave Jungkook alone…”

Hoseok stares.
His brown eyes showcase flakes of red, his eyebrows furrowed as he narrows his gaze on the Omega. It feels heavy, like someone is sitting on his chest, like he’s stripped beneath the brightest of lights. Mostly, he’s terrified of what Hoseok will say, that he might refuse, that he might say he has no reason not to just use both Omegas.

Jimin inhales, a shadow flickering beneath the door.

“I don’t need to make a deal with you, Jimin. You’re my boyfriend and my future mate, you know that.”

The Omega can feel his heart sinking, his hands curling into fists as he drops his gaze.
“I know… but… but please…”

“Do you really think that highly of yourself? That you’re worth the value of two Omegas? That you’re somehow so great that I don’t need Jungkook, only you?” Hoseok laughs low and haunting. He’s mocking Jimin, and it’s working. It feels like his heart is being squeezed, like his chest is just going to cave in or pop.

“That’s not what I-,”

“If you stop taking your heat suppressants, then I’ll agree.”

Jimin’s heart stills, and strangely it feels as though he’s gone from speeding at sixty miles per hour to suddenly being slammed to an abrupt stop. He has no choice, no option, and yet he still stutters as his tongue fails to act in his mouth.

“You won’t do it?” Hoseok asks.

“I will.” Jimin says quickly. “I’ll do it…”

He exhales as Hoseok’s hand presses back against his chest, pushing him to lay down again as his thumb rubs gently over one of his nipples. It feels like he’s just laid down in front of a tiger, like he’s given a wild animal permission to eat him.

“Wonderful… Bring me your pills tomorrow and give me an idea of when you’ll go into heat… Maybe I’ll mate you then… give you my knot… my pups…”

Jimin shudders as the Alpha tugs at his jeans, slowly forcing them down as he lays completely still on the bed. The room is freezing, but all he can focus on is the Alpha hovering over him, and the way he’s definitely just sold himself to him.

“O-okay…”

“And… if you don’t go into heat… if I find out you lied to me and kept taking them… I’ll fuck Jungkook in front of you… I’ll bring him to meet my friends and give them all a turn… Just like I’m going to do with you… I think you still need more training, and we have a new batch ready.”

Tears prick the Omega’s eyes as he nods, swallowing the knot in his throat and trying to convince himself that this is for the best. It’s better that it’s him and not Jungkook, it’s better this way. Jimin chose this.

“Good boy… always such a good boy…”

Jimin is the first one to wake up the next morning. Bruises litter his arms, legs and hips. Hickeys sucked into his skin leave purple and black marks along his collarbones, shoulders, and across his chest. Last night hadn’t been kind, or comfortable, and the introduction of a gag had made it impossible for Jimin to scream loud enough to be heard by any other pack members. It’s for the best and he knows that, he knows he wouldn’t have wanted the room stormed by other Alpha’s while he’s covered in slick and in the process of being fucked, but maybe sometimes he wishes someone would save him for a change.
Moving is painful and slow, but Jimin manages to slip out of bed without rousing Hoseok. So many parts of him ache that he almost can’t believe it, but he manages to drop to his knees, collecting his clothes before pulling them on and slipping out of the freezing room.

The rest of the house is warm, and Jimin can hear that at least one other person is awake right now. Slinking into his room, he collects a change of clothes, carrying them into the bathroom before stripping again, washing away the evidence of last night before drying off and eying the bruises in the mirror. Hoseok had kept telling him that it was training. Jimin was being trained to enjoy spreading his legs, to be good at it, to know what Hoseok likes and to be better equipped at pleasing his friends too.

Jimin can’t bring himself to look himself in the eye in the mirror, so he turns away from it, spraying down with the synthetic Alpha scent before pulling his clothes on.

Strangely enough, all Jimin really wants to do right now is run. It might be a side-effect of so many emotions piling up, or it might be an instinctive urge to escape the root of his distress. Without knowing the reasoning, he leaves the bathroom, retrieving his running shoes and a light jacket before pulling them on. Another thing he’s trying not to think about is Yoongi, the way he had just hovered outside of Hoseok’s room last night, the way he’d looked at him. He should trust Yoongi, after-all, the Alpha was, and still is, his roommate. But then again, Jimin still feels betrayed by the fact that Yoongi stood outside of his bedroom all those nights ago and did nothing to help him.

Does he deserve to feel betrayed?

It’s complicated and just thinking about it always leaves Jimin’s lips mashed together with his eyebrows furrowed. Just on that basis that they’re intended mates, does that mean Yoongi is obligated to help him?

Is it possible Yoongi felt it was consensual, the sex…?

Or can it be that Yoongi didn’t so much as not help as he couldn’t help… What if Hoseok has that much power over him as well?

This is where Jimin really becomes frustrated with his own brain. He foremost hates that he doesn’t feel smart enough to grasp the reasoning behind these things, but he also believes that the answer to all of his questions, everything he needs to know, lies within one of the pack members. One of them, or maybe all of them, know something that Jimin doesn’t know.

If he knew, then maybe he would understand why Yoongi just watched.

Jimin slips out of his room, quietly tip-toeing down the staircase. Just as his hand touches the cold doorknob, he hears a door upstairs opening, his stomach dropping into his feet.

“Jimin?”

Jungkook’s voice is hushed yet still slurred by the embrace of sleep. Jimin relaxes immediately as the younger Omega sleepily rubs his eyes, his hair still a total disaster. Pressing one finger against his lips, Jimin smiles before gently making a running motion.

“I’m just going for a run, Kookie. I’ll be back.”

The bleary-eyed omega tilts his head slightly, looking down at himself in an oversized white t-shirt
and gym shorts.

“I wanna come, wait for me.”

Against his better judgement, Jimin agrees. He’s been needing to have a conversation with Jungkook since anyway. He was never able to really properly apologize for the horror he caused, and he was never able to try and at least absolve some of the younger’s burden.

Jimin waits quietly at the base of the staircase, his eyes trained on his old gray pumas as he gently rolls his ankle. It’s early enough that he’s not too terribly worried about the whole pack waking up, but he’s still eager to leave before someone like Hoseok can try to tag along as well. What a situation that would be, letting such a monster alone with both Jimin and Jungkook.

Fortunately, the elder Omega doesn’t have to wait for too long before Jungkook appears, his t-shirt changed into a black sport shirt, a pair of black running shoes held in one hand. Jungkook laces up his shoes at the base of the staircase, and once they’re finally on tight, Jimin quietly opens the door just wide enough for the two to slip out.

Having Jungkook with him makes things a bit easier in a few ways. The first being that Jungkook has a key to the house, the second being that Jimin has no fucking idea where he is really.

With his own lack of direction in mind, Jimin tells Jungkook to decide on the route before the two begin into a slow jog, just something to relieve some of the pent-up stress the two of them have. Although Jungkook knows the truth about him now, Jimin can still feel some tension, which means he has to address it.

“I know you want to ask me something, so just ask.” Jimin says as they jog through the winding concrete path between trees.

Jungkook glances at him for a moment before staring forward again. He’s doing a good job keeping pace with Jimin, though Jimin isn’t the fittest person in the world.

“I just… why do you spend so much time with Hoseok knowing he’s a bad person?”

Jimin’s expression remains unchanged, his eyes trained down the path as he tries to decide how he should respond. Of course, Jungkook’s first thought may not be that Jimin is in a similar position, it probably looks like Jimin is here of his own volition, and that he spends time with Hoseok of his own volition. However, before he can respond, the younger Omega speaks again.

“I mean, I heard him in your room the other day…”

“Which day?” Jimin asks quickly as Jungkook gives him a bit of a wide-eyed stare.

“Uh, the first day you came here… I was playing video games with Tae and when I went to get some water, I heard Hoseok in your room.”

Jimin bites his lip for a moment, but he doesn’t stop running.

“We’re not friends.” He says finally. “He’s blackmailing me. I can’t turn him away even if I want to.”

Jungkook is the first one to stop running, and shortly after, Jimin jogs to a stop a few feet away.
“You need to tell Namjoon.” The Omega’s expression is dark, his features set so seriously that Jimin can’t help but recall the sensation of hands around his neck. The bruises were at least disguisable beneath another turtleneck.

“It’s not that simple.” Jimin says.

“Then tell Taehyung, he’ll stop him.”

“Jungkook… I’m doing everything I can…” It’s not like Jimin can look at this boy and admit that he isn’t sure if he can trust Namjoon. It’s not like he can tell him that Taehyung knows. There’s only so many times Jimin wants to watch Jungkook’s heart break right before his eyes.

“You can’t let him get away with it, Jimin… I mean… I know we’re Omegas and this is like… what we’re supposed to be used for but…” Jimin smiles at the ‘but’. Jungkook knows his worth is more than just acting as a cock warmer, he knows that he deserves better.

“I know, Kookie… Don’t worry, okay?” Jimin takes a few steps closer, smiling softly at the boy who looks so much younger suddenly. The hard lines of his initial intensity have now softened into the worry of a child. It’s sweet, it’s sweet to have someone worrying about him when Jimin’s spent so long worrying about himself and then not worrying about even himself.

“I promise I’m not… I’m not just going to let it keep happening… I’m working on a way to make him stop completely, so that we’ll both be safe.”

Jungkook considers this, his gaze dropping as his breaths come out in white puffs. Now that they’ve stopped running, Jimin is more aware of the cold, goosebumps prickling his arms and legs as he becomes restless.

“Come on, let’s keep going.”

The rest of the pack is awake by the time Jungkook and Jimin return. They receive strange glances, Taehyung worried face appearing as he runs over to meet them in the doorway.

“What if you were taken?! You can’t leave by yourself! Don’t do that to me, Kookie!”

The Alpha’s anxiety is written so clearly all over his face, and Jimin can feel the guilt spilling inside of him as the rest of the pack curiously watches the display.

“I’m sorry.” Jungkook starts, his hands coming to cover Taehyung’s. “We just went for a run.”

“What if you were taken?! You can’t leave by yourself! Don’t do that to me, Kookie!”

The Alpha’s anxiety is written so clearly all over his face, and Jimin can feel the guilt spilling inside of him as the rest of the pack curiously watches the display.

“Tae, he was with Jimin.” Namjoon points out, a quiet attempt at soothing the upset Alpha.

“They’re taking unmated Omegas.” Yoongi says from where he’s sandwiched between Seokjin and the wall. “You should’ve left a note.”

Jimin glances at Yoongi, spotting Hoseok standing just behind him, amusement on his face as
Seokjin sighs. “Look, it’s probably not a good idea if a non-pack Alpha takes Jungkook out like that. I mean, I’m not saying I don’t trust Jimin… but he’s not a strong Alpha, he couldn’t have protected Kookie against several Alphas.”

“We were fine.” Jungkook assures Taehyung. “We stayed off of public roads, we were on a trail.”

“For the sake of your safety, let’s just agree to keep you with the pack, okay?” Seokjin smiles softly as Hoseok turns and disappears into the kitchen. Jimin looks between the pack members, his eyes falling on Yoongi who appears to be deep in thought.

“I’m just worried about you… both of you…” Taehyung’s hands fall from Jungkook’s face, his expression softening as Jungkook offers a small smile.

“I’m sorry, Tae… I just saw Jimin leaving and thought… it would be fun to go for a run.”

“Why don’t we all go for a run tonight?” Namjoon says suddenly.

“Huh?” Taehyung turns, glancing at the Alpha from over his shoulder.

“We have this whole forest behind us, we could shift and go for a run. We haven’t done that in a while.” The head Alpha glances between his pack members first before finally looking at Jimin.

“Will you come?”

Jimin hesitates, uncertain about whether or not it’s a good idea for him to shift in the company of the pack. Omega’s are smaller; thus, his wolf form is smaller too, and he really has no idea whether or not his synthetic scent is effective when he’s in his wolf form.

“M-maybe…” He chances, glancing at Taehyung who raises an eyebrow. He can’t be sure if the Alpha is understanding his concerns, but he smiles awkwardly before looking back at Namjoon.

“I hope you will, the forest is full of deer, there’s nothing better than the hunt, right?” The Alpha grins, patting Seokjin on the back as Taehyung steps away from Jungkook. Jimin doesn’t want to admit that he’s never hunted as it’s common for Alpha’s to take their first hunt shortly after presenting, so instead he just smiles and nods while Yoongi stares at the floor.

“Breakfast will be ready soon.” Namjoon turns heading back into the kitchen with Seokjin trailing behind. With only Yoongi, Taehyung, and Jungkook left behind, Jimin shifts his attention between the other three before looking towards the staircase, an escape route.

“Jimin…”

Jimin pauses from where he had begun to ascend the stairs, Yoongi’s hands fidgeting in his pants pockets.

“Can we talk now? Please?” There’s desperation in his voice, his eyes watching Jimin, almost pleading with him to spare him even just a moment of his time. But Jimin’s afraid, and he doesn’t really know why exactly, but he’s afraid of what Yoongi is going to say.

“I can’t…” He says quietly. “I’m sorry.”

“Jimin, please… let me help you…”
The Omega freezes, his heart slamming into his sternum as ice pours itself through his veins. He can feel the tension, the scent of spearmint swelling followed by apples. They’re not in a private place, they’re not even really being that quiet, what Yoongi’s doing is dangerous.

“I don’t need your help…” Jimin says quietly. “I have no idea what you’re talking about…”

“Jimin…” Taehyung begins.

The Omega shoots him a look, and he’s positive he looks more terrified than he does threatening as he reaches for the wooden banister on the staircase. “Tae, shouldn’t you take Jungkook somewhere else?”

“What are we all talking about?” Hoseok appears from the kitchen, a dish towel in his hands as his eyes traveling between Yoongi and Taehyung before they finally settle on Jimin. “Are we harassing Jiminie?”

“It’s fine…” Jimin says quickly. He’d promised he would cooperate, and Yoongi’s reckless words are about to ruin the closest thing to safety that Jimin has managed to assure for any Omega.

“Oh? It sounded like Yoongi was giving you a hard time…” The tension thickens as Yoongi and Hoseok stare at each other, the seconds seemingly slowing. It’s almost like a challenge, no, it is a challenge. Hoseok is challenging Yoongi.

Jemin can feel his mouth drying as he steps away from the staircase, forcing his legs closer to the two Alphas. He isn’t sure exactly why he feels the need to protect Yoongi considering he doesn’t even know if he can trust him, but instinctively, he knows he needs to.

“It’s fine, Hoseok… Come on…” Jimin’s stomach feels like it’s dropping down through his feet, anxiety crawling along his skin as Hoseok’s eyes refuse to leave Yoongi’s. There’s animosity, aggression that makes Jimin want to recoil from the pair.

But Hoseok finally looks at him.

“If you say it’s okay, Jiminie… Then I won’t intervene.”

The Alpha takes his hand, and Jimin can feel the nausea rising as Hoseok begins to lead him upstairs. Rotting apples, souring spearmint, and burnt cinnamon with notes he can’t identify, the house smells like shit now.

But Jimin really has to protect Jungkook.

Hoseok doesn’t rape him like he had thought he would. Instead, the Alpha drags him into the bathroom, tearing his hoodie and t-shirt away only to begin scrubbing the synthetic scent from his neck as Jimin bites his tongue to hold down every whine and complaint. Once his Alpha scent is gone, Hoseok bends him over the counter, scenting him deeply while pressing the Omega’s face into the mirror. The Alpha’s hand is wound painfully into his hair as he presses himself against Jimin’s ass, a show of dominance, a demand for submission.

“Your stupid mate is about to pick a fight he doesn’t want.” Hoseok mumbles against his scent gland.
“Do I need to spread you out on his bed to make him understand how mutual this relationship is?”

Jimin grimaces as his body tingles. He’ll never get used to the sensation of being scented so roughly, but he also thinks he doesn’t want to get used to it. Hoseok is temporary, he tells himself, his future mate won’t treat him like this.

This is what he wants to believe at least.

The Alpha pulls back, turning Jimin around before picking him up, setting him on the counter as he tilts his head.

“Scent me now, and tell me you love me, tell me you want to be my mate.”

The Omega’s eyebrows knit as he leans forward to scent Hoseok. He’s not as rough or as thorough, but he still feels gross, like doing this somehow makes him dirty. It’s clear that the Alpha isn’t in his right mind, that Hoseok has a few screws knocked loose, but that’s what makes him so scary. Jimin doesn’t feel like he can accurately predict him.

“Jimin…” Hoseok warns, his hands sliding up and down the sides of Jimin’s thighs as the Omega’s nose pressed against his scent gland. “Say it… Tell me how much you love me.”

“I… love… you…” He mumbles as he closes his eyes. He wants to pretend like it’s someone else, anyone else.

“And…?”

“I wanna… be your… mate…” His tone isn’t convincing in the slightest, and yet the Alpha slides his hands up Jimin’s sides, touching him roughly as the scent of citrus begins to sour.

“I can’t wait to make you mine… even Yoongi can’t change that… Yoongi has less power than he thinks.”

Jimin hums as he soaks in the Alpha’s words, and although he might be wrong, he has the passing thought that Hoseok might be afraid of Yoongi. It could be good or bad, but Jimin begins to lean more towards the good. Any enemy of Hoseok should be a friend of his, right?

Once Hoseok leaves, Jimin takes his sweet time reapplying his synthetic scent, his emotions nowhere to be found as the numbness continues to consume his whole chest. It hurts somewhere deep down, but he’s only vaguely aware of that, his eyes reflecting not even an ounce of the despair he’s sure is growing within him.

This time, as Jimin leaves the bathroom, he spots Taehyung leaving Yoongi’s room, the Alpha’s jaw set into a hard line as he makes eye contact with Jimin.

“Are you okay?” Taehyung pays no mind to the fact that Yoongi is standing mere feet away, or that he can so clearly hear them from where he is. His eyes are focused on Jimin and Jimin alone, and he can’t help but wonder what exactly they were doing in Yoongi’s room.

“I’m fine.” Jimin says.
Taehyung studies him for a moment, his eyes sweeping over Jimin’s body as though looking for an obvious sign of damage. The only problem is that Jimin’s clothes don’t allow for a clear view of him, he’d purposefully chosen things that would hide his skin, hide the bruises and the bite marks.

But Taehyung won’t try to take a look, and Jimin won’t offer.

“Can we talk?”

Jimin’s eyes meet Yoongi’s, his teeth clenching.

“Go talk to him.” Taehyung says suddenly, drawing Jimin’s attention. “He can help you…”

This is what got him into this mess in the first place. Yoongi trying to talk to him without regard to who would overhear. The idea of being pulled into the bathroom again… Jimin tries not to grimace with the image of what might happen. Hoseok probably wouldn’t stop at just scenting him.

Rather than responding, the Omega turns away from the two Alphas. He’s quick about heading downstairs, avoiding Taehyung’s hand when he reaches out to grab Jimin. This is more than just a conversation, it’s more than just the repercussions of when Hoseok gets his hands on him. If he continues to go against Hoseok, Jungkook will be in danger.

Or maybe Jimin is beginning to view Hoseok as a far more powerful Alpha than he really is. Maybe his own fear is the real, unkillable monster.

The pack meets at nightfall.
The wind is merciless in all of its force, cutting through their thin clothes as they stand in the middle of the backyard, shivering as dark clouds pass overhead. There’s a shift in the air, the scent of winter teasing its way along the air before Namjoon finally speaks.

“Are you coming with us, Jimin?”

He has spent the past few hours pondering the idea of it. He’ll have to strip naked, he’ll have to showcase the small stature of his wolf, and he has no guarantee that his scent suppressors or synthetic scent will adequately disguising his sub-gender while he’s in his wolf form.

Jimin shakes his head.
“I’ll stay here.” The pack is watching him, nodding before Hoseok casts his gaze towards the forest. It’s pitch-black in there, but in their wolf forms, they’ll have an easier time navigating.

“Make sure you eat something for dinner then. We’ll be back in an hour or so.”

Jimin nods, his hands dug deep into the pockets of his jacket as he takes a few steps back from the group. He wants to go, he wants so badly to run but this is also an opportunity for him. This is the first time the whole pack has been gone from the house, it’s the first chance he’s had to search their rooms and try to locate the missing piece.

As the group begins to strip from their clothing, Jimin turns away. He can hear an audible gasp from Seokjin, but he doesn’t stop his slow walk atop the dying grass towards the house.

“What happened to your back, Hoseok?!”
Jimin flashes back to the night the Alpha had entered his bedroom, to the fight he’d put up, the bruises and scratches he’d left along Hoseok’s body.

“Oh, this?” He can hear Hoseok chuckle. “I met a cute Omega who likes it a little rough.”

Jimin tenses, increasing his pace until his hand is on the cold metal of the door handle. He pushes in, letting himself back into the warmth of the house before shutting the door behind him. He doesn’t want to listen to Hoseok talking about him like that, like it was consensual, like Jimin was only playing a role.

He waits at the backdoor, his spine pressed into the hardwood of the doorframe. He waits until twenty minutes have passed, until he’s sure the pack has shifted, until he’s sure they’re far from home.

His heart pounds as he makes his way through the first level of the house. Several lights have been left on, the TV is playing on a low volume, a repeat of the evening news. His feet pound the stairs as he runs to the top, hoping that by expelling some excess energy, his heart will stop pounding and his anxiety will be quelled, but it doesn’t work.

At the top of the staircase, he looks between each of the closed doors, mentally trying to decide the order in which he should enter each room. There’s a huge risk to be had here. With scents, it’s possible his scent will linger in a room, that the pack will step back into their rooms and immediately smell the intrusion, but he swallows that knot of worry down.

Pivoting towards the first closed door, he reaches for the door handle, twisting before pushing it open to slowly reveal Yoongi’s room.

Cinnamon and mint wraps itself around Jimin, each inhale pleases his Omega side, makes him feel weak and hopeful for something that can’t happen. Forcing himself to focus, he stares around the room, unmoving from the doorway as he looks over the bare walls and messy bed. He probably won’t find anything in here, but he knows he has to look.

Jimin rifles through the closet, careful not to mess anything up, careful not to leave anything in a different position or place than from how he had found it. The closet contains a few music composition books, musical notes dancing along the pages, a picture of piano on the cover of some. In the dresser, he finds nothing more than clothes and charger cables, ones which probably belong the laptop resting on his bed.

He searches for a few moments longer, checking beneath the bed and inside the drawers of his night table before giving up.

If Yoongi has anything worth hiding, he probably left it at home.

When he leaves Yoongi’s room, he doubles back to spray a few spritzes of de-scentor, closing the door as his heart pounds erratically in his chest. He’s tense listening to every slight sound in the house, jumping when the house settles with creaks and groans, he’s unfamiliar with.

It feels wrong to be intruding like this, but he can manage a little guilt if it ultimately saves him and others.

From Yoongi’s room, he moves onto Jungkook’s room, finding nothing more than a few video
game systems, books on video production, a computer locked behind a password, and piles upon piles of textbooks.

There are a few pill bottles with his name on it, medications Jimin recognizes as birth control and heat suppressants, as well as old cards and letters written from Taehyung.

Jimin is kind enough not to read them.

By the time Jimin makes it to Hoseok’s room, he’s beginning to lose faith in his efforts. Namjoon only had a few small bookshelves stuffed with literature, and Seokjin only had various manuals on pack dynamics and a box of condoms. To be honest, Jimin isn’t sure what he had been expecting. It’s not as though he was going to find some insane shrine, or some hand-written book labeled ‘The Secret Jimin Can’t Know’. Each room had been annoyingly normal, some messy, some clean, each of them overstuffed by the scent of the owner.

As he grasps Hoseok’s door handle, he begins to feel frustrated by his failure. Maybe he’s not looking hard enough, maybe what he wants isn’t here, maybe what he needs is imagined.

Jimin holds his breath for a moment as he enters Hoseok’s room, his eyes immediately drawing towards the portable safes he had spotted last night. It’s too much to ask for any of them to be unlocked, but he approaches them individually anyway, tugging on the metal handle and holding down a sigh when none of them budge. He snoops Hoseok’s room more carefully than the others, glancing at any loose paper left laying out, looking between the books on his bookshelf just to ensure there isn’t a slip of paper hidden between the novels.

He draws open the closet door slowly, eyeing the array of hanging clothes, the various pairs of shoes lined up on the floor, and the boxes lined up along the top shelf. Things like ‘baby shit’ and ‘memories’ are scrawled in messy black sharpie on the boxes, and although Jimin knows he shouldn’t, he can’t stop himself from reaching for the box labeled ‘Memories’.

The box is heavier than it looks, and Jimin struggles with it before he finally manages to pull it down from the overhead shelf. Lowering it onto the floor, he drops onto his knees, sitting back on his ankles as he pulls the top open only to find photo albums packed to the brim.

Taking the first album out, he flips through baby photos of who he assumes to be Hoseok. The photos follow him from the day he was born until middle school, occasionally showcasing his mom and dad, and sometimes his friends and family.

Jimin sets the album aside, pulling out the next one. This album is thinner than the last, but Jimin’s surprised to find the pack in this album. A much younger Yoongi is grinning beside Hoseok, both of them seated on swings in a playground, shorts showing off their skinned knees. Beneath the picture, the words ‘picture by Namjoon’ is written in black ink and Jimin’s stomach tightens again.

It’s a long shot really, but it’s possible that whatever he’s missing lies in the memories of the pack. The history they have together, and although he might’ve been able to find out by talking to them, this feels safer despite how reckless it really is.

He flips the pages of the album, watching as other pack members begin to show up, as their faces mature, as their eyes lose the innocence that comes with a carefree childhood. The pictures show birthday parties, pool days, hiking trips, and campfires that remind Jimin of last night.

His lips press tight when he comes across a photo of Yoongi and Jungkook, both of them laughing while seated on a couch in someone’s house. Jimin can’t help but wonder when everything
changed, when Hoseok went from being a friend of these guys, from being a normal person who plays and laughs, to someone who hurts others and manipulates people weaker than himself.

He wonders at which point, in which photo, did things change.

As Jimin takes his time idly flipping through the photo album, he almost doesn’t hear the sound of the backdoor opening, or the ruckus of voices that fill in. With the photo albums spread out around Hoseok’s floor, his heart sinks into his stomach, a pit of terror consuming him as he quickly begins throwing them back into the box, paying little mind to their original order as he listens to the pack member’s voices slowly creeping closer. Lifting the box despite its weight, Jimin pushes it back onto the shelf of Hoseok’s closet. He can’t tell where the pack members are exactly, but he can hear their voices, he can smell the fresh scent of outdoors as terror continues to pulse through his body.

Jimin’s hands shoot for the closet door handle, closing it quietly and carefully before he quickly lets himself out of Hoseok’s room, closing the door just in time to catch Jungkook and Taehyung as they reach the top of the stairs.

“Uh…” Taehyung stares at Jimin, his eyes round and confused. “What were you doing?”

“Nothing…” Jimin says quickly. “I’ll tell you later…”

He’s eager to get away from Hoseok’s room, it’s as though each moment spent near it burns another inch of his skin. Taking a few steps closer to the guest room door, he pauses with the illusion of safety as Taehyung and Jungkook continue to regard him with hesitance.

“Tell me in the morning… I have a feeling I’ll want a full night’s sleep before hearing it…” Taehyung says quietly.

“Okay…” He nods, his heart still pounding.

Reaching behind him, he twists the doorknob to his room, Taehyung and Jungkook’s eyes still on him as he pushes open his door, stepping inside before he’s finally able to breathe.

Fuck, he was nearly caught, he was so very nearly caught.

Jimin locks his bedroom door, pacing the room for a moment as his heart refuses to stop pounding. He hadn’t found anything, he had nothing, after all of that stress and terror, he’d really come up empty-handed.

The Omega flops down onto his bed, but quickly decides that remaining still is far too impossible of a task right now. Sitting up straight again, he slides off his bed, continuing to pace as the sounds of footsteps on the stairs and in the hall, reach his ears.

“Hmm?”

Jimin’s stomach sinks at the sound of Hoseok’s voice. He stills in the middle of his room, no longer pacing as he listens carefully to the sounds of the Alpha in the hallway. He had put everything back, he hadn’t touched too many things, he had spent most of his time looking through photo albums which Hoseok shouldn’t have even noticed yet.

After-all, it sounded like he’d only just opened the door to his bedroom.
That’s it…

The Omega inhales sharply as the realization strikes him like a hammer to his heart, like needles through his chest. He hadn’t disturbed too many things in Hoseok’s room, no, but he hadn’t done the most important thing.

He hadn’t sprayed the de-scentor.

Hoseok can smell him.

Chapter End Notes

Don’t forget to check my Twitter for the poll!

♡ Come chat with me on Twitter or CC, links below!
The knock is quiet and gentle, Jimin’s heart sinks deeper and deeper until his chest physically aches from its absence. The knock comes again, and this time Jimin swallows past the tightness in his throat, blinking hard as his palms begin to sweat. It’s not like he had taken anything, but Hoseok terrifies him. He terrifies Jimin because he doesn’t know what Hoseok is capable of, what he’ll do next. Jimin finds himself assuming the worst, constantly, because being surprised by something awful isn’t as bad as being surprised by something downright horrific.

“Jiminnie…”

Hoseok’s voice travels through the door, the metal knob wiggling but ungiving. Locking his door does him no good, it does him no good and yet he always does it. He locks his door because the illusion of safety is more comfortable than embracing the storm.

“Unlock your door or I’ll unlock it… You don’t want me to unlock it…”

He wants to cry, he really does but he inhales instead. The air smells like rotting oranges, but Jimin can’t bring himself to care that his own scent is escaping, that his distress is the putrid stench hanging in the air. Jimin wants to be strong, he wants to badly to be strong.

A key wiggles in the lock, but all Jimin can do is take a few steps back, his mind spinning as he tries to decide how Hoseok will react. He’ll be angry indefinitely, but at most he’ll fuck him, it’ll hurt but… it’s nothing Jimin can’t handle, right?

Right?

When the door opens, Jimin barely has a chance to open his mouth before Hoseok’s hand is around his throat, throwing him against the floor with the strength only an Alpha is allowed. All of the air in Jimin’s lungs; vanishes, gasps and choked sounds escaping him as Hoseok holds him pinned to the floor.

It’s like drowning, he feels like he’s drowning as his eyes lock onto Hoseok’s. All he can see is red, the terrifying red of an Alpha, or dominance, of everything that causes him so much pain.

“I don’t know why I keep you around.”

His grip is so tight that Jimin can’t force any air into his shriveled lungs, his legs kick helplessly as he claws at Hoseok’s wrist. Desperation is a strange thing, it goes hand-in-hand with fear, and it’s something Jimin’s never felt as powerfully as he does right now. How cruel is it to make someone so desperate just to breathe?

“Oh, is he being bad?”

Jimin’s eyes lock onto Yoongi, though the Alpha regards him with little interest as Jimin struggles to survive. It’s hopeless, it’s so hopeless but Jimin still raises one arm, reaching out towards
Yoongi as the corners of his vision grow black. There isn’t much more time, death is like a freezing tide and he can hear it.

He can hear the icy waves crashing.

“What a stupid, helpless Omega. You were made for this, you’ll die like this.”

There’s a weight on Jimin’s chest, his body caves in around it and the waves take him under. For as cold and dark as the ocean is, Jimin feels surprisingly light.

Surprisingly relieved.

Jimin shoots up in his bed, sweat pouring down his back and dampening his sheets. The dream felt so hauntingly real that his chest is still tight, terror licks at the corners of his mind as his heart continues it’s painful thumping. His room is polluted by the scent of his distress, his breathing ragged as he raises one hand to wipe his eyes. He’s shaking even though it isn’t real, because it felt so real, because he really believed the tide had finally grabbed ahold of him.

“Jimin…”

There’s a gentle knock on his door, Taehyung’s voice providing him the briefest moments of comfort as he carefully slides his legs over the side of the bed.

When Jimin opens his door, the Alpha quickly hurries inside, closing the door behind him before he begins to spray a can of de-scentor around Jimin’s room, pointing to the window and telling Jimin to open it.

Despite the frigid morning air, Jimin does as he’s told. Opening the window, he allows the icy air to alleviate the lingering terror of his nightmare, a shiver wracking his body as Taehyung clears the distress from the air.

When the smell is gone, the Alpha finally relaxes.

“Gods, why are you so distressed this early in the morning? What happened?” There’s concern laced into his knitted expression, comforting pheromones slowly ebbing from his body, but most of it is eaten by the de-scentor.

Jimin stands near the open window, still wearing his damp pajamas as he tries to think of how to put it into words. How should he say that he had a nightmare about Hoseok killing him, about Yoongi letting it happen? Such things will only make Taehyung worry, and Tae really has enough to worry about as it is.

“It… was just a… nightmare…” The Omega’s voice is hoarse, his throat dry as he turns his head away from the Alpha to check the time. It’s a little after eight, but he expects the rest of the pack will wake up soon.

“The whole house smelled like a terrified Omega, Jiminnie…” Taehyung’s approach is slow, cautious, and as his arms wind around Jimin, he doesn’t stop him. Instead, Jimin sinks into the embrace, despite how awful it makes him feel, despite how much it makes him want to cry.
“I’m sorry… I can’t control it…” Jimin presses his nose into Taehyung’s scent gland, inhaling the overwhelming scent of spearmint that greets him. But he can also smell apples.

“It’s okay, Jiminie… I’m just worried about you… I don’t want the pack to sniff you out…” Taehyung draws back, his hands rubbing over Jimin’s shoulders, the comforting pheromones beginning to ease Jimin. “Go take a shower and then I want to take you somewhere. Is that okay?”

Taehyung is probably the first Alpha to really demonstrate this sort of kindness towards Jimin, this sort of comfort. As Jimin agrees to take a shower and go with Tae, he wonders if maybe that’s the reason he feels drawn to him. If Tae’s kindness is only a magnet for the pain Jimin feels.

“Okay, come get me when you’re done. I’ll be in Jungkookie’s room.”

Jimin waits until Taehyung is gone before rubbing his face. His body still feels tense, his nerves on edge as though the nightmare hasn’t completely left yet. He can still recount the swell of the waves like knives against his skin. It had been so cold, so terrifying, yet so freeing. He finally didn’t have to worry anymore, he didn’t have to be afraid.

He’s slow in dragging himself towards the bathroom, collecting clean clothes along the way before locking himself in. A dull yellow glow washes over him, his eyes reflecting someone Jimin doesn’t quite recognize anymore. Where did the real him go? The one who used to growl at Alpha’s, who used to face up to them and put them in their place?

What happened to me…

Jimin doesn’t look away as he strips away his clothes, staring at each bruise in the mirror, recounting the moment it had been put there. He’s let Hoseok dominate him, he’s submitted, and soon his scent gland will bear the Alpha’s bite wound.

It’s nothing new, these thoughts have crossed his mind before and yet he always let them slip away without making any real effort to fix it. But for how much longer can he go on like this? Realistically, Jimin feels as though he may crumble before the worst can even hit.

He may be ruined before he can do any real good for anyone.

As he steps into the shower, it’s automatic the way his wrist twists the knob to the hottest setting. It’s a shock to his body, so much so that his mouth opens, small gasps escaping in quiet puffs as the boiling water burns his skin. Jimin closes his eyes, unwilling to watch his skin redden as the sweat is scalded away. He pretends it’s burning layers of his skin off, removing all the parts of him that Hoseok has touched, that he’s ruined. If he tries hard enough, maybe he can find the old him, maybe he can growl and refuse to be used. Maybe he can pretend all of this was a drunken nightmare.

Jimin’s hands clench as he recalls last night. He had stood in the center of his room, listening to Hoseok standing just outside his door. He’d waited for so long, expecting the Alpha to enter his room, expecting to hear the key slotting into his lock.

But after what felt like ages, Hoseok had merely turned and left. It didn’t feel right at all, and Jimin didn’t feel safe or comfortable as he fell asleep last night. He kept tensing at every small sound, waiting for Hoseok to enter his room, waiting for the
punishment that he surely had in store for him.

Instead, all he received is a single text from the Alpha, the words: “You’ve been bad~” eating him alive from the very moment it appeared on his phone screen.

Jimin raises one hand, pounding his fist against the tile wall of the shower as the scalding water continues to strip the stains from his skin. He’s gotten himself into something bad, but he doesn’t know how to get out, he doesn’t know who he can really trust.

Yoongi?

He wants to be able to trust Yoongi, he wants to press his nose into the Alpha’s scent gland and finally feel true relief. But Jimin has no idea about Yoongi, and he can’t risk Jungkook getting hurt again. Satisfying his own wolf’s desire to be near his mate—isn’t as important as ensuring Jungkook doesn’t endure the horrors of being drugged and shared with Hoseok’s friends.

The water eventually begins to run cold, and somehow it hurts worse than the scalding heat. Hurrying up, he quickly washes his hair and body, wiping away nightmares and bad memories, replacing them with the clean scent of his citrus shampoo and body wash.

When he steps out of the shower, he’s comforted by the fogged up mirror, condensation masking each surface as he dries the water from his body.

It takes Jimin far too long to get ready, and by the time he knocks on Jungkook’s door, Taehyung looks less than impressed.

“I was about to come looking for you…” There’s a warning in his voice, and although his gaze is hardened, there’s hint of concern in his eyes.

Behind him, Jimin can see Jungkook sitting cross-legged on his bed, a 3DS in his hand that seems to be getting the bulk of his attention. However selfish it may be, Jimin doesn’t allow himself to wonder about whether or not it’s ok that he’s going somewhere with Taehyung, allegedly without Jungkook. Instead, he tries to focus on the brief comfort he’ll gain from it, the relative safety of being removed from Hoseok.

“Sorry,” Jimin offers a small smile as he tries to remind himself of the backbone he used to have. He needs to stop submitting to Alphas, he’s just as good as any of them.

Am I?

“Are you gonna be ok here?” Taehyung looks over his shoulder at Jungkook, but the Omega doesn’t raise his eyes and instead merely grunts out a ‘yeah’. It’s a breath of normalcy in what Jimin considers to be a whirlwind of disaster, so he can’t help giggling. With a small smile, Taehyung returns his attention to Jimin, offering a light shrug before stepping out of the room.

“Let’s go then.”

“Sorry about Jungkook.”

Jimin’s gaze is mostly on his lap, fiddling with one of the tears in his skinny jeans as Taehyung drives. He’d said they were going to a diner, and for some reason Jimin really wants to ask him what his obsession with diners are.
They’ve been to like three already.

“Why? He didn’t do anything wrong.”

Taehyung rolls his shoulders, grimacing as he chances a short glance at Jimin. The road is thin and windy, cutting through a forest of naked trees that has Jimin wishing he had gone for that run with them last night.

Maybe he’s just in a strange mood today, now that the fear has rolled off at least.

“You’re older than him, he should’ve greeted you better,”

Jimin hums, he hadn’t really thought about that. Age isn’t something Jimin really thinks about, it all really becomes too complicated when mixed up with sub-genders. Omegas have to use honorifics with Alphas at all times, but then that sometimes varies with younger Alphas, which also varies depending on your relation to the person.

Frankly, Jimin doesn’t really care that much.

“It’s fine, Tae. Really,” Jimin assures him. Whether or not Jungkook uses honorifics is the least of his problems anyway. “How far away are we from this diner?”

Taehyung rolls his shoulders as though reliving a physical stress unseen by Jimin’s eyes. For a moment, he allows himself to consider what sort of a position the Alpha is in, how he must feel with everything that’s happened and continues to happen.

“We’re almost there. I wanna go to the mall afterwards, we’ll be out for a while if that’s ok.”

Jimin nods with a quiet ‘Sure’. It’s a few hours he’ll spend away from the overwhelming scent of the pack members, away from Hoseok and Yoongi. Jimin really doesn’t know what to do about Yoongi.

The two drive with only the road noise for almost five minutes before pulling into the small parking lot of a diner. The diner itself is situated within a thick forest of looming trees, the small parking lot sprinkled with colorful leaves. Taehyung finds them a parking spot near the corner of the lot, and as soon as they get out of the car, Jimin inhales the fresh scent of the woods.

“It feels colder here.” The Alpha mumbles as he closes his door before locking the car.

“Because we’re in the shade, sort of.” Jimin says as they begin walking towards the small building. It’s rather cute for a diner with a mocha-colored exterior and large windows. Jimin can faintly see other customers inside, though the glare from the sun forces him to squint more than he cares to.

After making it inside, they’re led to their seats by a soft-spoken waiter who presents them with two menus and the promise of fresh coffee. When the waiter leaves, the two turn their attention to the laminated menus, the silence stretching on until Taehyung clears his throat.

“So, I did have an ulterior motive with… this…” The Alpha’s voice is low, his eyes still on the menu. The first few trickles of anxiety begin to paint the inside of Jimin’s throat, his eyes flickering between the menu and Taehyung. He’s imagining worst-case-scenario, and it doesn’t even surprise him that his mind is going there. Taehyung isn’t blameless, he isn’t free of wrong-
doing, and Jimin would certainly not be wrong to maintain an air of subtle hesitance in this situation.

“What do you mean?”

The Alpha doesn’t look up, flipping the page on his menu instead as he continues to casually scan down the list. For as often as Taehyung seems to visit diners, Jimin had half expected him to have a ‘usual’ already.

“I want to talk about Yoongi.”

Jimin’s body tenses slightly, his fingers pressing more firmly into the menu as he drops his gaze down onto it. Blueberry pancakes sound good.

“What about him?”

The diner buzzes around them as Taehyung turns his menu over, still refusing to meet Jimin’s eyes, pretending too be too enthralled by the options.

“He’s worried about you.” The Alpha’s eyes finally rise, searching Jimin’s face which feels frozen. Yoongi’s supposed worry could be another trap, or maybe it’s genuine. Either way, Jimin can’t explore it, he can’t ask.

“He doesn’t need to be.” The Omega closes his menu, setting it down on the table as the waiter returns with their coffees, asking if they’re ready to order. Taehyung requests another minute, and once the waiter is gone, he looks to Jimin.

“You can’t actually believe that.” He sounds exasperated, exhaling a heavy sigh. “Jimin, you can’t do this on your own.”

“Why not? Because I’m an Omega?” Jimin raises an eyebrow, and it’s almost physical the way he can feel his walls going up. Whatever Taehyung is going to say next might hurt, and Jimin can’t really hold much more hurt.

“That’s not it and you know it. Do you really think I’m oblivious to what’s been going on at home? Shit, Jimin… I left my room and caught Yoongi staring at Hoseok’s door like he was trying to mentally will it to catch fire. I knew just by looking at him that you were in there. Do you think we couldn’t hear the bed creaking? The whines?”

Jimin drops his gaze to the table. He feels strangely cold again, strangely empty, the rush of the waves is loud in his ears.

“We could hear you crying…” Taehyung sighs again, shifting in his chair as Jimin continues to sit quietly. He hadn’t realized they could hear him, and he can’t help feeling ashamed for it.

“Please… Jimin… I’ve never seen Yoongi so distressed… He’s crawling out of his skin with worry.”

The waiter returns, his timing impeccable as Taehyung deflates in his chair. This isn’t a conversation Jimin wants to be having, there’s no way that Taehyung understands how he feels, nor does Jimin believe he understands the situation either. It’s easy to say ‘talk to Yoongi’ or ‘do this’ when you’ve never actually experienced this.
The two give their orders, handing over their menus before dissolving into silence. With his hands folded in his lap, Jimin rubs the back of one thumb with the other.

“Do you think I’m idiot?” Jimin asks quietly. Taehyung lifts his gaze, watching Jimin for a moment.

“No…” He says finally. “But I think you’re making stupid choices… dangerous ones…”

Jimin nods. Taehyung’s answer isn’t anything less than what he had expected. How is Tae supposed to understand anyway? He’s never been backed into a corner like this, he’s never had to drown in his own thoughts, enduring both physical and mental pain whilst trying to protect someone else.

How can anybody understand where he’s coming from…

“Don’t pretend like you know what I should be doing, you’ve never been in this situation.” His voice is laced with more bitterness than he had intended, but he doesn’t apologize for it. He won’t apologize for doing what he can see as the safest route.

“I’ve been in difficult situations before, Jimin. You can get out of it.” Taehyung persists, Jimin’s words seemingly going right over his head.

“I will get out of it,” Jimin nods. “When I see a way out, a safe one.”

“Jimin…” Taehyung begins.

“Drop it… I know you mean well, Tae… But you don’t understand… I can tell you don’t understand by how simple all of this seems in your head. I can’t just talk to Yoongi, not yet… Just… trust me, okay? I’m not an idiot…” If he does talk to Yoongi, then Jungkook will be in danger, it’s something Jimin can’t risk. To this very moment, despite all of the pain Hoseok has forced him to endure, Jimin still believes it’s better him than someone else.

Jimin is strong enough to take it.

Sometime while they’re eating, Jimin’s phone vibrates in his pocket. A quick glance shows him a text message from Hoseok asking him where he is. Although he doesn’t want to respond, Jimin had agreed to cooperate in exchange for Jungkook’s safety, and so he sends a text back saying that he’s with Taehyung having breakfast.

Hoseok doesn’t send another text after that, allowing Jimin and Taehyung to make it through their breakfast despite the strange tension in the air. It’s his fault and he knows it. And as he sits in the passenger’s seat, watching the forest pass by, his mind swims with unreasonable worry. Worries about Taehyung beginning to suspect that Jimin actually likes Hoseok’s attention, that the advances are mutual, that he’s a whore.

In the back of his mind, Jimin knows it’s not true. Taehyung is just worried about him, he’s only trying to help, and yet Jimin can’t relinquish the thoughts. He always orgasms, every single time so he must like it.

Somewhere, deep down, Jimin must like it.
He can’t stop thinking about this.

It feels like mere seconds pass before they pull into a parking garage in Seoul. Jimin had somehow missed the moment in which the seemingly endless forests were exchanged for skyscrapers, unease swelling as they pull into a parking spot. It’s probably not safe for him to zone out like that, especially not around other people. He casts a weary glance towards Taehyung while pulling his shoulders up.

“What are we here for anyway?” He asks as he unbuckles his seatbelt.

“A coat, for you.” Taehyung turns the key, smoothly slipping it out of the ignition as Jimin’s expression shifts into discomfort. The pack might have money bleeding out of their assholes, but that doesn’t mean Jimin wants it. He doesn’t want to be indebted to them in any shape or form, it only complicates things.

“I don’t need one, Tae…”

“You do, you’re gonna freeze to death, Jimine.” The overhead dome light flips on as Taehyung pushes his door open, pivoting his body to slide out of the car. Jimin’s only real options are to go, or to remain in the car like a petulant child.

Though, he knows that refusing to accompany Tae won’t stop him from buying him a coat.

Jimin bites his lip as he lets himself out of the car, the sounds of their doors closing echoes nosily in the garage as they walk around towards the back of the car.

“I’m really not comfortable with this.” Jimin finally says as they begin a slow walk towards the mall entrance.

“I don’t really have another option,” Taehyung says with a short glance down at the Omega. “Besides, you’re freezing your ass off right now.”

“I’m not.” Jimin argues, though, he is.

“Jimin… Look, what are you going to do when it snows, huh? It’s going to get at least thirty degrees colder than it is now. If you don’t let me get you a coat, then Hoseok will, and that’ll be worse. Besides…” Taehyung pauses as they approach the automatic doors, letting them sweep open before they step into the heated building.

“Kookie really dislikes it when you wear my coats. You know territorial Omegas can be, right? You smelling like me makes him a little crazy.”

That’s something Jimin hadn’t really considered. Initially, he’d been too wrapped up in the kindness of Taehyung’s gesture to worry about how Jungkook felt with the scent mixing. But now that he thinks about it, it’s not something an Omega would like. He must’ve been stressing Jungkook out with it.

“Oh…”

He follows Taehyung through the noisy mall, the glossy, tile floors reflect the incandescent lights above as the Alpha guides him towards a clothing store. He’s really been so selfish lately, and Taehyung basically having to force this on him only highlights that. Jimin’s only been thinking about himself, about his own comfort.
It’s not fair to Jungkook or Taehyung.

When the two return home, shopping bags in hand, something about the house smells different. Jimin can’t place it, yet when he glances at Taehyung, he can tell the Alpha has the same feeling. It’s like a subtle shift in the air, unfamiliarity, as though they’ve stepped into a parallel dimension.

They can hear the sounds of the other pack members, a TV playing too loudly, the sounds of video games from upstairs, Seokjin shouting something at the TV followed by Namjoon laughing at him.

It’s strange, *something* is strange.

With every nerve in his body on edge, Jimin begins climbing the staircase, his shopping bag crunching nosily as Taehyung quietly follows behind him. They’d finally found him a jacket Jimin felt comfortable with. A thick, black coat with a dark grey and black faux-fur trim around the hood. There are pull ties on the inside around the waist, something so Jimin can tighten it up, or loosen it depending on his preferences.

Taehyung had also picked him up a pair of gray gloves and a dark gray scarf, taking advantage of a small sale to ensure Jimin won’t turn black and purple this winter. Despite his earlier apprehension, Jimin appreciates the thought, and he made certain to tell Taehyung so.

Upon reaching the top of the stairs, Jimin glances around the landing. Jungkook’s bedroom door is still open, and inside Jimin can see Yoongi and Jungkook playing video games. The noise of their team shooter assaults Jimin’s ears as his eyes continue to scan the doors. Behind him, Taehyung presses one hand onto his shoulder.

“It smells weird, right?” He says quietly.

“Y-yeah…” Jimin’s nose scrunches until his eyes land on his own bedroom door. It’s still closed, seemingly undisturbed just as he’d left it.

But he still feels anxious.

“If something happens, just scream, ok? Trust me, trust Yoongi.” Taehyung’s hand slips from his shoulder, and Jimin allows what he’d said to faze through his body without effect.

Instead, Jimin steps over to his bedroom door, twisting the cold knob before pushing it open.

The inside of his room is the truly strange part. There’s an unusual scent in the air that Jimin can’t place, but he finds his heart pounding, strangely, as though instinctively picking up on some unseen threat.

He takes a few steps into his room, looking around for a minute without spotting Hoseok or anyone else for that matter. Everywhere his eyes land appear normal, until his gaze lands on the top drawer of his dresser.

After dropping his bags onto his bed, he walks over to it, pulling open the top drawer only to find his socks and underwear tossed about, no longer neatly folded as they had been.
Anxiety firmly begins to prickle his skin as he reaches in and begins to sift through the mess, slowly pulling out his synthetic Alpha scent followed by his scent suppressors. Jimin digs with more fervor through the mess, searching with a mounting desperation for the items he’s still missing.

Becoming more frantic, he begins to scoop piles of underwear and socks out from the drawer, dropping them onto the floor until he’s emptied the entire drawer. Dropping onto his knees, he finds himself unaware of just how hard he’s breathing as he picks up each individual pair of boxer shorts and socks, shaking them out as though the items may have gotten stuck, as though he may be magically overlooking them.

He feels like crying, the swell inside of his chest feels like it could cause him to implode, but he only bites his lip as he picks up the last pair of socks, shaking them, squeezing them, yet not finding his missing items.

It’s at this moment that he fully deflates on the floor of his room, holding back tears as he stares out his window at what he can see of the gray, overcast sky. His chest is heavy and full, his thoughts slowing until he feels as though he’s finally overflowed, he’s finally reached a wall too high for him to scale.

He can’t replace the items that are missing, nor can he ensure his wellbeing without them. It’s been more than a year since Jimin began this, since he began living as an Alpha, and it’s all finally crashing down on him. He’s backed into the furthest of corners, and as it stands now, he knows what Hoseok’s next move will be.

“Pups…” Jimin whispers to the gray sky.

Without his birth control, without his heat suppressants, Jimin won’t have any way of preventing it. And those just so happen to be the two items he’s missing.

The days pass, but Jimin’s medication never reappears. It’s petrifying and even Jimin can’t snuff that feeling down. Each graze of Hoseok’s hand against his skin has terror pumping through him, fearful that the Alpha will decide to have sex with him that night, that he’ll knot him. It’s the sort of fear that has his mouth feeling like it’s full of cotton balls, his heart climbing up through his throat as his body shakes. He keeps to himself most days, not breathing a word about the missing items to anyone and refusing to meet Hoseok’s gaze when the Alpha looks at him. He had told Hoseok he would stop taking his heat suppressants as part of the deal, but he hadn’t said anything about his birth control. Their disappearance is a liberty the Alpha must have taken as part of his own goals.

A few times, Jimin observes Seokjin leaving Yoongi’s room. The two whisper in the doorway until Yoongi notices Jimin, their conversation snuffing before Yoongi inevitably tries to draw Jimin over. He never goes and instead, he locks himself in his room; wishing he were ten years old again and safe in his parent’s house instead of in this nightmare.

His thoughts alternate between ‘it’s not fair’ to ‘I can handle this’, so much that Jimin himself isn’t sure of what he really believes anymore. Everything is so complicated and he’s a mess of self-doubt and regrets. None of this was supposed to happen. Jimin was supposed to get his degree, he was supposed to do something with his life, to prove himself. But right now, he finds his hand
pressing to his stomach, confused about what he’s supposed to do. Once Hoseok mates him, once
he puts pups in him, Jimin won’t be able to leave.

He’ll be trapped.

Taehyung pulls Jimin aside as much as possible, trying to talk to him, to find out what the problem
is, but Jimin shrugs him off each time. There’s nothing Taehyung can do, and it’s not like he can
expect the Alpha to understand. Even if he could understand, he can’t help him.

It’s not helping him at all to push Taehyung away, but his thoughts are so loud that he can’t bear to
be around the Alpha. He can’t bear to be around anybody even though it does him no good to sulk
alone. Before Hoseok can mate him, before he can get him pregnant, Jimin knows he has to do
something. He’s run out of time, Hoseok isn’t waiting for him anymore.

Jimin lays on his bed, his hands folded over his stomach as he stares up at his ceiling. He’s tired of
sitting still, of waiting for calamity to come to him. Rather than roll over and accept the horror
Hoseok has decided for him, he grits his teeth and growls.

The pack is supposed to all be gone tonight, individual plans and obligations. Jimin had been
invited to join by Seokjin and Yoongi, then again by Taehyung and Jungkook, but he’d turned both
pairs down, not that any of them had been surprised. They’ve all seemingly grown accustomed to
Jimin’s reclusiveness, or maybe they’ve finally given up on him.

It doesn’t matter…

He can’t do this alone, he can’t, but Jimin gnaws on the inside of his cheek and on his tongue,
anxiety eating away at him as he contemplates his future and his options. There isn’t any one
‘great’ option, but there are several horrible ones. Still, day-by-day his choices are becoming fewer
and fewer. He needs to make a move now, before Hoseok can fully claim him.

The house is dead silent when Jimin finally sits up on his bed. It’s dark in his room now, the
overcast sky boring down without hope of relent. There’s a de-scenting wall plug-in near his
window, his synthetic Alpha scent falling victim to it as he inhales the clean air of his pretend safe
place.

Somehow, it feels like now or never. It’s not like Hoseok has said anything, nor has he done
anything to insinuate that Jimin’s days are so drastically numbered… but Jimin doesn’t feel like
he’s made any progress in his escape plan, and tonight is perfect for breaking and entering. Jimin is
going to get into those safes, he’s going to find whatever it is that Hoseok is hiding, and he’s going
to use it to set himself and Jungkook free.

The Omega’s feet reach the ground, and although his heart is pounding, he doesn’t waste any time
in crossing the length of his room, pulling open his door before slipping out onto the landing. The
house is dark and dead silent, each of the pack members having already left for whatever nightly
activity they had planned.

He tries not to stare too hard into the shadows, his eyes snapping instead towards Hoseok’s closed
door. The Alpha’s room has never been too far from his and the convenience has made Jimin a
sitting duck. But being helpless isn’t what Jimin wants for himself, he’s always wanted to be
strong, to be independent. Although he’s had so many doors slammed shut in his face, and although Hoseok feels like an unstoppable evil, Jimin swallows the knot of anxiety in his throat.

This isn’t even his last option, this is only his next move.

It’s eerily haunting the way the silence stretches on through the house. Jimin can hear the floor creaking in some places beneath his weight, his body feeling as though it’s pulsing along to the pounding of his heart.

He’s alone so he shouldn’t be afraid.

He shouldn’t be afraid because he needs to be brave.

Deep down, Jimin knows he can’t escape fear before facing fear itself.

Hoseok’s door is unlocked. It’s something Jimin finds surprising as he stands in the doorway of his room, gazing into the darkness of it. The Alpha had smelled his prior intrusion, Jimin had half-expected to encounter a locked door. Perhaps he’s not the only reckless one, or maybe Hoseok is really just that confident.

Jimin doesn’t reach for the light switch, drawing his phone out of his pocket instead. Hoseok’s room is twice as unsettling in the darkness, reminiscent of one of his nightmares; the only difference being that he can move and scream at will.

Using the flashlight on his phone, he sweeps the light over the room, deciding to begin in the far-right corner. The last time he’d searched Hoseok’s room, he hadn’t done it with a plan, and as a consequence—he hadn’t found anything useful.

The Omega directs his flashlight to the safe beneath Hoseok’s desk, staring at it for a minute in thought before turning away from it. Where else would Hoseok hide a secret than within a safe, or within three safes?

With Hoseok’s room mentally sectioned off into a grid, Jimin begins sweeping over it. He’s looking for a combination now, a key maybe. It’s possible those things exist on his phone, or on his personal keyring, but Jimin has a plan in that situation as well. Best case scenario, he finds the combinations for all three safes, he cracks them open, and then he takes off with the information contained within. Worst case scenario, he comes up empty-handed once more and has to resort to plan B.

Jimin shrugs off the mental weight of the time crunch he’s facing. He’s in a bad position but he doesn’t want to fall into the mindset of inevitable failure, though he is prepared for that possibility. Right now, as he carefully combs through Hoseok’s belongings of which there are few, he grits his teeth and mentally wills himself to focus. He’s not just fighting for his own freedom, he’s fighting for Jungkook’s too. This has always been bigger than himself.

He takes his time working through the Alpha’s things. The smell of bread and cherry blossoms is cloying, the Omega’s nose scunching a few times when he catches a particularly strong whiff. Hoseok used to smell nice to him, sweet and warm. Despite the claims that Jimin’s body is made for sex, that Omega’s are made to be fucked and to submit, Jimin’s body has begun to reject Hoseok’s scent.

He doesn’t smell good to him anymore, he smells like a threat.

Jimin crouches down beside Hoseok’s night-table, running his hands up beneath it, feeling around for anything the Alpha may have taped to it. He’s only completed one semester of his Forensic
Science degree, but he already feels like he’s learned a decent amount about police procedure. Everything else he’s learned by watching crime TV, though, that information is less reliable.

Still, Jimin is putting everything he knows to use right now.

The minutes tick by, his unease becoming a steady sensation that has him feeling as though bugs are crawling beneath his skin. He’s breathing in Hoseok’s scent, and his instincts are willing him to run despite the Alpha being absent, despite the scent being only a ghost. Jimin takes his lower lip between his teeth as he moves on, running his hand between Hoseok’s bedframe and box-spring. The flashlight shows him nothing of interest, so he drops his shoulders to the floor to search beneath his bed.

He reaches under, pushing aside a plastic container full of hats, spotting a small ceramic piggy bank. Drawing it out from it’s hiding place, he sits up, placing it on his lap before turning it upside down, eyeing the black cork meant to keep its guts of coins from falling out.

This may only be a secret savings account, yet Jimin hadn’t heard a single coin rattle inside the pig. Pulling the cork out, he turns the piggy bank back over, spilling the contents onto the floor before he points his flashlight inside the pig, double checking that everything fell out.

On the floor, there’s a mess of colorful, wadded-up slips of paper. As Jimin sets the piggy bank aside, he shines his flashlight over the mess, none of it appearing to be money. But why would Hoseok fill a piggy bank with paper?

Jimin doesn’t pretend to understand Hoseok, and so even as his eyebrows knit as his lips press tightly together, he reaches for one of the purple papers, beginning to unravel it as his heart continues to pound.

The first piece of paper unravels, the number 35 written in black ink. Jimin’s heart leaps at the possibility that he’s found the clues he needed, so he turns it over, double-checking that nothing is written on the back before he reaches for a yellow piece of paper.

This one has 9 written on it in pencil, and again, there’s nothing on the back, so he continues.

Once Jimin has all the papers unraveled, he allows his gaze to search over the array. Black and blue ink numbers, others written in pencil, some of them with little check marks beside them. Jimin doesn’t understand but he knows all the numbers must be pieces of the safe combinations, that the type of material used to write the numbers probably dictates which safe it belongs to.

Jimin raises his head, shining his flashlight on the safe beneath the bed. There’s no indicator on it about whether it’s a blue or black ink combination, if it’s pencil or not.

He turns to shine the light on the safe beneath the desk, frowning when he realizes he now has several tasks. He’ll have three combinations of three to test on each safe, and that means more wasted time. It’s possible these numbers are for something completely different, that Hoseok may have even planted them after smelling Jimin’s last break-in. But this is also the first time he’s had something concrete to go off of, it’s the smallest shred of hope he has for getting into the safes.

After double checking the time, Jimin scoots closer to the safe beneath Hoseok’s bed, pulling the colorful slips of paper closer before beginning to get to work. He starts with black ink, entering the numbers in different orders, twisting the combination carefully as he eagerly awaits the click. He’s trying not to think about just how much he has riding on this, about how desperately he needs to be
successful for once, to gain an upper-hand.

The task itself is tedious, Jimin’s focus zeroed in as he tests each combination, each order to the numbers. Following the black ink combination, he moves onto the blue ink, each set taking him ten to fifteen minutes, the darkness of Hoseok’s room crushing down on him.

However, with the pencil combination, he can feel his stomach flopping, his hands shaking as he tests the final combination order. If this doesn’t work then these numbers may mean nothing, they may be for something completely different, they may have been planted to fuck with him.

Except it clicks.

Jimin’s hands tremor with anxiety as he slowly releases the combination, reaching for the cold, metal handle before twisting it, pulling the heavy safe door open.

Inside, there’s a thick file along with polaroid photographs. Jimin’s shaking so much his breathing is shuddered, fear crawling along his spine, winding itself around him until he feels sick. It takes him a moment to regain control of his body, and before he knows it, he’s reaching in for the thick file, pulling it out along with the polaroid photos.

The photos appear to be of a teenage boy and girl Jimin doesn’t recognize, the word Omega #1 & #2 scrawled in black sharpie beneath. In the photos, the two are at the beach and smiling, the sun blinding their eyes, the beginnings of a sunburn developing on their shoulders. Jimin checks the backside of the photo, finding nothing written there, so he picks up the next photo.

The next photo appears to be taken at a restaurant. The two Omegas are leaning in close to each other, large smiles on their faces with plates of food in front of them. They appear to be surrounded by family, and the photo has ‘twins’ sixteenth birthday’ written beneath it.

Jimin continues to pick up various polaroids of the two. Some are from school, others at amusement parks or seemingly at home. The two Omega teenagers are smiling in every photo, reflecting happiness that Jimin doesn’t recall feeling at that age. It’s unsettling in a way, and he can’t figure out the relation of these two to Hoseok. Why would he keep photos of these two? Are they his family? His friends? Is Hoseok capable of having Omegas as friends?

Jimin opens the file once he’s seen all of the polaroids on-top, finding more inside along with a thick stack of official looking documents with the government seal on them. After glancing over the three photos atop of the paperwork, more images of the two Omegas on a trip or at an event. Each photo has a description of what they were doing beneath it, concerts and more, things that are so painfully normal and yet Jimin hasn’t done many of them in years.

Brushing the photos off the documents, he pulls the thick stack of papers out, another polaroid falling from where it had been stuck between the pages.

Setting the paperwork on his lap, Jimin reaches down for the fallen polaroid, picking it up before shining his flashlight on it.

Jimin’s breath catches, his throat tightening as icicles rip through his body. The photograph in his hand is of the female Omega, naked and limp upon a bed. Her legs are spread open, bruises marring the backs of her thighs. There’s a long gash spilling a sheet of crimson silk across her belly, and for a brief second, Jimin immediately thinks of an animal attack. There’s enough blood to have Jimin’s mouth drying, horrified by the sight of her body, the walls, and the comforter,
drenched with stains that will never come out, a smell Jimin can’t even imagine. Where her throat used to be unblemished and intact, a gaping hole has been ripped out of it, long gashes trailing down her arms and over her hips. The expression on her face is grotesque and nothing short of anguish, her formerly beautiful, long hair now a mess as her head rests bent at a strange angle.

Bile rises up Jimin’s throat, all he’s aware of is the pounding of his heart, the stillness of the house, the darkness he’s encased in.

But Jimin’s now staring at the words written beneath the photo, the thick black letters staring back at him, like a challenge.
‘Yoongi’s first kill.’

The crush of his thoughts is interrupted by the sound of his text tone, his stare blank as he turns his screen towards himself, staring at the text message on the screen.

From Hoseok (20:45):
You’re being bad again…

[IMG]

Attached, is a photo of Jimin on Hoseok’s floor, the contents of the safe spilled out around him. Jimin’s stomach drops to his knees as he clamors to his feet, the horrific image still held between his fingers as his gaze snaps around the room. He spots the camera quickly, atop of high shelf full of books. It’s a small, black box he hadn’t noticed before, one he might’ve seen had he turned on the light, had he looked that high up.

Hoseok has been watching him this whole time.

Another text buzzes through, Jimin’s shaky hands raising to check it.

From Hoseok (20:46):
I’ll have to punish you again.

Terror rips through the Omega’s body, and before he has time to really think about it, he finds himself racing back to his bedroom. Jimin thrusts his phone and the photograph into his pocket, shoving his feet into his shoes before hearing a key slotting into the lock on the front door. There’s no time for him to think about it, no time for him to collect any of his belongings, and so he runs.

Jimin runs as fast as he can, his feet pounding against the stairs before he reaches the bottom. He re-locks the deadbolt to grant himself extra time before running to the back door, tearing it open before sprinting out into the night.

He doesn’t have a coat on, only a thin jacket and jeans, but he can’t feel the cold as he runs across the backyard before breaking into the tree-line. There’s no destination in mind, no plan as to what he should do now. It had all been instinctive, Jimin knew something really bad would happen if Hoseok caught him, something worse than just getting fucking.
The photograph in his pocket weighs on him, his mind spinning with fears of Yoongi, but more so fears of the person he can hear chasing him.

He whips around trees, leaves and earth squishing beneath his shoes as he sprints through the forest. Omegas are faster than Alphas and Jimin is thankful for that, he’s thankful for the one advantage biology has granted him, he’s thankful that he’s been given even a slight chance of escaping.

Jimin runs until he can’t hear the footsteps behind him, until he’s so deep in the forest that he isn’t sure which way to go to get back.

He slows to a stop between two thin trees, his breathing heavy despite how frozen his throat feels. As he tries to get his breathing under control, he listens carefully to his surroundings. It’s pitch-black, the rustling of bushes or leaves drawing his attention as he stares around into the darkness. It’s fight or flight right now, and Jimin doesn’t even know what Hoseok wants. He thought for a long time that he understood what the Alpha was after when it came to him, that he could handle the demands and the abuse.

He pats the photo through his pants pocket, the fear swelling again. It’s possible that he doesn’t understand what the end goal is for Hoseok, it’s possible that the Alpha is only playing with him, that all of the talk of mating has only been part of the game.

Jimin stiffens when his ears pick up on the sound of someone approaching. The footsteps are lighter, no longer heavy on the ground, no longer pounding the earth with the ferocity of a predator after its prey.

The Omega’s eyes widen, his muscles tensing before he turns, taking off again into the forest. Hoseok shifted, Jimin can tell that much by the sound and weight of his steps. He can hear the Alpha closing in on him, his speed increased by the switch to his wolf form, the threat amplified. If Jimin shifted too then he might stand a chance of escaping, but he doesn’t have time for that. He doesn’t have time to do anything but run and hope that somehow, Hoseok grows tired or disinterested.

It feels like life or death, and so Jimin pushes himself as hard as he can, willing his legs to move faster and faster until he feels a force solid and heavy crash into his back, throwing him to the ground atop moist soil and dead leaves. His exhausted body bucks against the weight behind him, but Jimin inhales the heavy scent of baked bread before the weight crashes onto him again, teeth clamping down on the back of his neck, forcing his submission.

Jimin could cry, but it won’t help him at all. Instead, he’s forced to lay still as Hoseok shifts right on top of him, the distribution of the weight on his body changing until the Alpha is straddling his hips rather than pressing onto his back.

Hoseok releases Jimin’s neck from where he’d been holding it between his teeth. It’s a far more aggressive method of settling, it’s forced submission and it’s humiliating in the worst way. Jimin doesn’t have time to be embarrassed though, his hands thrusting into the earth as he tries once again to buck the Alpha off, a loud hiss ripping from his throat as his eyes glow blue. He can’t go down without a fight, he won’t go down without a fight.

He puts all of his strength into throwing Hoseok off, but the Alpha only falls backwards for a moment before letting out a terrifying growl. Jimin’s body shakes beneath the aggression before Hoseok’s hand latches onto the waistband of his jeans. He throws his foot back to kick Hoseok
away, twisting his body around to growl as he tries to throw himself at Hoseok, wanting to switch their positions and get a few good hits on the Alpha.

His attempt fails though, Hoseok catches his foot, using it along with his hold on Jimin’s pants to force the Omega back down onto his stomach.

“You should’ve just behaved.”

Hoseok’s hand slams down onto Jimin’s head, forcing his face into the dirt, holding it there painfully as he tears Jimin’s pants down.

“I’ll just have to make you mine.”

Jimin jerks his body despite the pressure on his head, trying hard to slip out from beneath Hoseok, to kick him off, to win. Against the earth, his chest vibrates with a growl before lighting up with a hiss, his arms bending as he grabs at the hand holding his head down. He can’t speak with his mouth pressed into the soil, nor can he see or smell beyond the scent of a recent rain.

His pants are around his thighs when he starts screaming, his body thrashing as Hoseok struggles to keep him under control. He puts up as much of a fight as he can.

“Did you like what you found in my room?”

It’s freezing, even moreso when he feels his underwear being dragged off, the hand on his head tightening before his head is jerked to the side, showing off his swollen scent gland, giving him an opportunity to speak.

“Get the fuck away from me!” He snarls, his nails digging in and dragging down the Alpha’s arm. He can smell baked bread now, aggression, but most prominently, arousal.

“Shut the hell up, Jimin.” Hoseok lets go of his head, and just as Jimin pivots himself to escape, a fist connects with the side of his cheekbone, throwing him back against the dirt.

“You’ve always been like this. Thinking you can fucking take me.” There’s so much bitterness in Hoseok’s voice, but Jimin has no time to respond when he feels the Alpha on-top of him again, another punch connecting with his jaw.

He’s faintly aware that he’s hissing, his hands thrusting out against Hoseok, trying to push him away before a swift punch to his throat knocks the air from his lungs. Jimin chokes, coughing and gagging while the Alpha laughs above him.

Jimin claws at the earth, his instincts screaming. He has no time to be scared, no time to be weary of his own fear. Instead, pathetically tries to crawl away as the air slowly returns to his lungs, Hoseok continues to laugh from where he’s seated on Jimin’s stomach.

“Stupid…”

A hand clamps over Jimin’s mouth, he inhales a handful of soil, coughing as he realizes that Hoseok just put dirt in his mouth. The granules lodge themselves in his windpipe but coughing from his current position his back doesn’t help to free them, it only allows more to get in.

Jimin’s faintly aware of Hoseok getting up from where he’d been sitting on his stomach. The
Omega coughs violently, twisting his head before turning onto his side, spitting the dirt out as Hoseok’s hands grip his hips. He knows what’s coming next, but he can hardly breath without coughing, his eyes watering from the pain of the foreign objects lodged in his windpipe.

He kicks and tries to growl or hiss, but nothing happens, another cough interrupting him as the Alpha positions him. It’s so much more pathetic than he had ever wanted to be, his face throbbing from where he’d been punched, his throat aching from the soil.

He tenses when the Alpha thrusts into him, but he can’t scream despite the pain. Jimin claws at the earth as his coughing finally begins to slow, using it to pull himself forward as though it’ll help him to escape, as though it’ll do anything at all for him.

It feels like he’s being ripped in half.

“S-sto-,” He launches into another coughing fit and Hoseok laughs from behind him, his grip on Jimin tightening as the pain continues to burn through his body. He wasn’t wet at all when Hoseok first thrust into him, and his only saving grace will be the eventual moment when his body does begin to respond.

It hurts so fucking much; Hoseok’s cock might as well be a cheese grater.

As more soil comes free from his throat, Jimin works a growl up. He twists his body again, throwing his arm back to try and grab at the Alpha. Hoseok catches his arm twisting it behind Jimin’s back before using it to push Jimin’s front half down into the ground. The thrusts slow as Hoseok’s fingers tighten on his arm, his thumb rubbing over the vein standing out prominent on his wrist.

“Only lovers fuck face to face, all your snooping says you rather be my whore. So, I’ll only fuck you like a whore.”

“Fuck you!” Jimin shouts, grimacing as the Alpha twists his arm again. “Stop!”

“Why shouldn’t I fucking break you, huh?” Hoseok’s grip tightens again. “Teach you where your place is.”

The Omega whimpers when the Alpha’s hips draw back, thrusting in so deeply that the pain shoots up his pelvis and into his stomach, spreading across his chest slowly. “My place isn’t any less than yours.” He snaps despite the pain.

“Oh yeah? So, I should just let little Kookie get gang fucked by my friends? That’s what you want?” Hoseok laughs again, and before Jimin can respond, he starts a swift and hard pace, fucking into Jimin so painfully that he can only gasp and groan for the first few seconds.

“Don’t you d-dare.” He grits his teeth, cringing as Hoseok grinds against him. He’s beginning to lose faith, having no idea what’s going to happen to him now. Hoseok caught him, Yoongi may be responsible for the death of a teenage Omega, the government is out for them.

This is so fucked up… I’m so fucked up…

“Hoseok…”

Jimin inhales sharply, but he doesn’t move a single inch. To save his life, he must maintain his
composure.
Nearby, he can hear someone approaching, their footsteps light, crunching twigs beneath their feet.

“What are you doing here? You know I don’t share.”

His heart leaps into his throat, his stomach sinking and sinking with a cynical fear that’s been taught to him rather than bred in. The footsteps come to a slow stop a few feet away, and Jimin wishes he had just been killed rather than endure what’s coming next.

“Let him go…” Yoongi’s words are sharp, frigid. Jimin shudders as Hoseok’s thrusts slow, a laugh bubbling up from his throat before his grip on Jimin’s arm tightens again.

“Why?”

Jimin exhales just as a burst of aggression alights his senses, his instincts screaming at him to run, slick trailing thick between his legs as his body tries to appease the angry Alpha. Behind him, Hoseok presses his thumb against Jimin’s rim.

“You’re making a mistake, Yoongi. You forget about all the proof I have. I have more cards than you do.”
The Alpha casually pushes his thumb into Jimin alongside his cock, tugging lightly at his sore hole until Jimin whines and begins squirming beneath him.

He can’t move too much with the position Hoseok has his arm in, and the vulnerability of his current position combined with the aggressive Alpha scent is terrifying.

“I don’t care about that anymore, I’ll handle it.” Yoongi takes a step closer, his cinnamon scent finally reaching Jimin’s nose along with an domineering force of power, strength.

“I’ll fucking ruin you all. I’ll ruin you worse than I ruined your fucking mate.”

Jimin doesn’t see what happens next. Hoseok’s body heat had been so heavy and dominating from behind him, and within split seconds it suddenly vanishes. He doesn’t move initially, despite the snapping of jaws and growling he can hear nearby. It takes him a moment to realize Hoseok’s is no longer behind him, no longer inside of him, and in that moment all he can do is lower himself slowly onto his side, his body shaking from the shock as he tries to pull his pants back up.

He’s alone in the middle of the darkness, the sounds of two wolves fighting travels between the trees, but Jimin can’t see anything anymore. Despite how sore he is, he forces himself to get to his knees, pulling his jeans back up uncaring of the dirt caked onto his skin and clothes, uncaring of the slick between his legs.

It’s silent now, Jimin’s hand anxiously touches the photo in his pocket before touching his phone, his head turning to stare into the blackness before. He hesitates for a while, uncertain of where to go, of where the fighting is happening. He waits until he hears a twig snapping, the smell of cinnamon reaching his nose.

“Jimin…”

The Omega turns back to find the mint-haired Alpha, bruises and bite marks covering his skin, but no bones at strange angles, no profuse bleeding in need of a tourniquet. His eyes look heavy, like
he has a lot to say, like his lips are only closed to keep a waterfall of words from pouring out. The
two stare at each other quietly, the seconds passing as Jimin wonder just how safe Yoongi is.

“We need to go…”

The Omega nods, tapping the photo in his pocket again.

“Is he dead?” Jimin asks. He doesn’t know how he would feel about it if Hoseok were, but he feels
like he needs to know. It’s an important question.

“He’s just injured,” Yoongi assures him. “But you’re injured too.”

Jimin doesn’t really care about his own injuries. Some bruising and scrapes, it’s nothing compared
to the thin trails of blood leaking down Yoongi’s arm, the puncture wounds from teeth and long
scratches. None of it really matters.

“Jimin…” Yoongi says suddenly. The Omega doesn’t move, hesitance woven into his bones.

“I won’t hurt you.”

Jimin doesn’t believe him, but somehow, his feet begin to move, approaching the Alpha as though
walking to the grim reaper himself.

If he’s going to survive, he needs to take chances.

Chapter End Notes

Please read:

First, I hope everyone has enjoyed Composure! I really enjoyed writing it and so many
of you have shown it a lot of love, so thank you.♡♡

But of course, the story is nowhere near complete. We have so many loose ends to tie
up, and poor Jiminie is a bit of a mess...

Hence, this **very important** note. :p
Composure WILL have a sequel *however* I am taking a week off of writing to work on
other projects. This means part II will come out around the 22nd, though it may come
out sooner!

I hope you'll check back for the next part, and maybe come talk to me with one of the
links below! I love chatting with you guys. ♡

End Notes
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

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