Written in Blood

Rating: Explicit
Archive Warning: Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category: F/M, M/M
Fandom: Bangtan Boys | BTS, Big Bang (Band)
Relationship: vhope, taekook - Relationship, Yoonmin - Relationship, NamJin, gtop - Relationship
Additional Tags: Alternate Universe - Renaissance, 17th Century, 18th Century, Mixed Centuries, Pirates, Magical Artifacts, Legendary Ship, Assassin's Brotherhood, Aristocracy, Swordfighting, Ship Battles, Angst, Sex, Rough Sex, Oral Sex, Anal Sex, Erotica, Gay Sex, Dueling, First Time Blow Jobs, First Time Bottoming, First Time, Captain Kim Namjoon | RM, Mages, Twins Tae and V, Tahyung and Vante, Yoongi Alchemist, Hoseok the minstrel, Jungkook 'The Virgin Knight', Assassin Seokjin, Jeon Jungkook & Jung Hoseok | J-Hope Are Best Friends Blood and Violence, The Count Jiyong, dragon - Freeform, Smut, Shameless Smut, Fluff, Revenge, hard life, Lust, Sexual Tension, Explicit Sexual Content, Tae dislikes Jimin, V and Jimin are Best Friends The Old Captain of the 'Sea Monster', Threesome - M/M/M
Stats: Published: 2019-02-12 Completed: 2019-08-26 Chapters: 31/31 Words: 148053

Written in Blood

by Ssscilla

Summary

V and Tae are twins, identical to the mole beside the fact that one is dark-haired, while the other is blond. They were always special, always different, intertwined with vail of mystery. Their Mentor and protector Seokjin raised them to be charming, but lethal, as all three men belonged to the very old Order - the Assassins.

They live a calm life, build on friendships and work, with occasional chats with Yoongi and teasing with Jimin. The arrival of red-headed minstrel and quiet knight will add new interesting things to the bunch, as some tensions will be stirred.

All that was about to be changed when the past starts to hunt Seokjin.

-“Hmmm…there was some rumors that it was seen near Whailen again.”
-“The rumor also has it that he is looking for you Jin.”
This story is filled with gay smutty scenes, passion, and angst. If that’s not your cup of tea, farewell….but if you prefer this acquired taste of tea, then I suggest you read on.

Notes

The work was created when I saw a fanart of Taehyung, or two Taehyungs to be precise, one blond and one dark-haired, facing each other, as Angel and Devil, I presume, but it inspired me in another fashion, as I was always fascinated with identical twins. V was always more like BS&T, blond and delicious, with slightly longer hair and Tae, is more of dark-haired Singularity, but without a mullet.
Jin was such an obvious choice for their protector and I love him dearly. So I made him gorgeous and lethal, as one of the Assassins. His hair from Fake Love era was perfect for him for this book.
Then there is Namjoon in his long black coat looking outfit from MGA awards, which gave me the idea of a pirate Captain. I always loved Pirates of the Caribbean and with Assassin’s Creed Black Flag game, piracy was an obvious choice. Imagine him with silver hair and amber eyes and that coat….definitely that coat.
Now my love towards regency and aristocrat’s dramas allowed me to put this story in an uncertain mix of several centuries, with some part of Renaissance Italy, through 17th century France and London and 18th century Caribbean and pirates. Who said you can’t mix your favorite things?
As for Jimin and Yoongi, I wanted to give them more depth of the character, as both looked rather stereotypical and I hope I managed to do so. I saw Jimin with black parted hair, forehead showed, he is the most deadly then, I swear to God… He is even more seductive to me with that hair color than he ever was with silver, although BS&T era was to die for. Yoongi, however, looked more like he did in Fake Love era, to be more accurate, that airport picture when he was in a white shirt, his dark hair tousled over his eyes and he wore a black mask. He looked like anime character back more than ever…well…I imagined him like that, with that hair, that’s for sure.
Jungkook was always envisioned as a quiet dark-haired lad, until later in the story. Imagine him as he is with women around… all panicked and restrained. Yup, that’s Kook for you, at first anyway. We learn more about him later on. As for Hoseok, that Devil that caused my heart to flutter so many times. I adore Idol era Hoseok, with his dark brown hair parted, so his forehead is showing. He is so sexy like that but I needed him to stand out and his red hair is perfect for it. So, try to imagine sexy Idol Hoseok, with his seductive confidence and smirks, but with dark red parted hair. Oh, but I do love dark-haired Hoseok, I do!
Now there are few other characters that you might recognize…the wicked Count and the Marquis, as well as few others that are mentioned slightly. Think of this story with an air of mystery brewing under the surface of the history. Like in the Assassin’s Creed and Tomb Raider, the reality is filled with small seemingly magical artifacts that had no explanation of how they existed in the non-magical world. So yes, I gave a bit of a mystery to the twins….and some magic to Namjoon. I just felt like that, so sue me. Oh, and yes, the ages are mixed up. I needed Namjoon to be the eldest this time, the rest are in the order pretty much, except for the bigger age gaps in between. So instead of one or two years, it’s four, five or six…that sort of thing…
Overall, I do hope you will enjoy this story as I enjoyed writing it. I will update every week. Enjoy!
It was a warm night. The air was light and breezy and it ruffled V’s hair slightly. The different smells of the smoke, roasted meat, sweat, flowers and horse dung were all present on the ground, but V could barely sense it all the way up the tall tower. He loved high abandoned places. He loved the peace and quiet. He would usually close his eyes and concentrate on the sounds around him, listening carefully. His senses were sharper than the rest and his eyes saw perfectly well in the dark. He looked unreal, ethereal almost in his dark outfit and long leather coat. The only bright thing on him was his blond hair and icy blue eyes. He was a gorgeous man, a bit proud and unnerving if you look at his eyes long enough. His gaze was deep. It reached inside someone’s soul, baring it naked and vulnerable. The only small number of people could be in V’s vicinity for a long time and not feel the chills in their bones. But he loved that, he preferred solitude instead of a company. He loved to hide in the shadows, listening, observing, hunting, it was in his rare blood. The nights and shadows were his best companions.

Only three persons in V’s life were strong enough to be around him all the time and don’t feel the maddening pressure of his presence and those were his Mentor and the brother figure Seokjin, Jimin, his best friend and his twin brother, Tae.

As V was cold, calculated, unnerving and proud, Tae was his opposite in many ways, warm, friendly and approachable. Even though they were identical to the mole on their beautiful face, Mother Nature had a weird inspiration when creating the brothers. As V’s hair was blond and his eyes blue, Tae was dark-haired, with warm chocolate eyes and gentler features. Their characters, although very different, completed each other almost entirely. What one lacked, the other one had it in abundance and vice versa. V couldn’t imagine his life without his twin and he knew that Tae feels the same.

Their mother used to say that she had one son of the Night and one son of the Day. She said that Sun gave V a sunny hair and sky blue eyes to always keep him warm at night and brighten his sight so he can see in the dark, while the Night gave Tae dark hair and sparkly dark eyes to always manage to find shade and safety during the day and to charm people around him. They loved their mother and they missed her terribly, but the death took her quite early and since they never met their father, they had to survive on their own.

V took a deep sigh as he remembered their childhood past, their hardships after their mother died. The memory was vague now, but still, cut in deep into his memory. He will never forget the promised fate that they nearly evaded. It was soon after their mother’s burial, that the government took them and place them into an orphanage. As they were strikingly beautiful and so rare looking from a very young age, they quickly caught the attention of several brothel owners, who were regulars at the institution, buying young boys and girls to sell them as sex slaves to the wealthy people. They fought among themselves who’s going to have them. It was rare for identical twins to have different hair and eyes color and each was magnificent in his own unique way. On the day of their auction, they tried to escape, but were caught and tied up together. They were sold to the worst of them all, the man known in their secret circles as the man who loved to fuck children.
Everyone hated him, but he had the money, lots and lots of money and he used that to rule them all. That night they were bathed, placed in the clean white tunics, perfumed and fed. They were tied up to the bed, arms, and legs next to one another to wait for their master. Tae was crying, shaking from fear, but V looked around, trying to wiggle himself out, but with no avail.

Soon their new master came. V forced himself during the years to forget his image, but even now, after all this time, blurry features of the man’s face surfaced and V gritted his teeth at the memory. The man was bile, sadistic and disgusting, with small eyes, wobbly under-chin, and short mustaches. His hair was short and receding and he wears the wig during the day, but for this occasion, he didn’t mind showing his real face.

Tae started sobbing, completely terrified. V, however, growled at him, baring his small teeth at the man.

-‘’Oh feisty one…mmmm…I like that.’’ – He licked his lips disgustedly, while he hummed in the most cringing way. – ‘’…yes…yes, yes, yes… I like that…mmmm… the feisty ones are always interesting to break.’’ – He laughed, while his fingers ran across the twins tummies. He placed his hand on the inside of each of their thighs, sliding the tunic up to see what gift awaits him, but he managed to raise it only a few centimeters, before the blade pierced his throat and he choked, his scream cut by the steel. His small eyes went wide, almost popping out, as his hands gripped at his neck, fingers cutting at the point of a blade. The twins watched in horror as the man choked in his own blood before the blade was yanked out and his massive body pushed from the bed and on the floor to die. The man’s fat body jerked a few more times, before it went still, dead.

The dark figure stood at the bottom of the bed, looking at them and still holding the bloody dagger. He was dressed all in black, body filled with different kinds of blades and weapons. His face was covered with the mask and a hood, while only his eyes were visible. Tae stopped crying now, too scared to make any sound. V just stared at the man, who stared him back calmly. The boy was surprised, since no one could look V in the eyes for long, except for his mother and Tae. Even the people in the orphanage would gaze at his face, avoiding his eyes, but this man, he was different. V didn’t feel danger from him, even though he just killed the man right before their eyes.

-‘’You mustn’t be afraid of me.’’ – He said gently, his voice sounded melodic and V nodded. The hooded man cut their bonds, wiping his blade of the sheets of the bed and tucking it into its shield. He went to the wardrobe, rummaging through. He returned with two blankets, a dark gray one, while other was burgundy color. They both looked black in the night.

-‘’Quick, wrap this on around you. I will get you out.’’ – He told them and the twins listened. V took burgundy one to wrap around Tae’s shaky body first, and then he wrapped himself in the other one. They had only slippers they gave them as they walk them to their master chambers, which were too big on their feet.

-‘’This will not do.’’ – The man said and looked at V. – ‘’What’s your name?’’ – He asked.

V looked at him for a second before answering. – ‘’My name is Vante and this is Taehyung, but our mother called us V and TaeTae.’’

The man nodded. – ‘’V, can you hold onto me tightly?’’ – He asked and V nodded.

-‘’Good, climb up my back and hold tight.’’

V jumped back on the bed and waited for the man to turn his back. He jumped and wrapped his skinny arms around man’s broad shoulders while wrapping his legs around the man’s middle. When he was satisfied that V was holding on tightly, the man took Tae into his arms and the boy
quickly imitate his brother, by tugging at the man’s neck and wrapping his legs around his waist. Intertwined like that the man sneaks out into the hall, avoiding being seen and went to the lower levels. He knew the underground tunnels that ran under the villa very well as if he was studying the plans for a long time before. With twins completely silent, they disappeared into the darkness.

V didn’t know how long the man walked, turning left and right, but he saw the eyes of the many small creatures in the darkness, watching them. Finally, the stench of the tunnels became lighter, as the fresh air started mixing and V knew they were close to the exit. A couple of minutes later they reached the night sky and V’s eyes shined at the stars.

-‘TaeTae, look.’ – He whispered and Tae raised his small face to look up. He beamed when he saw the night sky sprinkled with tiny diamonds.

-‘So pretty.’ – He said quietly and snuggle to the man better, so he could keep his eyes on the stars.

The man reached his horse and put both boys down. After making some alterations, he hoisted Tae up first, then V behind him, before seating himself behind them both, guarding them with his arms as he held the reins.

-‘Cover your heads, it will be windy.’ – He said and the boys listened. Tae admired the strong elegant animal under him and was bending on the horse’s neck most of the time, patting it and whispering gentle words to it. The men saw what Tae was doing, but he didn’t stop him, since the animal, as it seemed, ran even faster. He looked down at the other twin and was surprised to see his face. V never felt this feeling of freedom before, he was completely in love with the speed from that night on. They rode long and fast, leaving the nasty city of La Croix, behind them.

V smiled at the memory of Seokjin. On their surprise when he took off his mask and pull his hood down. The twins were mesmerized by his young beautiful face and strong, broad handsome body. Seokjin gained their trust slowly, during their long trip at sea. He procured clothes for them and the cabin for them to sleep, with enough food and water.

During the day he would test them, learning their talents and natural skills, teaching them useful things, such as how to sail the ship, how to tie a sailor’s knot, how to hit the most vulnerable spots on human body and how to escape if they ever find themselves tied up again. During the night, before the twins drifted to sleep, he would tell stories and listen to their own. The twins quickly enough started seeing a brother figure in Seokjin, while the man, who insisted they call him Jin Hyung, saw a lot of similarities between their pasts and took upon himself to protect the boys.

Seeing huge potential in the twins, Seokjin took them to the training center to become what they were always destined to be – the Assassins.

V took a large breath, exhaling it slowly through his nose as he leaned his head back at the stone wall. His life is not an easy one. Both he and Tae sacrifice a lot to protect of what Jin created for them – a so-called normal life. It was anything but normal, but they kept pretending, just for the sake of their sanity. Between pretending they are younger brothers of a wealthy merchant and secret missions, their Order sent them on, the twins could say they lived better than most of their brothers and sisters in the Order. It was unimaginable for the Assassin to stay at the same place for more than a year or two, other than the Assassin’s Bureau, but Seokjin made it work somehow. He was careful and very smart. He kept a tight grip on the twins when they did stuff for the Order, but gave them free reins when they pretended to be ‘normal’.
They quickly learned that Jin was highly respected and slightly feared among the Brotherhood and that gave V a sense of pride. When they first came to the Assassin’s Bureau Jin left them under the strict and careful guidance of his own Mentor, Balthazar, as he left for the mission.

Because of their street knowledge and strong gut feeling, they learned with ease and quickly rose above other, much older Novices, advancing through the first two Ranks rather fast. The others didn’t like them very much because of that and after two years of their lives in the Order, Jin came back and took them away with him. They moved onto a small island called Bangtan and since that day, their lives truly began.

During the years Jin made sure to expand their knowledge and open their mind for other things besides the Order’s teachings. Even though following the Creed, Jin always thought there is more to life than rules and he filled their heads with everything and anything that could help them move through life with more ease. The twins were not easy apprentices, they were rather mischievous and energetic so Jin had to send them on the easy missions, to keep them in check, to give them a sense of importance and responsibility. They reached the Rank nine as Elite Trainee’s when they were only fifteen.

V will never forget the first time he killed the man, he was thirteen. He didn’t suppose to cross that step for a long time, but the bastard attacked him in the abandoned ally and V stabbed him to the death. Seokjin found him hiding on the roof, bloodied and shook. Tae said that V’s eyes changed from that day. That they lost their innocence and became cold as ice and he was right. Tae managed to keep his innocent eyes, for two more years, before he was sent on a mission, to kill the snitch. He was never the same after that.

Their lives seemed chaotic, filled with constant danger and death, but it was far from it, at least when V is concerned. He met his best friend a few months after they came to Bangtan. He went on hunting when he met Jimin. The first animosity followed with a fight was soon replaced by a lasting friendship. Jimin, the eleventh son of a nobleman, was witty, energetic and loyal and he was very important to V, almost as Jin Hyung.

Glancing up to the stars again, V wondered about their destinies and what future will they bring, when a sound of footsteps and hard breathing filled his ears. V’s body stiffened, but only for a second. The familiar grunt set his mind at ease instantly, when Tae’s dark head came out the small window and stepped out on the small wall. Seeing his twin, sitting so leisurely at the edge of the small wall, one leg tossed over the edge, while he scanned the town below them, made Tae grunt again.

-“I don’t think I will ever understand your need to climb the tallest buildings and towers, brother.” – Tae said breathlessly, walking carefully towards his twin.

V quirked the corner of his mouth, still looking at the town bellow, his icy blue eyes scanning every street, every roof, every dark corner of the streets.

-“You breathe like a charging boar.” – V spoke calmly, still not looking at his brother. “I could hear you from the way down.” – That was a lie, but V loved to tease him. Tae’s eyes furrowed and he bit back the words as he tried to gulp more air.

-“If you fucking make me climb a 100m tall tower, no wonder I would be out of breath, you asshole.” – Tae managed, setting himself down next to his twin. V’s mouth twitched in good humor, but otherwise, he didn’t move a muscle to greet his brother. – “Did you get it? How’s Yoongi?”

-“I did and Hyung is fine.” – Tae responded. – “Tired as hell, but he still refuses to sleep.”
V’s brow furrowed at that. – ‘’Maybe he should take his own sleeping draft and sleep.’’

-’’He doesn’t want to sleep. He said sleep is a waste of time.’’ – Tae said, adding with a smirk. - ‘’He did send you to Hell though and said that if you ever use his stuff like the last time, he will skin your ass bloody.’’

V chuckled at that. – ‘’He always had a soft spot for this ass.’’ – He tapped the side of his butt.

-’’You know, you never told me what happened between you two and why he doesn’t want to see you anymore.’’ – Tae asked, looking at this twin. His breathing now under control, as his eyes shined curiously.

V smirked. – ‘’Oh we were just fooling around with him. He liked it though.’’

-’’We who?’’ – Tae’s brows furrowed slightly.

-’’Jimin and me’’. – V answered, glancing towards his twin for the first time to see his reaction. He wasn’t disappointed.

-’’Oh my, you didn’t! Poor Yoongi Hyung, no wonder he hates your guts! Jimin is the worst.’’ – Tae said and V laughed.

-’’Why? Jimin is the best swordsmen... in and out of bed.’’

-’’Oh God, my poor friend...why V?’’ – Tae groaned, leaning his head back to the wall. – ‘’ Why would you let Jimin get his small hands on him? Why?’’ – Seeing his twin’s unperturbed expression, Tae added. – ‘’Don’t look at me like that. I don’t like him. I tried, I did...but I can’t like Jimin... he...he is...’’

-’’He likes you very much you know.’’ – V said licking his lips, while his icy blue eyes twinkle in mischief, the common trait that both brother’s had. Tae wasn’t amused.

-’’Oh I know he does...he literally humps me every time I see him.’’

V chuckled again.

-’’His newest ambition is to have sex with twins and you are far too bad for refusing to make his wish come true Tae.’’ – V’s voice was raspy, deep and contained a dose of dark humor, just like Tae’s, but Tae’s held a slightly gentle note, more playful. It didn’t sound playful now though.

-’’He has Godfree sisters. They are identical to the mole’’. – He said through gritted teeth.

-’’Oh, but he had the Godfree sisters, he loved it. Now the new target is us.’’ – V said and Tae blinked dumbfounded.

-’’Is he insane? You are his best friend, he knows you since we were all little.’’

V shrugged and then grinned mischievously at his twin.

-’’ I said I would be down with it if you ever say yes.’’

Tae gasped. – ‘’You did what?!’’

-’’Well I know you will never agree, so...’’ - V said nonchalantly, scratching his jaw, watching the town again.
-“‘Yoongi is right, you are the worst.’” – Tae said, shaking his head in disbelief.

V grinned again. – ‘Oh, Yoongi liked it…’

-“‘Oh shut up.’” – Tae huffed, turning his face towards the night, slightly shaking his head.

-“‘He did though.’” – V added. Tae groaned in exasperation and V laughed again.
They were seated in Seokjin's huge library. Tae occupied almost entire table area with a bunch of opened books and maps, running his eyes from one to the next in high concentration.

On the other side of the study, in two comfortable chairs near the window, sat V and Jimin. The window was made as a mosaic, each part was painted a different color, so the sun rays played a magnificent game within the room, filling it with different color lights.

V twirled his wine glass in his long slender fingers, watching the bits of dust lazily floating around as the sound of paper rustling and quill squibbing on the parchment raced to meet the sounds of a nearby ticking clock. The clock soon started ringing at three o'clock, filling the room with its sound. Jimin, who was meditating for a while now, something quite unusual for him, groaned and stretched his limbs like a cat on the other chair before reached up to take a huge gulp of his wine, his eyes following his twin's every move. Jimin observed Tae's bent form on the working surface and he let a small groan. He placed the glass back on the small table and stood up, going straight towards the other man. V, already prepared for the shouting and bickering, took a deep sigh.

-“When are you going to give your sweet plump ass to me Tae?” - Jimin asked seductively while hugging the dark-haired boy around the waist, pressing his groin on the latter's ass.

-“Aaagh fuck Jimin, get off!!!” - Tae smacked his arm and pushed him hard. Tae hated when a smaller man sneaked up behind him like that when he is deeply immersed in his work. It's his fault in some way he didn't pay much heed on the voices that just came in the room. He presumed it was his brother, but he forgot about his annoying best friend. Jimin giggled and let him go. He loved to tease him.

-“Oh, c-mon Tae, just admit, you like it when I grind on your ass.” - Jimin grinned teasingly, biting his plump lower lip to stop from laughing at Tae's expression. Tae wanted to slap him.

-“You wish! Not everyone wants your small dick in their ass!” -Tae spat and V and Jimin roared with laughter. It was like that for a while now, V thought, ever since Jimin got that insane idea in his crazy head of fucking him and his brother at the same time. Tae refused right away, not particularly liking the other man, but V just smirked and told Jimin he will do it if his brother agrees. Damn asshole, Tae thought. That only brought tons of annoying advances of other man and Tae seriously started to lose all patience.

He could feel Jimin's eyes on him all the time, lusting for him, gritting his teeth on dirty comments sent his way, growl every time Jimin's hand grope his ass or grind on him, like he just did a minute ago, with his entire body.

Already snappy and on edge, Tae had no patience what's so ever to stay quiet and allow Jimin to rattle his cage again. He returned his gaze on the maps he was trying to figure out and was rudely interrupted when he heard his twin's voice.

-“Little Chimmy is everything but 'small' brother.” - V said. – ”It has girth too.” - He added and
winked at Jimin, who was grinning like Cheshire cat now.

-"Oh you know I do." - He said and licked his lower lip. V chuckled, but Tae signed exasperated.

-"You two are disgusting." – He said. He didn't know in which way V's and Jimin's relationship has progressed nor how V knew so much about Jimin's dick, but he didn't really care to know. Those two were always weird ever since they met fourteen years ago.

Tae took a deep sigh, his finger following the path on the map, trying to find the easiest way. He checked the castle plans and route around it, trying to memorize it. He always kept his maps in his head. His memory was great when pictures, faces, and maps are involved, but give him text and numbers and he would stare at them for hours, not remembering any of it. V, however, was much smarter, he remembered everything. All of the plans, information, strategy, scroll after scroll, book after book, everything was safely secured in his brain. The twins never left a trace in paper behind them.

Jimin, however, had difficulty staying calm, as he stared at Tae's bent form, his eyes following the perfect curve of the man's ass. Jimin's breathing became shallow, while he was watching him. His mind was already far, far away, naked and sweaty, pinning the dark-haired twin on the mattress. He groaned, tossing his dark head back and then turned it to V to whine.

-"V, buddy, soulmate, shield to my sword, man... look at him!" - Jimin said exasperatedly at Tae's bent form. – "Look at his ass!'" - He made the round shape with his hands, groping the air and biting his lip. – "His ass is born to be eaten. I want it so bad! Please do something! Make him say yes!"

V just laughed, eyes twinkling with mischief, Tae, on the other hand, paid no heed.

-"I wonder what else he is hiding there." – Jimin continued, coming closer to Tae again, his eyes burned in the leather of Tae's pants. – "If he is anything like you V, well..." - Tae gritted his teeth, while Jimin's warm breath tickled the nape of his neck.

-"Give yourself to me Tae." – Jimin's voice was much deeper than usual. – "I will be so good to you." - He latched his lips on tanned skin and wrap one of his hands around Tae's chest, while others slid dangerously close to man's groin. Tae went rigid and untangled himself from Jimin's grasp with such of speed that Jimin's breath hitched in his throat. Tae's hands were on his collar and he yanked the other man to his chest, growling dangerously low into his face.

-"This ass will never be yours Park Jimin. Try to get that into that thick head of yours. "

Jimin's eyes went wide, glistening with arousal. Tae's angry raspy voice sent waves of shivers down his spine. Tae glared at him murderously, faces so close they could feel their breaths on each other's faces. Tae spoke again.

-"Stop fucking harassing my ass, stop staring at it, talking about it, stop touching it before I hurt you very badly."

-" That's so fucking hot Tae." – Jimin breathed, smirking wickedly and almost biting his lower lip off.

-"I'm warning you Jimin." – Tae growled. – " I fucking swear I do. Don't test me again. I will bury you for good."

Jimin moaned, bucking his hips closer to another man. He chuckled. –"Oh feel free to bury yourself in me anytime. "

Tae growled loudly and yanked at him harshly, tossing Jimin's muscled body flat on his back across the maps on the table. Jimin yelped and look at raged Tae hovering above him and before he was able to do anything Tae got a knife under his throat.

-"Jimin I will say this one more time...quit it."

-"Tae put the knife down." – V’s voice was heard somewhere behind them, observing quietly. V knew that Tae never draws his knives out unless he means to use it and he knows pretty well just how big sucker for danger Jimin is.

-"What will you do Tae? Slit my throat?" – Jimin asked starring at Tae's lips while licking his own. Tae hummed low in a sort of agreement. Their bodies were on top of one another that Jimin almost sensed the vibrations in Tae's chest. He squirmed slightly, brushing his hips on Tae's thigh, breathing heavily. After a few moments and Tae's intense starring, Jimin sighed.

-"Fine, fine..." – He said, flicking his eyes on Tae's. The mischief gleamed in them and smirk grazed Jimin's lips again. He always loved to play with danger, he lived for the thrill. Good fight, near death and a great fuck, made him a happy man. It was a simple life. He knew he shouldn't push Tae more. He never saw him lost his nerves like this before, but he simply couldn't resist.

-"...but will you fuck me afterward?" – He added grinning.

Tae made a quick movement with his knife to slice at Jimin's throat, but his brother had his hand firmly grasped and held in place.

-"V let go..." – Tae was grinding his teeth together, eyes burning, his entire body shook from fury. His brother was strong, but so was Tae, their hands trembled as their muscles flexed against one another. Tae wanted to draw the knife down at Jimin, while V pulled the hand up. V spoke calmly, but the tension could be heard in his voice.

-"No Tae, as much as you want to slaughter my best friend, he is still very dear to me."

Tae snapped at that. -"He is pissing me off for months V! For months!! He is doing it on purpose!! He is rattling my cage and I'm going mad!!"

-"If you just fuck me..." - Jimin started.

-"Jimin." – V warned.

-"...I would leave you in peace." - Jimin said heavily, rolling his hips on Tae, mischievous glint in his eyes made him look gorgeous and wicked at the same time.

Tae growled again and tried to send his knife down with new fervor, so V tighten his grip on his brother's hand, even more, his mouth on Tae's ear.

-"Jimin, hush. Tae, you don't want to hurt Jimin."

-"Yes I do." – Tae said stubbornly.

-"He is your friend." – V said calmly.

-"No he isn't."

-"Well he is my friend." – V insisted.

-"That's too bad." – Tae answered and Jimin silently watched the twin's calm quarrel, blade still
hovering above his face and the weight of two men pressed against him, did not soothe Jimin's wicked tongue, but he knew better than to push Tae too much."

-"I will be sad." – V said, but his voice showed no sadness what so ever.

-"You'll get over with." – Tae was merciless.

-"I will have to search for a new best friend."

-"You have Yoongi Hyung. He is much better anyway."

At the mention of Yoongi's name, Jimin gasped longingly. – "Ah Yoongi Hyung."

Tae's eyes darkened even more, but V's voice interjected whatever Tae was about to say.

-"Yoongi hates me." - V sighed sadly, but Tae knew his brother through and through to believe him.

Jimin, however, could not be stopped. – "Oh, his tongue was a heaven send." – He moaned, closing his eyes and arching his back. The image was so sinful, that V groaned. Tae however let go of his knife suddenly, letting it drop from his right hand and caught it midair with his other one and slammed it down, point first.

V's heart froze for a second before he saw the tip of the knife wedged in the table, bare inches from Jimin's head, hilt still held tightly by Tae's fingers. There was a fear in Jimin's eyes for the first time. He swallowed audibly, breathing through his nose in deep inhales, lips closed and serious.

-"You stay away from Yoongi Hyung, do you hear me Jimin?" – Tae growled dangerously. – "You will not mess with him, tease him or even talk to him ever again or the next time it will be your head instead of this table."

He shifted suddenly, shaking his brother off and moved from the table to grab his weapons belt and put it on around his waist.

Jimin silent only for a few moments recovered from his previous shock and sat on the table. His natural spunk and cool were brought back rather quickly, like the incident with the knife didn't happen at all.

-"Now, now Tae, that's not fair. You refuse to give yourself to me...not even for one night and now you have the audacity to stop me to get Hyung too."

-"Careful now Jiminie." – V warned playfully. He knew the danger has passed and that Tae won't hurt Jimin now, but it's best if his friend stops teasing him. Tae just glared at the other man, grabbing his coat from the chair and putting it on.

-"Jimin the only reason you are alive now is because of my brother, but don't mess with me, because the next time he won't be here to save your ass."

-"My ass don't need saving you punk! If you have any sense you would drool over it like everybody else, instead of being this bottle up sexual tensed raged maniac! Get laid Tae!"

Tae chuckled, straightening up the collar of his coat. There was something strange happening with Tae in the past few weeks, V thought. He was quiet and tense, snapping suddenly on one second and laughing on the next. V knew his brother has his strange periods, but it was never like this, not with Jimin. Sure, they were always bickering like cats and dogs, but never before did V saw his
brother lost his temper like that... but then again Jimin was a natural talent for mischief.

-"Tae you can't stop me to make my move on Hyung you know that..." - Jimin said acidly.

-"Try me Jimin." - Tae said, crouching down to open a medium-sized trunk and get few things he needs from there. Jimin pursed his lips tighter and changed his tactic.

-"Oh very well then... I will just try my luck with a certain virgin then, shall I?"

Tae froze only for a moment, but then continued what he was doing. Seeing the sudden change Jimin purred, leaning back on his arms, legs spread with an obvious tent in his pants, tilting his black-haired head back so his neck was showing. His eyes were heavily lidded and full lips pinkish and swollen, shiny from his own spit. He looked like some pure creature of lust. Jimin was a beautiful man and he knew that. He relished in it. Being the eleventh son of a high nobleman, Jimin would never inherit the title or wealth, but his family well connected with the wealthy society was enough for him. Jimin knew how to walk among the social cream de la cream as well as among the common folk, using his family influence and his own beauty and youth to get whatever he wants. Jimin knew he has to marry money up some point, but for now, he enjoyed his life and all the pleasures that he could get his hands on, gambling, racing, dueling, fucking, drinking and dancing. He loved the danger and adrenaline pumping through his veins and V often wondered how someone so wild could have the softest soul. He loved Jimin as he is and he couldn't fathom why his brother disliked him so much, but then again, some mysteries are bound to stay hidden.

Tae's stood up and said calmly. –"I don't care who you fuck as long it's not Yoongi Hyung or me."

Jumin's jaw clenched, but he played it off, forcing a smirk on his lips again.

-"Oh I didn't think you will be so cool about it Tae. I applaud you." – Jimin clapped his fingers gently together in small applause. Tae frowned.

-"Why would I care?"

Jimin acted all innocent. –"But isn't it well known to me that you got your eyes on certain knight Tae."

Tae blinked and Jimin ready for another outburst filled with jealousy from a dark twin was unpleasantly surprised when Tae burst out laughing.

-"Jeon!?" – He laughed. – "The Virgin Knight!!? You!!!?" - He roared with laughter, clenching his stomach. Jimin stared at him, mouth open. He glanced quickly at V and saw that he is biting his lower lip to stop himself from laughing as well.

-"Oh Jimin..." - Tae said, brushing the tears from his eyes. – "Oh please... "– He gasped for breath. – "I would love for you to try." – He chuckled. – "Please do that by all means. "

Jimin pursed his lips harshly together, his nostrils flared with anger. Tae just chuckled again.

-"Oh I can't wait to tell Yoongi Hyung about this." – He imagined Yoongi's reaction and burst into laughter once again. He went out with a small wave of his hand. The sound of his deep laughter echoing the hall and Jimin snarled, yanking the knife that was still jabbed in the table, jumping on his feet and screamed at the door. – "I'm going to get you one day and fuck you with your own knife Tae!!!" – He threw the knife at the door, where it rammed itself in the wood. V rolled his eyes and sighed exasperatingly.
"Was that really necessary Jimin?" – He asked calmly. Jimin still stared at the door, breathing heavily, body tensed like some kind of wild animal before he composed himself enough to look at his friend.

V sat calmly on the chair, legs spread in front, ankle crossed, while his hands hang limply on each side of armrests. He looked bored and tired.

"You know V, I like your brother, but I want to beat the shit out of him sometimes." – Jimin said and V smiled. – "Oh I believe his feelings are mutual."

Jimin huffed and moved to the mirror that was hanging on the wall near the bookshelf.

"Where are you going?" - V asked, not caring much.

"I'm going to have a drink, start a fight and fuck someone." - He said angrily, brushing his jacket and ran his fingers through his dark hair. –"Want to come with me?" – He asked, glancing through the mirror at V.

V shook his head and Jimin trailed his eyes on his own face once more. V observed him quietly.

His normally light skin was blushed, from his cheeks to his ears, which only showed just how much Tae managed to mess him up. V didn't know in which measure Jimin desired his brother. Was it only because Tae keep refusing him or it's because of something else? One thing was certain though, Jimin was angry and horny and that was never a good combination.

"I'm off then...see you later?" – Jimin asked and V nodded, sending him off with a wave, not moving from his chair.

Once he was finally alone, V sighed deeply, closing his eyes for the moment, enjoying the silence. The ghost of Seokjin's words echoed through his mind even after all those years.

-Calm your mind young one, let go of any thoughts and focus on the sounds around you.

And V did just that, listening carefully, his rare sense he and his twin inherited from their mother wasn't strong as hers, but it was catching up on slightest of sounds: little scratching noises of mice in the walls, shouts and talk of the people down on the streets, horses hooves on the cobbled stone, a women's laughter, sound of butcher's knife on the wooden board as he cut the meat down... further down, into the tavern, where the murmur of voices and laughter could be heard. V tried to concentrate more, to understand the quiet talking, but the sound of the door opening jerked him from his meditation. Their housemaid, Nanni, the old lady with a kind face and soft round body, entered bringing a candle to light up the lanterns in the study room. V hasn't even noticed how dark it became.

"Oh master V." – She spoke startled. – "I didn't know you are here. You gave me a fright."

"I'm sorry Nanni I didn't mean to sit in the dark. I just dozed off for a bit." - Both he and Tae cared for her. She was a good house servant and they treated her with respect and care. It was Seokjin who brought her into his household when the twins first came. She looks after them and Seokjin ever since.

“That's alright Master V. You should get some more rest. I keep telling you and Master Tae that you have to look after your health more seriously, but you boys never listen. Would you like some dinner now?” - She asked.

"No, no. I'm heading out, thank you Nanni. Don't wait for us."
She chuckled. –"Oh I stopped doing that for a while now."

V smiled and stood up. He kissed her round cheek and went to his room to get ready. V thought about the things that should be done, of the task Seokjin left for them to do in his absence.

V had no idea where their eldest brother was or when he will come back, but he surely won't disappoint him by not doing what he was told. Seokjin was probably the only person that V would obey, the only person, besides his twin that he trusts with all of his beings. He loves Jimin, but he doesn't trust him enough to divulge their secret to him. Jimin has no idea of twin's true identity or the Brotherhood. He doesn't need to know of yet and V hoped that he never will.

He looks through his window to assess the surroundings for the evening. Nothing was out of the ordinary, so he slipped through and onto the roof. V never liked the streets and so many people like Tae did. He much more preferred to stay out of the sight, plus the air was much cleaner and less smelly up on the roofs. He let the breeze ruffle his blond hair as he gazed on the evening sky. The Sun has set some half an hour ago, but the sky was still dimly colored and only a few stars peaked up so far. The night was so very young and full of promise.
It's been almost a month that Jungkook and Hoseok came to Bangtan, the city known for the riches, artistry, and trading. They agreed to stay there for a while, tired of constant traveling. Hoseok fitted right in with the crowd, gaining his popularity quickly and finding out that his lover making reputation arrived even before he did.

As for Jungkook he was glad that he can relax a little. At least he did try to since his own unwelcoming reputation followed him as well wherever he went. Plenty of very beautiful and handsome people threw themselves at him, but he refused them all. None of them had his attention, not one, that is until he saw – them.

The first one he saw was blond, with icy blue eyes and chiseled face of a Greek God. His proud and cold baring was a bit turn off for Jungkook, but even he couldn't deny that this man was very, almost unrealistically beautiful. The other one, though, was perfect. He looked just like the first one, except for the dark hair and brown eyes, his features were softer and his body more relaxed. He smiled and waved at someone in the crowd and Jungkook was done. That man was perfect in Jungkook's book.

"Who are they?" – He asked the old innkeeper, in which Hoseok and he were staying at, at the time being. The man scrunched his eyes to see to whom is Jungkook referring to. The recognition flared his features and he smiled.

"Oh, those are Master Vante and Master Taehyung, but everyone knows them as Master V and Master Tae, they are Lord Kim's younger brothers. The dark haired one is Master Tae, the other one is Master V."

Jungkook nodded, eyes round and still glued at the twins, who came to a stop when another pretty man jumped from the crowd to welcome them. Jungkook noticed that the smile from Tae's face disappeared and disapproving feature replaced the kind gestures on his face. The blond one, however, hugged the approaching man tightly, smiling slightly.

"That's Master Jimin, the Lord Park's 11th son, the youngest one. He is one of the most famous swordsmen in Bangtan. They call him the first sword of Bangtan, although Master V is the best shot, with his blades, arrows, and guns. He and Master V are the best friends, but strangely Master Jimin doesn't get along with the other twin, Master Tae." – The old Innkeeper kept talking, filling Jungkook's ears with information he really wanted to know, without seeming too eager.

"Oh, how so?" – He asked, pretending he didn't care much. The old man was delighted to have someone he could share the gossip with.

"The stories go around that Master Jimin threw his eye on Master Tae, but Master Tae doesn't feel the same way, which Master Jimin do not accept. Everyone knows he is trying to woo Master Tae with every chance he got. Here, look."
And surely, there it was, Jimin who leaned closer to Tae, saying something to him, while biting his
lips and undressing him with his eyes. His hand sneaked to grab Tae's booty and Jungkook felt the
urge to break the other man's hand in half. Tae hissed at him and knocked his hand away. He was
in Jimin's face spitting curses while the other man smiled. He sent Tae a kiss and left the Inn. Jungkook's eyes followed him all the way. The shaky laughter of the old Innkeeper jerked Jungkook back to reality.

-"It's the same every single time. Master Jimin will try and Master Tae will reject."

-"It seems to me that Master Jimin..." - Jungkook almost spat at the name. – "...don't know when to quit."

The old man laughed again. – "Oh but here the stubborn ones usually take the prize and Master Jimin is the most persistent one. Some people speculate that they will get married by the end of the next year. Especially since the other twin would be Jimin's best man."

-"You speak so easy about two men together." - Jungkook said, looking at the old man, who eyed
him suspiciously now. – "Here in Bangtan, we don't care about what other people think it's unnatural. Here if two people fit as a couple and they love each other, should be together, whether that's a man and a woman, two men or two women."

-"Oh I'm not the one to judge." - Jungkook explained hurriedly, wanting to stay in the old inn
keeper's good books. – "I think everyone should be allowed to love to whom they chose. It's just
that I've traveled through so many places where they are not so acceptable about that, so I was a bit surprised by your words, that's all. I'm glad here is not the same." - The old man smiled and ruffled
Jungkook's hair.

-"You seem like a nice fellow. I could introduce you to Master Jimin. He loves new people and
could help you make some friends."

-"Thank you, but I love to keep quiet. My friend compensates for the fun I'm missing since he is always full of stories and jokes."

-"Ah yes, the young minstrel. My inn was never so full before until he started to sing in the evenings. Great fellow."

-"Yes Hope is a great Hyung."

-"He sure is, well I need to get back to work. That pig on the steak will not roast itself. The secret is in the careful fat bath. You need to wet the crackling skin with hot fat that drips down, that way the skin is more crunchy and the meat tastes better." – The man winked at Jungkook, who gave him his bunny smile and went off.

Later that night, when Hoseok was performing, Jungkook sat in the corner eating slowly and
drinking hot milk. He knew all the Hoseok's songs by heart and was often the first one to hear any new one the minstrel came up with and was more interested in the crowd, secretly hoping that he would see the dark-haired twin again.

-"You are new here." – The sensual voice interrupted Jungkook from his thoughts. He raised his
eyes in mid-chew and saw it was Jimin. Something in Jungkook raged. Whether it was the fact that he was so persistent in his unwanted pursuit of Tae, or that he was so pretty, that everyone was voting for him and Tae to be together, awoke a surge of jealousy inside Jungkook, that he couldn't hide his annoyance when he spoke.
"What of it?" – He spat and Jimin was taken aback. He did not expect such a response from the handsome man.

"First of all, learn some manners boy, I'm pretty sure I'm your Hyung. Second I thought since you are new, I should introduce myself and show you around if you would like. Now I'm prepared to forget this little insolence and start fresh. I'm Jimin."

Jimin said, starring sharply at Jungkook, who finally swallowed his bite. He had to tell the old Innkeeper, that the pork was delicious. He finished his milk and brushed his mouth with his sleeve, before rising to his feet.

"I'm not interested."

Jimin gasped, turning red as he clenched his jaw sharply. Jungkook didn't stay to see his response, he just left.

The cold night air cooled Jungkook's head and he went to the nearby barrel to wash off the oil from his hands. He was shaking his hands dry, cold droplets of water falling everywhere.

"You know you are the first one that rejected Jimin's hand in friendship. I was impressed." – The deep velvety voice spoke from the shadows and Jungkook jumped a little. His hand running towards the sword on his hip.

"Easy there." – The voice spoke again and with his raised hands, the man stepped from the shadows. It was Tae. Jungkook stops breathing for a moment after seeing him so up close. He gathers himself quickly, so Tae wouldn't think he is some kind of dumb ape.

"I don't think that's true." – Jungkook said quietly. Tae's brows furrowed in slight confusion. He crossed his arms on his chest and observed Jungkook silently. Jungkook went on. – "I heard you refused his hand in friendship as well."

The sudden smile spread wide on Tae's face. He licked his lips and kept smirking. – "And what else have you heard?"

"Oh plenty of things...It is amazing what can you hear if you just keep your mouth shut and listen carefully."

"Oh is that so? Care to share some stories with me?" – Tae asked, tilting his head and using his best seducing voice. Jungkook nearly gave him everything, but he did spend a hell of a lot of time with the master of seduction himself, to know that this was the information extracting technique.

"Oh but where is the fun in that now? You should try it yourself." – Jungkook said, smiling teasingly and Tae blinked in a surprise. He tried to suppress the smile forming on his lips but failed miserably. He giggled with his beautiful box smile and Jungkook was just a bit more in love. He grinned as well, he couldn't help it.

"Maybe you could teach me how." – Tae said. Jungkook's heart jumped at that.

"I could try. Are you a good student?" – He teased, which made Tae biting his lower lip before he shook his head. – "No, I never was. I always fell into troubles."

Jungkook was delighted.

"Oh thank Hellheavens, me too." – They giggled together. Jungkook observed the silliness of the whole situation. He, the brave knight, giggling like some young boy, with the most gorgeous
person in this world. He didn't know what's happening to him, he just knew that he wanted Tae's company.

-"So... Are you ready for lesson one?" – Jungkook asked, touching the back of his head to ruffle his own hair. Tae's eyes followed his every move.

-"Now?" – He asked and Jungkook nodded. – "Yes, now, why not. Do you have somewhere else to be?"

Tae shook his head. – "No. I mean yes I'm ready and no, I don't have anywhere else to be." – He sounded nervous slightly, which was unimaginable to Jungkook. If anyone should be nervous it should be him, Jungkook. He took a deep breath and huffed with a smile.

-"Good. Shall we?" – He said, pointing for Tae to start walking and when he smiled and went, Jungkook followed him into the night.

⊱☯⊰

The smell of chemicals and herbs were overpowering in the small dungeon, but Tae didn't mind it. He loved all those different aromas of the apothecary herbs and mysterious chemicals. It's been the same for years. The sounds of boiling drafts, the clinking of the glass and dull tapping and grinding of mortar and pestle were constant in this small, overstuffed place, but Tae felt safe here, even though the half of the things here could instantly kill you. He was browsing through small jars of dried herbs and colorful powders while listening to the deep drawling voice.

-"You know...there is one thing I don't quite understand." – Yoongi said while he carefully added few drops of some oddly looking liquid in measuring cup. – "That kid...why? Why him Tae?"

-"Why not him?" – Tae asked back, tracing his long fingertips on a small bottle of medicine. – "Are some of this poisonous?" – He asked and Yoongi raised his eyes from the task he was working on.

– "Are you kidding me? Of course, they are." – He returned his gaze and added a pinch of black powder. –"Every medicine if not taken in a careful small dosage is poisonous. So, the kid? Why the Virgin Knight? And cut with the bullshit, don't answer with another question! Simply humor me with the answer."

Tae sighed. – "There is just something about him that draws me towards him." – Tae remembered the great time he spent with Jungkook last night. They joked and talked almost until the late hours.

-"He is not that interesting." – Yoongi said, measuring the powder on the scale and then carefully adding it into a concoction. – "He is just rookie knight. They say he is a good fighter, but he seems a bit dumb."

-"He was smart enough to refuse Jimin's friendship." – At that Yoongi glanced toward Tae, pausing for a moment whatever he's been doing. – "He did? Why?"

-"He doesn't like him." – Tae said and Yoongi hummed, returning back to work.

-"Just because he doesn't say much, doesn't mean he is dumb." – Tae protested. – "Just look at my brother."
"Your brother is the slyest weasel I have ever met and he doesn't need to speak at all... his wicked eyes do the talking for him, but sometimes he doesn't shut his mouth! That's one hell of a mind he has and even if he speaks it freezes my blood."

"Oh Yoongi if I didn't know any better I would say you have a crush for my brother."

Yoongi snorted. – "That's so ridiculous that I can't even snap at you. We are talking about me here...the guy who had a furious internal fight in his mind whether or not to save your brother's ass or let him rot. You I can stand... him though... well..."

Tae laughed. – "Well I am eternally grateful for saving my wicked twin."

"I am not."– Yoongi mumbled to himself, but then spoke more audible. – "I still don't understand how you two can be brothers. I mean you do look alike, fine, but in character, you are like bad vs. evil...fucking unbelievable."

"So you say I'm not good?"

"Tae, you are planning to take kid's virginity, so no you are not good...you are quite bad yourself, just not as evil as your brother, so be content with that."

Tae was laughing loudly now. – "Where did you get that I want to take Kook's innocence?" – He manages through laughter.

"Tae, why else would you be interested in the kid? He is tall, bulky, stubborn as a mule, knows only to use his sword, practically mute and he must be an idiot if he travels with that loud smiley weasel. Damn, if there is something I can't stand, it's the minstrels. I fucking hate them."

"I thought you hate my brother."

"No I just don't want to see him ever again, that's not the same. Minstrels keep smiling and talking even when you tell them to get lost. They are loud and annoying."

"People love them." – Tae interjected.

"People are idiots...as I said...loud and annoying and 99% of them, are thieves, so you end up annoyed and robbed at the same time."

"Hope is different."

"There isn't something like a different minstrel. Plus, his name is what? Hope? Damn, there's his wickedness...people always tend to think that someone is good if it has a good name...Hope...oh Lord... you can hope I won't ruin you."

Tae chuckled. – "I think he goes on the line 'I'm your hope, you're my hope.'"

"Fuck...how is he still alive?! Oh right, he has the virgin kid to protect him...sly man...sly..." - Yoongi said shaking his head while lighting the small fire to brew the potion.

"He is actually quite cool...they both are. You might like Kook...Oh, I would need more of that...umm...knocking off...liquid silver stuff... I forgot the name."

"What?! Already?! What the Hell are you trying to do, put entire city to sleep?" - Yoongi grunted. – "You are not planning to poison the water supply, right? That won't end well, let me tell you..." - Yoongi said in a matter of fact way, mixing whatever he was making with long glass stick. – "Trust
me, I've tried...but with something else in place of...umm...okay moving on..."

Tae grinned widely, his dark eyes shined mischievously. – "What place?"

-"It doesn't matter..."

-"Oh but it does..."

-"No, no, nothing to concern you Tae..."

-"Oh I beg to differ...."

-"Moving on..."

-"Hyung..."

-"I said moving on! Do you want this or not?"

Tae laughed, shaking his head. – "Of course, I do. Hurry up, I have things to do."

-"Well if you stop interrupting me with nonsense maybe I would... now shut up...let me concentrate."

Tae chuckled silently and moved around the room, browsing through shelf after shelves of bottles and powders and strange instruments. Yoongi's laboratory was a small basement, stocked with so many things, that Tae kept wondering how Yoongi function down here. He was a brilliant healer during the day, but at night, he was that insane chemist that is responsible for creating some of the most deadly poisons that Tae has ever seen and he had seen plenty.

Tae observed his quiet friend for a while. Yoongi would disagree and say that he didn't have friends and he considered Tae just as a loyal customer, but to Tae, Yoongi was someone who saved his and his brother's life on several occasions. Plus his medicines, poisons, bombs and other useful stuff really helped the twins with many things in their dangerous job.

Yoongi's highly concentrated expression as he took one deep breath before stopping it entirely for a small brink of time as he carefully poured two drops of something transparent into the mixture, made Tae wonder how Yoongi manages to be so calm and concentrated when he knew he didn't sleep enough. The round circles around his dark eyes and a tired expression on his youthful catlike face give away so much information to Tae's expert eyes that Yoongi cared to admit. Tae wasn't sure how old Yoongi was. He looked young, but sometimes he sounded like a hundred years old.

-"Have you slept like at all last night, or the night before?" – Tae asked, but Yoongi continued with his work, ignoring it. After the prolonged silence, Yoongi finally spoke.

-"Do you want me to lie to you or do you want me to tell you to keep your nose out of my business?"

Tae smirked. – "Lie."

-"I don't need sleep." – Yoongi's deep slurring voice answered immediately.

-"Well...that is a lie." – Tae said and Yoongi fought the urge to roll his eyes. – "That's what I've said."

-"Hyung you need to sleep."
"No I don't."

"You are only human. Humans have their limits and they need to rest."

"Unfortunately." – Yoongi sighed. – "Why does anyone need sleep? It's a waste of time and time is short...so much to be done...."

"I partially agree with you. There are more interesting things to be done than sleeping, but a small nap after lunch and deep sleep after good sex is so refreshing."

Yoongi snorted. – "You can do all of it and still don't sleep... I do."

"Woow, I'm surprised...I thought you are virgin too." – Tae was grinning like Cheshire cat, teasing his friend, but Yoongi's face didn't change as he observed his concoction on the fire, making sure it doesn't overheat. He did answer though.

"You know one prick of a needle in the right spot and you won't be able to get your cock up for a month."

"You can't do that." – Tae said, eyeing Yoongi carefully. He knew the twisted dark mind of his friend, but he hoped he was just joking.

"Oh yes I can." – Yoongi poured the heating liquid in warmed up glass bottles. – "Can you imagine all that cum not be able to come out...oh that would be painful for sure."

"I keep trying to find the excuse for your wickedness, but my brother is right, you are wicked little imp."

"Your brother is wicked as he is stupid, which is a terrible combination. I would not listen to him unless you want to end up dead." – Yoongi grunted as he was corking the small bottles. - "He's been known for ridiculous decisions and I kept asking myself how you two are still alive? He is right about one thing though, I am wicked...the rest? I won't even waste my breath to comment."

"I thought you said that my brother is extremely smart." – Tae bit his lip to stop himself from smiling.

"No, I said he has one hell of a mind, that doesn't include in which way. He is genius as he is an idiot, so...it's like gambling, you never know what awaits you, the genius or idiot."

"I thought I was an idiot?"

"You are...no sane person would ever do a one-third of the things you did under your brother's command. You have to be an idiot, but still... you are a good idiot, that counts for something...well...at least for people to have soft spot for you."

"So I am good?" – Tae asked, eyes sparkling with teasing.

"What?" – Yoongi raised his head to look at the dark-haired handsome man that leaned over the small table while Yoongi energetically fanned the freshly made concoctions to cool them down.

"I thought you said I'm bad." – Tae said and Yoongi blinked.

"You are."

"But you just said that I'm a good idiot...make up your mind."
"Tae I'm seriously considering turning you into porcupine with my acupuncture needles right now."

"I would hug you then." – Tae said.

"You will hurt yourself more like that, you bloody idiot." – Yoongi packed the bottles into a wooden box, filled with hay to keep them from breaking.

"My brother will have your blood then." – Tae said, still smirking.

"Let him try. I would tie up his ass down and whipped him bloody if he tries." – Yoongi said quite seriously while reaching under the table for a new box to take dozen other small vials that Tae asked as well. He packed everything and put it in the box with the rest. – "Careful with these." – He pointed at small green vials full of sleeping draft. – "Don't use them so much. People talk, let's not draw much attention."

"I will tell him." – Tae said, placing a moderate bag of coins on the table. – "Always pleasure doing business with you Hyung." - Tae tucked everything under many pockets on his outfit and went towards the door. – "Oh and Hyung, be careful, don't go around talking about tying down and spanking the First Knife of Bangtan, he might like it and then you've screwed...quite literally."

Tae went out laughing at Yoongi's shocked expression.

"I don't like your brother!" – Yoongi yells after a few seconds, making the last point, which made Tae laugh even more.
"Your brother hates me."

- V noticing his best friend’s calmness, simply moved his head slightly to show his acknowledgment. It’s been a few days since the incident, Tae and Jimin didn’t speak and V just waited to see how long Jimin will keep his silence. Apparently not anymore.

- "Why is he hates me so?" – Jimin asked, raising his eyes to look at the man sitting next to him. V sighed deeply and spoke quietly, his deep voice sounded dark. – "Tae doesn’t hate you Jiminie. He just…"

- "Hates me!" – Jimin said and slapped his hand on the table, making the plates and cups clatter.

- "Jimin."

- V warned, but his friend simply emptied his wine and reached to fill his cup again. – "He hates me V…every single time I come closer to him, he pushes me away. I know I can be a bit hard sometimes, but even when I’m on my best behavior, he pushes me away. Why V, why? What is that I do that makes him wrinkle his nose in disgust and roll his eyes?

- "It’s nothing Jimin, Tae is just like that…he likes who he likes and don’t care for anything else. He picked that up from Jin Hyung. It’s an annoying habit of theirs. Just ignore him and he’ll get around."

- V said, knowing that his brother would welcome the break from his best friend’s company more than it will change his mind towards the other man. V didn’t know why Tae disliked Jimin that much, Tae has never told him and V never really cared enough to ask. But Jimin cared. Jimin cared very much so. V knew it was more the fact that Tae ignored and refused him, than anything else, because in the whole truth, Jimin hates being ignored.

- "And I like him, I really do V…I really do. He is just like you, but more… softer, more… prettier… no offense mate… I would definitely bang your ass, but his…damn…I want to make love to his booty, softly and tenderly, you know."

- "Jimin you would wreck his ass like you usually do to the others…"

- Jimin pouted his lips slightly in a though. – "That’s maybe true…but not at first. He will have to beg me first. I would be a real gentleman."

- V snorted. – "That would never happen."

- "See…even you think so… he hates me."

- "Jiminah."

- V sighed exasperatedly. – "If you stop trying to hump his ass every single time when you see him maybe he would be more polite to you."

- "Not hump Tae’s booty!? Are you mental? How can I not? It’s perfect!"

- "I thought you said that Yoongi had the most perfect butt."

- "Ah Yoongi…"

- Jimin said dreamily. – "He did have a perfect ass. The way it pulsated around my cock…oh fuck I have to have him again. V I do…"
"Make up your mind Jiminie…is it my twin you want or Hyung?"

"Can’t I have both?" – Jimin asked hopefully, smirking.

"Only one Jiminie, but as it seems you will have neither."

"Oh what a poor sport you are V when you sound all reasonable. You are everything but that."

V smiled slightly, his eyes still looking at the opposite side at one smiling figure across the tavern, who was currently playing his guitar and sang some teasing song, filled with dark humor and filthy words. His fiery red hair and heart-shaped lips spilled such filth with a smile and teasing gleam in his eyes. The man was naughty as much as he was charming. V couldn’t take his eyes off him. The redhead finished his song with a grandiose high note, remotely reminding V of a female moan before the played the last of the notes on his strings. The men in the room roared with joy and women hide their red cheeks in amusement and slight embarrassment. The redhead bowed several times.

"Thank you, thank you. I’m Hope." – He bowed to the ladies, honey-sweet voice dripped as he spoke to them suggestively. – ‘I’m your Hope, your Angel. My ladies.’- He winked at them and they giggled. One of them crane her neck and exposed more of her cleavage in a very tight dress. Hope bit his lip and smiled, his eyes promising a night of fun. V smirked at that. He was so focused on the minstrel that he missed half of the things Jimin spoke. A sharp jab of Jimin’s elbow jerked him back.

"Are you even listening to me?" – Jimin asked annoyed.

"No." – V said honestly. – ‘You were whining, I lost interest after a while.’ – He added savagely and Jimin gasped. – ‘You asshole! I wasn’t whining!! I don’t whine! And I was saying that I might enter a dueling match, but fuck if you care.’

"Is that supposed to be something new? You always enter dueling matches." – V shifted his eyes to meet his friend’s glare.

"Yes I do…” – Jimin said seriously. – ‘But never against 'The Virgin Knight'."

V raised his eyebrows at that and Jimin added. – ‘Who is, by the way, a friend of the one person that managed to occupy your entire attention this evening and made you forget your best friend, me…so I thought you might be interested to know.’

"Why would I be interested to know that information?" – V asked with calmness, but it wasn’t enough to fool Jimin.

"Oh, don’t you bullshitting me V. I know you love to watch that minstrel singing his naughty verses and smile cheekily at every man and woman here."

"You know nothing Jiminie. It’s not true." – V said, raising his cup to his lips when he felt Jimin’s hand on his arm. – ‘Come now V, you know you can’t lie to me, I know you too well.’ – V wanted to laugh. There was so much that Jimin didn’t know about. Especially about himself and his twin and who they really are and where they belong. It was better that way. That way V could make sure that Jimin is protected, that he is safe.

The world was a dangerous place and being around V and his twin was a dangerous game itself. It was fourteen years since Seokjin brought them to Bangtan, awaiting his mission. He insisted on bringing the twins with him, which was barely allowed, but Jin wouldn’t have it any other way. For years Jin waited for his target to move. For years he managed to keep the twins safe, allowing
them to take only small missions around the home and giving them the chance to have somewhat
life here in Bangtan. V would never have met Jimin otherwise, and Tae would never come across
Yoongi, who, even though the older man denied it, became his friend.

Being an assassin is a seriously difficult life. You are bound by the creed and brotherhood, but
being more than assassins, V and Tae also had some mystery to them, which made them desirable
to others. Not only for their beauty but their skills as well, the twins were a high commodity. They
were memorable and noticeable, which proved difficult when trying to hide their true identity. But
through Seokjin’s careful guidance and skill in disguise, they managed to live quietly or at least
tried to live quietly for a while. And even though V trusted Jimin very much, he still didn’t tell him
who he really is.

Yoongi knew only that they are in some tricky business, being in contact with Seokjin first, who
ordered potions, bombs, sleeping drafts, and medicine on a daily basis, but as he was the person
who never asked too many questions, he was the only person who could remotely guess the truth.

Now with Seokjin being away for almost a year, V grew restless. He wanted to go on the mission
or have some change. Being at the same place and having a home was nice, but he needed to feel
the wind in his face and a tinge of adrenaline in his veins. Tae, on the other hand, was different. He
was quite content staying on one place and visiting other places as long as he can come back
‘home’ as he said. V knew though that Tae would go wherever V goes because the idea of them
being separated was unbearable.

V took another sip of his wine, eyes lost in the crowd, not really watching them, but more looking
through them, when sudden movement on his left jerked him back from his thoughts
as Jimin leaned forward suddenly, eyes round and attentive as he followed a new person that just
came in. V’s eyes shifted on Jimin’s target and he saw a tall, broad young man, with raven hair and
strong jaw. His big doe eyes scanned the room, coming across V’s, only to shift to Jimin’s and
grew harder.

-”It’s him.” – Jimin said quietly and V watched as the young man started walking towards them.
Jimin’s body tensed in anticipation, eyes glued to the newcomer’s face. The young knight
approached their table and tossed the parchment and a dagger on the surface in front of them,
among cups and plates. His voice was pleasant and manly when he spoke to Jimin.

-’’Are you the fool that left me a dueling challenge nailed on my door?’’ – V raised his eyebrows
at that and look at Jimin, whose nostrils flared in a flash of annoyance.

-’’That’s how we do things here pup, you better learn fast.’’ – Jimin said, voice seemingly fine and
dangerously low, which was nothing new to V, who has seen his friend getting angry or irritated on
others before, but to others, it was a plane warning not to mess with him. The young man, however,
was unimpressed.

-’’Well then, you should explain to my landlord that and stop him for charging me the extra coin
for the damage that you caused on the wood...if that’s how you do things here. In my country, we
are more gentlemen’s like.’’

-’’Are you saying that I’m not a gentleman?’’ – Jimin glared at the young man. The knight blinked
and then nodded. – ‘’Yes I do say that.’’

-’’Why you little…’’ – Jimin starting to rise on his feet, when V’s hands caught him and he stopped
in the middle of standing up. He composed himself quickly, taking a large breath before continuing
more calmly, slowly sinking back on his chair again. – ‘’I don’t know the customs in your country,
but this is how the real man doing things around here. We tend not to be
so... innocent and pure...’” – Jimin made a deliberate pause to make a point on those two words, before continuing. – ‘‘Here, the real men know the real pleasures. There is nothing better than to have a drink and a fuck after a good fight or swordplay, but you wouldn’t know anything about that, won’t you Virgin Knight?’’

The knight’s eyes grew darker and he tensed his jaw tightly. – ‘‘Real man doesn’t have to say that he is ‘the real man’, he just is, but listening to you I kept wondering do you even feel like a man at all, or simply as a little boy who wants to grow up so fast.

Jimin growled and jumped from his chair, pulling his sword at the Knight, but the younger man moved so fast that he blocked Jimin’s blade in a blink of an eye. The promising duel, however, was stopped by V and another person.

-‘‘Gentlemen, gentlemen, not in front of the ladies.’’ – A sinfully sweet voice filled V’s ears and he wished he could see the man who spoke them, nearly losing the grip on tossing Jimin when he tried.

-‘‘Jimin-ah enough!’’ – V spoke annoyed.

-‘‘V let go of me, that pup needs a lesson!’’ – Jimin screamed and lunged again. V held him in a tight grip, so the scene was quite ridiculous.

-‘‘I have a name, it’s Jungkook!’’ – The Knight spoke through gritted teeth.

-‘‘I don’t give a shit what your name is you...’’ – Jimin yelled again but was interrupted by the sweet voice. -‘‘Well that’s not a nice thing to say.’’ – And V could finally see the man, as he came to stand in front of tossing Jimin. It was Hope, the minstrel and Jungkook’s friend. He was so beautiful, V thought. His skin had a certain glow, and his smile was wide and honest. His eyes, however, twinkled mischievously as he stood between his friend and Jimin, which gave Jimin a pause. However, Hope continued speaking.

-‘‘My young friend is not so good with words as well as he is with his sword...no puns intended.’’ – He smiled widely and V wanted to laugh but kept his expression checked.

-‘‘You see, we travel across the world, going from one place or another. We meet new people, learn new customs and have fun. What my friend tried to say is that he didn’t encounter your custom as of now and was somewhat taken aback, but please forgive him, since he is surely learning.’’

-‘‘Hyung...’’ – The latter said, slightly annoyed and relieved at the same time at his friend's interruption. Hope looked at Jungkook.

-‘‘Now there Kook, we are not here to cause trouble of any kind. Your achievements and famous swordplay travel far and if I heard correctly, you just might be outmatched by Master Jimin here, who is also famous swordsmen.’’ – He turned his head to look at Jimin again. – ‘‘First sword of Bangtan if I’m not mistaken?’’ – He blinked charmingly few times and V felt Jimin relaxed, bringing his old flirty self as his ego was expertly stroked by Hope’s carefully chosen words.

-‘‘You are not mistaken.’’ – He said and tapped V’s hand to let him go. Recognizing the calm demeanor in his friend, V removed his hands and went to stand a bit at the side, still not trusting the Knight.

-‘‘It’s all well... no damage.’’ – Jimin spoke calmly, smiling at minstrel, but his eyes glared as they run across the Knight. – ‘‘But some rules must be followed. You are, young Knight,
challenged to a duel, by me. I expect you tomorrow morning at eight in the alley near the river bridge.’

-’’No.’’ – Jungkook answered.

Jimin’s eyebrows raised up high. - ‘’What did you just said?’’

-’’I said no, the time doesn’t suit me. I’m obliged elsewhere.’’

-’’Reschedule it.’’ – Jimin hissed.

-’’No, that’s more important than you surely. If you are so insistent to get your ass beaten by me, then chose another time and by that, I mean the day after tomorrow.’’

Jimin was fuming, V sensed the danger and came closer, as well as the minstrel, who spoke hurriedly.

-’’Now, now Kook, you have to be more lenient. Is there no way you could rearrange your meeting tomorrow for some other day?’’

Jungkook looked at him. – ’’No I don’t want to.’’

-’’Hmmm maybe our young friend here simply wants one day with his ladylove before he clashes his sword with you Jiminnie. He might not live the day, give him a chance at least to lose his virginity.’’ – The entire tavern laughed at V’s words, as everyone stopped what they were doing to look at the spectacle. Jungkook nostrils flared and he was just about to say something when Hope step in front of V, very closely. He still has a smile on his face, but his eyes were dangerous.

-’’Now aren’t you a clever one, hmmm? Well, we shall certainly see who will…kill who at the end.’’ – Hope’s words spoke ‘’kill’’ but his eyes meant ‘’fuck’’ and V smiled wickedly.

-’’Oh kill, fuck, what’s the difference?’’ – V said quietly so only four of them could hear and Hope’s smile grew wider. He bit his lip and tilt his head. – ’’We should see that in two days now, won’t we?’’ Jimin and Kook watched this weird exchange of words silently until Hope turned to face Jungkook. – ’’Kook you have a duel in two days, I suggest you prepare yourself accordingly.’’ – Jungkook huffed at that and murmured that he does not need to prepare for anything, before turning and leaving the room. Jimin took his cup, emptying it, still glaring before he left as well… and only V and Hope stayed facing each other closely. Seeing that nothing more interesting would happen, the rest of the crowd returned to their own entertainment.

-’’You know I have met your twin, he is quite a candy, but I must say, you are breathtaking. V I presume?’’ – Hope said seductively and the corner of V’s mouth curled upright.

-’’Now I think the real thing you are trying to find out is can we or can we not fuck now or do we have to wait for two days and see if our hotheaded friends will hurt each other sufficiently enough so that we would be forced to hate each other out of loyalty and then have really angry sex afterward.’’

Hope laughed delightfully. – ’’Oh you are spot on, although I must say the other suggestion sounds just as hot as the first one. Alas, I do have other arrangement tonight. The Duchess of Harley asked for a very special lullaby tonight, she will be returning to her husband soon, so I can’t break my promise, especially when she is paying for it so gallantly.’’

-’’Oh but of course not, the ladies come first.’’ – V said, enjoying himself immensely.
-“You could come and watch. I’ve heard that the Duchess loves an audience.’’ – Hope asked, his voice seductively low as he stripped V with his eyes.

-‘’I’ve seen that play before. Once is enough.’’ – V answered and Hope smiled widely.

-‘’Not with me in the main act you didn’t. Besides wouldn’t you want to see what awaits you?’’

V curled one of his hand around minstrel’s waist and drew him closer, burying his nose in Hope’s neck, inhaling his smell all up to his ears. – ‘’I would rather be surprised when that moment comes.’’ – He could feel Hope’s hand on his nape, pressing V’s mouth on his skin. – ‘’Call me V.’’ – V murmured kissing the exposed skin right under the man’s ear. Hope hummed contently and reach down to feel V over his trousers. Satisfied with what he felt under his hand he spoke. – ‘’Only if you call me Hoseok in bed.’’

V smirked and grazed his teeth on Hoseok’s neck. – ‘’Hoseok? I like that.’’ – He kissed Hoseok’s jaw before pulling away to look at the man’s eyes. He nearly moaned by the amount of lust and hunger in them. Hoseok’s face changed and he was ready to attack V on this very table and fuck him senseless, or be fuck by him, Hoseok really didn’t care unless is some kind of fucking was involved, but he remembered where he was and that the Duchess awaits and he almost groaned. Removing his hands from V and stepping away slightly.

-‘’Are you sure you don’t want to watch?’’ – He asked, but V just smiled and nodded.

-‘’Very well then… until we meet again.’’ – Hoseok turned and left V, swaying his hips deliberately as he felt V’s eyes on his ass all the way.

V took a deep breath and shook his head. He was excited, which didn’t happen for a while now.
Yoongi was deeply immersed in his work when someone knocked on his door. He rolled his eyes at the interruption, but yelled... – "Come in!" - ...never the less.

It was Jimin who came barging in, slamming the door behind and went towards Yoongi, smiling wickedly. – "Hello Hyung, you look sexy tonight."

Yoongi rolled his eyes again.

-"What do you want?" - Yoongi grumbled exasperatedly.

-"Why do you presume I need anything?“ - Jimin asked playfully, even though he was not in the mood to play games, not tonight anyway. Not after that knightly brat behaved towards him. Jimin was too angry for games, he needed something else entirely. Something that he believed only Yoongi can fulfill right now.

-"Then why are you here Master Park?" - Yoongi kept his eyes fixated on his work, choosing not to give Jimin attention he wanted. That might have worked if not for Yoongi's trembling hands and quickened breathing, which didn't miss Jimin's hawk-like eyes.

-"Do I make you nervous Hyung?" - Jimin came nearer and Yoongi shifted uncomfortably, still not raising his eyes from the task he stopped doing ever since Jimin came in. There was something in Jimin that made Yoongi glitch. Everything the young nobleman did, made Yoongi wish to kick the shit out of him and kiss him at the same time. He couldn't stand the guy and his spoiled loud and presumptuous behavior, but then again, he couldn't stop being in love with him. He couldn't stop watching his beautiful face, the sweetest smile and words that were like dripping honey mixed with venom. Jimin reminded Yoongi of something gorgeous and lethal, something that would devour your soul while giving you the best orgasm in your life. Yes, that's what Yoongi felt each time he was near Jimin, danger and pure lust. He couldn't stand to be that weak in front of a young man.

-"Why don't you turn around and leave." - Yoongi tried. - "I have nothing that you would want." – He said, his voice shivering slightly and he wanted to slap himself for that. Jimin smile widened.

-"Oh Hyung, but you have exactly what I want." – Jimin drew nearer. – "What I need." – He was standing next to Yoongi in a blink of an eye. – "I want you Hyung." – He whispered in Yoongi's ear, which made the latter drops the measuring cup with audible clang, spilling the powder that was inside all over the papers on the table.

-"Shit." – Yoongi hissed, trying to collect the powder when a smaller hand covered his.

-"Hyung." – The voice was so soft and gentle that Yoongi was momentarily taken aback. He raised his eyes to look at the younger man and was startled to see just how close their faces are to one another. Jimin was so beautiful to him. A small sound nearly escaped Yoongi's lips and he gulped, taking a deep breath trying to calm his racing heart.

-"Hyung, I need you, please."- Jimin said softly again and Yoongi bit his lips. They were so close. Yoongi needed only to move slightly forward and they would be kissing, as they did a few times before. Just one little movement and Yoongi could be lost in Jimin's embrace yet again, moaning
his name and seeing the stars. He might have avoided V ever since that night, but Jimin was something else. Jimin didn't scare him that much. Jimin was someone Yoongi wanted, that he needed.

He glanced down to Jimin's plump lips, wanting nothing more but to devour them. He loved how addictive Jimin's kisses were. How soft his lips are and how playful his tongue is, but the sad fact Yoongi also knew was that the moment Jimin got what he came for he will leave him again and Yoongi hated it. He hated to be used, to be played with. He hated the fact that Jimin used him only for sex and nothing else. It happened all the time. Jimin would come, he would take and then he would leave, leaving Yoongi to pick up his broken heart and pride.

He stared at Jimin's eyes and saw that they are glossy, probably from all the wine the young man consumed that night, which made the situation even worse. Yoongi furrowed his brow, his mouth set in a disapproving line.

"No." – That was all he said, pushing him away and going to the other side of the room to open his front door. – "I have a lot of work, so if you are not here to purchase something, I suggest you leave."

Jimin's eyes flashed dangerously across the room, glaring at Yoongi with every attention to do exactly opposite of what he was asked to. His face contorted from flirty to angry in a second and he spat venom in Yoongi's face. -"How much for you then? How much for a night with you Hyung, hmm?"

Jimin's entire body bristle with anger, his hands gripping the edge of the table. He didn't like to be ignored or refused, especially not by Yoongi.

Yoongi stared at him in his own fury, feeling the sting of Jimin's words. The words that he probably have said in anger and didn't really mean them, but still, they've hurt like hell. Blinking back the tears, he hissed back. -"I am not one of your whores for you to bat your money at, you asshole! Get out!"

Jimin was rigid, his chest was heaving. -"I don't like the tone of your voice Yoongi!"

-"I don't give a fuck what do you like or don't like Jimin! Get the fuck out!"

Jimin was in front of him in three long steps, pining Yoongi on the door, making them hit the wall loudly.

-"Now you listen to me Hyung! I hate when you of all people speak to me like that like I'm nothing. I hate it...hate it Yoongi! I hate it!" - Jimin hissed through clenched teeth, gripping Yoongi's chin and robes to keep him still and leaning his face so close that Yoongi could feel his warm breath. - "I worth something!" - Jimin continued. - "I matter! I am something! I am the best swordsmen of Bangtan and not some low life scum you've been known to associate yourself with!"

– Yoongi was trembling at his words, at his dominance, his energy. He felt getting aroused and hated himself for being such a sucker for dominant men. He whimpered when Jimin pressed his body on his, pushing his leg between the other two, separating them and drawing closer, making their erections touch in the process. Yoongi made a small noise at the same time Jimin breathed out a groan, the smell of wine from his mouth hit Yoongi's face and Yoongi recoiled, wanting to push Jimin away, but managing only to pin himself closer.

-"Oh look at you Hyung, how nicely you reacting on me.” - Jimin said, his hand sliding down to cup Yoongi's ass, while he rolled his hips at Yoongi's, eliciting more rugged breaths from the other man. - "Don't you lie to me and tell me that you want me gone, when everything tells me
otherwise." – He kissed him almost painfully, pulling his hips on his own and grinding his clothed cock on Yoongi's, making him cry from the electrifying feeling he felt. For a briefest of moments, Yoongi wanted to give in and to enjoy being manhandled by Jimin. Heaven's knows he doesn't get enough sex as it is, but he didn't want to be Jimin's toy again. In the end, that very same thought won over his confused senses and he yelled. -“Jimin fuck off!!!” – Doing his best to push him away, Yoongi soon realized his attempts were useless. With one swift movement, Jimin gripped his hands and pinned them above his head.

Jimin was strong and Yoongi was amazed just how quickly the younger man overpowered him. Somehow managing to hold both of Yoongi's wrists with one of his hands, Jimin slid the other one across Yoongi's chest, finding his way down into Yoongi's pants, wrapping itself around Yoongi's length. Yoongi groaned low, tossing his head back with the audible thump at the wooden door. He closed his eyes and bit his lip while trying to hold himself together, his head swimming with the heat and lust. Jimin smirked in his neck, licking at it, sucking it gently while murmuring. -"You are so good to me Yoongiah."

-"Jiminah p-please... no... no more..." - Yoongi tried, feeling his resolve starting to crumble over lust. Jimin just chuckled.

-"You want me to stop Hyung? Hmm?" - He kissed his jaw and then his cheek, nuzzling his nose in Yoongi's skin. - "Don't you like it?" - His hand squeezed Yoongi's cock, sliding it up an down slowly, letting his thumb brush across the tip. Yoongi whimpered while twitching in Jimin's hand. The other man groaned again, his tongue sliding to lick at Yoongi's jugular. - "Fuck Hyung, you are pulsating in my hand so wonderfully." - Jimin found Yoongi's lips and kissed him deeply, moaning in his mouth. - "You make me so hard Hyung." - He said between the kisses.

-"Feel me." - He brought one of Yoongi's pinned hands down, pressing it between his legs. Yoongi could feel the outline of Jimin's cock in his palm and he hesitantly bent his fingers to feel it better. Jimin kept breathing in his mouth, his tongue wrapped around Yoongi's, sending the electric wave of pleasure through Yoongi's spine. He could feel Jimin's hips buckling fervently into his hand, while Jimin's own hand squeezed tightly and stroked him faster.

-"Jimin...d-don't." - Yoongi whined. God how much he wanted him, Yoongi wanted to scream. His plan to avoid Jimin is backfiring into his face, his own body betraying him because of the raw need. He needed to stop Jimin. He needed to break free. It hurts too much to be ignored afterward.

Yoongi groaned, trying again, but this time a bit firmer. - "Jimin... yah enough!" - Yoongi pushed him hard and Jimin's hand slipped out of his pants. He tried to get away, but Jimin caught him and this time turned him around so his face was on the door and his ass on Jimin's groin.

- "Oh Hyung I forgot that you like it a bit rough." - He chuckled darkly in Yoongi's ear, his hand slipping into Yoongi's pants once again. Yoongi arched at the touch, his cheeks were red and he felt hot. -"Jimin....s-stop...fuck...stop... let me go..." - Yoongi clawed at Jimin's hands, but the other man was relentless.

- "Just relax Yoongiah." - Jimin whispered and kissed his neck. - "I'll make you feel so good Hyung."

Yoongi grunted, brows furrowed as he felt his self-control crumbling into pieces when the deep voice spoke from their right. -"I think he was pretty clear of wanting you to leave him the fuck alone now Park!

Jimin jerked his head towards the door only to see Tae. Yoongi let out a long breath of relief, the sense of gratitude and slight embarrassment filling his chest. Jimin pulled his hand from Yoongi's
pants as he stuttered sheepishly. -"T-Tae...what are you doing here?"

Yoongi knew then that Jimin would never see him as he sees Tae. He knew about his obsession with dark-haired twin, everyone did and it hurts... it hurts badly. Yoongi lowered his eyes to the ground, the sadness gripping at his heart when Tae's angry voice spoke.

-"I should ask you the same thing. Why are you harassing my friend Jimin? Are the others not enough for you?

Jimin's slightly embarrassed expression went dark again. -"It's not of your damn business of what I do Tae." – Jimin quickly recovered from slight embarrassment. -"You made sure not to make it your business, so don't play jealous now."

Tae's eyes narrowed as he retorts in a dangerous tone. -"One thing I hate Park, are bullies. Bullies that come and try to take something that's not theirs or to force themselves onto someone who doesn't want them." – He slightly pointed at Yoongi. Jimin clenched his jaw at that, his body was shaking slightly in silent fury. Tae continued. – "Now, my brother might like you, but I don't and neither is Hyung."

-"Oh I think you made your opinion towards me perfectly clear Tae, but as for Hyung, I think you will find yourself very much mistaken since Hyung likes me very much."

Tae's mouth spread in a sneer. -"The delusional world you are living in Park is not mine to comment, nor do I care, but I suggest not to force yourself on Hyung again, or I will confront you, only this time I'll make sure my brother is not there to protect you from me."

-"I don't need V's protection from you Tae!" – Jimin bristled. – "You and I already have some serious problem and you are not the one to tell me to leave." - Jimin's eyes were glaring at Tae, who returned his stare in an equally dangerous measure. They were like two dogs ready to rip each other's throat, but before Yoongi could speak, Tae growled.

-"Leave Jimin." – Jimin shook his head at that. – "Only Hyung can tell me to leave." – He said, smirking wickedly at his best friend's twin.

-"I think you should leave Jimin." – Yoongi spoke quietly. Jimin's eyes instantly shifted to Yoongi's and he saw a tired expression on the man's face.

Yoongi cringed at the sudden pain on Jimin's face. He felt like he kicked a puppy.

- "Hyung."- Jimin's voice sounded so weak, that it gripped at Yoongi's soul tightly. He hated sending Jimin away, but it was better this way. Yes, it was for the best, he tried to convince himself, while his heart screamed.

Tae's mouth spread in a wicked grin. – "You heard Hyung, leave."

Jimin's expression hardened at Tae's words. The wine made his blood boil and even though he wanted to fight Tae, some grain of sanity made Jimin grit his teeth and glance at Yoongi once more. Seeing no change in the other man, Jimin nodded slowly, casting his eyes down and biting his lip in frustration and then stormed pass Tae out of the room without a word.

Yoongi stood silently for a moment or two, feeling like the worst human being.

-"Hyung, did he hurt you?" - Tae asked, taking a few steps towards Yoongi, but Yoongi raised his hand to stop him, keep him at bay.
"No, he didn't." - He answered quietly, looking at the ground in embarrassment. He heard a deep sigh. "Good." - Tae said, heating up again. "I can't believe the nerve he has. He is truly shameless...Hyung, I...."

"I think you should go as well Tae." – Yoongi spoke slowly, interrupting Tae's tirade.

Tae was taken aback for a moment, because even though Yoongi was always grumpy towards him, he never sent him off, not like this. Seeing the hurt on his face, Yoongi spoke again, explaining. -- "Thank you for being here when I needed you...but now... I need to be alone please."

Tae was silent for a few seconds, thinking over Yoongi's words, trying to decide whether or not he should leave his Hyung or stay. In times like these, it's better not to be alone, but Tae knew Yoongi very well by now, so he nodded once, tilting his head aside.

"Alright Hyung, but please send a message if you need me for anything."

Yoongi nodded and thanked him. He locked the door after Tae left and went to his bed. He lied down, curling under the covers. His cock was soft for some time now and he felt empty. The tears sting his eyes and he felt a sob choke him. The entire situation, his feelings, the embarrassment, his powerlessness and love towards Jimin, it all came out in a gushing wave, drowning him in the deep emotional pain. He couldn't remember when was the last time he cried like this. Cried a cry filled with sorrow and pining and shattered pride. The cry of anger and lust. The cry of a broken man.

Yes, Yoongi was broken. Ever since he was a child he was broken. He knew that and that made him feel so small....so alone.

His thoughts flew towards Jin. Yoongi wondered where he was and when he would see him again. Yoongi needed his guidance, his comfort, his calmness. He needed him to say that nothing would be better and that everything would still be fucked up tomorrow and the day after, but that the pain would lessen, that he would adapt more to life and became more resilient with every passing day. The brutal naked truth, that's what Yoongi needed and that's what Jin always gave. Jin would slap him and shook him, making him do something useful. Oh, how much Yoongi needed him right now.

iards

Later that night, after Jimin's reckless challenge, V found his thoughts often fly towards the naughty minstrel. As much as he wanted he couldn't get the man out of his head, and his bold, erotic invitation, sent nervous tingles down his spine. He couldn't find his calm, he was restless for the rest of the evening. After a few unsuccessful attempts to find something else to occupy his mind, he decided to go for a walk, which proved futile since he soon found his way to the Duchesses' home. It was not his first time visiting one of her's establishments since he was an old acquaintance of hers. He had often came for a night visit with Jimin whenever she was in the town. He stood in front of the high fence that partially hid huge richly decorated villa, still deciding what to do. As the minstrel's words "The Duchess loves audience..." and "...not with me as the main act you didn't..." echoed in his mind, the curiosity took the best of him and he found himself going the familiar secret path to Duchess's rooms. Not wanting to let himself known, he slid in through her
guards like a shadow.

Recognizing the window of her bedroom where the timid lights were lit, guessing that that's the most obvious place for them to surrender to their passion, V quickly found his way up on the roof. The darkness was his ally and the decorating facade on the walls gave him excellent grip near the ledge of the window. The luck was on his side since the window was open and covered with the heavy curtains. Gripping the ledge strongly, he climbed up and perched himself up and sat on the edge of the window. Still hidden in the shadows, he leaned in slowly and carefully pulled the curtains a bit to peek inside.

He had to bit back a moan at the sight. There on the vanity table among her many bottles of perfumes and rouges laid the Duchess, bent in half, her big breasts squashed by the wood as her hands were tied up behind her back by one of her silk stockings. Her face was facing the ceiling, eyes rolled back from pleasure as Hoseok pounded fervently into her, making her back arch beautifully. Her moans, restricted with a rosy silken scarf around her neck, which was pulled by Hoseok’s veiny hands, were swallowed by a lewd sound of their skins slapping against one another. V could see the deep concentration on the man’s face in the mirror, as he carefully observed every whimper and gasp that left her lips, hips never missing the beat.

He looked so powerful and dominant that V became aware of uncomfortable tightness in his pants, which made him shift slightly and moving the curtain a bit too much.

Hoseok’s eyes snapped through the mirror at the movement behind him. His eyes found V’s gleaming blue ones in the dark and the spark of recognition burned into his brain, making his mouth part as he sighed loudly. Licking his lips before he bit down harshly, he bucked his hips deeper and faster into the Duchess. The woman's muffled screams were heard and her knees started to give up. A loud smack on her butt and tightening of the scarf around her neck set her straight again. - "On your feet your Grace. I'm still not done with you." – His voice was so demanding and so sinfully sexy. V ran his hand over his bulge, discovering he is fully hard already.

"Show me." – Hoseok spoke, eyeing V's hand between his legs, before snapping up to dig deep into V's eyes again.

The muffled sound from the women under him answered, but V knew to whom was Hoseok speaking to. V reached down into his pants and gripped his erection tightly and Hoseok groaned, quickening his pace. The hand that was holding her in place, slid towards the scarf around her neck, pulling it off. Soon it was wrapped around her eyes instead.

"You have watched me long enough tonight sweetheart." – He said sexily, bucking his hips harshly, so any protest that Duchess might have had soon died down. Seeing that the coast is clear, V entered the room silently and leaned on the wall next to a window, still stroking himself in his pants.

"Show me how much I turn you on." – Hoseok said looking at V, while the Duchess, thinking he was talking to her, started rolling her hips seductively.

V's mouth quirked in a smirk, eyes shining with lust. He took a deep breath before he pulled out his length in all of its glory. This entire hot and nerve-racking situation made V so alive and powerful, that Hoseok's breath hitched and he moaned loudly, jerking his hips deep into the women without a pause. He watched as V lazily stoked himself, taking his time to play with his slit before sliding down to cup his balls, tilting his head on the side and biting his lips, teasing. All of that made Hoseok ruthless and the poor Duchess was now so spent that she barely stood on her weak feet.

Not be able to resist the distance V moved like some exotic cat behind Hoseok, not breaking the
eye contact with him in the mirror. His hands wrapped around Hoseok's waist, palms sliding up his chest as he kissed the man's neck. He could taste the sweetness of his skin mixed with sweat. He smelled of some flowery soap and V buried his nose in his neck, inhaling him, putting the fragrance in his memory for future jerking use. His hands ran across Hoseok's chest, flicking his buds a few times, before sliding down to his stomach, around his hips and back on his tight ass whose muscles worked hard to keep up with the pace. V wrapped his fingers around Hoseok's ass, spreading his cheeks with his thumbs. Hoseok groaned at new sensation, slowing down only for the few seconds before continuing as before. V took that opportunity to slid the tip of his cock in between, squeezing his ass together. The vibration of Hoseok's thrusts and the press of his butt muscles around V's tip felt like heaven to him. Hoseok moaned long and deep, digging his nails into the Duchesse's skin when he felt V's mouth on his neck, nibbling at his skin and V's cock touching his rim ever so often.

V pushed Hoseok forward, making him impale deeper into the woman, who was now moaning in a high-pitched voice, babbling nonsense and begging for more.

-"Make her scream." - V whisper directly into Hoseok's ear, which made the man smile wide. He moved his hand from her hip and place it down between her legs finding her clit. The perfect pressure and rub with his two fingers, while his cock kept hitting all the vital pleasure points inside her made her scream, bucking her hips in ecstasy and whimpering weakly.

V's hand went up Hoseok's spine, entangling in his hair to yank his head back, V's lips now at Hoseok's jaw, kissing it. Suddenly Hoseok moaned loudly, hissing and gritting his teeth as he felt the tip of V's cock entering his rim.

-"Fuck!" - He growled, rolling his hips especially hard and deep into the Duchess, making her cry out. - "Oh yes, yes, yes...there...yes...there..."

V's deep low chuckle echoed in Hoseok's ear as he felt his ass stretched painfully around V's cock without a prep. Hoseok grunted again, breathing heavily, fighting to control the pain, to relax his muscles. He could feel him rubbing his inside walls, his tight muscles sucking V's cock in and out as the man rocked inside him at a slow pace.

-"Oh faster....p-please...faster...f...faster oh..." - The woman begged as Hoseok's pace was now too slow, too focused on V. Hoseok shut his eyes, concentrating at his body, willing him to relax. Just then V rolled his hips in the right way and Hoseok moaned. Again and again and again, V kept abusing his prostate and the pain was replaced by bliss.

-"Ah...fuck me..." - Hoseok breathed quietly, tilting his head to find V's lips and then they kissed for the first time. V snapped his hips in Hoseok over and over again, who used the movements to keep burying himself into the Duchesse, his fingers resuming the rubbing of her sweet spot as he licked deep into V's mouth trying to taste him as much as he can. He was deeply regretting the lack of opportunity to wrap his mouth around the V's cock and suck him dry.

V growled deep in his mouth, pulling his head away by his hair to bite at Hoseok's neck, angling his hips just the right way to keep hitting that very special place. The Duchess felt no change in dynamic, she was already nearly passing out from exertion after who knows how many faked and real orgasms. Her body was shaking again. The orgasmic wave got her and she started clenching her vaginal muscles around Hoseok who was now so lost in pleasure. V was big and wide, making the stretch of his rim muscles too satisfying, while the man's raw and dangerous dominance shook Hoseok to the core so much that he nearly forgot to pull out before his orgasm hit him. Hey spilled his seeds on the Duchesse's back, panting and groaning, his muscles clenching around V's length. It took V only a few more sharp rolls of his hips to do the same, muffling his groans in Hoseok's
shoulder and mixing his cum with Hoseok's on the white skin.

Still panting into his skin, V hugged Hoseok and found his lips again. They kissed shortly, but deeply before he tucked himself in and with another quiet peck on Hosok's lips, turned and went quietly through the window into the night. Hoseok's starred after him for almost a minute before a weak movement below him brought him back into the reality. His eyes fell on the cum on her back and he bent down to lick it, tasting V and himself. He loved their mixed taste on his tongue. Reaching to grab a piece of cloth from the chair, he cleaned the cum from her skin, untied her hands and removed the scarf from her eyes. She was very weak and her muscles were shaking, so he took her into his arms to lie her down on her bed. He kissed her brow and covered her body with the duvet, telling her to go to sleep. Her weak "Stay." was the only thing she could whisper and he knew she wanted him close after a great orgasm before she falls asleep, so he stayed.

He lay next to her, playing with her hair and caressing her cheeks, whispering gentle words to her until she was vast asleep. Listening to the sounds of her steady breathing, he thought about V and everything that happened. That energy, the lust, the hunger, the raw passion...all of it...was so intense, so strong. He never felt anything like that. He never came across a lover that particular to his own taste. It was not just the fact that he was a gorgeous man, no...it was more than that...Hoseok could feel the difference, the mystery surrounding him. He had to have him again.

Feeling that he could fall asleep at any second Hoseok got up and hissed at his aching muscles. He got dressed quickly, pocketing the small pouch with coins his lady so generously bestowed upon him beforehand and with his guitar in his hand left the room quietly.
Jin entered a lavishly decorated room. It had a high ceiling, dangling sparkly chandelier and large gold statue of a dragon holding nicely engraved letter G, the name of the family. Huge pillows and cushions were carelessly thrown at the big bed, where the gorgeous cat lay. Her white fur spoke of an expensive breed, while her green eyes matched an emerald necklace around her neck. She hissed at Jin, who hissed back at her, holding the silent staring contest of will.

-"Why do you use such an informal language towards my precious?" – Jin turned around to see the Count, sprawled at the sofa on the other side of the room. He eyed Jin amusingly. His 'precious' however meowed and jumped from the bed, her tail raised proudly high as she graciously walked pass Jin and jumped at three huge puffy pillows to be near her human. Jin rolled his eyes.

-"I don't trust things that are pretty as me." – Jin said seriously and sat on the chair, opposite from where the Count was nearly lying, considering his relaxed pose.

-"Oh but then you are smart my darling." – The Count said, smiling gently. His eyes didn't smile though, no, they were sharp and alert, a complete contrast from his entire bearing. Jin thought it must be a tactic to trick people, to think that everything is fine and that there is no danger, but the Count was a very dangerous man and Jin knew that perfectly well.

-"I never trust beautiful things, although I wouldn't say exactly 'pretty' for either of you, but rather stunningly gorgeous." – The Count look first at his precious pet, then back on Jin. – "I always knew there was something in you that I was drawn to from the very beginning."

Jin titled his head at that and eyed the Count more carefully, observing his agile body, richly dressed in a lavish outfit and silks. Ruby rings on his long slender fingers and ears made him look like a masterpiece. The Count might look like a fragile thing, but he was far from it. Jin met him at one of his missions. They helped each other and continued doing so ever since, for a price of course. In many ways, the Count looked exactly like his 'precious' and Jin wasn't sure whether or not he like the man. The Count was useful and very expensive and Jin would rather be in his good books than his bad ones, so he guarded his tongue carefully since the Count's specialties were information extraction. Only five minutes in his company, with his sweet words and clever nudges, you wouldn't even realize that you told him not only your life story but your secret codes, coin stash and the number of your bank account.

-"I didn't think you liked anyone besides the Countess." – He nodded towards the cat, who laid elegantly and observed everything with a proud poise and her emerald eyes. Her long white fur was perfectly brushed and maintained. The Count switched his gaze to look at her and she blinked slowly at him, acknowledging his existence with an aura of someone superior.

-"Oh, I am bound with my life to my precious love." – The Count said, stretching one of his long limbs across space between them, pointing his long finger to gently touch the cat's pink nose. – "She is gorgeous isn't she?"
He returned to sit leniently, his eyes shining hungrily towards Jin. He let his gaze slide on Jin's face, his wide shoulders and handsome body and he let one of his fingers gently brush his lips.

"You are gorgeous too my friend." – The Count said craning his neck. He was also very beautiful, almost unreal. He reminded Jin a bit, on twins. Like them, the Count also had something witchy in him.

"Hmmm..." – He hummed seductively. – "How come we never fucked together, hmm?" – He asked gently sifting his hips like he couldn't help it. Jin was not tempted.

"You are not my type Count." – He said mater-o-fact. – "But don't get me wrong, you are one exquisite specimen.

The Count laugh, covering his eyes with his hand from sudden shyness. When he first met him, he thought that the Count was pretending, acting up, but now, after a few years, he knew that the Count was a contradicting person. The person who could easily invite you into his bed and then be shy about it.

"I don't know should I be worried or amused?" – The Count said, his mouth spreading into a smirk. Jin took a deep breath a bit annoyed with the games, but it was the same every time. The Count loved to play, especially with Jin. To him, Jin was something gorgeous and rare, something worth possessing, but so far Jin was holding himself perfectly out of his reach. The Count was delighted and challenged by this, but he knew far too well not to push things when there is no trace of the income he desired. The Count was wickedly smart and was cruel as he was kind. He liked everyone, but he loved no one. With his exquisite taste in fashion, he was a true trendsetter, and his good manners and elegance, with a tinge of rebellious nature, were highly appreciated in high circles. The Count was something unique and desirable and he used that to the fullest.

Jin met the Count's other nature rather early into their short acquaintance - an exhibition. He knew that the Count's erotic desire was huge, but what Jin didn't expect was that he would be so open about it. Whether it was aimed to test Jin or to pull him in, Jin wasn't sure, but he was surely surprised the first time when the Count admitted him into his private chambers.

When Jin entered he was met with a sight that made his mind involuntary scream inside his head. His face, however, was a perfectly practiced mask of indifference. There was the Count, sitting on a big comfortable armchair, with no clothes on, aside of gold silken robe on his shoulders, his head tossed back and his mouth open in a silent moans as he gripped the hair of another man between his legs, who's mouth was tightly wrapped around the Count's cock, sucking it slowly.

"Oh Jin, so glad you've decided to...to ah...to bless m-me with your p-presence. P-please, h-haaaaah, have a seat..." – The Count licked his lips and then bit on the lower one, gazing down at the man on his knees. They shared the look that was so intense, that Jin was slightly uncomfortable. This wasn't just a blowjob, this was another level of intimacy and Jin didn't want to be here in the middle of it. The Count ran his fingers through the man's hair, letting them brush the man's cheek and then to push his two fingers in the man's mouth for him to suck, which he did, not breaking the gaze. He stroked the Count's cock slowly, playing with the tip and his slit while sucking his fingers. The Count panted heavily and then quickly pulled out his fingers and grab the man's hair to kiss him, pushing his tongue inside and humming into his mouth. The man closed his eyes and gripped the Count tightly, kissing him with everything he had. The Count broke the kiss and pushed the man's head down on his cock again, where the man parted lips engulfed him whole to the hilt. The Count moaned, arching his back and gripping the man's hair.

Jin sat silently on another chair across them, observing carefully. The sight was arousing and the Count's gaze on his face told him loudly that he is welcome to join if he chose.
Jin observed the Count's face, his gentle, young looking facial features and dark hair that stick to his forehead from the sweat. His lips were parted, occasionally showing teeth as he hissed at the sensation, usually followed with a deep moan. His voice was very alluring and Jin felt his body flush, but he didn't move from his chair, not let any muscle of his body show that he is affected by this as well. The Count arched his lean, attractive body, his eyes went wide as the man swallowed him entirely, the tip of his cock buried deep into the throat. Jin observed the Count's, glistened from sweat, body contracts, his muscles shake and the images on his skin dance, like they are alive. Jin heard about the ancient artistry of the East, where the ink gets permanently written or drawn into the skin. He even saw a few tattoos among the pirates, but he never saw one on the nobleman before. The Count's body was covered with it. Colors and shades of reds, yellow and black filled the shapes so perfectly combined together to create a masterpiece on his pale skin. Jin saw scales and claws and trace of smoke here and there, one piece of leather wing and a long snake-like tongue. He knew what creatures were adorning the Count's skin, he saw it on the golden statue, caring the engraved letter G in his claws. The Count was proud of it, so much that he used the name of Dragon in his eminent circle and had it painted deep on his skin. Jin craved to examine his skin thoroughly, but he knew that would lead to something deeper and he tried to avoid that by all means.

The Count moaned again, back arched, toes curling as his eyes shut tightly. His rugged breathing left his lungs in fast intervals and he spilled his cum deep into man's throat.

-"Oh fuck..." – The Count panted, stroking the man's hair. The latter watched him deep into the eyes while pulling the Count's cock from his mouth with a loud 'pop'. He licked his lips, not breaking the stare and Jin wondered how the Count could take it. The man's stare was so intense, so electrifying. He seemed very tall, even though he was kneeling. His body was strong and handsome. His naked wide shoulders and shoulder blades were gripped tightly between the strong muscles. Only wearing pants, Jin saw that the man's ass was very nice looking and his thighs were strong with long legs. With an attractive face, his stare was the most remarkable thing on him. He has one of those glares that take people's clothes off and draw them to their knees, with their faces on the ground and their asses in the air, ready to be fucked by this man. Jin never seen him before, he was sure of it. He would never forget him if he did.

-"Seunghyun is so attractive, isn't he Jin?" – The Count said, caressing the man's lower lip with his thumb. Seunghyun kissed the Count's thumb and shifted uncomfortably, trying to elevate the pressure in his pants.

-"Take off your pants." – The Count said and the man jumped to his feet, hands going to the button of his pants, but the Count's voice stopped him. – "Slowly. I want you to take them slowly for us. Give my friend a little show, will you darling?"

Seunghyun let his deep moan in confirmation and he went with the task. He turned his eyes and looked straight into Jin's and Jin felt something roll inside his stomach. Seunghyun unbuttoned his pants slowly, opening them up slightly and pushing one hand inside to touch himself. His voice echoed into the room, making the Count groan at the sight and Jin to grip the armrests more tightly. Seunghyun came towards Jin, still holding his gaze in place, he bent down and reached for both of Jin's hands, raising them to his hips and pressing them into his naked skin. He was so close, Seunghyun's cock was few millimeters from Jin's face, still inside the man's pants, but not for too long apparently, since Seunghyun started to push Jin's hands lower. Jin's fingers sliding inside the man's pants and pulling them down, until the man's cock sprang out from his confinement and bounced on his stomach before it stood full hard near Jin's lips.

Jin still held Seunghyun's gaze, the mask on his face wavered, but didn't move. Seunghyun touched Jin's lips with his thumb to part them slightly, his cock almost touching Jin's plump mouth.
A bit of precum formed on his tip and Jin had to mentally slap himself to not give in into the temptation. Because once he crosses this line, there's no turning back and the wicked Count knew that. He was waiting for it and that's why he sent Seunghyun to him. The man was so hard to resist, his demeanor, his stare, his aura. Bloody Count and his schemes, Jin thought.

Seunghyun raised his eyebrow at Jin's lack of response, but then Count's arms wrapped around his chest and he rested his chin on Seunghyun's shoulder.

-"He will not join my darling." – The Count spoke gently. – "He never does."

Seunghyun hummed, tilting his head aside and watching Jin in another light.

-"Maybe he prefers only women." – Seunghyun spoke, still caressing Jin's jaw. – "Shame. Such a beauty."

Jin smiled at him and leaned back into his chair, away from his fingers. His gaze swept from Seunghyun to the other man.

-"Jiyong Hyung, can I speak with you in private? It won't take long." – Jin asked and the Count nodded, moving away from Seunghyun's back to standing next to him. – "Of course." – He turned to Seunghyun. – "Go and get yourself ready, I'll be with you shortly."

Seunghyun bend to kiss Jiyong's neck and with a slight bow towards Jin, he moved in another room.

Their conversation was brief and Jin was turning to leave when the Count's voice stopped him.

-"Next time, feel free to join us. I could see that Seunghyun was dying to taste you, as did I." – Jin smiled. -"Maybe next time." – And then he left.

After that spectacle, Jin met Seunghyun in the Count's chambers three more times during the years, but never again without his clothes. Each time, Seunghyun would stare him down, making him flush, making him wish to rip off his clothes and fall on his knees and each time Jin would stand his ground, resisting the urge and staying adamant into his desire not to give in to the temptation called Seunghyun.

Now sitting in the chair across the Count, with the Count's cat to stare Jin down instead of those intense dark eyes, Jin wondered where Seunghyun is now. But instead of voicing his curiosity out loud he asked instead.

-"Are there any news about the 'The Sea Monster' Jiyong Hyung?"

The Count hummed, as to remember that particular name when both of them knew that he had that information ready before Jin even asked, but for the dramatic effect, the Count prolonged his answer.

-"Hmmm...there was some rumors that it was seen near Whailen again."

Jin thought hard about that. For years Namjoon hasn't got that close to Whailen, ever since that night. The night that the old Captain, Namjoon's grandfather got killed and Namjoon took his place as a Captain of 'The Sea Monster'.

-"The rumor also has it that he is looking for you Jin." – The Count looked at him, studying him intently, waiting for some sign or trace of emotion. Jiyong found out that Jin and 'The Sea
Monster' Captain were connected somehow, but still didn't know how and to what extent.

-"Do you have any idea of why?" – Jin asked calmly, even though he knew the answer to that question already.

-"I was hoping you might tell me why Jin." – The Count said, brushing his fingertip on his upper lip.

-"I'm afraid I'm in the dark about that just like you. I know why I'm following their movements, but not as to why they've decided to follow mine."

-"And why are you following their movements?"

Jin smiled at Jiyong. – "That's my private business, my dear Count."

The Count chuckled. – "Fine, keep your secrets but be aware that he doesn't look for you in a friendly way, but rather...more...." – He paused slightly trying to find the proper word. – "...more lethal way.

-"You think he is here to kill me?" – Jin asked and Jiyong nodded slightly.

So Namjoon knew, Jin realized finally. The only reason he would search for him in the enemy matter was that he found out the truth. It must have been a real stab in the back from Jin's part, but Jin couldn't help it, he was on the mission.

Jin had no idea what he could possibly say to Namjoon once he sees him again. His feelings towards the man haven't ceased after all these years, not one bit. Jin remembered how devastated he was after his grandfather was killed and how big his fury for the faceless murderer was. He swore his vengeance that day in front of Jin and Jin helped him through a hard time. The crew voted him Captain and they were thirsty for blood. For fifty-three years did the old Captain ruled these waters as one of the most notorious pirates with his monster of the ship. For fifty-three years no one has managed to come near enough to strike down on the old sea wolf. He was always ready, always prepared, He knew it all, and yet, whether it was his old years or the fact that he trusted the wrong person, got him killed at the end and Namjoon blamed himself for not keeping his guard up more closely.

When Jin left him as well, Namjoon grew even quieter and brooding, but he didn't question Jin's decisions. He knew that Jin had to go, to follow his destiny. What Namjoon didn't know was that Jin was an Assassin on the mission.

So Jin returned back at the headquarters, to speak with his Mentor. The news about Old Captain's death traveled fast and wide. Everyone was surprised to see Jin still alive and changed. He matured and became wiser and more cunning. Jin didn't care about the rank, nor sudden respect he got from everyone. It didn't matter to him anymore. He thought about Namjoon, wanting to go back, but it was impossible.

So Jin went from one mission to the other, each time harder than the last. They called him 'Beautiful death' since his face was the last thing they saw before they died and he was quick and quiet as a shadow. Ever since he left Namjoon, Jin hasn't smiled. The fake smiles on his face when he was in one of his roles were carefully practiced, but the real sincere smile never showed up until he came upon twins. Jin's heart warmed a little as he remembered his adoptive little brothers and how much they grew now. He managed to keep them safe all these years, but now...now that Namjoon knows...and now he will come for him and everything he holds dear – the twins as well.
Jin became aware that the Count was studying him carefully, trying to read his mind as Jin stared through the carpet in the room. Jin straightens his shoulders and cleared his throat.

-"I have to go now. Thank you for the information. Same as always?" – He pulled a small pouch with gold from his pocket and place it on the table, but before he could retrieve it, the Count's warm palm covered his hand.

-"Maybe this time I require another way of payment Jin." – The Count said, eyes shining mischievously. Jin leans his head and squinted his eyes to look at him.

-"Such as?"

The Count rose from his chair and stood close in front of Jin. Jin could smell his cologne and it was expensive and arousing.

-"A kiss." – The Count said, looking at Jin boldly, a shy smile covered his lips. He looked almost innocent.

Jin raised his eyebrow, contemplating his options, but then lean forward and connect his lips with the Count's soft cheek. The kiss was sweet and short, but it had the desired effect on the Count, whose eyes fluttered and he released a deep sigh. Jin moved away from him, picking up his pouch with gold from the table and tucking it into his pocket.

-"You know that's not the kiss that I meant." – The Count spoke calmly.

-"Well you didn't precise which one and I don't read minds Count. Until next time."

Jiyong smiled, biting his lips as he watches Jin's wide shoulders disappear through the door and he whispers to himself. – "Touché my darling, touché."
The Sun was high up in the blue sky filled with big fluffy clouds, a slight breeze cooling down the hotness of the day. Someone would say it's a perfect day, but Jungkook couldn't care less about the weather. He was in the middle of whacking up the improvised enemy of wood, straw and filled the bag with sand. He was slicing through his enemy, mentally and physically preparing for the upcoming duel with Jimin. He heard stories about his mastery and even though he didn't doubt his skill, he still was wise enough to take the warnings into consideration.

Jimin even though smaller and less bulky than him, was still strong and as it seemed fast, but so full of himself, that his way to high ego might or might not play the partial role in the duel. Over the years with Hoseok, Jungkook learned not to judge a book by its covers, because the minstrel himself was a very enigmatic man.

Jungkook whacked the practicing doll one more time before he huffed, brushing the sweats from his brow and reached for the shade of the tree. He sat down, panting, gulping some water and leaning on the tree, closing his eyes.

He thought about his Hyung now, of how did they met and all the adventures these two had on their journey. It wasn't always easy though.

He remembers the time while he was serving Lord Daewo. He was just anointed into knighthood. Deasung and he were the last two that got that honor from their master knight Jinheung before he died. He always praised young Jungkook for his abilities and character, calling him a Golden squire.

"You are going to be a Golden Knight one day son." – Jinheung used to tell him. – "As for you Daesung, you will break all the ladies hearts." – He used to laugh at their shy faces, saying he never saw two squares that blush like girls before.

They were all sad when he died. The old knight was wise and skillful. They learned a lot from him.

Around the same time, two minstrels came to the Lordship's home, Panda and Hope entertaining and loud. They told jokes and sang a song that made Jungkook die from laughter and blush to the tips of his ears. They were an amazing duo. Jungkook and Daesung soon became friends with both of them. Their bright energetic personality sometimes overpowered reserved and quiet knights, but somehow they fit well together. They enjoyed watching the two of them performing. The blond Seungri, better known as Panda, always managed to make them laugh with his jokes and imitations, while redheaded Hoseok or Hope, was a master on his guitar, singing softly and provocatively his songs filled with double meaning, usually alluding on sex and mockery. He could make up the song on the spot and was an exceptionally talented dancer. Both of them were, Daesung admired them very much.

So when Daesung pledged his allegiance with Lord Yang Minsuk, Seungri left with him. Jungkook would never see either of them again.
As for Jungkook he didn't plan to leave anytime soon, but the youngest daughter of Lord Daewo was adamant to marry him or no other, even though she was only fourteen years old. She proved to be a sly little minx who made her advances on Jungkook often, going that far to sneak in the Jungkook's bed at night. Needless to say, Jungkook was petrified, scared of Lord Daewo retribution if he ever found out, but even more of forced marriage, so he decided to leave. Hoseok running from his own problems with women decided to join him, so he had a company.

They proved to be useful to one another, as Jungkook was perfectly capable to keep them safe on their journey, hunting in the woods, preparing the fire and decent dinner whenever they will stop for the night in the forest, while Hoseok's golden tongue and quick fingers earn them a shelter, food and warm bath at every household or inn in their way. The only problem was that they had to leave in the crack of dawn every time, before house awakes, which was the thing that Jungkook disliked beyond everything but was totally used to it by now. The thing was that they usually had to flee from the wrath of angry hosts once they discover that the young minstrel didn't just win the hearts of their wives and daughters with his songs and sweet talk, but actually filled their wombs with his seed during the night as well.

Now the two riders rode silently from one of those houses. The young Lady was more than welcoming, giving them a place to sleep and food to eat and Hoseok thanked her with songs and music. Through the entire evening, the Lord of the house and her old husband eyed them carefully, insisting for them to sleep in the barn, which both young men accepted gratefully. And while the husband slept soundly in their room that night, thinking that there's no danger from the strangers, since they are out in the barn, he didn't notice the absence of his wife in their shared bed. She tiptoed in the horse stall, where Hoseok and Jungkook slept on the hay and while Jungkook pretended to sleep, Hoseok enjoyed all the charms of the Mistress of the house, whose quiet moans and sounds of skin tapping one another echoed the room.

Pretty soon after the Lady left to her own chambers, Kook was able to get some short sleep, until Hoseok awoke him at the brink of dawn.

-Jungkookah let's go. Wake up, get your horse ready.''

Jungkook grunted and for once, only once he wished he could awake when he chose and leave when he is ready, in the noon. Keeping his complaints to himself, he did what he was told and the two men quietly left the stables with their horses and ride out into the waking sky. They rode for most of the morning, pausing near the stream, to fill their water supplies and then they were off again, at the slow pace. Their horses under their strong thighs were well rested and strong, carrying them towards some new place, new town, and new people. They kept mostly silent, not talking much until Jungkook decided to break the silence and complain. He was tired and not in the right mood.

-One of these days you will get your manhood chopped off Hyung.”- Hoseok just laughed wholeheartedly.

-Ah Kook, don't be so straight-laced, 'manhood'... – He chuckled again and shook his head. – "Say it as it is – cock, dick, length, sword, sausage, whatever...just don't call little Hoseok 'manhood' please.” – He started again when Jungkook groaned exasperatedly from the embarrassment and the lack of Hoseok's tongue filter sometimes.

-Do you have to be so....so.... sausage... dammit Hyung...I would never be able to see sausage and not to think about your manh....you know what, forget I've said anything.” – That just made Hoseok laugh even harder.

-You are so adorable sometimes my dear Kook, honestly. I feel the need to protect you."
"First of all, I am not adorable. Second, you are the one that needs protection Hyung, considering all the mess you get yourself into all the time because you simply cannot resist not to get into someone's bed wherever we go."

"But why would I resist something delicious and free?"

"Oh c'mon, half of that women and men you sleep with are not even remotely handsome and beautiful as you usually get on the big places and you know it."

"Just because they are not handsome or beautiful as you say, that doesn't mean that they don't know to use their hands and tongues young one. They work even harder because they need to prove themselves worthy since they are lacking in the beauty department. You still have a lot to learn. You would know this if only you allow someone to come close to you."

"I don't want to be close to them." - The young man said seriously, turning his head to the right towards his Hyung. – "I don't want them to touch me and kiss me and....whatever... It feels disgusting having their mouths on me like that, I don't like it. And having mine on their body. You know that more than half of them are not taking care of their hygiene as they should and I supposed to kiss and lick that. No thank you."

"Oh my poor boy, when the right time and the right person comes you would want to lick and kiss every inch of their body and stick your tongue into a place that you never imagine you could. You would have that unimaginable thirst to taste cum or juices, trust me."

"Dammit Hyung, did you actually do that? Taste their... You know."

"It's called seeds or cum Kook, you should know, you produce one and women produces juices, that makes them slippery and warm for us to bury ourselves in and...."

"Shit okay, okay, you don't have to be that precise, I know what that is, I just don't like to say it out loud....it makes me embarrassed."

"Boy snap out of it. You are a man, or at least you look like one, start fucking like one I beg of you. You do realize that Azzurro sisters started a bet of which one of them is going to take you to bed first? But you just fucked up their plan when you left. I never saw them so angry." – Hoseok looked ahead while he spoke, but he turned to look at his young friend, who face was shocked.

"Are you joking? Please tell me you are." – He murmured, but Hoseok shook his head.

"I'm afraid not. And now every town knows about it. I must say I didn't think it would spread like this, but the power of a good tale travels fast."

"Hyung what did you do?" – Jungkook raised his eyebrow and stared at his older friend sternly.

"It was nothing bad." – Hoseok said, his lips quivered in a little smirk.

"Hyung, what did you do?" – Jungkook's voice was stern.

"I swear is nothing." – Hoseok said and then laughed seeing Jungkook's murderous glare. – "Okay so you remember that old tale about elfish people how they come and mingled with humans?"

"You mean the fairytale?" – Jungkook interjected.

"Yes, well...there are some people that still believe in supernatural and....um...I might tell them something about you having a drop of elfish blood in you and that's why you are so good at
everything.'

-"Hyung!" – Jungkook shouted, but Hoseok just bit his lip and continued explaining. – "It was fun, they were so dumb...so...one thing lead to another and... oh it's so funny how people could have a vivid imagination and..."

-"Hyung!"

-"...well...now... there's an a...certain rumor that you...umm... have a golden cum." – Jungkook was appalled, but Hoseok continued, acting nervous, but he wasn't. -"And that you might make golden warrior babies...and that's why you are holding on to your virginity....that's all."

-"Hyung!!!"

-"What? They call you 'The Virgin Knight' now."

-"What the fuck!?" – Jungkook was livid, but Hoseok was delighted. 

-"There you go, I knew it won't be so difficult to say that word once you put your mind to it! I don't know if I should congratulate or kick myself for corrupting your soul."

-"Hyung for fuck sake!"

-"Oh now I'm done it!" – Hoseok roared with laughter, but Jungkook was not in the mood for laughter, he bellowed from the top of his lungs that even birds became quiet.

-"How could you do this to me Hyung?! Why? Why would you want to mark me as a....a... freak!"

The smile disappeared from Hoseok's face. -"Don't be so dramatic Kook, no one thinks you are a freak!" – Hoseok shouted back, his once cheerful mood was now replaced by the anger. – "What's more, I branded you desirable, you brat. You were always so bloody shy and quiet unless you needed to fight or win something, but when ladies or gents are in question, you are smaller than a mouse! No one with body and face like that should be a virgin, no one!"

-"Maybe I don't mind being a virgin! Did you ever stop to think about that?!"

-"Why on Earth would you want to live in celibacy?!"

-"Because not all of us is a bloody damn hoe that jumps in everyone's beds at night and because of whom, we need to sneak out in the crack of dawn so not to get caught!" – Kook said and turned to urge his horse to pick up some speed when the small dagger flies next to his head and bury itself into the tree they were passing by.

-"Are you crazy!? You could have hit me!" – Jungkook shouted, but Hoseok was quiet, his rage was fuming inside and he was in a murderous mood. – "Dang, I missed." – Was all he said and then he speeds up and galloped forward, leaving Jungkook behind.

Half of the day passed with no trace and sign of Hoseok anywhere and Jungkook was starting to worry about him. The anger fumed down and certain dread took over. He knew that the cities and towns were Hoseok's paces, but the woods were full of unexpected stuff and creatures. Woods was never friendly towards Hoseok and minstrel knew that. Still, he was out there of his own.

He had no idea of where Hoseok left, in which way, he just knew that he wants to find him with all of his heart. Jungkook didn't want them to separate like this, not after a fight, so he continued his search after a short break where he ate a bit of dry meat and bread.
The night started to creep in fast and Jungkook knew he had to stop somewhere and prepare a shelter for tonight, but he needed to find Hoseok first. It was his fault that the man left. His words that insulted and hurt him, even though they are true. Jungkook knew he shouldn't have said it the way he did and he was regretting it now, because even though he does mind Hoseok's promiscuous nature and his perverted mind and tongue that made Jungkook blush more than he can remember, Hoseok was still a very good friend and a good Hyung and even though he did start a ridiculous rumor about him, he still didn't mean it in a bad way.

The night enveloped the woods into the darkness and Jungkook was grateful for his horse's sharp senses and good eyes. The horse was shivering slightly, not liking the darkness and all of the sounds that came from it, but the animal knew she was protected by her young rider. Soon Jungkook saw the light from the deep blackness and as he came carefully closer, he heard roaring laughter and the sound of the guitar strings.

"Hyung." – Jungkook whispered to himself and urged his horse towards the light, until he saw the small clearing and nice big fire burning, with a few rabbits on the sticks above the flames, roasting nicely. The smell was inviting, and he saw his Hyung in the middle, with his guitar in hand, playing one of his famous and provocative songs, but what stopped Jungkook from approaching the fire were four dangerously looking men. They wore a knight's attire, but everything about them screamed danger in Jungkook's mind. They probably stole clothes and weapons from corpses, if not even killing them beforehand.

Jungkook, who left his horse to sneak closer to see better, met his Hyung's eyes for a briefest of moments before closing them as he finished his second verse. Jungkook could swear he saw a warning in his Hyung's eyes. The warning to stay away and hide and Jungkook did exactly that, but he hid close, very, very close.

When the night was late and the music stopped, their bellies filled, Hoseok yawned and found the most comfortable place near one bigger rock to sleep. He just started drifting into sleep, when a large hand muffled his screams and other large hands gripped his body.

"Well now a pretty bird, do not fight us." – One man said while others added. – "We just want to have some fun with you. You will enjoy, I'll be gentle with you....at first..."

What neither of them expected was for Hoseok to stop struggling and make a little whine. They all stopped to look at him.

"You...you like this don't you?" – One of the men asked and Hoseok moaned, his body shivering. Large hands groped at his thighs and ass, squeezing him. He bucked his hips up, wanting more attention. He removed a hand from his mouth and whined. – "T-touch me."

He could feel the hunger and desire emanating from the four men above him. He didn't know which one was pulling his breaches down and his tunic off until he was completely naked in front of them. He felt large hands around his cock, his ass and someone's tongue on his nipples.

"Oh pretty bird, we are going to fuck you so good. You are so good to us. We are going to keep your tight little ass." – The man said next to Hoseok's ear and went to kiss his neck. Hoseok could feel the man's beard scratching his neck and the stench of sweat and blood filling his nostrils. Hoseok's brows furrowed as he moved quickly. The men didn't know what hit him, only that sharp sudden pain and hot blood started oozing from their necks, loins, and veins where the deep cuts of Hoseok's blades, that he hid near the rock before he wants to sleep, were made. The rush of hot blood splashed Hoseok's naked flesh and he moaned. Deeper the cut, the quicker the blood was to leave the men's bodies and pretty soon the three of them were dead. The last man, still unaware of what had happened to his friends, had his lips around Hoseok's cock, sucking it with his eyes.
closed and one in his own pants, jerking himself.

Hoseok grabbed him by his hair and pulled him off. The man only then noticed the blood on Hoseok’s body and he jumped on his knees. Seeing three of his friends dead, he screamed and attacked the minstrel, but the man was too quick. One carefully executed hit off the back of the dagger in the head and the man's world went dizzy as he falls face down into the ground and lost his consciousness. He woke up a moments later with his hands tied on his back and his pants down his knees as the searing pain filled his ass from the stretch he was not accustomed too. He screamed and grunted as Hoseok fucked him violently, snapping his hips deep and fast into him. The man started to cry and beg him to stop, which only spur Hoseok on to continue it rougher.

Hoseok enjoying the man's screams and whimpers, almost dried blood on his body mixed with his sweat, made his skin shiver on the night's breeze. The fire was the only thing that gave light and warmth to this massacre. Hoseok pulled the man's hair to raise his head from the ground, wrapping his hand around man's jaw to bend him higher and expose his neck.

-“Look at the stars, aren't they wonderful.” – Hoseok grunted as he fucked him, the man cried and shivered. – "I could make poems from this, honestly. Look at them!” – He growled in the man's ear and quicken his thrusts even faster. The man sobbed and begged his Gods for quick release from this pain. He was too scared to actually enjoy this and he nearly shit himself.

Hoseok was near, still looking at the man's watery eyes and seeing the stars mirrored in them he squeezed his neck, making the man's muscles grew tighter, eyes wide from shock and lack of oxygen, squeezing hard around his cock and Hoseok's orgasm hit him strong. He filled the man with his cum, letting his weak body fall on the ground unceremoniously, gasping for air. He pulled out and groaned, seeing his cock was covered with fluids that he didn't want, but fuck, there's nothing to be done now, except jump into the water and washing down all the blood, cum and shit from himself.

The crack of the branches made him turn quickly, with his dagger ready to launch at the newcomer, only to realize that it was, very round-eyed and scared Jungkook.

-"I've told you to hide. Why are you here?" – Hoseok spoke calmly, his breath still fast, but he was fighting to get the control of it. The young man didn't move, but the point on Hoseok's naked and covered with blood body. – "The blood. Are you hurt Hyung?" – Was all Jungkook asked and Hoseok's stern eyes grew softer.

-"The blood is not mine." – He was observing the young man carefully, his reaction and behavior. The turmoil in Jungkook's brain was silenced by his self-control and he scrunched his nose at the smell of blood and shit.

-"Hate to break this to you Hyung, but you stink." – Jungkook trying to lighten up the mood, but failing though, since Hoseok stayed serious. Hoseok wanted to laugh. He wanted to be playful again, but he wasn't sure just how much traumatized Jungkook truly was. He needed to know what's in younger man's mind before he could relax.

-"Where were you all this time?" – He asked and Jungkook touched the back of his neck.

-"I was close, waiting."

-"For what?"

-"To see what are they up to." – He said, looking at Hoseok's eyes and then added. – "I jumped when I saw they were surrounding you and was nearly there when you went still and moaned. That
stopped me. I knew something was on, so I waited for more. Was...was I wrong Hyung?" – He asked, looking even younger than he was. Jungkook was scared and seriously shaken.

-"No, you weren't wrong. I did tell you to wait. Did you understood that?" – Hoseok asked, tilting his head slightly.

-"I understood. That's why I didn't approach you when I first discovered you are here."

-"You watched everything?"

Jungkook's red cheeks were all the answer Hoseok needed. They were silent for a while until Jungkook’s quiet voice interrupted Hoseok's trail of thoughts. – "I was so worried Hyung. I looked everywhere for you. I am sorry, I really am."

Hoseok's heart melted. He always had a soft spot for puppies, but Jungkook was his little puppy and he smiled. – "I am sorry too, pup. I shouldn't have done it...the rumor I mean... but I just really wanted you to get laid you know."

Jungkook smiled, his eyes watering slightly, which he would blame the ash from the fire and then scrunched his nose again. – "No offense Hyung, but if sex is anything like what I just saw tonight, I don't think I wanted to have anything to do with it."

Hoseok laughed this time. – "You know it's not like this. This..." – He spread his hands, showing the scene behind him. – "...is more of an acquired taste."

Jungkook's eyes went wide and he whispered. – "Is that why we had to run each time? You were killing them when you finish with them?"

That made Hoseok laugh wholeheartedly, his laughter echoing the night around them. He laughed so much, that he was tearing up. All that time Jungkook was staring at him, confused.

-"Oh my...oh my stomach muscles...hurts...oh Kook, you sweet pabo..." – He laughed more, holding his stomach, bent in half as he was trying to catch his breath.

-"Well did you!?" – Jungkook asked, his brows furrowed.

-"Of course not, what do you think of me?" – Hoseok said and Jungkook pointed at the three dead men behind him.

-"Oh well...I see your point, but no...I do not kill my partners in bed. This one is still alive." – He pointed at the grunting man on the ground, he still didn't move. – "The Lady from last night, she left my bed freely, I know you heard it. You were awake through the entire ordeal." – Hoseok said and Jungkook blushed even more. – "These four were very bad men." – Hoseok continued. – "They would have raped me and kill me afterward, be sure of that. I just did that to them instead and saved some other unlucky innocent fool that might have come their way in the future."

-"You spared that one." – Jungkook nodded towards the last man. Hoseok shrugged his shoulders.

-"But why did you have to...I mean...you could just kill them and be done with it, but instead you..." – Jungkook struggled with his words, but Hoseok understood what he was trying to say.

-"You mean why did I fuck him?" – He asked, pointing at the fourth man on the ground and when Jungkook nodded, he continued. – "I get turned on by the danger and power play. The power over him, his life in my hands his body for me to do what I please. That's...hmm....arousing...and he is handsome."
At that moment the man jumped from the ground, with one of the dead men's knife raised high in his first right above Hoseok's head.

"Hyung! Behind you!"

Hoseok turned fast, the man's knife was halfway towards Hoseok's face and only his quick reflexes saved him from getting his face sliced in half. The man lunged again but failed to do anything more, as Jungkook's sword got buried deep into his stomach. The man stopped, confused, looking down at the steel in his belly, his eyes followed the blade, over his hilt and hands that were holding it, up the chest, all the way to Jungkook's eyes, that were blazed in fury. He turned his sword, rotating the blade and cutting the man's insides, before jerking it out in one swift movement. The man dropped on his knees, the knife was long forgotten as he died next to his friends.

Both Hoseok and Jungkook stared at the man for a few moments and then on each other in complete silence. Finally, Jungkook dropped his gaze on the ground and he spoke.

"It's cold Hyung. Wash and put on your clothes."

"Thank you Kook."

"Always Hyung. I will protect you, always. Go now..., you'll catch a cold. I'll set us a fire down there." – He pointed somewhere in the dark woods. – "I'll get your horse as well."

"What's wrong with this fire?"

"I will not stay next to the corpses and blood Hyung, thank you very much."

"It's just a bit of blood and mud."

"That's shit Hyung. Go and wash, you stink, I mean it." – He turned and left the warmth of the fire, disappearing into the night with Hoseok's shaky laughter echoing the woods.

That night strengthen their bond even more. They never separated afterward. Jungkook never feared for his Hyungs safety that much anymore and Hoseok did his best not to spur more of the rumors surrounding his young dongsaeng. They spend two years traveling around the world, visiting different places and meeting new people. Jungkook loved winning jousting and tournaments and Hoseok played, entertained and made redheaded children. That's when they found their way towards Bangtan town.

Since then things became good, really good if you ask Jungkook. He felt welcomed here. The Innkeeper and his wife were kind people and he was respected in the circle. Few tried to win his heart, but they didn't insist on it as if the rumor hasn't reached them yet, or maybe it was because Jungkook himself and his nature, he didn't know. He just knew that things became far more interesting and intense since he met Tae.

Jungkook let a shy smile play on his lips as he remembered Tae's face. He wasn't just beautiful, but fun and smart too. Tonight Tae promised him he will take him to his favorite spot and Jungkook couldn't wait. It must be a fantastic place if Tae like it so much.

He felt slight coldness as his body started to cool down from the wind and sweat. He should practice some more. He should be ready for tomorrow, so he rose up, holding his sword tightly and charged towards the doll.
Jungkook and Tae rode in silence through the night. Tae wanted to show Jungkook his favorite place in the forest. It was a small lake, hidden deep in the cave, with the opened sky, filled with moonlight. It was truly magnificent. It was beautiful, just like Tae, Jungkook thought.

Full Moon gave enough light to make entire cave glistened with white light, it was magical. Jungkook never thought he would see something so beautiful in his life, but with Tae, everything was possible. The water looked cold but so inviting. Tae was the first who unashamedly took off his clothes and jumped into the lake.

-"'Dammit it’s cold.'" – He hissed. – ‘Oh but it’s so worth it, get in Kook.’

Jungkook needs to remind himself not to stare at Tae’s naked body before he starts removing his own clothes and pile it neatly on one rock.

He could feel Tae’s eyes on his chest and his abs. It made Jungkook blush. He turned and untied his pants letting them slide his hips and muscled thighs. He could swear he head Tae gasped, but he didn’t turn around to see. Trying to hide as much as he can, he crouched in front of the water, observing it.

-"'Don’t look at it, just jump in.’” – Tae’s deep baritone echoed around the cave walls. Tae looked so hot with his dark wet hair brushed back by his fingers, so his forehead was showing clearly. How could anyone be so breathtakingly beautiful? Jungkook had no idea.

He counted up to ten before he jumped into glistening water. It was cold, really cold and he felt his heart scream from the shock. He reached for the surface and gasped for air.

-"'Ah it’s cold.’"

Tae chuckled at that. – ‘’Told you.’’

He swam closer and jumped suddenly at surprised Kook and submerged him completely under the water. Jungkook coughed and splashed, while Tae laughed and started swimming away from him, but Jungkook, competitive by nature, could not allow this to go unpunished, so he went on chasing him. They screamed, splashed at one another, and laughed like kids for several minutes. When Jungkook finally caught him, he pulled him towards himself, with all intention to duck him under the water, but he didn’t expect Tae’s back hitting his chest so harshly and for his own cock to slide between Tae’s butt cheeks so easily. They both gasped and Jungkook panicked. He moved away quickly, feeling embarrassed. They swam on the opposite sides, each to his own clothes.

-"'We should go back.'” – Tae said quietly after a moment of silently observing the other men, who didn't dare to raise his eyes from the ground. Jungkook agreed quietly.

What first wasn’t a trouble at all, riding on Jungkook’s horse together, now became a predicament that they didn’t expect. They had to ride together again, but the embarrassment was still fresh in Jungkook’s mind and he didn’t know how to address it.
"You are shivering Tae." – Jungkook said, looking at the other boy.

"It’s cold." – Tae answered, not looking Jungkook in the eyes.

"Umm… you should sit in front then, I… uhm… I can warm you up." – He said.

"Are you sure Kook?"

Jungkook nodded. He only wishes that he wouldn’t get a boner, but Tae was cold and he could not sit back. Jungkook is more resilient at the cold anyway.

"Okay." - Tae said and jumped first in the saddle, moving forward so Jungkook would have enough room to sit behind. When he settled himself, Jungkook cursed silently, the space between them was none existing and he was heavily pressing his front at Tae’s ass. He wondered how didn’t he noticed this before when they rode here. Sure, Tae was behind him, but still, it didn’t feel like they didn’t have enough room. Or maybe Jungkook just became acutely aware of how great Tae’s ass looked as he entered the water.

He cursed himself mentally for such thoughts as he felt tightening in his pants more profusely now. Tae leaned his back on Kook’s chest, while Jungkook hugged him around his hands, holding the rains. The other one tossed his back to rest on Jungkook’s shoulder as he watched the night sky.

"The sky is so wonderful tonight." – He said quietly. And it was, Jungkook had to agree with him, although he was thinking more of how gorgeous the man in his arms was, Tae didn’t need to know that. He was aware of how close they were, of how Tae’s back brush against his chest, brushing at his sensitive nipples, how his ass slide on his cock with every move of the horse. Tae must have felt it, there’s no way he didn’t, but he didn’t say anything.

They rode in silence for a while, and with each passing step, Jungkook grew more and more restless. His cock brushing at Tae now with every single move, straining in his pants to get out, go be attended for. He heard Tae’s hard breathing and glanced quickly at his hands. Tae had a strong hold on his own thighs, gripping nervously. Jungkook had to bit his lip to calm his nerves from the heat he felt from him. He took a deep breath, closing his eyes and trying to gain control over himself when a whiff of something so alluring touched his nostrils and his head fell down on Tae’s shoulder, inhaling deeply. The smell of his skin ran over Jungkook like water. It was so calming, so sweet that Jungkook didn’t realize that he buried his nose in Tae’s neck until Tae giggled.

"Your nose is cold."

Jungkook raised his face up, blushing. –"Sorry." - He thanked the darkness for covering his burning cheeks.

"Do I smell funny?" – Tae asked, his voice strangely deep and seductive. Jungkook shook his head.

"No, you… you smell so good. It calms me."

"No one ever told me that before."

He craned his neck more to place his hand on the back of Junkook’s head and pull him closer. He could hear the younger man’s breath grew faster as he inhaled the sweet smell of his skin.

"You like it that much?" – Tae’s deep voice send shivers to Jungkook’s entire body.

"I’m sorry."
"Do not apologize."

Jungkook pressed his mouth on Tae’s neck, only to feel Tae’s fast heartbeat on his lips. The barely audible sound came from Tae as he whined weakly.

"Kook…" – He whispered and ran his fingers through Jungkook’s wet hair. Jungkook hummed from pleasure and brushed his lips up and down Tae’s neck. The other man’s breathing quickened as he arched more into the touch. The smell and his warmth were intoxicating and suddenly Jungkook felt the urge to graze his teeth on the skin. He couldn’t help himself. He opened his mouth and bared his teeth, dragging them gently over Tae’s neck. A loud moan broke from the other man, his hand gripped Jungkook’s hair tightly as he bucked his ass back, right into Jungkook’s already hard cock.

"Ah Jungkook."

Jungkook moaned, licking the skin before the suck at it. Tae’s reactions were everything.

"Oh, again…Jungkook…please…again.‘’ – He rolled his hips back at Jungkook, panting. His eyes were closed, waiting for Jungkook’s teeth to scratch his skin again. Jungkook gave him what he wanted and was awarded yet another hard moan from Tae.

"You sound so wonderful Tae.’’ – He drags one of his hands up Tae’s thigh, squeezing it.

"Do you like it?’’ – Tae asked, his body moving, wishing to be touched by Jungkook. Jungkook let go of the reins to slid his hands on the insides of Tae’s thighs, pulling him back, so his ass would brush properly at his erection.

"I do…very much.’’ - He said in low voice.

Tae groaned. – ‘’Fuck Kook… you make me feel so…so…’’

"So? What Tae?’’ – Jungkook wanted to know, kissing and sucking gently at Tae’s neck, hands still kneading his thighs. Tae moved one of Jungkook’s hands between his legs, palm cupping the bulge in his pants, so Jungkook knew exactly how he made Tae feel. His inner animal purred, knowing that Tae wants him the same way he himself aches for him. He stroked him over his pants, grinding his own cock on Tae’s ass firmly, the road was long forgotten and Jungkook didn’t really care anymore. Tae turned his head to kiss him for the first time, his lips so sweet, that he lost his mind. He undid Tae’s pants and slid his hand inside to wrap it around Tae’s long, cock hesitantly at first, but Tae’s response gave him all encouragement he needed to carry on. They kissed, licking at each other's mouth, tongues wrapped together as Jungkook stroked him, fast, until Tae placed his own hand over his to guide him.

"Slowly Kook, don’t rush it.’’ – Tae spoke in his mouth. Jungkook obeyed instantly and begin to stroke him slowly.

"Put more pressure on it…yeah…oh, that’s it…. You are doing so good Kook.’’

If anyone passed by them at that moment, he would see two young men on a horse, completely lost at one another. Humming and moaning in pleasure. One stroking other’s cock, while grinding his own on the man’s ass. The poor animal had no idea of what’s been going on her back, but she grabbed ahead at a mild pace, listening to the grunting and light voices of her riders as well as the entire forest around her.

"Ah Kook fuck…’’ – Tae arched his back when Jungkook digs his nail into Tae’s slit. His cock was on open now and a small amount of precum wasn’t enough, the dryness making the strokes
uncomfortable.

-''Kook wait.'’ – He stilled the other man’s hand and bend his head slightly. A thin line of spit dragged from Tae’s mouth down onto his cock. Jungkook groaned at the sight, pressing himself on Tae more, searching for friction. Once satisfied he moved Jungkook’s hand again, now sliding it more easily.

-’’Oh much better.’’ – He said.

They continued like that for some short time. Tae bucking in Jungkook’s hand, feeling the tight pressure on his behind, until Junkook moaned weakly.

-’’Tae… I can’t take it anymore.’’

Tae became aware of Jungkook shaking, his cock was pressing his pants tightly. Not knowing himself how he did it, Tae removed Jungkook’s hands, flipped his leg on the other side, while the horse was still moving, turning around slightly, before leaning back to toss his other leg on the other side, while Jungkook held him so he wouldn’t fall. Facing Jungkook now, he straddled his thighs and kissed him hard, pushing his tongue inside to wrap it around Jungkook’s ready one. The young knight, even though awkward at first, quickly learned all the tricks Tae was teaching him and used them perfectly, kissing him deeper. Tae went to unbutton Jungkook’s pants, groping at his abs in the process and freeing his neglected cock from his confinement. Jungkook groaned at the release and Tae lost no more time, but spit in his hands again and wrapped both around their cocks.

-’’Oh Tae, my God… that feels so good…aah…’’ – Jungkook buried his forehead on Tae’s shoulder. He never felt this before. He never had someone else's hand around his privet parts until now and it felt like heaven. Junkook placed both of his hands on Tae's ass, sliding them inside of the pants to squeeze at the naked skin, kneading it. Tae cried out from the pleasure, wrapping his hands tighter around their members, stroking faster. Jungkook, still on the new territory, explored carefully, allowing his fingers to slip in between the ass cheeks, gently brushing across Tae's rim. The other man moaned deeply and hungrily, sending the vibrations on Jungkook's lips and it felt great. For Jungkook it meant that he was doing something good.

As a response, Tae quickened his strokes, making Jungkook groan more. It felt so divine. Junkook was close, almost at the end.

-’’Oh how much I want to blow you.’’ – Tae said, sucking at the skin of Jungkook's neck. The words, the movement, the mouth, all of that was too much for Kook, who cried out. -’’Aaaaah TaeTae!’’ – He bit harshly at his shoulder as he cummed all over Tae’s hands and their cocks.

Tae kept stroking faster, the wetness of Jungkook's cum made the slide even easier. Jungkook whimpered at sensitivity, pressing his finger that was playing around Tae’s rim through the rings of tight muscles.

-”Aaaaah Kook!” - Tae hissed. Jungkook was immediately alarmed, pulled his finger out fast.

-”Did I hurt you Tae?” - He asked, eyes wide as he tried to read Tae's face in the darkness.

-”No Kook...fuck...no, don't stop...again Kook, again!”

Reluctantly Kook pushed back in and Tae moaned again, attacking his mouth to kiss him deeply. The tightness and heat were amazing, like nothing he ever felt before. Not even the furnace from the blacksmith's fire couldn't compare with this. Tae was squeezing so tightly around him, making
Jungkook wonder what would be like if he had such heat and a squeeze around his cock. His member twitched again in Tae's hand due to overstimulation and the vivid image he created in his head. He whimpered weakly, pulling the man closer, his finger exploring Tae's inner walls.

-‘’Fuck Kook, dammit!!’’ – Tae grunted, his hand moved fast as he reached his orgasm, body convulsing violently. He arched his back and tossed his head back, spilling his cum with an audible moan. Seeing someone's ecstasy caused by his own hand was mesmerizing to Jungkook. Tae's body, voice, whimpers, the heat was wonderful to him. He was so amazed and he wanted to do it again and again.

They both sat there, rocking slowly and panting in silence, while the horse rode forwards, who knows where. After a while, their breaths calmed down sufficiently enough and Tae raised his cum covered hand towards the moonlight.

-‘’It’s not gold.’’ – He said, grinning mischievously. Jungkook was confused. – ‘’What?’’

Tae grin became even wider. – ‘’Your cum, it’s not gold as they say it is.’’

Jungkook groaned and buried his face into Tae's neck as the latter shook from laughter. Somehow Jungkook didn’t mind the rumors anymore.

⊰　☯　⊱

Jin sat on the balcony overseeing the sea. The small fishing boats and barges float lazily across the water. Sometimes one or two big ships will come into view, but they were mostly coming and going since the docks were on the other side of the island. Jin wondered when he’s going to see ‘The Sea Monster’ again, the legendary ship. He wondered how Namjoon looked right now, after all these years. It’s been twenty years since then, but to Jin, it seemed like it was yesterday.

Seokjin was only sixteen when he was sent on his first solo assignment in Whailen, a big trading town on the sea. His target was currently hiding on the island called Spine Breaker, which was named thus because of the sharp stones surrounding the island from all sides and was responsible for many shipwrecks over the centuries. It was said that island’s sharp teeth break ships spines like twigs and because of it, the place was perfect for smugglers, who managed to find the way through the deadly traps. Seokjin needed someone from the inside to get to that island.

He entered the back slum alley tavern, where all the scum dwelled, knowing that in places like this he might find the right man to take him on the desired place. The wrong assessment and tavern keeper bastard who sold him out had Seokjin ambushed. He killed a few of them but was still overpowered. The last thing he remembered was a large shadow and hard blow to the head. He woke up to slight lull. His head was hurting like hell, but at least he wasn’t bleeding. He was bruised and had a few cuts, but overall he was fine. The bad thing though was the fact that he was locked in a small cage that hung from the ceiling. The sound of the waves outside and crackles of wood told him that he was on the ship, in the Captain’s quarters no less, considering the wealthy interior of the cabin. A small movement on his right, made Seokjin turn his head quickly, only to see the young man on the floor in another cage, carved with runes. The cage was wider, so the man was able, unlike Seokjin, to lie down, lucky bastard, Seokjin thought.

-‘’Good morning.’’ – The man said, teasing. – ‘’Had a nice sleep?’’
Seokjin rolled his eyes but remained silent. The man chuckled and talked on.

-“You took your time waking up. The Baron came like three times and tried to wake you.” – “The Baron?! Who the hell was Baron??” Seokjin thought, but the man continued talking. – “You were so knocked out I thought you surely must be dead.” – The man smiled wide and Seokjin saw his dimples. They were irresistible.

-“Well… a good knock on the head sent me straight to my winter dream.” – Seokjin joked and tried to stretch his body, but there was not enough room, so he cursed under his breath. – “Oh this damn cage.”

The man must have heard him because the next thing he said was annoying as unsurprising to Seokjin. – “You should be flattered. The Baron though your beauty deserves to be put on display, like some exotic bird.” – He said smiling still, his eyes bore deep into Seokjin’s face. – “A pretty bird.” – He added and if Seokjin could blush he would, but nature was always so gracious to him, so the rosy indicators of embarrassment and shyness never appeared on his beautiful face. He was aware of his looks ever since he was very young. Now, a sixteen-year-old boy already looked like a man, broad shoulders and tall strong constitution. His gentle facial features and luscious plump lips were a complete opposite from the rest of his body, but a sharp mind and charismatic nature managed to blend those two opposites to a perfect mix.

Seokjin bites his inner cheek to stop himself from laughing. – “Well, good thing I had my beauty sleep then.”

The man busted out laughing, covering his mouth with his hand. He looked so handsome, tall too, even though he was sitting. His long limbs were spread as much as his confinement allowed him. His face was soft, his lips full and kissable, but the man’s eyes were something completely different. They were soft amber and interested in one moment, but predatory and dangerous on the next, especially when they rested on Seokjin’s face. It reminded Seokjin of a wolf. He smiled as well, happy with the man’s reaction. The laughter abruptly stopped when they heard the footsteps in front of the cabin. The door was open and a very richly styled man entered the room. He was neat and fashionable, not too tall and not too thin either. He didn’t look like a Captain, but more of some high nobleman. Seokjin guessed that this was, indeed, the Baron.

As it turns out, the Baron noticed Seokjin when he was walking around Whailen three nights ago. His beauty prompted him to have Seokjin followed and brought straight to him. So the reason why Seokjin failed his assignment wasn’t because he miscalculated things or he was sold out, but that he was unlucky enough to catch an eye of one of the notorious beauty admirer, Baron Francis de Monroe.

-“Ah finally you are awake.” – The Baron spoke, his voice sounded snobbish in Seokjin’s ears. He didn’t like the man from a first glance and that had nothing to do with the fact that he was locked inside dangling cage because of him. The silence spread in the room. Seokjin just starred at the man, waiting for him to say something else, while Baron, apparently, expected Seokjin to confirm his words. The young man in the cage just silently observed. It was so awkward, Seokjin wanted to laugh, but he contained himself.

-“And?” – He prompted the Baron to continue, waving his hand in “go on” motion. Baron’s eyes widened for a few seconds, clearly not accustomed at such address, but Seokjin was so beautiful to him that he was ready to forget that insolence. He apologized in some way for the rough mistreatment and current position, but Seokjin, already cramped and annoyed about everything, had no patience, allowing his anger to pour out as gripped the bars of his cage tightly.

-“Care to explain to me why I’m I here on this ship? And even worse, why I’m I locked in this
fucking cage?’’ – Seokjin’s spat. His voice was stern and bossy. Baron shifted uncomfortably. He was torn between anger and uneasiness but composed himself rather quickly.

-’’You are here because that’s my express desire. The cage was necessary at first, but now that you are awake you might want to ease up the tone of your voice and consider your options for the future when I lay my offer to you.’’

Seokjin blinked and pushed his lips together for a moment, fighting to gain control of his temper. – ‘’What offer?’’ – He finally murmured and Baron Monroe smiled slyly, thinking that he finally got through the resistance.

-’’For a pretty thing like you, life could be easy and nice. You don’t have to live like a scum anymore, crawling around with filth. You deserve to be ravished with gifts and beauty. “The ton” parties, nice, rich garments and delicious food, theaters, promenades…I can give you all of that. I can give you an easy life, pretty thing.’’

“Pretty thing” Seokjin though, only one thing could come out from that line.

-’’You want me to be your little whore? Is that’s why I’m here?’’ – Seokjin asked in disbelief.

-’’Well I won’t call it thus, but in a way…I would expect certain compensation with your attention.’’

-’’Oh, to be a pretty thing to warm up your bed at night and behave nicely when you parade me to your acquaintances, right?’’

-’’Well yes of course. I would be so good to you. Ever since I lay my eyes on you I knew you would fit into a rich lifestyle so nicely.’’

-’’No shit.’’ – Seokjin said somewhat quietly, but still enough audible for both men to hear. In his entire life, he’s been fighting the stereotypes. Just because he was so beautiful he was not considered good for anything but sex. He spilled his blood, sweat, and tears while he trained with the Order, proving himself each day, each year and finally, he was given the assignment on his own, for the final test and this bloody snob took that away from him and for what…to be his lover. Seokjin shook from inner violence he felt, gripping the metal bars and wishing he was strong enough to rip the cage apart and break the Baron’s spine.

-’’You stupid snobbish prick.’’ – Seokjin said quietly.

-’’I beg your pardon?’’ – The Baron raised one of his eyebrows in disbelief.

-’’You beg?’’ – Seokjin raised his head to look at him, lips curling in a snarl as he lurched himself on the bars, making his cage sway. – ’’You beg?! Oh, you will beg…you beg for your life when I get my hands on you out of this cage, you sad excuse of a human being!!’’

The Baron choked and screamed back. – ‘’How dare you speak to me thus….’’ – but was interrupted by Seokjin’s booming voice. – ‘’You dared to lock me up like I’m some kind of slave, so you could make me your whore!? I would rather die you bloody imbecile than have your cock anywhere near me!!’’

Baron Monroe was livid. He crossed the room in two long steps and caught Seokjin’s collar through the cage, banging the boy’s head on the bars. – ‘’Oh we will see about that, boy.’’

With another hand, he gripped Seokjin’s thigh and squeezed it, while still holding the young man against the bars. He knew that Seokjin will put on a fight, but what he didn’t expect was just how
efficient and strong the young man is.

Seokjin removed his hand from his thigh in one swift movement twisting it harshly, it almost broke. The Baron screamed and yanked Seokjin’s collar harder, cold metal hitting the boy’s right cheekbone. The hit made Seokjin hissed in pain and even though he held his composure, Baron’s hand clawed on his own, until he untangled himself from Seokjin’s grasp. The Baron stepped back with murderous glee in his eyes. He jumped to the door and opened then.

- ‘’Knutt come here….and bring three of your strong men with you.’’

A big man, probably Knutt, showed up on the door, almost blocking it whole. Seokjin saw plenty of big men before, but this one was huge. He was very tall and very broad. Massive muscles adorned his entire body and his face had unpleasant features. Three other grimly looking sailors quietly came behind him.

- ‘’Pull him out, strip him and tie him up.’’ – The Baron ordered. - ‘’I want him hanging by his wrists from the ceiling.’’

- ‘’Oh that’s just brave Baron! Five against one young boy, what a real man you all are!’’ – The young man from the other cage shouted.

- ‘’Quiet you mutt! You are not in my jurisdiction, but don’t think I won’t whip you bloody. I should deliver you alive, but no one said anything about being in one piece, so be quiet!’’

- ‘’So why don’t you unlock this cage and come at me!!!’’ – The man snarled, but Baron ignored him, too focus on Seokjin, who by that time, put up a fierce fight and was now half beaten and half naked. One man laid on the floor, dead, with his nose crushed deep into his skull, while other two roared in pain, one holding his broken arm and knee, while other clutched at his groin, hissing in pain. Knutt, however, much stronger and surprisingly pretty fast knocked Seokjin down with one wave of his hand, making the young man’s neck crack involuntary, nearly losing his consciousness.

- ‘’Not his face! Don’t hurt his face!’’ – Baron warned, already untying his breeches. Seokjin was on his hand and knees, gasping for air and fighting the white blotches that were blinding his vision. One of his eyes was swollen, and his lower lip was severely bleeding. Knutt ripped Seokjin’s shit off and pull on his wrists to tie him up, tossing the rope above the railing and pulled until Seokjin hang, hands up high. His toes barely touched the ground.

Baron discarded his coat on the chair and started unbuttoning his shirt. Seokjin tried to kick Knutt in the head, but the man evaded it.

- ‘’Tie his feet as well.’’ – The Baron said and Seokjin could see from the corner of his eyes that another locked man was rattling his cage, eyes blazing. He was furious. Seokjin felt a pinch of respect for the man, who kept yelling at Baron and his men.

- ‘’You bloody assholes!! Let him go! Fucking shits!!’’

- ‘’Shut him up.’’ – The Baron said, pointing on the other man and Knutt, who just finished tying Seokjin’s legs, went on to execute the order he was given. Loud muffled bang and choked gasp silenced the room again.

Seokjin was on the brink of losing his consciousness to the darkness. The stale air in the cabin touched his bare body, making him shiver. He felt so exposed and defeated. The Baron observed him, licking his lips, marveling at his body, until his eyes fell on the small mark on his upper left
chest. He came closer and his eyes widened in horror. He recognized the small tattoo, the symbol.

-"'No…’" - He gasped. – “It can’t be.” – He drew nearer and grabbed Seokjin by his waist to pull him closer, examining the symbol up close. His other hand brushed against it harshly, hoping it was just painted, but no, it was real. The Baron gulped visibly, his face suddenly drained from all blood. He stepped back from Seokjin so fast, like the touch of his skin burned him.

-"'U-untie him… ‘"- He stammered to Knutt. – ‘‘P-put his clothes up and… back in the cage… Lock him!’” – He said and hastily left the room. Knutt just bowed and said something to other two. One left, jumping on one leg, while another helped him put Seokjin back. They picked up their dead crew member and left silently.

-"'Hey, pretty bird.’” – The young man with amber eyes called.

Seokjin groaned weakly.

- “Are you okay?” - The man tried again, but he couldn’t reach the other man.

-“Can…you help?” – Seokjin asked.

-"'Well no…I’m locked here, but…”"

-“Then shut….the fuck…up…” - Seokjin spoke slowly, grunting from pain, becoming more and more quiet with each word. - "Let me…get…my…b-beauty…s-sleep…”’ – He added and lost his consciousness.
Seokjin twenty years ago

He was awakened by the sound of a cannon firing. Shouts and thundering ruckus, under and above, pointed at a fierce battle. The Baron was rummaging through the papers and pouches of gold, stuffing everything into a bag, together with a beautifully decorated box, that contained something valuable. The Baron put the box carefully into the bag and shut his safe. He placed the bag in an old sack and hid it behind the chair. The young man's eyes followed his every move.

At the same time, the officer barged in into the cabin.

-"My Lord, they have been restrained. The victory is ours."

-"Damn bloody pirates. Are they all dead?" – The Baron asked.

-"No my Lord, not all of them. We await your order."

-"Kill them all. Fewer pirates mean calmer waters and the better and cleaner world."

-"Yes my Lord, it shall be done as you ordered. And one more thing my Lord, we confiscated several crates of valuables, probably stolen goods from some trading ship no doubt. It's in the process of transporting it into our storage. You will have a list soon."

-"Good, good, carry on then."

-"What about the brig my Lord?"

-"Sunk it with the corpses."

-"Yes my Lord." – The officer said and left.

Seokjin glanced at the locked man only to see his knuckles, white as snow from the intensity he was gripping the bars of his cage. His hate towards Baron was so intense that Seokjin wondered if the young man was tied more to the sea outlaws than his own personal vendetta towards the older man. He was important and obviously needed alive and without a scratch, which indicates that the Baron didn't lay finger on him yet, nor will he, in all probability, even though he threatened him the last time. However, the runes around the metal bars of the cage were mysterious. Seokjin saw something similar like that only with magical beings. He wondered if the man had some powers and were they the reason he was captured and locked here in the first place.

The Baron took the sack out again and went to his safe. Seokjin closed his eyes concentrating on the sounds around him. He tuned everything else down, but for the small ticking sound in the cabin. The safe opened and Baron put the content of the sack in it, closing it and leaving for the upper deck. The other man cursed, hitting the bars angrily.
"Were they your crew?" – Seokjin asked calmly.

The man huffed for a minute, closing his eyes and trying to calm himself before he spoke.

"No, they were not." – He said curtly, but then added a bit less so. – "But I might have known them before."

"Oh." – Seokjin said, shifting slightly. – "Sorry mate."

Silence followed. Seokjin ached to stand up and crack his spine, his entire body was hurting.

"My name is Namjoon." – The man said. Seokjin gaze towards him and smiled. – "I'm Seokjin." – He said.

Namjoon's wolfish eyes grew gentler and shy smile appeared on his lips. His dimples peeked out slightly and Seokjin was enamored. – "Nice to finally know your name pretty bird."

Seokjin smiled shyly and turned his head to glance at the door.

"You think he would be back soon?" – He asked.

"Who, the Baron? No. I don't think he will, there are stolen goods to be checked out and he always loves to choose the best from it."

"Hmmm..." - Seokjin hummed. – "Have you been here long?"

"Few weeks, give or take a day." – Namjoon answered.

"Hmmm... " - Seokjin hummed again and then reached to take a small golden needle with an emerald top from the upper corner of his cage. He went to the lock.

Namjoon's eyes went wide. – "Where did you get that?"

"I stole it from our dear Baron when he so foolishly came too close to my cage. I hid it before those men came and dragged me out."

"You think you can open it?" – Namjoon asked.

"Hush now..." – Seokjin said and closed his eyes, concentrating on the right angle. Soon the lock clicked and the cage door slid open. Seokjin climbed down carefully, letting his joints pop and crack. His legs were cramped and he had to close his eyes until the blood rushed down to it, rushing to every nerve. He let a long groan. The feeling was painful but so good at the same time.

Across the cabin, Namjoon shifted uncomfortably, blushing slightly. Seokjin only noticed then that he was still half naked from the waist up. The small symbol stood proudly on his left chest, right above his heart.

"What's that symbol?" – Namjoon asked, Seokjin just looked at him.

"Why?" – Seokjin asked and went straight to the Baron's liquor cabinet, opening up the bottle of wine and taking a long swig. His lips were parched and his throat dry, but there is no water anyway and he didn't care much. He drank some more.

"The Baron seemed spooked when he saw it...." – He craned his neck to see it better, squinting his eyes. – "That's an Assassin's symbol, isn't it?"
Seokjin quirked his mouth. "And what if it is?"

"You are too young to be Assassin." Namjoon said, watching Seokjin from head to toe. "Too young and too..."

"And?" Seokjin prompted, raising one eyebrow at the man. Namjoon shifted his eyes from him. He came closer to Namjoon's cage, a bottle of wine still in his hand.

"And?" He asked again. Namjoon bit his lip and looked up.

"Just...young...." Seokjin starred at him amusingly. "...and beautiful." Namjoon finally added.

"Hmmm..." Seokjin hummed again. "No, I'm not an Assassin. I just tattooed the symbol." He lied. He didn't know Namjoon yet, and he wasn't foolish enough to admit who he really is. Not yet anyway, maybe not ever, period.

"You know they could kill you if they find out. The assassins." Namjoon added after a small pause and Seokjin chuckled. "Oh I doubt they will ever find out. I might be dead soon before that ever happened. But it does have a helpful effect." He said amusingly and went to unlock Namjoon's cage, but the other man's hand stopped him gently.

"You can't open it, not with that." Namjoon said when Seokjin looked at him confusingly.

"Why?" Seokjin asked and Namjoon smiled tiredly.

"Do you see that runes on the cage?" Namjoon asked and Seokjin nodded. "They prevent certain things to get out and could only be unlocked by a special, carved with runes key, which is now in the Baron's pocket." Namjoon said, admiring Jin's face up close. Seokjin looked at him carefully.

"To get anything out...what are you? Some kind of warlock?"

Namjoon chuckled. "Warlocks does not exist Seokjin."

Now it was Seokjin's time to chuckle. "I know they don't. I'm just saying it's absurd."

Namjoon smiled slyly. "Maybe...maybe not."

Seokjin squinted his eyes, trying to size Namjoon's amber ones. "If I get you the key, would you help me escape this damned boat?"

Najoon nodded at that. Seokjin started nodding his head as well in small movements, looking at the ceiling while he already made some plans in his head. "Alright, I'll knock the Baron off when he comes back and get you that key."

"We are in the middle of the sea, greatly outnumbered, we need help."

"So you suggest..." Seokjin said, giving the bottle to Namjoon, who accepted it with gratitude and took a long swig. "...that we let them land us ashore before escaping? It will be even more difficult then."

"Not exactly. I...I could call for help..." Namjoon took another swig and gave the bottle back to Seokjin. Apparently, the runes didn't stop regular object to come out of the cage. That was interesting, Seokjin thought. "...but I need my things back."

"Where are your things?"
-"Probably somewhere here. Try..." - The sound of the hurried footsteps approaching stopped him in mid-sentence and Seokjin jumped back across the room to his hanging cage. He climbed up quickly and closed the door, setting the bottle of wine behind his back, right before the door opened and the Baron entered. He looks at Namjoon first and then Seokjin, surprised he was awake. Without a word, the Baron went to his table and sat. He wrote something down and then raised his head to look at Seokjin.

-"You must be thirsty and hungry and you probably want to use the bucket. I'll send men to attend to it."

-"You mean they are going to watch me taking a dump?" – Seokjin asked calmly. The Baron scowled.

-"Exactly. They will follow your every move and if you try something funny, I will personally put a bullet in your heart."

-"Oh how poetic. Hurry up, I need to ease myself."

The nerve under the Baron's eye twitched viciously and he set his gaze down on the paper he was writing on. Seokjin wondered what to do with the damn wine bottle. He couldn't just toss it out, as it would probably break, but he couldn't also leave it there, because as soon as they got him out, they will see it.

Once Baron had finished his letter he went towards the door and yelled for his men to come, three of them, without Knutt, this time. They brought the bucket, the food and the basin of water. The Baron unlocked the cage and left the cabin, leaving his men with Seokjin and Namjoon to finish the unpleasant business. They placed things down and pulled Seokjin out. They gave him the bucket first. One of them noticed the bottle and took it out.

-"What the fuck?" – He turned towards his fellow mates and Seokjin used the lack of their attention to attack. He killed them swiftly, using his hands and feet, hitting all the vital spots with such speed that Namjoon was amazed.

-"Wow." – It was all he said.

Seokjin ran his hands through the dead men's pockets, relieving them of their possessions and then went on rummaging through Baron's drawers. Some of them were locked, so Jin had to pick a lock to get them open.

-"Namjoon. Tell me what to look for." – He said quietly.

-"It's a small red leathered pouch."

Seokjin looked carefully everywhere until he spotted her in the corner of the drawer. He pulled it out.

-"Here." – The tossed the pouch and Namjoon caught it in his hand. Seokjin didn't stay to watch what the other man was doing but went on rummaging for some more stuff. He found a few more things that could be helpful and remembered their location for later.

He then went towards the safe. He closed his eyes, remembering the ticking sound. Seokjin placed the ear to the safe, while he put his fingers around the small knob. Tick, tick....tick....tick, tick, tick....tick...clang...opened.

-"Is there anything you can't do Seokjin?" – Namjoon asked in awestricken.
Seokjin chuckled and went to check out the content of the safe. He answered him without looking.

"Call me Jin...well...apparently, I've been told I have difficulty not to talk back... plus there is modesty trait...I have none."

Namjoon muffled his laugh. His eyes fell on the box Seokjin was holding and he grew serious instantly.

"Jin. Tell me what's inside that box please." – Seokjin raised his eyes. He saw Namjoon's face glued at the bars as he tried to glimpse better at the box. Jin held a small sheet of paper with some letters and numbers on it. For only a second Jin contemplated to hide it, but something in Namjoon's eyes changed his mind. Jin rose up and went to him with the box in his hands. He opened in front of Namjoon and the man gasped.

"Oh thank the Hellheavens..." - He whispered and went to pick the strange object out, but stopped and looked at Jin again. – "May I?" – He asked and Jin nodded. The object was like some kind of ancient puzzle. The engraved symbols and numbers on the small wheels hid some kind of puzzle that unlocked the secret inside.

"It seems very old." – Jin said.

"It is old." – My grandfather looked for these for decades. How did Baron manage to get his hands on it?"

"By taking it probably... It's truly pissing me off that he accuses pirates of stealing when he's pretty much doing the same thing."

Namjoon nodded. – "Quickly put it back, until someone returns. Go and tell me if you see the old map there as well."

Jin did as Namjoon said and indeed there was a very old tattered map.

"Perfect. Put everything back and help me with this. "

Strangely Jin obeyed again easily. He placed everything back on place, got rid of the wine bottle and went to Namjoon.

"Open the window please." – Jin did and then starred as Namjoon took a small object from his pouch and set a small paper on fire. Murmuring something quietly, Jin watched, amazed as the ash float above Namjoon's hand, grouping together to make an outline of a small bird with flapping wings. The bird rose so fast in the air, made a circle or two inside the cabin and shot right through the window. Jin kept watching it disappear into the evening sky.

"What the hell was that?" – Jin asked.

"Just something useful I've picked up from my mother."

"You mother was a witch?"

"No, but she was very gifted human."

"I wonder what other talents you hide Namjoon." –Jin murmured while closing the window.

"When we get out from here, I might show you." – Namjoon said slowly, his voice dropped few octaves lower and Jin shivered. Namjoon's eyes made Jin feel things, things he never felt before
and he wasn't sure whether or not he likes that, or was afraid of it.

-"Is that's an invitation?" – Jin asked seductively.

-"Could be." – Namjoon answered. – "If you want."

Jin felt his cheeks go warm and he bend his head, pretending to see something that interests him. He took the food from the table and gave half to Namjoon, while he literally swallowed the rest since he didn't eat anything for a few nights. He washed everything down with a half cup of water, while he took the rest to Namjoon. Jin's stomach rumbled, asking for more food. He was starving, but it wasn't desperately bad as it thought it would be.

-"Did they feed me while I was out?" – He asked Namjoon. The man nodded. – "Yeah, they made you swallow few spoons of some broth...it looked like shit."

-"While thank you. That really erase any idea of eating for a while." – Jin said, scrunching his nose.

-"Shit, sorry. I didn't mean literally."

-"Hah, I know you didn't, but since we are on the subject." – He picked up the bucket. Namjoon groaned and turned his head, slightly disgusted. Jin chuckled and went on with his business. He left the bucket in front of the door, later on, fighting the urge to go out and try to escape. He knew better though, knowing he would be a dead corpse long before that. He ached for a bath. The small basin of water wasn't enough, but he splashed the water on his face anyway, enjoying the coolness and he ran his wet hands down his chest, trying to get off the blood, dirt, and sweat. Water became almost black by the time he was satisfied with his hygiene enough. Next, he needed some shirt, but the man, who laid dead in front of his feet, wasn't much cleaner, so Jin crouched down, examining them carefully and then started unbuttoning his jacket from one of them. He took the cloth from the corpse and brought it close to his nose to take a whiff.

"It's not that bad." – He murmured more to himself than Namjoon and then proceeded to put it on. The door of the cabin opened and the Baron entered, followed by his first officer and Knutt. The Baron jumped and yelled an order. –"Seize him!" – Which made both, the officer and Knutt to pull out their pistols at Jin. Jin paid them no heed, he didn't even glance their way, completely ignoring them. He finished buttoning the jacket up, stretched his limbs until small popping sounds were heard and then slowly went and climbed in his cage, setting his legs neatly and closing the door behind him with the click sound of the lock.

All eyes stared at him, but Jin didn't care. He felt better, still hungry, but less dirty, less cramped and less uncomfortable. He closed his eyes ready to meditate when the angry voice boomed in a small place.

-"You beast, what did you do?!" – The officer went over his dead men and raised his pistol towards Jin's head. – "I will have your head for this, you filthy animal."

-"Enough!" – The Baron interjected.

-"But my Lord, my men."

-"Your men were idiots who allowed themselves to be overpowered by one unarmed and weakened boy!" – He spat and then turned to look at Jin. – "What happened?"

Opening one eye to look at the Baron, Jin considered whether or not to tell him some lie, but deciding not to tell him anything. He closed his eyes again and took a deep breath, calming himself.
"Fine, suit yourself!" – The Baron yelled. – "Consider your privileges revoked. No more bucket trips out of the cage."

"Fine, I'll just do it here."

"No food...no need." – The Baroon said and Jin's jaw clenched.

"I wonder how your superiors would react if you brought them the prisoner of great value, raped, starved and damaged." – Namjoon chimed in, from another side.

"No one raped him!" – The Baron snapped.

"Well...they would have..." – He pointed at the three men. –"If Jin wasn't faster."

The Baron switched his gaze back at Jin. – "Is this true?"

"Like you fucking care." – Jin murmured back.

The Baron's expression hardened. – "Knutt. You will be in charge of our prisoner here from now on. He must not be harmed, unless he causes serious trouble, got that?"

"Yes my Lord." – Knutt bowed.

"Now leave and take these bodies with you."

It's been a week since Namjoon set that bird out. They were still on the deep sea, but very soon their recourses would have to be replenished, so Namjoon thought that they will be anchoring somewhere soon. The waiting was tedious, but they had nothing better to do anyway. Knutt made sure that nothing out of the ordinary happens each time he took care of Jin's and Namjoon's needs, but Jin continued getting himself in and out of his cage whenever he could. This time he sat in front of Namjoon's cage, his back turned towards the other man, breathing deeply as Namjoon's fingers worked at Jin's tensed muscles on his neck and shoulders.

"You have the magic hands, I swear." – Jin murmured and Namjoon smiled breathily, sending warm air on Jin's neck. They grew closer with each other while they waited. They talked a lot, laughed and even made plans for afterward. Jin enjoyed the other man's company and he felt Namjoon reciprocated it.

"Yes, I've been told." – He said and Jin turned his head to look at him. – "Oh, really?"

Namjoon nodded, still smiling. Without realizing it Jin raised one of his hands up to gently stroke one of the dimples forming on Namjoon's face. The man gasped and closed the eyes, enjoying the touch. He put his forehead on the metal bars, caressing Jin's nape.

Jin trembled and moved his fingers on Namjoon's lips, tracing the cracks, formed from dryness. He pressed his head back on the bars as well, tilting it closer, but then his body turned slightly, pushing one of his hands inside the cage and on Namjoon's thigh. Namjoon breath hitched and his fingers find himself immersed in Jin's tangled hair. They were dirty, sweaty and smelly, but they didn't care. They enjoyed the warmth, the closeness and the electricity tingling between their
bodies.

The abrupt sound jerked them severely and Jin jumped to his feet and went flying back with such force, that his cage swung back and forth when the Baron entered. He glared at Jin, but the latter simply continued to rock the cage, pretending he was bored.

-"Stop it!!" – The Baron yelled and went to his table. He was about to write something down when the alarm bell was set off. The Baron raised his head and stood up when a loud bang exploded and a round shot broke through the window causing the massive sprinters to fly around. It hit the wooden wall near Seokjin's cage. All of a sudden the hell broke loose. The screams and other explosions could be heard from another side of the door and above and Baron ran outside to see what's going on.

-"Pirates!!!" – Someone bellowed from above.

-"Cannon's ready!!" – Another sailor screamed.

-"Do not let her ram us!!!" – The Baron yelled from the top of his lungs and a thundering crash jerked the entire ship.

-"Jin! Quickly, let us out! I won't die in this cage!" – Namjoon said and Jin reached for his golden pin.

-"Steady lads!!!" – The man outside shouted. -"Fire!!!" – Deafening explosions from the Baron's cannons shoot back, answered quickly with the series of connected enemy shoots.

-"I know these cannons!!!" – Namjoon yelled. – "Jin!!! The help is here, we got to go!!!"

But before Jin could unlock the cage, the Baron showed up, whiter than a ghost. His entire body shook terribly. He ran around the cabin like a madman, collecting valuable things and stuffing them into the leather sack. He went to his safe, unlocking it with shaky hands from the third try and started stuffing the things in as well. He didn't notice Jin standing behind him until he felt the knife under his throat. He yelped but was held by Jin's strong arms.

-"Bring him here!" – Namjoon said and Jin forced the Baron towards the younger man's cage, shoving him on his knees. Namjoon reached to Baron's pockets for a key. Once he found it, he unlocked his door and let himself out. His dark eyes now shined with amber as he stood tall in front of the crying Baron.

-"Please! Have mercy! The boat is waiting for us, we could save ourselves! All three of us! Please!" – The Baron Francis de Monroe begged pathetically and Jin smirked.

-"I told you you'll beg at the end." – He whispered into Baron's ear and the man cried harder, eyes almost jumping out of his sockets at the sight of Namjoon. Danger emanated from him as he reached with his two thumbs and thrust them deep inside Baron's eyes. High pitched scream escaped Baron's throat and Jin had to hold him tighter, so he won't break free.

-"Ready!!!! FIRE!!!!" – The shouts were heard as more of thundering explosions. There was a responding fire and another round shot crashed through the cabin, sending things flying and Jin warned Namjoon to hurry.

-"Whatever you do Namjoon, hurry up!"

-"Almost done." – He said with ice-cold voice, while his amber eyes starred coldly through Baron's skull, reading his mind.
Soon Namjoon removed his thumbs from Baron's eye sockets and Jin let the older man's body drop to the floor, dead.

They look at each other only for a few seconds, both panting. Namjoon bowed his head ashamed.

-"I hate doing this! Even to him, I hated every second of it!" – He raised his eyes to look at Jin's, expecting disgust. - "I'm not like that Jin."

Jin grabbed him by the back of his hair and pulled him close, face to face.

-"Namjoon I don't give a shit, that was bloody scary and cool and I love it. Now let's go and kill some more of the wicked Baron's men!"

They picked up what they need in the heist. Namjoon took the sack to grab the old map and box with a puzzle in it, putting it into a smaller leather pouch that lay around. He broke into Baron's table to take the rest what he needs. Jin went to pick up two swords that were hanging on the wall. They were sharp enough, good steel. They made a whooshing sound when he cut the air testing them. Together with few knives and Baron's boots, which strangely fitted Jin's feet, he turned to see Namjoon, standing there with a leather sack on his back and two axes in each hand. They nodded to each other and went out together, running through the corridors. It was chaos! Everyone was screaming and growling. There was blood and decapitated limbs everywhere, caused by cannon balls and round shoots. By now the enemy ship boarded and the fierce battle was on.

Jin was about to climb the ladder behind Namjoon when he was pulled back harshly. He fell on his back and saw Knutt with his sword up high. It came crashing down, missing Jin by an inch. They fought wildly, aiming for a kill. Jin was too weak for this beast of a man. Knutt nearly got the better of him when his ax came suddenly, spinning fast and wedged itself deep into Knutt's skull. The sailor fell face down and moved no more. Jin raised his head to see Namjoon standing on one ladder, holding a hand for Jin to grab. They climbed out, but before Jin could move on the deck, Namjoon pulled him into a small corner, away from the battle.

-"Can you fight them off?" – He asked Jin.

-"Well rested yes, now? No."

-"If I help you fight, will you protect me?" – Namjoon asked.

-"With my life." – Jin answered instantly and he meant it. Namjoon's eyes softened and a dimple peeked. – "Let's hope it won't come to that."

He pulled their foreheads together and Jin felt the surge of energy entering his body, healing him and giving him strength. Only when Namjoon's knees buckled and Jin had to hold him up did Jin realized what Namjoon have done. He gave him what's left of his own energy.

-"You damned adorable fool, what did you do?" – Jin asked and Namjoon just chuckled. – "I just gave you some strength Jinnie... only enough for you to get us out of here."

-"Can you at least hack the ones that come too close with that ax of yours?" – Jin asked.

-"I can manage." – He smiled again and Jin pecked his cheeks several times, murmuring. – "Adorable fool, brilliant adorable fool."

Namjoon smiled and was about to answer something when Jin interrupted. – "Don't say anything corny now. We have our skins to save. Let's go."
They burst out on the deck. Jin swung both of his swords left and right, slicing and cutting every red coat sailor he saw. He didn't care, they were all Baron's men and he hated them all.

-Joon!!!- Someone yelled and Jin turned for the second, to see one of the pirates running towards Namjoon.

-Jakson, fuck it's good to see you brother!- Namjoon said, throwing his arms around the men in a tight hug.

-God you stink.- Jackson made a disgusted face and Namjoon swatted him on his head. Jackson laughed.

-C'mon let's get you back.-

-Wait... Jin...-

-Who's Jin?- Jackson asked, but followed Namjoon's gaze and saw the person Namjoon was talking about. -Jin. Oh, wow.-

Jin was now in the middle of fighting four men, cutting expertly with his swords, turning and swirling around them in a beautiful deadly dance. He looked amazing and lethal.

-Yes he is bloody awesome.- Namjoon said proudly.

-And in a slight predicament. Jooheon!!! Hansung!!!- He yelled and looked up to the Scouts, then point on Jin. -Help him!

Both men nodded and raised their guns to shoot at sailors near Jin.

-Jin!!! Here!!!- Namjoon yelled and Jin turned, taking three more sailors down before ran towards Namjoon. One of Baron's men jumped right in front of him and swung his sword so fast that Jin barely had the time to deflect the blow, but was quickly put down by one of the Scouts.

Once on the other ship, he fought until the battle ceased. The rest of the Baron's men surrendered and Jin was able to breathe freely again. He felt someone's hand on his shoulder, so he turned, only to see it was smiling Namjoon.

-We did it Jinnie.- He whispered.

-So, what do we have here?- The raspy old voice spoke behind Jin and Namjoon.

-Captain.- Namjoon bowed his head. -This is Seokjin, Baron's captive. He helped me send the message to you.-

-Who are you?- The Captain asked Jin.

-Just a young nobody that had a misfortune to drawn Baron's attention.-

-Well...nobody or not, that was one amazing sword skill you have.- Jackson said, slowly approaching him.

-We each have our skills, mine just cut deep that's all.- Jin said and Jackson laughed. -That's true. You probably had to learn how to use the blades to save that pretty face of yours.- He continued, tilting his head and eyeing him from head to toe. Jin smiled at him and added. -On the streets, it's kill or be raped and with the face like mine...- Jin left the rest unspoken and Jackson chuckled. Namjoon shifted near Jin, as to protect him from Jackson's eyes.
"He helped me get my hands on the Baron de Monroe." – Namjoon said, looking at the Captain.

"Is he dead?" – The old man asked. Namjoon nodded. "We have to talk. I've got some information for you." – Namjoon said, giving him the leather pouch from his back. The Captain took it and nodded.

"Fine, let's talk...but first take a dip into the water, bring soap. You smell like shit boy. You too kid." – He turns to Jin as well and then he left, shouting orders.

"Well you heard the Cap." – Jackson said, scrunching his nose, which gave him another slap on the shoulder. "Ouch! Damn it! Why do you always hit me?!" – Jackson protested, but Namjoon went pass him, holding Jin around the wrist.

"Come, let's get cleaned up. I'll see to it to find us something good to eat." – He turned his head to look at Jin, smiling, dimples showing. – "Welcome to the 'Sea Monster' Jin."
It was one of those nights when Yoongi had finished all of his work for that day. He didn’t know whether or not he liked those nights, because sometimes it seems like he was wasting his time, when he should be doing something useful, on others, he was welcoming the break from work. Tonight, however, he was glad. He stretched in his chair, hearing his joints pop as the relief surged through him. He had certain tension in his body that no amount of stretching could take away. It was quite a long time since he indulges himself in any sexual activity, not even a quick jerk off, so Yoongi decided it was about time to do something about it. He brushed his groin with his hand and felt a knowing warmth. His neglected cock was welcoming any affection he was given. He squeezed himself lightly and felt himself growing harder.

-''Hell yeah.’’ – Yoongi murmured, palming himself slowly and enjoying a pleasant sensation of his awaken member. After a while, he untied his pants and wrapped his hand around himself, squeezing again, and groaning low. He reached to grab a small bottle of herb oil he used for his dried and burned hands and poured a bit on his palm. The glide on his cock was heavenly and Yoongi leaned back on his chair, spreading his knees and, finding the right rhythm, started stroking himself. Small gasps and grunts could be heard as his pouty mouth were slightly open and his eyes shut close.

He was so immersed with his pleasure that he jerked violently when he heard a loud knock on the door. His breath hitched in his throat as he squeezed himself tightly on reflex, his face completely lost. The knocking was heard again, this time a bit louder and Yoongi jumped from his table, tucking himself in as he hurried to open the door. He let a small whimpering sound when he saw V on the other side. The blonde devil was standing there gorgeously, eyes gleaming with mischief, while his mouth curled in a sly smirk.

-''Nice to see you Yoongi. It’s been a long time.’’ – V said and Yoongi gulped, the certain image of V brought back memories that made Yoongi blush profusely. He could feel V’s hard stare on his face, noticing his red cheeks, and flustered behavior, sliding down his chest to the evident bulge in his pants. Yoongi shifted slightly behind the door, trying to hide from V’s gaze, still refusing the entrance.

-''What do you want?!’’ – He stammered nervously, which was one thing he hated tremendously, especially in front of V or Jimin. V’s smirk grew wider.

-''Oh but I came to see you. I need to order a few things.’’

-''You could just tell Tae what you want.’’ – Yoongi spat, still holding the outside of the door with his hand. – ‘’There is no need for you to come….’’ – But his sentences were interrupted by V’s hand covering his.

-''Oh but I’ve missed you. I haven’t seen you since…’’ – He made a small pause, the corner of his mouth twitched. – ‘’…the last time I was here.’’ – His eyes flashed lustfully as his devilish smirk
made Yoongi tremble, jerking his hand from V’s touch. He would never admit that, but he was so weak for V, even though he was in love with Jimin. There was something in this blonde devil that he can’t place, some mystery and lust. V took a step closer, forcing Yoongi to take a step back. He could feel V’s warmth as he gazed up into his eyes. V’s voice was like velvet.

-“It’s not fair you know...for you to avoid me like that...especially since we had so much fun together the last time.” – V purred into Yoongi’s ear, making the latter shiver. Yoongi closed his eyes as another surge of memories rushed into his mind, making him hot.

-“I’m...not...avoiding you...I just...do not want to see you again.” – Yoongi managed to say, taking a deep breath and forced his eyes back angrily at V’s.

V chuckled and licked his lips. -“But you enjoyed it, I know you did.”

Yoongi gulped at V’s words but stayed firm. – ‘‘Give me your order and leave. I will send it through Tae, as always.’’

V took another step towards Yoongi, almost pushing him with his chest. Yoongi walked backward until he hit the table with the back of his thighs. V, who was moving with him, now stood so close, leaning his palms on each side of Yoongi on the table, caging him, their breaths mingled.

-“I will need a dozen of sleeping drafts.” – V’s voice vibrated deeply, as he stared down at a smaller man, watching his chest heave and his cheeks grew rosier. He was so beautiful, V thought. – “One large box of that miraculous purple powder...oh...I must say, that one was genius invention Yoongi.’’

V pressed one of his thighs between Yoongi’s legs and brushed Yoongi’s bulge. Yoongi’s breath hitched in his throat as he tried not to moan. Quite amused, V continued with his order. – “I would also need those small berserk darts...hmmm...around 30 would be enough.” – V hummed in contemplation. – “Oh yes, the bag of that dried roots and that medicinal draft you always pack for us. If I didn’t know you better I would’ve thought you care.” – V’s deep chuckles drummed in Yoongi’s ears as he panted slightly from the heat that engulfed him. He felt V’s hand around his waist as he leaned closer. Yoongi reacted fast and V froze in place, hissing. His eyes went wide as he stared at the smaller man, who was now grinning widely, showing his gums. He moved V slightly on the side and stepped out from his confinement, leaving V frozen in place with one thin acupuncture needle in his right thigh.

-“Useful little things, the needles, aren’t they?” – Yoongi mused. He was still flushed and aroused beyond measure, but he had his control back. V watched him for a few seconds before he growled.

-“Yoongi get this thing out. I can’t move.’’

-“Oh I know.’’ – Yoongi chuckled darkly. – “You are not supposed to.”

He straightens himself and went towards the parchment and his quill, writing down the order.

-“How many berserk darts did you say? 30?’’

V glared at him, his nostrils flaring, but he didn’t say a word. Yoongi tilted his head aside and pushed his tongue in his cheek. – “Let’s make that 50 shall we? Two gold coins per dart, that’s 100 coins. Hmmmm, sleeping drafts, 6 coins...purple powder 90 coins, and medicinal draft 12 coins. That would be 208 golden crowns and since you are one of my loyal customers, I will give you a bag of roots for free. How’s that for a bargain?’’

-“I would say it’s a ripoff.’’ – V hissed, trying to move, but with no avail. His muscles didn’t want
to listen to his mental command.

-“Well you should have sent Tae, he always knew how to bargain. Have that in mind for next time.” – Yoongi said acidly and walked towards V again, yanking the needle from his leg and V had to grab the table so he would not fall down. His muscles were aching now. V suspected that the tip was dipped into some nerve numbing mixture that Yoongi loved to make. The tight cramp left by the needle stabbed in one of his main nerves only a few seconds ago made him clench his teeth in endurance.

‘‘You will have full power over your legs in a minute or two. If that’s all, I suggest you leave.’’ – Yoongi turned his back on him, pretending to tidy up a bit when V’s voice stopped him.

-‘‘If you try something like that again Yoongi…’’ – V started, but he didn’t finish. His voice sounded dangerous though.

-‘‘You will do what?’’ – Yoongi asked bemusedly.

V’s eyes flashed mischievously again and he smirked wickedly. – ‘‘Remember…’’ – Was all he said. Yoongi gulped hard because he knew of what was V talking about.

-‘‘It would be ten times worse.’’ – He added, tilting his head while staring at the older man’s face.

V hissed when blood finally reached his toes and he was able to feel his legs again. He moved towards the door, eyes still lingering on Yoongi’s, promise flying in the air above them, before he slowly walked out and closed the door behind him.

Yoongi let out the breath he was holding in his lungs and ran towards the door to lock it. He huffed, running his hand through his hair as he shook. It took him a few moments for him to stop pacing like a nervous wild animal. He went into his small room, rummaging through his cabinet, searching for some liquor. Gulping almost half of the bottle, he fell on his bed, pulling his pants down and wrapping his hand on his shaft once more. This time he didn’t hold his moans. The images of V’s hand in his hair, tugging him harshly, controlling his every move while he entered him, surged through his mind in a flash. Yoongi moaned at the memory, tugging at his dick fast until he came hard, spilling his cum all over his hand and stomach. He panted heavily, huffing as the memory kept repeating in his head, still strong. Yoongi used the corner of his sheet to clean himself before he dived under his blankets. Putting one of his hands across his forehead, still breathing hard, trying to calm down from his high, he allowed the thoughts of that night to overpower him again. As he closed his eyes he remembered it all so vividly, like it happened yesterday.

Yoongi never liked drinking in the large crowds, but from time to time, he loved indulging himself in some company and being a sucker for pretty things, that company would usually consist of Jimin and V. Jimin was much more interesting when he is drunk. His flirty nature is heightened even more and his laughter brought butterflies into Yoongi’s stomach on most of the occasions. V, however, was like Yoongi, rarely drunk and rather tipsy. His icy blue eyes would gleam and he would become quiet and observing, like tiger targeting his prey.

They were sitting in Yoongi’s small back room, drinking. Jimin was sprawled on Yoongi’s bed like a cat, one of his hands that held his wine cup, dangled carelessly from the bed, few centimeters from Yoongi, who sat on the floor, his back pressed on the side of the bed. V, however, sat across them, in Yoongi’s chair, lazily listening to Jimin’s story.

How exactly the subject of latest horse race winning score switched to provocative and rather erotic discussions of the things they like in bed, Yoongi couldn’t tell, but he was finding himself
burning with heat. Jimin, who laid on his stomach, was kissing him passionately. He had his palm on Yoongi’s cheek, his tongue licking fervently inside as he breathed fast through his nose, producing a small sound that drove Yoongi insane from desire.

After some time they separated, panting. Jimin bit his lip, looking at Yoongi’s lips and then up at his eyes. Yoongi leaned in again and kissed him once more, but much shorter this time. They both turn to look at V, who sat with his legs slightly open and his arms resting on the armrests, starring at them intently. He was aroused and utterly gorgeous. Yoongi could see it clearly. The sight of the blonde devil sent heat wave in his stomach. The atmosphere inside the room changed drastically, it was filled with sexual tension. Yoongi wanted those man. He wanted them for a long time and now, finally, he might have his wish. Jimin shifted on his back, palming himself lazily as he looked at his friend. Yoongi, however, stood up and walked slowly, but determinedly towards V and sunk down on his knees in front of him, letting his palms rest on the latter’s lower thighs, stroking it in the small circles. He didn’t look away from his eyes. There was a silent need in them, mutual understanding, filled with desire. Yoongi wanted to be in this position, on his knees, ready to please, as he shifted his hands, stroking higher. He brushed V’s inner thighs lightly with his fingertips, sliding his thumb across the bulge in his pants. Yoongi heard slight movement behind him on the bed, telling him that Jimin must have moved in order to have a better view. V, however, parted his lips slightly.

Yoongi let his hands slide up towards the buttons on V’s pants, opening them swiftly until he saw the tip poking out. Pushing his inner cheek with his tongue Yoongi gulped, bringing his hands to V’s knees, spreading them and pulling them slightly down so his ass was closer to the edge of the chair, dick bouncing slightly from the movement. Yoongi glanced up at V’s eyes again, looking for any kind of change, but the only thing he could see was V’s biting his lower lip and breathing slightly faster, his eyes still glued to Yoongi’s face.

Yoongi wrapped his fingers around V’s cock for the first time and almost gasped at the size. V was nicely packed, as it suited him. Everything on V was perfect, Yoongi thought and he bends down to poke the slit of the cock with the tip of his tongue. Gripping the armrests tighter V clenched his jaw as he stared at Yoongi’s tongue circling around his head slowly. Glancing once more at V’s face, Yoongi almost groaned. V was torn between enjoyment and annoyance at the teasing. That made the right corner of Yoongi’s mouth curve upwards in the smirk before he closed his eyes and wrapped his mouth around the head, sliding it down, tongue licking around the length. V gasped, arching slightly and tossing his head back, his hands gripping the wood tightly.

Yoongi pulled V’s cock out with an audible pop, opening his eyes and observing the man in front of him. Then, closing them yet again he went back down, engulfing the entire length in his warm and wet mouth once more, relaxing his throat, until his nose touched the pubic hair. V groaned deeply, his hand gripped Yoongi by the hair to hold him in position for a few seconds until Yoongi squeezed his thighs in the signal. Pulling his head up and allowing him to gasp for breath, V tightened his grip on Yoongi’s hair to push him down again and again.

V was hissing and moaning now. The tip of his cock kept burying himself deep into Yoongi’s mouth, his muscles squeezing him tightly. Yoongi marveled at the feeling of the pulsating heart in his throat. His own cock was painfully hard now, so he begins to palm himself through his pants. There was some shifting on the bed and the sound of the light footsteps before Yoongi felt a pair of hands gripping at his hips and untying his pants, only to grip tightly at his aching cock.

-"Fuck, you two look fucking amazing together." – Jimin almost moaned in Yoongi’s neck, kneeling behind him and latching his mouth on the skin while grinding his own erection on Yoongi’s ass. Yoongi moaned desperately at the sudden act, causing the vibration down V’s cock, making him buck his hips deeper. Tears were spilling down Yoongi’s eyes and his chin was
glistening from the drool, but Yoongi swallowed more and more, letting V use him as he please, utterly enjoying Jimin’s right hand around his cock, thrusting in it. He was so horny, so completely lost in this that he barely noticed how close he was. The sudden spurt of warm cum from V’s cock hit the back of Yoongi’s throat and he swallows it all. He was sucking it thoroughly, until V jerked him on his hair, moving Yoongi’s mouth from his now sensitive cock. He kissed him deeply, forcing his tongue in and licking in his mouth. When he felt the trace of his own cum on Yoongi’s tongue, V sucked it strongly, which made the latter roll his eyes at the back of his head from pleasure. The orgasm took him suddenly and Yoongi spilled all over Jimin’s hand and the floor.

-“Wow.” – Jimin whispered, eyes round, his hips still rutting on Yoongi’s ass, panting, as he licked at Yoongi’s cum from his hand. V, on the other hand, leaned back only slightly, still gripping Yoongi’s hair. He glanced down the floor and then back up at Yoongi.

-“Who told you that you can cum?” – He asked. His voice was so deep and so hot, that Yoongi felt his member twitch once again. That is too soon, Yoongi thought. He needed rest. He just came, he needs time. Yet his dick thought otherwise since Yoongi felt getting aroused once again by V’s hard stare and the dripping sound of his velvety voice.

-“Do you think we are done?” – V asked, arching his eyebrow at Yoongi, smirking. Yoongi gulped, the feel of Jimin’s erection on his ass and warm breath on the back of his neck, wasn’t helping his already tortured mind. His body wanted these pleasures, while his mind wanted to shut down and sleep after a strong orgasm. As if sensing Yoongi’s inner struggle, V wicked smirk grew wider.

-“Oh no, no, no...we are definitely not done yet.” – He purred. – “You made Jiminie very, very hard.” – He glanced at his friend tensed expression and then back at Yoongi. – “He made you feel good and yet you left him struggling.”

-“I...” – Yoongi started, but V made a clicking noise with his tongue interrupting him, drawing closer to Yoongi’s face, still looking deeper at Yoongi’s soul. – “You owe him an orgasm Yoongi.”

Yoongi gasped at those words. He was pressed in between two bodies tightly and he felt hot all over again. The grip on his hair tightened, even more, when V asked again. – “Did you heard me?”

-“Y-yes.” – Yoongi managed to croak weekly, his throat still sore from the abuse.

V smiled, purring. – “Good boy.”

Listening carefully at this exchange, Jimin stood up, unbuttoning his own pants and pulling off his vest and tunic. V tugged at Yoongi’s hair, turning his head to glance at the man behind him. Yoongi let out a small whine when he saw Jimin. His dark hair was sticking to his forehead, so he brushed it back with his hand, making the muscles on his chiseled chest, flex and his cock slightly twitch with every move he made.

-‘‘Go.’’ – V whispered to Yoongi’s ear, letting go of his hair, leaving the tingling feeling on his scalp. His words send shivers down Yoongi’s spine. Still kneeling, he crawled towards Jimin on all fours, his cock dangling from his untied pants. V made a choking sound when pants on Yoongi’s ass slid slightly down as he crawled, giving the small preview of what’s underneath. They want him just as much he wants them. Yoongi felt certain smugness at that thought.

He was now in front of Jimin, who gave Yoongi such sultry half-lidded look, licking at his plump lips that Yoongi felt dizzy. He let out a deep breath, heart thumping in high speed and he felt a clench in his belly.
“Fuck Hyung, you look so good like this.” – Jimin breathed, standing in front of his kneeling form and Yoongi’s cock twitched. He licked his own lips once again, hooking his fingers in Jimin’s pants and pulling them down to his ankles. He wrapped his fingers around Jimin’s cock and sucked harshly at the tip. Jimin moaned loudly, his entire body arching as he gasped for air. Sudden warmth and tightness around his member were overwhelming, his legs were trembling as Yoongi kept bobbing his head, gripping at Jimin’s plump ass and pulling him deeper and deeper until he was deep-throating him, his tongue flat, cupping the length. Jimin moaned shamefully, bucking his hips. He wanted to move away, but Yoongi held him tightly, so he wrapped his hands in Yoongi’s hair instead, gripping the strands as he came deep into the Yoongi’s throat.

“Aaaaah fffffuck….ah, aaaaah!!”

Yoongi pulled back in a daze, a string of saliva and cum dripping from his mouth. He was fucked. His cock was hard once again and leaking precum, but it was worth it. Seeing Jimin’s legs shake as he took a few steps back and fell down on the bed, were the award itself.

Right then he felt V’s hand around his neck, pulling him gently, but firmly up on his wobbly feet. His back was pressed on V’s chest and hot air hit his ear as the other man spoke.

“That was so sexy Yoongi, so fucking hot.” – V said and a sense of pride filled Yoongi’s chest. He noticed that V never used honorifics with him, always addressing him with only his name. He knew he should be angry at this lack of respect, but deep down Yoongi liked being ordered around by this man. With Jimin it was different, but V had certain dominance that Yoongi found he liked very much.

“Take off your clothes.” – Short command, but Yoongi hurried to obey, watching Jimin pushing his own pants off his ankles until he was entirely naked. He was as handsome as hell.

V took off his clothes as well and went to sit next to Jimin on the bed, his eyes never leaving Yoongi. Jimin hooked one of his arms around V’s shoulder, resting his chin on another as he also ran his eyes up and down on Yoongi’s body. Yoongi felt exposed and hot under their eyes. His dick twitched again, causing a small gasp from Jimin. Enjoying the attention, Yoongi ran his hands up and down his chest, over his buds, his neck and down at his erection, tugging at it a few times, before returning it on his hips. He turned his back towards them, giving them the perfect view of his tight round ass while gazing at them across his shoulder. His hands traveled back, cupping his ass, spreading his cheeks apart to show them the glimpse of his rim, before closing them back again. Jimin whined at the sight, biting V’s shoulder lightly at the lustful look Yoongi gave them. V inhaled sharply and let breathing chuckle, biting his lip, stroking his cock once more.

“His ass is mine.” – Jimin whispered in V’s ear, making the latter chuckle darkly. – “In your wildest dreams Jiminah.”

“We shall see about that.” – The dark-haired man said and V chuckled once more, not moving his eyes from Yoongi who was now sliding one of his fingers between his cheeks, running his fingertip over his rim.

“Baby.” – Jimin called and Yoongi moaned deeply. – “Show us how good you are.”

Yoongi could not believe how pliant he was and how much he want to please them. He was never like that. He would usually fuck strangers for sex itself sometimes and couldn’t wait for them to leave, but now…now he wanted to scream of how much he enjoyed this, being ordered and manhandled. His head fell back as he breathed sinfully and slowly sank on his knees again, spreading them and arching his back so both men on the bed could see his pink hole nicely. He gazed around his shoulder at them, raising his fingers towards his mouth. He closed his eyes as he
let his tongue slid out and wrap around two fingers, coating them with his saliva nicely and sucking them deep into his mouth. Jimin moaned lustfully.

-‘‘He is driving me insane V...fuck...’’

Yoongi looked at them through heavy-lidded eyes and saw that Jimin was now grinding his cock on V’s thick thigh, his arms wrapped around the blonde man, sucking at his neck as his eyes stayed glued to Yoongi. He was so lost, such a lustful man. Yoongi let his eyes wandered to another one, who sat there, hand gripping at his length, but not moving it, one of his eyebrows arched as he waited for Yoongi’s next move. The latter brought his fingers to his ass, arching more and sliding the middle one between his cheeks, rubbing at his rim gently. He hissed and groaned as it pushed through his muscles, shutting his eyes tightly. He could hear Jimin’s roughed breathing not so far away and the complete silence from V.

He pulled his finger and pushed it again several times before bringing his fingers to spit on them, only this time pushing in two. Yoongi’s back arched as he let a long moan. The stretch was uncomfortable at first, but Yoongi kept pushing in, bending his fingers here and there until he found what he was looking for. Sudden tremble took over his body and he panted and whined, bucking his ass down on his fingers as he tortured his prostate.

Jimin was behind him in the mere seconds. – ‘‘Oh Hyung I want you so badly.’’ – He pulled Yoongi’s fingers out and pushed Yoongi’s neck down, until his ass was in the air, face on the floor and then Yoongi felt it, Jimin’s hot tongue.

-‘‘Oh fuuuck... oh, oh....’’ – Yoongi cried out, his mind completely blacking out, not knowing whether to buck his hips deeper on Jimin’s tongue or move away from it. Jimin decided for him by gripping at his ass and licking in deep and Yoongi moaned...he moaned and shivered. – ‘‘I’m gonna cum...’’ - And just like that, Jimin’s tongue left his hole. He felt pull on his shoulders and then Jimin’s mouth on his ear.

-‘‘Not yet baby, I still need to fuck you.’’ - He felt turned and then Jimin’s lips were on his again, kissing him shortly, but passionately. – ‘‘Stand up Hyung and lie on your bed for me.’’ – Jimin said, standing up himself. He walked towards V, who still sat on the bed, watching them. Jimin went and wrapped his fingers in V’s hair to tug at it, arching his head back and kissing his lips. – ‘‘He is mine first V.’’ – He said, smirking at his best friend, pecking his lips once again and then turn to see Yoongi watching them, hand wrapped around his length.

-‘‘Oh no baby...’’ – Jimin took Yoongi’s hand away and pushed him on the bed. He positioned himself between Yoongi’s legs and pushed inside Yoongi slowly, kissing him gently all the way. Yoongi whimpered at the intrusion but was somewhat distracted by Jimin’s tongue in his mouth. The man was so good, Yoongi thought and then mewled when Jimin started rolling his hips inside him. Yoongi wrapped his hand around Jimin’s back, another grasped at his ass, as he pulled him in deeper. They both groaned and panted at that, Jimin’s mouth kept sucking his neck as he rocked inside him faster, bending his legs so there were now hooked on Jimin’s shoulders.

-‘‘Jiminnie turn him over.’’ – V’s voice purred on their left. – ‘‘Let him ride you.’’

Jimin thrust few more times before sliding Yoongi’s legs down and hooking his arm around his neck to roll them over. Yoongi gasped loudly because he could feel him much deeper now, the tip pressing straight on his sweet spot. He moaned and grind himself on Jimin’s dick, letting it press and slide across his prostate, making his body shake from pleasure. But then V’s hands found his neck, pulling his head back as he pressed his chest on him. Aroused from the sight above him, Jimin quickened his pace, bucking into Yoongi and watching the man’s cock bouncing on his stomach as he choked from V’s grip.
V observed him, his lips running from Yoongi’s neck to his ear, tugging on his earlobes with teeth. It was so sinful, so erotic, that Jimin couldn’t resist but to quicken his thrust, even more, panting and wrapping his hand over Yoongi’s member, squeezing at his tip and making Yoongi choke as his chest heaved from heavy breaths. His muscles clenched around him and Jimin moaned deeply, arching his back and closing his eyes.

-“Oh my fucking hell…Hyung… you feel amazing…fuck.” – He panted, impaling Yoongi on his cock over and over. Yoongi rolled his eyes at the back of his head, bucking into Jimin’s hand while fucking himself on his cock, he could feel V erection on his ass and V’s growling on his ear. He also felt V’s finger breaching his hole, making Yoongi groan loudly, scrunching his eyes, but V just kept sliding his finger next to Jimin’s cock, breathing deeply in Yoongi’s neck and grinding on Yoongi’s back. Soon he pushed two fingers in, spreading them, making him cry out. – “Aaaah, too much…stop, stop…too much, fuck!” – He went to push V’s fingers away, but the blonde man held his wrists.

-“You can do it Yoongi, I know you can.” – V growled in his deep raspy voice, pulling his fingers out. Yoongi only then felt something sliding around his hands and binding his wrists together on his back.

-“V…w-what the fuck…what…what are you doing…ah fuck…” – He moaned, slight panic enveloping him as Jimin kept fucking.

-“Yoongi you are so wonderful, you know that.” – V purred in his ear. – “Isn’t he perfect Jiminie?” – He asked, glancing at his friend whose body was hard and tensed below them.

-“Ah, yes… the best…uh…so p-perfect…oh…” – Jimin rasped through ragged breaths.

V’s fingers breached Yoongi’s hole again, making him yelp.

-“Tell me how does his hole feel Jimin…is it tight?” – V asked, licking the stripe on Yoongi’s neck, his other hand gripping at his hips to keep him steady as he bounced on Jimin.

Jimin groaned loudly. – “Oh fuck, he feels so good V…so fucking good…you got…aaaaah…got to t-try.”

V smiled wickedly and chuckled darkly in Yoongi’s ear. Yoongi knew that smile was not good, it never was.

-“You took Jimin’s cock so nicely Yoongi…” – Yoongi shook from the proximity of his voice and the overwhelming feeling. He was stretched too much, the pleasure mixed with pain. His hands trying to break free, when V spoke again. – “Do you think you could take another one hmm?”

Yoongi’s eyes went wide as panic surged over him. He clenched around V’s fingers and Jimin so tightly that the other man moaned. – “Aaaah Hyung, clenching so hard….oh…oh…”

-“No, I can’t!” – Yoongi yelled. He has never done that before. He never took so much at the same time. He didn’t think he could stretch at that extent and V was big, he was truly big. His ass muscles continued clenching from sheer panic and Jimin tossed his head back, moaning loudly as he pounded into him fast.

V chuckled wickedly at that, pushing Yoongi forward, so he laid on Jimin’s chest, while Jimin’s hands gripped at his arched shoulder blade, fingers intertwining with Yoongi’s hair as he kissed his cheek, not slowing his thrusts. V positioned himself at Yoongi’s entrance where Jimin slid in and out at fast pace. – “Oh yes you can.” – He growled, chuckling.
-“No V, please… don’t…it’s….it’s too much…fuck…” – Yoongi mewled, pulling at his bonds, but they were too tight around his wrists. -“V…V fuck…don’t…aaah…V…no, don’t…aaah…” - He screamed when V’s tip entered him. The stretch was too much. Yoongi buried his face in Jimin’s neck, who also paused his thrusts, his eyes going wide as V pushed in deeper, tightness engulfing both of them so strongly, that Jimin stopped breathing for a few seconds before he exhaled harshly, moaning deeply, his mouth forming a perfect ‘o’. V grunted, his forehead pressed in Yoongi’s back until his balls touched the ass. Yoongi’s body shook violently, his teeth clenching as he hissed at the sharp pain. The stretch was savage.

-“Oh fucking shit, that’s tight.” – Jimin moaned, hissing as well, fighting to breathe. V waited for Yoongi to stop clenching so much, but as it seems that Yoongi didn’t plan to do that any time soon, V sucked at one of his fingers, coating it nicely before reaching down and pushing it in as well.

Yoongi screamed and tossed. V held him tight, wiggling his finger for a few seconds, before pulling out. Yoongi was gasping, tears streaming down his face. – “Y-you….ass…a-asshole…”

V bend down to kiss Yoongi’s back, trailing kisses up his spine. – “It’s better now, isn’t it? Less pain, yes?” – He asked and Yoongi, unwillingly, had to agree. He didn’t say anything, still trying to gain control of his breathing, when Jimin whined.

-“I can’t hold still too much longer V….it’s fucking too tight.’’

V started moving his hips in round motion, causing Yoongi to choke a groan, his body still frozen and tensed. Jimin spread his legs wider, propping himself on his heels and bucking his hips slowly in, curving them so they brush at Yoongi’s prostate. Yoongi moaned, his face was contorted in a silent cry. V pulled out almost to the tip and slid back in deep. Both Jimin and Yoongi screamed. V did the motion, again and again, each time slightly faster until he was pounding in and out in a decent pace, rubbing his cock on Jimin’s, while Yoongi’s hot muscles kept squeezing around them. Jimin kept rolling his hips at Yoongi’s prostate, swallowing Yoongi’s cries with his mouth. They kissed and licked each other passionately. V enjoyed the view too much. His eyes went down at Yoongi’s ass, watching it sucking in each time. The sight was too much for V and he came with a deep moan, tossing his head back and gasping. His hands were gripping Yoongi’s hips strongly as he buried his own hips few more times, filling Yoongi’s ass and coating Jimin’s cock with his cum. Jimin, surprised at the sensation, quicken his rolls, hitting Yoongi’s sweet spot fast. Yoongi sobbed this time, moaning and shaking as he released his load for the second time on Jimin’s stomach.

V who was still positioned inside could feel the clenching of Yoongi’s inner muscles, as well as the pulsating heat of Jimin’s cock when he shoots his cum inside soon after, mixing it with V’s.

-“Aaaah fuck, feel so good.’’ – V purred deeply, closing his eyes and enjoying the feeling. They were all gasping for breath. V pulled out of Yoongi slowly and reached to take off Yoongi’s restraints. He lifted him slightly so Jimin could pull out as well. Yoongi felt his hole gaping, wanted to be filled again and then the warm cum dripping out between his thighs. V pulled him on his hands and knees, holding his ass up in the air while pushing his head down.

-“V…p-please…n-no more… please…” – Yoongi whined, his body shaking as he sobbed. V paid him no heed, as he licked the stripe of cum from his thigh, following its trail up his ass. He groped Yoongi’s butt cheeks and spread them wide, sticking his tongue deep inside Yoongi’s abused hole. Yoongi cried, trembled and moaned, begging him to stop and bucking his hips on V’s tongue at the same time. Jimin was hugging him tightly, kissing his cheeks and his mouth. V pushed his finger beside his tongue, curving it and pressing it down on the bundle of nerves again.

-“No! Fuck V, no, no more…” – Yoongi buckled and tossed.
-“V…” – Jimin began, but was cut by V. – “Hold him still.”

Jimin did what he was bid and Yoongi was shaking and screaming right now. V’s tongue kept lapping inside his walls as his finger rubbed his prostate fervently. It was too much, almost painful, but so fucking good. Yoongi didn’t know what hit him. He was so weak, he felt so used, so small. The sobs racked his chest as his mind panicked and his body trembled from the overwhelming sensation. He was close again, his cock was painfully hard, ready to shot the last drop of his cum out. A couple of minutes later, but to Yoongi it seemed like hours, the choke gripped his throat and his body convulse rigidly as he came again. He had nothing to give anymore, besides a few drops. He was aching, body and soul. He just wanted V to leave him alone.

Luckily he did and he felt Jimin shifting slightly, so Yoongi can lie down next to him, his hands still around his smaller frame, hugging him warmly. Yoongi held tightly at the dark-haired man, crying and unconsciously seeking protection from the blonde one. His eyes were heavy and he was exhausted. He didn’t stop shaking. Jimin tightens the grip around him as V cleaned Jimin’s stomach, but as he came closer to clean Yoongi too, Yoongi growled.

-“Touch m-me again…and I w-will k-kill you!”

V blinked, lips slightly opened, his tongue poking the corner of his mouth before he smiled dangerously.

-“I wish you try Yoongi.” – He said and laid his hand on Yoongi hip, but Yoongi jerked from his grasp.

-“V…” – Jimin warned. – “Don’t.”

Jimin held a hand, asking for the cloth from V, which he slowly gave, chuckling darkly as he rose up to pick up and put on his clothes. He could hear Jimin murmuring comforting words to Yoongi, who sniffled and quietly cried. He turned his head to look at them and he saw that Jimin was cleaning him, then tossing the cloth on the floor tried to pull the blanket from under them and cover Yoongi’s shaking form, but it was extremely difficult as both of them were lying on top, Yoongi refusing to let Jimin go. So V quickly scanned the room, discovered another blanket on the small trunk and covered both of them with it. Jimin thanked him silently, smiling gently.

-“Stay with him Jiminnie, he needs you right now.” – V said and Jimin nodded, snuggling next to the older man, but before V could reach the door, he heard Yoongi’s rasped voice. – “I never want to see you again V….never come here again…never again.”

V turned his head and saw Yoongi’s red puffy eyes scowling at him in hate and hurt. V’s icy blue ones flashed mischief, mouth spreading into a wicked grin. – “I’ll see you around Yoongi.” – His deep raspy voice echoed the small room before he left, closing the door behind him.

And Yoongi shivered…yet again.
-"I've head Park challenged you to a duel. When did you plan on telling me, Kook?" – Tae asked accusingly, looking at Jungkook.

-"It’s the stupid thing, but I can’t ignore it."
-"Of course, you could ignore it. It would drive him insane. He hates being ignored. You should pay no heed."
-"Kook… I don’t want you to get hurt."

Tae hugged him tightly and Jungkook felt his heart flutter as it always does whenever Tae is too close. Ever since their trip to the cave and ride back last night, they were inseparable. They didn’t do anything more than kissing and cuddling, since then, but Kook didn’t mind. He had Tae and that’s all that matters. They were at the Inn’s attic now. It was otherwise locked and unoccupied, aside from few owls during the day and now them. They sat at the old trunk, very close to one another. Jungkook forced his heart to calm down sufficiently enough so his voice won’t shake as he spoke.

-"You think so poorly of my fighting skills Tae."

-"No, I don’t! I never saw you wield a sword, but I did see Jimin and he is good at it. Hell, he is great even. I know what he is capable of doing."

-"Maybe I’m slightly better." – Jungkook said, smiling shyly. Tae’s eyes look at his gently, as he covered Jungkook’s hand with his own.

-"I hope you are Kookie, I truly do." – Tae whispered and lowered his forehead on Jungkook’s shoulder. Jungkook’s nerves wanted to scream. He wanted to kiss him silly, but he was never one initiating it, ever since the last time.

-"You… you called me Kookie."

-"Do you mind me calling you that?" – Tae asked. Jungkook chuckled, looking at the ceiling. – "Tae you can call me whatever you want."

The smirk formed at Tae’s lips. – "Whatever I want?"

Jungkook nodded and Tae felt like a kid who just got his birthday present early. – "How about a bunny."

Jungkook groaned, regretting his rash statement. Tae laughed.

-"You said whatever I want! Are you going to pull back your words?"

-"No."
-"Why a bunny?" – He asked.
-“Because you look like one when you smile. You are adorable!”

-“I am not adorable!” – The younger man said sternly, raising his eyebrow and shaking his head.

-“Mhm…very well…” – Tae said, fighting his smile. Jungkook nudged him with his shoulder.

-“You can call me like that…bunny…I mean… just…just don’t let others hear you, I have my reputation to keep.”

Tae chimed delightfully. – “No one but me…you are my bunny.”

-“Yours?” – Jungkook asked, looking shy, his confidence long gone forgotten. Tae drew closer and whispered into Jungkook’s ear. – “Only mine.”

-“O-okay.” – Jungkook took deep breaths, trying desperately to calm himself. – “Tae…”

-“Yes Kookie?” – Jungkook could feel the warmth of Tae’s breath on his cheek, his body so close to his. He smelled beautiful, so gentle, like lavender and chamomile. His body shook a little and Tae was quick to notice.

Jungkook squeezed his eyes shut as he exhales deeply. – “I want to kiss you so badly Tae.”

Tae smiled. – “And what’s stopping you?”

-“I’m afraid once I start, I won’t be able to stop until I see you cum.”

-“Fuck” – Tae murmured and attacked the younger man’s lips. They kissed so roughly, moaning into each other’s mouths. Tae moved closer, gripping at Jungkook until he straddled his thick thighs and felt Jungkook’s hands wrapped around his ass. He bucked his hips, rolling it slowly to grind on Jungkook’s cock.

-“Shit I love when you do that Tae.” – Jungkook grunted, grabbing at Tae more roughly and pinning him to his body as if to melt him with himself. They licked inside each other’s mouth, tongues dancing together, with the occasional click of their teeth. Tae pulled Jungkook’s tunic from his pants and over his head. Fingers brushing at the younger man’s chest, over his nipples, that made the other man gasp, and then down across the abs.

-“You look so damn hot Kook.”

Jungkook suddenly remembered Hoseok’s words, when he said that one-day Jungkook would meet someone he would wish to lick and kiss every inch of their body. He didn’t believe him until now. Seeing Tae rolling his hips against his, holding his face between his large hands, looking so lost in the pleasure made Jungkook feel the urge to do things to him.

-“I want to see your body Tae, to lick and suck every inch of it.” – Jungkook spoke and Tae’s breath stopped, his pupils went wide.

-“I want to suck your cock, taste you cum…and then I want to bend you over and lick that gorgeous ass of yours…fuck you with my tongue.”

-“Holy fuck Jungkook! Where did you learn to talk like that? Aren’t you a virgin still? Fuck. You’ll make me cum before you got a chance to do any of that stuff.”

Jungkook chuckled. -“Hoseokie Hyung. Will you let me?” – He asked.

-“Oh Hellheavens yes… yes.”
Jungkook reached to grab Tae’s legs and to wrap them around his waist and then holding his ass, he picked him up and carried him towards a table. Tae turned slightly, pushing stuff from it to make himself more room, as Jungkook gently put him down on it.

Tae sat, his legs still wrapped around Jungkook as he kissed him. Their hands sliding against each other’s body. Kook opened Tae’s leather vest and took it off…then kissing his collarbones he took off his shirt as well. He kissed down Tae’s chest and his tummy, untying his pants and pulling them down as well. He admired Tae’s naked body for a briefest of seconds before he took Tae’s cock in his hand and kissed Tae’s thigh.

-“Tae, I’ve never done this before.’’

-“Oh, you don’t have to do it.’’

-“No, no, I want this….it’s just… I might need…..’’

-“Let me show you what to do.’’

Tae slide from the table, kissing Jungkook’s lips and undoing his pants, letting them slide down. He turned them around, so now Jungkook’s thighs were leaning on the table and Tae sunk down on his knees.

-“Oh fuck, you look so sinful down there Tae.’’ – Jungkook looks at the ceiling, afraid that he will cum before Tae actually put his dick in his mouth.

-“Look at me, Kook.’’ – Jungkook’s eyes found Tae’s and he groaned at the sight. His eyes never left Kook's as he took a hold of his cock and slowly let his tongue lick long stripe from his balls to his tip.

-“Aaaah Tae….ugh…fuck…” – Jungkook closed his eyes again.

-”Eyes on me.” – Tae’s low, but demanding voice brought his eyes back on Tae’s. Tae was now licking the long stripe up and down, wrapping his lips around Jungkook’s head, sucking it gently. Jungkook’s muscles shook, he was gasping, gripping the table for balance and fighting the urge to roll his eyes on the back of his head. Instead, he watched Tae as he was told.

Tae sucked him faster now, massaging his balls in the process. His head started to bob up and down as he hollowed his cheeks and slide lower and lower, allowing more and more of Jungkook’s length to slide deeper, until it reached his throat. Jungkook was moaning mess by now, gripping Tae’s hair and buckling his hips into Tae’s mouth, while the man moaned deeply, sending vibrations through Jungkook’s cock until it was too much.

-”Tae, I’m gonna…”’

Tae moved slightly, pumping Jungkook’s cock while sucking at the tip harshly. Jungkook grunted and spilled inside Tae’s mouth, allowing him to suck him dry. Tae swallowed all and let go of his cock with a gentle kiss on his tip. Jungkook fell on his knees in front of Tae and kissed him deeply, cupping his cheeks. He pushed him on the floor and send a trail of kisses down Tae’s neck, his chest, stomach, thighs and then engulfed Tae’s cock in his mouth.

Tae gasped, grabbing Kook’s hair, panting severely.

-”Kook slows down, you’ll choke.’’ – But Jungkook didn’t listen. The newly awaken desire was too great to be taken slow. He sucked him nicely, going further and further down until the tip reached the end of his throat and he gagged, coughing slightly.
“Kook, don’t take too much.” – Ignoring the warnings he tried again, now more prepared. He tested his limits, swirling his tongue at the tip and then hollowing his checks as he slid lower, each time going deeper. Tae was biting his knuckles so he wouldn’t be so loud.

Kook flattened himself on his stomach, so he can reach Tae’s balls, sucking the sac gently. That earned him a deep groan from another man.

- ‘’My God….so good Kook…so fucking good…mmmmh…’’
- ‘’Turn around Tae, I want to taste you.’’
- ‘’N-no Kook…not tonight.’’
- ‘’Why? I’m doing something wrong?’’ – His doe eyes were round as the worry creased his brows. Tae wanted to kiss him forever, but he quickly reassured him.
- ‘’It’s not that Kookie. It’s just, I’m not clean enough down there. I need to prepare… next time.’’
- ‘’I don’t care Tae.’’
- ‘’I do Kook. I want to enjoy that, but now I’m just so close… finish me off like this baby… your mouth feels amazing around my cock.’’

And Jungkook accepted that praise and took him again deep, bobbing his head until Tae cummed with a low scream. It was the first time Kook tasted cum and even though it was salty and unpleasant at first, he did swallow it, just because it was Tae’s.

- ‘’My God Kook, I like you so much.’’ – Tae said and Kook froze only for a moment, but then his lips spread into a huge smile and he leaned in to kiss Tae saying in his lips. – ‘’I like you too Tae.’’

Tae pulled him into a long and deep kiss.

- ‘’To be honest…’’ – Tae spoke after a while, his cheek on Jungkook’s chest. – ‘’I think I fall for you the moment I saw you munching that food and drinking that milk downstairs… you were so cute…bunny sweet, my heart squealed.’’

Jungkook laughed. – ‘’Way to change the mood Tae.’’ – But Tae only laughed harder, turning on the side, one hand on Jungkook’s chest, while he held himself over the man to bring their faces closer.

- ‘’I fell so harshly, you have no idea…’’ – Tae said seriously, making Jungkook inhale sharply, – ‘’Trust me Tae, I do…I have never been like this with anyone…’’ - He kissed Tae with more serious passion, trying to convey the deep meaning of his feelings, leaving the other man breathless.

- ‘’Don’t fight Jimin tomorrow.’’ – Tae whispered and Jungkook sighed.
- ‘’You know I have to. Tae, please don’t argue with me on this.’’

Tae bit his lips, raising his head to look at the younger man.

- ‘’Then take me to be your second.’’
- ‘’Hoseok is my second.’’ – Jungkook said, brows furrowed.
- ‘’No, I am. My brother will be Jimin’s second, I know that. Let me be yours.’’
"I can’t let you go against your own brother."

"My twin would never hurt me and besides, I won’t be fighting him, but Jimin in case you don’t succeed, which I dearly hope you will, otherwise I will resurrect you only to kill you myself for allowing yourself to get killed in the first place."

Jungkook laughed at that. – "You really should start to appreciate me more, you know. I am very good with my sword."

Tae pursed his lips, smile fighting to get out. – "Pun intended?"

"What? Oh, Lord…no… I didn’t mean that… not in that way…the sword, with my sword…I’m good with it… oh, fuck it." – By this time Tae buried his face in Jungkook’s chest and wailed with laughter, while Jungkook blushed proficiently.

"You are the worst!" – He mumbled into Tae’s hair, a smile adorning his face as well.

"Oh you love me for it."

There was a pause, both men froze for a second from the heaviness of the words. They know each other for only three days, but already their emotions were mixing like they’ve been waiting for each other forever. Once found, everything clicked instantly to its place.

"I do." – Jungkook said after a few moments, cupping Tae’s cheek and nudging his nose to brush Tae’s.

"Good." – Tae said, releasing his breath he was holding. – "Me too."

"Yeah? Good." – Jungkook answered with a huge smile and kissed him again.

``

"I see that you decided to join us, how lovely." – Jimin’s voice echoed sweetly through once abandoned ally but now filled with people. Everybody loved good duels.

"Nice place you’ve chosen. The rural aesthetic really brings up the chic of the place." – Hoseok chimed in while V’s eyes never left him. Jimin smiled. – "Yes it brings the dramatics more nicely.

"So, are you his second, minstrel?" – V’s deep voice rumbled on the clearing. Few people closer to him shivered from the sound itself. Hoseok’s eyes smiled, while he pouted his perfect mouth.

"Oh no, I am here merely to sing an ode of his death or his victory." – Hoseok spoke gently, pointing at Jungkook, eyes flashing mischief.

"Then who’s your second pup?" – Jimin asked, squinting his eyes at Jungkook.

"I am." – The deep velvety voice, so similar to V’s spoke and Jimin’s eyes widen when Tae stepped out from the crowd. A sea of gasps and murmured filled the ally. V just raised his eyebrow at his brother, keeping his silence.

-‘’Because Kook is my friend, that’s why Park.’’ – Tae said calmly, starring at Jimin.

-‘’I am your friend Tae! I will not fight you dammit!’’ – Jimin shouted.

-‘’What makes you think I would lose Park?’’ – Jungkook asked amused at Jimin’s reaction.

-‘’You stay out of this pup! This does not concern you!’’ – Jimin spat at him.

-‘’Oh but I think it does concern me a lot when Tae is in question.’’ – At his words, Tae’s head turned so he could look at him. He smiled gently at the knight, while his hand reached to take Kook’s. Their fingers intertwined as they look at one another. Seeing this, Jimin’s went livid. He pulled out his sword and swished around with it, cutting the air.

Tae squeezed Jungkook’s hand and let go. He stood across his brother, who looked at him curiously, a slight smirk on his mouth. Tae raised his chin up, staring at his brother for a moment before his eyes fell upon Jungkook, who got his sword out now and was patiently waiting for Jimin’s first move.

The attack happened so quickly. Jungkook didn’t expect for Jimin to be that fast, but the older man attacked him with a full blow of his fury, slicing at such speed, that Jungkook had a hard time to deflect all of the attacks. The sounds of metal hitting metal filled the back ally, loud gasps and screams from the audience muffled the grunts of the two man. Jimin was everywhere, in front of Jungkook, behind him, next to him, around, in front, the back. He attacked from above, under it, from the side, Jungkook started to feel dread creeping into his bones, he barely managed to deflect all of the blows. He never fought an opponent this skilled, this fast, so lethal with the blade before.

Jungkook was very good, but Jimin was simply better and there is nothing to it. Jimin knew that Tae knew that, and now Jungkook knew as well.

The one lack of the attention and Jimin’s blade cut through his defense, cutting his bicep. Jungkook hissed from sudden pain but attacked back. Their sword clashed again, making that screeching sound that gave goose-bumps, but Jimin deflects it easily and gave another series of attacks.

*slash*

Another cut, this time on Jungkook’s thigh. Jungkook surged forward, sending one extremely hard and fast hit of his blade towards Jimin, nearly breaking his defense, when his blade slides down Jimin’s sword and straight towards Jimin’s shoulder, but Jimin’s agility and ability to bend his body into impossible positions escaped the blow without a scratch. The other man used Jungkook’s awe-stricken pause and kicked him in the knee.

Jungkook’s lost his footing, falling on one knee and raising his sword above his head, barely blocking it. He pushed Jimin back and rolled across his left shoulder to swipe his right leg at the back of Jimin’s knees. Jimin cursed as he fell with a grunt, surprised for only a second before rolling on the side fast and nearly escaping Jungkook’s blade. He jumped at his feet but had to react instantly because Jungkook was on him again and again.

-‘’So the pup knows how to use a blade….good to know!’’ – Jimin thought, blocking yet another strong jab of Jungkook’s sword. Jimin grunted under weight of the blow since Jungkook was strong, very strong and Jimin had to think quickly. He spins fast, bending his sword down and as he watched Jungkook’s blade sliding down with an awful screeching sound, as he moved behind the knight’s back. Jungkook reacted on impulse, feeling his enemy behind him, drew his elbow right in Jimin’s sides, making him grunt in pain. He attacked him again, almost cutting through
Jimin’s defenses when Jimin jumped and punched him in his face with his forehead.

Jungkook screamed. – ‘‘Fuck!’’ – Holding his nose on a reflex, a stream of blood gushed from it as he was temporarily blinded. His mind was in shock from the sudden sharp pain, when he felt his sword kicked out of his hand, Jimin’s blade under his chin.

-‘‘Surrender pup.’’ – Jimin said through gritted teeth. Not knowing how he did it, Jungkook leaned back in one swift movement shifting his head while the blade slid further over his shoulder, way to close for comfort and grabbed Jimin’s hand. He crouches and rolled on his back, pulling Jimin’s wrist with him, one of his feet digging deep into Jimin’s belly as he tossed him across his head.

What Jungkook didn’t expect was for Jimin to twist in the air and land on his feet like a cat, with his sword still in hand, angrier than ever.

Jungkook jumped on his feet again, hurling towards his sword. He nearly picked it up, when Jimin’s foot crashed on the blade and kick Jungkook in the stomach.

-‘‘Naah a-a-a, you lost your sword, now you fight with your hands pup.’’ – Jimin said and Jungkook attacked like a raging bull, right in the Jimin’s middle. Jimin moved so fast to the side and slap Jungkook’s ass with his sword.

-‘‘Too slow pup. Try again.’’

Jungkook’s eyes were livid now, but learning fast about Jimin’s way of fighting, he launched again and as Jimin respond with a smirk and slight movement to the left. Jungkook quit his previous attack in a last-second, changing it, taking Jimin off guard. As he moved, he set his elbow high, punching Jimin’s jaw and sending him on his back.

Agile as a cat, Jimin rolled across his shoulder, growling as he spits the blood from his mouth. Jungkook reached once again towards his sword. He gripped the handle, ready to face his enemy again.

*slash*

Jungkook grabbed at his shoulder, his blade shaking in his arm as Jimin’s blade cut deep. He was bleeding, losing his strength and with that, his battle. Jimin punched him in his face, with his fist and Jungkook fell down, hissing in pain. His sword was once again kicked from his hand and the only thing he could see from scorching Sun above him, was Jimin’s silhouette, his blade, once again, under Jungkook’s throat.

-‘‘Surrender pup… and know your place from now on!’’ – Jimin hissed, his jaw clenching.

Jungkook starred at him for one moment, gritting his teeth. The grip on Jimin’s sword handle tightened as he pushed the tip of his blade further into Jungkook’s skin, but not strong enough to bleed. It was a warning and Jungkook knew that. He knew he was beaten. The embarrassment and his pride were shaken and even though it was hard for him to admit, Jimin was better.

-‘‘I a-accept my defeat.’’ – He panted the words out, his body was aching with every muscle of his body. His brow was sweaty, while his lip and his nose were bleeding severely where Jimin hit him. Jimin, on the other hand, looked perfect, except for the sweat that was gathered on his temple and was sliding down his cheeks and brows.

-‘‘Never insult me again.’’ – Jimin added and removed the tip of his sword from Jungkook’s throat. As he turned to leave, Jungkook spoke. -‘‘Then stop challenging me.’’
Jimin turned his head, anger flashing through his eyes. -"Stop provoking me pup."

-"Stop chasing after Tae." – He pushed his chin up when he said it, glaring at another man. – "He is mine."

-"He will never be yours." – Jimin said through gritted teeth. They spoke so quietly that no one could hear them.

-"You are mistaken." – Jungkook said in the same quiet tone. – "He already was."

-"You are lying." - Jimin said, squinting his eyes as he tried to read Jungkook's face. Jungkook was indeed lying, but he wanted to piss Jimin off completely. The small revenge for Jungkook's bruised ego. He shook his head. - "I gave him my virginity last night."

At those words Jimin roared, raising his sword above his head and slashing down at his fallen enemy, but before his blade could reach his target something jerked Jimin in middle of his blow and he screamed. His sword went clanging down on the street as he clutched at his shoulder where the small arrow was sticking out. Jimin looked in the crowd and saw Tae. He was holding small crossbow and his eyes were murderous.

-"He surrendered Park. What part of surrender didn’t you understand?!” – Tae asked furiously and went towards them, together with Hoseok and V.

-"You shot me! Tae! I can’t believe that you shot me!!" - Jimin yelled utterly bewildered and then continued more quietly, still hissing. - "You gave yourself to him...to him?! Seriously Tae?!! Him, the small insignificant knight?!" – Jimin said disgustedly, holding his shoulder. The blood oozing out slowly between his fingers. Tae blinked at him with hate, his warm brown eyes now shooting fire.

-"And to whom should I give myself to? You? I would rather die."

-"Fuck you Tae." – He hissed and turned to leave, picking up his sword and walk towards the bridge. The crowd moved to give him space and few people that came to support him, went with him. Others went their own way, now that show was over and only a few onlookers stayed, still curious. V, however, stayed behind, with Hoseok, knight and his brother.

-"I must say, young knight, you know how to rattle Jimin’s cage with such ease, I’m amazed."

-"Very interesting."

-"Let’s go, Kook, you are pale... you lost a lot of blood, we need to patch you up. Can you stand?” – Tae asked worryingly. Jungkook nodded, holding onto Tae, who pulled him on his feet.

-"Here let me help." - Hoseok said, reaching for his friend, when Tae spoke seriously, putting his body between the two protectively and stopping the red-head in mid-track. - "There’s no need Hyung. I got him."

Hoseok's eyebrows rose, his lips pressed together in amusement, but he said nothing. He just raised his hands in defeat and stepped away, still smiling.

-"That’s alright Hyung. Tae will take care of me.’” – Jungkook said weakly and Hoseok nodded. - "Take care of him for me Tae, will you? He is my best friend.” - He said sincerely and saw Tae's eyes grew softer.
"I will Hyung. Let's go Kookie."

Slowly they left, walking between a few people that stayed behind to see the aftermath. Hoseok watched them walk away. -“So….my dongsaeng and your brother. I must say I didn’t see that one coming.’’ – He said, smirking and V hummed in response, his voice calm and deep as he spoke. – ‘‘I must say I did expect it, but not this quickly that for sure. Your young friend seemed really taken with my brother. So much so, that he lied while Jimin’s blade was on his throat.’’

-‘’You think he lied?’’

-’’Oh definitely. The Virgin Knight lied, knowing it will provoke Jimin, but it’s not true. They are not there yet.” - He said matter-of-factly. - ”Knowing my brother though, it will be soon.’’ – V said, smiling slightly, while Hoseok observed him.

-’’Do you have anything else to do today?’’ - He asked, coming closer to stand in front of V, looking at him seductively. - ”Do you care for some good breakfast and ale…among other things?’’

V’s eyes found his and he tilted his head a little, contemplating.

-‘’That sounds tempting.’’

-’’Are you tempted enough?’’ – Hoseok went closer, tilting his head a bit and biting his lower lip.

V came closer, raising one of his hands to cup Hoseok’s cheek, bringing their faces closer. Their lips brushed lightly for only a second when V moved his to Hoseok's jaw and then to his ear. The warm breath and the sound of his deep quiet voice made Hoseok whimper.

-’’No, not enough darling.’’ – V said and stepped away, eyes shining mischief. Hoseok wasn’t discouraged though. On the contrary, he grinned even more.

- ‘’Should I try harder?’’ - He asked cheekily.

V kept backing up slowly, smirking. – ‘‘I don't know, can you?’’

Hoseok bit his lips, face glowing. – ‘‘Yes I can.’’

-’’Then try.’’ – It was all V said before he turned and walked across the bridge, disappearing between the buildings. Hoseok smiled, even more, his heart pumping at the challenge. He, as well, turned to the other side and start walking towards the Inn, contemplating his next move carefully.
Jin scrunched his eyes as he remembered the Baron and many fights he had afterward, but most importantly he remembered Namjoon. He often asked himself what did he did in his previous life to earn such an unfair destiny in this one. It seemed to Jin that whatever he truly wanted he had to work extremely hard to get, only to have that taken away from him. On the other side, he had many things that the others would die to have - his beauty, charms, and brains, which are a rare and quite desirable combination. That, however, proved to be both a curse and a gift.

His intelligence often placed him into trouble for not being able, in his youth, to keep his mouth shut when needs to, especially through his training years. His wretched tongue was bad as much as it was good sometimes, but it was because of his beauty that he was always tested and given a hard time. On women, that kind of beauty would be more than appreciated. The songs would be made and stories would be told about that high beauty, but on a man, that beauty was always connected with sensitivity and weakness, bonded with pure lust and desire. Jin was constantly challenged in many ways throughout the years. He was teased, bullied, laughed at, attacked and often mistook for a girl when he was a small boy, but when he grew, he became the object of the people's lust, but only in flesh. That one was not only testing his patience but his ability to adapt rather quickly to the new and difficult situations. Sometimes he would wish that he was just an ordinary fellow, but then again he loved himself too much for that. In some strange twisted way, if he could choose, he would choose his beauty and brains yet again, even though he would get the most difficult destiny written in the stars since his birth.

Jin tried to remember when was the last time he was so carefree? Not having to worry about anything, but himself. When he stopped and really thought about it he came to the conclusion that it was probably since he was five. He can’t remember his life too much back then, but he remembered the love and care he had from his mother, and the guidance and strength from his uncle. Yes, Jin was happy and carefree once a long time ago, before his family was killed in front of his eyes and before his troubles began. He was just one small and carefree boy, who was forced to grow up and fight for his life every step of the way from that point on.

The Order gave him a new home, but Jin never felt welcomed there. He learned and grew, practicing more and more, falling on the ground so many times and rising up to continue where he left off. The revenge has driven him through some serious shit, that Jin wondered so many times how he lived this long. He had no friends among other Assassin’s, not real ones anyway. He had no cousins and people that cared for him back then. Maybe Namjoon did, eighteen years ago, when they were both young and foolish when they still believed that they had a chance.

Jin took a deep sigh, letting the air leave his lungs and feeling his chin slightly waver when the longing hit him. He missed Namjoon a lot. He missed their long talks, their laughs, their kisses. He missed Namjoon in many ways. Those two years together on ‘The Sea Monster’ were full of trials and danger. Two years where Jin was tested beyond all limits by the crew and himself. That’s where Jin learned so much about himself, even more than he thought was possible. He grew so much during that time, he changed, he adapted and would probably stay there if he wasn’t so obsessed with the revenge. The thing was, Jin was never able to leave his previous life, an old
pledge he made with himself when he was young. He could never forget about the past and his unfinished ‘assignment’ was a constant reminder of it.

Only good thing there was Namjoon, with his good nature, amber eyes and sweet dimples. The man’s brain was remarkable and Jin often wondered about the vast knowledge and depth of Namjoon’s mind. His magic though was quiet and well-controlled back then. He didn’t like to show it, he didn’t like to use it often and separate himself from the rest of the crew. He was one of them and they loved him, of course, they did, who wouldn’t? He was their brother, their crew member, and their friend. He would die for them and they would do the same for him.

He remembered Jackson, tall and blond handsome man, with a naughty tongue and a sharp sword. He was a show-off, a joker, and Namjoon’s best friend. Jooheon and Hansung were brothers, the thin and agile scouts, who had a sharp eagle eye and calm hand when they were shooting. They spend their time on the ship’s nest most of the day and were not very talkative while they were sober, but give them some rum and they start talking and singing and Namjoon adored them. They always had that foolish smiles on their faces whenever they drink. Sugar was another matter, he was quite dark-haired eleven years old boy, with a cute little face and observing eyes. He reminded Jin of a mischievous kitten. He was supposed to help the cook in the kitchen, but instead, he would often enough sneak up into the armory and to the healer’s department to observe the work in secret. He was fascinated with blood and explosions. Jin felt apprehension about him, but the boy never showed any inclination to approach him back then. He would, however, follow Jin often in the shadows.

Jin pushed his face in his hand, breathing heavily as the memory started to surge. The battles, the danger, the laughter, the hardship, the warmth, the sea, the stars, the love….He leaned his head back and closed his eyes as he remembered Namjoon’s lips on his for the first time.

Twenty years ago

-”I still don’t know what’s with you and high places, but at least I know where to find you each time.” – Namjoon said, climbing at the top of the high wooden post that was once used as a watchtower.

-”How did you find me?” – Jin asked and Namjoon simply said. – “Sugar.”

Jin chuckled. – ‘’That kid knows everything that happens on this island.’’

Namjoon smiled. – ‘’He sure does. I don’t know how though.’’ – He said, seating himself next to Jin and leaning on the post, breathing the salty air deeply.

They were anchored on a small trading island, Ddaeng, where common folk and pirates roam freely. They stayed there for two months now, an old Captain laid low while inspecting the old map Namjoon brought him.

After they were rescued from Baron’s ship, Jin and Namjoon regained their strength and grew even closer, hanging out every single day. They spent their days with Jackson, Jooheon, and Hansung, fighting, drinking and laughing. Jin felt safe.

When Namjoon was locked with Jackson, few other close men in the Captain’s rooms discussing
plans and such with the old Sea Wolf, Jin spent his time exploring the island through and through. Sometimes he would catch Sugar following him from a distance, never approaching, but Jin didn’t mind, not yet anyway.

His favorite place though was the old post. The sea was beautiful from there, turquoise and shiny. The warm breeze and smell of the sea filled Jin’s nostrils with content. The nights were even more spectacular, with a wide dark sky filled with numerous stars and the Moon above the water.

It was one of those warm starry nights, the sea was sparkling like it was covered with shiny diamonds when Namjoon climbed up and sat next to him. Jin leaned closer, enjoying the warmth from the other man. Namjoon was always warm and safe to Jin. He was his safe harbor, his anchor in the stormy waters. Jin loved to be close to him, like they were now, sides touching, with Namjoon’s arm carefully wrapped around Jin’s shoulders and the dark-haired man’s head on Namjoon’s bicep. They were always careful not to show intimacy with each other when others were present. Sure, they were close, but everyone thought that they are just good friends. When they were alone, however, that was another story. The darkness was their friend and even though nothing yet happened between them, the attraction was thick.

Jin shifted slightly towards Namjoon and the latter tightened his arm around him even closer, burying his nose into Jin’s hair. He took a deep sigh.

-’’Jin, why do you make me feel this way?’’

Jin raised his head from Namjoon’s shoulder to look at his amber eyes. They were twinkling with desire and Jin felt warmth in his stomach. His gaze fell on Namjoon’s full lips and he licked him unconsciously. They never kissed before, not for real. Namjoon didn’t count few pecks on the cheeks on Baron’s ship as anything remotely close as the kiss. It was never the right time or place.

Jin leaned in and caught Namjoon’s lips with his in a soft kiss and the latter inhaled deeply, closing his eyes, savoring the moment. They drew apart, foreheads connected when Jin whispered. – ’’I desire you…’’ - He caressed Namjoon’s jaw, bringing him closer. – ’’I want all of you.’’

The gasp was heard and Namjoon was kissing him again, softly, hands interlocked with Jin’s hair, pulling him closer, engulfing him with his body, until Jin was pressed on the wooden floor with Namjoon on top of him. They kissed gently at first, exploring and testing the feeling, getting to know each other in this way, listening to each other’s gasps and quiet moans. The heat between them grew rather quickly and pretty soon they started kissing with more vigor and passion.

-’’Jinnie…’’ - Namjoon whispered between the kisses, trailing down Jin’s neck and collarbones, sucking and licking it gently. – ’’You have…no….idea… just how much….I need you….want you…’’ - He paused, raising his head to look at Jin’s eyes. Jin nodded eagerly, spreading his legs so Namjoon can settle between his thighs, pressing their hips together and rocking slightly, creating the friction they needed. They both gasped from the heat they felt and Namjoon buried his head in Jin’s neck, biting it slightly.

-’’Aaaah Namjoon….’’ – Jin craned his neck as he felt Namjoon’s teeth on his skin. It sent shivers down his entire body. His cock peeked up with interest and he moaned, pulling Namjoon’s ass closer to grind harder on his crotch.

-’’Jinnie…you sound so fucking good…’’ – Namjoon groaned and kissed Jin’s lips again, pressing his tongue inside to lick around Jin’s.

Jin wasn’t virgin per se, he had his games with women, but he was never claimed by a man before. He never had the need for that, nor did he trust them, until he met Namjoon. For the first time, Jin
felt such a powerful sexual attraction and huge respect towards the same sex. Jin knew that Namjoon felt the same as he, but somehow the time and place weren’t right… until now.

-’’Joon…I want….’’– Jin moaned, gripping him firmly on the hair and wrapping his legs around Namjoon’s waist, rocking them faster. A sinful moan left Jin’s lips and he arched his back and exposed his neck even more and Namjoon forgot how to breathe. Jin was so beautiful like this, wrecked with passion, under starlight and Namjoon fell deep in love with the gorgeous man under him, who kept quietly chanting his name. – ‘’Joon, Joon, oh yes, Joon….’’ Their mouths found each another again, tongues gliding together in a surge of passion.

Jin pulled at Namjoon shirt, taking it off and went down to cup him between his legs. Namjoon let one desperate sound between whine and growl. It turned Seokjin on even more. He undid his leather pants and pushed his hand inside to wrap his fingers around Namjoon’s length.

-’’Oh fuck…aaaah….Jinnie…fuck…’’ - His cries were silenced by Jin’s mouth once more. With his other hand, he tried to pull off his pants as well, which proved to be a bit difficult. Noticing his struggle Namjoon rose to his knees, removing Jin’s hand from his cock and went on pulling down Jin’s pants, setting his erection free. He pushed up Jin’s tunic as well and pressed his lips on Jin’s hard nipples, flicking them with his tongue and kisses. Jin squirmed, gasping and holding tightly on Namjoon’s hair, while the stars twinkled above them.

-’’Fuck, how poetic.’’ – Jin murmured, chuckling and Namjoon look at him expectantly.

-’’What?’’

-’’Oh It’s just crossed my mind of what we are about to do in the dark under the stars and all that romantic shit.’’

Namjoon snorted and Jin laughed.

-’’You really know how to change the mood.’’

-’’Does that make me any less desirable?’’ – Jin asked.

-’’Hell no,’’ – Namjoon instantly answered. – ‘’It makes you even more special to me.’’

-’’Oh fuck Joon, you and your romantic notions…why can’t you just bend me over and fuck me as pirates do?’’

Namjoon smiled. – ‘’And you know how pirates fuck Jin?’’

-’’I saw a few…it’s raw and fast.’’

Sudden jealousy burst inside Namjoon’s chest at imagining the other men around Jin. The wave of possessiveness enveloped him and he tightened the grip around Seokjin’s waist. The young man whimpered and Namjoon realized suddenly that he was only sixteen, only two years younger than him, but young never the less. He nuzzled his face into boy’s chest until he found one of his nipples again, flicking her with the tip of his tongue.

-’’Aaaah Namjoon.’’ – Jin gasped and squirmed while Namjoon sucked at one of them while pinching the other. He trailed kisses down the boy’s abdomen, murmuring.

-’’And were you fucked by a man before Jin?’’

The tips of Jin’s ears flushed red, but luckily it was too dark to be noticeable. He shook his head
and whispered no.

Namjoon smiled again even wider. – “Well then…let me appreciate you in my way then, slow and passionate…” - He licked Jin’s belly, his chin ghosting above the hard average, but with serious girth length. Namjoon went on.

-“And then…when you can’t take it anymore… “- His mouth latched to Jin’s hipbones and Jin jerked. He let one of his hands from Namjoon’s hair, to run it through his own, gasping. – “Joonie…oh…”

Namjoon kissed down on Jin’s inner thigh. His hot breath tickling Jin’s sac and his legs slightly shook, while Namjoon’s deep voice made wonders in Jin’s mind.

-“…when you beg me to take you harder…”- He licked the strap right next to Jin’s cock.

-“…deeper...” – Blowing gently along his length. – ‘‘…and wilder.’” – He licked the precum from Jin’s cock and Jin moaned. – “Only then will I bend you….” – He gripped the leaking cock, massaging it up and down.

-“And fuck you until you cum.”’ – He said and wrapped his mouth around throbbing cock, taking it whole in his mouth.

-“AAAAAAAAhh!!! Fuuuuuuuck, oh!”’ – Jin let one loud moan and Namjoon hummed contently around Jin’s length, sucking it slowly, bobbing his head, swirling his tongue around the tip each time before swallowing it to the hilt again.

The grip on Namjoon’s hair tightened and Jin had difficulty staying quiet. They were out on the open and even though no one was near the tower at the moment, the wind carried their panting and voices far. Jin was never so aroused before and no woman ever got him this worked up.

Namjoon released him and spread his legs wider pushing them up, so Jin lay open in front of him. Namjoon lowered himself wordlessly and kissed Jin’s hole, licking around the rim and gently probing it with his tongue.

Jin choked a scream that was building in his throat, his toes curling from sensitive pleasure. It felt so good. His entire body shook violently, biting up his tunic sleeve to muffle the moans when Namjoon fingers entered him. It was intense, he never felt this good before, so lost. Suddenly Namjoon rose and took off his pants, stroking his cock a few times before kneeling down between Jin’s legs again. Namjoon was long and slim, perfect in Jin’s eyes and Jin, even though he was nervous, couldn’t wait to feel him inside. He spread his legs wider and pulled Namjoon’s arm to let him know that it was ok to enter him for the first time.

The pain, the moment, the heat was intoxicating. They both groaned and cling to one another as the cock pushed through the tight rings of muscles. Namjoon kissed Jin, his hips completely still, waiting for him to grow accustomed to the foreign organ inside him. Soon Jin guided Namjoon’s hips to move and gentle rocking replaced the stillness. Wet kisses and hard panting followed soon enough with every thrust and Jin moaned shamelessly, catching his breath when Namjoon brushed at his sweet spot.

-‘‘Joon… now… please…now.‘’

Remembering Jin’s words about taking him from behind and fucking him roughly, Namjoon moved from his elbows to slide out and turn him over when Jin stopped him, pulling him in again until Namjoon’s balls slapped at Jin’s ass again.
"No, stop. I w-want t-to…see your face… I don’t…w-want to turn…I…fuck…I need to see you…” - Jin’s incoherent words pushed Namjoon over the edge and amber eyes flashed in the darkness. He placed Jin’s legs on his own shoulders and drew closer to his knees, snapping his hips inside Jin’s hotness. Jin screamed and begin to sob, grabbing Namjoon’s face and hair to pull him closer so he could kiss him, moaning sinfully as he writhed under him.

"Damn i-it Jinnie… what are… you d-doing to me…” - He murmured licking in Jin’s mouth, pounding in Jin so violently, lost in the pure raw passion.

The fire in their stomachs and their groins were like molten lava. Namjoon’s hand squeezed Jin’s cock pumping it with a speed of his thrusts and Jin arched his body, mouth open in a silent scream, while tears in his eyes shined more brightly than the stars as he came all over his belly.

Namjoon shuddered as the muscled walls clenched around his cock tightly asking for his release, to be filled up. The orgasm hit him strong and he bends over, panting harshly as he spilled his cum inside Jin.

Jin slid his legs from Namjoon’s shoulders as he pulled and wrapped them around his waist again, hugging him close and kissing his hair. Namjoon relaxed into Jin’s embrace, breathing their combined musky scent, while his heart still drummed fast.

"We have to do this again.” – Jin said and Namjoon chuckled weakly.

"Aye.”

"Fuck, I had no idea how good this was.” – Jin mused.

"Aye…awesome…”- Namjoon barely held his eyes open, basking in Jin’s warmth and comfort.

"Hey, no sleeping.” – Jin slaps him playfully on the back. – “I still want you to bend me over and fuck me raw as pirates do.”

"Can we do that sometime tomorrow?”

"No, tonight is perfect and the night is still young.”

"Jinnie…” - He whined weakly. – “Give me at least some minutes to catch my breath.”

Jin rolled them over so he was straddling Namjoon’s waist.

"I got an even better idea. How about you do nothing and I play with you.”

Namjoon stared at Jin, who slid his tunic off and smeared his cum from his chest into his skin. Namjoon’s eyes followed his every move until it bore down to Jin’s cock. It was hard again, Namjoon admired its girth. He wondered what would be like to be stretched by it, to be filled completely. His curiosity shot signal to his cock who started to grow again. His eyes flicked back on Jin’s eyes and he saw the smirk forming on his lips. Leaning down to kiss him once on the mouth, Jin trailed his plump lips on Namjoon’s jaw and cheek, moving up until he was next to his ear.

"Do you want to feel me inside you?” – He whispered seductively, arousing Namjoon even more.

Namjoon released the breath he was holding, whimpering breathlessly. – “Fuck yes.”

Right then Jin crashed their lips together in a heated make-out session, his fingers sliding down to
bring one of Namjoon’s legs up on his shoulder while pushing two of his fingers inside the muscled heat. The gasps, grunts, and moans were heard during the next hour. They were so entranced into one another that they didn’t realize that they are being watched.

One small shadow was hidden in the tree some few meters next to them, eyes blazing in the dark like some kind of a black cat. The grunts and moans were perfectly audible, and even though the darkness hid the two figures from the sight, his sharp eyes picked up the form and movement with ease. He mentally added this new information in his brain database. It might become useful later on, Sugar thought. You never know when and what knowledge you can use, so it’s always good to be prepared. That was his motto. He smiled slyly as he settling himself more comfortably on the tree to enjoy the show.
Yoongi purposely refused to go and watch the duel. First, because he didn’t want to go out and second because he didn’t want to face Jimin again so soon. He will find out the outcome soon enough, he was sure. The Duel was the talk of the town. People truly didn’t have anything better to do but gossip around. Yoongi expected to work on something new, he just got a shipment of some exotic dry roots that he wanted to experiment with when a loud knocking on the door shook him from his plans.

It was Jimin, pale and sweaty, holding his left shoulder, who was seriously bleeding now, with a small arrow in it.

- ‘Hyung.’ – He said weakly and Yoongi groaned. – ‘What happened?’

He didn’t wait for an answer, but pulled Jimin inside and close his door. He sat him on the stool next to the table and went to get everything he needs.

- ‘Did you lose?’ – Yoongi asked while picking up his many bottles and clean linen to bound Jimin’s wound.


- ‘Then how come you are here with an arrow in your shoulder?’

- ‘Because Tae shot me!’ – Jimin growled at Yoongi and the other man burst out laughing.

- ‘He did!? Oh, I was wondering when he going to strike back at you. You had that one coming.’

- ‘Oh ha-ha, very amusing, I’m dying from laughter.’ – Jimin said sarcastically, which only made Yoongi smile wider, so wide that his gums were showing.

- ‘This will hurt like a motherfucker.’ – He said as he jerked the arrow out from Jimin’s shoulder, making the younger man scream.

- ‘Warn me next time you idiot!’

Yoongi was unfazed. – ‘I did warn you.’

- ‘No you said that it’s going to hurt and then you just grab it! You didn’t give me the chance to take a breath!’

- ‘Oh next time I will send you a letter first and wait for the pigeon to give me back your response.’

- ‘Oh you are in a good mood today Hyung. So witty and full of humor! Did you had a nice nap or did you finally get laid!’

- ‘Neither. Tae made my day when he shot you in the shoulder. Which is what’s keep bugging me. Why did he shoot you per se? I thought it was a duel with swords between you and the Virgin Knight.’
Jimin glared at him and hissed when Yoongi pressed a cloth soaked with the draft on his open wound.

- ‘F*ck shit Yoongi, it hurts!’
- ‘It supposed to hurt. It’s for disinfecting your wound, so it won’t get worse.’

Jimin’s clutched fist hit the table for a few times, making the bottles and cups vibrate and almost spill over.

- ‘Don’t be a child, it’s just a little pain.’
- ‘Just a little!’ – Jimin roared. – ‘I don’t see you having a gaping wound from the arrow Hyung, so don’t tell me it’s just a little pain!’

- ‘Yaah, you have no idea what the pain really is a brat, so don’t yell here at me when I’m trying to help your sorry ass!’ – Yoongi bellowed, pressing harder on Jimin’s wound, making the younger man gasped and hit his head on the table.

- ‘F*ck, f*ck, f*ck…’

- It needs a few stitches.’’ – Yoongi said and took a small curved needle to heat it up on the candle flame. Jimin observed that suddenly accepting his fate.

- ‘Here bite this.’’ – Yoongi gave him a piece of wood.

- ‘It’s like you giving me a bone!’’ – Jimin murmured quietly but bit down at the wood. Yoongi ignored him, too concentrated at his task.

Jimin grunted when Yoongi pierced him with the needle for the first time, cursing Tae and the not so Virgin Knight anymore. How could he do this to him? With the fucking Virgin Knight, for f*ck sake. Jimin was disappointed, so much that his eyes watered, some from the pain, some from the fury.

After a few moments, Yoongi was done and Jimin’s shoulder was cleaned and wrapped up.

- ‘Here, drink this…it’s for the pain…’’ – Yoongi said, nudging the cup with the draft into Jimin’s hand. Jimin eyed it carefully, sniffed at it first before he took a small sip. He made a disgusted face.

- ‘Ugh, it’s disgusting.’’

- ‘It’s supposed to stop the pain, not to be tasteful. Drink it up!’’

Jimin made a face again, looking at the damn thing, before swallowing it up. He coughed slightly.

- ‘Hyung do you have wine?’’

- ‘No.’

- ‘Do you have anything to wash down this awful taste?’’

- ‘Only water.’’

- ‘Dammit Hyung, it’s like you living in the covenant.’’
Yoongi eyed him. — ‘‘With this kind of stuff around, not likely. Besides, the monks have wine.’’

—’’Hell… that’s true.’’ — Jimin agreed, his face was pale and he felt slightly dizzy.

—’’Here, chew on some mint leaves.’’ — Yoongi offered a jar and Jimin took the few, putting it in his mouth and chewing it slowly.

—’’Did you knew that Tae is fucking the Virgin Knight?’’ — Jimin asked after a while and Yoongi stopped what he was doing to look at the younger man.

—’’Who told you that? Tae?’’

Jimin shook his head. — ‘‘The Knight himself actually.’’

Yoongi raised his eyebrows high at that but didn’t comment further.

—’’Did you knew Hyung?’’ — Jimin wanted to know.

—’’Why do you care if I knew or not Jimin?’’

—’’Would you have told me if you did?’’

—’’It’s not mine to tell Jimin.’’

—’’But you know I like Tae Hyung, you know.’’

Yoongi gulped a lump in his throat, feeling something squeezing at his heart painfully. He pushed the pain somewhere at the back and allowed his savageness to step out front.

—’’But Tae doesn’t want you Jimin, he wants Jungkook kid and there is nothing you can do about it. Just for once accept the fact that there are some people that don’t want you the same way you want them. It’s not that hard.’’

—’’But you want me, do you Hyung?’’

Yoongi was silent a moment too long for his words to have depth.

—’’No, I do not want you Jimin. Now go to bed and sleep or go away, I don’t care, I have the stuff to do.’’

Jimin watched him silently for a moment or two. Yoongi moved swiftly through the cramped room, working on his orders and his experiments. Jimin stood up and went to a small room in the back, where Yoongi’s small bed was. He lay under the blankets, snuggling his nose into the pillow. It smelled like Yoongi and that calmed him a bit, as he drifted off to sleep.

It was fifteen years since Namjoon last visited the huge island, Stigma. For eighteen years he’s been sailing in search of his grandfather’s artifacts and his murderer. For years he wondered who dared to kill the old Captain, his dear grandfather until the unpleasant truth revealed itself one day.

Two years ago, he visited an old witch, claiming that she has the knowledge he seeks. He sat in her
small hut, different object dangling from the ceiling, made of wood and bone. Her entire home screamed a witch, her attire as well but Namjoon, even though in tune with his magic, didn’t trust her, pegging her for an imposter, until she spoke about the things no one except Namjoon and only one other person knew.

-"'Darkness has set deep into your heart young one.'" – She croaked, her raspy voice sounded like brushing the sharp stone with the bag of sand. – ‘The secrets you seek stare you right in the eyes.’” – She raised her hand to touch her forehead with her finger. – ‘'But you are too blind to see them, blind because of love you feel.'”

-’’Speak some sense woman.’’ – Namjoon growled, but the woman was unfazed.

-“'One truth you seek is spread across the world like pebbles in the pond. Whispers surround them, shadows of the light. You just need to listen carefully to the spirits and they will guide you to it.’” – She said and Namjoon narrowed his eyes. – ‘'And the second truth?’’ – He asked.

-’’Hmmmm…the second one… is far too simple…and hard…’’ – She said, looking at him deeply. – ‘'The truth you seek will be painful to reveal… since it considers your heart.’”

Namjoon gritted his teeth. – ‘'Speak clearly or I will gut you alive.’’ – The old witch chuckled. – ‘'Stupid boy, did the crows ate half of your brain so you don’t see the truth now as it staring you in the face?’”

Namjoon started to vibrate, his emotions were on the edge for months now. The Witch observed him. – ‘'You already know the truth boy…”’ – She said. – ‘'Accept it.’”

-’’I don’t know what you talking about.’’

-’’Your heart doesn’t belong to you anymore. You gave it to someone else.’”

Namjoon gulped at that, chin shivering.

-‘'The one who holds your heart is the one who took his life.’” – Namjoon pushed his hand into fists as the woman continued speaking. – ‘'The thief who came in the night, beautiful as an angel and lethal as a Death itself.’” – Namjoon shook as she spoke, the knuckles on his first were white, his jaw clenched as his eyes blazed with amber light. He knew, deep down he knew of whom she was talking about. There is only one person that fits that description and Namjoon haven’t seen him for almost eighteen years, even though he head whispers here and there. The witch kept talking, as if unaware of the storm in Namjoon’s chest, his magic, usually always under control, now vibrated violently. – ‘'The dark beauty who took your heart and your secrets, his loyalties were always elsewhere…’” – Namjoon’s heart pounded, he felt pain and betrayal. It was not the first time that the clues pointed at Jin, but only this time, he dared to accept them as truth. The wind started blowing inside of the small hut, first slowly, then strongly with Namjoon’s every breath, moving things, swirling the dust and spider webs. The witch’s eyes gleamed as she grinned at Namjoon’s pain. – ‘'…the very same night, he also took a life.’”

Namjoon panted, squeezing his eyes as the wind blew. The pain was ripping his heart into pieces, like a sharp knife.

-’’Who is he?’” He asked calmly, but few pots exploded nearby, spilling oil and drafts on the table and over the candle. Few sparks sprinkled and the small flame caught on, growing bigger and bigger as it consumed spilled liquid. Namjoon could see the flame, he didn’t care. The old hag just smiled at him. – ‘'The same one you shared your body with so many times.’”
Namjoon froze, his eyes shot to hers. He never told anyone about them, about the bond they had and how intimately close they were. They hid it well from others. For two years they hide their feelings from others. The witch knew she didn’t guess, she knew. Namjoon saw it in her eyes, the knowledge, and the truth. He roared, his body was tensed as a string, he nearly lunged at the old woman, as she slapped him with a whip across his face. Of course, it all made sense, the closeness, the trust, the patience…no one thought it was him. He became one of them, fought with them, ate and drink with them. They learned to depend on him, on his skills, on his agility and he just waited, like the snake, he waited for the right moment to strike, to plunge his fangs into his victim and paralyze them before he crushes them. And he stayed…. He stayed afterward, to give comfort and care… what a boldness…he looked Namjoon in the eyes and gave him hope…convincing him that he loved him and then he left him to his pain and destiny. Namjoon screamed as these thoughts became clear in his brain. He knew who Jin was…he knew how lethal he was, he knew…but he chose not to see because then the love they shared wouldn’t seem so fake.

-’’Beware of the witch twins.’’ – The witch said and Namjoon starred at her, but she continued. – ‘’One dark as the night, another light as the day.’’ – She croaked, giggling. – ‘’They walk in the shadows around the one you seek.’’

The hut was in flames by now. The old hag started laughing, Namjoon couldn’t take it. Her mockery, her laughter, her words. It was wrong of him to come here, to seek the truth, but he had to know…

-’’They will be the death of you… the great pirate Captain of the ‘’Sea Monster’’ who rules the seas and brings terror in human’s hearts. The Witch twins will be your death!’’

The witch was still chuckling and Namjoon made one move of his hand and the old hag fell down on the floor dead. He stood up and walked outside, he had heard enough. The fire only grew stronger and soon it ate the entire hut. Namjoon didn’t stop to watch, he didn’t even turn, he just continued onward into the night, furious and hurt.

Why did Jin do that? Why did they want him dead? Did the Assassins want him dead? Did they order it or did Jin did it on his own whim? Did he use Namjoon to get closer? Did he plan this all? It seems extremely difficult, but not impossible, Namjoon thought…or was it all simple luck on Jin’s side? Each way, Namjoon knew his path now. He needed to find Jin, he needed to stare him in the eyes before he rips the man’s heart out. He needed to kill the Devil himself.

Namjoon’s men row the small both in the death of the night. The quiet splashing of the water against the boat was the only sound you could hear. Namjoon stood at the bow, looking at the darkness as they entered the cave. His amber eyes showed him the rocks in the water and he signaled his man to be careful. Four of his men were born on the sea and knew precisely how to row through the deadly rock trap. Soon they were inside, following the tight row of the stream. Further deep Namjoon saw a flicker of light, their destination and pretty soon the canal grew wider, so the boat could turn around for the journey back. Namjoon, however, stepped out as soon as they reached the ground and taking the small lit torch went deeper into the cave, leaving his men behind to prepare the boat for the way back. Few of the bats flew from the light, causing Namjoon to bend his head slightly, to avoid them. He reached the end, the only sound was flickering fire and drops of water echoing the space. Namjoon closed his eyes and sharpen his senses, letting his magic fly through him, seeing with his ears and nose, instead of his eyes.

He heard the ruffling of the silk and the soft footsteps and particular sense of smell enveloped his senses. He knew this smell, it was familiar to Namjoon.

-’’I’m delighted that you managed to meet me Dragon.’’ – Namjoon opened his eyes to stare at the
man in front of him. He was dressed as always in the black robe with the hood covering his hair. –
’’I thought that much of a busy schedule such as yours must be left me hanging alone in here.’’ – Namjoon's voice was polite, but deep down there was a treat. The men’s sly lips curled slightly, while his eyes blazed with danger.

-’’And to leave my dear old friend waiting here in the cold and dark? Oh, come now…as if I ever did Namjoon.’’

Namjoon smiled with the same venom as did the man they called Dragon.

-’’We weren’t and never will be friends Dragon. – Namjoon spoke calmly, but the man seemed not offended with that statement. Instead, he said.

-’’I must say that I’m surprised seeing you here Namjoon. Your foot hasn’t stepped on the surface of Stigma for over fifteen years.’’

-’’My foot hasn’t stepped on many lands, on this side of the sea, for many years. My business was elsewhere.’’

-’’But not this time as it seems.’’ – The man said, eyes shining mischievously. Namjoon smiled slightly.

-’’No, not this time.’’ – He said pacing slowly the cave, watching it shiny walls. – ’’This cave hasn’t changed since the last time I saw you here.’’

The men rolled his eyes. – ’’It’s a cave, they don’t change much in one’s lifetime.’’

Namjoon chuckled. – ’’You and your caves, I wonder if you have your own lair here filled with gold and treasure like the real dragon.’’

-’’It certainly won’t be here, that’s for sure.’’

Namjoon smiled mockingly. – ’’Maybe exactly here, where no one would suspect. So close, right under my nose.’’

-’’Oh do have some sense Captain, and stop wasting time. My time is golden, as I’m sure it’s yours.’’ – The man said and Namjoon gritted his teeth, he didn’t like when somebody else dictates the terms, but he took out the pouch with gold and tossed to the man, who caught it expertly. He shook it slightly near his ear and satisfied, put the pouch inside of his pocket.

-’’What do you know of the Assassin Order?’’ – Namjoon asked and the man just stared at him, both of his eyebrows raised.

-’’Well then?’’ - Namjoon asked again, the man rolled his eyes again.

-’’The same thing as you I’m certain, but I know you don’t really want to talk about the Order now, don’t you? There is probably a particular subject that you wish to explore more, I’m sure.’’

Namjoon kept staring at him seriously, protruding his chin. – ’’What do you know about the assassin Kim Seokjin?

The man’s brows rose once more as he tilted his head to observe Namjoon carefully.

-’’Nothing much. He remains as one of the best Elite Assassins in the Order. His ethereal beauty and lethal set of skills make him a very dangerous man. The man not to be trifle with.’’ – He
pointed out his last few words. Namjoon, however, came closer.

-‘‘What do you know about his past?’’ – He asked and Dragon just shrugged his shoulders. – ‘‘His past is covered with a veil of mystery. The whispers spoke of the young man no one thought he’ll survive, but he did. He ran through his ranks quickly. He vanished again, appearing here and there from time to time. It’s said that they call him ‘‘Beautiful death’’ because his beauty is the last thing they see before he kills them. Not so bad way to die to be sure.’’ – Dragon said smiling. – ‘‘But why are you interested in him?’’ – He asked, watching Namjoon’s jaw clench and the nerve under his eye vibrate a little.

-‘‘That’s none of your concern Dragon. I paid for answers, not questions. Where is he now?’’ – Namjoon spoke menacingly. The man just looked at him, boredom visible on his face.

-‘‘No idea. I haven’t picked up any news of him for some time now.’’

Namjoon exhaled sharply, his eyes blazing amber. – ‘‘Don’t lie to me now.’’

He challenged the man, his magic crackling quietly, sending vibrations through the entire cave. The Dragon was unimpressed, tilting his head on the side and raising one eyebrow in mock observation. – ‘‘I do not lie Namjoon.’’

Namjoon starred at him, reading his eyes and founding no answer in them. Namjoon smiled, protruding his chin nodding as he looked on the ground and moved, contemplating his next question. He bit his lips annoyed before raising his eyes towards man again.

-‘‘What do you know of the Witch twins?’’ – The man just blinked, looking at him incredulously.

-‘‘I knew of many twins, identical, Siamese, dwarfish, opposite. I’ve heard about witches, but I must say I never heard of Witch twins before. Are you sure that’s what they are called? And are you sure they are witches? They are almost extinct by now.’’

-‘‘The people spoke of the Witch twins following Seokjin’s every move. One dark, one light, like night and day. Surely you must have heard that description mentioning somewhere Dragon. Besides, it’s your expertise to know everything isn’t it?’’

The man tilted his head again. – ‘‘And you are sure that they are with Kim Seokjin?’’ – Dragon asked.

Namjoon raised his eyebrow. – ‘‘You tell me, are they?’’

Dragon’s eyes narrowed, his mouth pouting slightly. – ‘‘Well I don’t know which people you are listening too, but mine hasn’t informed me about such rarity. Twins, one dark, one light, and witches, you say? Well, that is certainly a sight to see, but I’m afraid they haven’t been seen in my vicinity as of yet, but then again I haven’t seen Seokjin in years.’’

-‘‘So you do know him?’’ – Namjoon asked, tilting his head slightly as he stared at the hooded man.

-‘‘As do you apparently, since you don’t ask for his features, but speak as if you know him, in which case I do think you do quite well.’’ – Dragon said calmly, returning the stare with equal intensity. He continued after a moment of silence. – ‘‘I know how he looks, but I have never met him if that’s what you implying. I haven’t seen him for years Namjoon.’’

Namjoon smiled and stepped closer. – ‘‘I’m not surprised you noticed him Dragon. He is a gorgeous man and you are a Dragon after all. Dragons love sparkling and beautiful things.’’
Dragon’s eyes narrowed, even more, they were shooting venom, but his mouth was spread in a
dangerous smile. – ‘’If that was the truth and he had my interest, he would already be mine.’’

- ‘’Isn’t he?’’ – Namjoon asked and Dragon’s smile widened.

- ‘’Oh no, he is not my type for sure.’’ – Dragon’s voice was calm and relaxed, a complete opposite
from his eyes. For untrained eyes, he would have seemed almost bored, but Namjoon perfected his
sight to notice every little detail and slight changes. He wasn’t fooled. He knew Dragon is lying,
but he let it slide. He will found out soon enough why.

- ‘’What is your point here Namjoon?’’ – Dragon asked.

Namjoon smiled widely, his dimples showing marvelously. It gave him gentle features to his face,
which were completely ruined by the harshness and hate in his eyes.

- ‘’Oh, there is no point.’’ – Namjoon lied. – ‘’You are at least smart enough not to fall in his
charming trap.’’ – He acted so nonchalantly now, but Dragon wasn’t fooled. He knew of what was
Namjoon implying.

- ‘’Some men, you know, would fell for his lies and try to protect him in some way, by lying or
hiding the truth.’’ – Dragon’s eyes flashed angrily at that.

- ‘’Are you implying Namjoon that I’m lying to you about his whereabouts?’’

Namjoon stared at him intently for any small give away in Dragon’s features, but he found
nothing. He smiled even wider and said. – ‘’Oh no, no…friend.’’ – He made a pause of the last
word, trying to emphasize it. – ‘’I spoke of others. I know you are….honest. You speak only
gold.’’

The anger left the hooded man’s eyes and he smiled in return. Namjoon nodded, still observing and
smiling. He knew that Dragon is hiding information and he will find it out later, but for now, his
gut feeling was telling him to wait and see.

Namjoon took another pouch and toss it towards the man. – ‘’I’ll stay around for a while. Dig
something about Seokjin’s current whereabouts and the witch twins, will you?’’

The Dragon simply nodded. – ‘’Anything else?’’ – He asked.

- ‘’Don’t fall for him.’’ – He said and Dragon nodded, stepping back to his shadows and leaving
Namjoon to chuckle at his dramatic exit and turned back, torch in his hand showing him the way.

Deep in the shadows, the hooded man called Dragon was watching the Captain leaving, his mind
swirling with the new information. So the notorious pirate Captain is searching for Jin. He did
wonder why? What’s more interesting, he wondered why he himself didn’t divulge the truth for
which he was highly paid for. He knew perfectly well where Jin was at this moment, but
something deep inside of him didn’t want to sell Jin to Namjoon. Especially since he felt animosity
emanating from the Captain when Jin was in concern. One thing was certain, he will pay extra
attention now.

The Count sighed and stepped through the darkness, knowing it better than his own pocket, his
dark cloak flying after him as he wondered how to warn Seokjin on time.
Hoseok enters his room, locking the door behind him as he proceeds to undress. The night was merry, with a lot of laughter and drinks. Few weeks passed since the duel and the old tales were replaced with new ones. People turned on to other entertainment again, which brought a lot of coins to Hoseok pockets. He was more than satisfied. He took off his shirt and was about to take off his pants as well when he heard a slight knock on the door. He went to it, not bothering to cover his handsome chest when two maids blushed profusely and started giggling.

-"Master Hope, you asked for a bath?" - One of them asked, looking at her hands, shy as a maiden that she was definitely not.

-"Indeed I did. And which one of you will wash my back, hmm?" - He asked seductively and they blushed even more. They didn't answer, since the Innkeeper's good lady showed up, followed by two kitchen boys, holding among themselves nice metal bathtub.

-"Don't just stand there you geese." - The lady yelled. - "Go get Master Hope hot water, quickly now!"

Hoseok just laughed as he let them in to settle everything. He put on his tunic and went down to go to the privy, to ease himself before the warm bath. When he returned, the last of the buckets with hot water was poured into the tub and he thanked the old lady with the kiss on the cheek, which made her laugh, patting him affectionately on his cheek. He also winked at the girls, who giggled and had to be chased out by the landlady.

Hoseok locked the door once again and stripped naked. The water was a bit too hot for his comfort, but he gritted his teeth and sank in, gasping. After a few seconds, his body relaxed and he sighed contently, closing his eyes.

He stayed like that for some time, simply enjoying the warmth before he took the soap and went on scrubbing himself. He washed his hair and his body, spending a nice time teasing his rim, pushing his finger in, getting it clean. He always looks after his hygiene. Jungkook laughed at him sometimes, saying he is a clean freak, but Hoseok didn't mind. The feeling of cleanness is the best and whenever he got the chance, he would reach towards the water and the soap.

After a while, he was satisfied. He stood up, reaching for the towel, drying himself up. It was a warm summer night, so he wasn't cold. Several candles and lanterns were lit, so he got extra warmth as well.

He tossed a damped towel on the chair and went to his bed, lying down and spreading his limbs as he yawned. He ran his hands down his still damped chest, pausing slightly to pinch at his nipples just for fun. They weren't sensitive, nor did they gave any arousing feeling, but Hoseok still loved to play with them. He loved the feeling under his finger pads as he brushes them slightly over his buds. One of his hands went down across his stomach, gently running his nails on his skin. Now, this is something that made his skin shivered pleasantly.

He touched his body with softness, brushing his fingertips ever so lightly, shivering at the teasing as his nerves were tingling in anticipation. The warm breeze from the half-opened window made...
goose-bumps on his skin. Hoseok marveled at it. Finally, not be able to avoid it for too much longer, he wrapped his fingers around his semi-hard member and groaned in pleasure. He stroked himself slowly, humming quietly at the feeling, gasping whenever he circles his tip with his palm. He was so immersed with his pleasuring that he didn't hear window opening wider from the outside.

Only when a dark shadow stepped into the room did Hoseok jerked and nearly jumped from the bed.

"Fuck V, you gave me a heart attack." - Hoseok gasped in relief when he recognized V.

V just stood there observing him with his ice eyes, filled with lust and Hoseok moaned. He never wondered how V always found him and why he always enter through a window, nor did he cared. He was here now and that’s what mattered. He relaxed back into his pillow, one of his legs slightly bent, as he continued stroking his cock.

"Are you just going to watch me or are you planning to join me?" - Hoseok asked, biting his lower lip as he smiled wickedly. He knew what he did to V. What his words and movements did to him. He can see it in his eyes, the need, the lust, the desire, and the attraction. Hoseok felt it too.

V slowly approached the bed, placing one knee on the mattress. He spread Hoseok's legs wider and knelt between them. His hands brushed Hoseok's inner thighs, making him whimper.

V bend down and plant a kiss on one of his thighs, Hoseok twitched and let slight moan. He left a trail of kisses up towards his hips and Hoseok's stomach, expertly avoiding his cock. Hoseok groaned, running his hand through V's blond hair as V kissed him up to his pillow, one of his legs slightly bent, as he continued stroking his cock.

"Why are you dressed? I want you naked now." - Hoseok demanded and V just smiled into his mouth. He said nothing, pining Hoseok's hands above his head, whispering only one word into his ear.

"Behave"- His voice deep and dominant as he went on kissing his neck again. Hoseok clasped his hands together and tossed his head back when he felt V's tongue down his chest and stomach. His mouth hovered above his cock. Hoseok felt a warm breath on his tip, biting his lip as he waited for V's mouth to open, but a loud knock on his door jerked him violently and Hoseok woke up.

He gasped, looking it around confusingly, trying to find V, trying to realize what happened, but the realization struck him and he pressed his palms on his eyes, huffing irritably. He didn't know what irritated him the most, the fact that it was all a dream, or that he was awakened from it. Another knock came knocking and he groaned, looking down at his fully erected cock, exhaling loudly. He got up, put on his clean tunic that reached to the half of his thighs before going to the door and unlocking it. A maid and two kitchen boys stood on the door, waiting patiently.

"The Mistress sent us to take away the tub, my lordship" - The girl said, curtsying slightly. He let them in and the two boys quickly took the tub away. The girl stayed to wipe down the small puddles of water that dripped on the floor. As she was bend, Hoseok came to her and she raised her head. Her eyes went wide when she saw his erection through the tunic. It will be too simple, Hoseok thought, touching the girl's chin slightly.
For the moment, the girl looked like she was contemplating whether or not she should succumb to the temptation that young minstrel awakes in her bosom, but the voice of another girl from the hallway jerked her suddenly and she bowed her head again, quickly finishing her task. Once she was done she rose to her feet and with red cheeks, curtsy and bit him goodnight before rushing through the door. Hoseok sighed. He could easily detain her...damn, he could even call her friend to join, but he didn’t want them... not now anyway. He still couldn’t believe that it was just a dream. It felt so fucking real. Hoseok sighed again, running his hand through his hair and leaning against the wall that was connected to Jungkook's room. A few seconds later Hoseok’s body froze as he heard the deep voice and muffled moaning on the other side.

"You are so gorgeous love...s-so beautiful...fuck..."

For a second Hoseok thought it was V’s voice and something gripped at his chest harshly, until he realized it was the other twin. The traitorous squeaking sound of the bed and the muffled moaning told him what was just happening in the other room and he grinned widely.

"Goodbye virgin, welcome orgasms." - Hoseok whispered to himself, grinning.

"Aaaaah fuck Tae there, there..." - Jungkook moaned as Tae fucked into him and Hoseok groaned, sliding down on the floor, his back leaned on the wall as he continued to listen to the sound of lovemaking, or better say, passionate fucking.

"Damn kid, why do you need to be so lustfully vocal?" - He kept murmuring to himself, reaching down, under his tunic to touch himself. He couldn't believe he is getting off to the sounds of his best friend and his mate fucking in another room. Pathetic Hoseok, how very pathetic, he thought.

Deep lewd groans kept coming from Tae as he kept fucking the Knight deeper and deeper. They sounded so hot. Hoseok wondered did V sounded like his twin when taken by the lust.

Things in the room took the high peak with bed now hitting the wall at a high speed of thrusts. Jungkook sobbed in the pillow, followed by Tae's erotic grunts from the back of his throat when they climaxed together. In his surprise, Hoseok discovered he finished as well, his cum glistened on his fingers as he panted quickly.

"Fuck me..." - He whispered, letting his head bump back against the wall with a deep sigh.

For the better part of the week, V kept playing tricks with Hoseok's mind so much that he wasn’t able to fuck anyone else for a while. He was frustrated and horny to the extent that he even became aware of Tae now. Whenever the blond devil was not present, he would observe Tae, following the curve of his body, his face and his lips that was so identical to his twin. That did not escape Jungkook's jealous eyes.

"Hyung, why are you staring at my love like that?" - Jungkook asked one evening, while Tae went to ask for extra bread for their dinner. It was delicious and pork grease was so juicy and salty that Tae ate almost all of their bread by dipping it in and munching it with a delight. Hoseok didn't realize that his eyes trained on the boy ever so hungrily until Jungkook's question.

"You are making me jealous Hyung, stop it."- Hoseok jerked and looked at his friend apologetically.
"Sorry, Kook-ah, I didn't realize I'm doing it." - Hoseok said sheepishly, shaking his head.

Jungkook frowned at him. "Why don't you just go and find V Hyung?" - He asked and Hoseok's eyes grew darker.

"I don't know what you talking about." - He answered curtly and the two men stared at one another seriously.

Right at that moment, Tae came back carrying a huge loaf of still warm bread. "Fresh from the oven." - He said delightedly, smiling wide. Sensing the certain tension between the friends, Tae asked. "What's going on?"

Hoseok immediately put on his best-blinding smile and shook his head with ease. "Oh nothing Tae, don't worry, I was just teasing Jungkook."

Tae raised his eyebrow at this when Jungkook asked. "Where is V Hyung, TaeTae?"

You little shit, Hoseok thought, clenching his jaw, but still smiling, as Jungkook grinned wickedly back at him. Tae looked from one to the other with a blank expression before answering.

"He went to visit Hyungsik Hyung."

Hoseok’s hand twitched involuntarily, but he hid it with brushing off the crumbs from the table. Jungkook wasn’t fooled though.

"Oh, that famous music composer that we met a few days ago?" - Jungkook asked, eyes sparkling mischievously as he nibbled at the bone, looking straight to Hoseok. Hoseok wanted to slap him bloody.

"Yes, that's the one." - Tae said, glancing at the knight before adding. "He is very handsome and pretty, don't you think?" - He made a slight pause, the question floating in the air as he waited for Jungkook's confirmation. The young man didn't disappoint. He nodded, breaking the bread into smaller pieces, as he met Tae's gaze. "Not as gorgeous as you, that for sure." - He said, giving one piece to Tae who smiled at him adoringly.

"But V Hyung sure was taken by his looks, won't you agree?" – Jungkook asked, watching Hoseok's reaction carefully. Hoseok didn't want to give him that satisfaction just yet, so he took a small sip of his wine, pretending he is unaffected. Tae dipped the piece of bread into the grease and spoke, watching it drip.

"Oh yes, they've been fooling around for a couple of years now. I must say he was one of the rarest who kept my brother's attention for so long. I'm impressed. I could almost say that V has an affection for the man." - He put the bread into his mouth, munching with delight and then proceed to suck at his fingers. Jungkook stared at Tae's hands and mouth, momentarily lost for words as he licked his own lips in response. Hoseok, however, had enough. He jumped on his feet suddenly, still trying to act unaffected, but failed miserably. He brushed his hands and mouth with the small cloth and then carelessly tossed it on the table.

"It seems I lack the appetite. Feel free to eat my share, I'm going to take some fresh air." - He said curtly and with a slight nod to both of his companions, he left the Inn.

Tae kept chewing slowly. His lips, glossy from the salty pork grease was pouting slightly as he watched Hoseok storming out with annoyance. The corners of his mouth curved in a mischievous smirk. He could feel Jungkook's silent laugh next to him and then his warm breath on his ear.
"Do you think he would go to him?" – Jungkook whispered amusingly, still managing to make Tae shudder. He turned and was met with Kook's warm doe eyes, their faces close. He licked his lips and smiled.

"Oh, he definitely will. I haven’t seen such a low rage and raw lust in anyone else besides my brother. V finally made his match in Hoseok Hyung, that's for sure."

― "You think they would finally realize that they like one another?" - Jungkook wanted to know.

Tae took his time answering, thinking it over. He wiped his greasy hands on the cloth that Hoseok carelessly discarded only moments ago and took his wine cup to wash it all down, his eyes running over people in the Inn, observing them, before he spoke. – “Oh I think they already know….they just love to tease one another until madness.” – He said taking a sip of his drink.

"Like you always tease me?" – Tae turned at Jungkook's words and met his intense stare. Jungkook looked hungry, but not of food….no…it was of pure lust. Tae felt warmth flushing to his groin and he bit his lip.

"Does it work?" – He asked quietly, looking under his eyelashes. Jungkook huffed a laugh, eyes darting at the ceiling and his tongue touching the inner sides of his cheek. – “Hah…how can you even ask…” – He looked down again, piercing Tae with his eyes and placing a suggestive hand on Tae’s thigh. He leaned closer, talking under his breath, his voice vibrating with as his heart thumped like crazy. – “Every fucking day, with every breath and every movement, you…” – He paused, inhaling deeply to calm himself a little and leaned even closer, his hands slipping a bit higher on Tae's thigh. – “…you're driving me crazy… you have no idea how much…” - He whispered, his air tickling the sensitive skin of Tae's ear and neck, making him shudder, his eyes scanning the crowd, making sure that no one could see them in their little corner.

Satisfied with the fact that no one gave them any heed, Tae placed his hand between Jungkook’s legs, feeling his hard member. Jungkook gasped and squeezed the other’s thigh tightly on reflex, breathing the air roughly out through his nose.

Tae’s warm palm cupped the length, massaging it through the pants in slow motions, making it impossible for Jungkook to stay calm. He started breathing heavily, closing his eyes and leaning his forehead in the crook of Tae's neck, his fingers flexing and gripping at the flesh of Tae's leg, not able to do anything more than hold on to him.

"Have you done eating?" – Tae asked pointedly.

"Of the food, yes." – Jungkook groaned weakly, leaning slightly back to look at Tae’s eyes. Seeing how already lost Jungkook is, made Tae bit his lower lip harshly. The blood rushing into the flesh, making them attractively red as he breathes fast. His freshly awoken cock started twitching in his pants. – “Good, because I want this…” – He squeezed even more tightly at Jungkook’s cock, making him whine quietly. – “…buried deep inside me.” - He finished lustfully and Jungkook groaned, taking Tae’s hand from himself in a tight grasp and quickly pulled him on his feet. They never reached the room as fast as they did now.

Hoseok, acquainted some weeks previous with Hyungsik, the young composer, remembered the
man's friendly invitation to visit his home if he ever finds himself in his neighborhood. Taking that offer lightly, not really having any desire to deepen the acquaintance back then, however, Hoseok had all intention of accepting it now.

Walking determinedly into the rich quarter of the town, Hoseok made a few inquiries of the exact building where the famous Park Hyungsik lived. With a polite bow and smile, the kind people pointed him in the right direction and he quickly found himself at the composer's door.

Needles to say Hyungsik was delighted and pleasantly surprised when he saw Hoseok on his doorstep, welcoming him warmly. He ushered him in a moderate saloon, decorated in a good fashion, where they found another person waiting. V's eyes went wide for a slightest of moments at the sight of Hoseok before lustfully resumed his half-lidded gaze.

Hoseok returned his gaze in equal measure, observing V's relaxed form, comfortably lying on the pillows on the floor, where fruit, cheese, olives, and wine stood in the center. He was dressed all in black and looked even more attractive than it's already possible.

If V was surprised to see Hoseok here, he didn't show it in any way, he just nodded and say all the proper pleasances when Hyungsik introduced them to one another.

-"'Hope-ssi, what a delightful surprise. I’m so glad you’ve decided to visit me. I believe you know my friend Vante?'" – Hyungsik said, pouring the glass of Madeira wine and offering it to Hoseok, who thanked him and took a sip.

–’’Yes we met a few times.” - Hoseok nodded politely, still not taking his eyes of V. - "Although I’m more familiar with his twin.

-’’Oh Taehyungie, yes…I love him dearly.’’ - Hyungsik said affectionately, pouring some more wine into V's cup as well.

"Don't let Jungkookie hear you say that." - Hoseok thought and raised his glass in a silent salute. Both V and their host followed his suit and soon they all chatted comfortably with one another. Hoseok demeanor was electrifying, extremely dominant and teasing. His movements were filled with elegant eroticism, as were his intense stares. He knew he looked good, he knew that Hyungsik found him attractive, so he gave Hyungsik compliments, flirting shamelessly and making him deeply flustered. A tinge of pink blush adorned the musician's cheeks as he laughed and fidgeted nervously, not being able to look in Hoseok's eyes for more than a second.

V, however, that icy cold bastard, had his blazing eyes hotly glued at Hoseok, silently undressing him in his mind. His head was tilted back, chin raised in an alluring manner, with his lips slightly parted. He laid lazily, perched on the pillow under his elbow, his half-lidded eyes filled with lust, while his legs were slightly open. Hoseok could see him getting hard, his bulge was visible easily. He didn’t even try to hide it, nor was he ashamed of his host, which was probably due to their intimate friendship over the years, to Hoseok's utmost annoyance.

What Hoseok could not deny though was the deep satisfaction he felt knowing that V had his eyes entirely on him all the time. Whatever Hoseok did, was filled with a suggestion, double meaning, and sensuality and it drove V insane. His cock twitched throughout the entire evening, each time duly noted by Hoseok's predatory eyes.

-‘’Oh, Hyungsik I’ve heard only a few of your works, but they spoke volumes to me. I loved it.’’ - Hoseok continued to charm his host, adding more blush to his already flushed face.

– ‘’How deeply honored I am, Hope-ssi.’’ - Hyungsik smiled, bowing his head slightly, and
pressing his hand on his chest in deep gratitude.

- “Please call me Hoseok.” – Hoseok smiled charmingly, touching Hyungsik's knee with his hand and keeping it there. Hyungsik gulped flustered before smiling widely. – “Only if you call me Hyung.”

- “Very well…Hyung.” – Hoseok said fingers splayed on top of Hyungsik's knee, squeezing it tightly. V took a deep annoyed breath, exhaling it audibly through his nose.

- “Are we boring you V-ssi?” – Hoseok turned and asked innocently and V smirked. There was nothing innocent in Hoseok, even though Hyungsik wasn't aware of that yet.

- “Oh not at all Hoseok-ssi, not at all.” - He said smilingly, tilting his head a little, still looking handsome as the fine art he was.

- “Why do you still stand on ceremony with one another? - Hyungsik asked in disbelief. - “We pass all of that civil propriety nonsense already. Please do relax, both of you.”

- “Oh, I am perfectly relaxed Hyung, I can assure you.” - Hoseok said, eyeing V with mischief. - "Me, being a musician myself, don't have that problem, but some people do. They need more time and trust to step over that barrier of formal politeness and I'm sure that V-ssi would pass it in his own time when he is ready.”

Hoseok's voice was filled with mockery and playfulness, eyes shining wickedly, but it was V's deep seducing voice that made the minstrel shiver from head to toe.

- "Hmmm...” – V hummed. – “Sometimes the politeness requires the barrier to stay strong in order to remain civil to one another. If we lack the barrier, it becomes extremely... hard... to keep the control.” – He pointed out, looking straight into Hoseok’s soul, devouring it. Hoseok felt the heat rushing through his body and he parted his lips, breathing deeply.

- “Hyung.” – Hoseok called suddenly, turning towards Hyungsik. – “Can you please play for us? I haven’t had the pleasure of hearing your sonata yet and I’ve heard it’s marvelous.” – He asked sweetly and Hyungsik was all smiling. – “Oh it’s not so marvelous, but thank you for saying that.”

- “We will be the judge of that.” – V said eyeing him calmly and pointed towards the piano. – Please, indulge us.”

Hyungsik bowed and rose to his feet. He went to the big black piano on the other side of the room, his back facing them as he sat on the small stool. He bent down his head as he placed his long elegant fingers on the piano tiles, saying a silent greeting to his wooden friend. As the first cords of his music filled the room, the air changed. It became thicker and warmer. There was something so dramatic and melodic in the sound of the piano and room filled with candlelight.

The melody was gentle and dreamy at first, but soon it got the edge of something magically erotic. Both V and Hoseok's chests moved visibly as they breathed heavily, starred with one another with raw hunger.

V kept brushing his fingers at his inner thigh, too close to his erection, watching Hoseok invitingly. Glancing at their host, whose back was turned to them, his movement becoming more and more engrossed in his music, had Hoseok making the first move quietly. He crawled slowly towards V and kneeled in front of him. He ran his palms across V’s ankles, sliding them across his calves and knees and spreading his legs wider, so he could shift between them. As he reached V’s inner
thighs, fingers lingering above the groin, V exhaled shakily, raising his hips to meet Hoseok's hand, their eyes never breaking the gaze. The passion was swirling in their chests and stomachs, building the anticipation.

Suddenly V reached for Hoseok's shirt and pull him for a kiss. Hoseok gasped from pleasure, eyes darting towards Hyungsik for a moment across V's shoulder, before closing them down and giving himself to the man underneath him.

He gripped his hips, groping the flesh under his fingers and slid his palms forward to grab his ass. Their hips were pressed together, the kiss deepening. Both of them groaned from pleasure, but then, remembering where they are, their eyes rushed to check at their host, who, as it seems, did not notice a thing. Satisfied with Hyungsik's devotion to his music, they brought their attention back to one another again. Hoseok fumbled with the buttons of V's pants, watching with awe as V's long thick cock slide out, hard and ready, precum already forming on the tip.

If V thought that Hoseok will bend down to take him into his mouth, he was vastly mistaken. He was turned roughly and pushed on his belly in a blink of an eye. Hoseok's weight on his thighs and a hand between his shoulder blades pushing him down into the pillow told him that he will not control this game, which, surprisingly, thrilled him beyond measure. He felt his pants pulled down and Hoseok's other hand on his butt cheeks, spreading the plump flesh to reveal the rim.

He almost gasped loudly when he felt something wet on his hole. V hardly had time to register what it was before Hoseok swipes his tongue across his puckering hole. V groaned into the pillow and arched his ass up involuntarily at the teasing. The feeling didn't linger though since the finger soon replaced the wiggling muscle.

Hoseok’s teeth were on the nape of V's neck as he fucked him with one finger, sliding it in and out in a modest pace, almost in the tune with the music. The second finger soon followed the first and V hissed. They both look towards the piano. Hyungsik's ecstatic body movements as he builds up his soft melody with emotion for the next part told them they were safe still.

Hoseok’s fingers left V, and he can hear the quiet rustling of cloth behind him. V’s eyes were glued on Hyungsik. The idea of him turning around and discovering them in such intimate pose, made V shivered, which rarely ever happened. It reminded him on the night with the Duchess and he felt becoming even harder. He pushed his hips up as much as he could to relieve his aching cock from the tight press on the pillows. He was about to sigh in relief, when Hoseok’s hand came suddenly across his mouth, stopping the sounds completely, as he entered him in one swift movement. V's eyes grew wide and he let a choked moan, muffled the hand. His entire body went rigid at the intrusion and stretch. Hoseok was much bigger than his two fingers and it was overwhelming for the few moments.

That didn't stop Hoseok though, who began thrusting slowly in and out, without a pause, letting his length drag itself inside V’s walls, hitting different spots that made V want to scream in pain and cry from pleasure. He huffed in Hoseok’s hand, eyes closing as the other man mercilessly rocked inside him. Hoseok’s pushed V’s hips even higher, so he could slip his hand under to grip V’s cock, stroking it in the same speed of his thrusts. V arched his back, even more, grunting and twitching harshly when Hoseok’s tip hit at his prostate. He moaned into Hoseok’s hand, eyes rolling at the back of the head, while Hoseok quietly panted, whispering the obscene words in his ear, eyes never leaving Hyungsik's form, looking for any indication that they might have been heard. They stopped being careful for some time now, both of them nearing their end, desperate for release.

Hyungsik reached the last part of his sonata, building the melody, even more, giving it power, the
epic finish. It was beautiful, mellow and seductive, it fit perfectly with the entire ordeal. It made Hoseok’s insides tingle from the feeling, the need and he quietly growled in V’s ear, while bucking his hips deeper than he thought possible. The feeling was unforgettable. Hoseok cursed under his breath when V let one particularly erotic raspy moan from the back of his throat. He was dying to hear V more, to feed on his voice and his pleasure as he pounds his ass mercilessly, but he couldn’t. V’s rugged breathing in his hand showed him just how much the other man wanted him, how much he enjoyed Hoseok’s manhandling him.

Not being able to resist the temptation to wreck V, Hoseok raised himself on his knees, pushing V’s head down in the pillow as groped at V’s hips to keep them arched in the air. He used the highlight of the composition to plunged himself at a much faster pace. V groaned, his deep voice muffled by the pillow and by the music, who somehow became even more erratic and loud. Hoseok hardly controlled his panting and his thrusts. It was hard to keep things quiet, as the movement brought occasional, but inevitable slapping sounds of skin on skin as he buried deep inside the blond man. His moans stood choked, never leaving his throat as he panted, through gritted teeth, wanting more.

Shook out of his senses, he finally came, his voice muffled by the fabric of V’s shirt, as he filled him with his seeds. Few more jerks of his hips and he collapsed on top of him. V already finished, was now gasping into the pillows, trying to regain his senses back. He pushed Hoseok off and reached for a nearby napkin to clean himself quickly, pulling his pants up afterward as the last sounds of the piano echoed the room. Hoseok who did the same, now sat back at his seat, gulping at the wine and running his hand through his red hair, brushing at his sweaty brow.

The Sonata has come to an end and the silence filled the room. Hyungsik's back was bent forward as leaned his hands on the wooden top of the piano. He didn't turn yet. He shivered slightly, trying to come back from his high. He was quite out of breath when he finally spoke, voice wavering.

-"You have…no idea…just how hot… you two sound together."

The alert shot through their minds instantly as they became aware of Hyunsik's words, looking at each other in haste before turning their eyes towards the composer again. Hyungsik turned his head to look at them, leaning on his hand on the back of the stool.

-"Do you know how hard it was for me to keep playing, once I realized what was the muffled noise behind my back? How sexy it was…the boldness… the passion."- He spoke in the voice of a man insane with lust.

V and Hoseok just looked at him, keeping their silence and tilting their heads in mute observation of the man. Every shake of his body, every rigged breath that filled his lungs, the tremble of his voice was noted. They looked like the two predators, observing their prey and Hyungsik parted his mouth, gasping for air.

-"Hyungsik stand up."

-V’s voice spoke suddenly with a deep commanding voice and Hoseok’s head turned to look at him. Hoseok was not surprised when he saw Hungsik standing up instantly. The visible tent in the man’s pants was clearly now.

-"What do you want Hyungsik?" – V’s voice vibrated again through the room, making the man shiver.

-"Y-you…. I want you…." – Hyungsik looked at the blond man while he spoke those words, his hands gripping at the hem of his tunic. He then shifted his doe-like eyes towards Hoseok. – ‘‘I want both of you...at the same time.’’ – He said quietly, almost afraid. Hyungsik wasn’t a dominant man, he loved to be taken care off. His desire to please was too strong.
Hoseok raised his brow. – ‘’You want me, darling?’’ – He asked grinning mischievously. He could feel V’s eyes slid from Hyungsik to him, burning at his skin, but he kept his gaze on the musician.

Hyungsik nodded. – ‘’I’ve been dreaming of you having your way with me ever since I heard you sing that naughty song of yours.”

Hoseok’s grin widened. He was almost glowing. – ‘’And how did you dreamed of me, darling?’’

‘’Of you... fucking me hard….as you whisper you dirty lyrics in my ear.’’

Hoseok chuckled delightedly. V rose on his feet and walked casually to the man.

-’’Come then, let’s get you prepared for Hoseok then.” - He said, pulling Hyingsik’s arm towards Hoseok.

Hyungsik placed a hand on V’s chest to stop him. V frowned, but Hyungsik hurriedly went on explaining, gulping nervously.

– ‘’I want both of you...inside...I want to feel you b-both...at...at the same time.’’ – He said, not able to look him in the eyes. Hoseok groaned in the back and V smiled, cupping Hyungsik's cheek and forcing his eyes on him.

-‘’Well, I don’t think that would be a problem now, won't it?’’

-”None whats so ever.” - Hoseok responded quickly in an eager voice. V smiled widely and kissed the man’s lips passionately, pushing his tongue deep inside Hyungsik's mouth. The man moaned sinfully and wrapped his arms around V's neck, pulling him closer as he kissed back with fervor.

Once they finally broke apart, Hyungsik was hot and on the edge of madness, ready to be ravished by the two men. He allowed V to pull him towards Hoseok waiting arms, slamming their mouths together as he began to undress him, feeling V's lips on the nape of his neck.

-”We will ruin you.” - Hoseok said, pushing his hand inside Hyungsik's pants and touching his cock. Hyungsik moaned from heated pleasure, arching at the touch as V gripped his hair and pulled his head back, humming in agreement.

-”Oh yes...” - He kissed his jaw and his ear, hips pushing back at his ass.

Hyungsik was in heaven. -”Fuck me... p-please...please..."

V pushed at his pants and reach to lick his fingers before sliding them between Hyungsik's ass cheeks, teasing the rim.

-”How do you want it?” - Hoseok asked, sliding his hand faster on the man's cock, smearing precome.

-”Aaaaah...rough...and...and ugh...fuck... messy... I like it m-messy and hard... ” - He barely choked. - "Fuck me...please...fuck me now...please...please..." - He chanted until Hoseok claimed his mouth again.

-”As you wish...” - V spoke, jabbing his fingers deep inside Hyungsik hole and muffled screams filled the room, promising a great fun.
Jin entered the Duchess of Harley's mansion, looking uninterested while scanning the crowd with carefulness. A lot of familiar faces, few high nobility, some high function dignitaries and military officers and the rest fashionable circle of common people, all of them with deep pockets full of gold.

You need to be famous, highly respected or noble to be invited to one of the Duchess's party and Jin was one of her favorite. His careful mask he's been nurturing over the year as Lord Mangata, the wealthy nobleman from the North was blooming and Jin was satisfied. Only the Count and few trustworthy people knew his real name and they were smart enough to keep it a secret. He wondered how the twins are holding on back at Bangtan. Being a cautious man, he didn't contact them or seek any information, not knowing who might be watching and intercept the messages. His gut feeling, however, was telling him that they are fine.

There were slight commotion and whispering, telling Jin that someone of importance just came in and yes, pretty sure, proudly walking into his line of sight was none other, but the wicked Count himself. He smiled and bowed to the ladies as he was walking to their hostess, planting two kisses on each of her flushed cheeks and whispered something to her ear, which made her giggle. His eyes found Jin soon enough and he strolled casually to greet him.

"Aaaah Lord Mangata, how delighted to renew our acquaintance. Are you in good health?" – The Count said in a polite tone and Jin bowed.

"Well my Lord, I believe I am."


"Oh I'm sure that some sort of entertainment will occur that will make my good Lord's boredom tolerably bearable." – Jin spoke calmly, eyes scanning the crowd, feeling the Count's eyes burning on his face.

"Oh I'm sure it will." – He came slightly closer, raising his fan towards his lips to whisper gently into Jin's ear. – "We are not alone on this island anymore." – The Count said and Jin's jaw clenched, eyes became sharper.

"He came?" – Jin murmured, barely moving his mouth and Count hummed in agreement.

"Beware, my darling. I sense danger approaching you. Now, quick, laugh like I've told you some juicy gossip. They all will die to know what it is."

And Jin did, he laughed suddenly, covering his mouth with his hand as to quiet himself, while he placed one hand on Count's forearm, squeezing it slightly. They could feel the eyes of the people on them, observing the two men exchange of words, curious of what the Count might have said to handsome lord Mangata. The whispers rose slightly around the two men, who seemed to pay no heed.

"Oh my Lord, how wicked of you, but I must say I thought the same." – Jin acted their little game
and Count grinned. – "Similar minds think alike I believe." – He said and bowed his head slightly towards Jin, who returned the gesture and they parted in search of fun. They knew that everyone will talk tomorrow how Lord Mangata and the Count nurture a close acquaintance.

A polite nod here, a bow there and Jin found his way towards the upper level, where he had a perfect view of the crowd downstairs, hidden from the rest by the pillars and high plants. The wall was tall enough to hide Jin from the waist down, and he was still visible for the people downstairs if they stood in a particular spot and raise their gaze higher. He knew who was coming and going, who spoke with who, who avoided one another, who flirted, Jin saw it all.

His gaze fell on the Count again who was standing with the Duchess, talking quietly enjoying some new gossips no doubt. He looks handsome as ever, in a gold coat and tight black pants and blood red loose shirt. Around his neck was a velvety black ribbon with Ruby stone, which fitted perfectly with his new cardinal red hair. Ruby ring adorned his hand as he elegantly waved the fan of black ostrich feathers to and fro. The Count felt Jin's gaze and raised his head slightly, their eyes meeting. The end of the Count's mouth curved upwards with interest before he returned his attention to his hostess.

-"He is always stunning, won't you agree?" – The deep voice spoke into Jin's left ear and he gave an involuntary jerk, turning to confront the intruder, only to meet Seunghyun's eyes, staring deep into his own. Jin felt a rush of his blood through his veins and his heart skipped a bit. There was something magical in Seunghyun, something that made Jin uncomfortable and trilling at the same time.

Jin forced his head back, to look at the Count again, who was now holding a glass of champagne and speaking with some gentlemen. Plenty of people tried to copy the Count's style, but none of them managed to carry it on with such elegance, mystery, and seduction. Jin swallowed and forced his face to relax again.

-"Yes he does. He is like a true dragon, stunning and dangerous. I'm just waiting for him to start breathing fire."

He heard Seunghyun chuckle, his breath tickling Jin's neck. He was very close, Jin could feel the warmth and alluring smell emanating from the man.

-"He is quite terrifying when he starts to breathe fire. Everything burns. It's deadly and terminal." – Seunghyun said. Jin felt Seunghyun's gaze slide down from his eyes, nose, and lips, down to his neck and his chest and down and down.

-"But I also heard the same about you." – Jin felt Seunghyun's finger gazing his nape and Jin tightened his grip on the edge of the small wall.

-"And what is that you head Marquis?" – Jin asked and Seunghyun smiled on the mention of his title.

-"Do call me Seunghyun instead of Marquis, I beg of you. My name sounds so beautiful coming from your lips." – The Marquis de la Choi said. Jin was quite surprised when he found out Seunghyun's title and rank, especially after seeing him half-naked on his knees in front of the Count. Technically, the Marquis had a higher title than the Count, but that didn't stop Seunghyun to fall on his knees in front of Jiyong.

Jin turned his head slightly to look at the Marquis.

-"You still didn't answer my question... Seunghyun."
Seunghyun smiled slightly, his eyes narrowed, which made his gaze even more intense. The Marquis licked his lips, his finger still traced small patterns on Jin's nape, but with his new words, it slid down following the line of Jin's spine.

-"I've heard you are also very dangerous man... Jin." – Seunghyun's finger kept drawing patterns between Jin's shoulder blades. Jin took a deep breath through his nose to calm himself, but it didn't help much. Seunghyun was one of the few people that knew his real name and Jin looked around to see if anyone heard.

-"Please refrain of using my name when others are present." – Jin said quietly.

-"But darling, no one is here." – He said and Jin realized that he was right. Everyone was downstairs dancing or in the salon and library, playing whist. Seunghyun's voice was deep and low, almost purring. Jin closed his eyes for the moment, enjoying the vibration it created in his chest.

– "You are very charming..." – Seunghyun's finger slid down as he spoke. – "...and very lethal." – Jin opened his eyes and Seunghyun let his finger slide more down, his breath was right on Jin's left ear. Jin felt like something was burning his skin, while Seunghyun's finger slid down, across the curve of his ass and between Jin's butt cheeks. Jin took a large breath, his hands gripping the edge so hard right now, that his knuckles turned white. He scanned the crowd to see if anyone was watching them, but no one could see what Seunghyun did, because the huge pillar was hiding them. Jin met the Count's eyes from downstairs and they gleamed mischievously like he knew what Seunghyun was doing to him. Jiyong bit his lip, his eyes going seductive.

In the meantime, Seunghyun's finger followed that curve all the way down to cup his balls across the trousers. Jin shifted as to move when he felt Seunghyun's arm on his hip, holding him still and the man's breath on his neck. Jin shivered at the sensation. He could have easily taken Seunghyun's hands off him, but there was something so alluring, so strong, that made Jin breathless. He forced himself not to move, enjoying this sudden sensual feeling on his body, wishing that there were fewer clothes and more skin on skin touch. His body craved this, it's been too long since he felt someone's touch like that. He arched his back slightly, putting his elbows on the small wall and spread his legs more, allowing Seunghyun's hand to go touch him properly. Jin bit his lips and let a small whimper when he felt Seunghyun fingers brushing at his cock from underneath.

-"Ever since the first time I've met you, I wanted to touch you." – Seunghyun's lips grazed Jin's earlobe while his palm cupped and massaged Jin's cock until it was hard and ready. Seunghyun gazed down at the crowd, who kept mingling, laughing and dancing, unaware of what's happening above them, all except Jiyong, who look everywhere and to everyone, but always brushing his gaze towards them so carelessly, to follow their every move.

Seunghyun pressed his hips on Jin's thigh so Jin could feel how hard he is as well. His fingers slid back against Jin's ass and around his hip to join his other hand, who was now unbuttoning Jin's trousers. Seunghyun raised his left hand towards his own face, covering his mouth. To anyone aside, he was simply brushing his face, but Jin saw his tongue licking at his palm. He leans his other arm on Jin's shoulder so it will seem that they are gazing down and talking in deep confidence. Jin almost gasped loudly when he felt Seunghyun's wet fingers inside of his pants, around his cock. Seunghyun leaned on his left elbow, his wrist expertly jerking Jin off, while his right hand slid back Jin's back to his ass, groping at the flesh. He was watching Jin squirm, fighting so hard to maintain his cold façade, not to gasp loudly or screw his face. With jaw clenching tightly and his brow shiny from the sweat, Jin tried to look carelessly down to the crowd, which proved rather difficult, since the pleasure was too much for him to bear, after so long time without it. Both of his hands were curled into fists and he was breathing heavily through his nose, swallowing his
own moans. However, the small grunt escaped his lips, eyes fighting not to roll at the back of his head as Seunghyun squeezed his dick in slow motion, stroking it carefully.

His other fingers, that were groping Jin's ass, left their place only for a moment to be licked and then placed back inside Jin's trousers to start gently brushing at Jin's rim.

"For fuck sake Seunghyun." – Jin breathed quietly, his entire body shivering. The fingers kept circling his rim teasingly until one breached in through the muscles. Jin gasped and buried his head into his hands like he was having a headache, the sharp pain shooting through his lower region. Seunghyun kept pushing his finger in and out of Jin, while still maintaining a calm pace on Jin's cock.

"People are starting to worry are you alright Jin." – Seunghyun spoke gently and Jin raised his face from his hands, seeing that few people gazed their way, brows furrowing as they noticed Jin's discomfort. They wondered what could have made Lord reacting so. Was it something the Marquise said or did, they wondered? Playing off the best he could at the given moment, Jin laughed shakily, hitting Seunghyun shoulder lightly, like Seunghyun just told him some interesting joke. Old tricks always work best.

"Oh you son of a bitch." – Jin hissed through smile and Seunghyun chuckled, using that opportunity to slide in a second finger. Jin bit his lip, forced smile wavering on his face as he breathed out harshly through his nose. – "Fuck." – Jin muttered, feeling the stretch as Seunghyun's fingers kept scissoring him now, hovering above his sweet spot, but never really touching it. The other hand was stroking him slowly, pulling him up, touching his slit and driving him insane. Seunghyun leaned down again to whisper in Jin's ear. – "I want to bury myself deep into this delicious hole of yours Jin. You are so warm and tight. You would feel fantastic around me as I fuck you. Would you like that? Do you want to cum?" – He asked, gaze buried on Jin's, who forgot how to breathe. He was so close, so fucking close.

Jin nodded slightly, trying to maintain his composure, instead of losing his mind. The next thing he felt was Seunghyun pulling out his fingers and retracted the hand from his cock, straightening himself up and Jin groaned.

"You are a massive asshole." – He hissed towards Seunghyun and the man just laughed.

"Well I can't fuck you here. I mean I could, but we would create quite of scandal. - He chuckled in low voice. - "Luckily I'm very good with the Duchess and I know just the place we can use. Are you still in?" – Seunghyun asked and Jin, who buttoned his pants back during this short monolog, straightened his clothes and gazed back to the crowd to see if anyone noticed how flustered he is, before giving a short nod. The Marquise start walking casually towards the window, wiping his hands on the drapery that hung there and spoke gently, but firmly at the same time. – "This way."

Jin ran his eyes over the crowd, finding a few newcomers and noted the absence of a few other people as well, the Count among them, before walking slowly after Seunghyun. They entered one of the many rooms in the villa. The room was dark, lightened only by the small moonlight that was creeping through the window, illuminating them both. Still some corners were pitch black.

Already angry flushed and hot, feeling his erection painfully hard, Jin turned and pushed Seunghyun against the wall the minute the door closed behind them. The latter let out the gasp, but he smiled, bucking his hips towards Jin's, while he locked the door.

"Oh I love playing rough." – He said and smashed his lips against Jin's, liking and sucking at it. Jin groaned and brought Seunghyun closer by the neck, returning the kisses with the same vigor, grinding their hips together.
"You said something about burying yourself inside of me if I recall correctly?" – Jin asked between the kisses and Seunghyun groaned, picking Jin up by his hips, and pinning him against the wall. Jin moaned, his legs wrapped perfectly around Seunghyun's waist, while his hands grabbed his hair. It was quite a long time since anyone managed to provoke this huge amount of lust inside him. Seunghyun's lips were like burning lava on his neck, hips grinding as he kept unbuttoning Jin's shirt, almost ripping it.

"Forget the shirt, put me down." – Jin whispered into his mouth and Seunghyun did what he asked of him. Jin sunk on his knees, unbuttoning Seunghyun's pants and pulling them down to his ankles. A loud gasp came from Seunghyun, when Jin took him whole into his mouth, his tongue licking around it, making circles and sucking gently at the tip like he is licking a lollipop.

"Oh Jin...oh." – Seunghyun panted, leaning one hand on the wall to keep himself straight, while he pushed the dark curls with his other hand.

Jin sucked at his tip, bobbing his head up and down, taking Seunghyun deeper with every thrust. He felt the push on his hair and Seunghyun hips rocking slightly in his mouth, fucking it and Jin took it all. He pulled out his own cock and started stroking himself.

"Stop Jin....s-stop." – Seunghyun spoke, gripping Jin by the hair in a warning. He was too close, not wanting to cum before he fucks him. He was so gorgeous like that, Seunghyun thought, lips red and on his knees, looking at him in a deep filthy way as he let go of his cock. Seunghyun wanted him very much, oh, very, very much. The hungry gaze he was giving to Jin shook the latter to his very soul. The passion and need they felt towards one another was too much.

"Fuck me." – Jin said and started to get up to reach the bed when Seunghyun stopped him and sunk on his own knees. He grabbed at Jin's hips, turning him around. His chest touched Jin's back before he pulled his pants down, pressing his face down to the floor, so his back and his ass were beautifully arched. Seunghyun almost drooled at the sight, allowing his saliva to gather under his tongue. He licked over Jin's rim, wetting it, watching as some dripped down his thigh, while the latter moaned, quickly muffling his moans with his hands. Seunghyun's tongue was torture, prodding inside together with his fingers, opening him wide. Jin shook, wanting more, craving it.

"Don't play Seunghyun...g-get on with it." – He barked and Seunghyun leaned straight and moved closer, lining himself. In one swift movement, he pushed in, growling deep and low, until he felt his sack touching Jin's ass. Jin screamed into his fist, feeling so full at the moment. The sharp pain had him in his grip, while his rim muscles worked hard against the much bigger intruder.

Seunghyun panted loudly against Jin's back, trying his utmost best to stay calm at the hot and tight squeeze of the muscles as he waited for Jin to grew accustomed to the size. He holds himself on Jin's hip, keeping him grounded while reaching to massage his neck and shoulders, willing him to relax. Jin panted from pain and pleasure, wanting more. He wanted movement, fucking grind, anything. He bucked his hips to give Seunghyun a sign to do something.

Feeling Seunghyun pulling almost entirely out, Jin mentally prepared himself for the hit and he wasn't disappointed. Several harsh and quick thrusts came, making him shout from pleasure an pain. He ravels in it, enjoying every bit. The sounds of skin slapping skin were too obscene and so perfect in Jin's ears.

Suddenly he felt Seunghyun grabbed both of his ass cheeks, spreading him wide and pulling his cock entirely. Something wet and cold started dripping inside and then Seunghyun tongue buried himself entirely to lick at his inner walls. Jin moaned, feeling the wiggle of the tongue, coating him with saliva more and more only to be split almost in half, when Seunghyun plunged his cock back inside, fucking him with more power and more roughness than before. It was deep and fast,
hitting all kinds of nerves in his body. His thigh muscles shook violently as he barely knelt straight, panting heavily. He reached back with his hand to pull Seunghyun closer, as he leaned to kiss him. It was more licking than a kiss, but they both needed it.

Bucking his hips in a wild speed, Seunghyun kept hitting the right spot every time. Jin's cock was hard and painfully leaking precum, so Seunghyun wrapped his fingers around it and started stroking him in the same rhythm of his thrusts. He saw Jin was close again, but this time he will not stop him. Quickening his movements, Seunghyun plant kisses at Jin's neck, muffling his moans in his skin. Even with the party still raging, whoever walked pass the room could hear them, which added to the thrill.

Faster and deeper Seunghyun went making Jin cum, shaking violently and panting heavily he fell down on his elbows again.

"Jin..." – Seunghyun slid his hand down Jin's back to grip at Jin's collar, pulling him back on his knees again. Once Jin was up, Seunghyun wrapped his long fingers around Jin's throat to growl into his ear. – "Jin... your ass or your mouth? Chose very fast."

Jin groaned when his now spent dick twitched in a new interest, provoked by Seunghyun's words and the voice itself. The ass would be just fine if he could take a bath right afterward, so instead, he murmured.

"Mouth."

Seunghyun buried himself few more times before he pulled out and grabbed Jin's hair, pushing his mouth toward his cock. Only a few quick strokes later and Jin felt the salty warm liquid hit the back of his tongue in strong waves before he swallowed everything down. Seunghyun let the low sexy moans that made Jin wish for round two. But no time....no place...

Once his orgasm was ridden off, Seunghyun let him go, falling back to lie on his back, panting severely. Jin straightens next to him and leaned back on his arms, trying to catch his own breath. They didn't speak a word for a while, trying to calm down, enjoying the afterglow. Eventually, Jin licked his lips and said.

"I was never fucked by Marquis before." – Seunghyun chuckle at that.

"I think Kings and Queens and entire nobility would like to fuck you. You are absolutely gorgeous." – He said and Jin's ears almost blushed, he was ready to say something witty, when Seunghyun continued. – "I know one Count who is dying to fuck you Jin. You know him as well."

Jin groaned. –"I know..."

"Then why do you refuse him? You want him as well, I can see that in your eyes even though you are pretending not to."

"Jiyong and I have a very complicated, but controlled relationship. We are good for work, but fucking would change things too much for my liking and I don't want that. Still, I can't deny that he is one very hot motherfucker."

Seunghyun laughed at that. – "He is...he truly is."

Jin stood up, but before he could tuck himself back to his trousers, he felt Seunghyun grip on his wrist. Jin looked puzzled, watching Seunghyun leaning in to lick the stipe of his cock, sucking at the tip. Jin hissed at the sensitivity, but Seunghyun paid no heed, cleaning him from every drop of his cum.
"Seunghyun..." – Jin started when Seunghyun straightened himself smacking his lips, after tasting Jin. Seunghyun reached and tucked him in, buttoning back his trousers and brushing at his shirt and coat.

"Are you sure you don't want to stay with me tonight?" – Seunghyun asked, but Jin shook his head.

"What will you do?" – Jin asked.

"Me? I will take some rest and then go back to the party, or home, or whatever I please." – Seunghyun answered, now sitting on the bed, and taking his coat off, staying in his sweaty shirt, his cock still peaking from his unbuttoned pants, with eyes gazing at Jin alluringly.

"Stop looking me like that, I have no time for another session with you." – Jin warned and Seunghyun smiled wider, eyes blazing hot.

"But you want to." – He asked, his voice low. Jin smirked at that and went to the door, unlocking it. He peers out to see if the coast is clear and before he stepped out, he turned his head to look at the Marquis again. – "Maybe..." – He smirked again before he left, leaving Seunghyun to smile to himself.

Seunghyun stood up and walked to lock the door again and then went back to sit on the bed one more time, unbuttoning the sleeves of his shirt that was still on him.

"Did you enjoyed the show, my love?" – Seunghyun asked a few seconds later and a deep moan came from the deepest darkness in the room. He heard ruffling of the clothes and the bed shifting slightly as someone has knelt on it and started moving. Two tattooed arms came around Seunghyun's neck and he felt the press of the man's chest on his back, kissing his neck.

"That was so hot my Precious...so erotic....I nearly came several times." - The Count whispered into Seunghyun ear, liking at it and nibbling. – "I had to choke myself not to make a sound, it was so fucking difficult. You made me so bloody hard." – Seunghyun turned his head, cupping Jiyong's head to lock his lips to his, licking inside until he found the Count's tongue. Jiyong moaned deeply when he tasted Jin's cum on Seunghyun tongue.

Jiyong purred. -"Oh, Precious you brought me a gift. Ohhh..." – Jiyoung licked some more, sucking at Seunghyun's tongue and rubbing himself on Seunghyun's back.

"I don't need a stretch... I love when it hurts...please..." – Seunghyun moaned into Jiyong's mouth and the Count got the message. He pulled Seunghyun on the bed, sliding the man's pants down and untying his own. Seunghyun licked his fingers and went to wet his own hole, his cock hard once again from Jiyong's words. Once he was naked, Jiyong grabbed Seunghyun by his hair and watch the man bend down, sucking at his cock and wetting it nicely.

Not be able to restrain himself more, the Count pulled him and pushed him on his back, bending his legs up high on his chest. Seunghyun was so beautifully presented and vulnerable for him like this. The Count loved that and couldn't wait for any second longer, before entering him swiftly, not letting him adjust. He kept pounding into him, brushing his sweet spot and making him groan and moan loudly.

He stroked Seunghyun's cock at the same speed until Seunghyun came hard for the second time that night. Jiyong however, kept fucking into him, now holding both of Seunghyun's thighs with his hands. The tears streamed down Seunghyun's face from the overstimulation. Seeing that, Jiyong spread Seunghyun's legs wide, lying across his chest, leaning on his own elbows, still deep
inside the other man. He reached one of his hands and place it around Seunghyun's neck, brushing at his skin, while the other brushed Seunghyun's tears.

"Oh my Precious... did I hurt you?" – He asked not slowing down a bit.

Seunghyun shook his head, tears still falling down his cheeks as he felt growing hard again, which was painful itself.

"No....No Jiyong...I love the burn... I love it... Please..." – Seunghyun grunted with the Count thrusts. Jiyong kissed him hard.

"Oh you look...oh... so hot like that...aah...so vulnerable... mmm..." – Jiyong keeps chanting into his mouth. His hips never missing the beat.

"So s-strong and dominant towards e-everyone else....oh... but so weak...ah, weak for me... aah mine...mine...fuck, you are MINE!!!" – Jiyong growled and bit Seunghyun's skin, snapping his hips harsh few times. –"You can fuck whomever you want..." – Jiyong growled, squeezing his fingers around Seunghyun's neck. – "But you don't let anyone..."- He snapped his hips harshly again, making Seunghyun whine. - "...anyone....fuck you..." - Jiyong gripped at his hair, tugging at it and biting him again, clenching his jaw hard until Seunghyun cried out.

"Only me Precious, only me..." – Jiyong chanted somewhat gently, kissing the bite as he jerked his hips inside. Seunghyun felt his cock brush against Jiyong's sweaty stomach, pressed uncomfortably by the grind of their skins. Jiyong licked at his collarbone, while he kept gripping at his hair and holding his neck as they rocked together in the ecstasy.

"Jiyong...please..." – Seunghyun choked, not able to hold on anymore. He was so tired, so spent and he needed to cum again. Rising on his hands and folding Seunghyun's knees to his chest Jiyong gripped strongly at Seunghyun's waist, placing his other hand on Seunghyun's neck and doubling the speed. He fucked Seunghyun with such power, that entire bed was shaking.

Not able to see Jiyong's face in the dark, Seunghyun felt the burning stare of the dragon on his skin, burning him alive as he started to lose the oxygen. Every stab of Jiyong cock on his prostate, send an electric current through Seunghyun's entire body. The need for air was restrained and he could take only a small amount of it. His heart was thumping hard and his mind started to drift into sleepiness. He gripped at Jiyong's hand that was around his own neck first but then continued sliding them down towards Jiyong's torso and feeling the muscles tightened with every thrust.

"Let go...my P-Precious... l-let go...cum for me...cum for me aah, aaaaahhh!!!" – The Count screamed as he emptied his load deep into Seunghyun. He let go of his neck and Seunghyun gasped for air, cumming loudly, untouched across his and Jiyong's stomachs. It was so intense that he could see only white in front of his eyes, his body convulsing in a wave of his orgasm and sweet air that he nearly cried again.

It took him several minutes to calm down and stop shaking. The Count cleaned him and then covered him with the duvet. He lay next to him, cradling his face and kissing it gently. Seunghyun had no energy anymore, his body was aching, still shivering as the muscles continue to spasm in small intervals. His eyelids were heavy and he needed sleep, but the weightless feeling he had was priceless. Jiyong kissed his cheeks softly and brushed his hair gently, murmuring sweet things to him, lulling him to sleep. He already told the Duchess that he will occupy his room for the night. She was his cousin after all, with a splendid marriage to a Duke of Harley and he was always welcomed to stay as much as he wants whenever he is in town.

Seunghyun tightened his grip around Jiyong, pulling him closer, as if afraid that he would leave
him, but Jiyong could never leave him. He was his, his precious, for years now and Jiyong's heart swells with that thought.

– "Sleep my Precious, I'm here... sleep." – He kissed Seunghyun's lips again, watching him drifting into sleep. He hugged him protectively as if to hide him in his arms, far away from anyone else. Seunghyun was his, only his and the Dragon always protects his gold.
Tae was entering his house carrying the box of medicine and drafts V ordered from Yoongi few weeks previous since Yoongi still refused to see him. He accepted his orders though, but only if Tae come to pick them up. So Tae did. He always liked to visit Yoongi and chat with him. Well, it was mostly him talking and Yoongi grunting the response, unless he is really in the mood, in which case he would tease Tae savagely. Today it was bearable, exchanging the town's gossip and other amusing stories, so Tae was in a good mood too.

He found his twin at the library, writing a letter. He came in, closing the door behind him before walking forward and placing the box on the table. V glanced shortly, returning to his letter, murmuring.

-"Did you get everything?"

-"What you ask, Hyung provides, you know him." – Tae answered, hands still brushing at the box.

-"And the smoke bombs?"

Tae reached to his pocket and extracted a small bag, filled with dozen of round smoke bombs and placed it on the table as well.

-"How's Yoongi?" – V asked, scribbling fast.

-"As always, works too much, eat too little, but I do believe he slept a bit, he looked less grumpy." – Tae answered after a thought. V let the annoying sound from his throat.

-"One of these days I will tie him down to his bed, feed him a good meal and force his own sleeping draft down his throat, so he gets some sleep." – He said and Tae cooed.

-"Aaaaw brother, I didn't know you had a soft side." – He teased and V ignored him, his quill running fast across the parchment. -"I believe it's all Hoseok Hyung's doing. He made you softer." – Tae added.

V's hand stopped writing and he raised his head to look at his brother, who was smiling down on him. V didn't know what to say since he couldn't lie to his twin and the truth was that he didn't know what's happening to him for the past few weeks. Ever since Hoseok came to Hyungsik, V couldn't think of anything else. Sure enough, they both pretended that it's nothing more than sex between them, hooking up more frequently now, sometimes adding Hyungsik in the equation. He knew that Hoseok was fucking around and the minstrel knew V wasn't idle either. It was a silent agreement not to meddle in each other's affairs with other people without the invitation, but V couldn't lie that he hated the thought of other people touching Hoseok. This feeling was so new and strange to him, that he didn't know what to think of it.

-"Don't even try to deny it." – Tae said, arching an eyebrow. V looked at his brother's eyes now, licking his dry lips, before he spoke calmly.

-"I'm not sure what... he...did to me Tae, but...I know I'm panicking a little bit."
Tae opens his mouth to tease his twin, but when he saw the seriousness and slight fear in his brother's eyes, he fell heavily in the chair behind him, staring at his blonde split image in shock. He had never seen him like this before and for V to admit of panicking. V? No, it can't be, Tae thought. He knew V was attracted to Hoseok, but he never thought that he would have feelings for him.

-"But..." – Tae started, frowning. – "What?" – He pouted, his face confused. -"Do you....have....feelings for him, brother?" – He asked after a few moments.

V blinked, looking at the parchment and around, exhaling loudly through his nose. – "I don't know." – He said. – "He surely messed up with my mind, his image appearing whenever I'm with someone else."

Tae hummed, considering. – "Maybe he is just good at sex, so others can't compete with him."

-"Tae, he is good at sex...damn...he is great even, but it's not that. It's...." – V stopped, leaning back at his chair, his gaze lost somewhere in the room.

-"It's...?" – Tae prompted him to continue.

-"I don't know."

-"V." – Tae gently called. V turned his head away, biting his lower lip nervously.

-"Brother..." – Tae called again.

-"I feel jealous." – V said through gritted teeth, turning to face his twin again. – "I hate seeing him with other people. I want to strangle anyone who put their filthy hands on him. I hate that he is selling his body to them Tae, I hate it!" – His voice became louder, as his nostrils flared and his eyes blazed ice cold. -"I hate that I have this....this need....to see him...to have him by my side. I hate that I constantly wonder where he is and whom he fucks... I hate that feeling TaeTae, fuck dammit I do." – He chocked and Tae saw his twin's blue eyes were shiny with tears.

Tae stood quickly and ran around the table to engulf his brother in a tight hug, sitting on V's lap, just like they were younger. V was breathing heavily now, trying to regain his composure as he hugged his twin back just as tight. It was always him comforting Tae, always him who protected him and brushed his tears. For the first time now he allowed being taken care off in his weak state, completely surprised by it.

"That's because you love him you sweet pabo." – Tae said in V's hair, planting a kiss on his blond locks, his hands stroking his back affectionately.

V pulled back slightly to look at him, gulping heavily. – "It can't be it Tae...this...this....it can't be it." – He choked and Tae laughed gently.

-"And why not? What's wrong of being in love V?"

-"I don't fall in love Tae, I never do." – He said brushing at his eyes and sniffing once.

-"Well, there is the first time for everything." – Tae said smiling, settling himself on the table now, still holding his brother's hand.

-"It's the wrong time Tae. Hyung is not here for a year and a half now. We don't know if he is dead or alive..." – V started, but Tae cut in. – "He is alive."
"How do you know?" – V asked curiously.

"I have a source, he's on Stigma."

"Aaaaah... now it makes sense." – V said, leaning back on his chair, his eyes lost somewhere again. Tae's brows furrowed.

"What makes sense?"

V gaze up to his twin again. – "Your informant... it's the Count, right?" – He asked and Tae nodded.

"He just sent me a message to meet one of his men on the Isla de Sangre."

Tae frowned. – "Why?"

V shook his head. – "I'm not sure, but I have a slight guess."

"Are you sure that it was he that sent you that letter?" – Tae asked suspiciously.

"It was sent with his sigil and he wrote that as a Dragon, not as a Count."

"Fucking hell." – Tae gasped. They've learned the differences between the Jiyong's signatures during the years. If it was signed by his title, it was important, but if it's by his underground name, the shit's about to get down.

"When are you leaving?" – Tae asked worriedly.

"I booked the ship for tomorrow morning, I should be there in two days."

Tae nodded. – "Do you have everything you need?"

"Yes, you brought me what I needed from Yoongi." – V reassured him.

"It's like you knew that you will leave soon." – Tae said frowning. V sighed. – "No, but I had a strange feeling I should restock my equipment. Leave me now, I have to finish my letter and write a note to the Count. He awaits my answer."

"Do you want me to come with you?" – Tae asked.

"No, he sends for me only." – V answered, returning to his letter. Tae nodded and turned to leave, but before he walks through the door he turned. – "V."

"Hmmm?"

"Talk to Hoseok Hyung."

"When I return." – V answered, still writing.

"Tonight V. Talk to him before you leave."

V grunted, but Tae was persistent.

"V." – And when his brother didn't reply, he added. – "You might not get a second chance to do so."

V's writing stopped again only for a briefest of moments, before continuing their scribbling.
"Tonight V." – Tae said and closed the door behind him.

V took a deep breath, dropping the quill and burying his face in his hands and then his hair, pressing at it, until he felt the blood rushing under it. He huffed again as he leans back, his arms resting on the armchair rests. He thought about Tae's words and his predicament, waging the right moment, pros and cons. He needed a clear head for this trip. Dragon asks for wits and speed and V must have his mind clear, without lust and jealousy. He must talk to Hoseok, Tae is right.

He huffed again and bend over the letter to finish the last few words, before he tossed powder at it, to dry the ink. He sealed his letter and left it aside while scribbling few words on the thin, small parchment. He rolled it carefully and went to his window. He whistled shortly and the small falcon flew inside, perched himself on the top of the chair. V approached him, tying the note to his leg and brushing his feathers slightly.

"Go home." – He said and the falcon spread his wings, pushing himself strongly and disappearing through the window again, into the sunset. How poetic, V thought, admiring the beautiful small predator, always wanting one, but never having enough patience to train them properly. He took his coat and his letter calling a small courier who was waiting downstairs. He instructed him to whom he should deliver the letter and send him his way. As for him, he went down towards the town center. He had to talk with certain minstrel.

He couldn't find him for some time, as he wasn't in the Inn, but he sat and had a drink, just to seem ordinary enough. He exchanged a few polite words with the Innkeeper.

"Is Hope performing tonight?" – He asked the old man casually.

"Oh no, not tonight. It's quiet...not enough guests."

"Hmmm..." – V hummed, finishing his drink and reaching towards his pouch to get the coins when the voice behind him spoke.

"It's on me." – V turned and saw Hoseok standing behind him. The old man smiled, nodding in acknowledgment and moving away.

"You don't have to..." – V started to say, but Hoseok cut in. – "I want to."

They were silent for a few moments. This new realization of his own feelings shook V to the core and suddenly he didn't know how to act around the minstrel. Sensing the tension, Hoseok said.

"Come and take a walk with me." – He turned and started walking towards the door, turning slightly to check if V is following.

They walked silently, gathering their thoughts, both waiting for the other one to speak.

"I'm leaving in the morning." – V said, looking at the road ahead. Hoseok turned his head so fast to look at him. – "Where?"

"I have some business to attend to." – He answered. Hoseok bowed his head. – "I see..." – He sounded disappointed. V glanced at him from the corners of his eyes.

"I will return in a week or so."

Hoseok forced a smile, it had not reached his eyes though. – "Well have fun while you at it." – He said.
"I'm not going for the pleasure of it Hoseok."

Hoseok nodded, not raising his eyes from the path ahead.

"What will you do?" – V asked seriously. They were in the secluded street and the darkness fell upon the town, only a few lighted lanterns show the way, leaving the large portion of the street in the dark still.

Hoseok huffed a laugh. – "Oh the usual, singing, teasing, drinking, whoring, write some new lyrics...I might visit Hyungsik again..."

The blood in V's veins made him bolt suddenly at those words. The jealousy surged through him and he pinned Hoseok, face forward on the wall, his body pressed tightly against the other one's back as he growled in his ear.

"I don't want you fucking around anymore. You are making me angry Hoseok." - V pressed himself more while struggling to restrict Hoseok's arms. Hoseok gasped, gritting his teeth, his dominant nature recognized the challenge and he growled back, wanting to fight. He pushed V from himself and turned them around, so now V's back was pinned on the wall and Hoseok's leg between his thighs, his forearm pressing against V's throat as he growled back.

"And you think I like seeing you with others V, hmmm? Do you think I can bare that? Do you!?"

They stared at one another angrily, panting. Their breaths mixed together as their bodies burned. They were like two angry dogs fighting for dominance.

"Tell me V...why do you care?" – Hoseok hissed and V's eyes bored into his with huge intensity. Hoseok gasped when V's arms grabbed and twisted slightly at the few nerve points in Hoseok's arm, causing it to lose strength. Hoseok hissed but was flipped again and pinned by his hands above his head. Their chests pressed together so tightly, that they were able to feel each other's heartbeats. They stared to one another, their breaths mixing in a hot swirl.

Beside them and a few stray cats, the street was abandoned. The small lantern few steps away gave poor light, but it was enough for V to catch Hoseok's glowing skin, full heart shape lips, his high cheekbones, and two intense staring eyes. The man was so beautiful, that V had trouble to breathe. That never happened to him before. He was never so enchanted by someone like this. He felt the urge to protect him and make him his. He felt the need to ravish him until he screams his name. V looked at Hoseok's lips and gulped.

"I care."- He murmured, still gripping Hoseok's hands tightly.

Hoseok swallowed, wetting his lips with his tongue. He waited quietly.

"I care." – V repeated again, leaning towards him and closing his eyes when his face touched Hoseok's. He nuzzled gently at his cheek, sliding down to his neck to inhale his scent.

"I care." – He said it again, whispering almost. It sent shivers down Hoseok's body. V moved over Hoseok's throat on the other side of his neck, leaving a soft kiss before he moved up, to his other cheek and upon his temple, kissing his forehead. Hoseok closed his eyes as V continued down, trailing his kisses on Hoseok's face, one on each eyelid, then his cheekbones, then his nose, the corner of his mouth and then finally his lips. Hoseok melted into the kiss. It was so soft, so full of care and hidden emotion, that he was breathless. V broke the kiss, leaning his forehead on Hoseok's as he breathed slightly faster.

"Do you want me?" - Hoseok whispered. V nodded.
"But I want more V." – Hoseok continued. – "I need more, I...." – V was nodding at this as well.

"I don't want anyone else..." – Hoseok said. – "I don't need anyone else...If I can have you." – V nodded again, still silent. Hoseok never saw the blond devil like this before, it shook him and filled him with hope.

"I don't want you to be with other people, not without me." – Hoseok said and V was now shaking his head in a silent no, agreeing with his every word. He felt the same.

"You are driving me crazy V, say something." – Hoseok chuckled exasperated. V took a deep breath again through his nose and exhale slowly, buying his time.

"I have....f-feelings....for you." – He finally said it, sliding his hands from Hoseok's as he leaned on the wall behind them, caging the red-head man.

"Yeah?" – Hoseok asked, wrapping his now free hands around V's neck.

V licked his lips, closing his eyes. -"You have no idea how much." - He said and he felt Hoseok's breathing quickened.

"You fucking asshole, it took you too fucking long." – Hoseok growled and clash his lips on V's, kissing him deeply. V groaned as he returned the kiss, hands flying around Hoseok. Hoseok jumped then, wrapping his legs around the blonde's waist. V's hands slid to hold him on his ass as he pressed him against the wall, enjoying the feeling of Hoseok's tongue in his mouth.

They kissed like that for some time, grinding against each other, until they were both breathless. Finally, Hoseok broke the kiss only to say. – "My room." - And V nodded, kissing him again, setting him down slowly before Hoseok took his hand and with one final kiss pulled him towards the Inn.

Tae stood at the docks, waiting for his twin to arrive. It was some twenty minutes when he finally did, and Tae momentarily noticed the glow emanating from him. V met his eyes and his lips curled slightly, still holding the serious expression on his face. Tae wasn't fooled.

"I see you talk to Hoseok Hyung." – He said grinning. His brother rolled his eyes, playing annoyance.

"Why are you here Tae?"

"Well...I came to see my stubborn brother before he leaves." – Tae said, folding his arms on his chest.

V raised one eyebrow. – "You never did that before." 

"Well you were never so foolishly in love before." – He teased and V frowned. – "I am not in love Tae."

"Sure, sure. Well, its best you get going, everything is packed, safe trip, take care, come back soon and all that shit." – Tae said looking down at his feet. V chuckled and spread his hands. Tae lunged
at him, hugging him tightly.

-"Damn, I love soft V." – He murmured into his neck.

-"Don't get used to it. I'm going to straighten that soft fool in no time." – V said and Tae groaned, breaking the hug. – "You are too bad V."

-"Precisely." – V said, grinning. He grabbed at his bags and went to the small ship, turning to face his brother again, as the vessel starts moving. – "Take care everything while I'm gone."

-"I will. I'll even invite Hoseok Hyung in mine and Kookie's bed if he feels lonely at night, don't worry."

-"You know I could still get you from here." – Tapping at his hip, where his dagger laid. Tae laughed.

-"Bye brother." – He said as he backed away slowly. V just raised his hand in silent goodbye.

Until his brother's ship was but a small spot on a horizon, Tae stayed and watch. He never liked when V traveled without him. It wasn't right when they were separated like that. Tae sighed deeply and went back to their house, allowing himself to be spoiled with food by their caretaker Nanni. He always loved the old lady. She was more like a grandmother to them then a servant and they treated her like that. He kissed her cheek and thanked her for the food.

-"Don't stay up too late Master Tae." – The old woman said and Tae smiled and nodded. He went to the armory and practiced his throwing for a while. He was not as good as his brother, but he still hit his target every time. Tae's specialties were strategy and extraction. He was a careful planner, reading people easily and improvising quickly. He was skilled in combat like any other Assassin, but he took no enjoyment in that as his brother did. V ravel in it, enjoying the adrenaline. He preferred open battles more, while Tae was more stealth, a quick kill from the darkness.

Tae kept his combat skills sharp only so he could protect himself and the ones he cares about. Now even more, since he met Jungkook. Speaking of whom, he was rather surprised not seeing him in the Inn last night. The Inn keeper's wife told him he took off that afternoon and still haven't returned. Tae just shrugged. It was alright for them to have their own obligations, but it was strange because they agreed to have dinner together last night. Figuring he must have forgotten about the engagement, Tae went home, where he spent the evening looking through some maps he's been studying for a while.

Around noon, he jumped suddenly, when a small falcon flew in the room, landing on the old globe in the corner. V jumped to his feet, recognizing one of The Count's many useful pets, and walk towards the bird, whispering to her gently. He found the note, tied up to her leg and quickly read it.

"Kjn ibt cffo dbqvsfe. 'Uif Tfb Npotufts' ibt tijn tpnfxfisf po Tuinfnb. Nz yfbfmt bsf tojggjoh tujmmp gps uif mdpbumpo. Cf rvjdl Ubfizvoh."

Esbhpo
Tae gasped. – "Fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK!" – He shouted the last word and the falcon screeched warningly.

-"Sorry." – Tae said apologetically to the animal. He read the letter again, automatically tumbling the words for one letter on the right in the alphabet. His mind was used to this secret code. He read it and used it too many times.

"Jin has been captured. 'The Sea Monster' has him somewhere on Stigma. My weasels are sniffing still for the location. Be quick Taehyung."

Dragon

Tae ran towards the table, writing the short note in the heist and with utmost difficulty slowly approached the alarmed animal.

-"It's alright...everything is fine darling...here...yes...good boy...you are a smart boy...yes you are...so good..." – Tae chanted as he fastened the note on the falcon's leg again. – "Go home." – And the bird did.

He went back, writing another, more encrypted message for his brother, bolting out of the window and on its roof, way up to the chimney, where he eased off one of the bricks and placed the note inside before securing the brick back. He ran his finger onto the chimney top, gathering cinder on his fingertip, before climbing down back into the study. He smudged his fingertip on the clean parchment, leaving the clue for his brother when he returns and ran again to prepare for the battle.
The day was pretty calm and the inn was mildly full. People came for a drink or food and a good piece of gossip. Hoseok sat at his favorite table. It’s been months since he and Jungkook came to Bangtan and stayed in the Inn. They supposed to move on by now, or at least get their own rooms somewhere in the town, but the Innkeeper was fair enough and gave them two comfortable smaller rooms and three meals a day for the exchange of Hoseok’s entertainment during the evenings. The Innkeeper couldn’t recall the time his Inn was so full, almost every night before Hoseok came in. The guy was a gold maker and the Innkeeper was a reasonable man. So the bargain was struck and the two friends stayed in comfortably.

Even though he was tall, strong and looked menacing with a sword in his hands, Jungkook’s big doe eyes had a lasting effect on the Inn keeper’s wife, who made her life’s mission to mother Jungkook as much as she could, not having children of her own and made sure that he eats regularly three times a day and drink a cup of milk before the bed. Blushing at first, unused at such affection, Jungkook tried to refuse but the old lady’s face was too gentle and who was he to reject such generosity.

Yes, Hoseok was sure, that they hit a jackpot with this place. He even liked the town and the people. They were good-natured and hardworking folks and even their nobility wasn’t that bad. Not as bad as they could be. Not nearly as bad as some they’ve met on their long journey. Hoseok didn’t think that he would want to stay someplace longer than a few weeks, but here he was, with no immediate plan of leaving... and then there is V, who was constantly appearing in his deepest thoughts. Hoseok was in the middle of imagining V’s lips and warmth of his body when a familiar voice called him.

-“Hyung!” – Hoseok turned to see Tae hurrying towards him, with a worried expression on his face. Hoseok tilted his head, furrowing his brow. – “What’s wrong Tae?”

-“Hyung where is Jungkook?” – He asked and Hoseok’s brows furrowed more.

-“I don’t know, I thought he was with you. I haven’t seen him since yesterday afternoon.”

Tae groaned. – “I can’t find him anywhere. Shit.” - Tae runs his hand through his dark hair, huffing.

-“Tae, you seem worried, what’s wrong?” – Hoseok asked, now worried himself.

-“Oh…” – Tae shifted. – “It’s nothing…it’s…just… do you have any idea where he might be? I need him urgently.”” – Hoseok never saw Tae so nervous before.

-“No, honestly, I have no idea, but he must be somewhere around. He never disappears for long. Maybe he went for a walk, brooding and stuff. Damn it Tae, calm down, you look like a wreck. Did you two had a fight?”

Tae didn’t answer but kept looked around the Inn, trying to catch somewhere the sight of his lover.
Hoseok placed his hands on his shoulders, turning him gently to face him. – “Tae, something is not right, I can see it…you don’t have to tell me what it is, just tell me can I help you?”

Tae looked at him carefully and then shook his head. – “No Hyung, you can’t, I’m sorry.”

-“But Jungkookie could?” – Hoseok asked and Tae nodded.

-“Yes, he might. Listen Hyung.” – Tae placed one hand on Hoseok’s chest and lean closer, speaking in a hushed tone. – “Something came up and I have to leave for a day or two. V isn’t here or I would ask him to go with me. Tell Kook, when you see him, not to look for me and both of you keep low until….” – He made a short pause, gulping slightly, before continuing, but Hoseok sensed that the situation is much more serious than it seemed at first. – “…until me or my brother return.” – Tae finished and squeezed Hoseok on his shoulder.

-“Tae you are scaring me now.” – Hoseok began, but Tae shook his head. – “Don’t worry Hyung, everything is going to be alright.”

-“Tae…what’s going on?”

-“Gotta go Hyung. Look after yourself.” – Tae gave him a quick hug, but before they’ve moved from each other, Tae whispered into Hoseok’s ear. – “Tell Kookie I love him.”

-“Tae.” – Hoseok’s eyes were alarmed when they let go of each other. – “You sound like you wouldn’t be coming back.”

Tae just licked his lips and huffed again, before he smiled unconvincingly. – “Of course, I will Hyung. Gotta go. Bye!”

-“Tae wait!” – But he was gone, expertly evading a few people before he ran through the door.

-“Where did Master Tae ran off to in such haste?” – The Innkeeper came closer, with a broom in his hand, which he used previously to swipe the floor. Hoseok looked at him and then at the door Tae just disappeared through and with the sense of dread, answered.

-“I had no idea.”

It was quite an uneventful day for Yoongi. Some people could almost say quite boring actually. He got up after three hours of sleep, took a few bites of the old cold broth he cooked two days previous and made a new batch of the sleeping draft that was commissioned, which he poured carefully into small vials and packed up for the courier who waited patiently to pick it up. It took the entire morning and the rest of the afternoon, but Yoongi was mildly satisfied.

Just as he was contemplating what to do next, loud banging at his door and shouts… – “Hyung! Yoongi Hyung are you in there?”…were heard and Yoongi groaned because he knew that voice very well and it was never good when Tae shouts like that. He went to open the door, grumbling in advance.

-“If this is again about your brother dying Tae, I don’t give a…” – He jerked his door opened and stop in a mid-sentence as soon as he saw Tae’s face expression. – “Fuck Tae, what happened?”
“Hyung, I need your help, please.”

“Come in.” – Yoongi moved to let the younger man in and look left and right at the dark corridor before he closed the door behind him. As he turned, he was met, up close, with Tae’s wide nervous eyes. Yoongi jerked.

“Shit Tae, you scared the shit out of me.” – He said, holding his heart and pushing the young man away so he could walk pass him into the room.

“Hyung. It’s Jin Hyung.” – That made Yoongi froze instantly in a mid-walk. He turned to look at Tae again. – “What happened to Hyung?” – He asked the dread was gripping him fast. He knew perfectly well who Jin was and of the constant danger, he was in. Yoongi never asked, but he knew. He also knew that the man like Jin must have had many enemies who wanted him dead and by looking at Tae right now, something is terribly wrong. Tae came closer, grabbing at Yoongi’s hand.

“You got to help me Hyung. V is not here, he is on the trip and I can’t find Jungkook, otherwise I wouldn’t be troubling you, but I can’t think about anyone else who could help and I can’t do it by myself, because I don’t know how many of them are there, or what weapons do they have or…” – He was rambling now and Yoongi gripped him by his shoulder and gave him a little shake. – “Focus Tae, what happens to Jin Hyung?!”

“They took him!”

Yoongi furrowed his brows. – “What do you mean they took him? Who? Took him where?”

Tae took a deep sigh closing his eyes, calming himself sufficiently enough so he could make some sense.

“I’ve got the news that some pirate captured Jin Hyung and took him somewhere. Now, I don’t know why, but I’ve been low key following Hyung’s whereabouts for the past several months since I haven’t heard of him for quite some time. He was on Stigma for this entire time.” – Tae said, his voice slightly wavering. – “This person has been asking about Hyung’s location for some time now and it’s not good. V knows about this. He told me not to worry much, that Jin Hyung knows how to take care of himself, but I couldn’t be calm Hyung. I just had that inner feeling that something was wrong, so I asked around, off the grid.” – Tae licked his lips nervously. – “My informant tells me that the pirate Captain finally caught up with him and took Jin Hyung someplace unknown.”

Yoongi jerked his head at this. – “Wait, did you say a pirate Captain?”

Tae blinked confusingly for a second before nodding. – “Yes, he says it’s a pirate Captain of… of…” – Tae scrunched his eyes and snapped his fingers a few times, trying to remember the name. – “Oh yes….the ‘Sea Monster’… but…” – He tilted his head, pouting slightly. – “…that mustn’t be right… I mean, the name of the ship… must be wrong, right?”

“Fuck no.” – Yoongi gasped.

“But Hyung I thought that ship was a legend, a tale-tale.”

“Oh that’s not tale-tale Tae, that ship is very much real and you’re right…it’s legendary.” – He turned, running both of his hands through his own hair, huffing loudly. – “I warned him this day will come.”

“Hyung… you… you knew about this?” – Tae brow was furrowed as he stepped closer to
Yoongi and as he didn’t answer, Tae took him by the elbow and jerk him to face him. – “Hyung how did you knew about this?” – Tae’s voice was deep now, which means they crossed the dangerous line now.

Yoongi looked at him, taking a deep breath before answering.

-“I know because I was there on that ship long, long time ago.” – Yoongi said quietly and Tae gasped. Yoongi removed Tae’s arms and lean on the nearby table, looking at the floor.

-“My father was a sailor but was charged wrongly of piracy and was hanged by the neck on the docks when I was six. Ironically, a couple of years later, when I was still a child, barely ten years old, trying to find a way to survive, I was captured with a few other smugglers, helping them to smuggle some goods to sell. I was about to be hanged just like my father when the pirates attacked. To make the story short, the pirates saved us and they took me in.” – Yoongi left the part when the Captain made him, a ten-year-old, to take a magic blood oath of life servitude. He was the old man’s slave in many ways, even though he wasn’t treated as such. He was mainly kept to keep Namjoon’s company, but to Yoongi, a life sentence of servitude is still a prison. – “That’s when I met Namjoon, the old Captain’s grandson, now the Captain of the ‘Sea Monster’ and the same person who took Jin Hyung.”

-“You know him?! But what he’s got to do with Hyung?” – Tae asked confused but immersed in the story. He could never believe how many layers of secrecy Yoongi had, but this one he could never imagine.

-“It was a year later that Namjoon was captured one day, while in search of…something. He managed to send us the location and we rescued him, but he wasn’t alone. Jin Hyung was with him. He was so young back then. We all were.” – Yoongi said, looking at Tae to gauge his reaction. His eyes were round and wide, his face blanks as he stared at him.

-“Jin Hyung was…..was on ‘The Sea Monster’?” – Tae asked. Yoongi didn’t answer. There wasn’t need, his expression was answer enough. ‘Fuck it!’ Yoongi thought Namjoon got Jin. Yoongi always wondered what would happen when Namjoon found out. Yoongi knew Jin was involved in the old Captain’s death. He didn’t know much back then. It all made sense later on, but for Yoongi, the news of The Cap’s death, meant Yoongi’s freedom, so he didn’t say the word to anyone. The blood oath was broken and Yoongi decided to leave ‘The Sea Monster’ with Jin that day. He never turned back. Now, it seems, his past returned to hunt him, just like it did to Jin.

-“But…what does he wants from him?” – Tae asked and Yoongi sighed looking at his feet again.

-“Revenge I guess.” - He lifted his gaze towards Tae, biting his lips nervously.

-“For what?” – Tae asked impatiently.

-“Probably for his grandfather’s death.”

Tae widens his eyes. – “You think Jin Hyung got something to do with it?”

-“I know he did. He was the one who killed him.”

-“But why, he helped Hyung.” – Tae was shaking his head slowly, disbelieving, but Yoongi corked his head.

-“The Order.”

Tae jerked his head so fast that Yoongi wondered how it didn’t snap.
"What do you know about the Order?" – He asked and Yoongi licked his dry lips.

"I know it’s there and I know Jin Hyung is their member. As I presume, are you and your brother, if I’m not mistaken?" - He said after a slight pause, looking at Tae, not managing to read anything from his blank expression, but he found the spark in the man’s eyes.

"Oh c’mon Tae, what do you think I am, stupid? All that orders you made and near death experiences you two had… the wounds…the trips…I know something is up and my bet is usually correct. I don’t need you to confirm it, just don’t take me for a fool. I lived much longer than you." – Yoongi went towards one of his trunks and took out a bag. He started packing.

"What are you doing Hyung?" – Tae asked after a moment, silently observing the other man.

"What does it look like I’m doing?" – Yoongi answered exasperatedly.

"It looks like you are packing. Are you going to help me?" – Tae asked carefully. He honestly didn’t know what to think about Yoongi anymore. He thought he knew him, but now he realized there was much he didn’t know and even more he will never know about his friend.

"How smart little Assassin you are." – Yoongi teased, but then his tone became sharper.

"I know where Namjoon took Jin Hyung. There is only one place near Stigma where he could have taken him and that’s not his ship. No, Namjoon would want to be alone with him, with the only a handful of his man."

"We got to hurry then! Hyung’s life will be in danger." – Tae said as he approached Yoongi, who kept rummaging through his stuff.

"Don’t just stand there, help me!" – Yoongi ordered and Tae jumped. – “Go and get the small purple vials… pack ten…upper right shelf.” – Yoongi said, pointing at the shelf and bend down to open few drawers. Tae went hurriedly to fulfill his task. A moment later he was at Yoongi’s side. – “Here.” – He placed first five of the purple vials and then the other five, carefully on Yoongi’s outstretched hands. – “Now what?” – He asked.

"Behind the barrel, in the corner, there is a small trunk, inside there’s some sleeping drafts, some remedies and the stuff you usually ask of me, go get it." – Yoongi barked and went to the other room, where his bed was, reaching under it and pulling out a small casket. Inside there were two silver guns. He took both out, together with shield harness. He put it on, carefully tucking in the pistols and tying the small pouch with the ammunition. He opened his closet and found his old leather coat that he hadn’t worn for almost eleven years. He put him on, closing his eyes as he ran his hands across it, becoming reacquainted with his old friend.

"Hyung, I packed it all, what else do you want…..me….." – Tae stopped when he saw Yoongi. He looked so different in this attire, that Tae was speechless. He looks much older too. Tae was lost for words.

"Hyung you look…woow…."’

"How eloquent." – Yoongi smirked, pulling out some clothed roll. He tossed to Tae, who caught it, startled by the sudden act.

"It’s for you, use it." – Yoongi said and went rummaging through his room in search of more weapons he hid during the years.

Inside the cloth was gorgeous throwing knives. Seven of them. Tae wondered at the odd number,
reaching to take one when Yoongi’s voice stopped him. – ‘’Watch it, the blades are soaked with poison. I would be extra careful if I were you, here.’’ – He gave him two specially designed leather harness for each of his thigh. Each had three slots where the knives usually laid shielded.

- ‘’But there are seven blades, but the only six….’’ - Tae started, but Yoongi pointed out the small ankle harness among the two big ones.

- It’s for your boot. It’s smaller, so you can hide it easily inside.’’ – Yoongi said. He stopped for a moment to look at Tae starring at the knives.

- ‘’Do you have your own equipment under that robe of yours?’’ – He asked and Tae raised his head to look at him, nodding slightly and then after a few buttons he opened his robe and Yoongi shivered. Tae was wearing all black, pants and shirt black as night, wrapped by all sides with a harness of different designs and sizes, filled with so much weaponry that Yoongi was taken aback. He never saw the Assassin in a full combat mode before and Tae with his handsome strong body and face of an angel, did something to Yoongi’s chest, it excited him beyond everything. He reminded him of V so much right now.

- ‘’Hell Tae…you look…’’ – He bit his lip and then turned hurriedly to get something, murmuring. – ‘’Hurry up, put these on.’’ – He pointed at the knives. – ‘’We need to go.’’

Tae just smirked, bending down to get the harness and to put around his thighs. They fitted perfectly. When he was done, Yoongi gave him his bag to carry and went into his laboratory. Tae looked at the bag and then Yoongi. Sensing the question coming to Yoongi answered calmly. – ‘’You are bigger, you need my help and I’m your Hyung, that’s why.’’

Tae chuckled and followed silently, carrying the bag.

- ‘’Hyung we could go by horse to the Eastern side and then hire a vessel to take us to Stigma.’’

- ‘’I don’t like horse riding, they stink and bite.’’ – Yoongi said, grabbing his way out of the halls and onto the streets, Tae at his heel.

- ‘’The horses are magnificent and graceful creatures Hyung.’’ – Tae protested.

- ‘’They still bite and stink.’’ – Yoongi said defiantly. In truth he loved animals, but after a bad accident with a horse, he was wary of them. He preferred cats and dogs over big animals anyway. Still, he did admire them from afar, but he would never admit that to Tae.

- ‘’They will not bite you, I can guarantee that, but I can’t do anything about the smell, although mine smell less bad then the others, because I groom them often.’’ – Tae said. – ‘’Still, it’s the fastest way.’’

- ‘’No, the carriage would be fast as well.’’ – Yoongi was stubborn and Tae gritted his teeth.

- ‘’Hyung, I disagree, trust me on this.’’

- ‘’Taehyung…’’ – Yoongi began exasperatedly, stopping in his tracks to turn and glare at the younger man, only to be met with eyes filled with cold fury.

- ‘’Hyung…’’ – Tae said in his deep dangerous voice. – ‘’Our Hyung is taken and he is tortured in all probability as we speak, so pardon my lack of respect towards you Hyung, but we will go by horseback with or without your consent and try to catch the best wind for tonight.’’

This was spoken in such a tone that Yoongi was speechless, mouth gaping as his stomach stirred.
He always liked the dominant man and even though he thought of Tae as nothing more as a beautiful nuisance for most of the time, he couldn’t deny that this was hot.

-"'So please stop fighting me and trust me. You’ve been in that hole of yours for a long time. You know the underground, but I know the outside World and I’ve traveled a lot to know the fastest way to go. Now, chose, will you have the horse of your own, or would you like to ride with me?'

Yoongi gulped, blinking away as he fought with his own thoughts and fears.

-"'Jin Hyung needs us.'" – Tae said and that was enough for Yoongi’s weak resolve to do whatever the younger man wanted of him.

-"'I don’t like horses and they don’t like me.'" – He said slowly, taking a deep breath. – ‘’I’ll ride behind you if that’s alright?’

Tae grinned shortly. – ‘’Of course, it is Hyung. I’ll strand the bags on other horse. Don’t worry, I won’t let them bite you.’’

Yoongi didn’t believe that at all until he saw Tae with his horses some fifteen minutes later. Both animals just tilted their ears when they’ve heard him approaching and neigh softly to welcome him.

-"'This is Yoongi Hyung.'" – He told them gently, patting their rears. – ‘’He is a bit nervous around you, but that’s only because he doesn’t know you yet. Be extra good to him, he is very dear to me.’’

Yoongi felt his stomach clenching warmly at those words, but he gulped again when he saw one horse eyeing him carefully.

-"'Nika likes you. Are you sure you don’t want to ride alone? She would be nice to you.'” – Tae said, patting affectionately a chocolate brown mere. Yoongi just shook his head.

-"'No, I’m fine.'”

-"'As you wish Hyung.’’

-"'I don’t wish, but I have no choice…”” – Yoongi started murmuring under his breath, thinking that Tae could not hear him, but Tae just smiled, hearing every single uttered word.

The black stallion was truly a wonderful sight to see. He was tall and magnificent.

-"'That’s Ruu, V’s horse. Nika is mine. We will go with Ruu since he could carry both of our weights effortlessly. Nika would carry our bags.'” – Tae said, brushing Nika’s snout gently with his palm, before fastening the bags on her back. He felt Ruu nudging at his back impatiently.

-"'Let’s go Hyung, we have some miles to cover before reaching our destination.’’” – He reached his hand towards Yoongi, palm up. Yoongi approached tentatively, eyeing the black animal carefully. V’s horse, of course, it would be something powerful, Yoongi thought. He could feel the power of those muscles under the dark velvety coat and the animal's eyes reminded him so much of his owner, but instead of icy blue, they were pitch black.

-"'Hyung.’” – Tae urged him quietly and Yoongi swallowed loudly. He glanced from the horse to Tae’s hand and then at the horse again, reaching out to place his palm on Tae’s and other on the horse saddle. He was hoisted up, feeling the animal under his thighs and then soon Tae’s strong back in front of him.
-“Hold on Hyung.” – He said, pulling both of Yoongi’s hands around his chest. Yoongi could feel the weapons under the black robe Tae was wearing. He slid his fingers down slightly, feeling his way until they found their place on Tae’s stomach, where strong muscles were flexing. Yoongi spread his palm across Tae’s abs and tightened his hold, putting his cheek on the latter’s back.

The corner of Tae’s mouth curled up in a silent smirk, but he said nothing. He gave a sign to Ruu and Nika and both horses jumped fast down the road, carrying them fast to their destination.
-“Will you stop doing that? You are making me nervous.” – Jungkook said, glaring at Jimin, who continued kicking at the locked door, trying to break them.

-“If you raise your lazy ass to help me out, we could get out of this shithole.” – Jimin said through gritted teeth, the sweat was on his brow right now and he took few steps back before he ran towards the door and hit them with his shoulder, only to wince slightly in pain. – ‘‘Shit.’’


-‘‘He is a prick that doesn’t know how to wipe his own ass!’’

Jungkook rolled his eyes. – ‘‘He doesn’t have to, he has someone to do that for him!’’

Jimin continued kicking at the door. – ‘‘Motherfucking asshole…and this motherfucking shithole… fucking prick…who does he think he is…. Motherfucking bastard… fat…fuckface… pig in the silk and a wig….fucking shitface…” – He kicked harder and harder.

-‘‘Jimin calm the fuck down! You are giving me a headache!’’ – Jungkook said irritably and Jimin screamed from frustration and kick the door again.

-‘‘Fuck you too, puppy! Who made you meddle!? I could take them all by myself!’’

-‘‘You could have your ass beaten if I wasn’t there to help you out you ungrateful asshole!’’

-‘‘Who do you call an asshole?’’ – Jimin came closer to him, angrily. Jungkook jumped on his feet.

-‘‘You!’’

Jimin grabbed Jungkook by his collar and pushed him against the wall. – ‘‘I have enough of you, pup! You’ve been nagging me ever since we got here and I’m sick and tired of it!’’

Jungkook gritted his teeth and hissed back. – ‘‘Can you blame me? We’ve been locked here because of you! They locked me as well because I helped you and you keep saying that I should mind my own business!’’

-‘‘Yes!’’ – Jimin yelled, punching the wall next to Jungkook’s head. – ‘‘That’s exactly what I’m saying, because then…” – Jimin made a slight pause, raising his eyebrows. – ‘‘…you won’t be here with me! And I won’t be feeling like shit because I pulled you into this shit!”’ – Jimin said, the anger leaving his eyes. Jungkook looked at him and then grabbed at Jimin’s hands around his collar.

- ‘‘But that was my choice, not yours. I chose to help you.’’

-‘‘But why!? You hate me!’’ – Jimin growled, tightening his grip around Jungkook’s collar, but Jungkook ran his thumbs across Jimin’s wrists, reassuring him.
I don’t. You are obnoxious and I would punch you in the face so many times, but I do not hate you! I admire your fighting skills and the fact that you are V’s best friend. That guy scares the shit out of me.’’

Jimin finally burst out laughing, clenching at Jungkook and burying his head in his chest. Jungkook first looked at him confused, but then started chuckling himself.

-’’Yeah, V is one scary motherfucker, isn’t he?’’- Jimin giggled and Jungkook’s smile went wider.

-’’Yeah he is.’’

Jimin let go of him, straightening out his clothes. Jungkook observed him carefully, Jimin’s posture, his hanging head and his hair that fall across his eyes. He panted slightly, trying to calm his breathing by exhaling audibly through his nose. He ran his hand through his dark locks, his eyes looked worried and pissed off about the whole situation. Jungkook felt a pang of guilt all of a sudden. He never gave Jimin a chance really, while in truth, he wasn’t so different from him after all, under all of that cockiness.

-’’I’m sorry.’’ – Jungkook said.

-’’Why are you apologizing for?’’ – Jimin asked confused. – ’’I’m the reason why we here in the first place.’’

-’’I’m sorry about my behavior towards you in general.’’ – Jungkook spoke, bowing his head slightly.

-’’Oh don’t you fucking do that ‘puppy look’ shit on me. I already feel bad that I’ve got you into trouble. Tae is going to hate me, even more, when he founds out.’’

-’’Jimin, c’mon, sit down. You’ve been banging at that door for a half an hour or more.’’ – Jungkook said. – ’’That door is made from thick wood and steel, you can’t break through. Sit down, please.’’

Jimin kicked the door once more, huffing annoyingly and puffing tiredly as he went with Jungkook to sit on the pile of hay, which was improvised as their bedding. Jimin took a deep breath.

-’’We’ve been here since yesterday and besides the jug of water and old bread they toss us under that trap door once a day, we don’t hear or see anyone besides us. I don’t think they pay attention to us, except when they feed us and change the bucket. I don’t think they heard me banging that door or even if they did they don’t give a shit.’’

-’’That’s because they know you can’t break that door.’’ – Jungkook said, but Jimin still had his own idea.

-’’But if we can break through together, we might escape.’’

-’’Jimin stop, please…even if I attack that door with you barehanded, without our swords, it’s too strong, that we are just going to hurt ourselves.’’

When Jimin inhaled a large breath to argue, Jungkook interrupted him by saying.

-’’We don’t know for how long that insult on Erl’s ego will hold us here, but I don’t think he can keep us for too long. People will start to wonder where we are. Hyungs will look for us.’’ – Jungkook said exasperatedly.
-“Shit you are right, but what if they don’t know where we are?”

-“I think everyone heard you insulting Erl’s small pickle dick. It must be the talk of the town by now. I think they could take a wild guess and be right.” – Jungkook chuckled and Jimin had that satisfied smirk on his face.

-“Hmmm true, but what is taking them so long?” – He wanted to know.

-“I don’t know, but I do know that they won’t leave us hanging here for too long.” – Jungkook answered calmly, leaning his head back on the stone wall. Tae is going to be so worried, Jungkook thought. He probably wondered why he didn’t show up for their dinner last night. Jungkook huffed.

Jimin runs his hand through his hair again, taking a deep breath. – “Shit, I am sorry Jungkook. I don’t know why I’m always on the edge with you.”

Jungkook smiled gently. “I think it has something to do with Tae, isn’t it?”

At that Jimin blinked and turned his head to look at the young man, who was now looking at him with the relaxed face of a man resigned to his fate. Yeah sure, Jungkook was irritable sometimes, Jimin thought, especially with his behavior, but nothing much that Jimin can’t tolerate. But when you add Tae….well…things do get complicated.

Jimin didn’t say anything, looking at his hands again but his silence was enough to answer for Jungkook.

-“I know you think he hates you though, but he is just pretending.”

Jimin looked at Jungkook again, hugging his knees like he always does when he feels vulnerable.

-“He is not?” – He asked quietly and Jungkook returned the look and smiled slightly.

-”He is not hating you Jimin. He just wants everyone to believe that he does.”


Jungkook hesitated for a moment, but then scratched his own neck before he spoke. –“Maybe because you always treat him like a piece of meat.”

Jimin’s eyes went wide. –“What?! I do not! I always said how great he looks, how beautiful he is!”

Jungkook raised his eyebrows in ‘oh yeah, really?’ kind of gesture and Jimin huffed.

-“Yes I always spoke how much I like him. You can ask anyone!”

Jungkook chuckled.

-“That’s the point, you tell everyone all the time, but not him.”

-“I do!” – Jimin interjected. – “I told him hundreds of times and he just ignores me!”

Jungkook shifted his body slightly so he was facing Jimin now.

-“Have you ever told him these things while you were alone?” – Jungkook had no idea of why he was talking about Jimin messed up feelings towards Tae, with Jimin of all people, but he felt that
Jimin needed to know. He needed to realize his mistake and stop doing the same wrong stupid shit and finally leave his man alone.

-’’ Well I don’t think we were ever alone per se… V was always with us.’’

Jungkook just kept looking at him calmly, waiting for Jimin to catch the meaning. He finally did.

-’’But even so, V is his twin, my best friend. We don’t have anything to hide from him.’’

Jungkook shook his head. – ’’You still don’t get it do you?’’ – Jimin just looked like him, so Jungkook continued.

-’’Instead of approaching him slowly, you said it out loud to everyone how great looking you think he is and how much you want to, khm, I quote you: ‘tap that booty, which is so divine.’ Now, I don’t know about your lovemaking, but I do know Tae, and he would find that rather insulting.’’

-’’What do you mean insulting!? And when did you heard me say it!? You know what, don’t answer that, it doesn’t matter, I’ve said that a lot of times, it’s true…I do think he is handsome and that I would fuck him, of course, I would!’’

Jungkook greeted his teeth at this blunt talking. - ’’The point is Jimin, you made him feel like a piece of meat for you to fuck. If he was to give in and sleep to you, everyone would be pointing at him as one of your latest conquests.’’

-’’But I don’t want just to fuck him, I want him to be mine.’’ – Jimin said matter-of-factly.

Jungkook’s tongue found his way licking into his own cheek. – ’’Others didn’t see it that way.’’

Jimin stared at him. – ’’You mean to say, if….if I kept my mouth shut, we would be together by now?’’

Jungkook huffed irritably. -’’I don’t know Jimin.’’

-’’You mean to say we could be fucking this whole time if I didn’t have such a big mouth?’’

-’’Jimin stops saying fucking, Tae and yourself in the same sentence or I will attack you.’’ – Jungkook growled menacingly, but then he spoke in a somewhat more composed manner. –’’But I must say, I’m glad you didn’t keep your mouth shut.’’

Jimin blinked the few times, still not believing it, looking up at Jungkook’s face and staring at him, hugging his knees closer.

-’’I can’t say that I’m happy for you two, because I’m not.’’ – Jimin said and hung his head on his knees, pouting slightly.

The silence lasted for a while until Jimin spoke, – ‘’I don’t think it was much of a love for Tae, that the idea of having him that drove me insane.’’ – He said quietly.

Jungkook looked at him. – ’’You only figure that now?’’

Jimin smiled slightly and then more mischievously. – ’’I wanted to fuck you too, you know.’’

Jungkook stared at him dumbfounded. – ’’Is there anyone you didn’t want to fuck Jimin?’’

-’’Of course, they are… 90% of them in fact…what do you think of me!? That I go whoring around!!’’ – Jimin said incredulously.
"Pretty much, yeah." – Jungkook answered right away.

"Wow, you are straightforward." – Jimin said in disbelief.

"Well can you blame me? When you are the one who goes around and says how many people you want to have sex with!" – Jungkook said, motioning with his hands at some invisible people for the effect. Jimin took an exasperated sign.

"I might say those things, but that doesn’t mean I’m doing it…not always anyway. Sure I do like sex, what’s wrong with that? Even you can relate because I know you’ve been fucking with Tae for a while now, you lucky bastard."

Jungkook blushed and smiled slightly at that.

"Just tell me this, who tops?" – Jimin asked, grabbing Jungkook for the arm. The young man pushed him slightly. – ‘I’m not answering that! The knight never tells.’

"Oh c’mon now Kook, there’s no time for false modesty and virtue. We might die here, so please set my mind at ease with this small information."

"No."

"Oh, c’mon, pretty please." – Jimin was persistent, but Jungkook stood his ground.

"No."

"Look at you all manly and shit, you must have topped him. I knew it."

Jungkook was silent, Jimin clapped his hands.

"Silence is giving you away pup, I knew it… you top Tae…of course you do, I would top that ass, oh yes…" – He said, not aware of the low growling on his left. He was so lost in his little fantasy until something came to his mind. – ‘But your silence could mean other things as well… you can’t say ‘no’ because that would mean that you don’t top him and that he tops you. Which made sense, Tae could be scary sometimes and so dominant.’

"Jimin!" – Jungkook roared and Jimin jerked his head to look at him. – ‘What?’

"I will not talk about my sex life with you, so stop making the conclusions. And for God’s sake, stop imagining fucking my Tae!" – He emphasizes the word ‘my’, so Jimin would, hopefully, finally realize and drop the subject alone.

Jimin blinked, but then smiled teasingly. – ‘I can imagine myself fucking you Kook.’

Jungkook groaned. Jimin continued.

"Why not? You are a hot guy and so I’m I…we are locked here in this shithole… it’s little stinky down here, but hey, we could blow up some steam together."

"Jimin I swear I will punch you in the face!" – Jungkook warned and Jimin laughed. – ‘Oh relax you big brute, I’m just kidding.’

"You have a weird sense of humor." – Jungkook said, still annoyed. Jimin just chuckled, tossing his head back, smiling. They entered the silence again, not really wanting to talk about anything. The time pass slowly when you are locked in the small empty room, not knowing when or if you going to get out.
The nights were the worst. The cell was cold and they had only their body heat to warm them. At first, they were reluctant to sleep near one another, but after they start shaking from cold, they huddled close and it was so much better.

Sometimes Jungkook would be jerked from his sleep by Jimin’s small whimpering and tossing, but with few... – ”Go back to sleep Jimin.” – …the whimpering will stop. This night, however, was way worse. Jimin started rocking slightly, weakly whimpering and grunting. His body shook violently. Jungkook shook him to wake him, but Jimin was fast asleep, still panting. The last thing Jungkook wanted is to be close to Jimin when his having one of his wet dreams, so he put his hands on him to push him away, but what came from Jimin’s mouth froze his actions instantly.

-”N-no …please…don’t…don’t do it…please” – He mumbled and Jungkook leaned on his elbow to hear the other man better. It was so dark, he couldn’t see a finger in front of his nose. He shook Jimin slowly. – ‘’Jimin, wake up. You are dreaming.’’ – But the whimpers continued, becoming even louder.

-”Don’t please… don’t do this…not again… please… you are hurting me…it hurts…it hurts… aaaaaah!!’’

-’’Jiminah!’’ – Jungkook shook him violently and Jimin continued tossing and pushing him away.

-’’Let go of me! No, don’t do it! Please don’t do it! Not again!’’ – Jimin sobbed and it took Jungkook big amount of strength to pin his hands above Jimin’s head and to straddle his hips, pinning him with his body, but that seemed to have even the worst effect on Jimin because he started yelling.

-’’Get off me! No! Get off…please… no!’’

-’’Jimin! Calm down!’’ – Jungkook shouted as well, but Jimin didn’t hear him, still in between his nightmare and reality. He screamed at Jungkook, thinking him he was somebody else.

-’’Get the fuck away from m-me! You will not…no...again! I…I will...c-cut you...motherfucker!’’

Jungkook could only struggle to hold Jimin tight.

-’’You can’t touch me! You can’t…you…you can’t hurt me! I will….I will c-cut...I will cut! Don’t….don’t t-touch m-me!”’’ – Jimin screamed and sobbed, angry and scared at the same time. The darkness was never Jimin’s friend. All the bad things happened in the darkness.

Jungkook was shocked, but quickly wrapped his arms and legs around Jimin’s tossing body and rolled them on his back, Jimin now in his arms. – ‘’Jiminah you are safe now. You are safe. He will not get you. I will not let him. It’s ok. It’s ok.’’ – Jungkook chanted in Jimin’s ear and Jimin feeling the change or finally realizing where and with whom he is, tensed for a moment. His body tight like a string.

-”It’s ok Jimin, you are safe now…” – He rocked him gently. – ‘’I won’t let him get you. I promise…I promise.

-’’J-Jungkook?’’ – Jimin’s voice shivered and Jungkook hugged him even closer.

-’’Yeah, it’s me… it’s me Hyung, you are safe now, it’s ok.’’

Just then, Jimin’s strength left him and he started sobbing painfully. Jungkook cried with him. He never realized the horrors that Jimin might have went through. He always thought him of a spoiled brat, who had everything, but it seemed the truth was much more terrifying.
It took Jungkook a better part of the night to calm Jimin sufficiently enough to pull him on the hay and spoon him gently, hugging him close. Jimin kept sniffling.

"Jungkook." – He said weakly. – "P-please don’t say this to anyone."

"Jimin."

"Promise me, please, that you will not say anything to anyone…even Tae, p-promise me."

"I give you my word Hyung."

Jimin sighed with the relief and snuggled his back to Jungkook’s chest.

"Hyung." – Jungkook called weakly.

Jimin knew what he wanted to ask, so he sighed again, deeply this time, exhaling roughly through his mouth and sniffling again, before he started to speak.

"I was the o-only one who resembled my mother the most. None of my brothers did, just me. My sisters did as well, but me the most. I was the youngest and she died, giving birth to me. My father never forgave me that. He made sure that…I know just how much he hated me." – Jimin made a small pause, plucking out the strength to continue. – "That is until he changed towards me when I grew up a bit." – Jimin shuddered and Jungkook felt the dread creeping into his bones.

"You see…he is a proud man…my father. He loved my mother very much and he never married again. His sexual needs were fulfilled by maids and whores, but as I grew, he started watching me differently. For the first time ever he started noticing me and I was happy at first, hoping that finally, he sees me the way I am, brave and talented, but I just reminded him of her, my mother, and he started losing his mind. The first time it happened…he came into my room drunk. It was the middle of the night and everyone was sleeping. He started touching me and kept calling me my mother’s name and how much he missed me. He thought I was my mother. I struggled against him, but he slapped my face and turned me around. I never felt such tearing pain before. He pretended nothing happened the next morning. I was only thirteen."

Jungkook had difficulty breathing, he was so furious, his heart was thumping fast as he imagined small Jimin in such pain. Jimin didn’t pay attention as he let the words flow from his mouth for the first time.

"The second time it happened, he was drunk again, but this time he knew who I was, there was no doubt. He called me his little slut and slap me, turning me around and trying my hands on my back. He told me I was gorgeous and gentle, even more, beautiful than my sisters as he panted above me. I could feel his sweat dripping down my back. It made me sick. I begged him to stop, but he didn’t want to listen. I screamed so much, but no one came in to help me. None of my brothers came. None of them cared enough."

By this time Jungkook shook violently, listening to this gruesome story.

"I was so hurt and betrayed in so many ways. I hated myself because of it. I thought it was me who did something wrong. Me who provoked his lust, because I was enjoying his short attention too much."

"Fuck Hyung." – Jungkook gritted his teeth, tightening his hold on Jimin and burying his nose in Jimin’s neck, trying to calm himself.

"Afterwards, I kept avoiding him as much as I could. I didn’t want to go home. I didn’t want to
sleep. At night I would lock my room. Sometimes it would work, but on other times he would simply break the door, depending on how drunk he was. My siblings, the staff no one dared to say anything, until one of my sisters Nyssa came in after my father blasted the door off my room and was now pinning me on the bed, ripping my clothes.”

Jimin made more sniffling and whimpering sounds, few sobs escaped him as he composed himself again to continue.

-“S-she had a small crossbow in her hand and… h-he froze when he saw her. She didn’t say a word to him, just kept staring at him and he stood, walking away until he left the room. Until this day I don’t know why…” – Jimin licked his lips and sniffled. – “I don’t know why he was so afraid of her, but he always was. He used the first opportunity to get rid of her, by marrying her to some old Marquis, but by that time he stopped coming to my room at night for a while.”

-”He did use every opportunity to humiliate me in front of his friends, which was better than him violating me at night, but I could still feel his uncomfortable gaze down my body each time. I felt so filthy, no matter how many baths I had and how thoroughly I scrubbed my body until it almost bleeds.”

His voice was so thin now, so fragile. It was hard to listen. Junkook felt heartbroken, his tears sliding down his cheeks as he sniffles and trying to swallow a sob in his throat.

-”I never told anyone about this, not even V. Only Nyssa acknowledged it, she was there and she stood up for me in her silence and deadly glare. I will never forget her that night. She looked like some terrifying angel of death, who saved me a bit too late, but still… everyone else kept pretending that nothing was happening. I was good at pretending that I’m fine and I made myself to be great. I became stronger and more careful. My father watched my every achievement from afar, frowning.”

-”The last time he attacked me, I got a knife between his legs. I told him to fuck off and to never touch me again. He never did. I moved afterward. People think I got his money, but I didn’t take a penny from him. All I have is from tournaments, betting, competing and clever investing. It worked because of V. Because I knew that he would never leave me to go hungry or without a roof over my head, so I was bolder and more reckless, but luckily it was a good fortune….finally.’’

Jungkook listened all in silence, breathing deeply, but at this, he asked.

-’’Why haven’t you told V about this? He could have, maybe, help you sooner.’’

Jimin chuckled. – ‘’V would have killed the old man, he was scary sometimes, even for me, but I didn’t want him involved. I didn’t want him to know, to look at me differently. I wanted to feel a free man whenever I’m with him, whenever we have fun together. I didn’t want to see pity and sorrow in his cold eyes, not towards me anyway.’’

-’’I am sorry that happened to you Hyu…”- Jungkook started, but Jimin shifted around and interjected.

-”Don’t you dare feel sorry for me Jeon Jungkook. I don’t need your pity. What’s done is done, it’s in the past. It made me the man I am today and I accepted it.”

-’’What just happened tonight doesn’t show that you accepted it very well.’’ – Jungkook said seriously.

-”Dammit Jungkook, it will always be the most traumatic experience for me. What do you want
me to say, that I don’t have nightmares like that anymore? Of course, I do, you witnessed one now, but that doesn’t mean that I’m still afraid of him when I’m awake. It’s just… this darkness… it’s doing things to me…it terrifies me in a way, because I know there’s no light anywhere. Even the Moon abandoned us, the sky is cloudy and there are no stars. The night is darker than ever, or so it seems to me.’’

-’’Okay, okay...I am with you now Hyung...I won’t let anything happen to you, I promise. Thank you for trusting me…try…try now to get some sleep.’’ – Jungkook said quietly, trying to stop the lump in his throat, nuzzling his face back in Jimin’s hair and Jimin relaxed again, exhaling slowly and settling back into Jungkook’s arms. Soon he fell asleep again. Jungkook, however, wasn’t able to. He spent the rest of the night thinking and cradling Jimin in a protective embrace.

The next day they didn’t talk much, but there were unspoken understanding and respect between them. Somewhere around the noon, the door of their cell opened and three guards came in.

-’’You are free to go.’’ – One of them said and two young men just looked one another, before jumping up on their feet and went to follow the guards.

Outside on the nice clean air, it was raining. Jimin wanted nothing more, but to stand under it and let it wash the sweat and stench from the cell, but the carriage stepped in front of them. The door opened and Jungkook saw a smiling face and red hair.

-’’You bloody asshole, do you have any idea how worried I was!?’’ – Hoseok’s voice echoed Jungkook’s ears. He was so glad to see him. – ’’What are you waiting for? Get in! Both of you!’’ – He said and moved his head back in. They jumped in one after another. Hoseok had his hands around Jungkook, hugging him, but quickly pushing him away. – ’’Damn you could use a bath.’’

-’’Well it happens after five days in the cell without soap and water.’’ – Jungkook said.

-’’I must say I can’t wait to throw away this clothes and sink in the bathtub.’’ – Jimin said, brushing his hair back and leaning against the cushion. – ’’Can we leave this place please?’’ – He asked.

-’’Soon my friend. We are waiting for someone.’’- Hoseok said and both Jimin and Jungkook raised their eyes. – ’’Who?’’ – Jimin asked at the same time Jungkook did. – ’’Tae?’’

But the sudden opening of the door, spared Hoseok of any answer because the next person who entered the carriage was none other, but the Count, Jiyong Kwon, of the house of G-Kwon himself. Jungkook bowed his head instantly, as did Jimin, even though he didn’t know who the man was.

-’’Count, y-you here.’’ – Jungkook stuttered, but the Count just brushed the words with his hand.

-’’Call me Hyung, no need for the titles. We are all friends now are we not?’’

Hoseok smiled and knocked for the driver to go. Soon the fast rocking of the carriage, as the horses pulled fast was running through the cobbled streets of Bangtan.

-’’Count…I mean Hyung…what are you doing here?’’ – Jungkook asked and Jiyong smiled.

-’’I was passing by when I came across Hope. He was frantic, trying to get you out from the prison. I must say Jungkookie, I was a bit disappointed in you, for letting yourself into this kind of predicament in the first place.’’ – Jiyong said in disapproving tone and Jungkook bowed his head. Jimin who saw that Jungkook wasn’t about to do anything to defend himself, spoke firmly.

-’’It’s my fault he got caught in the first place, so if you have to blame someone, blame me. He was
just trying to help me like the young and loyal fool he is and I’m very thankful for it.’’ – Jimin said, looking gently at the young knight, who smiled at him from the other side of the carriage. Jimin’s head turned towards the man who sat on his left.

The Count’s eyes looked at Jimin carefully, before he spoke. – ‘’I met your sister, the Marquise, a few years ago, young Jimin. She mentioned of having a younger brother in Bangtan, but I must say, you are even prettier than her.’’ – Jimin’s eyes were wide, while the small blush adorned his cheeks at the Count’s words.

-‘’Ah Hyung stop making Jiminie blush.’’ – Hoseok laughed and playfully smacked Jiyong’s arm. The Count smiled as he looked at Hoseok and then back to Jimin again.

-‘’Call me Hyung Jiminie. We are going to be good friends after all.’’ – He said, smiling cunningly.
"Hello Seokjin. Long time no see." – Namjoon said, holding Jin completely paralyzed with a simple spell. It was almost too easy, Namjoon thought. He came closer to the unmoving man sitting in the chair, his eyes were the only thing that was moving. They didn’t show fear, nor hatred, but a simple acceptance of his fate. Namjoon stared at Jin, the entire play of emotions danced on his face. He was always naked in front of him, he could never hide his emotions in front of Jin. Not like Jin could.

"After all these years you haven’t lost a grain of your beauty, what’s more, you are even more mesmerizing than before." – Namjoon observed Jin’s face, it was perfect. Skin gentle, beardless, sharp jaw and big plump lips. The slight wrinkles around his eyes and mouth showed character and gave even more beauty to his face. His eyes are the only thing that changed since Namjoon last saw them. Those were the eyes of a man who saw too much, survived and learned so many things. Those were the eyes of a grown man, filled with wisdom and harshness of life, much like Namjoon’s were.

His body was tighter, more masculine, more defined. His hands only seemed gentle, but Namjoon knew they spilled blood so many times. One thing hasn’t changed and that’s Jin’s ability to shake Namjoon to the core with his presence and Namjoon hated it.

"You aged so gracefully I must say." – He walked around Jin, who followed him with his eyes, observing his every move as much as he could.

"You know I spent years planning what to say and do to a man who killed my grandfather. All those ideas. I wanted him to suffer pain, then to extract every bit of information to chase the ones who order it. I wanted to hunt them one by one and murdering them slowly. I must admit to you that I’ve killed a handful of man who had nothing to do with it by mistake, but they were bad men, so they didn’t deserve to live anyway."

Namjoon bends down to look at Jin more closely, his finger brushing Jin’s cheek, down to his jaw.

"Can you imagine how surprised I was when I found out that the Assassins had given the order. One of your brothers was simply at the wrong place at the wrong time, well…” – He chuckled. – ‘’…the right place and the right time for me though. He was young, an apprentice maybe, just like you were back when we first met. Right about the time you lied about who you really are. I don’t know whether or not you were a scared boy back then or simply too brilliant for your own good. This one, however, wasn’t so smart like you, no…but he was brave, I’ll give him that. He tried so hard to keep his secrets from me. Jihoon if I remembered correctly, yes…my first one. Hah, he even cursed me to the Devil’s pit, but he cracked as they all do.” – He made a pause, circling Jin once and then twice, putting one of his hand on Jin’s shoulder in a tight grip.

"I grew stronger Seokjin, much, much stronger since the last time you saw me.” – The grip was now painful, but Jin couldn’t move. His eyes look pained but still calm. Suddenly, he felt Namjoon’s warm breath on his right ear. – ‘’Do you remember what I can do?” – His fingers ran through Jin’s hair, leaving the scalp tingling. – ‘’Do you remember how I loved to go inside a
human’s brain and flick through the pages of their memory?”

Jin remembered this of course, but quite the opposite of love. He saw Namjoon do it countless of times and it was never pleasant. But what Jin also remembered was that the man he knew before hated it. It was making him less human and he grieved for each life he took that way, whether they were evil or just bad. The old Namjoon he knew would never have this cruelty in his eyes as this one does. The old Namjoon would have killed him instantly, instead of playing with him like a cat that plays with a mouse. This Namjoon was a stranger to him. This Namjoon locked the real Namjoon somewhere in the depths of his soul if he still has one. Jin listened to the stories about magic and why it was such a taboo. The magical people were always unpredictable and those with less control were more like a ticking bomb, extremely dangerous. That’s why they were usually hunted and killed right away. The children born with the pinkish skin mark that reminded of the ink blotch were killed instantly, unless hidden by their parents, usually mothers. Both of the twins had it, hidden behind their ears. Tae had it on his left side, while V got his on the right. Because of that Jin always made them wear long hair to cover it, to keep them safe. He also knew that magic attracted to magic and that if Namjoon ever goes in search of him he would take the twins away. Their magic, even though bounded, were visible underneath their skin. They were different, their magic was perfectly balanced by each other, connected with the invisible lines of their blood. Jin knew that Namjoon would have wanted them, to use or to kill, Jin wasn’t sure which one. What Jin didn’t know just how much power Namjoon had, but somehow he got the feeling that he was about to find out. The stronger the magic, the easier is for her to consume you because magic is not something to be ruled, but something to be carefully used. The only thing you can do is to try and control yourself, so it won’t get a hold over you. Namjoon, as it seemed, has lost his control and Jin was now faced with magic itself and not the man who wields it.

The brush of Namjoon’s lips on his neck jerked his mind back to the present. It was but the fluttering touch, but for Jin, it was a reminder of a past and what this man meant to him. Namjoon’s words, however, were blood freezing.

-“After days of carefully executed, quite painful if I may add, memory extractions, in which he screamed a lot I found out the story of an elite assassin who killed the old notorious pirate Captain.” – Namjoon left Jin’s side to go around and stand in front of him. – “I was this close…” – Namjoon bent his index finger towards his thumb to show the tiny closeness. – “…to find out who the assassin was, but the young lad found in himself the last drop of strength and control to plunge his hidden blade, that I so carelessly allowed him to keep, into his throat. You see I got him all paralyzed, just like I have you now. I saw no point of disarming him since I thought of myself unbeatable, but make no mistake, I was quite weaker back then. I allowed him to take away the knowledge that I’ve needed, by cutting his flow of thoughts. I never allowed myself the same mistake again.”

Namjoon leaned back to stand straight again and walked around the room. – “So I start to hunt, interrogating every assassin that came to my path, all of whom just heard the rumors. Neither of them actually saw the Assassin nor knew his real name. They all knew him as ‘Beautiful death’. I should have known it was you. You were always so deadly and gorgeous, but somehow I never wanted to admit to myself that you would be capable of such treachery. Never have I wanted to entertain the thought of you being the one I despise so much. I was naïve back then I still believed in the good in men, but you prove me wrong Seokjin and I never forgave you that.” – Namjoon’s hands shook a little as he spoke those words and Jin saw the anger rippling slowly on the surface of his skin.

-“It was then I realized I was on the wrong side of the world. So I went back, leaning more and more on my way until I came across your name. Your real name. The name that I knew so well. The name that I spoke over so gently so many times in the intimacy of the darkness we shared for
so long. The name of a man that as I thought loved me the same, but instead, made me feel like a fool. The name of Kim Seokjin.’’

Namjoon crossed the room in two large steps to grab Jin’s jaw and jerk his head to roar in his face. Jin felt his neck crack from stiffness and sudden movement.

-‘’Can you imagine the betrayal I felt!? That you of all people used me as a puppet to get so close to your target. That you lied and deceived everyone, including my grandfather and then killed him. What’s even worse you stayed! You comforted me! You stood by my side and hugged me you lying son of a bitch! You stood there and swore to me that you will make the killer of my grandfather suffer for what he had done and all this time it was you!!’’ - Namjoon slapped Jin across the face, which would topple him off the chair if it wasn’t for Namjoon’s spell.

-‘’The only reason you are alive now Jin is to tell me where the artifact is hidden? I know you know where it is!’’ – Namjoon said through gritted teeth, the hate emanating from him in abundance. So…he was just like his grandfather, Jin thought. After all, the apple doesn’t fall far from a tree, or at least, not when the artifacts were in question. Jin felt the spell slipping from his face and he was able to open his mouth, but instead of answering, he simply spat at the mage. – ‘’Fuck yourself Namjoon.’’

Namjoon’s amber eyes blazed dangerously. Jin knew where the last two artifacts were and how did they look like. One he took from Namjoon’s grandfather that night. It was the same one he found in the Baron’s safe and the other he was given when he was very young. Both were now safely hidden in different locations and Jin was ready to die to protect it from Namjoon.

The artifacts in the hands of Namjoon’s grandfather, who was not magical, could do very little once collected together, but still, give him an advantage over his many enemies. He was ready to murder anyone for it and for that had to be put to death. The same artifacts in Namjoon’s hands however and with his magic, were deadly as hell itself. The legends surrounding the artifacts from the past speak about massive catastrophes and tyranny, which led a few trustworthy people to separate and hide them at different sides of the world. The protection of the artifacts was passed from generation to generation and Jin’s family was one of those protectors. Now they were almost forgotten, but the few treasure seekers that still believed in legends. Namjoon was one of them.

Jin knew what Namjoon meant to do to him even before he raised his hand towards his head. The years of practice and mental control filled Jin with the hope that he would, at least, manage to hold Namjoon off from digging out his thoughts for a while. Just enough to piss him off and for Namjoon to kill him in his fury. Or until Jin dies from the torture. The first wave of Namjoon’s magic made Jin gasped, as he never felt anything that strong in his life before. The released magic was surging through his brain, searching, but instead attaching itself to memory, it was met by Jin’s mental blockage. Namjoon smirked. – ‘’Oh your mind games would not help you know.’’ – He pushed his magic in, trying to dig deeper, still finding the resistance, avoiding it, traveling deeper and wider to find the cracks in Jin’s defense. The intensity was too big for Jin who screamed in pain. Namjoon smiled wickedly, thinking he would crack soon, but Jin simply gritted his teeth in a grimace, opening his dark eyes to stare angrily at the amber ones. Namjoon’s brows furrowed as he continued to inflict the pain in long intervals. Wave after wave, the magic crashed Jin’s blockage but was unable to break through. Namjoon expected Jin to fight, but not to be this strong though. It was until Jin blacked out that Namjoon took a desperately needed breath, stepping away from him, his eyes never leaving him. His hands were still shaking, but this time not from the magic.

Namjoon grabbed Jin’s hair and pulled his head back. He observed Jin’s gorgeous face and his long neck, flawless skin and plump lips that were so inviting for a kiss. Namjoon leaned in, his own mouth hovering above Jin’s, as he got reacquainted to every part of his face.
“So beautiful…” – He murmured. – “And so venomous.”

He leaned back suddenly, letting go of Jin’s hair.

“Jackson!” – He shouted and not a moment later a tall, blonde man stepped in. He came to stand next to Namjoon, looking down at Jin with the disgusted face.

“Did the rat told you anything yet?” – He asked and Namjoon shook his head.

“No… no, not yet. But then again, I didn’t expect him to… not so fast anyway.” – He put his hand on Jackson’s shoulder. – “Put him in the tower, bind him completely.”

Jackson nodded and reached for Jin when Namjoon’s words stopped him. – “Jack, be careful. This beast is deathly as is gorgeous and more sly and intelligent than all the people you had to deal with.”

Jackson snorted. – “You’re forgetting something Joon. I fought with him, side by side for two years. I know how dangerous he is, I am always careful around him, stop worrying that much.” – Jackson’s eyes scanned him from head to toe. – “You look like shit Namjoon, get some rest.”

At that Namjoon chuckled and nodded, watching as Jackson had Jin thrown across his shoulder and left the room, leaving Namjoon behind.

The next day Namjoon came and tried it again and still Jin fought him with everything he got. He lost his consciousness after three hours of screaming. The same happened the day after. Each time Namjoon felt exhausted afterward and had to replenish his strength. Each time he pushed his magic to the limits of exploding and each time Jin fought him back. Every new encounter was fought with less force from both sides, but stubborn resolve.

The fifth day, Namjoon was at the edge of breaking, hitting Jin’s head over and over again with his fists, until the bones were cracking and he bleeds. Namjoon was so furious, so lost, his magic in his blood was fuming him, whispering to him, corrupting him more and more. He screamed at Jin’s face, wanting to crush him, but something was stopping him. He couldn’t do it, he couldn’t kill Seokjin. Namjoon’s conflicted emotions clashed with his fury and he felt like he was losing control. His subconscious and his magic surged into one another, consuming him entirely, burning inside his body and Namjoon screamed in pain. The energy erupted so fast and strong, breaking every glass and window in close proximity and shattering everything on his way. Namjoon fell on Jin’s chest, straddling his lap, head falling on his shoulder, momentarily lost from dizziness.

Namjoon was gasping for air, his body shook and the small electric crackles could be heard. Suddenly he felt arms wrapping themselves around him, bringing him closer. He jerked and raised his head to look at Jin’s bloodied face. The bruised man watched him with sorrow and pain, beaten up, with a few new small cuts, where the broken glass fly against his face and his neck. The explosion of his magic broke the spell and left him weak, unable to fight Jin with it again so he stopped struggling and fell into Jin’s arms.

“Why did you do that Jin? Why did you betray me so?” – He almost cried at this point.

“Nam… Nam… joo… nie…” – Jin’s voice was dry and weak. Namjoon winced at his old nickname. Only Jin called him like that, his heart pained even more.

“Nam… naa… Namjo… onnie.” – Jin croaked, choking on his own blood and Namjoon pulled back, looking at him. He placed his hands on his face, using the small portion of his low energy to heal Jin’s face and stop the bleeding he inflicted on him in his rage. The cuts healed and swellings
recede as his face was untouched once again. He cupped Jin’s cheeks, pulling their foreheads together. Jin's arms were still around him, sliding now to rest on his hips, his hand finding the familiar form.

-“Jin…” – Namjoon breathed, but Jin’s eyes were firm.

-‘I am tired of fighting Joon…’” – He said, voice a bit stronger now, his fingers squeezing Namjoon’s hips tighter. – “Look inside…let me show y-you… the t-truth… Namjoonie…”

-“You will die. I will not be able to stop.” – Namjoon said, surprised that the very idea of killing Jin terrified him.

-‘You were a-about to kill me anyway… this way… at least y-you will know the t-truth…”

Namjoon looked at him seriously. The way Jin still twirled him around his little fingers is unnerving, but Namjoon caught himself placing his hands around Jin’s temples, angling his face so he could kiss his lips. It was short and sweet, more of goodbye than anything else. His thumbs slid on Jin’s eyes, his fingers grasping the man’s skull as he pushed their foreheads together. He took a deep breath when the first images hit him hard.

The village was on fire and screams could be heard in the night. Booming cannons were too familiar to Namjoon’s ears. Somewhere in the distance, he saw the trace of the known tattered sail. He ran, ran fast towards his burning village, nearly tumbling down the rocks, but he managed to keep his balance as his legs worked hard to reach his mother.

He heard people screaming, houses on fire, animals ran terrified and Namjoon saw corpses lying around in grotesque positions, ripped apart from cannonballs or burned by fire. He forced bile back to his throat as he kept running, trying to catch some air, but managed to cough only black smoke. His eyes were tired of the smoke and hotness.

-“Jinnie!” – Namjoon turned and saw a beautiful woman, with long dark curls and plump lips that reminded Namjoon so much of Jin. She was lying on the ground not too far away from their doorstep.

-“Mama!” – Namjoon yelled, realizing that he was Jin and by the sound of his voice he was still a child. It was a memory of Jin’s childhood. He ran towards the woman and fell on his knees when he reached her. Namjoon didn’t have control over Jin’s body, he could only silently watch at the woman’s terrible belly wound. She was bleeding fast.

-“Mama, get up! I’ll help you, get up!” – Jin yelled, but the woman just looked at him.

-“My brave boy, my Jinnie… you have to-run… run far… far away darling…”

-“I’m not leaving you, mama!” – Jin childish voice cried.

-“I… love… you…” – She breathed with her dying breath before her eyes turned lifeless, starring at Jin, unmoving.

-“No!!!! Mama!!! Mama!!!” – She shook her, but she was unresponsive. Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder, jerking him violently. It was his uncle.

-“Seokjin! What…? Oh, Noella…” – The muscles on his face jerked as he saw his sister. He gripped Jin’s shoulder tighter, cursing quietly and then turn towards Jin once again.

-“Listen to me! You need to run! Remember the old Rufus on the top of the mountains, hmmm? Do
“You?” - Jin nodded. – “Take this!” – He took off his own medallion and put it around Jin’s neck. – “Show this to Rufus, tell him that Siwon asks for his help. Tell him to take you to see Balthazar.” – He gave him some kind of object wrapped in the cloth. – “Keep this with your life! Show it only to Balthazar! Not even Rufus. Do you understand? Do you understand Jin?” – He shook the boy so violently that Jin’s teeth were clanging. Jin nodded quickly, packing the clothed item inside of his underwear.

His uncle chuckled and hugged the boy, kissing his dark curls. - “It’s safe place than any I suppose. Now go, run! Find Rufus. Go, boy, go!”

Jin ran again, ran until he reached the woods, but turned back to see his home again. He saw his uncle fighting with his blades, slicing through the man so easily. For one moment Jin hoped that his uncle will kill them all when one arrow hit him on his chest. His uncle paused surprised, which allowed his enemies to slice at his knees and made him fall down. They took his blades and made him kneel in front of a big strong man. He wore the Captain’s hat and Namjoon recognized his grandfather in his younger self.

The Captain asked him something and his uncle spat back. The Captain slapped him across his face and in the next moment he veiled his long ax and his uncle’s head fell on the ground. Jin screamed, but he was far away to be heard, especially with the rest of the screams and explosions.

Jin turned and ran again, sobs rocking his body and he could barely see through his eyes from his tears. His small lungs were hurting him, unable to draw enough oxygen as his muscles pushed forward. He nearly collapsed when he reached Rufus’s hut.

-“Rufus Hyung!! Hyung!” – But Rufus wasn’t there. Jin fell on his hands and knees and cried from helplessness. He was barely five and all alone in the dark. He just lost his mother and his uncle. His father died before he was born and Jin had no one else. He sobbed and shook from fear and from coldness when gruff voice shakes the wits out of him.

-“What are you doing here boy!? Who are you!?!” - Old Rufus came into view, grabbing at Jin’s tunic and pulling him on his feet.

-“My uncle Siwon send me here! Please help me!” – Jin cried.

-“Where is Siwon!?” – Rufus asked and Jin felt a new wave of tears coming up.

-“He is dead! He killed him. He took his head off!”

-“Who killed him?”

-“The Pirates, they came in the night... they burned the whole village...they killed everyone...m-my mama...my uncle.” – Jin sobbed. – “Uncle Siwon told me to find you and to ask for your help! He told me to show you this!” – Jin grabbed at the necklace around his neck to show it to Rufus. – “He said you must take me to Balthazar. Please help me...p-please Rufus Hyungnim, please.”

The old man was frozen for the second and then he rushed inside of his hut, pulling Jin with him. He started packing the essential stuff for the journey in his bag. He pulled the coat, too big for Jin and wrapped the boy in it. He saddled his gray horse and put the bag and Jin on the animal’s back. He hoists himself up, behind Jin and they rode into the night.

The scene changed and Namjoon saw through Jin’s eyes an island coming closer and closer, as they sailed on the huge trading boat.
Next scene showed big building, made of stone, filled with torches and hooded warriors. They reached corridor after corridor, up to the stairs, until Jin was face to face with Balthazar – the Assassin’s Mentor.

Rufus explained what happened and Balthazar observed Jin carefully.

-“Leave us.” – He said. – “You too Rufus, I want to talk to the boy alone.”

Rufus bowed slightly and left with the rest of them.

-“Do you have something for me? From Siwon.” – The Mentor asked, scanning Jin’s eyes. Jin nodded.

-“Where is it?” – He asked.

-“Uncle Siwon said to tell you to look after me, to teach me to be like him.” – Jin lied through his teeth, but he knew that he didn’t want to go back with Rufus or be sent elsewhere.

-“You are lying.” – The Mentor said calmly, his gaze gripping Jin. He took a deep breath and raised his chin up proudly, trying to be convincing. – “No I’m not!” – He lied again. – “He told me that you might not believe me. He told me to tell you where it’s hidden only when you swear to look after me and teach me.” – Jin said seriously. The Mentor laughed.

-“Oh he told you all of that in the midst of the battlefield while forcing you to run and save your life? I never heard of him being that multifunctioning.”

Jin swallowed audibly, but curled his hands into small fists and raised his chin even higher. – “Well, maybe not with you…. but he talked all the time…mhm… for very long...He wanted me to be just like him when I grow up...he...he told me so!”

The Mentor watched him amusingly.

-“And do you know what your uncle was?”

-“He was a great warrior and I will be like him! You will teach me!” – Jin said, not mentioning why he wishes that. He needed to kill that Captain, but Mentor didn’t need to know that.

-“Oh will I?” – The Mentor chuckled.

-“Yes! It’s his dying wish and you always fulfill dead men dying wish or the dark spirits would come to eat you!”

Mentor watched him carefully. – “How old are you boy?”

-“I am almost six!” – Jin lied again.

-“You are too young. You will be happier in some family. Your face is too pretty and gentle, you will never become a warrior boy.”

-“I will! You watch me!”

Mentor liked the feistiness Jin had. He was small and far too beautiful for a boy, but there is something in his proudness that made Mentor wonder.

-“Very well.” - He said slowly, eyeing him carefully. – “You can stay.”
‘‘Promise!’’ – Jin said and raised his little finger so childishly.

Mentor bend forward and placed his hands on his knees, staring at Jin harshly in the eyes. The boy didn’t flinch. His eyes were still focused and hard. The Mentor gazed down towards Jin’s offered little finger and then back at Jin’s face.

‘‘Promise.’’ – The Mentor said, but Jin pushed his little pinky finger higher as to set the deal.

‘‘Seokjin enough.’’ – The Mentor said, covering Jin’s pinky finger with his palm and pulling the boy closer. – ‘‘I gave you my word. You will stay here, where you will be trained, but I’m warning you, they will treat you differently. They will not be gentle and kind. You will cry most of the days, your body will hurt from the practice and you will feel unloved, but you will be here, as your uncle was before you. Do you still want that Seokjin? You can still change your mind.’’

Jin gulped, his little body heaving from the turmoil he felt in his chest and his eyes filled with tears, but he brushed his eyes and stared back at his future Mentor. – ‘‘I want to stay.’’

The Mentor nodded and straighten up. He stretches out his hand, palm up and Jin knew what he wanted. He watched as Jin untied his breeches and pushed his hand inside his underwear. The Mentor quirked one of his eyebrows when Jin pulled out and placed a wrapped object into his palm. He watched Jin questionably.

‘‘What?’’ – Jin said, tying himself up. – ‘‘Safest place as any.’’

The Mentor huffed and then looked at the wrapped item. He quickly took the cloth off and finally saw what it was. It was one of the artifacts, the rarest one. The one for which some people would kill to get their hands on. Someone like the old Captain. Namjoon’s grandfather was after it for decades.

Time changed. Jin was now ten and he was skinny. His hair was long, his dark curls reached his shoulders. With his plump lips and gorgeous face, everyone thought he was a girl.

‘‘I don’t understand why are you here!?’’ – One voice spoke. Jin turned and met a few of his tormentors. He turned to run, but he hit the hard chest of another one. – ‘‘Leave me alone!’’ – Jin gritted through his teeth and they laughed.

‘‘I wonder if he is really a girl.’’ – Other one chipped in. More laughter.

‘‘Shall we take a look?’’ – More laughter and cheering. Jin growled and kicked, but they were bigger and stronger and he was outnumbered. They ripped his clothes off, leaving him naked, laughing at him.

‘‘Oh look, he is really a boy!’’

‘‘Look at his tiny worm.’’

‘‘Maybe he will never be a man. He will stay a small boy!’’ – More laughter and Jin’s eyes filled with furious tears. He bit one of them, who screamed and kicked the other between his legs, he turned and punched other in the nose, and was about to aim the other one in the knee, when someone hit him in the head. Jin falls down as they kept hitting and kicking him until something spooked them and they fled. Jin raised his eyes to see his Mentor looking down at him, unmoving.

‘‘They beat you up again.’’ – He said. Jin felt shivers on his naked skin, but more from the fury, than embarrassment and cold.
They were five against one!

That’s not an excuse.

Jin raised himself weakly on his arms. – They are older than me!

Weak excuses.

They starred one another for a moment before the Mentor said. – Clean yourself up. I suggest you patch up your clothes because you won’t get the new ones any time soon. And be quick about it, you are embarrassing. – He turned and left, leaving Jin to shake and reach to cover himself the best as he could.

More years passed, Jin grew more handsome and beautiful, he was fourteen now. His hair was now short and he was walking towards the armory when he heard the familiar voices.

Hey beautiful. – Jin gritted his teeth and continued forward.

Hey I’m talking to you! – The voice spoke now closer and Jin rolled his eyes. – And I am ignoring you. - He said, walking forward when someone yanked him back. He was pinned against the wall harshly.

You know how I hate being ignored by you, hmm? – The man spoke, drawing his face closer to Jin’s, his bad breath made Jin wanting to puke.

You look so beautiful…are you sure you are not a girl? – Same old question asked for hundreds of time, first out of the sheer mockery of youth, and later on from pure lust.

Are you not tired playing the same old game, Aaron?

Not with your baby.

Oh please go away, your breath will suffocate me.

Aaron gripped Jin tighter, forcing one of his thighs between Jin’s legs, his hands reaching Jin’s ass. He squeezed it as the rest of his gang snickered.

Now be a good girl and suck me off, will you?

Do you want to be a eunuch for the rest of your life, Aaron? – Jin asked, quirking his eyebrow. Aaron laughed, which made Jin turn his head to avoid his breath.

I like the way you say my name.

Jin’s eyes scanned them all, but then his gaze fell on the person way on the back in the shadows. His Mentor watched him calmly, his face unreadable. He raised one of his eyebrows at Jin, waiting.

Jin felt his blood rush to his head and he reacted. He banged Aaron’s nose with his forehead harshly, that the latter screamed. Jin pushed him hard on the other two in the back, so they lost their balance and fell down with Arron on their chests. Jin quickly attacked the other three, moving fast and hitting precisely where he wanted. In less than a minute they were on the ground, crying from pain. Jin looked towards his Mentor, but he wasn’t there anymore.

The scene shifted and Namjoon saw himself standing in the room filled with Assassins.
“The Sea Monster Captain gained a lot of power.” – One Assassin’s spoke and few others nodded their heads.

“He keeps attacking and killing our own brothers and sisters.”

“He is after the artifacts!”

The voices were loud now and the mumbling was too loud.

“Enough.” – The Mentor said. – “I agree with you my brothers and sisters, he needs to be stopped, but we already lost so many lives trying.”

“Those lives were not lost in vain, we learned valuable information about the man each time.” – The voice from the crowd spoke.

“And yet he lives, and our people die.” – The other Senior Assassin responded.

“Mentor.” – One young Assassin stepped out. – “Please allow me to assassinate him please.”

“Taeyang you are too valuable to the Order. We need your skills elsewhere.” – The Mentor said.

“But I can take him, you know I can, you trained me well. Mentor please, I beg of you give me this chance.” – The young assassin begged, one arm across his chest as he bowed.

“Enough Taeyang, you are not going.”

“Then allow me.”

“And me.”

“And me!”

Few other young Assassins stepped out.

“I will not spill our Assassin’s blood until the right moment came.” – The Mentor spoke and few elders agreed, nodding their head as the young ones bowed their head dejectedly.

“I can go.” – The voice came and the Mentor raised his eyes to look at Jin. There’s a few chuckles and murmurs among the others.

“Seokjin you are barely Advanced Trainee, be quiet.” – One of Elder Assassin’s shouted.

“Precisely, no one will notice me.” – Jin said and the entire room erupted.

“Are you insane boy?!” – One voice shouted, while the other spoke. – “You will be sold to the slavers as soon as you step out of this land!”

“You would be lucky if you see the ship in the far!”

“You will never stay alive to come close enough.”

All that time the Mentor didn’t say a word. He just observed Jin carefully, eyes narrowed as he quirked one of his eyebrows. He watched Seokjin ever since he was five, now a sixteen year old, witnessing the boy’s treatments from the others because of his beauty and youth. The boy never wavered, not once, and no matter how much you beat him to the ground, he would always rise up on his feet, chin proudly up high. He was clever and cunning, finding his way through obstacles
quickly and learning fast. Mummery came naturally to him, as well as elegance. With his beauty and baring, he could be easily mistaken as one of the nobles, but his quick and agile movements and internal rage gave him what he needed to be very dangerous. Even though Seokjin never told him, the Mentor knew of his revenge, fuming deep inside the boy’s chest. He knew who killed Siwon and that boy knew who the killer was. After all, he was the only one who saw him with his own eyes and lived to tell a tale. The Mentor knew this day will come sooner or later and he saw only two things that could come out of it. First was that the boy will die, most certainly and the second one, quite unbelievable one, was that he will succeed. Whether or not he will live was a huge question.

Jin kept his silence and looked straight at his Mentor. The voices from other Assassins did not bother him at all. He waited patiently for the decision.

The Mentor raised his hand, demanding silence and everyone stopped talking. He looked at Jin, quirking his eyebrow quizzically one more time, asking if he was sure and Jin slightly nodded.

- ‘Very well, Trainee Seokjin come forward.’

Everyone gasped and murmurs started again as Jin came closer to accept his assignment.

Seokjin was following the rumors that the ship was sighted near Whailen, on the island called Spine Breaker, but before Seokjin could get there, he was snatched by Baron’s man.

Namjoon knew this part, but this time he was in Jin’s head, seeing Jin’s thoughts, feeling Jin’s emotions. They were real and they were strong. They left Namjoon breathless.

The moment Jin found out who Namjoon grandfather was, his hopes crushed down and he spends months fighting his own demons, his thirst for revenge, the rightness of his Order and love towards Namjoon.

In the end, seeing the tyranny from the old Captain for two years, sense of duty prevails and he went to the old man one night, bringing him some documents he previously obtained. The Captain was very satisfied with him and was about to turn and send him off with a smile when Jin caught him off guard by stabbing the knife in his kidney. The old man’s body stiffened from shock and severe pain, his mind was frozen, not able to even scream as his eyes bore in Jin’s face.

- ‘Noella, my mother and Siwon, the Assassin, eleven years ago, small village Crooked.’ \- Was all Jin said while he watched Captain’s eyes grew wide and then googley as his soul left his body.

The self-hatred and pain Namjoon felt in Jin’s chest days after was huge. Jin could barely look at him in the eyes, but in all of his own pain and loss, Namjoon didn’t notice that… He did notice, however, when Jin left him. He got back and report to his Mentor that the task is done. His rank was raised up to Rank nine and he became the youngest Elite Apprentice. Jin didn’t care, he didn’t want it really. He just wanted to see their faces at seeing him alive and the tales of the Captains death.

He was lifeless, traveling far, doing his tasks, until he found two small boys…which beauty and uniqueness made Namjoon shudder. He wanted to know more about two creatures, about the ‘Witch twins’ when he suddenly felt a sharp pain from the center of his back.

Namjoon screamed and jerked back from Jin, grabbing at his back, but he couldn’t reach the blade that was buried there. He fell on the ground, feeling weak. He collected the bits of his still weak magic to push the blade out and heal the wound before he turned to look at his attacker. The sight of two dark-haired men holding Jin’s weak body, whose head fell down and seemed lifeless.
"Let him go!" – Namjoon boomed. – "He is mine!" – He stood up, but he was too weak.

The taller man turned and Namjoon was shaking to the core. It was him, one of the Witch Twins.

"You..." – He said weakly, but the man reacted fast, throwing the knife at him, which Namjoon barely managed to avoid by his quick reflexes. He wasn’t lucky or fast enough for the second one though. He felt the knife burying itself deep into his shoulder. Namjoon feels down, too weak to keep his head up. Poison, he thought. It must be poison on his blades. Damn it.

Trying to grab something to hold on, but missing, Namjoon fell down to the ground, panting heavily as he tried to reach for his magic again.

"Come near him again..." – The twin said. – "...and I will kill you next time."

"Tae hurry up help me!" – The other man shouted and Namjoon found the accent highly familiar, even though the voice seemed deeper, more...manly. Tae turned towards Seokjin, gripping the man at his shoulders. Tae, his name is Tae and the other one...why does it sound so familiar? Namjoon thought, through sleepiness.

"Why is he not waking up!? Hyung do something!" – Tae shouted, looking at the smaller dark man, his side profile, now more visible to Namjoon, was very familiar to him. - "It can't be...after all this time...he is still here...with Jin..." – Namjoon thought suddenly, but once he heard the voice he was completely sure.

"I don't know what you expect me to do, I'm not a mage! He is!" – Yoongi said.

"Sugar..." – Namjoon chuckled. – "I must say that I’m surprised of seeing you again." – He grinned, but Yoongi frowned, raising his eyes from Jin to look at Namjoon.

"I was utterly surprised hearing you are here again Namjoon!" – Yoongi said acidly. He pointed at unmoving Jin. – "Is this why you came back? To get to him? Couldn’t you just kill him instead of...Why Namjoon, fucking why?!" – Yoongi shouted, but Namjoon just laughed.

"I should have known this was your poison that currently runs through my veins." – Namjoon grunted, feeling weaker and weaker by the seconds. He gritted his teeth, before continuing. – "You were always...quite fascinated by it...I must warn you...I’m... the only one that can...wake him up..." – Namjoon lied. – "So you better had some antidote s-somewhere...ins...inside your robes S-Sugar..."– He said, fighting the sleepiness, smiling. Tae was on him the next second, gripping at his collar and yanking him harshly to growl in his face.

"Tell me how to wake him up or I swear to Gods, I will rip you apart, limb by limb."

Namjoon chuckled again at Tae’s words. – "Only I can help him...Or not...it’s up to...Sugar..."

He heard Tae’s growl and he closed his eyes, not being able to withstand the poison in his veins anymore.

"Tae, C'mon, we have to hurry. We take both of them with us and figure things out on the way. We don’t have much time." – It was the last thing Namjoon heard.
V returned from his journey with a new urgency, discovering there the truth about notorious pirate Mage and his magic. Tae was right to be anxious because of him. He was adamant to get his hands on Hyung. The Count must have known that since he sent V here, on Isla de Sangre, the Blood Island. At first, V was oblivious of why, but as soon as he stepped on the mysterious land, he knew that it had something to do with runes. The runes were powerful and only someone with magical blood could use them. Someone like V.

V knew he and his twin were different, but he didn’t know how much until he felt his blood whisper to him, rumbling under the surface of his skin, rushing and vibrating with each step he took into the fog. The fog grew ticker as he walked towards the stone altar. The entire place was eerie, full of the unknown force. The few shadows grew nearer and V saw that they were hooded figures in the long gray robes. They haven’t spoken a word, they were just observing him quietly. One of them raised his hand and pointed at the altar, showing him that he should put his hand on the stone.

Hesitantly V got closer, still watching them in alert when his eyes gazed at the stone with runes on it. He looks on the hooded figure again. The man repeated the movement of placing his palm on the stone surface. V watched him for a second before he carefully placed his hand on top of the rune.

Instantly the thousands of whispers echoed in his brain, tumbling one across the other, creating a hum. V closed his eyes, using his skill he learned from Seokjin and tuned down the whispers, keeping them at bay and waiting for the right ones to come forward.

-”The Shadow Whisperer has come…has come…has come…haaaaaassss….shadow whisperer….shhhhh….shadow whisperer.” – The few whispers were the loudest. Some of them were angelic, others like whispers in the night, shushing and echoing. V kept his concentration on them.

-”Haaaaassss cooomeee….hasss….the dark one has come….cooomeee….the light….light, light, light one neeedssssssssssss….neeedssssss….ssssssssssss…the light one needssss you…. Hhhhhhh…..’’

V’s thoughts fell on Tae. He could feel it in his bones that there is something about Tae. He felt uneasiness beckoning him back…back to home, back to Tae.

-”Tae.” – V murmured, a worried crease appeared on his brow. The whispers became buzzing at the mention of Tae’s name. V was momentarily overwhelmed but tried his best to stay focused on the voices.

-”The dark m….the dark…. Mmmmm…..mage, mage, mage….hhhhhhhh…..the dark mage hasssssss come….come…come…” – The whispers stirred again, becoming more alarmed. V had difficulty separating them as they all whispered at the same time now, cutting each other, telling their own tales.

-”Kill….kill….kill the darknessssssssssssss….ssssssssss….you mustssssst….must
mussssssssssst……it will…will….will destroy ev…ev…ev…everything..thing…thing…”

V’s body vibrated within, his blood answering the call of the spirits. He felt dull pain on the back of his head.

-“Two more left…two moooooreee…one, one….one he…huhhhhe…..one he will be given…
given, given….huhhhhh….ooother will be taken….taken…taken…and huhhhhe will have…
have…have…have it all……aaaaaaaaaaaall….two more….all….hhh……one…..”

-“The light…light…light… must….mussssssssst…ssssssssstand……must, must, must…ssstand
together…..together…..sssssstand….together…..together…..ssssssstand….together…..”

V’s blood was drumming in his veins, the pain was less bearable.

-“Written in blood…written….written…written in blood…the truth….huhhhhh….in blood….huhhhhh….written….written….written in blood….”

-“Tell me what to do!” – V yelled. His head was now in pain. He had difficulty controlling the whispers. There were too many of them.

-“Written in blood….written in blood….truth…trushhhhhhh….truth…huhh…blood, blood…written in blood…”

-“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!” – V screamed, holding his head with one hand, his knees buckled as his other hand stayed glued to the rune. The voices were screaming in his head now. – “Written in blood….dark mage…. Written in blood….blood….huhhhhhhh…
light….together…..ssssssssstand…..light…..together…”

It was like the liquid fire rushed through his veins. His magic waking up from a very long sleep. V screamed and sobbed as the pain rippled through his body. He never felt pain like this before. It was unbearable. His head was about to burst from the voices and drumming of his heart pumping the magic through his vessels.

-“Kill…..kill….kill….mussssssssst….mussssssst…. blood….written in blood…
blood…blood….light neeeeeeeeeeed you….together…light…together…go….go….GO!”

V was pushed from the altar with such force, that he flew few meters and fell on his back, still gripping his head, sobbing in pain and panting heavily. He felt something carving into his brain, something powerful and new. It hurts…it hurts like a motherfucker.

He felt arms raising him from the ground and carrying him somewhere, but he couldn’t do anything, his head was splitting in half. The echoes of the whispers were still there, repeating itself, like in a loop. V felt the hand on his brow and the pain stopped. It left him gasping for air, still sobbing. It took him a few minutes until he calmed sufficiently enough to become aware of his surroundings, eyes wide and icy blue. He was laid on the soft grass, in the woods, not far away from the fog. He saw a clear night sky filled with stars and ever-present sense of vibration in his bones. One of the hooded figures took his hand and placed a small rune stone in his palm, closing V’s fingers around it. V felt vibrations calming down until they were just a hum.

V gasped loudly, controlling his breathing and trying to come back to his senses. It was hard, the hum of the shadows still rang in his ears, carving themselves into his brain, slipping through the veil of mystery and adding the magic of the runes. V’s eyes were lightened with icy fire, blue flames dancing as the newly released power settled on its rightful place in his being. V always felt confined, like some parts of himself were locked or bounded within his chest. Like his own blood
haven’t flown properly, hiding the secrets deep inside. Now, however, it was free and V felt the surge of energy that he didn’t know he had. If he was scary before, he was terrifying now as he stepped back into the fog, the hooded creatures fleeing away from him so he might pass.

As soon as he escaped the mist and reached the shore, V shuddered, his eyes returning, once again, to his normal icy blue color, no longer burning. But the aura was different, he felt different, strange almost. He knew that he needed to get home. He knew that his twin needs him. He felt the disturbance deep in his heart, as he always did, whenever Tae was in distress. He barked an order to take him back to the ship and he was on his way to Bangtan, two hours later.

When he arrived he found his house empty, beside Nanni, who informed him that Master Tae has been gone for five days now. V felt certain dread crawling into his bones, and he went to the library to see if any messages have been left. He couldn’t find any written one, to be sure, but he did notice a thumb smudge across the white parchment. He took it to examine it closer, bringing it to his nose. He smelled cinder and he looked on the ceiling instantly.

He was out of the window in the second, climbing the walls and roof tiles until he reached his favorite spot next to the chimney. He observes it carefully and remembered the loose brick. Maybe….he thought and went to claw it slowly with his fingertips. When he found Tae’s message, he knew that something was terribly wrong.

He read it twice and archive it to his memory before he climbed down, holding the note above the flame of the candle and setting it on fire. When all the trace of the message were turned to ash, he rushed to their armory at high speed. He found out that Tae’s equipment was missing as well as his outfit.

_Fuck Tae, where are you?_ He wondered, grabbing at his weapons and putting it on. He had to find him. He saddled his horse and went on running.

He rushed to see Yoongi first, figuring that Tae would go there for the supplies, but was surprised when he found that Yoongi left as well as the stable boy witnessed. V cursed and rode to the Inn, in search of Jungkook. He was so close to his brother nowadays and even though V knew that his brother wouldn’t give away their secret, he must have told Jungkook something, leave him a message of sorts, so the latter won’t worry. The old Innkeeper said that both Hoseok and Jungkook haven’t been in their rooms for days, which was strange since all of their stuff was still here. V felt his blood grew cold. He thanked the old man and went out calmly, nodding to some people in greeting, but inside he was trembling with energy. As he reached the gates of the city, he nudged his horse into a full gallop. Heading across the fields, when suddenly a light black and gold carriage flew past him. The four velvety black horses were steaming, their muscles tightening as they ran. The sharp turn on the right and the carriage barricade the way making V’s horse rear. He had to tighten his legs around the animal’s sides and pull at the reins, so he wouldn’t tumble down.

-’’What the fuck!’’ – V growled, trying to calm his agitated horse as he continued to neigh and nicker, when the door of the carriage opened and the Marquise de la Choi stepped out.

-’’A thousands of pardons, but I believe you are going the wrong way.’’

V bristled with inside rage as he jumped down his horse to face the man. They were almost the same height, the Marquise having a few inches more. V’s voice was dangerously serious when he spoke, getting closer. – ’’You cut my path sir and dare to tell me that I’m going the wrong way? I should be calling you out for this insolence.’’ – V growled through gritted teeth.

The Marquise chuckled. – ’’Oh, by all means, do.’’ – The Marquise’s eyes gleamed amusingly, starring at V’s without blinking, unaffected by its death stare. He took a step towards V and smiled
wickedly. – “But first I need you to listen very carefully Vante.”

V’s eyes narrowed, becoming sharper as he waited for the man to speak.

-’’Do you know who I am?’’ – The man Marquise asked and V took a deep breath to try to calm his anger as his eyes flicker to the sigil on the carriage door.

-’’His Grace, Marquise de la Choi.’’ – V spoke. – ’’I should say I’m pleased to make your acquaintance, but I am not in the mood, so please your Grace, spare me the protocol.’’

V knew his address was highly improper, but he didn’t care. If the bloody Marquise don’t step out of the way, he would be one very dead Marquise soon. His Grace, on the other hand, was far away from insulted, but rather amused. He arched his eyebrow, still maintaining eye contact.

-’’You are been summoned to the G-Kwon Hall.’’ – The Marquise spoke calmly. V hasn’t said the word, his body strangely unmoving for the storm he was feeling in his chest. He knew who was summoning him, he knew he ought to go. Dragon never sends his envoy like this, unless it’s extremely important. He held the Marquise gaze unblinkingly for several moments. Finally, he spoke.

-’’My compliments to the Count, but I must decline. I’ve been needed elsewhere.’’ – V started, but the Marquise just smiled slightly, tilting his head ever so slightly as he leaned in to whisper to V’s ear.

-’’This is not the request, this is the order from the Dragon.’’ – He said, raising his right hand slightly, his body hovering over blonde man, hiding them from the men at the carriage. V’s eyes followed the Marquise’s hands as he took off one of his sapphire rings from his finger, turning his palm up.

V’s blood froze. Down on the insides of Marquise’s ring finger stood an Assassin’s mark, carefully tattooed into his skin. The ring hid it from view as well as the Marquise’s entire persona. V’s eyes went wide as they shot to look at the Marquise.

-’’Nothing is true.’’ – The Marquise said the secret words of the Order.

-’’Everything is permitted.’’ – V answered quietly. They starred at one another. V wondered in which way the Marquise was involved with the Count if he is an Assassin.

-’’What’s one Marquise, moreover an Assassin doing by executing the orders of a spy?’’ – V asked, his suspicion raised once again.

-’’We will talk some other time brother, now there is no time to spare.’’ – The Marquise spoke, his eyes grew softer if it was possible. – ’’Things were set in motion that cannot be stopped, but they might be controlled, so we must hurry.’’ – He said, but V interjected.

-’’My brother…’’

-’’Your brother is already there, together with your Hyung.’’ – The Marquise spoke quietly, only for V’s ears.

-’’Jin Hyung?’’ – V breathed silently. The Marquise nodded.

V ran his hand through his blonde hair, but before he could say anything else, the Marquise spoke. – ’’Did you get what you’ve been sent for?’’
V starred at him, his untrusting nature was severely shaken and he used all of his senses to try and read the enigmatic man in front of him, which proved to be extremely difficult. The Marquise was a closed book. Still, there was something so strong and honest in his unnerving eyes, that V finally let the breath he was holding.

-‘I’m not sure as off yet, but I did bring something.’’ - The Marquise nodded, stepping back and pointing at his carriage for V to enter.

-‘One of my men would take care of your horse. Please.’’ – He bowed his head slightly and V swallowed before he enters into the carriage, followed by the Marquise.

They arrived at the G-Kwon Hall after dusk, where their host, the Count was waiting. V was surprised that the Hall looked closed for the visitors as if the Count himself was not there. The entire place was rather gloomy and quiet, only a few lanterns light the way.

-‘Finally, you came at last.’’ – The Count said, his red hair was glistening in the light of the flame. He was dressed rather plainly, in black breeches and coat, with a white shirt and stockings. His legs were long and elegant and his fingers and ears were adorned by silver, which is completely opposite of what high fashion required. He was not here to be seen, V thought, but rather to be unsuspicious. Someone should have said something about his hair, it was anything, but unnoticeable.

-‘Your Grace.’’ – V bowed and Jiyong’s eyes gleamed at the sight of another twin.

-‘There’s no need for formalities young one, we stand on no ceremony this time. This is a friendly visit.’’ – He said, raising his eyebrow slightly for V to catch the meaning behind it. ‘I am not your Grace now, I’m a creature of the night, just like you.’ His hidden words spoke. V licked his lips and swallowed before he nodded in confirmation.

The Count’s eyes darted towards the Marquise. – ‘Precious, you’ve done so well.’

He cupped Seunghyun’s cheek and the man exhaled slowly through his mouth, closing his eyes in the process. The moment was so intimate, that V was bewitched in its simple beauty. In any other way, he would be delighted to stay and watch, but now he had pressing matters to attend to. He cleared his throat quietly. – ‘Jiyong Hyung, my brother and Seokjin Hyung…’’ – V started and Jiyong’s eyes slipped from Seunghyun’s face towards V again.

-‘Well of course…follow me.’’ – He went on through the hall and the two men followed. Once they reached the lower floor, Jiyong paused. – ‘Have you got what I sent you for?’’ – He asked, scanning V. The twin returned the look but didn’t answer. Jiyong stepped closer, his eyes narrowing as he observed V’s pupils intently. Suddenly, as if finding what he was looking for, Jiyong’s face relaxed and a small smile formed on his lips.

-‘Good.’’ – He murmured. – ‘Very good indeed.’’

He turned and went further down. He unlocked one door that leads to the dungeons and V felt uneasiness. Sensing the alarm in the blonde twin, Jiyong hurried to assure him.
"There is nothing to worry young one. You are not being led to a trap, nor are your brothers in there."

"That’s exactly what the dragon would say before he leads his victims into his lair from which they will never escape." - V said calmly.

The Count laughed quietly, utterly amused, but Seunghyun put a hand on V’s shoulder in a calming manner.

"Your skills are needed here. As soon as you are done, the faster we can get out of there."

The Marquise’s voice, low and deep, had a strangely calming effect on V, who nodded yet again.

The loud bang jerked them suddenly, followed by the animalistic scream. Jiyong’s and Seunghyun’s eyes met and they hurried towards the cells.

Inside there were few people gathered around the double steel cage. The man with a silver hair and amber eyes sat calmly inside his cage, his gaze glued to the very enraged man with a crossbow pointed towards the prisoner.

"Taeyang!" – Seunghyun’s voice boomed. – ‘I’ve told you to leave him be!’

The man, Taeyang was shaking from rage. He was an Assassin. V remembered him from long, long ago, after he saw him only a few times before Jin took them away.

"I don’t care what you’ve said Seunghyun! He killed more of our brothers and sisters than any villain combined!" – Taeyang shook, but V knew that he had the caged man well on his aim.

"We need him alive." – Jiyong said calmly, which made Taeyang spit in his direction. – ‘I don’t take orders from fire lizards. You have no power over me.’

Seunghyun was next to him in three long steps, hand wrapping around Taeyang’s throat in a blink of an eye. – ‘Be careful now brother, show some respect towards your host and be content that he doesn’t bare you ill will after your reckless words.’ – Seunghyun spoke in a dangerous tone, squeezing the man’s neck more and more with every word. Taeyang, strangely, didn’t do anything to defend himself and V couldn’t help but wonder if Seunghyun has some mystery in his blood too, just like he himself did.

"That’s enough." – Jiyong said gently, placing his hand on Seunghyun’s arm. – ‘Let him go.’

Seunghyun’s released the man instantly and the man went on coughing and gripping at his throat.

"Fuck Seunghyun, sometimes I do wonder where your loyalties truly lie." – Another Assassin spoke from the other side of the room. He crosses it quickly and grabbed Taeyang’s arm, hissing in his ear and pulling him aside. – ‘Calm yourself and be patient.’ – Taeyang throw daggers as he glared at Seunghyun and Jiyong, but obeyed silently.

All those time, the man in the cage silently observed, his rage now more controlled as he grinned at the men in front of him. The dimples on his cheeks gave him a rather innocent expression, even though his eyes screamed wickedness.

"And why are you grinning Namjoon?" – Another man with a light and a playful voice spoke from the opposite side, leaning on the wall. – ‘It seems that you are in no position to be so amused, considering the situation you are in.’

His hands were crossed over his chest as he witnessed the drama in front of him. He was dressed in
a blood red coat with golden buttons, high brown leather boots, and dark pants. His undergarments were made of white ruffled tunic and leather vest embroidered with gold threads. His hair was at his shoulders lengths and he wore a bandana on his head. His sword was rested on his right hip, while his four golden pistols were attached to his chest. His body was lean and elegant, while he had wicked, but clean face. Dark eyes burned mischievously, while his mouth was constantly in a state of a smirk. Several golden hooks adorned his earlobes, while one long pearl earring made a statement of the eccentric attire that could only belong to pirates.

- ‘’That’s because I’m entertained Crow, aren’t you?’’ – Namjoon said, eyes flicking towards the pirate. V noticed Jiyong saying something to the Seunghyun, who then left the cell.

- ‘’Oh but considering your fate now, you should be more condescending, don’t you think?’’ – The pirate spoke amusingly and Namjoon chuckled.

- ‘’Oh not I. I’m merely here on a vacation.’’ – He said smiling. – ‘’But I don’t quite know what are you doing here Crow? Seems to me that you are trying to betray me to this lot.’’ – Namjoon said it casually and this time it was the man who chuckled.

- ‘’Well, it’s something of the sort. They made an offer that is hard to refuse and I accepted it.’’ – He said casually. Namjoon smirked at that.

- ‘’Aaah, pirate’s honor, steady as the knife sticking in the back.’’

- ‘’Funny you should say that since you got one knife in your back quite literally.’’ – The Count interjected and Namjoon flashed his eyes at Jiyong, opening his mouth to hiss some retort, but thought better of it and kept his silence instead. Jiyong smirked at him through bars, only to turn towards the other men.

- ‘’Gentlemen, please step back now. We have a new addition to our gathering.’’ – Jiyong said and all eyes suddenly became aware of the figure standing in the shadows. V took a large breath through his nose and step forward. Namjoon’s eyes went wide. There was an alarm in them, something that V was glad to see.

- ‘’Vante I believe you realized by now who the man in the cage is. The notorious ‘Sea Monster’ Captain himself, yes. The other one…’’ – Jiyong pointed at the pirate. – ‘’…is Heechul, a pirate.’’

- ‘’A very ambitious pirate.’’ – Heechul added, smiling.

- ‘’Indeed.’’ – Jiyong agreed, smiling also, but then turned towards two of the Assassins. – ‘’I don’t know if you are acquainted with Taeyang and Donghae? They are your fellow Assassin brothers.’’

- ‘’Only by the face and name.’’ – V said and bowed his head slightly, putting his palm across his chest and the two men returned the greeting.

V returned his gaze on Namjoon and took a few steps towards him. Jiyong made a movement as if to stop him, but thought better of it. The door of the cell suddenly open and Seunghyun came back, followed by someone else. As soon as V’s icy eyes met his brother’s warm ones, his worries evaporated.

- ‘’V.’’ – His brother said, hurrying towards him. They intertwined hands and placed their foreheads together, their eyes closed as they always did whenever they were separated for long. They were quite a sight since every man in this room was in awe. The silent hum stirred between the twins as their energy rejoiced at being reunited once again, but this time it was different. This
time V was free and his twin still restricted with his inner bonds.

-“Where is Hyung?” – V asked quietly.

-“He is sleeping. We can’t wake him up.”

V moved his head back, his brows furrowed as he looked at his twin. – “What do you mean?”

Tae turned his head and nodded towards Namjoon. – “This bastard did something to him. We can’t wake him up.” – He hissed angrily, his warm eyes were full of fury.

V’s rage exploded in his chest and he bore his stare on the man in the cage. There was a buzzing sound that filled the room at that moment and V purposely walked towards the cage, placing two of his hands on the bars. The cage started bending inwards with an awful screeching noise as it was being squeezed by a big hand. Namjoon looked alarmed, willing his power to protect himself and push the pressure out. The runes of his cage banned his magic to get out but allowed him to use it within.

-“V…” – Tae warned, eyes wide from shock. He felt there is something different with his twin, but he couldn’t put his finger on it yet. His intuition kicked in and he put a hand on his brother’s shoulder, squeezing it slightly. – “Calm down we need him…”

V growled low at his words, his magic swirling inside him, ready to clash with Namjoon’s.

-“We are better off without him.” – The creaking sound of the cage was deafening as the alarmed voices around them.

-“No V, we need him…” – Tae grunted, cupping his brother’s face to force his eyes on his. – “He is the only one who could wake up Hyung!”

At those words, V faltered. His eyes starred at Tae’s for a few moments, growing wide. The creaking of the cage stopped as V let go of his breath. He closed his eyes and allowed to be pulled away from the cage and in Tae’s embrace, breathing heavily from the exertion.

-“Something changed…” – Tae whispered in his ear. V felt the energy coursing through his entire body. He nodded slightly. He could hear that Tae licked his lips as before humming again. – “We need to talk.”

V nodded again and lean back from Tae’s embrace, still staying in his arms reach. His eyes turned to face Namjoon’s, who was staring at them in a mixture of hate and fear, arms still spread as if to hold the cage from collapsing. V thought that this was exactly what he was doing with his magic.

He took one step closer to the cage, burying his eyes in the amber ones. – “We are not done.”

And with those words, he turned to leave, with Tae’s hand in his own. Jiyong stepped in front of them.

-“You can’t leave yet, there are still things to be….”

-“There is nothing to be done until I speak with my brother and see my Hyung.” – V interrupted and walked pass the Count, who raised his eyebrow high, not used to be disobeyed. As the twins were to reach the door, the Marquise stepped in, blocking their way.

-“Move.” – V hissed, not in the mood for that play.
-“Uuu he is the feisty one.” – Heechul mused from the other side.

-“Heechul be quiet.” – Jiyong said calmly, moving his eyes from V to Seunghyun. Their eyes met and Jiyong nodded slightly. Seunghyung huffed, casting his eyes down and then raising them to up to give V such a deep warning stare that everyone wondered how the young man didn’t step back, but V returns the gaze in the same intensity, speaking volumes without a voice until Seunghyun stepped aside to let them pass. Holding Tae’s hand tightly in his grip, V hurriedly walked through the door and into the darkness.

There was silence. Each man had their eyes towards the door, as they were waiting for the twins to come back. The sight of them was rare and so magnificent, that their minds still didn’t comprehend what just happened. Not until one amused voice spoke. -“Well that was dramatic.”

Jiyong rolled his eyes as he turned to look at grinning Heechul, who looked very pleased, for a reason known only to him.
- "Are you sure there is nothing else to be done?" – V asked, sitting next to Jin, who ever since they brought him back, haven’t woke up not even once. He was comatose, in deep sleep. He would not stir, not even breathe differently. Yoongi had no idea what Namjoon did to him, but no amount of drafts and potions could revive him.

- "Hyung tried everything." – Tae said, thinking of Yoongi. – "Even Jiyong Hyung sent for his healer, but no avail."

- "I guess you tried to make that bastard speak?"

Tae nodded his head. – ‘Of course, we did, but he won’t talk and he must be locked up, Jiyong Hyung told us. He said his…um… magic… is way too strong."

Tae paused for a moment, brows furrowing as he thought through.

- "What… what was that back in the dungeon?"

V raised his eyes to look at his twin, not knowing exactly himself how to call it.

- "I believe it was…some sort of…well…magic…I think."

Tae’s eyes went wide. – ‘What do you mean? Where did you get it?’

V scratched his neck and took a deep breath before answering. – ‘I’m not sure myself, but…’ – He paused slightly. – ‘Um…I believe I always had it. It’s just…it was bounded in some way before.’

- "And now?" – Tae knelt in front of V, placing his hands on his brother’s knees. V licked his lips, still looking at his second half, trying to find the best way to explain what happened to him on Isla de la Sangre. The spirits told him many things, but mainly about the prophecy and danger.

- "Tae…something happened on that island. I… I heard things…the spirits."

Tae’s brows furrowed even more. – ‘The spirits?’

- "Yes…look, I’m not crazy… I…”

- "I never said you were.’’ – Tae said calmly. – ‘I do believe in spirits.’’

They were silent for a moment or two, looking at each other’s eyes, breathing calmly, even though they felt something stirring inside them.

- "Tell me more. What have the spirits told you?" – Tae sat on his folded legs, propping his elbows on V’s knees. Their faces so close, that he could feel his brother’s breath on his face.

- "They spoke about the dark mage…they said ‘the dark mage has come’, and something about the ‘light one needs you’ and Tae, I swear, when they said it, I thought of you. It was so strong. I felt like you are in danger and that you need me and when they spoke of the ‘light one’ I had you in my
mind and that was not my doing.’’

-‘‘What do you mean?’’ – Tae tilted his head in confusion, completely absorbed in his brother’s words.

-‘‘It’s like they meant you.’’

Tae frowning. – ‘‘But I don’t have magic.’’

V licked his lips again, taking a deep breath. – ‘‘That’s just a thing… I think you do. I think both of us do.’’ – He said, watching Tae lean back, staring at him confusingly.

-’’I have no idea what you are talking about.’’

-‘‘Tae…you and I…we were always a bit different from everybody else, yes?’’

-‘‘Hmmmm well yes, but that’s because we are twins, right?’’

-’’No. I don’t think it is because of that Tae.’’ – V said gently. –’’I believe that we always had something strange like our blood is tinted.’’

-’’Are you saying we are sick?’’

-’’No, no, no…I believe we have the magic tint.’’

Tae just stared at him, frown deepening. – ‘‘I don’t think we do. We are not mages and witches. Our mother wasn’t one.’’

-’’Tae, how much exactly do you remember of our mother?’’ – V asked, covering his brother’s hand with his own. He could feel this twin slight panic and nervousness.

-’’Well…she seemed normal… beautiful… I remember she was beautiful and good.’’

-‘‘She was.’’ – V smiled affectionately. – ‘‘But we were too little to remember more. I mean, she could have hidden it from us, to protect us or wait for us to grow up a little. Maybe there was magic in our family, but she never got the chance to tell us, since she died. And what about the fact that you can whisper to animals? Hmmm? What about that one Tae? Normal people can’t make animals do things that you can.’’

-’’Maybe I’m just good at it.’’ – Tae protested. – ‘‘It doesn’t have to be magic.’’

-‘‘But it is Tae. Me seeing well in the dark, you talking with animals. And you always have a great way with people. You make friends so easily Tae. People love you from the very beginning. For me, it was never that easy, but you, you are different, you have that easy likeability.’’

-’’You want to say that me befriending people is magic? C’mon V.’’ – Tae frowned at his twin, but V shook his head and cupped Tae’s cheeks with his hands.

-’’No Tae, listen. I never said that it’s magic that you can have friends, but that she is making everything much easier for you. Mine never do that to me.’’

-’’We are just different V, that doesn’t mean…’’ – Tae begins to say but was interrupted by V’s long fingers on his lips.

-’’Tae, when I touched that rune stone, I couldn’t move. My hand was glued to it and the thousands of voices hit me all of once. They told me about the mage who will destroy everything.’’
“Namjoon.” – Tae whispered and V nodded. – “Yes, he is the mage and the powerful one at that. We have listened to the stories about him.”

“I don’t think I’ve heard of him until now when all of this happened.” – Tae spoke slowly, concentrating hard.

“Yes Tae, you did…we both did. They called him by many other names, but we know him for ‘The sea wolf’.

Tae’s eyes grew wide as he stared at his brother again.

“It’s….it’s him?”

V nodded.

“Fuck.” – Tae said and V had to smile. He thought that as well when he first found out. Jiyong’s men were good and loyal, but V had his way to extract information without them knowing. V’s face grew serious again.

“Tae, the light ones, it’s you and me, we are the light ones. Our magic is written in our blood. I have it and you have it.”

“But I don’t have magic V!” – Tae groaned loudly, pulling his face from V’s hands and was reprimanded and shushed yet again.

“Not so loud Tae, we are in the Dragon’s Den. Here everything has eyes and ears.” – V said, his gaze slipping towards their Hyung on the bed.

“I think Hyung knew or at least suspected something. He must have, we were always so different. Well, I was in any case.”

He looked back at his brother. – “There is magic in our blood Tae, I can feel it now. I can feel yours too. It’s stirring, waiting to be released, to be free.”

Tae diverted his gaze and shifted uncomfortably. The idea of magic gave him shivers. He didn’t like it. He didn’t want it. V was always the wild one. The one who was aching to be free, but not Tae. Tae didn’t mind being burdened by the life and obligations, he enjoys it. Now even more so, since he met Jungkook.

“Maybe it’s just you V. Maybe only you have it. I don’t think I do.” – Tae said casting his eyes down from his brother’s stare. V’s gaze grew gentle.

“Oh, but I’m pretty sure you do TaeTae.” – The mention of his childhood nickname made Tae rise his eyes again as he smirks.

“Wanna bet?”

That made V grin widely. – “You will lose, brother.”

“Only if you cast some crazy spell, wizard.”

“Wizards don’t exist. I’m…we are not wizards Tae.”

“Whatever…”

“Let me try.” – V raised his hands to cup his brother’s face once more and bring their foreheads
V’s newly awaken magic surged through his veins, filling him with power. He dared not to use it otherwise, except for that angry outburst in the dungeons, but Tae gave him grounding. He felt safe with him. V took a deep breath and tentatively imagine sending his energy into Tae, trying to connect. He felt his magic seeking his twin. He was incomplete without him. Tae gasped when he felt something emanating from V, which made his fine hair on his neck raise. He shuddered, opening his eyes wide.

-’’I can feel it…the magic… or whatever…yours I mean… not mine…’’

-’’Yours is sleeping, it needs to wake up Tae.’’ – V still tried to concentrate, but it was fruitless. Tae was too restless for that. He sighed and frowned. – ’’I guess we should try again later when you are less distracted.

-’’You mean to tell me that you just lost?’’ – Tae grinned. V just shook his head.

-’’No…the bet is still on Tae. You just need time.’’

-’’We don’t have a time V.’’ – Tae said, standing up and glancing at Jin. – ’’You should better concentrate on your own magic, how to control it V because that thing in the dungeons looked uncontrolled.’’

-’’It was under control.’’ – V hissed quietly.

-’’Sure sure…’’ – Tae said and sat to the chair opposite. V looked at their Hyung again, lost in the thought of what to do.

A few days later and countless tries to reason with Namjoon failed. V even tried to affect him with his newly discovered magic, but since he, as Tae put it, failed to control it, the attempts were stopped until further notice. Namjoon’s experience and his age gave him the great upper hand over V, but Jiyong still believed that he was the only one equal in magical strength as the mage.

Mages and witches were the creatures of the old times and magic was rare, almost forgotten. The creatures now days were not as powerful as before since they were hunted down and killed in the past. Namjoon hid his magic very well, but there were still some people that knew about it and were afraid. His grandfather’s reputation protected him as Jin protected the twins. Historians called them ‘’the ones with tinted blood’’ while others spoke about destiny ‘’written in blood’’. V studied the old scrolls Jiyong so gladly bestowed upon him, that he barely had time for anything else. He did saw others daily but didn’t linger in their company as he had to crack the riddle of how to awake his Hyung.

The others were still there in Dragon’s den, as Yoongi called it, enjoying the Count’s hospitality and trying to make themselves useful. Yoongi found his common ground with Heechul, the pirate, who besides being a pirate, was a very skilled poisoner. They shared tips and had long discussions with one another. Yoongi didn’t go to see Namjoon yet. The relationship the two shared in the past was much more complicated. Yoongi needed plenty of time to compose his stirred emotions, especially because Jin was involved. He didn't want to give Namjoon the satisfaction of knowing
just how shaken Yoongi was at the sight of lifeless Jin.

The Marquise and Hoseok could be often found drinking wine and talking, with sly and naughty
smirks on their faces, while Jimin and Jungkook spend most of their time practicing swordfight.
Jungkook, an apt pupil, learned the difficult maneuvers that Jimin was showing him, grinning
widely at each other. Tae was so pissed and confused at this new friendship but didn’t say anything
at first, sensing there was probably some deeper meaning in it. He did breach that topic one night
though when they went to bed.

-’’I don’t know how to feel about you and Jimin.’’ – Kook’s eyebrows furrowed at Tae’s words.

-’’What do you mean Tae?’’

-’’You and Jimin…you’re…you are so close all of a sudden…why?’’ – Tae murmured and Kook
sighed.

-’’We just understand each other that’s all. He…he isn’t so bad once you get to know him, you
know.’’

Tae grimaced at those words. – ’’Trust me I know him pretty well.’’

-’’I don’t think his behavior towards you were good at all Tae, moreover, I still want to break his
neck for every touch and hungry stare he ever threw your way, but if you look past that he….he
isn’t so different from the rest of us. He is brave and possesses a strong mental strength.

-’’What happened with you two in that prison.’’ – They did tell them all about the fight and locked
experience, carefully avoiding Jimin’s nightmares and his past. Jungkook promised he won’t say a
word, even to Tae and he trod carefully around the subject because of it. He did think that Tae
should know, that it would help him see Jimin in another light, but Jimin was stubborn about it, so
he kept his promise to keep it a secret.

-’’Nothing, we just had a lot of time to practice our self-control not to kill one another and when we
reached that objective we begin to talk. Five days is a hell of a lot of time to spent locked in
silence.’’

-’’You didn’t… I mean, he didn’t…force himself on you, didn’t he?’’ – Tae barely managed to
spill the question that was bothering him ever since he saw how close the two men are.

Jungkook laughed. – ’’No Tae we didn’t have sex. We just talked for five days I swear.’

Tae’s shoulders relaxed and he took a deep sigh. – ’’I’m sorry Kookie. It was so bad of me to even
think that, I’m sorry.’’

-’’Sweet fool, as I would ever desire anyone but you.’’ – Kook kissed his cheek, but Tae pouted.

-’’Jimin is hot. He is an asshole, but a hot one, I’ll give him that.’’ – Tae said, looking at the
ground. – ’’I had a serious crush on him when I was thirteen.’’ – He said. Jungkook’s doe eyes
widen at that information, his inner jealously stirring. – ’’Did you?’’

Tae chuckled. – ’’Yes it was a long time ago. He was my first crush, but he was such a jerk and I
get hurt. I never told him though. He laughed at me and teased me constantly, so I started to avoid
him as much as I could since he was with V almost every day. With time crush grew into
displeasure and annoyance. I even thought that he liked V more than a friend back then, but even to
this day I never found out the real nature of their friendship. They are weird.’’
Jungkook listened quietly, setting the puzzle pieces back to their place, finally having the whole picture. Well, almost the whole. Jimin began acting like a jerk towards Tae at the same time his father assaulted him for the first time. The idea of romance was far away from Jimin’s mind at that time and if he sensed Tae’s attraction towards him, he ignored it. In time things changed, but Tae, protective of his heart, never opened up towards him, especially when Jimin started paying attention to him. What the two felt towards each other was completely different. While one wanted only sex, the other wanted love. Maybe the things would have been different if Jimin’s childhood wasn’t spoiled with indifference and molestation. Maybe the two boys would find the common ground in love and friendship from an early age, but alas, destiny played her cards cruelly, causing pain for both of them. Jungkook can’t feel so sorry though since it did bring Tae to him.

Now, however, things started to change. The once easy life he had imagined with Tae for this short time they were together, filled him with worry. He could sense big things are about to happen. V returned changed very much and Junkook even starts sensing a slight change in Tae’s aura as well. He didn’t know whether or not Tae is just mirroring the energy his twin or is he changing inside himself. After hearing and seeing things in Count’s home, Jungkook began to believe in the fairy tales from the old times, especially if there were connected with witches. Tae and his brother did sound like they could be ones…at least in some percentage, but he didn’t dare to utter those thoughts to his lover. Tae was worried and uncharacteristically snappy for the past few days if anyone mention magic and Kook tried his best to calm him down. Seeing yet another worried expression on his face made Jungkook reach out and kiss him on the mouth, wrapping his strong arms around him and pulling him into his embrace.

- ‘Let’s not talk about Jimin right now.’ – He murmured into Tae’s lips and kissed him deeper, deciding to enjoy moments like these until they last. Who knows how many would they have in the future. He sent all of his love and desire to the kiss, cupping Tae’s face lovingly as he squeezed him tightly. He wanted to tell him how much he means to him, how much happiness he brings and just how much he makes his heart flutter by a single kiss. The pleasurable hum came from the back of Tae’s throat and Jungkook smiled into a kiss. That was all the answer he needed.

V spent the majority of his time with Jiyong and Seunghyun in the dragon’s study, discussing and learning. The Count proved worthy senpai, even though he lacked the magic V had, he was still powerful in knowledge.

V hasn’t seen enough of Hoseok as he should. The minstrel, perceptive by nature, sensed the difficult time and need for concentration, so he left him be for a while. Besides the few kisses, they didn’t spend much time together as they should. V hated the fact that things got so crazy so fast and only after he finally acknowledges his emotions and attraction towards the redhead man. He did, however, notice the gleam in Hoseok’s eyes every time he sees Yoongi, who avoided the redhead man from the beginning. He avoided V as well. The fourth day though V went in search of Hoseok, only to be surprised when he didn’t found him in any known locations where minstrel usually dwelled. Passing by Yoongi’s room, his thoughts had navigated towards his grumpy Hyung and he found himself walking towards the improvised workshop Yoongi set in one of Jiyong basements. He entered the room, but it was empty. He almost turned to leave when a quiet sound made him tilt his head towards it. He looked around better and discovered a slightly opened door on the opposite corner of the room.
As he came nearer, the sounds were more audible. The storage room was big, dimly lighted and filled with barrels, crates, and sacks. V went silently in, his eyes still adjusting to the darkness when he saw them, the two silhouettes near the wall, between two sets of crates.

-"I fucking h-hate maaaah...minstrels..." - Yoongi's voice groaned tightly, followed by heavy panting.

V came closer to the corner careful not to make a sound when a very familiar voice spoke with a dark chuckle.

-"Oh yes... they could be quite obnoxious..." - There was humor in Hoseok's voice. -"But most of us hide their true self behind it..."

V was now able to recognize the two men in the shadows. Hoseok stood, his back facing V, fingers wrapped around Yoongi's cock as he jerked his wrist up and down, inhaling Yoongi's scent, while the latter whimpered, leaning on the wall behind him. Both of his hands were weakly pressed above his head by Hoseok. V almost groaned at the splendid sight. He always had a weird obsession with Yoongi and Hoseok was, well, he was his. Seeing those two together triggered his arousal in such a manner that he was fully hard in mere seconds.

-"A lot of y-you are p-plain liars....oh...and...aaaaah...and thieves...I h-hate minstrels."- Yoongi barely breathed, body shaking as he was close.

-"Awww Hyung... but I don't think you hate me now hmmm?" - Hoseok asked wickedly. -"Not when you enjoy my fingers around your cock so nicely."

Yoongi moaned and muttered quietly. -"You are the worst of them all."

Hoseok laughed quietly, quickening his hand. -"That's true, but in a different sense. I wonder if you would let me show you which one?"

Just then Hoseok turned his head and looked directly at V as if he knew he was there from the beginning. His grin widened. The surge of arousal that was already flooding V's body was not intensified ten times more.

-"We would love to show you Hyung if you let us."

Yoongi who had his head tossed back and his eyes closed in the bliss, jerked it back to look at Hoseok sharply and then following his eyes, squinted into the darkness behind them.

-"Us?"

-"Mhm..." - Hoseok nodded, looking back at Yoongi, eyes shining something dark and erotic and it made Yoongi's knees shake.

-"Would you want that darling?" - V silently groaned at those words. The answer is yes, of course, he wanted Yoongi again. He wanted to show Hoseok just how beautifully he could make Yoongi moan and whimper. All of his screams and trembles.

Hoseok quirked his head slightly to the right and Yoongi knew that question wasn't meant for him. Out from the darkness came the one man who scared him and made him hard as hell at the same time.

-"Oh hell no." - Yoongi groaned at the sight of V. Hoseok chuckled, tilting his head some more as he spoke in amusement.
"He reacts perfectly to you my darling. His cock twitched so much when he saw you." - He squeezed Yoongi more tightly, stroking him fervently, making Yoongi buckle his hips more into his hand as he stared at V's icy blue eyes who came closer and now had his arm wrapped around Hoseok's waist, his mouth kissing at minstrel's neck as he stared back at Yoongi.

Yoongi felt flush even more. He thrusts more and more into Hoseok's hand needing more friction, almost choking when V's hand joined in and stroke his balls, making Yoongi moan breathily, eyes closing in the ecstasy as he spilled his seeds all over their hands.

- "Oh, I would love that." - V purred seductively into Hoseok's ear. – ‘‘You always knew how to turn me on you devil.’’ – He nibbled at Hoseok’s lobe, making him giggle mischievously.

- "I know your kinks as well as you know mine darling.’’ – Hoseok said, pecking V on the mouth before looking back at Yoongi–” And I think Yoongi would like that too.” - He added, grinning widely, releasing the man’s hands, which fell down weakly. V looked at Yoongi’s post-orgasmic figure, his dark half-lidded eyes and his spent cock who began to move again under the blonde man’s gaze. V chuckled. – ‘‘Oh yes, I think he would. – V said and came closer. He heard small, barely audible… -"Fuck you"… from Yoongi, which made him chuckle. -"Oh, I will.” – He said and was surprised when Yoongi crashed their lips together, murmuring hungrily. - ‘‘Oh yes you will.’’

The three of them had fun that night several times, not knowing that there was one person close by, listening to it all, gritting his teeth and fighting his urge to storm inside and take Yoongi away from them, trying to ignore the fact that Yoongi enjoyed it all a bit too much.

- 'You know it’s not right to listen to other people’s intimate pleasures.’’ – The voice spoke somewhere behind, making the man jerked in alarm as Heechul came behind the corner. He stood, smiling, cocking his head aside. -- ‘‘Although I must say they do sound quite hot. I don’t blame you for listening, but…’’ -- He paused, tilting his head on another side as his eyes squint lightly to assess the man in front of him. – ‘‘…I don’t think you enjoying that much…considering your pained face.’’

As the other man kept his silence, Heechul spoke again casually. – ‘‘How about you join me for a cup or two. I’ve heard that Dragon has some excellent brandy.’’

Jimin thought for a second or two before a quite sinister moan came from the inside of the room. He sighed deeply, closing his eyes. He knew that he didn’t have any claim over Yoongi. He never spoke to him about it. He wasn’t even sure himself of what exactly he is feeling. All he did know is that after the talk with Jungkook and everything that happened he didn’t continue to obsessively pursue Tae anymore. He liked him still yes, that was true, but he knew now that the love for him wasn’t real. Well, not real enough. Jimin needed something else, he needed the grounding. His new discovered feelings for Yoongi were more mysterious and strong. Jimin felt safe with Yoongi and that was one of the most important things to him. Great sex and the fact that they can talk about everything for a long time was only a bonus to that. In his pursuit of Taehyung, Jimin failed to see what’s been under his nose the entire time. The very thing he needed.

Knowing that V would just take Yoongi for pleasure again, made Jimin filled with jealousy. He knew that deep down Yoongi was weak for V, as they all were. V was something special. He had no idea how much before. Both of them, Tae and V…Assassins…all this time…damn…and Seokjin Hyung too…not in his wildest dreams would he imagine that, but in some strange way it did make sense, all of it. Jimin was surprised, but not too shocked. V was always cold and dangerously calm. Jimin noticed from countless accouters before when he was in a tight spot, V would always scare away even the biggest brute with only his stare and scary smirk. Jimin knew
V’s soul, even though he didn’t know his secrets. They were soulmates after all. What one lacked, others had. They completed one another.

Tae on the other side was the biggest shock. During the years, Jimin learned not to underestimate the darker twin, but in all of his idolization of him, he failed to see what’s right under his nose, since Tae was the probably the most humane of them all. His view of life and care for living beings was unique, as it was the way he could warm up V’s heart in a second. He never saw the soft and warm expression on V’s face with anyone else, but Tae, when they share one of their special moments of family intimacy in the security of their home, in which Jimin was always welcomed. In a way, Jimin was deeply honored to be allowed to witness those moments and V’s soft side. Jimin thought that was the moment he started desiring Tae, wanting, in some strange way of his, to be looked at and addressed with the same love and care as V was by his brother, but only with more physical intimacy. In all his life Jimin never had love, was never cared and loved with honesty. Sure, both males and females would proclaim their love to him, but he knew it was his popularity and charisma that drew them to him and not he himself. Jimin never shows them his true self. He was never close with anyone in that way to tell them about his past and horrors he survived. Not even V. Jimin hated the idea of V looking at him differently. Perhaps he might be wrong, but in his insecurity, Jimin could never make himself brave enough to open that subject up. He thought that Tae would be different, but Tae avoided him and Jimin didn’t know why. The moment with Jungkook though was a complete accident, but it turned out not so bad at the end. The young knight did look at him differently though but in a more admiring way. There was never pity in Junkook’s eyes, only a silent low key rage whenever someone mentions Jimin’s father.

As for Seokjin Hyung, Jimin always suspected that under that wealthy merchant persona he was wearing was something much darker. Jin Hyung was always polite and charming and Jimin liked him very much. He of all people would know the best what is like to hide your true self and dark secrets while presenting to the world as carefree and happy. Jimin understood that maybe too perfectly. Haven’t he done the same thing his entire life? Jimin thoughts went to his Hyung, wondering if he would ever wake up. He cursed Namjoon for doing that to him. And that bastard was smiling, the nerve.

Jimin knew that Namjoon was dangerous, but so was V. He was maybe the only one who could face him, which made entire ordeal with Yoongi even worse. He knew that V would never hurt Yoongi that much, but still. He didn’t know Hoseok well enough, however, he didn’t trust the man enough. Under all that, shiny and cheerful personality lay darkness, since no one remotely sane, in Jimin’s humble opinion, could have V completely smitten and swirled around his little finger, as Hoseok could. Ever since he saw Hoseok’s eyes for the first time he felt his seductive power and knew that he was very dangerous. Maybe in a completely different and more twisted way than V himself, but still, Hoseok proved to be a perfect fit for his best friend. Not for Yoongi though. Jimin just hoped that they would leave him alone after this night. Remembering what happened the last time Yoongi was in V’s hands, Jimin made a mental note to check up on him tomorrow morning. It could be even worse now since he suspected that Hoseok wasn’t gentle at all.

He sighed deeply again, opening his eyes to see expecting pirate leaned on the opposite wall. He had no idea when he came so close so fast and without a sound, but then again he did take his time considering his proposition. By now he learned that everyone in this mansion was peculiar and strange, but strangely not so impatient. He didn’t felt danger from Heechul, not right now anyway and he was so emotionally tired of the entire ordeal that he just nodded, saying quietly.

-”Yes, I think I would like some brandy.” – Heechul grinned, murmuring. – “Perfect.” – Nudging his head towards the door and motioning for him to follow. Jimin, reluctantly went after he tossed another look at the closed door behind which the orgy was raging. He huffed once more, silently cursing V and that damn minstrel to the grave for touching what’s his. Yoongi was his, he always
was his. It took him a while to understand that, but now he knew. He wanted to protect him and to be protected by him at the same time. He needed his calmness and his brutal honesty. He needed his cuddles and gentle nuzzling. He needed Yoongi and dammit he will have him.
As the first lights of dawn crept through the window and fell on a sleeping face on the table, the household started to stir. The servants were up and ready for yet another day, preparing the wood for furnaces in the kitchen as the freshly made dough had his time to rise until it would be put in the oven and baked for breakfast. Jimin, whose body was half in the chair and half bent across the table, one hand around now empty wine cup, moved gently, eyes fluttering open, as he squinted on sudden light in his eyes. He grunted and moved, stretching his stiff limbs and joints and yawning widely as he scratched his dark hair. He had a headache, but he couldn’t sleep anymore, not here that is. Heechul was on the chair across him, with both of his feet on the table as he snored quietly.

-''Oh, I’m never drinking again.'’ – He murmured to himself, knowing perfectly well that he would never keep that promise and stood up to his feet. He stretched again, hearing his joints pop as the blood rushed through his veins. His lower back was especially stiff since he slept most of the night in the weird position. He took a tentative step forward towards the bathroom to relieve himself but hissed slightly at his cramped legs. Slowly step by step he reached the door and went to the hallway, leaving sleepy pirate behind him.

After some moments in the bathroom, he got out, feeling much better. He washed his hands and splashed water over his face to get rid of the sleepiness. He went back into the hall and up the stairs into the corridor which led to his room to get changed when he saw V getting out from Yoongi’s room on the other side of the hall. Jimin hid around the corner, not wanting to meet him just yet. Not noticing the hurried movement on the opposite side, V left to his own business and Jimin sighed in relief. It would be weird to explain his best friend why was he hiding from him, but then again V was not supposed to be in Yoongi’s room in the first place. He found himself creeping to Yoongi’s door, standing in front of it for some time. He urged himself to get in, not sure whether or not he should knock or just let himself in. He didn’t know if the other two men were also awake by now, or is V the only one who sneaks out of their bed so early. Their bed. Yoongi’s bed. Jimin shuddered at the thought and put his ear on the door to listen. Everything seemed quiet.

Jimin’s fingers wrapped himself around the doorknob, turning it quietly until it opens. Barely breathing he sneaked in, eyes adjusting to the darkness since the heavy curtains were pulled on, preventing the morning sunlight to enter the room. His eyes fell on the huge bed and he could see
the sleeping figure in it, under the covers. Jimin looked carefully for a few heartbeats, not daring to breathe. It was only one figure there.

Jimin came closer, almost bending over the bed as he stared at the sleeping man, trying to recognize who it was. The high cheekbones and angelic face, together with a mop of tangled, and as Jimin presumed, red hair, since he couldn’t see well, told Jimin that he was looking at Hoseok. But…where is Yoongi Hyung then? Jimin straightens himself, looking around, but couldn’t find the other man. He must have gotten out before V. Jimin got out silently and went for his room, wanting to change his clothes before he went in search of Yoongi, but was shockingly surprised seeing him in his own bed. Yoongi’s small form was curled into a fetal position, his hands held the covers around himself, hiding his face. Jimin’s heart swelled with warmth when he saw him. He closed the door behind quickly, but silently, so not to wake him up and went towards his bed. He took his shoes off and his jacket before slipping into the covers behind him. He gently placed his arms around the man, pulling him into himself until he was spooning him from behind. Yoongi stirred and hummed. – ‘’Jiminah?’’

-’’Yes Hyung, it’s just me, go to sleep.’’

-’’Jiminah, I’ve…been looking for you… but you…weren’t….here.’’ – He yawned and snuggled back into Jimin.

-’’I am here now Hyung. I won’t leave.’’

-’’Mmmm…good…’’ – Yoongi murmured sleepily. – ‘’So good…’’

They woke up a few hours later. Yoongi was now wrapped around Jimin’s chest, his nose buried in Jimin’s neck while their legs were tangled together. Jimin had his arm around the smaller man, his right cheek resting on Yoongi’s hair. It was so peaceful, Jimin enjoyed immensely. Yoongi, however, a bit ashamed of his clinginess, started to move away but was stopped by Jimin.

-’’Don’t…Hyung please…stay…’’

-’’Jiminah…’’

-’’Please Hyung, let’s just stay like this….for a while. It’s comfortable isn’t it?’’
Yoongi was silent but didn’t continue to pull back. Moreover, he was snuggling more into Jimin, who sighed contently.

-’’You know Hyung, I can get used to waking up next to you like this.’’

Yoongi was still silent, his body went a little stiff. Sensing his alarm, Jimin hurriedly continued talking.

– ‘’It took me a while to know my own mind and feelings Hyung.’’ – He said trying to wake sufficiently enough so he could form coherent sentences. He needed to tell Yoongi what he feels and now was probably the best time.

-’’My entire life I was fighting for everything I have. Nothing was given to me….and I…I know that I was acting like a jerk towards you…I’m sorry Hyung…I am so sorry. I would never be able to forgive myself for treating you like I did.’’

He stopped talking for a moment, composing his thoughts. He knew that he had Yoongi’s full attention now, considering the way he was breathing slow and deep, the body still tensed in his embrace.

-’’I….have…feelings for you Hyung.’’ – He managed to utter. Yoongi stopped breathing. Jimin knew that the older man could hear his heartbeats, thumping like crazy in his chest.

-’’I was never good with…with this…feelings I mean.’’ – He continued carefully. – ‘’I was always criticized for being weak and sentimental…there…hmmm…there was never love in my family.’’

Jimin took a breath to calm himself, swallowing loudly before carrying on with his story. – ‘’They said the laughter died in my household when my mother did, together with her affection. I never knew off it. I never felt it. I wasn’t close to my siblings. They never cared about me and being the youngest I was often a burden to them. ‘’

-’’My father hated me….he still does…he…he…” – Jimin took a shaky breath. – ‘’He always treated me like I was a bloody weakling, a nuisance. I hate the old bastard.’” – It was on the edge of Jimin’s tongue to tell Yoongi the truth about his father, but somehow he couldn’t make himself do so.

-’’One of my three sisters and I were the only ones who inherit our mother’s beauty, as well as her stubbornness and pride, together with her fiery blood, as they’ve told me.” – He said smiling gently. – ‘’That helped us a lot. From all of my siblings, Nyssa was the only one that I had a certain understanding with, if not affection. She was married off by the age of sixteen to some old geezer, my father wanted to ally with.”- It felt so much easier to talk about his sister than his feelings. – ‘’Needless to say, she gave him three sons, until he died in an accident. My sister was devastated for one entire day as any eighteen-year-old widow could be. Watching our mother dying, entirely
bonded by our father and our fucking family, birth after birth, Nyssa was smart enough to know exactly how she didn’t wish to end up, so she made sure to avoid the same faith.’’

Yoongi didn’t need to ask whether or not his sister had something to do with her husband’s death, because Jimin said it all. Yoongi was just curious about exactly how she has done it. As hearing his unspoken question, Jimin smirked and said.

-’’There was a tragic horse riding accident near the cliffs. Even though he was an excellent rider, he wasn’t able to calm down his horse before he tossed him into the abyss. No one really knows what happened or why did the horse act that way. Someone thinks that the poor animal must be frightened by the snake or a bee, but I know…and I guess you know too Hyung of what that could be.’’ – And yes Yoongi did know, a small drop of nightshade, mixed with opium will give you some twisted weird thoughts and feelings. Junkies love it, only they added more opium into the mixture, for a bigger high. A small dart dropped into the concoction will give the horse a real fright. Yoongi can’t imagine what horror the poor animal must have felt. He secretly hated Jimin’s sister for such cruelty, especially because she didn’t seem like he cared about anything but herself.

-’’Now she rules that house with all the cunning and charm she possesses and is doing a hell of a good job of it.’’ – Jimin continued. – ’’At least until her eldest come of age, but I don’t think even then will she let him out of her claws. That boy of hers will be her puppet until he or she dies and my bet is on him. She will bury them all, a dragon of a woman. The other two of my sisters weren’t so smart like Nyssa. And my brothers, well...they can rot in hell for all I care.’’

Jimin ran his fingers across Yoongi’s arm which completely calmed both of them. Jimin ventured into storytelling and Yoongi was more than happy to listen. It was a good distraction from the pain he felt in his lower regions from last night. Fucking V and his large cock.

Completely unaware of the thoughts floating Yoongi’s mind Jimin kept on speaking, drawing Yoongi’s attention once more to himself.

-’’I was too weak to pick up the regular sword, being only six years old, but our master of arms made me improved wooden one and told me to practice my swings. I practice day and night. If not that I was riding fast and far, exploring the mountains and lakes. Or I would simply run until my lungs started to hurt. My only companion was my horse Chimmy. Don’t laugh, I was five when I named him.’’ – He said when Yoongi bit his lip and raised his head to look at Jimin’s face. Jimin’s eyes went gentle but full of humor and they both chuckled at one another. Yoongi resumed his previous spot on Jimin’s chest as the man’s warm breath played with his hair.

-’’I also had a dog named Koya. He was a nice looking ‘’hunting’’ dog, but he was lazy. He loved to sleep too much and was a shitty hunter, but I still adored him.’’

-’’I knew everyone in the city. I was charming and smart, so I learned how to get what I wanted by simply blinking a few times and my face was sweet enough to wake any older women her motherly instinct. At home, I learned how to take things fast and in secret, but on the streets, I learned how to get things by a simple word.’’
Jimin made another pause, before saying in a much more serious tone. - ‘’You are right, I am spoiled and insufferable, but not by my family, but by other people and not because of love, but because material things were the only things I knew that can give me a spot in the society. The only thing that matter for someone who is last in line, with no inheritance and no safe future. So, I took, I challenged everyone and everything and I won my position in society. It’s not much, but it allows me to do and to have what I need with no worry would I have a roof over my head or food in my belly tomorrow. Some of my brothers closer to my age weren’t so lucky.’’

-’’You could help them.’’ – Yoongi said and Jimin scoffed.

-’’Why should I? All they did for my entire life was to look down on me and bully me. I won’t help them shit.’’

-’’You can be better than them. You can…’’

Jimin froze his fingertips on Yoongi’s hand, inhaling exasperatedly.

-’’Hyung, I didn’t end up here because I was caring and because I helped anyone. No one helped me when I needed help, except few persons and one have died from old age, after being our master in arms for 50 years, then my widowed sister and one other, that I consider my true brother.’’ – Jimin’s chest was heaving now, his entire body tensing like a string, while his voice was filled with suppressed emotion so much that he almost choked.

- ‘’So no, I don’t care about the others who mocked me and beat me like a punching bag because they were bored and because I was the youngest and no, I don’t give a shit if any of them come to my doorstep dying from hunger and thirst and begging me for crumbs from my table. I don’t care Hyung. I would just close my door in front of their noses, just like they would do in front of mine.’’- He finished his sentence with a slight panting, breathing deeply through his nose, fighting to resume his previous composure. The problem Jimin always had was his emotions was that they were so raw and strong, impulsively exploding when they should be in check and completely cold when they should burn.

-’’But they are your brothers.’’ – Yoongi who was the only child, never experienced the feeling of a sibling and that bond, so hearing Jimin speaking about his siblings like that, was terrible, but then again, only a few siblings did get along well, now when he thinks about.

Jimin resumed to gently scratch Yoongi’s arm, his voice now calm and in control.
"My only brother is V, Hyung. He is the only one I could call my brother and would put my arm in the fire for him if need be and he would do the same for me." – His voice was so fierce and strong when he said that words, filled with such of conviction that Yoongi was amazed.

"The happiest day if my life was the day that I met V." – Yoongi absentmindedly wrapped his hands around Jimin tighter, as to keep him to himself.

"We were nine years old and we were after the same buck. Two hot-heads, thinking they could get it. V was fearless with his blond hair that shined even more brightly on the Sun and that piercing blue eyes of his that starred at me with such fury. He told me the buck was his, and I laughed…I laughed Hyung and told him that he could go hang himself because I already claimed him as mine. We ended up fighting, as expected, buck long forgotten. After a while we sat on the ground, both bloodied and bruised, trying to catch our breaths when we noticed that we’ve been watched all this time by the same buck. He just stood there and silently watched the two young idiots fighting one another.''

Yoongi felt warmth in his chest at the image of young Jimin and V that he conjured in his head and he smiled gently.

"That buck was mocking us, we knew it, but neither of us had any wish nor energy to chase him again. I remember that I started giggling uncontrollably, having V joining me some seconds later. I don’t know for how long we just sat there and laughed, but I remember feeling so lightless and so carefree. We became friends from that day on.''

Yoongi’s smile widened into a full gummy grin because the very idea of carefree V was insane. He never saw V carefree in his life. - "Did you get that buck at the end?" – He asked.

"No. It became like a game to us. That buck had one of his antlers tops broken and was easy for us to recognize him anywhere, so each time we would chase him and he would run. Sometimes he would beat us and watch us mockingly, if you believe it and then again sometimes we would beat him.''

"What would you do once you win?"

"We would stare him down, feeling our victory and then just turn and left. The game lasted for years until we found him half eaten by the bunch of wolves. I swear I wanted to cry that day, but nature played her course and it was his time.'"
-“Shit.” – Yoongi murmured. He always had a soft spot for animals, more than people, that’s for
sure.

-”Hyung, do you like me even a little?”

Yoongi tensed slightly at the sudden change of topic, but only a second before he relaxed again,
breathing out through his nose.

-“I do…” – He said quietly. Jimin tightens his hands around Yoongi even more, his heart
thumping hard.

-”Then…why are you always pushing me away when I try to get close to you?”

Yoongi sighed exasperatedly and answered. - “Maybe because I’m sick and tired of you treating
me like that buck of yours.” – At that Jimin tilted his head to look at Yoongi, but the man had his
face buried in his chest. - “Hyung…I… I don’t…”

-”Yes you do Jiminah.” – Yoongi murmured at first, but then his voice became stronger, more
audible.

-”You come and chase me and make me flustered because you know how I react on you…you
know it…and then you go and I don’t see you for days and then you come again and sometimes I
manage to win and send you off and you are angry and again you don’t visit me for a while and
then you come again and the game continues. I’m sick of it Jimin, I am not your toy.” – The last
words were uttered so quiet that Jimin had to listen very carefully to catch them. He cupped
Yoongi’s cheek with his hand to raise his head a little so he could look at his eyes. Yoongi met his
gaze calmly.

-”You never were Hyung! I respect you too much to toy with you.” – Jimin spoke, breathing
heavily now, eyes wide as he looked at Yoongi dark catlike eyes. The other smirked. -”Really?
You have a funny way of showing it.”

Yoongi raised himself on his elbow, his other arm was still across Jimin’s chest. - “Listen, I am
weird, and closed type of person. I don’t like people, I don’t trust them, but there are few that I do
tolerate, some more than the others, but even so, I am human being, I have feelings and dreams and
desires and I hate pain and you Jiminah cause me a lot of pain during this past three years than
anyone else in my entire life.”
-“Hyung, I…” – Jimin began, but Yoongi cut him.

-“You played with my feelings Jiminah. For three years you come and spill your charm on me and I have no fucking clue of why is affecting me so much, but it does, then I finally thought you might actually want me…”

-“But I do want you Hyung.”

-“…and then you leave me and boast around how good fuck I was.”

-“But you were! One of the best!”

-“Jiminah! You don’t just go around and tell people how good fuck someone is even if it’s the best!”

-“Why not!? If it’s good, it needs to be appreciated.” – Jimin said matter-of-factly not seeing the mistake of his misconduct at all. Yoongi rolled his eyes and groaned exasperatedly.

-“Because you made me feel like I’m just another of your conquest! You branded me as I belong to you! Everyone knows me for one of your fucks now Jimin!”

There was a silence, on which either of them didn’t speak. Yoongi’s chest was heaving from embarrassment and irritation and Jimin simply laid frozen, arms still around Yoongi, a bit weaker. He never thought of that way. He never stopped to think about what would be for Yoongi. Jungkook told him he did the same with Tae. The kid was right, Jimin did act like an asshole towards the people that didn’t deserve it. The idea of Yoongi suffering because of him was too bad, he felt like a douchebag right now. His eyes filled with tears and they spilled out when he blinked, feeling like he would choke.

-“Oh fuck…Hyung…fuck…I’m sorry…I never…I never thought….fuck I’m so sorry Hyung.”

-“Well it’s too late for that.” – Yoongi said, starring the young man like a cat that he was.
"I guess I can’t do anything right. Everything I do I mess up. I’m sorry Hyung.” – Jimin covered his face with his hand, while one silent sob shook his body. – “I am so…s-sorry H-hyung…”

Yoongi reacted almost instinctively. He rose slightly up and wrapped his arms around younger man’s face, pulling him into a tight hug.

“Hush you sweet pabo.” – That just made Jimin grip Yoongi even tighter as he continued to cry bitterly.

“Hyung I don’t k-know why I do things I d-do with you…and why I mess e-everything up, but I love you and I…”

He stopped himself, body completely frozen in Yoongi’s arms. Yoongi’s eyes were wide as he glanced down at the man who hid his face into his chest… He wasn’t sure if he heard correctly that last part or not.

“J-Jiminie…”

Silence, Yoongi could felt the other man shivering, still frozen in mid-sob and words.

“J-Jiminah look at me.”

Jimin shook his head, his hands gripping at Yoongi’s tunic. Yoongi’s heart felt like it will leap out from his chest and he wondered if Jimin could feel how erratic his heart beating is.

“Jiminnie…love… look at me please.” – At that Jimin’s breath hitched and a small whine was heard in the back of his throat. He raised his head slowly, eyes glistening with tears, his plump lips red from biting.

“Hyung… how…” – He almost whispered, but Yoongi heard him. He swallowed.

“J-Jiminie…”
Jimin gently smiled. – ‘’What was that other thing Hyung?’’

Yoongi groaned. – ‘Don’t make me repeat it.’’

Jimin produced a low groan, while he fought not to break into a smile. -‘’Do you love me Hyung?’’

-’’Shut up and kiss me.’’ – Yoongi grunted, eyes wide and excited as they followed one of Jimin’s tear sliding down his cheek. He ran his hand to brush it off.

Jimin smiled warmly, sniffling audibly as he tilted his head to brush their lips together. Yoongi closed his eyes at the contact, sighing contently as they moved in sync. Jimin pushed his tongue tentatively into Yoongi’s mouth and Yoongi welcomed it with enthusiasm. They kissed slowly and gently at first, but pretty soon the kisses became more heated. Soon they were grinding against one another, their arms touching and groping.

Yoongi hissed in pain when Jimin squeezed his ass. That made Jimin stop to look at him.

-’’Sorry Hyung did I hurt you?’’

Yoongi shook his head. – ‘’No…no…it’s alright…go on…don’t worry about me. Kiss me again.’’ – He pulled him into a kiss and Jimin’s fingers ventured between Yoongi’s ass cheeks, pressing down.

Yoongi hissed again and Jimin broke the kiss once more to look at him. – ‘’Did they hurt you that much Hyung? I’ll kill them both.’’ – Jimin said through gritted teeth. Yoongi just stared at him in shock.

-’’How did you… when…?’’ – He stammered and Jimin cast his eyes down, exhaling loudly.

-’’I’ve seen you…the three of you… going to your room the last night…I’ve heard you.’’

-’’You were listening?’’ – Yoongi raised his eyebrows even higher than they already were.
"I don’t trust him with you Hyung… I wanted to make sure that you were there with your own free will…and… well…you seemed to enjoy it…a bit too much…”

"Oh Jiminah…I’m…I’m sorry…” – Yoongi said with sad eyes, but Jimin shook his head.

"No Hyung, you have nothing to be sorry about. I have no right to say anything about what you do."

"You have it now.” – Yoongi said and Jimin looks at him.

"Do I?"

Yoongi licked his lips -"Well I think we established that we…umm….love each other, right?’’

Jimin smiled again. – ‘’Well I don’t know, did we?’’

Yoongi played with the hem of Jimin’s shirt, not looking the other man in the eyes. – ‘’Yes…we did.’’

Jimin looked at him, his chest heaving from the burst of emotions he felt. Yoongi cleared his throat, pulling at the shirt slightly. - ‘’So I think you do have the right to say what you want…as do I.’’

'’What do you want Hyung?” – Jimin whispered, inching closer. Yoongi breathed through his mouth, still not looking at his eyes. -’’I want more than just fucking, Jimin.’’

’’I want that too.’’ – Jimin said and Yoongi’s eyes snapped into his, seeking to see if the words were true.

’’But I don’t want you to sleep with V, nor his lover again.” – Jimin said, eyes burning with jealousy.
“I want you to stop chasing after Tae.” – Yoongi tilted his chin up in defiance.

“I already stopped Hyung…”

Yoongi raised his eyebrow at this, looking at him for several seconds and then nodded, looking down, mouth pouted.

“I won’t do it anymore.” – Yoongi said. – “I promise.”

Jimin relaxed, smiling adoringly. – “And I promise as well that I won’t go around anymore.”

“Good.” – Yoongi murmured. – “Now kiss me.”

Jimin smiled again and went to fulfill his lover’s desire.
Namjoon sat on the floor of his cage, legs spread, back leaning against the bars. The runes carved in the metal were too strong. His magic, now fully charged by the time he was held captive, couldn't breach through the restraint. He wondered how long would he had to stay here. The blonde twin, whose power was still untrained and uncontrolled, has stopped with his visits, but Namjoon knew that it's not over yet. As long as Jin sleeps, Namjoon had leverage over twins and something to bargain with, unless his crew comes and rescue him. He thought of Jackson and how worried he probably is. For all of his years, Jackson was the only one who never disappointed him. Sure they argue and fight as brothers do, but Namjoon knew that Jackson would have died for him. He wondered what happened to him. He was supposed to keep watch around the tower, but then again Sugar knew exactly how to press Jackson's buttons. He did it often when they were sailing together. Speaking of the sweet Devil, there was a small rustling at the door and Namjoon's eyes fell upon a pale figure dressed all in black. His dark hair falling on his brows as silver dangling earrings hang from his ears.

"My dear Sugar, what brings you to my humble abode?" – He said sarcastically, spreading his hands in welcome as Yoongi strode slowly towards him.

"Spare me the small talk Namjoon. It's been a while." – Yoongi's deep drawl was as quite contrast to his cute cat-like face. Namjoon scanned him carefully.

"You look pale." – He said and Yoongi rolled his eyes.

"I always look pale."

Namjoon grinned. – "That you are. What do you want Sugar?"

"My name is Yoongi." – Yoongi said it curtly, but Namjoon grinned wider.

"Aaah, but I'm afraid you would always be little Suga to me. The old habits die hard, especially for an old man like me."
"You are not that old Namjoon, stop fucking around." – Yoongi growled low.

Namjoon chuckled. "But how can I not to? When it feels so fucking good to fuck."

Yoongi’s eyes grew dark from annoyance, which seems to urge Namjoon even more.

"You were too young back then Sugar to know what a good fuck is." – He tilted his head at the smaller man. "But I believe you had your fair share during the years with the face like that. I wish I was there to celebrate your first fuck Sugar. A boy becoming a man, a marvelous transformation." – Namjoon spoke, acting like an older brother. Yoongi wanted to punch him.

"What I remember of you..." - Yoongi spoke suddenly, stopping Namjoon's rambling. "...is that you were kind and righteous." – He sat on the floor opposite Namjoon. – "But I guess time does changes people, some less, some more."

"It didn't change you much though." – Namjoon smiled. – "You are still cute as you were before Sugar."

Yoongi closed his eyes in exasperation at his old nickname. He just had to deal with it.

"What did you do with Jackson?" – The sudden change of topic catches Yoongi unprepared, but he recovered it soon after. He chuckled remembering Jackson's confused and furious face. "Oh, we created a diversion. As always he was impulsive enough to take the bait. He never learns...never change." – Yoongi said and Namjoon chuckled.

"You were always smart Sugar, always so sly and observant. You knew exactly how to push Jackson's buttons in the right way. I always imagined that one day he would simply kill you... or fuck your brains out. One of the two, if not both. He was always more of a loyal raging dog, while you...you were always hiding in the dark corners like the little black cat you are. I must say, the combination of you two together made my brains purr, whatever the outcome." – Namjoon cocked his head on the side as he watched his old fellow pirate. – "Too bad you chose the wrong side. I feel almost sorry I will have to kill you when I get out."

Yoongi's eyes did not change. His face expression was still unreadable, which drew Namjoon insane, but he hid it behind his own well-composed mask.
"What happened to you Namjoon. You were once a good man." – Yoongi's deep lazy voice spoke so casually. Namjoon's jaw muscles moved ever so slightly in suppressed anger. He forced a smile on his face.

"Well Sugar, back then I was not betrayed by my two best mates and had my grandfather living and breathing. It's funny what the knife in the back could do to a man."

Yoongi scowled. – "Oh stop making it as I betrayed you when you knew perfectly well that I was forced into servitude by the old Cap. Bonded Namjoon by a blood oath. The same oath you made for him. If Jin hadn't killed him then, I probably would later on."

Namjoon hissed at Yoongi's words, but the latter was unmoved. – "Your grandfather was a vile man and only you saw him as a hero. I never could understand why."

"He protected me and raised me!" – Namjoon began, but Yoongi cut him. – "He used you for your powers! He never cared for you! He cared only for those artifacts and his brutal reputation!"

"You don't know what you are talking about! You had no idea who my grandfather was! I..."

"I knew perfectly well who your grandfather was Namjoon! As for you, you were always a good blinded fool that mistook a few kind words for affection."

"I was only a fool for you and Seokjin, trusting you when you were plotting behind my back! Tell me, did he took you to his bed first, or did you came with him out of love Sugar?!"

Yoongi grimaced at the accusation. – "You fucking idiot! Jin Hyung only loved you, for all this time! He was the only person who truly ever loved you!"

Namjoon started to laugh, a little hysterically. Even though he got the truth out of Seokjin about what happened and his feelings, a pang of jealousy involving Sugar and what happened to Jin after he left still bothered him. He knew that the young man left with Jin that day. He always knew that Yoongi was different and introverted, but he always wondered to what extent he was drawn to Seokjin. It was eating him for years. The jealous hatred towards the younger man only grew with time, now reaching for its peak, as it seemed that not only did Sugar left with Jin but that they stayed close together all this time.
"You were always a pretty little thing Sugar, so cute. Why did you think we called you so...hah, little Suga...Jin was always fond of you back then, I just didn't know how much. Tell me, does he fuck you or does he open his handsome legs for you, hmm?!" – Namjoon was gripping his bars, face livid while his eyes shined strong. He looked insane, out of control, eyes blazing amber from magic. His emotions and his power conflicting as to the sound of the electricity crackled in the air. Yoongi observed him hard. – "You are a madman." – He said and stood up from the ground, turning to leave this room, when Namjoon's voice stopped him.

"You were always in love with him." – Yoongi froze, body tensing. He turned to face Namjoon again, but the caged man only laughed. – "Oh, yes I know. I knew back then also. I fell for his charms too." – His voice was softer now. – "It was impossible not to."

The change in Namjoon was unnerving. One moment he was ready to rip Yoongi's throat, and in the next, he was observing him with pity and understanding. No, this definitely wasn't Namjoon that Yoongi knew. This creature was something else. How the hell they are going to fight someone so powerful, Yoongi wondered.

"I'm not in love with Hyung." – He murmured quietly, but Namjoon still heard him.

"Maybe you aren't now, but you were back then. I could see it, it was written all over your face. You were still a child, so I found it cute until he took you away with him and left me."

"Namjoon you know why he had to leave you."

"Yes, yes I know. I wasn't able to comprehend why at the time..." – Namjoon said, looking down at the ground as if losing himself into memory lane, when his eyes flew back at Yoongi, sharp and accusatory. – "But why did he allowed you to follow him? Well, ...the realization came later on. He always allowed you to follow him from afar. He knew each time that you were on his heels, like a small shadow."

"Namjoon, nothing happened between me and Hyung. He was always like the older brother to me...even though...." – Yoongi gulped, casting his eyes on the ground. – "...even though I never saw him as such, he always saw me like nothing else but his dongsaeng." – His eyes went back at Namjoon. – "I'm telling you the truth, I never ever lied to you Namjoon. Nothing happened between me and Hyung, please believe me on this one."

Yoongi didn't know why he was justifying himself to Namjoon exactly, but then again he knew how much Namjoon loved Jin, even if no one else did. They hid it too damn well. He observed and listened to them in the darkness so many times when they thought they were alone. He
remembered every breathless moan, every hard groan, every word of love and promise the two shared. For Yoongi it was a guilty pleasure and suffering. He wanted to love like that. He wanted to feel the pleasure of the other naked body on his. In his young hormonal self, Yoongi often imagined them both having their way with him, using him for their own pleasure. He always admired Namjoon and his strength. He was a good and righteous man, wise and trustworthy, unlike his grandfather. Yoongi would follow him anywhere if it weren't for the change. He noticed it, right after the old Captain was murdered. The change was so drastic and Yoongi knew that nothing would be the same again, especially because of Jin.

"I left with him only because I couldn't bear that ship anymore. I was tired of constantly sailing, battling, slowly dying in the kitchens below the deck and hiding in the shadows from drunken sailors. Do you know how many times I had to fight them off me? Do you know how many times I had to run from Mance and his gang? You called me a scared kitten, but that's what I was. I was a cat in the ship full of raging dogs and you and Jackson weren't always there to protect me. When I told the Captain about his men forcing themselves on me, he just laughed. Do you know what he told me? To run faster. He did nothing, so I had to. I got rid of them and you never realized it was me. I was small and weak back then, but I had a brain and I knew poisons."

Namjoon's eyes went wide. - "Mance and the rest....that was you?"

Yoongi nodded.

"But...they bleed out while taking a dump, one after the other. I never smelled rotten stench so gross in my life. It was you? We thought it was some sort of disease. The entire ship was in a panic for months!"

Yoongi nodded again. - "It was my first time trying something like that, but I observed Master Key as he was mixing powders and drafts for the Captain and the crew for years. I knew my way in the kitchen, I knew how to make it undetectable. One mix of rat poison and nightshade seed in their meal every day got them bleeding from the inside."

"They were whining for the stomach ache for weeks." - Namjoon's brows furrowed. - "They were drunk most of the time, so we thought they just drank too much."

"Actually, the rum was, strangely, the only thing that was keeping them alive for so long. Instead of doubling the effect, it lessens it, making the process much slower. That's why it took them so long. My original plan was not to kill them but to make them sick, so they would forget about me, but because of the rum I thought it wasn't enough, so I started slowly increasing the dosage and well...we both know how it turned out, didn't we?"

Namjoon observed him carefully, eyebrow lifted. - "They were great fighters." - "They were sadistic
brutes who loved to play and torture the smaller and weaker ones."

"Well...we sure did underestimate you kitten."

Yoongi’s cheeks blushed, but more from annoyance than embarrassment. – "I found that people usually tend to underestimate smaller and gentler things, thinking them weak, but that's just plain..."


Yoongi nodded. There was the moment of silence when Yoongi spoke softly. – "Tell us how to wake up Hyung."

Namjoon leaned back on his hands. – "And why would I do that?"

The anger flashed quickly, but shortly in Yoongi's eyes and was then replaced with calmness again. – "He is not here nor there. Kill him or let him live, not this..."

"But he lives, doesn't he?" – Namjoon curved the corner of his lips upward in a smirk. Yoongi took an exasperated breath, touching the inside of his cheek with his tongue in annoyance.

"You know what I mean Namjoon. Wake him up."

Namjoon pretends to think it through. – "Hmmm no, I think I preferred him sleeping. He is less to cause trouble and besides, he could be like that old story of a beautiful girl sleeping the eternal sleep, ready for the kiss."

Yoongi gritted his teeth and Namjoon chuckled. – "Oh no, kiss won't work Sugar."

"What do you want Namjoon?"

"To get out of here."
"You know that's not happening."

"Well, I guess then Jin stays in his beauty dream." – Namjoon kept smiling amusingly at the evident annoyance in Yoongi’s eyes, even though his face was a mask of perfect composure.

"Well...I guess you will rot here then Namjoon. How long could mages survive without food and water I wonder?" – With that, he turned and left. Namjoon's carefully constructed face mask melted into hatred.

The door was opened again some minutes later and Namjoon raised his eyes towards a new person entering the cell.

"So...you are next in line for my interrogation." – Namjoon's relaxed mask was on faster than lightning. – "I must warn you, the others didn't succeed so far."

"Well..." – The amused voice spoke. – "It's good then that I come with a proposition that includes the artifacts and your freedom."

Namjoon's lips turned into a sly smile. – "Well, it seems that we finally speak the same language."

"Tae, do you have a moment?" – Jimin asked calmly, his expression was solemn. Tae sighed tiredly.

"What do you want Jimin?"

There was a harshness in his voice, but also a resign to his fate. Jimin licked his lips quickly and pointed towards the other room. – "In private, please." – Noticing the ever-growing sharpness in Tae's eyes he quickly added. – "I just want to talk for a minute, that's all. I give you my word I won't try anything. Please Tae."
Tae's expression was still untrusting, but he nodded slightly, moving towards the room, Jimin at his heels. Once they were in, Tae turned to look at him.

-"Well, what is it?"

Jimin gulped slightly, casting his gaze down and breathing deeply through his nose. Plucking out the courage he licked his lips again and raised his eyes up to look at Tae's dark ones. Taehyung was beautiful, Jimin knew that he always was, but watching him up close, without playfulness, teasing or anger and only slight annoyance from Tae's part was new to Jimin. His thoughts wandered as his eyes scanned Taehyung's golden skin, his dark hair that fell on his brow, his inviting lips and a mole on his nose and he felt a pang of yearning. Tae's impatient huff brought Jimin back to reality and he shot his eyes up from Tae's lips to his eyes again.

-"Tae..." – He began. – "I want to apologize to you for....for everything I've done." Tae's eyes narrowed even more.

-"Jimin if this is some game of yours..." – Tae began, but Jimin hurried up to reassure him. – "No, no Tae, no games, I swear. I am really, really sorry."

Tae still didn't trust him, but his expression softened slightly. -"Why now?"

-"Look Tae, I've been an asshole to you for many years. I didn't even realize until some time now. Jungkook told me so, but I couldn't...."

-"Jungkook?!" – Tae raised his eyebrows, growing irritated once again on the newly formed friendship between Jimin and his lover.

-"Yes Jungkook. He told me how wrong I was. How stupidly I acted towards you and I'm sorry for everything Tae. I always ever wanted to be your friend. V is my only best friend and you... you were always the gentle one, the one with compassion, with softness. I was drawn to you Tae and I was jealous of the power you had over V."

Tae just stared at Jimin, who hurried to explain. – "I never had a friend so close to me like I had V. I was protective of our friendship because it was the only thing I had that made me happy. And you...you were always better, closer, which is normal because you were his twin, but in a way, I was jealous of the position you have in V's life. I got to know possessiveness since he was the only
thing I ever cared about and yet, it seemed, that he never cared for me as he cared about you. You were always there, making him laugh and happy."

-"Jimin I never saw my brother laughing with anyone as he laughs with you." – Tae said, completely bewildered by Jimin's confession.

-"Yes, but he never looked me with the same gentleness as he looks at you."

-"But I am his brother!" – Tae exclaimed.

-"And he is my only brother also." – Jimin said quietly. – "I might have plenty of 'brothers', but only V is my real one."

-"So instead of trying to befriend me as well, in which case you could have two brothers instead of one, you've decided that teasing and mocking is the better option?" – Tae said harshly, crossing his arms on his chest and staring at Jimin incredulously.

Jimin bowed his head at the harshness of Tae's words, gulping audibly and biting at his lower lip. He was ashamed, but how could he explained to Tae that he saw his own tenderness and sensitivity in Tae as well? How could he explain to Tae, that he thought that this meant weakness and vulnerability since it had brought so much trouble to Jimin at that same time? He was naturally drawn to V's strength and leadership, feeding off it, gaining the courage to fight his own demons back at home. Tae, however, reminded him of helplessness that Jimin felt whenever his father raped him and even though Tae was never truly weak, it was his nature that made Jimin waver from him. What's worse, Tae wanted to be close to him, he wanted to be his friend, but for Jimin, to feel soft towards someone meant being weak and he knew that he would be weak for Tae just like V was.

Jmin always wanted V to look at him in that way, to be close, to be his equal, to teach Jimin how to trust people again. V never asked for explanations for his mood swings. V never commented about his anger and impulsive behavior. V never wanted to talk about things, he would just offer a silent comfort of simply being there. Jimin felt safe with V. He felt protected. With Tae, he always felt like the latter needed the protection, which was far from it, but still, that's what Jimin thought for a long time.

-"I was a young fool back then. Impulsive and rash. I never knew how to be friends with anyone back then, since I never get along with any of my siblings, but your brother, he... He was different. We just clicked... no talking, no explaining...just click...and a good fight."
Tae snorted. "You two are the biggest idiots."

Jimin smiled gently at that. "That we are. You see, the thing is Tae that I always had soft spot for you and I was utterly confused. First I was a boy, stupid enough, thinking that my cock serves only for pissing..."

Tae chuckled again. "How poetic."

"Well...it's true..." Jimin stopped suddenly, his throat grew dry from a memory of his father. He sure showed him what cocks are meant for. Jimin shuddered and shook his head slightly and cleared his throat, before continued speaking. If Tae noticed how blood from Jimin's face was suddenly drained and how he gulped nervously, he didn't comment it, but simply licked his lips and urged himself to be patient to hear Jimin out.

"...and....and I..." Jimin stopped again forgetting what he wanted to say in the first place. Tae helped him out.

"You were soft towards me and confused...?"

"Ah yes... I was... I mean, V was always just my brother, but you...your beauty and warmth confused me."

"You do realize that V and I look the same? Almost." Tae said, corking up his eyebrow.

"You are, but he is not you." Jimin said, looking at him gently. "You have that warmth that makes people warm. V is more like a fresh breeze, but you, you are crackling fire, warm and inviting and I wasn't used to that back then. It was new to me. You were new to me. You were always so warm and I thought I would suffocate from that heat since I never had it in my entire life."

Tae looked at him softly now, opening his mouth to say something, but thinking better of it and remaining silent.

"And then you start avoiding me and I was confused even more, but at that time I was...I was at a
very bad place.

Tae nodded. - "I remember V telling me that you have some trouble at home. Fighting with your family and such."

-'Oh Tae if you only knew.' – Jimin thought. Instead of that, he said. – "Yes, well...when I got out of there I grew up a bit and I started looking you in a different way. By then I had a full grasp about my sexuality and I knew what that confusion really was back then, but by that time you were hating my guts."

-"No... I never truly hated you Jimin. It was more genuine dislike intertwined with irritation."

Jimin chuckled amusingly. – "That's a bloody precise description."

-"Yeah, I guess it is." – They chuckled together, giggling slightly.

-"I just wanted you to like me again." – Jimin said after a minute. Tae took a deep breath.

-"Well you didn't make it easy for me to do so."

Jimin cast his eyes on the ground again. – "I know, I'm sorry."

-"It's ok." – Tae said. – "I forgive you."

Jimin widens his eyes and met Tae's. – "Really? You, forgive me? For real?"

-"Yeah I do, just don't act like an asshole again or I will shot an arrow in your chest."

-"You know, that was low move. I still can't believe you shot me. The wound still pangs me from time to time."
"Well you touched what was mine, I had to react. Be happy that I didn't kill you. V would never forgive me though." – Tae said darkly, but somehow Jimin knew there was humor somewhere behind those words.

"He has the strange affection towards you, you know." – Tae said after a moment and Jimin chuckled.

"I know, V is my soulmate."

"I was talking about Jungkook."

Jimin's eyes widened evermore, but he didn't say anything. Tae went on talking. – "I was really pissed off at your sudden closeness and him defending you. I thought that you had sex in that cell. I mean, five days and your sexual appetite Jimin, I seriously thought that you would at least try."

That was exactly Jimin did do, but more to infuriate young man than really meaning it. Still, if Jungkook had accepted the offer, Jimin would wholeheartedly go for it, but he wasn't crazy to tell Tae about it, not now when he finally started talking to him again.

"He is a good man." – Jimin said instead. – "We talked a lot after he said that he would rip off my cock if I mention you, myself and fucking in the same sentence again."

Tae laughed. – "You talked about fucking me to Jungkook? Hah, you should consider yourself lucky that you are alive, not to mention that you are in Kook's good book. He never mentioned that to me."

"Well, he is a gentleman." – Jimin said, matter-of-fact.

"But you are not." – Tae tilted his head, observing him. Jimin faked gasped.

"Hell no, I don't think I could ever be a gentleman." – Jimin said, chuckling. – "I love to shock people more than anything. Just ask Kook, I made him blush so many times in that cell and still he didn't want to tell me who tops in your relationship."
"You little shit." – Tae said, but more amused right now than annoyed.

"Well you can't blame me for trying, besides he did take you away from me before I could ever find out."

Tae's face grew serious again. All trace of amusement evaporating from his expression. "Jimin I was never yours, to begin with."

"I know Tae, I was just joking. I'm fine with that now."

"Are you?" – Tae quirked his eyebrow questionably. Jimin nodded.

"Yes. I figured that I was so obsessed with you only because you kept refusing me."

"I have told you the same thing, but you didn't listen to me." – Tae said.

"Yes well, we did establish that I was stupid."

"And you are not still?" – Tae teased playfully, which was weird and quite refreshing to Jimin. He smiled.

"I like to think that I matured a little and in the process got to know my heart better."

"Aaah, did you finally found someone?" – Tae asked, curving the corner of his lip in a smile.

Jimin beamed at Tae, who was momentarily taken aback. Jimin's smile was so genuine and happy that Tae was amazed. He never saw Jimin like this, natural and sincere. He wondered if this is what his brother saw every time he spends time with him. Jimin was handsome, with the most beautiful smile Tae has ever seen. It wasn't cute as Jungkook's, but more beautiful. Tae thought he would love to see Jimin smile like this often.

"I see you did. Do I know that person?"
Jimin's expression faltered as the surge of slight panic reached his eyes for only a moment, before he smiled again. It was enough for Tae to pick up that sudden change. — "Aaaah, so I do know them and according to your expression, I might not like it. Who is it?"

"Yoongi Hyung." — Jimin said quietly and Tae huffed.

"I knew it. You just couldn't leave him alone couldn't you?"

Jimin raised his head high, his face hardened as he looked defiantly at Tae's eyes. — "Hyung loves me."

"I know, but do you love him back is more important?" — Tae asked scanning him. Jimin answer came instantly. — "I do!"

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes! I mean it! It took me a while to realize that, but I know now. I do love him!"

"Did you told him that?" — Tae kept asking. He was worried about his friend. Even though Yoongi never told him, Tae could see the pining the older man had towards Jimin and he hated the way younger man toyed with him for so long.

"I did tell him. We...we talked....and agreed and Tae...I am so happy that he loves me back. Please be happy for us, please." — There was a pleading tone in Jimin's voice and Tae allowed his face muscles to relax into a soft smile.

"I am happy for you. For both of you. Hyung deserves to be happy....as do you." — Tae said and Jimin smiled again, his eyes disappearing into crescents shape. Tae grew serious again.

"But if you hurt him Jimin, I swear to Gods I would porcupine you ass with arrows until you die."

The statement was as ridiculous as it was serious and Jimin's sense of humor got the best of him.
He burst out laughing, laughing even more at Tae's annoyed expression.

-"Oh it's funny because I know you would actually do that Tae." – Jimin explained between the breathily laughs and went on laughing, bending in half and crouching down as the small squeaks escaped his throat. Tae's low chuckles joined in and soon they were both giggling. It was exactly what they've needed, a dose of stress relief laugh.

After a few moments, they calmed down, gasping for air and leaning on the wall as they sat on the floor. -"I will try my best to make Hyung happy." – Jimin said honestly. Tae nodded. – "Good."

-"Tae?"

-"Hmm...?"

-"Be my friend please?"

Tae turned his head to look at Jimin, who return the gesture. After a short consideration, Tae nodded. – "Alright, but only if you be mine too."

Jimin smiled warmly again and Tae felt like cooing, but he controlled his urges.-"Deal." – Jimin said, raising a pinky. Tae looks at it amusingly, remembering Jin Hyung and how he always made them apologize and make up to one another after a fight, by offering their pinky fingers.

-"You remember?" – Tae said gently.

-"I was practically raised by Jin Hyung as well you know." – Jimin said.

-"I remember. You were always in our home." – Tae said and raised his much taller pinky to wrap around Jimin's.

-"Deal." – He said and they both giggled again.

They grew silent after that, enjoying the peace, when Jimin spoke quietly, not daring to look at
"Ummm Tae... how long do we have to be good friends until we could share secrets?"

Tae turned his head to look at him. "Why? Do you have something to share?"

"Well...not yet." – Jimin answered sheepishly.

"Then why asking?"

Jimin bit his lip to stop himself from laughing. He just couldn't help it. His mischievous nature was too strong.

"Because I really, really, REALLY want to know who tops in your relationship."

The sounds of Jimin's giggles and yelping echoed the room as Tae's big palm spanked the shit out of the First sword of Bangtan.
"Oh, another visitor, how lovely." – Namjoon said in a mock tone, eyeing Tae sharply. His entire being hated them all. The fury surging through his veins fueled his magic more and more, edging it to seek the crack in the ancient magic, to slip through the runes, but it was in no avail. The runes were too strong, too perfectly intertwined for him to find the way out. He was stuck and he hates it. The only thing he could do is to not give his captors the satisfaction of seeing him suffering. So he smiled pleasantly and mocked everyone who came, waiting for the right time when he would be out. Jackson knew where he was now, his insider told him that. The contact was made and now all was left was the opportune moment.

Tae came closer to the cage, observing the locked man intensely. His blank face expression sent uncomfortable shivers down Namjoon spine, but he managed to keep his composure. He was never at ease when twins were close.

Tae's eyes ran from his to the cage, observing the runes carved in steel and the size of the thing. His voice sounded calm but detached from all emotions.

"That doesn't seem comfortable." - He said, nudging his head towards the cage. Namjoon squinted his eyes.

"It's a bit of a squeeze, but I had worse. I'm fine though." – He said with high composure. There was the silence before Namjoon added. - "You could always let me go you know."

Tae hummed, returning his unnerving gaze on Namjoon. – "You would like that now, wouldn't you?"

"Well, of course, I would, but I don't think you are here to bargain with me."

Tae shook his head. He didn't say anything for some moments but then spoke carefully.

"What happened with you and Jin Hyung?"

Namjoon tilted his head, his lips spread into a grin, dimples peaking. – "You should ask Jin about that... ah, right, I forgot...you can't...sorry." – He said mockingly, clicking his tongue in false sympathy.

"No you are not." – Tae said matter- of- fact, his face didn't show any expression.

Namjoon grinned even more. He looked like Cheshire cat, grin completely devilish, eyes shining like fire. Tae could see his magic dancing in his eyes, deeply in control over the man. – "No, no I'm not." – Namjoon said, licking at his lips, eyes squinting, as he intently observed the young man. - "Hmmm, you are not strong enough...not like your brother is." – Namjoon said, tilting his head on another side as if to see it better. – "Your magic sleeps in a deep sleep."

Tae's breath hitched in his throat and he barely croaked. -"You are wrong, mage, I don't have magic. My brother does."
"Oh, no...no, I'm right. There is magic in you...weaker one...but more...stable...it's grounding you to the Earth. Your brother's power is wilder, like a raging storm...hard to control. He is all over the place, he cannot tame his magic enough to focus it where it should go. He is powerful, I'll give him that, but too raw, too unrefined, too wild, but your...yours is like a steady breeze, cooling and in control. It's deep down, sleeping." – Namjoon said in deep thinking, like he observing some rare specimen for science. -"What's the point of having it if you not going to use it." - He said, almost pitifully.

"Tell us how to wake up Hyung...please." – Tae said, eyes pleading, but face stern, jaw clenching. He was so conflicted with himself, with everything that's happening. One side of him wanted to hurt Namjoon, the other, however, wanted to plead with him to save his Hyung. Namjoon's response, though, sent raging fire through his body.

"No." – His voice was light, mocking, eyes blazing daringly. – "I guess you will have to figure that one of your own, now would you."

Tae stared at him for a while, fighting the urge to lunge at the man, to rip him out of his cage and kill him with his bare hands, but that careful reasonable voice in his mind told him that it's not wise, that it's dangerous. Namjoon was powerful and the only thing holding him in were the runes carved in the cage. Tae wondered for how long they would withstand the mage's magic.

– "I was warned about you two..." – He said after a time, cocking his head again and pulling his lower lip through his teeth, before releasing it. – "Your brother could be a nuisance, but you...you are not a treat to me at all, aren't you?"

Tae said nothing but curved the corner of his lips in a mocking smirk, just like his brother does.

"No?" - He said in a wicked voice while turning around lightly and start walking to the door, but before he went out he added. -"We shall see, won't we?"

His mask fell as soon as he stepped out and the cold rage gripped him in a tight hold. He was fuming, energy boiling in his blood as he quickened his steps shaking with fury. He brushed past Heechul, whose cheerful voice died on his lips with one look at the dark twin.

"Hey Tae who rattled your cage..."

"Don't." – It was all Tae hissed before disappearing around the corner in search of his brother.

He found him over some old scrolls in the Count's library. Jiyong himself was seated not far from him, looking through some books as well. They were working nonstop, trying to find a way to stop the artifacts, but there wasn't much. The information was or never written, or it was destroyed when the last magic purge was conducted. The few rare books and scrolls Jiyong possessed, were very hard to come by and he paid a huge amount of gold to get his claws on it.

Sensing the disturbance in the air V's head jerked up and his eyes landed on his brother.

"Tae, what's wrong?"

Even Jiyong perked his ears and stopped what he was doing to observe.

"V, I need to speak to you... privately."

"I will leave you to it." – Jiyong placed his book down and prepared to stand up from his chair when Tae raised his hand stopping him.
"No, Jiyong Hyung, please stay and continue what you were doing. My brother and I will go to our Hyung's room."

The Count knew that he meant Jin's room and saw no objection to that. He nodded approvingly and Tae looked at his brother again. V's eyes narrowed, but he stood up and followed his brother silently through the halls that led into Jin's room. None of them spoke a word, even when they were inside the room. Tae turned to lock the door and then faced his twin.

"Do you still think I have magic in me?"

V blinked at this sudden question but answered quickly. "Yes I do."

Tae nodded head bowed, looking at the ground. "Help me unlock it then."

V's brows furrowed as he scanned his second half.

"You are sure aren't you?" He asked, already knowing the answer. Tae nodded, licking his lips.

"I am. I don't know what I should do, but I'm willing to try."

"Allow me to ask why? Why now all of the sudden? What changed?"

Tae took a deep breath, he still trembled from rage, but it was controlled now. If V was raging fire when mad, Tae was cold as ice, which proved easier to control, but much crueler when allowed his rage a free reign. "I've been to see the prisoner."

V's jaw tightened. "Why? I told you not to go to him."

"I had to try one more time."

"And?"

"And what? He said no of course."

"Then why...?"

"He told me something that made me think." – Tae said, deep in thought. "He told me that your magic is like a raging storm, strong and powerful, but too hard to control. You are all over the place, hard to focus, missing your target."

V gritted his teeth at that. "I know that myself." – V hissed. He hated the fact that he cannot tame something so tightly connected with himself. He felt it, but he could not control it...not yet anyway and he didn't need Kim Namjoon to tell him that. Tae paid him no heed.

"For me, he said, that mine is like a steady breeze, cooling, and in control, but deep in sleep. How can he see it V? How can he when I can't even feel it?"

"Tae..." – V took an exasperated sigh, they've been through this hundred of times already. "I've told you already, you don't feel any change because you had it with you for as long as you live. It's the feeling that was born with you and grew with you and you wouldn't know it's there because you don't know what it's like to live without it. You would feel it awakening or missing, but you wouldn't feel it sleeping as it is now."

"Was that the same for you?" – Tae asked, much calmer now, fingers playing with the corner of his brother's coat. V's eyes grew softer.
"I always knew it was there, even since we were a little. But then again, I was always less human than you."

"That's not true V." – His brother protested. – "You are human just as I am, if not more. You care for everything in your own way much more than I do."

V chuckled. – "Tae, that is exactly what makes you more human than me. Your ability to see good in people, even in cold monsters such as myself."

Tae gripped his collar and pulled him on his chest hissing in his face angrily. – "Call yourself a monster one more time V and I'll swear to Gods I will kick your ass."

There was anger in Tae's eyes, electricity rippling underneath his skin and V felt the vibration of Tae's power stirring slightly, but not quite awake.

"I am who I am Tae. There is no point in arguing. I've done a lot of bad things..."

"Good things even more!" – Tae protested and V smiled widely.

"That doesn't change the fact that I'm capable of doing monstrous things Tae, no matter if it's for the good or bad. The only person that is able to keep that Monster more tamed, is you." – He said running his fingers through his brother's hair. – "You are the one who keeps me balanced and safe. I am never afraid when I'm with you."

"You were the one who always protected me from real monsters in my life V. You and Hyung. You were never scared." – Tae said, his thumbs brushing V's cheeks. They were standing so close, right next to Jin's bed. The feeling of Jin's presence made twins a bit emotional. Seokjin was everything to them and seeing their strong and kind protector so powerless, made them want to scream from frustration. They were separated for a long time and all they wished was to be family again.

"Oh, TaeTae, you're wrong. I am also scared. Scared of losing you, scared of losing Hyung and Jiminie and..." – He left the rest unspoken, but both of them knew what he meant, Hoseok.

"The thing is, whenever you are happy and safe, I am fearless." – V said caressing Tae's cheek. – "You are the only one who knows me for all of my faults and virtues, the only one who knows my soul better than me. I am nothing without you. You always say that it was me that keeps you in check and calms you down, but it was the opposite. You were the reasonable one, the one with understanding, the one with compassion. You ground me and keep my fire burning whenever I'm down. Even if I don't show it, you feel it, you were always able to sense it. It's our bond, we are connected TaeTae, we share the soul and the blood. We were created from the same magic and I truly believe that once it was released, you would balance mine, you would be able to help me control it, just like you always do." – V kissed his brother's cheeks and then stared at him calmly, blue eyes that were strangely soft and dark warm ones. They remain silent, speaking volumes through their gaze, calming each other down. Tae's brows furrowed and V could sense his fears and worries.

"I don't want magic to gain control over me V. I don't want it to corrupt me." – He said quietly, huffing as he stared down at V's chest.

"It will not." – V said gently. – "The Mages are different. Their magic is stronger, it's more like a living organism inside the person. The witches' magic comes from the Elements, the earth, water, fire, and air. Ours is connected with our emotions, our senses. It will not control you, it will just sharpen your mind."
"Why is Namjoon's so different?" – Tae asked and V furrowed his brows in concentration, trying to remember something Jiyong told him sometime before. – "Witches inherit their magic, it's written in our blood, improved by our ancestors. Mages are born with magic. It's not passed by the family, it's born inside one and if not trained and controlled on time, it grows stronger, taking over the person's life."

"You think Namjoon's magic took over his control?" – Tae asked and V nodded.

"I know it did. You can see it. Have you seen his eyes Tae?"

It was Tae's time to nod. – "Yes...it's like there is a fire inside them."

"Yes, that's his magic. Yoongi told me he wasn't like this before. His eyes were shining dimly. He was more of a human being back then. Now, however, he is more his own alter ego."

"You say it like his magic has a personality of her own." – Tae says.

"It does. Every mage had it, the split personality. It depends on the strength of the mage."

They both turned to look at their sleeping Hyung. He would look almost peaceful if there wasn't for the prominent crease in his brow, the only indicator that his dreams might not be as peaceful as they all wished they were. V whispered, not removing his eyes from Jin.

"I think something happened with Namjoon that made him vulnerable and exposed so much that he cloaked himself in his magic and relinquished all control to it. And I think it has something to do with Jin Hyung."

He could feel Tae's eyes studying his face. He could feel his twin's internal confusion and curiosity fighting to come out and ask for the explanations that V had no answers.

"I don't know what happened." – V said. – "Yoongi wouldn't tell me. I think he knows more than he wants to share, but I can bet my life that Namjoon's villainy has everything to do with Hyung." – He nodded towards Jin.

Tae remained silent. V could almost hear the gears turning furiously in his head.

"Well....we just have to wake him up and ask him then, aren't we?" – Tae said calmly. V turned to stare at him. – "But Tae, I can't risk it. I can't control it. What if I hurt Hyung? I would never forgive myself that."

"You will not hurt him." – Tae said calmly, holding his brother securely with his gaze. – "Because I will be there to guide you."

V felt a wave of calmness wash over him. He was pliant in his brother's words. He smiled gently and cock his eyebrow. – "But how Tae? When your powers are locked?"

Tae smiled. – "Then unlock them V."

"I might hurt you Tae."

"You could never hurt me. I'm part of you and I won't let you fail."

V closed his eyes at that, releasing the breath he didn't know he was holding up until now. He felt the light kiss in between his eyes, just above the bridge of his nose and then the light press of Tae's forehead to his own, connecting them.
V felt everything all of a sudden. His senses were so sharpened and tuned up ten times. He herds the hum of their blood rushing through their veins and the distant echoes of thousands of ancestors whispering. V reached beyond his own consciousness and into Tae's, slipping through the strong defense like it was nothing. He heard Tae gasp, but he didn't break the contact, nor fought him. His mind recognized his other self, letting him roam, letting him see whatever he wants. Deeper and deeper V went, exploring the memories, hopes and fears his brother had, wishing he could calm them and put them to rest, but it wasn't why he was there.

He reached further into the darkness of the unknown until he found it – the block. It was intricate like the trickiest knot. Like the web perfectly made. It was strong, almost unbreakable. He recognized the familiarity in its design. - Mother. - He heard Tae's whisper as it was next to him. Yes. V felt the truth of it. It was their mother's design. She bound them to protect them. V figured he had the same one, but it was violently broken in the forest when he touched the runestone. Wait. The Runestone, V thought. He conjured the image of the rune in his head. It blazed in green and yellow fire, so warm and strong. It flew towards the block slowly and for the first few moments, nothing happened. V was almost disappointed, but then Tae screamed and V needed to use all of his control and power he had to hold him steady.

The rune started to burn, melting the block away slowly. V grunted, straining to hold the rune and his brother in place. He could hear Tae's painful screams. He needed him to fight, to awake his magic.

"TaeTae! I can't hold it much longer!" – V screamed in his head while gripping at his tossing brother. – "Tae!!! I need you!!! Tae!!!!"

The block exploded from the inside, crashing through with the cold force, like the water bursting through the dam. It was overflowing, Tae's body arched and contorted as the magic surged through his blood. The echoes of whispers were too loud, the force was overpowering and V knew exactly how Tae felt at this moment. He has been there. He felt that. The overwhelming sensation, the pain, the fear, the power. The process needed to run its course.

"Brother!" – He heard Tae's screams in his head. There were fearful and needy, but they possessed the strength underneath, ready to be attached to something, to pull himself up from this destructive flow of energy. Tae's magic was like water, strong and vast, never-ending and V had to push his fiery magic further to meet Tae's cold one. The sizzling sound of fire and water colliding, swirling around one another like two hissing snakes, before forming a chain. One blue, one red, connecting together in the most impossible ways. It felt so natural. V felt his brother's magic calming him down, regaining the grip of his control. Their powers, now bonded together, one cooling down the fire and another warming the water were in a perfect balance.

He heard Tae gasping for a few moments. V himself was afraid to breathe. They were still connected, forehead to forehead, their hands intertwined together, shaking. Suddenly Tae's senses shifted and V saw what his brother was watching...Jin Hyung...lying emotionlessly in deep sleep, pretty much as Tae's magic did only a few seconds before.

"Are you sure?" – V asked silently with his mind. Tae hummed calmly and pulled their joined hands together to touch Jin's face.

Their power streamed forward slowly in small waves, exploring and slipping through the cracks of Namjoon's magic. For the first time, V felt control of his power. It was such a relief. No fear, only safety. Tae, it was all Tae. He felt Tae's magic guiding his, pushing it forward and holding it back when needed, molding it through the cracks while spreading to break the spell, bit by bit.

Namjoon's magic was strong and furious. It fought against them in a filthy way, seeking the
opportunity to defend and destroy the new enemy. It attacked in various ways, morphing, slowing down and then going faster, wavering and crashing, but it could not pass through their joined forces. No matter what the mage's magic tried, the witch twins were more than capable to break through its defenses. What V overlooked in his attacks, Tae covered. Where Tae lacked the strength to break through, V pushed forward. Their magic was like perfectly combined and maneuvered troops. V's was more like archers, deadly and accurate at high range, hitting their target perfectly, but Tae's were more like a cavalry, wide and destructive through the close combat. Separated they could be beaten quickly by a skilled opponent such as Namjoon, but together they covered everything. Together they were strong. Together they had the chance.

With one last strength, the foreign power attacked, only to be cut viciously by the united ancient power. They heard Namjoon's magic howled in rage one more time before it disappears in the amber blast. The crackling air filled with electricity and a sudden sense of peace envelops them. They felt a light touch on their intertwined hands and they opened their eyes, staring at each other, brows sweaty and slightly panting before turning down simultaneously towards the bed where two dark familiar eyes watched them confusingly.

-"Hyung."- Tae said gently, his voice wavering from exertion and emotion that was about to choke him. V placed a hand on Jin's forehead and smiled. – "Welcome back Hyung."

Jin blinked, trying to focus. He studied two of the most important persons in his entire life, noticing the change deep within. It wasn't visible much on the outside, but it flew gently on the inside.

-"W-what happened? Where am I?" – Jin croaked weakly, his voice was dry and raspy.

-"You are safe Hyungie." – Tae said nuzzling his cheek in Jin's hand.

Jin's eyes went wide. – "Namjoon...."

-"Don't worry Hyung, he is captured and locked away." – V said reassuringly. – "Tae got there on time."– He added. Jin's eyes went from V's shiny blue ones, with Tae's teary dark ones.

- "We thought we lost you, but you are here, everything is alright now." – Tae's voice nearly cracked as the tears start rolling down his cheek. Jin's eyes went soft.

-"My t-tiger cubs, w-why...why the tears?" – He asking, cupping the boy's cheeks in his palm. He felt so weak, so sleepy.

-"You were lost for us Hyungie." – V spoke, running his fingers through Jin's knotted hair. – "We were afraid you would never wake up."

Jin shifted his eyes from one twin to another, blinking confusingly. – "You have to...tell me....w-what...what happened because I'm having...t-trouble remembering..." – Jin coughed from dryness in his throat and V quickly pulled him up slightly so he could take a few small gulps of water that Tae quickly poured into the cup. They always had fresh water poured into the pitcher and left on the bedside table for the occasion such as this. It was Jimin's idea and Tae couldn't thank him enough.

-"Don't worry Hyungie, we will explain everything when you eat something, you must be starving." – Tae said while V helped him to lie down on the pillows again. And indeed Jin was, actually, he was famished. Before he could even confirm that sentence, there was a familiar voice from the door.

-"J-Jinnie..."

The twins jerked their heads towards the door where they spotted not only Yoongi standing, but
Jimin, Jungkook, Jiyong, and Seunghyun. Tae was pretty sure he locked the door before, but one glance at the said object informed him that they were unceremoniously and savagely broken into. They must have broken it when they heard the screams. The brothers haven't heard anything because they were too preoccupied fighting Namjoon's magic.

Jin slowly turned his head and meet with Yoongi's eyes. Seeing his oldest and dearest friend send warmth spreading in Jin's chest. He whispered. – "Yoongichi."

It was in that moment Yoongi surged towards the bed, falling on his knees to bury his face in Jin's chest, sobbing brokenly. – "F-fuck y-you. I thought I w-would never s-see you again a-asshole." – The line of curses and muffled incoherent sentences came from Yoongi's mouth and Jin's chest shook from silent laughter. He placed one hand on Yoongi's hair, caressing the dark locks.

-"Hyung it's good to see you." – Jimin said, coming closer to stand at the edge of the bed, eyes glistening with tears and a happy smile on his face as Yoongi straightened himself up, wiping his face and sniffing loudly, still staying at Jin's side. Jin smiled at Jimin and let his eyes slide towards Jungkook, who shyly stood close by, smiling softly and then on Jiyong and Seunghyun who both had a look of relief on their faces.

-"You took your time." – Jiyong said teasingly. There wasn't menace in his voice, but pure joy at seeing him well.

-"Oh, you here..." – Jin said rolling his eyes. – "What a man had to do to get some food around here?" – He asked, an easy smile spreading on his plump lips. Jiyong smiled wide.

-"Ah, darling I could think of a few ways, but what kind of host would I be if I leave you starving?"

-"A cruel one." – Jin added. They both chuckled and then Jin's eyes found Jungkook again.

-"And who is this?" – He asked. Tae raised his hand toward the knight in a silent invite and the young man stepped closer clasping the outstretched hand.

-"This is Jungkook." – Tae said proudly. – "He is my..." – He stopped not knowing how to define their relationship since they never really talked about it. – "He is mine." – He said it definitely, making Kook smile, adding. -"Yes...and he is mine." – He said it through a shy smile, cheeks flushed. He was adorable.

Jin observed them, feeling the warm smile spread over his face, but then it grew serious. He cleared his throat. – "I will have a private word with you boy." – Jin said, trying to sound stern. – "As soon as I get my strength back."

Yoongi chuckled and both brothers and Jimin smiled.

-"Just like you did with me?" – Jimin asked, smiling brightly, eyes disappearing in crescents.

-"When was that?" – Jungkook asked, feeling a bit nervous.

-"When I was eight. I almost shit my pants, he was so scary." – Jimin said with a grin. Jungkook's eyes grew even bigger, but he bowed seriously and said. – "It would be my pleasure."

-"Finally, a man who knows how to respect his Hyung. I like that." – Jin said smiling again, eyes dropping tiredly when a sudden commotion erupted from the hall.

-"Seunghyun!!" – The shout was loud and all of them turned towards the door. Donghae was panting heavily, blood sliding down his temple from his head, eyes looking completely wild.
"Seunghyun, he escaped!!! Namjoon!! He escaped! The cage is empty!"

Everyone reacted instantly.

- "Stay with Jin!" - Jiyoung barked an order at twins before rushing through the door at high speed.

- "We can help!" – V began but was cut short by Seunghyun.

- "You will help by not letting Namjoon get his hands on him again!" – He pointed at Jin and ran after Jiyoung, with Donghae at his heels.

- "Hyung!" – Jungkook shouted remembering Hoseok. – "He was downstairs! Need to find him!" – And he bolted through the door.

- "Jungkook!" – Tae yelled and jumped as to go after him, but Yoongi stopped him, gripping his arm. – "Don't! Namjoon would come for Jin. I can't stop him, only you can!"

- "I'll go with him!" – Jimin shouted, running after the knight. V growled in frustration, but they were right. Namjoon hasn't finished with Jin yet, Tae made sure in that. They turned towards their Hyung only to see his eyes closed and unconscious.

- "Hyung!" – V jumped towards Jin, but Yoongi calmed him down instantly. – "He is just sleeping."

- "Didn't he done that all this time?" – Tae asked, watching his friend worryingly.

- "No, this is a different kind of sleep. The ones he desperately needs. Let him rest." – Yoongi said nodding towards the broken door. – "Let's do something about that damn door!"
"They will not get out from this island. – "The Count said calmly, arms crossed across his chest, while one long finger touched his lower lip gently to and fro, still watching through the window. – "All the ways out are blocked. I have my men everywhere."

"What makes you think they are still on the island Jiyong Hyung? Namjoon's magic would break through any defense." – Yoongi said.

"And that's exactly how I know he is on this island still. There were no casualties yet." – Jiyong said and bit the tip of his fingertip.

"You send your men there knowing that they might die, just so you know where Namjoon went?" – Taeyang, the dark-haired, tattooed Assassin, who was executing one of the missions for the Order when Namjoon's escaped, asked incredulously. He was extremely furious that they let him ran away. He hated Namjoon with all of his beings, as the man was responsible for the deaths of many people of his tribe and the Assassin's Order.

The Count, tired of his constant tirade ever since that happened, just looked at him boringly.

"You cold motherfucker." – Taeyang hissed through his clenched teeth.

"Are you sure that's enough?" – Tae cuts in before Seunghyun could react with his retort and Jiyong raised one of his eyebrows, turning slightly to look at him, but saying nothing. The response came, however, from Taeyang.

"Our assassins are there as well. Better hidden and careful." – He said crudely, still eyeing the Count. – "Just in case his defenses fail. Our men are trained to deal with his lot."

The Count, tired of his constant tirade ever since that happened, just looked at him boringly.

"You cold motherfucker." – Taeyang hissed through his clenched teeth.

"Namjoon does seem like someone who could find the way out from your webs and through your fingers. Plus..." – He added looking at each one of them with an air of calmness. – "...wasn't Heechul involved with everything here before?" – He asked, looking at the Count, who failed to control his irritation now, his jaw tightened almost unnoticeable. Twins saw it though. Tae even tilted his head and continue speaking. - "He was one of yours main spies, hasn't he? We all thought he was just a pirate and you made it sure that everything looks like it's exactly the case, but he was one of yours and now he betrayed you. What's worse, he has the information of one of the artifacts you hid already, which is now, technically in Namjoon's hands."

There was silence when these words were uttered. The truth was difficult to bear. Namjoon escaped last night, with the help of Heechul, causing a huge blow to Jiyong, right below the belt. They found Hoseok unconscious in the cellars. Some of the Count's men that stood guard were killed. Their throats were slit, probably by Heechul himself. They trusted him, he was one of them. They never saw it coming. Hoseok and Donghae were strangely spared, which made them think
that Heechul, maybe, still had some grain of mercifulness in him. They did spend weeks talking and drinking together, Hoseokd more than others. Heechul was always soft for the minstrel or at least that's what he wanted them to think. He played his role so perfectly, that even Hoseok's sharp eyes haven't seen through his mirage.

V shook with rage at the thought of losing Hoseok. He held him close that night. They didn't speak about it, just held each other tight as they never did before.

It seems that Heechul was even more talented than the Count previously thought, playing carefully on two sides and selling his services to the highest bidder, just like a real pirate would do. It seems that Namjoon's way of convincing was more powerful than Jiyong's seductive words.

"Heechul was the one procuring one of the artifacts for you, wasn't he?" – V asked nonchalantly leaning on the wall next to the window. – "Which is why you thought him loyal, I guess. I wonder what else did he do to get you to trust him so much, Count?"

Seunghyun's body tensed. His eyes flashing in jealousy, but he didn't comment nor move. Jiyong, however, was calm. – "Heechul was useful in his way, but now he has chosen the side and will be dealt with accordingly. The pressing matter now is to secure the other two artifacts. One of which is in the protection of the Assassins." – He looked at Seunghyun, who nodded.

"The other, however, is hidden someplace safe." – The Count finished, his arms folded on his chest as he touched his chin with his long fingers.

"The question is whether or not Namjoon knows the location of the other one, since, in all probability, Heechul told him about the first one." – Tae said, but Jiyong shook his head. – "No, I don't think he knows where the other one is. I agree that the location of the first one has been compromised, but Seunghyun made sure to send a warning immediately."

Seunghyun nodded. – "I've informed our brothers right away."

Taeyang snorted and Seunghyun's eyes darkened. – "Careful now Taeyang, don't push my buttons too much. Even I could lose my patience." – His eyes stared deep into Taeyang soul. The latter gritted his teeth, but before he could answer, Donghae spoke, his palm calmly spread against Taeyang's chest.

"Do not quarrel, my brothers, there's no need nor time for this now. We must think and act quickly." – He said and V nodded, speaking lazily.

"I must say, planting a spy in the pirate's ship, earning their trust and all was a bold move. You needed just the right man for the job. Smart, charismatic, someone who can think for himself, not so threatening as to provoke the leaders, great actor, pretty and sly as a fox." – V nodded in approval. – "I must say, Heechul proved his talent for sure. He is a man of your cove Dragon. It's too bad you overlooked his ambition and underestimate Namjoon's inspiring words."

"Yes, and now Namjoon has one of the spies who knows the secrets of both, the Order and us, which is a powerful combination." – Tae said, agreeing with his brother. -" The same goes with the Marquise right here." – He nodded towards Seunghyun, whose eyes flashed dangerously on his stern face, but Tae wasn't intimidated. – "Jiyong Hyung you truly got your grounds covered. Heechul on one side, Seunghyun Hyung on the other to the Assassins."

Taeyang flashed the shocked eyes first on Seunghyun, but then on the Count itself, eyes going darker with disapproval. Tae clicked his tongue.
"Oh, come on now brother, don't act so surprised. Haven't you be the one, Taeyang, who told me just the other night that you doubted Seungyung's loyalty lies more with the Dragon, then with the Order? – V said, arching his eyebrow at the two assassins. Taeyang scrunched his face in disgust.

"Hearing it for the truth is different from suspecting it." – He said, his hand gripped the hilt of a dagger on his hip.

"Don't be foolish Taeyang." – Jin said, speaking for the first time that night. – "We don't need more blood now and besides, you would be dead before you pull out your blade.

"This snake here planted his spies in our midst and now Namjoon escaped with Heechul, so tell me I exaggerate!"

"Taeyang! That's enough!" – Seunghyung bellowed, stepping in front of the enraged assassin, who was now waiting for him with his dagger out. Donghae gripped Taeyang wrist, hissing. – "Calm the fuck down Taeyang. We are all on the same side here."

Seunghyun didn't pay attention at the hostility the other man had towards him. – "I had never been a spy! I've always done what's best for the Order, and you and your insolence and doubt had cost me many troubles in the past!"

"You were always lizard's bitch! Doing whatever he says! You have no shame!" – Taeyang spat back and Seunghyun had enough, he was about to attack him, when Donghae pulled Taeyang back, raising hands to calm Seunghyun down, but was pushed unceremoniously by Taeyang who jumped to confront the Marquise. Just then the touch of someone’s hand on their chests had them flying backward several meters before they fell on their backs.

There was shock on everyone's faces except for the twins. V stood in the middle of the room where the two men were fighting a few seconds ago, arms stretched, palms open to each of his sides. His magic was still crackling in the room as the air vibrated around them all. His eyes flashed icy blue as his tensed body prepared for another magic outburst. Tae put a hand on his shoulder, calming him down, grounding his magic with his own and V closed his eyes and bowed his head, inhaling deeply.

"That is indeed enough." – Tae said as it seems at first, to his brother, but it became clear that this was not the case, since his eyes turned towards the two men on the ground. Ever since Tae got his powers unlocked, the duo was in the state of inner calmness. Their powers balancing each other in the perfect yin and yang.

They expected him to say more, but another voice spoke instead, causing everyone to jerk his head in his direction.

"Seunghyun was never sent to the Order as a spy Taeyang." – Jin spoke calmly, walking slowly towards them. – "He became one unintentionally later on." – He added, offering his hand to Taeyang, who accepted it and allowed Jin to pull him from the ground. Jin watched his Assassin brother. He had his dark hair shaved on the sides, while the longer part on the top of his head was pushed back. His eyes were shaped like almonds and his strong nose and jaw gave his pretty face strength and dignity. His honey skin, filled with black tattoos were perfect addition to his strong, almost chiseled muscles underneath his white robes. Taeyang was exotic, just like the rest of the tribe he came from, powerful and unique, truly handsome. His sense of justice and loyalty was strong and he took betrayal with the utmost hate. Jin observed his tensed form, his strong chest heaving from fury.

"Calm down my brother." – Donghae said, putting his hand on Taeyang shoulder in a calming
manner when Jin continued. – "Seunghyun was sent to the aristocrat society by us. To spy for us." – He said looking at Taeyang’s eyes. – "He replaced the old Marquise in secret and established himself well here so he can follow and observe what we needed. And he did an excellent job."

Jin then turned towards the other man on the ground and offer his hand to him as well. – "His only crime was that he fell in love with his informant. And there is nothing he could do. The heart chooses whom he wants." - Jin said gently, eyes brimming with sad understanding and Seunghyun gulped, looking at him wide-eyed for a few heartbeats before accepting Jin's help to stand up. Seunghyun kept looking at Jin.

-"You knew who I was?" – He asked, eyes growing wide and almost innocent. The complete contrast from his usual stare. – "Back then...you knew?"

Jin smiled, knowing what Seunghyun meant. – "No, I didn't know who you were back then." – Jin said, raising his eyebrow slightly. – "But it was easy to put two and two together when I received the note from the Mentor, asking him for guidance. He told me that I can turn to our brother in the aristocrat circle, here on Stigma of a name of Top, together with some physical description. The rest came naturally." – Jin finished, his arms folded behind his back, standing graciously dressed all in black.

His hair was washed and combed, beard shaved. He would look good, almost healthy if there weren't for dark circles under his eyes. He was tired even though he "slept" for weeks. It wasn't a restful sleep, but more of an ongoing nightmare. He woke up exhausted, shaking with Namjoon’s name on his lips, and the first thing he saw was his boys, looking beautiful and mysterious. Something was different with them though. Something was way different. Jin could sense the calm vibration of something powerful underneath their skin. It was familiar like he was acquainted with it by mere seconds ago. It took him a few seconds until he realized what was and then his eyes went wide, remembering the prophecy and Namjoon's fear. Jin was never so glad and terrified in his entire life as he was then.

-"Namjoon knows too much right now. He knows the location of one of the artifacts that Heechul provided."

-"We should have never trusted that snake." – Taeyang hissed and Donghae took a quick breath, shaking his head.

-"It's too late for that." – Jin said, mirroring Donghae's exasperated feelings. – "The important thing is to stop Namjoon finding the last two artifacts. Now, I know that you might not believe in the magic of the artifacts Taeyang, but I assure you they are real and strong. My family had protected one for generations. My uncle died protecting it. He passed down to me and I am his Guardian now."

Tae's eyebrows furrowed. – "Your family was one of the protectors? Why have you never told us?"

-"It wasn't important for you to know until now."

-"But I thought we didn't have secrets among us."

-"As it seems, we do Tae." – V spoke slowly, putting his palm on Tae's shoulder. – "Some secrets are for our sakes. We all have secrets." – His eyes ran across Jimin, who stood quietly in the corner, together with Yoongi, Hoseok, and Jungkook. The latter tensed when blue eyes pierced his, but managed to stay calm.

Tae looked a bit hurt, head bowed and a slight pout on his mouth. Jin came and placed a hand on
his other shoulder. – "It wasn't the time nor place TaeTae. I wasn't ready to divulge some things from my past, I hope you understand that?"

Tae narrowed his brows more but nodded.

-"Alright now, enough with that." – The Count said. – "Namjoon is hiding somewhere on the island and we have to catch him before he sails off."

-"I just don't know what do you expect us to do against his magic." – Jin asked.

-"We have the twins." – Jiyong said.

Jin bristled angrily. -"They are not your pawns for you to send them whenever you chose Jiyong. Namjoon is powerful and I don't want them hurt. They need time to grow stronger."

-"We are not weak as you think Hyung." – V said and Tae nodded in agreement. -"Yes, we are balanced perfectly now."

Jin shook his head in dismissal. – "You are still no match for Namjoon. I've seen his magic on the spot. I felt it. He is strong and powerful."

-"We've been practicing a lot since then." – Tae insisted. – "Do you think we would dare to experiment on you if we weren't sure in our control? It's like you don't know us at all."

Jin's features softened at his words. He sighs deeply and squeezed Tae's shoulder tighter. Tae was always his favorite. Always the one who needed him the most and the one who reminded him of the innocence of youth he also possessed before it was snatched from him.

-"I know TaeTae, I know you."– His eyes went to find V's. – "I know neither of you wouldn't risk anything happening to me. Thank you."

V just nodded and Tae covered Jin's hand with his own and nodded slightly.

-"We need to take the last two artifacts and hide it somewhere Namjoon could never find them." – Jin said.

-"But where?" – Donghae asked anxiously.

-"Near us." – V said. We will hide them with us until we settle this thing once and for all."

-"You mean until you kill him?" – Jiyong said arms crossed over his chest, looking at blonde twin.

-"If there isn't any other way, then yes." – Tae answered instead.

There was the silence for a few moments, but then V spoke again. – "Alright, now we need to act quickly. One of the artifacts is hidden with the Assassins, right?" – He asked and both Seungyung and Jin nodded. – "Alright, then he will most definitely send his men there. Luckily the brotherhood has been warned?" – Seungrhyun nodded again and V continued, looking at Jin. – "Hyung you are the only one who knows the location of the last artifact, that's why Namjoon needed you alive. He will suspect that you would want to stop him and that you will go and secure it."

Jin's heart wanted to argue that there is more reason as to why Namjoon didn't kill him when he had the chance, but he held his tongue.

-"But he doesn't know the location of the last one, doesn't he? No one does except you Jin, is that
correct?" – Jiyong asked this time. He came closer to the table where the huge maps were spread across it. They all silently drew closer, ready to hear the plan and their assignments. Jin nodded.

-"That's true, but he will try to catch Hyung again." – Tae added. – "That's why he is still on Stigma. He lingers so he could attack Hyung and finish what he started. He needs the location."

-"He will not come close enough to get him." – Taeyang stepped in.

-"Yes, we will not allow anything to happen to Hyung." – Jimin chimed in from his corner, while the other two quietly agreed.

Yoongi shook his head. -"You will not be able to do anything against his magic." – He said, coming closer as well, feeling all eyes on him. He wanted to run in the shadows and hide.

-"Tae took him down once." – Jungkook said defiantly.

-"That was more luck than skill." – Yoongi said, huffing. He rushed to continue when he saw that Jungkook was preparing to argue. – "He was vulnerable. His magic was weak after torturing Hyung for days, he was in the middle of the information extraction which is why his defenses haven't sensed the danger. The poison on Tae's blade helped to weaken him even more, but that was just luck. He is much more prepared now."

-"Yoongi is right." – Jin said. – "Namjoon was strong back then all those years ago, but he was more human then, more compassionate and good."

-"You talk as he is not human anymore." – Jimin noticed.

-"In a way, he isn't." – It was Jiyong who spoke. – "The magic of mages is raw and strong. That's why they were feared and killed the most. Mage's magic, if controlled extra carefully, could be a great asset, if not, great catastrophe, especially if they are in contact with another powerful magic. The combination of the two always leaves a drastic trace in history."

Everyone perked their ears at Jiyong's words, the magic was taboo nowadays and was not spoke off.

-"Namjoon, who's been around the artifacts almost the entire time since his magic revealed itself was bound to change. Magic artifacts amplify the magic, it's their main job. They don't contain the core of the magic within them, but just a small portion. Think of them as chargers. The mages and witches that created them back in the days, used their magic to power up the artifacts for their use later on. Especially in the old days, the magic creatures fought one another. They would be often completely drained from their magic after the battle, but if you had the artifact, it would always recharge you."

Jiyong leaned on the table, holding his audience in outmost silence as he told the tale.

-"It takes magic to use the artifacts properly, but even without it they would still give extra strength or sharpen your senses. All humans have the capacity for the supernatural, and even though it's not the magic itself, there is still gut feelings and premonitions dreams. You might believe it or you might not, but the old "Sea Monster" Captain did. He might have even stumbled upon one while pillaging and only then heard the legend."

-"Yes especially if he sees that people are ready to die to protect it, he would think it's worth a lot of gold." – Yoongi chimed in.

Jiyong nodded slightly. -"Yes, I think he came upon one quite by accident and then heard the story
when he went to ask around for the right price."

-"Yes, and he probably felt the power of the artifact and decided to keep it for a while." – Yoongi added. -"I am pretty certain that was the way how everything started. His obsession to collect them all."

-"But one thing I don't understand..." – Jungkook spoke again. – "...is that how did he know which artifacts to collect? I mean, how did he know which ones and how many? Those are not the only artifacts that exist. It could even be only one, but yet he kept chasing them all over the World."

Everyone turned to look at him now, making him gulping slightly, but holding his head high. Jiyong's eyes shined appreciatively.

-"That, my dear Jungkookie, is a very good question." – He said, tearing his eyes from a young man to look at the others. – "The old scrolls tells about the time when magic was on its peak. The mages thought that they were invincible, better than anyone. They wanted to rule. The witches were not of that ambitious, but they were the part of that world never the less. Ordinary people were afraid of it. They didn't trust magic and the war began. The mages and witches were hunted and killed because even though they had the magic, the non-magic people were too many. So they did one thing anyone would do to survive, they created an alliance between witches and mages, each coming with their artifact to bound magic and create the weapon that could help them win that war. Nine strong magical beings, nine artifacts. Nine was always the number for perfection. What they created though, was a monster. Millions of lives were lost on both sides. In the end, the witches ended it. Mages saw that as the utmost betrayal, but witches did what it has to be done. They brought back the balance."

Jiyong's eyes rested on twins, who stood calmly next to one another, listening carefully.

-"The mages wanted to conquer people, but witches were against that. They just wanted their freedom and balance back, so they made a deal with humans, for the revoking the witch hunt in return for their lives. They stole the artifacts and killed the mage leaders. The war was over and the casualties were grand. The remaining mages went into hiding or were killed, unable to be trusted with their magic anymore. They never forgot the treachery and the hate among the witches and mages remain. It was all written down as a reminder of the horrors that occurred and so that we could avoid the same mistake in the future, as they did."

-"Not wanting to destroy such power, they separated the artifacts all over the world, assigning a few special humans to guard it with their life. They became the Guardians." – Jiyong voice was calm. He knew how to tell a story and keep his audience captivated. Even Taeyang didn't say a word but listened intently.

-"Seokjin's family..." – Jiyong then nodded towards Jin. – "...were the Guardians and with few others that I know off. My family included." – He added and all of them stared at him, except for Seunghyun. He already knew that story. The others silently wondered just how vast Jiyong's knowledge was.

-"My family too was responsible for the protection of one of the artifacts, but my great grandfather was killed decades ago and the artifact was stolen before it could be passed to next in line. Whoever took it probably didn't realize the danger of it at the time. The artifact was lost for years, but seeming that Namjoon only lacks two now, I guess that he has it."

-"The artifacts gave each Guardian certain...traits...as the time pass by. It enhances their abilities in a way, whether in senses or mind." – Jiyong added.
"So that's why the Old Sea Wolf wanted to collect them. He felt enhancing his character and gave him a false sense of power." – Yoongi said, face concentrating hard as he tried to remember the man.

"And was ready to kill a lot of our brothers and sisters to get his hands on them." – Taeyang hissed.

"But why if the artifacts were hidden by humans? What's the brotherhood had to do with it?" – Jimin spoke. It was Seunghyun who answered.

"The Brotherhood protects the innocent and maintain the balance. I don't know what you've heard of the Order Jiminie, but we are not just ruthless killers. We don't want to rule, we don't want to be ruled either. We observe and collect knowledge and act only when there isn't any other way."

"My uncle was an Assassin, as was his father before him. You would be surprised by just how many Guardians were Assassins." – Jin added and Seunghyun nodded adding. –"The Assassins are everywhere. We work in the shadows to serve the light. To us, nothing is true and everything is permitted."

"Well that sounds like you see yourself as obstinate from the law and rules." – Hoseok spoke. Seunghyun shifted his gaze on him, one corner of his mouth turns upwards in a smile.

"We follow our Creed for thousands of years and it serves us good." – He reached to stand next to Hoseok, who shifted slightly to face him. -"Just because your family chose not to get themselves involved with the Order, that doesn't mean that the Creed is evil Hoseokie."

Hoseok could feel V's eyes on him. Not wanting to look his way, Hoseok chose to stare at Seunghyun's eyes instead, who continued to speak to him.

"Your family was the rightful Guardian of one of the artifacts which, sadly, fell into the Captain's hands." – Seunghyun said softly and Hoseok grimaced.

"My father was a drunken idiot..." – He said quietly, his face serious. –"...he never saw it as anything else, but an old trinket, who he got in an heirloom. He never believed in the stories, thinking my grandparents were silly folks who believed in fairy tales. I did believe them. I loved them dearly, but hey died and everything went to my father before I was old enough to be trusted with the truth. I was six when my father lost the artifact in the game of cards, together with me."

Hoseok saw V tensing in the corner of his vision, but it didn't matter anymore. His father first lost the artifact, and then two nights later, when his cronies came to collect his debt, he offered his only son to settle it, so he could keep the estate and his title. They did take all the valuables thought. That is the ones his father he didn't manage to sell beforehand. Let's just say Hoseok learned how to play many roles in his life from that moment on.

"We never blamed you for that Hoseokie." – Jiyong said, coming closer, his long fingers touching the back of Hoseok's neck in comfort. – "You are not guilty of what you father did. That blame is entirely on him."

Jiyong cupped Hoseok's face and tilted it to look at him in the eyes. – "But I am eternally grateful that it was me he offered you to and not someone else."

Hoseok chuckled. – "They said you were the worst of them all, but ironically I never felt that."

V felt internal rage. He could feel Tae tensing the hand around his, sensing his brother distress, calming him down. V tilted his head and moved away from his brother's grip, strolling towards the
Count and his lover. Hoseok's eyes shot to his.

V hasn't said the word. He just raised his hand slightly, palms up in mute calling. Hoseok reacted instantly, removing Jiyong's hands from himself and moving to grab V instead, pressing his body closer to his. Jiyong observed it with slight annoyance but otherwise didn't react. Hoseok was his, fist. He won him, he cared for him and then he let him go to find his destiny.

He was amazed by V, that's true, but also completely irritated at the same time. The twins were the ones, beside Seokjin, in all of his life, he never managed to tame. And as a collector of talent and beauty, he felt extremely annoyed. Hoseok was his little singing bird and this challenging claim the blonde twin had upon him was filling Jiyong with rage. He knew better than to react. He needed him. Namjoon was out there and had to be stopped. The twins were the only one who could do it and Jiyong wanted to be in good terms with them.

He was thinking what to say to turn the subject in a more pressing matter, when Tae spoke.

"Namjoon would send his men to the Temple to fight the Assassins." – He said. – "While he personally attack us."

"Why would he attack you?" – Taeyang asked. – "He doesn't know where the other artifact is."

"No he doesn't, but we might send a bait. Namjoon would believe that we are creating a diversion in the Temple, while in truth we would go to the other side, to collect the other artifact before him." – Tae finished.

"Will you collect other artifact?" – Donghae asked.

"No." – Tae said. – "I just want him to think that we will. That's what I would do. Make a trap and diversion at the same time."

"That's all good, but what makes you think that he would bite the bait?" – Taeyang asked.

"Because I will be there." – Jin said slowly, eyes gazing somewhere on the map. – "I'm the only one who knows where the other artifact is."

"It will not work." – Yoongi said quietly.

"Why not?" – Tae asked.

"Because you are forgetting something. Namjoon knows Jin Hyung...he knows him very well. That is exactly something Hyung would have done." – Yoongi said matter-of-fact and turned towards Jin. – "Hyung you almost died protecting that secret."

Jin shifted slightly. – "Not really. I allowed him to see where the one artifact is."

"You did what?" – It was Seunghyun this time, but Jin raised his hand, stopping him from saying anything else.

"I thought if I show him one he would kill me and he would never find out the other one." – Jin explained.

"Which one did you show?" – Jiyong asked curious now.

"Mine. I showed him mine."

Seunghyun gasped incredulously. – "But you showed him everything then. If we don't protect the
one in the Temple, he will know that it's not the one he saw."

-"Precisely." – Jin said calmly, eyes still on the map. – "He might kill me or be trapped before he
discovers the truth and then he would have nothing. I showed him the reason why I killed his
grandfather and why I was willing to die for the artifact. He saw the one I am protecting. He thinks
mine is with the Assassins, but what he doesn't know that the Assassins were in possession of the
two artifacts at the time. When I came back, Mentor allowed me to resume my family
guardianship. So I took it and hid it away in a secured place. No one else knows where, even
Mentor himself." – Jin said, rising his eyes to look at them finally.

-"He will send his men to the Temple, because Heechul confirmed it as well, but yes, Namjoon
himself would suspect of the trap if I'm there. You're right." – He said, looking at Yoongi.

-"Yes, he would know that you are trying to trick him." – Yoongi agreed.

-"So what do you suggest we do?" – V asked.

-"To send you of course." – The Count said and everyone starred at him. – "Namjoon would know
that the only persons Jin trusts are his dongsaengs, the ones with magic in their blood." – Jiyong
said satisfied. – "If you move twins to another location, to "guard" the place, he would know that
something of infinite value is there...like artifact."

Everyone stopped to think it through.

-"That might actually work." – V said. Jiyong smiled. – "That would definitely work. He will
expect of the trap, but just not the one he thinks."

-"I like it. We must prepare the runes to entrap him again." – V said.

-"And kill him." – The Count said, arching his eyebrow.

-"Why are you so determent to see him dead?" – Donghae asked. – "I mean not that I'm complain,
the man kill so many of us, but I'm just curious." – He added.

-"His magic is dangerous. He is unstable. He is not Namjoon you all knew eighteen years ago. He
is more than monster now and needs to be stopped." – Jiyong said, eyes blazing.

-"But if we can reason with him." - Tae said.

-"There is no reasoning with him! We tried, you all saw it!" – Jiyong raised his voice only a bit, but
it was enough to stop any further discussion on that subject.

-"Very well. Who will go with you and Tae?" – Jin asked looking at V. Before V could answer,
Jungkook stepped in. – "I will."

-"And so will I." – Jimin nodded. He then look at Jungkook smiling and the knight smiled back at
him.

-"Count me in." – Hoseok said with strong determination.

-"No." – The twins answered in unison. The smiles fell from their faces.

-"What do you mean no?" – Jimin asked.

-"No, he is right." – The Count said. – "If we put too many men with twins and less men in the
Temple, Namjoon would know that it's orchestrated."
"But it is orchestrated already." – Hoseok said, brows furrowing.

"Yes, it is, but he doesn't know that we suspect him of knowing that."

"That's stupid. You can't expect me to let Tae and V Hyung to go there unprotected." – Jungkook raised his voice, the anger evident on his face.

"They fought more that you ever will young one." – Seunghyun spoke. – "They know how to take care of themselves. Jin was their mentor and they are better off without you."

"What do you mean by that?" – Jungkook was ready for a fight, but Taeyang stepped in.

"He means that you will be a distraction. If they don't have anyone to worry about, they would actually do their job."

"I can take care of myself! I don't need them to worry about me! Tae, tell them!"

Tae looked at him gently. – "You know its true Kook." – He said and Jungkook's face harden.

"You can look after yourself, but I will still worry. Namjoon knows this, Heechul surely told him. He saw us together many times to know something is going on between us. He would use you to his advantage. I might have to choose between you and the right thing and I might fail. Don't ask that from me."

"But Tae, that won't..." – Jungkook started, but Jimin stepped in.

"He is right Kook."

"I can't just let him go like that...unprotected!" – Jungkook said through gritted teeth, turning his head to glare at shorter man.

"He won't be unprotected. I will go with them." – The Count said and Jungkook raised an eyebrow at him, when Seunghyun stepped in. – "Trust me little one, it's quite sufficient."

Jungkook wanted to argue more, but Tae came closer to him them, cupping his cheeks in his palms and look at his eyes with such love and depth, that others turned their heads, sensing they are glancing at something far more intimate.

"I would feel much better if I know you are with Jin Hyung protecting him. He is everything to me, just like V and you are."

"But what about you." – Jungkook asked, gnawing at his lower inner lip. Tae smiled and brushed his thumb across it.

"I have my brother with me..." – Tae glanced quickly at the Count and then back at Jungkook. – "...and Jiyong Hyung." – Jungkook's eyes ran across the Count and then bore at V's cold ones searching a confirmation of Tae's words. Something in them told Jungkook that it would be alright, which made the knight nod and whisper. – "Don't leave without saying goodbye." – He said, bowing towards his lover and Tae smiled. – "I would never."

"Alright that's enough, let's get back to the business, shall we?" – Yoongi sad, tapping the table with his knuckle. That did made the couple let go of one another, but they remained close.

"I will go with Seokjin and Donghae to help our brothers in the Temple." – Taeyang said. – "We could use a good fighters." – He turned his eyes towards Jimin and Jungkook.
"They are coming with us." – Jin said, deciding for them. Neither of the men objected.

"Jiyong and the twins..." – Jin continued but Taeyang cut him. – "And why is that?" – He asked grimacing, starring daggers at the Count. – "Why is that you are going with them?"

But before Jiyong or Seunghyun could say anything V answered. -"Because Dragon always go where there's gold or a prize." – V said, smirking a bit and glancing at Jiyong. – "Isn't that right Hyung?"

The Count smiled slyly. – "That's right. Namjoon would know that there is something more precious there than the artifact in the Temple."

"I'll go with you too." – Seunghyun said and Taeyang spat through gritted teeth. – "We need you with us Seunghyun. The Assassins, your brothers and sisters need you."

"And I will be with them Taeyang." – Seunghyun said, glaring at the man across the table. – "I will be there to protect our brothers." – He pointed towards twins.

"More likely you will protecting your...."

"Don't continue that Taeyang or I will kill you I swear to Gods." – Seunghyun hissed dangerously. The aura emanating from him was lethal and Taehyng huffed furiously, not finishing that sentence.

"Besides..." – V spoke lazily. – "Hyung knows about the runes and how to place them properly, don't you Hyung?"

"Yes I do." – Seunghyun answered, still glaring at the other Assassin.

"Ok, so we have that settled." – Hoseok chimed in with lighter tone, trying to ease the mood in the room. Everyone were so tensed and serious. – "Jin Hyung will go with me, Jimin, Jungkook and his Assassin's brothers to the Temple, while V, Tae, Jiyong Hyung and Seunghyun Hyung set the trap elsewhere. Now that leaves Yoongi, where is he going?"

"I will go with Tae. If Namjoon see that I'm with you, he..."

"He will not believe it." – Jin said. – "He knows you will follow me wherever I am."

Yoongi looked at Jin for a few seconds, searching his eyes. He gulped and nodded, casting his eyes down on the table.

The twins watched this strange moment and couldn't help but wonder what happened between the two in the past and just how much more they don't know about.

"Now that that's settled, let's make plans." – Donghae said and bend over the map.
- ‘’How much longer Yoongi?’’ – Hoseok asked, looking around while the battle raged only two floors down. Yoongi didn’t pay attention to him right now, too immersed with the work in front of him. They were in the ancient temple where the Assassins hid the artifact. They knew that Namjoon’s men will come, but what they didn’t expect was the number of them. There was so many. When they arrived, Namjoon’s men were already there and the battle was long last raging.

Taeyang, Donghae, together with Jimin and Jungkook, fought outside with the rest of the Assassins, protecting the entrance to the temple, while Jin, Hoseok and Yoongi and a few of the Count’s men went in to protect the artifact. They were late, since the mechanism was already in the motion, waiting only for the Sun to align in the right way to light up the room and artifact itself.

As soon as they came in, they were attacked by Namjoon’s men. They knew that Heechul had told Namjoon everything he needed to know, but they just hoped that they will come on time. They were wrong.

Jin shouted Yoongi’s name while swishing his two swords through his enemies. Yoongi turned and saw Jin nudging his head towards the mechanism upstairs. Yoongi nodded that he understood and grabbed Hoseok’s hand, pulling him to follow. They managed to avoid the enemy and were now in a small stone room, with a wall filled with an old tongue of ancient people carved in stone plates and wheels that moved the entire machinery.

Yoongi went on deciphering the old puzzle, trying to turn the tide in their advantage, which proved not as easy as it previously seemed.

- ‘’Shit… you think this shit will work?’’ – Hoseok asked again and Yoongi, who had a long flat metal pin between his teeth, muttered something incoherent.

- ‘’You do realize I didn’t understand the word you said?’’ – Hoseok said, eyes narrowing as he frowned. Yoongi removed the pin, not moving his eyes from the task at hand.

- ‘’I don’t fucking give a shit and considering the amount of shit that about to happen and not to mention the deep load of shit we are already in, I say this thing should work or else…’’ – He left the last bit unspoken, but Hoseok would have none of that.

- ‘’Or else…?’’ – He asked, arching his eyebrow. Yoongi grunted, huffing through his teeth as he observed the wheels in front of him. – ‘’Or we are all fucked up.’’

- ‘’In a good or bad way?’’

- ‘’Bad minstrel, bad, really shitty bad way.’’ – Yoongi said through gritted teeth while digging one
of his thumbnails into a small slit, trying to move the stone piece.

-"Well fuck…" – Hoseok said. – ‘I was hoping at least for a bit of hope.’

-"There will be none of that bullshit if we don’t switch this thing off. They mustn’t get their hands on this artifact, so shut the fuck up and help me dammit.’’

Hoseok tried, but there is nothing much he could do. Puzzles and other mind tricks and gadgets were Yoongi’s expertise. Seeing that fact himself, Yoongi grunted again. – ‘Go and keep watch, make sure no one disturbs me, while I’m trying to crack this rotten egg.’’

As on a command, few Namjoon’s men showed up with swords raised high.

-‘Oh, finally something for me to do.’’ – Hoseok said and took out his daggers. – ‘Come now darlings, we don’t have all day.’

The man roared and attacked him. His swift movements, allowed him to evade the blows of the swords, while his fast reflexed made dozens of small cuts on the men’s bodies. One came too close to Yoongi, when one of Hoseok’s daggers hit him straight between his shoulder-blades, dug deep into the flesh. Yoongi clicked with his tongue when the man fell too close to him and nudged him on his back.

-‘Dammit minstrel I’m trying to concentrate here!’’ – Yoongi growled, moving the stone tiles carefully, while the battle raged behind him. Hoseok sarcastic voice was more than audible.

-‘I beg your pardon…your grumpiness…aah…’’ – Hoseok growled back, bending to avoid the blade and then spinning around the man, slicing here and there. – ‘’ I will try to…to be more… fuck… more…” – He slit one man’s throat in the process and he fell bleeding out. – ‘’…careful in the future.’’ – He kicked another one in the stomach, sending him sprawling on his back, and then jumped on his chest and start stabbing him mercilessly. Yoongi would have smirked at his respond if he wasn’t so focused. He just murmured to himself. – ‘’Good, try to keep it that way.’’

He wasn’t sure Hoseok heard him or not, but suddenly three more men came in and he heard Hoseok cursed. – ‘’Oh, come fucking on.’’

Steal on a steal, grunts and kicks were heard behind Yoongi, who’s mind worked faster than ever, creating all sorts of possibilities in his head to find the right answer to the puzzle and reverse these bloody thing.

The stream of blood came splashing across Yoongi’s back and his hands and he froze for a second.

-‘’Really Hoseok!? Really!!!?’’ – He cursed and brushed the back of his hand on his sleeve. Hoseok growled again loudly and Yoongi didn’t know nor cared to whom that growl was sent.

-"Die, motherfucker! Come on!" - Hoseok screamed.

-‘’Yeah, come on motherfucker…bloody move…” – Yoongi murmured to the small tile that was stubbornly refusing to do so. Just then, a large explosion was heard bellow shaking the entire floor. Yoongi’s eyes widened and he looked behind, to see Hoseok cutting through two of the man, using their distraction in his advantage, but failing to see the third one with his sword raised high above his head, ready to cut through the red-head man. Yoongi’s heart stopped and he reached faster than ever for his pistols, but before he could shoot the man, Hoseok had his dagger flying into the man’s eye.

-‘’Fucking hell Hoseok! Are you bloody insane!? That was way too close!’’
Hoseok chuckled, brushing his hair from his brow and cooed. – ‘’Aaaawww, you care Yoongichi, how sweet.’’

-’’You know, I take it back, that motherfucker was too slow, I should kill you myself and be done with it.’’ – He spat and turned to the task in hand. Hoseok laughed and pulled out the dagger from a man’s skull to drag it flat across the man shirt and clean it form his blood.

- ‘’And then who will protect your cute little ass?’’- Hoseok said panting heavily, tucking his blade in his leather holder on his hip, while reaching for another one.

-’’I don’t need the protection.’’ – Yoongi answered childishly. Hoseok knew how to play with his nerves.

-’’Oh really, then I guess I should leave it to you then when the next group attacks right?’’ – Hoseok tucked the other blade safely and was now walking towards Yoongi.

-’’Hoseok you are disturbing me. Go and be useful elsewhere.’’

Hoseok grinned widely, his eyes shine bright as he wrapped his hands around Yoongi stomach head leaned on Yoongi’s back, still panting from exertion.

-’’I think I’m fine here Hyung.’’

-’’You are breathing on my neck while I’m trying to concentrate. Tell me, how is that fine minstrel? – Yoongi turned his head slightly to glare at Hoseok, who chuckled.

-’’Well Hyung it depends on which side you are. I am perfectly fine on this one.’’ – His hand slid down to cup Yoongi’s ass and the latter groaned in annoyance.

-’’Fuck off you horny singing bastard, go and hump the corpse, let me be!’’

Hoseok just laughed, squeezing his ass a bit more and nuzzling his nose in Yoongi’s neck, when he was met with one of Yoongi’s pistols between his eyes, followed by his deadly glare across his shoulder.

-’’Hoseok I know we fucked before, but trust me when I say that I will put a bullet between your eyes if you don’t let go off my ass right now.’’

Hoseok, grin still on his face, pulled his hands up in mute surrender and stepped back from Yoongi, cocking his head to observe him playfully. The bulge in his pants was evident and Yoongi’s eyes widened.

-’’Really!? We might all die and you are horny!? ’’

Hoseok laughed at Yoongi’s disbelieving face.

-’’Fights and blood bring the adrenaline rush and the adrenaline rush makes me hard.’’ – He said, letting his arms to fall in a relaxed manner. – ‘’I can’t help it. I want to fuck so badly now.’’ – He grinned again wickedly, but then ran fingers through his hair and shook his head. – ‘’Fuck I need V.’’

Yoongi turned his head on the puzzle saying. – ‘’Well I think he is little preoccupied with the other artifact right now.’’

Another loud explosion shook the room and the dust from the ceiling start falling out. That erased
smile from Hoseok’s face.

-”Bloody Hell, if we don’t hurry up, these bloody place will explode and then we are all dead.” - Hoseok yelled, and Yoongi rolled his eyes, his fingers working fast. One wheel turned to the right, another two times to the left, the third one, where in the bloody hell the third one supposed to go, Yoongi thought.

There were a commotion and footsteps on the stairs. Hoseok got his daggers out again and stood next to the door, his back pressed on the wall. When the first man barged in, Hoseok left him pass and attacked the other one, who was right behind him, stabbing him in the kidney, while throwing his blade to the first man. It hit him in the back of his neck.

Two more came in screaming and Hoseok huffed tiredly now. He wasn’t used for long fights. His attacks were precise and short, but he wasn’t a warrior. He stabbed one a few times, before throwing his dagger at the man who avoided it swiftly. Hoseok ran towards the corpse on the ground that still had his other dagger wedged in his neck when a near blow almost got him. He cursed and rolled on the other side, avoiding it and grabbing one of the swords from the ground, but he was no match to this man. Hoseok was good with daggers, but swords were never his forte. He was tired, his muscles were aching and that almost cost him his head, because the last man who came in was none other than Namjoon’s right hand.

-”Sugar!” – Jackson roared and Yoongi closed his eyes for the moment recognizing that voice. The icy feeling cut through his stomach and he turned fast to face enraged blonde man.

Jackson hit Hoseok across the face, sending him sprawling on the ground and ran towards Yoongi. Yoongi shoots his pistol, but misses, his hands shaking and his heart thumping hard. He barely got time to block Jackson blade with his own, before Jackson’s hand was around his throat squeezing tightly and raising him from the ground. He was pinned mercilessly on the wall, stone tiles clacking and Yoongi just hoped that they didn’t move too much. This could be a catastrophe.

His blade fell out from his hand as both of his hands rushed to grasp Jackson’s on his neck, fighting to breathe.

-”Sugar, Sugar, Sugar, my little one.’’ – Jackson said through gritted teeth, strangely softly. – ‘’You had no idea for how long I waited to get my hands on you. I was so angry when you left…I still an in fact. And that little trick you played on me back then in the tower, oh…that’s not something I would forget Sugar… nor forgive.’’ – He growled lowly. The fury in his face was obvious and Yoongi felt himself loosing conscious for a moment before the air suddenly filled his lungs again and he gulped and coughed. He was on his knees, holding his neck, eyes watering. He blinked a few times and saw Hoseok attacking Jackson with his daggers with fury of his own.

-’’Hyung, finish it!’’ – Hoseok screamed, turning and slicing at Jackson, whose face was too near to the blades for comfort. Yoongi staggered towards the wall and kept turning the wheels when Hoseok screamed terribly. Yoongi turned and saw Hoseok holding the side of his ribs, blood gushing between his fingers as he kept evading more of Jackson’s cuts with only one hand.

One swift movement and Hoseok’s blade went flying to the ground and he was kicked in the wound, crying out in pain. His knees buckled and he fell, hitting his head on the ground and went still. Yoongi screamed and aimed his other pistol to shoot Jackson when another figure appeared on the doorframe.

-’’Hyung!’’ – Yoongi cried from relief as Seokjin moved towards Jackson, swishing his two swords, already bloodied from the previous fight. Jackson’s eyes narrowed as he snarled at Jin.
"I never liked you."
- He said, raising his sword in one hand while bending down to pick up one of Hoseok’s daggers from the floor. Jin chuckled.

"Oh I know, you were always jealous."

"Oh, not jealous, just careful around you Assassin."

"Pff…please, you had no idea who I was back then."

"Apparently, no one did, not even Joon."
- With the last word, Jackson attacked, but Jin deflected his blow easily. Yoongi was in trance for a few moments watching them. It was like they were back on ‘The Sea Monster’ again, playing and practicing sword fighting, only now there wasn’t any playfulness between them. They both aimed for a kill and Yoongi knew that they wouldn’t stop until they do.

"You killed everything!!"
- Jackson bellowed. – ‘You came and destroyed everything and then you left!!!’ – One swish towards Jin’s head deflected. Jin’s sword coming at Jackson’s neck evaded. Hoseok’s dagger in Jackson’s hand, cut through the air as it nearly went through Jin’s leather west, but it just slid against it. They clashed and pushed, cut and deflected. Both of them brilliant swordsmen who know how to play filthy as pirates usually do.

"Yoongi! Finish the bloody thing!"
- Jin shouted through gritted teeth, trying to push Jackson’s blade above his head when Yoongi jerked and turned towards the wall. On his left Hoseok groaned, blinking as he tried to regain his consciousness, his wound bleeding seriously.

Yoongi reached into his pockets to take the bottle and he hissed, jerking his hand out to see it was bleeding from a small cut on his fingertip. The bottle with the draft must have been broken when he was pushed on the wall. He reached carefully in again, avoiding the glass to see if there is any bottle left. Luckily there was one.

"Minstrel you have more luck than all the people I know."
- He said under his breath, while he inspected the wound. It was deep, but no major damage, it could be easily fixed with a few stitches, for which, unfortunately, they had no time. Bleeding through, he had to stop the bleeding.

"Strange…I don’t feel lucky at all."
- Hoseok hissed, face white and eyes filled with pain.
Yoongi reached in the inside pocket of his leather coat to pull out the cloth. Ripping it in the half, almost to the end, his blood coloring it red, he poured the draft on Hoseok’s cut, making him curse and hiss.

"There would be a scar."
- He said and Hoseok’s cursed again and told him that he didn’t care and that he can go fuck himself.

The clash of swords behind them reminded Yoongi that he had to be fast, extremely fast because time is ticking, the Sun was approaching his target and if the wheels aren’t turning in the right direction at the right time, and this whole temple could blow up if the chemical mix from the heat. Assassins were fighting against Namjoon’s men only two floors below them. He had no idea where Jimin and the young knight were. Yoongi hoped that the other two are alright and well.

Yoongi cursed fucking Namjoon and his meddling with this ancient magical shit.

He secured the cloth around Hoseok’s ribs, hoping that the draft would work fast to stop the bleeding and stuffed a fist full of herbs from his pouch in Hoseok’s mouth to stop him from cursing and to ease the pain a little. That quieted him a bit.

Yoongi turned his face towards the wall again, with stone tiles and wheels. He turned every single
one of them in their right places except one, the third one.

-“Fuck, Hyung, the third one! I don’t know where to place it!” – He shouted glancing at Jin who was pushed against the wall in the merciless attack of Jackson’s blades.

-“Fuck… I’m a little busy now Yoongi!” – Jin hissed through gritted teeth.

-‘Just tell me is it left or right!’

-‘Aaaah, which one?!”

-‘The third one!’

Jin kicked Jackson in the knee causing him to buckle down and then meet Jin’s knee with his own jaw, that sends him sprawling on his back.

-”Left!” – Jin shouted, clashing his sword towards Jackson, who rolled from the way.

-‘How many turns!?’” – Yoongi asked, his finger on the stone wheel.

-‘Three, fuck…fucking three!’” – Jin growled and Yoongi acted quickly, turning the wheel three times on the left which was instantly answered with the mechanism rumbling and moving. The entire structure began to move and the huge round metal plates that were projecting the light shifted, making the mechanism to stop working.

-‘Yes!’” – Yoongi shouted relieved. He turned to glance at Jin who met his gaze with hope, only to be jumped by roaring Jackson, hitting him in the elbow, which caused Jin’s arm to lose a grip on his sword. The sword went clanging on the ground. To Yoongi’s horror, he watched as Jackson grabbed Jin’s other wrist, twisting it, so the other blade fell down, only to hit him in the throat, nearly crushing Jin’s windpipe. Jin doubled in half coughing and fighting for breath when Jackson stabbed him in the chest with Hoseok’s dagger. Strangely, the blade never pierced through the skin because it was stopped by the metal plate underneath Jin’s leather vest.

Jackson growled and raised the dagger to strike again when a shot from a gun was heard and Jackson’s eyes went wide in a surprise. The small spot on his chest began to expand as the blood starts gushing out and painting the white cloth red. Jackson’s hand went to his chest and he rose his eyes to see Yoongi on the other side, his silver pistol in hand.

-‘S-Sugar…” – He croaked as the blood started oozing from his mouth, when the door exploded, sending bits of stones and dust, forcing them all to cover their heads in protection. Namjoon came in, followed with two of his men.

Yoongi’s blood froze. “What the fuck was Namjoon doing here? He was supposed to be looking for another artifact. The twins were there, waiting for him. The trap was set. The false information was sent. What the fuck did just happened?” Yoongi thought frantically. “Oh, no, no, no, no, no this is wrong. This is terribly wrong!” Yoongi’s mind screamed. He couldn’t move, something was pressing him down, he couldn’t move a muscle.

Namjoon’s eyes fell on Jin first but then flew over Jackson and his bloodied chest and chin. He screamed.

-“No!”” – The wave of something hot surged through Namjoon’s skin as he went to crouch next to Jackson, murmuring something under his breath. Jackson’s half-lidded eyes followed his leader’s every move, gasping audibly as his wound started to smoke. He chokes the scream as his skin where the bullet went became almost white as if it was burning. Jackson was screaming now. The
wound was oozing blood and something else, pushing the bullet out, cleaning itself, skin closing and melting until only a white scar left. Namjoon observed his trembling friend, murmuring. – ‘‘It’s over, it’s done.’’

Jackson, not being able to move throughout the entire process now gasped for air, his body still twitching as his brain remembered the pain he just went through, but he was alive and that was important.

-‘‘The…the tiles… I tried…Joon I tried…’’ – Jackson began weakly but was stopped by Namjoon.

-‘‘I know brother, I know. I’ll fix this!’’ – Namjoon said, putting his hand on Jackson’s forehead and closing his eyes. The color returned to Jackson’s face and his body relaxed visibly. There was no more twitching and trembling. Namjoon pulled him on his feet and then turn to cast a glance on the rest of them when his eyes found Yoongi.

-‘‘Ah Sugar, I should have known it was you.’’ – Namjoon said, gripping the smaller man on the harness of his chest and pulled him also on his feet. Yoongi was paralyzed, but he could stand if someone was holding him straight.

-‘‘I will deal with you later on.’’ – Namjoon said and pushed him towards Jackson. – ‘‘Hold him.’’

He then went to Jin who glared at him from the ground, frozen like the rest of them. – ‘‘Jinnie, why do you fight me? You were supposed to be on my side, not against me.’’ – Namjoon said and moved his fingertips up Jin’s cheek. There was gentleness in Namjoon’s eyes for only a moment, before the amber blazed through it, making his eyes stern and cold. Jin knew it was Namjoon’s magic doing this. His sadistic and deadly magic and not Namjoon.

-‘‘Let’s take what’s ours and go to the ship. You two…’’ – He nodded towards two of his men. – ‘‘Bound and carry him.’’ – He pointed on Jin. He then turns to Jackson, one eyebrow arched in question.

-‘‘I got Sugar.’’ – Jackson said quickly, already in the process of tying up Yoongi. Namjoon went towards the wall, quickly arranging the tiles and wheels on their own place. The mechanism starts working again. Yoongi cursed silently. ‘‘All those things for nothing. How the hell was Namjoon here? What happened to the twins? Did he met them already?’’ Yoongi’s trail of thoughts was interrupted by Jackson.

-‘‘What about the redhead?’’ – Jackson asked and Namjoon glanced towards Hoseok.

-‘‘He is wounded, he won’t last. Leave him!’’

-‘‘You could heal him.’’ – Jackson said, watching Hoseok’s white as snow face. His sweaty brow and fast panting showed he was in pain.

-‘‘Why on Hellheavens would I do that?’’ – Namjoon asked.

-‘‘He is pretty.’’ – Jackson said lightly, which made Namjoon chuckle.

-‘‘We already have our hands full with these two pretty things.’’ – He points towards Yoongi and Jin and moved towards the door, followed by his man who carried Jin among themselves. Jackson tossed Yoongi across his shoulder like he was a sack of flour and went with him. Yoongi watched Hoseok feverish eyes until they moved around the corner.

-‘‘I’ll take the artifact. You go back to the ship.’’ – Namjoon told Jackson, who nodded and then left, pulling Yoongi and Jin with him. The battle still raged between Namjoon’s men and the
Assassins and Yoongi had no idea who’s winning, but then again now that Namjoon is here it doesn’t matter.

Yoongi’s mind wondered feverishly how the hell he could get out. How to stop Namjoon, to help the twins. He wondered what happened to them, are they alive and how Namjoon did know about the trap.

Jin thought the same, but neither of them could move and even though Namjoon’s spell will fall down as soon as they move out of his reach, they are still tied up nicely. If anything, Jackson knew how to tie a knot, Yoongi knew that for a fact. He was the one who thought Yoongi that skill.

-”You and I have a lot to talk Sugar.” – Jackson spoke quietly, knowing that Yoongi can hear him. They were now out on the open, leaving the temple behind them. – ”I will make you suffer.” – Jackson’s voice sounded gentle, but Yoongi could sense the poison behind it. He knew Jackson didn’t mean anything good.

-”I will make you cry and beg me to kill you….and I will take my time with you…”

Yoongi felt the spell getting weaker and soon he could open his mouth a little.

-”You have no idea my dear Sugar what will I do to you.” – Jackson said, carrying him through the rainforest towards the ship. Feeling the voice returning to him, Yoongi spoke.

-”What? You will make me suck your dick for the old-time sake?” – He asked and Jackson chuckled.

-”And to have you bite off my cock, no, no, no… first I will rip out your teeth and then I will shove my cock in your throat.”

-”I can still bite it hard.” – Yoongi said matter-o-fact.

-”Not if I stab the needles in the back of your gums. Or I can just break your lower jaw and let you choke on your own blood and spit.”

-”And to ruin the face you like so much? I don’t think you will Jacky.”

-”I liked your face long time ago Sugar. Not anymore.”

Yoongi chuckled. – ”What am I too old for you know?”

He felt Jackson’s fingers digging deep into his thigh. – ”Don’t you dare to make me sound like some kind of pervert Sugar when you know pretty well how carefully I’ve treated you.”

-”Should I thank you for keeping my virginity intact for years?” - Yoongi asked.

-”You should. I held them off so many times.” – Jackson said, voice serious, Yoongi chuckled.

-”You were preparing me for yourself.” – Yoongi said accusatorily. – ”You were waiting for me to grow enough so you can take me yourself.”

-”And what is wrong with that?” – Jackson asked, furrowing his brows like he didn’t understand what was wrong with that.

-”I was a child.” – Yoongi growled.

-”And yet I didn’t touch you.”
''But you will now.''

''Yes, I will, but now I won’t do it out of love, but out of hate, because I do hate you now Sugar. I do want you to suffer long and painful.''

''I don’t remember you being this ruthless before Jack.''

The grip on Yoongi’s thighs tightened. – ‘’You don’t remember a lot of stuff Sugar.’’

''My name is Yoongi.’’

Jackson laughed. –‘’No, you are my Sugar.’’

''I think you will find that he is mine!’’ – The new voice yelled and Jackson turned only to see Jimin standing there with a sword in his hand.

''Jimin.’’ – Yoongi whispered, closing his eyes, his hopes sinking down. ‘’Not Jimin, please do not hurt Jimin’’, he begged silently to whichever God was listening right now.

''Now put him on the ground gently, untie him and I will let you live.’’ – Jimin said and Yoongi groaned in exasperation. Jimin had no idea what he is up against. There is no way that Jackson wouldn’t kill him, no matter how great Jimin is with a sword. So is Jackson.

Jackson chuckled. – ‘’You are quite a pretty thing. Why don’t you run along before I fuck your brains out with this sword?’’ – Jackson tapped his sword on his hip to make a point.

''I would like to see you try.’’ – Jimin provoked, which angered Yoongi.

''Jimin for fuck sake run, Namjoon is here!’’ – He screamed. Jimin ignored him and just smiled at Jackson when another new voice spoke from their left.

''Put Jin Hyung and Yoongi Hyung down.’’ – Jungkook said holding his sword up with both of his hands. Donghae and two more Assassin’s followed quickly after, standing next to them, their weapons up as well. Yoongi closed his eyes, these young fearless fools.

''Jungkook! Jiminie! Turn around and go!’’ – Jin yelled. – ‘’There is nothing you can do! Go!’’

Jungkook had his chin up, bravely gripping at his sword. – ‘’Don’t worry Jin Hyung, I’ll protect you, everything will be alright.’’

Jackson laugh. – ‘’Oh look another pretty thing with a sword. My my Jin you do know how to attract them.’’ – Jackson laughed. -’’Now you have two choices.’’ – He said to the other two, still holding Yoongi tightly across his shoulder. – ‘’Put down your little swords and surrender to us….or die. Choose wisely.’’

Jimin bust out laughing, tossing his head back, hand covering his mouth. Yoongi closed his eyes, his heart aching. Not his Jiminie, not them. Yoongi knew this crew, they were savage and ruthless, now even more than before. Oh, Jiminie go, just go. But stubborn Jimin had other plans.

''How about you surrender to us or die?’’ – He asked arching his eyebrow and raising his sword.

Jackson grinned and whistled once. There was the rustling of leaves and then several pirates showed up from their hiding places. They were probably near their camp, Yoongi groaned weakly, wanting Jiminie and Kook elsewhere and not here. Jiminie’s and Jungkook’s eyes widened in alarm. There were too many of them. Jackson grin widened.
-"Kill them." – He said and the men jumped to execute the order, attacking viciously like a bunch of savage dogs. One of the Assassin’s fell down screaming when the three swords pierced him. Jungkook and Jimin stood side by side, protecting each other’s backs while they did best to deflect their attackers. They were good, really good, Yoongi thought. They fought like a team, but they were outnumbered.

Jackson didn’t even stay to watch but continued his way towards the ship with now four men holding tossing Jin in their arms. Yoongi screamed as he watched them overpowering the man he loves. Jimin wasn’t smiling anymore, his eyes were wide, alarmed. He and Jungkook fought bravely, but they were just vastly outnumbered. He couldn’t see Donghae anymore. He probably fell down too.

The last thing Yoongi saw before the trees and foliage blocked his view was Jimin and Jungkook falling down and a bunch of infuriating men jumping and covering them with their bodies. Jimin’s scream still echoed in his ears. He felt his eyes filling with tears. He screamed Jimin’s name as he tossed and kicked on Jackson’s shoulder. A hard punch on the nerve on the side of his thigh had his legs paralyzed for a few moments. Yoongi sobbed helplessly, pulling at his bonds, but they were too tight.

-"I reckon you cared for that pretty thing?" – Jackson asked. – "Too bad he was foolish enough to think he could win."

-"You son of a bitch! You motherfucking son of a bitch!!!" – Yoongi screamed at Jackson, who smiled.

-"I guess your torture started already." – He said wickedly, laughing.

They were near the ship now. Jackson tossed him unceremoniously on the ground and shout out the orders. The men moved fast to obey, preparing everything for the take out. Yoongi watched as Jin took a blow to the head and was now unconscious. They dragged him on the ship, probably bellow the deck in Namjoon’s quarters. Yoongi’s heart ached for Jimin, he wanted to die. He didn’t care anymore.

Just then Namjoon came, carrying the artifact in his hands, followed by knocked out or dead Jungkook across the shoulder of one of Namjoon’s pirate and….. Yoongi had to blink twice, because what he saw his mind didn’t want to comprehend or accept. There walking behind Namjoon with no worry on the world, without of any scratch was Donghae.

Yoongi growled furiously.

-"Donghae! What did you do?!?! What have you done?!" – Yoongi screamed, eyes searching for Jimin, but he couldn’t find him. Donghae winced and shifted his eyes from Yoongi quickly. Namjoon did notice and smirked. Yoongi’s eyes clashed with his Namjoon’s wicked ones.

-"Let’s get going!" – Namjoon shouts the order to his men.

-"But Captain, some of our men are still there!" – Donghae said. Namjoon shot him a glare, and the man was smart enough not to continue.

Namjoon’s eyes found Yoongi again. They gleamed sadistically. – "I know." – He said and came closer to Yoongi. – "They were preparing to rape the life out of that cocky pretty boy." – He grinned widely at Yoongi’s pained face. Namjoon spoke again. -"Let them had their fun." – His eyes fell on Jungkook’s lifeless form. – "Take this one bellow the deck and put him in the cage. We can use him against the dark twin. You are sure they are in love Donghae?"
"Yes Captain, they are very much so." – Donghae answered quickly, bowing slightly to Namjoon.

"Donghae you pathetic worthless worm!!! What the fuck!!! You traitor! You fucking t…." Namjoon tilted his head and Yoongi choked at his words. He couldn’t speak and he couldn’t breathe.

"Now Sugar if you want to breathe again I suggest you stop shouting, hmm?" – Namjoon amber eyes flashed at Yoongi before he turned to Donghae. – "We will come back for them later, we have places to be right now. Tell men to prepare to leave. Let’s go!"

Donghae bowed again and went on shouting the orders. The men went to execute the orders quickly.

Namjoon’s eyes shifted back at Yoongi who still choked, eyes filled with tears as he glared at Namjoon with hate. The invisible pressure was gone and Yoongi gasped for air, coughing and inhaling sharply.

"Rot in Hell you monster!!" – He gritted out through his clenched jaw. That made Namjoon smile wide, his dimples showing.

"Oh, but I’m already there Sugar."

Namjoon turned towards Jackson who was always close by. – "You still want him?" – He asked and Jackson nodded.

"Take him then, but don’t let him escape."

Jackson nodded again. – “He will not. I have a special place for him. My dear little Sugar.” – He ran his finger across Yoongi’s face, who flinched away.

"You always loved the fragile things, Jack.” – Namjoon said smirking. Jackson was not smiling.

"Your prize is waiting for you in your chambers as you requested.” – He said, his eyes still glued to Yoongi and Namjoon straightened, eyes darting towards his ship.

"Then let’s get going." – He said, his minds already with Jin. Yoongi watched him move away when some cloth was pressed on his nose and mouth. He breathed in on instinct which was the mistake since the liquid on the cloth made his mind burn with dizziness. The last things he saw was Jackson’s smirk before the darkness enveloped him in her embrace.

Chapter End Notes

Let's get one thing straight. I love Jackson! His devotion and loyalty towards his best friend Namjoon is what got him all messed up, but it's the magic, not the real man. So, whatever bad thing you see Jackson do, don't think I dislike him, but that he is the perfect one to be the villain in this story. So just to be clear, I love dear Jackson <3
"Didn’t we supposed to set him the trap and not vice versa?” – V asked, eyes wide as the cave they’ve previously chosen was now flooded by Namjoon’s men. The cave was old, filled with crystals and light. In ancient days it was used for the magical rituals. Their plan was to get to the cave, set the trap with runes and lure Namjoon in. The runes filled with the energy of this place would be so powerful, that Namjoon would be powerless against them. What they didn’t expect, however, was Namjoon’s men instead. They were already waiting for them inside when they came in. Namjoon was nowhere to be seen.

"Yes we did, but apparently, he found out.” – Seunghyun spat angrily.

"For fuck sake, how? I mean, he was supposed to follow us, not wait for us. How did he even know where to go?” – Tae asked his crossbow in hand, pointing left and right, aiming for men that were slowly approaching.

"He knew.” – Jiyong said calmly, completely composed.

Tae could felt his brother next to him, alerted with his sword and dagger out. Even with the magic, they can’t beat them all, not yet anywhere. It was the number of the men, and even though they’ve learned how to target with their magic, they didn’t know how to divide it to several attacks at the same time. Magic required patience and a lot of practice and the twins had no time for any.

Jiyong’s eyes followed as more men started appearing from their hideouts, surrounding them slowly. There were around 20 of them, all armed and angry.

"There is an exit behind that pillar. Go.” – Jiyong said calmly, facing their enemies.

"Hyung there are too many, you can’t…” – Tae began, but Seunghyun grabbed him at the nape of his neck together with V and pushed them through the stone crack.

"Trust me, he can handle them.” – Seunghyun said pulling the twins with him. As soon as they turned the corner, they heard multiply blood-freezing screams of horror and sheer panic. The twins faltered in their steps, looking back.

"What the actual fuck?” – Tae murmured, but Seunghyun pulled them forward. – ‘’Never piss off the Dragon.” – He said seriously. The twins didn’t know what to make of it. They hurried out through the darkness until they’ve reached the fresh air. – ‘’We are close.”- Seunghyun whispered and rushed even faster towards the dim light.

Pretty soon they reached the rainforest. Its greenery and wilderness were overwhelming. You could easily get lost in the natural maze, but it seemed that Seunghyun knew where he was going.

"Have you been here before?” – V asked and the older man nodded. – ‘’With Jiyong. Now hush, we need to be very quiet. We don’t know who else is out there, waiting.’’
They sneaked through the foliage and high trees, making almost no noise. For a human sense, they were invisible as only well-trained Assassins could be, but for other creatures, they were loud as elephant in the room full of hanging bells.

Suddenly, the deadly and gorgeous feline stepped in front of them, hissing dangerously. It was bigger than her regular kind, with long fangs and claws that could cut through their flesh like butter. The jaguar stared at them coldly. They were on his territory, they were the intruders.

-“Are they supposed to be this big?” – V asked, flipping his dagger in his hand so the point of the blade was between his fingertips, raising his hand in the air, ready to throw it in the slightest movement. Seunghyun moved as well, holding a pistol, pointed at the animal. The jaguar hissed warningly, crouching as if to jump, when Tae came into view, shielding the animal. -“Put your weapons down.” – He said quietly.

-’Move Tae.’” – V hissed and Seunghyun started shifting, aiming at the animal again. The feline growled angrily.

-’I said put… the fucking… weapons… down.’” – Tae said it again slowly, dragging each word, his voice still calm and even. His eyes never left the creature.

-’Trust me.’” – Tae said again, both of his hands in the air, showing the animal that it has nothing to fear from them. He started murmuring calmly to the animal, slowly sliding towards her. The animal’s eyes kept shifting between them, hissing in one moment at the ones behind and making the strange growling sounds at Tae.

-’If you don’t put your weapons down right now I’ll hurt you myself before this cat could ever reach you.’” – Tae’s voice didn’t waver, it was still calm but firm. Slowly, V put down his dagger and moved back, reaching to place a hand on Seunghyun’s arm. The older man eyed the jaguar carefully and then did the same.

The jaguar finally stopped growling and hissing and was now carefully observing Tae, who kept murmuring things that apparently only the animal understood. He reached his hand, palm open towards the creature, who sniffed his skin and licked his palm. In the matter of the seconds, Tae digs his fingers gently in the animal’s gorgeous fur, caressing it and speaking softly. Two men behind them starred incredulously as the wild beast started purring in satisfaction. Tae leaned to brush jaguar’s head with his forehead before leaning back to plant a kiss there. The animal observed him calmly, huffing once and then ran deeper into the jungle.

Tae stood up and turn to the other two. – “Let’s go.”

-’What did you told the creature?’” – V asked, not really surprised by his brother’s gift. He never saw him taming such a dangerous beast before, but it seemed even felines cannot refuse his charm. Seunghyun turned to look at him and then Tae again, not saying the word. Clearly, this information was new to him.

-’I sent her to clear the way for us. If there is any trouble, they will scream.’” – Tae said and went forward.

-’Her?’” – Seunghyun asked and Tae nodded.

-’Yes, her…and her cubs are near, so she was extra protective of her territory. She was big though. I never saw them quite as big before. It probably had something to do with this ancient place and the cave.
“You think they were affected by old traces of magic?” – V wondered.

“It could be.” – Tae answered. – “Let’s just hope she is the last thing we will encounter on our way to the ship. Who knows who else was affected by the magic.”

They all agreed and hurried back to the ship. As soon as they reached the shore and their boats, Seunghyun started barking the orders to his men. – ’Get ready, we need to hurry.’ – He grabbed one of his men by the hand. – “The Count, have you seen him?”

“N-no my Lord. He went with you.” – The man said confused.

“Did you see anyone else here?” – The Marquise wanted to know. His men shook their head.

“No, my Lord, it’s just us here.”

“Fuck…” – Seunghyun cursed under his breath, so only the twins could hear. – ”That means Namjoon knew about this long before, maybe even three days ago.”

“But that would mean that someone from our circle rattled?” – Tae said, brows furrowing.

“Maybe we had two of Namjoon’s spies in our midst beside Heechul.” – Seunghyun said, glaring towards the cave. He was very close to go back running, to find Jiyong.

“Hurry up! We need to move quickly!” - Seunghyun shouted again, jaw clenching. His men hurried to obey. He felt the twins standing next to him, one on each side, eyes glued at the old place, waiting. Jiyong was still nowhere to be seen.

“Namjoon knew we would be here, that’s why he sent his men to wait for us, but he didn’t come. Why?” – Tae asked, breathing fast.

“Because he sensed the trap.” – V said.

Tae turned towards him. – “You think he is here watching?”

“No, I don’t feel him around.” – V answered. He cast a glance to his twin. – “Do you?”

Tae shook his head, but then his eyes went wide with panic. – “The others…he must be there then. They are in danger.”

“We are heading there as soon as we are ready and that’s any moment now.” – Seunghyun said and Tae looked at him.

“But Jiyong Hyung…” – Tea begins but stopped when Seunghyun nodded towards the cave, a sigh of relief left his lips. The Count was strolling out calmly, fixing the ruffles on his sleeves. His vibrant red hair was slightly out of place, clothes were bloody as was his hands. He, however, seemed unharmed.

“Hyung are you alright?” – Tae asked as soon as the man approached them. The Count smiled shortly, nodding. – “Oh never better my darling. It was a while since I was in a good fight.”

“Are they all dead?” – V asked arching an eyebrow when Jiyong met his gaze.

“Well of course.”- He said, smiling wickedly.

Seunghyun approached him then and brushed the bloody smudge from Jiyong’s chin. – “You are always messy my love.”
Jiyong smiled wide, casting his eyes down in shyness. – ‘‘That I am.’’ - His eyes darkened and he ran them across Seunghyun face and the twins. – ‘‘It seems we were betrayed, again. Namjoon is not here.’’ – He said.

-’’We know. We must hurry.’’ - Seunghyun said and all four of them hurried towards the boats.

Jiyong smiled wide, casting his eyes down in shyness. – ‘‘That I am.’’ - His eyes darkened and he ran them across Seunghyun face and the twins. – ‘‘It seems we were betrayed, again. Namjoon is not here.’’ – He said.

-’’We know. We must hurry.’’ - Seunghyun said and all four of them hurried towards the boats.

Jungkook awoke with splitting headache and sore muscles everywhere. He tried to move but soon discovered that he was chained to the wall. He blinked a few times, trying to see through the darkness and dizziness he still felt. The blow to the head was hard and he remembers falling down, with Jimin’s panics screams echoing in the back.

-Jimin! – His mind screamed. – Where is Jimin? – He looked around the dimly lighted room, noticing another figure on the floor, with his hands chained on the wall as well and his dark hair falling down his bowed hair.

-’’J-Jimin…Jimin Hyung.’’ – He rasped, but the figure who rose his head wasn’t Jimin’s. It was very much tortured and weak Heechul.

-’’You…’’ – Jungkook’s eyes went wide. – ‘‘But how? Why are you here?’’

Heechul chuckled weekly, lips parched and dry, eyes feverish. – ‘‘Knowledge.’’ – He managed to croak, voice raspy.

-’’We thought you betrayed us. That you released Namjoon.’’ – Jungkook said and Heechul chuckled again, the air in his lungs hissing as he laughed silently.

-’’Of…of c-course you…d-did…’’

-’’Hyung, have you been locked here all this time?’’ – Jungkook asked, feeling worst for believing the lie when Heechul slowly nodded. – ‘‘Donghae.’’ – He said and Jungkook let the harsh breath.

-’’Of course… you were the perfect suspect. The pirate spy, who wouldn’t suspect you first. Damn it. We were so blind.’’

-’’You were….not….the only o-ones t-tricked. I….was… too…’’ – His head fell down, gasping. He was so weak. Jungkook observed him better, his eyes were accustomed to the dimness now. He nearly groaned loudly at what he saw. Heechul’s fingers on both of his hands were twisted in the unnatural angle.

-’’Oh, Hyung what did they did to you?’’ – He asked quietly, but Heechul didn’t answer again.

It was some hours later than Jungkook was jerked by a sudden sound of footsteps and creaking of the floorboards. The door opened with screeching sound and the man came in carrying the lantern. Blinking and scrunching his eyes at the sudden brighter light, Jungkook could only see the figure of the man. It was only when the man crouched down in front of him did he saw that it was Namjoon. His blood froze when the amber eyes pierced him. Jungkook’s heart thumped badly and he nearly choked when he tried to swallow. His throat was so dry that the spit went the wrong way, straight to his lungs pipe, making him cough.
"So…" – Namjoon said, tilting his head to observe the knight. – "You are the dark twin’s slut."
– He chuckled. – "I didn’t know his taste was so cliché. Muscled body and innocent face…but then again, who I’m I to judge." – Namjoon chuckled, enjoying his own joke, his voice full of menace. Jungkook wondered if the others were still alive.

"What happened to Tae?" – He asked seriously.

Namjoon chuckled. – "I don’t know. Nothing yet, but soon… yes…soon something will happen… soon he would scream when he realizes that I have you." – Namjoon said, smiling, his dimples visible. Jungkook thought he would look cute if he wasn’t so evil.

"Do you think he would give me what I need, for you in return?" – He asked, teasingly. Jungkook hissed at the question.

"He will not give you want you to want, even if you kill me!"

"Oh, but I think he will. He cares about you a lot as I was informed…and you are in love with him… yes… I can see that in your defiant face, wanting desperately to protect your lover." – Namjoon’s expression was serious as he studied the young man. – "Young love… hmmm… so short and sweet, until you realize that it is fake." – Namjoon said, clicking with his tongue in mock compassion.

"Oh, yeah? Like your love towards Jin Hyung?" – Jungkook asked, chin high. There was a challenge in Jungkook’s eyes… bravery, yes… foolishness too. Namjoon chuckled, amber flashing.

"I could use the fearless man like you in my crew. Too bad you could never have the sense to see reason. I know the lot like you, you are foolishly loyal and proud, like dogs."

Namjoon stood, taking the light with him, turning to look at Heechul. He grasped his locks harshly and jerked his head back. Heechul’s feverish eyes met his amber ones and the man gulped, twitching slightly.

"He, however, is not a dog." – Namjoon told Jungkook, still looking at the third man. – "The dogs you can train, the cats you can scare away, but the foxes…. the foxes you could only use and you could kill. Use them to cause a commotion in the chicken coop and steal the eggs, and kill them when there is no use for them anymore." – Namjoon bent down to look at Heechul’s eyes. There is a disgusting grimace on Heechul’s face. He knows better, however, than to provoke Namjoon now. If he is obedient, Namjoon might just kill him and be done with him. Otherwise, he would torture him for weeks.

As if reading his mind, Namjoon cackled. – "Oh, no… it’s not that simple Crow. You are alive because I might need your body yet. That doesn’t mean that I need you in good health." – And with that words he let Heechul’s head fall down. He glanced at Jungkook again before he turned and left.

Junkook didn’t realize that his wrists were bleeding from all the pulling at his chains until he gasped for his breath. He had to escape or at least to stop Namjoon using him against Tae, even if that kills him.
They reached the Temple too late. The half of the people laid on the ground dead, some of Namjoon’s and Count's men, others the Assassin’s brothers and sisters. Twins almost ran frantically in search of their friends. They saw the Assassin, Taeyang, wounded badly in the stomach, the healers trying to attend to his wound the best as they can. He was too lost in pain to speak.

Seunghyun’s eyes were filled with sorrow and rage. He breathed hard and fast through his nose, jaw clenching as he walked through the corpses of the people he knew. How could this happen? How Namjoon knew their plans so quickly, he wondered silently.

-''The artifact was taken.’’ – He was informed by one of his brothers. Bloody Hell, where was Jin? He asked, but no one could answer him until one of the healers spoke softly.

-''Maybe the red-head stranger knows.’’

Seunghyun perked his ears at that. Jiyong moving to stand next to him. – ‘’Hope?’’

-''I don’t know his name sir, but he is in one of the eastern huts. He was badly wounded.’’

Seunghyun looked at Jiyong and then rushed to find the twins, who were still searching through the wounded and dead bodies on the ground.

-''V! Tae! Over here!’’ – Seunghyun boomed, making both brothers jerk their heads and swiftly ran towards him.

-’’Hoseok.’’ – It was all Seunghyun said as he and Jiyong rushed towards the eastern huts, with twins at their heels.

When they reached the huts, they looked for the right one and were lucky enough that their search was short. In one of the first few, there were two people lying on the improvised beds and V quickly recognized Hoseok.

-’’Oh, no!’’ – He almost shouted and fell on his knees in front of Hoseok’s makeshift bed. Hoseok had a fever, his brow was sweaty and face white. He lost a lot of blood, even with Yoongi’s ministrations. If it wasn’t for him, he would most definitely die.

-’’Hobi…’’ – V whispered, holding his hand and brushing the hair from his sweaty brow. Hoseok heard his voice and turned his eyes to look at him. He smiled weakly. V was dying to know what happened, but he knew that he would not get any answers from Hoseok right now. Not in this state. He kissed the back of his hand, watching him with worry when Tae’s voice spoke.

-’’Jimin?’’

V jerked his head to see Tae crouching next to the other bed, where the man laid curled in a tight ball.

-’’Jimin, look at me.’’ – Tae said again, placing his hand on Jimin’s shoulder, but the man jerked and shouted. – ‘’No! Get away from me!’’

-’’Jimin, it’s me, Tae! V is here too!’’ – Tae tried to reason with him, but Jimin didn’t listen.

V looked at Hoseok again, squeezing his hand in a silent promise that he would come back soon before raising up to go to trembling Jimin.

-’’Jiminah…’’ – He tried carefully, moving closer, while Tae stepped back, eyes glued to the
shaking figure.

-''Jiminie it’s me, its V…look at me…please, look at me.’’ – Recognizing V’s voice, Jimin raised his head a little, eyes still wide. V could see a sheer panic in them, filled with fear and pain.

-''Oh, sweetheart what happened to you?’’ – V’s chin trembled sadly and his cold eyes filled with tears and sorrow at his best friend in that state. Jimin watched him for a moment, but then his eyes went hard and he growled at him, jumping from his bed straight to tackle V, gripping at his collar.

-''Not you! You will not pity me like that! Not you V! Not you!’’ – He was screaming from the top of his lungs at V’s face. Tae reacted instantly, gripping at Jimin from behind and pulling him off his brother, which caused Jimin to fight even stronger. -‘’No!!! Let me go!! Let me go!’’

-''Jimin I don’t want to hurt you! Stop it!’’ – Tae yelled as V grabbed Jimin’s hands, but the sudden adrenaline coursed through Jimin and he broke free. – ‘’You will not pity me V!! Not you! Not you!’’

Suddenly he was gripped by the throat and pinned on the ground by Jiyong. His body hovered above the tossing man and he growled dangerously in Jimin’s face. A deep rumbling sound came from his chest, his eyes blazing as the deep raspy voice, so uncharacteristic for Jiyong, spoke.

-''Enough!’’ – The command worked instantly on Jimin, whose eyes widened in shock and his body stopped fighting. The reptile looking irises starred at Jimin’s soul, reading him effortlessly. He spoke again. – ‘’You are safe now young one.’’ – The puff of smoke came from Jiyong’s nostrils and he leaned in to take a whiff of Jimin’s skin. – ‘’No one will ever touch you like that ever again. Do you understand?’’

Jimin stared at him trembling sharply, he nodded lightly and then his face contort in pain and he started crying. The rest of them watched in shock at this interchange. V wanted to come near, but Jiyong turned his head towards him and the blonde twin froze. The Count’s eyes were orange now, blazing menacingly. The puff of smoke came from his nostrils again and V was certain now that Jiyong wasn’t human at all. He wasn’t sure what he was exactly.

V tried again, but Jiyong’s words stopped him. – ‘’He doesn’t want you to see him like this. Not you.’’

-’’He needs me.’’ – V said, both of his hands raised in mute surrender as he stepped closer. The deep rumbling sound came from Jiyong again.

-’’He doesn’t want you to see him like this,’’ – The Dragon repeated, less patiently this time. V thought if Jiyong had a tail, it would be swishing angrily right now. Jimin still sobbed under him, his eyes covered by his hands.

-’’Move aside.’’ – V gritted and stepped forward. Jiyong hissed, eyes flashing. V was ready to fight, he was already gathering his magic when he felt a hand on his shoulder. His head turned to see Seunghyun.

-’’Don’t! It’s never wise to provoke the Dragon, boy. Trust me.’’ – He spoke, eyes not leaving Jiyong.

V narrowed his eyes. – ‘’Are you serious? You really mean the dragon, like the Dragon.’’

-’’Exactly so.’’ – Seunghyun spoke, eyes still glued at Jiyong.

What the fuck, the Dragon… those are creatures of fairy tales, V thought. He didn’t care, he turned
his attention to Jiyong, preparing to take his best friend away from his clutches. Sensing the attack approaching, Jiyong hissed, becoming even bigger. – ‘‘Precious take him away!’’ – The Counts usually soft voice was unnaturally raspy and deep.

-‘‘I’m not going anywhere!’’ – V growled, his magic crackling in the air and was about to lunge on him when Tae’s face came into view.

-‘‘Move Tae.’’ – V hissed, trying to push his brother away.

-‘‘No. Calm down.’’ – Tae said, gripping at his brother’s outstretched hands.

-‘‘He has my Jimin Tae! He can’t have him! Jimin needs me! He needs me Tae!’’

-‘‘He doesn’t want you to see him like this!’’ – Jiyong hissed again, hiding Jimin from their eyes. And Tae suddenly understood.

-‘‘Go outside or stay next to Hoseok, I’ll look after Jimin.’’

-‘‘Tae what the fuck! Can’t you see…?’’

-‘‘Yes I can…can you?’’ – Tae asked starring at his twin and V froze yet again, starring back in equal measure. – ‘‘Trust me, please.’’ – Tae said again. – ‘‘Go and find Jungkook and Hyungs.’’

V’s eyes grew wide at that and he relaxed only slightly. He glanced towards his best friend again and then back at his twin, nodding slightly and licking his lips. – ‘‘Okay.’’ – He moved away towards the door. – ‘‘Okay.’’ – He said it again. – ‘‘Take care of them Tae please…they…they mean so much to me.’’

Tae nodded. – ‘‘With my life brother. Go and find my Kookie.’’ – He said and V nodded again, gazing once more towards Jimin, then Hoseok and finally his brother’s eyes before leaving the hut.

-‘‘Go with him Hyung.’’ – Tae said to Seunghyun. – ‘‘Help him find the others.’’

-‘‘I can’t leave you alone with Jiyong in this state Tae.’’ – Seunghyun protested, but Tae raised his hand to stop him from talking. – ‘‘I know my way with beasts Hyung. Besides Jiyong Hyung would never hurt me.’’

Seunghyun’s eyes flew towards Jiyong, who observed them carefully. Tae turned and went slowly towards the Dragon, sinking on his knees.

-‘‘Hyung, let us take care of Jiminie and Hoseokie Hyung together, shall we?’’ – He said, fingers brushing gently at Jiyong’s jaw. The Dragon closed his eyes and purred. Seunghyun stared transfixed. He never saw Dragon so pliant before.

-‘‘J-Jiyong…’’ – He called softly.

The Count hummed in pleasure, but when he spoke, his voice was his own again, soft and light. – ‘‘Go and help him find them, Precious. He needs your guidance now.’’

Seunghyun let go of his breath and chuckled lightly. – ‘‘Don’t burn the hut, my love, they are made from straw.’’

Jiyong eyes were still closed, but at that, he smiled and opening them. The reptile irises were gone and human eyes glanced at Seunghyun again. – ‘‘I won’t.’’ – He said and Seunghyun bowed slightly before leaving.
Jiyong shifted his eyes on Tae gently, nuzzling his cheek in Tae’s hand. - “Take care of your friend, darling, he needs you now. I’ll go check Hoseokie.” – He said standing up and moving towards Hoseok. Tae could hear him murmuring softly. – “Hush now darling, everything will be fine…” – As he cradled Hoseok in his arms.

Jimin still shook and sniffled on the floor when Tae approached him. – “Jiminie.” – He whispered and the smaller man gasped, moving his hands slightly to peer through his fingers.

- “V isn’t here Jiminie, he will not see you like this. I won’t let him.” – Jimin couldn’t see pity in Tae’s eyes, only gentleness, and calmness. Jimin sniffed again. – “Tae?”

- “Hmmm?” – Tae hummed in response.

- “Hold me…p-please.” – Jimin said, face scrunching in pain again and Tae moved to hold him in his arms. He hugged him tightly, allowing the other man to wrap himself completely around him as he sobbed again. Tae somehow managed to carry him to the bed and lay him down, but the iron grip Jimin had forced him to lay beside him, hugging and murmuring calming words in the latter’s ear. Jimin was like a scared wounded animal and Tae, even though sick with worry for Jungkook, couldn’t leave Jimin in this state, especially since he made a promise to his brother and he knew that V would do everything to find his Kook if he is still on this island. Tae looked at Jimin, wondered if he could try and calm him just like he does with his fury friends.

- “Jiminie, can I try something? I want to help you.” – He asked gently. Jimin looked at him for a while, sniffling. He stopped crying by now, but his nose was runny and his cheeks were covered with dried tears. He nodded and Tae placed his lips on Jimin’s forehead, kissing him. They stayed like that for a while before Tae moved back to find Jimin soundly asleep.

All that time they were observed carefully by Jiyong, who had his arms protectively around sleepy Hoseok. The Count’s eyes shined with warm expression towards Tae.

- “They raped him, you know… I can smell their scent all over him… several of them before the others came and rescued him.” – Jiyong said quietly, the sorrow was deeply tied with his voice now. Tae took a deep sigh. – “Yes… yes, I know.” - He whispered. - “I’ve seen his thoughts… just now… and…. It wasn’t the first time…” – Tae said, tears spilling on his cheeks. – “I never knew… I always thought he was spoiled… but… all this time he… he was… fuck…” – Tae bit his lip, unable to speak as he choked a sob down his throat, afraid that he would wake the sleeping man in his arms.

- “Bloody hell… if V knew… if he only knew, he… he would have killed him back then… fuck… I would do the same… I’m so furious Hyung… I want to make those men suffer in the cruelest way.”

Jiyong nodded approvingly from the other side of the hut. – “They will pay my little darling, I’ll make sure of that.” – He said dangerously.

After a moment of silence, Jiyong asked. – “Have you read anything else from his mind?”

Tae shook his head. – “No, only this, his panic. The images in his head were so loud, almost screaming at me, but I haven’t seen anything else. I didn’t want to violate his privacy by using my magic on him more than I already did.”

- “That is very nice of you.” – Jiyong said. He watched Tae slowly slipping from Jimin’s now weak embrace, before standing up and covering his friend with the blanket.

- “I’ll go find V.” – Tae said and moved towards the door, but was stopped by Jiyong’s voice.
‘‘Your brother mustn’t know what you know.’’ – He spoke sternly. – ‘‘He…’’ – He nodded towards sleeping Jimin. – ‘‘…don’t want him to know.’’

Tae took a deep breath, hating the fact that he needs to hide things from his twin, but in some weird way, he understood why. V was always overprotective of the people he loves and he would do who know what to avenge them.

‘‘I will not tell him.’’ – He held the Count’s gaze calmly before adding. – ‘‘Look after them please.’’

Jiyong nodded and Tae walked through the door.

Chapter End Notes

Comments are always welcomed. I love reading and replying to them, you know. I hope you like this chapter. We are slowly nearing the end.
Yoongi struggled to break free, but it was in no avail. The bonds were masterly made, the rope tied perfectly around his wrists. He was forced to stand, stretched like a star. He stopped when he heard Jackson entering his cabin again, closing the door behind him. The ship was moving, Yoongi could feel that much, but he had no idea where. He didn’t know what Namjoon knew, or what happened or if Jungkook and Jin were still alive. His heart wept for Jimin, he wondered if they killed him fast. Their enemies were stronger, ruthless and Yoongi lost all will to live. He knew what awaits for him, Jackson told him and he knew it was true because Jackson didn’t lie.

-”Ah, my little Suga…” – Jackson cooed wickedly as he approached. – “You are still sweet as a kitten.” – He said, his fingers cupping Yoongi’s cheek, while his thumb digs on the other one painfully. He turned his head, so he could nuzzle his nose into the curve of Yoongi’s throat and shoulder to take a deep breath of Yoongi’s skin. He exhales loudly through his mouth and inhaled it again, positively shanking from the scent. Yoongi closed his eyes disgusted, as he felt an open mouth kiss on his neck, licking at his skin and sucking harshly. The pain shot through him, but he clenched his teeth, not wanting to give the blond man the satisfaction of crying out.

-”You are a beautiful kitten, even more than I remember.” – Jackson leaned back to stare at Yoongi’s closed eyes and then slapped his cheek when he saw that they were closed. Yoongi’s cheek stung as Jackson’s eyes dig dip into his own. There wasn’t any familiarity in them, only blunt and sadistic rage. Namjoon’s magic affected them all, it was like a virus. If Yoongi had stayed on that ship all those years ago he would be just like Jackson.

Jackson’s other hand gripped at Yoongi’s hair, while he allowed the other to slide from Yoongi’s cheek and onto his shirt. He struggled as he unbuttoned first two buttons to reveal more of pale flesh underneath. He tugged Yoongi’s hair, arching his neck even more and then latched his lips on the exposed skin. Yoongi closed his eyes again from the sharp pain as Jackson bit down hard but managed not to whimper, simply hiss.

-”I want to see you.” – Jackson said, letting go off him. He pulled out his knife and grab a fist full of Yoongi’s clothes. He placed the blade inside the cloth and with one swift move he rips through the fabric, buttons flying everywhere. He tugged at the shirt and starred at Yoongi. He placed one of his hands on his chest, his palm burning Yoongi’s skin and then slid down from his nipple towards the pale stomach and pants. He sunk his fingers inside the leather, pulling enough to slide the knife as well and then sliced through. Yoongi’s breath hitched from panic as the blade went too near. He could almost feel the steel on his cock before it moved from it. He let the gasp of air as his pants were ripped open. But Jackson didn’t stop there. He slid the knife in one of the pants legs, slicing it down straight through and then repeating the same on the other leg. The knife cut deeper this time, slicing through the flesh as well. Yoongi hissed.

-”Oh, did I cut you? I’m sorry.” – Jackson did not sound sorry at all. He worked carefully until every bit of Yoongi clothes was cut from him, leaving him bare and pale, aside of one small bleeding cut on his right thigh. Jackson’s eyes gleamed. – “Damn, you exceed my expectations Sugar. You are absolutely stunning. I could eat you up.”
He tossed the knife and started circling tied man, watching him up and down, stroking himself through the pants, obviously hard by the mere sight.

-"'What? No feisty remarks? No savage insults?'' – Jackson laughed, taking off his shirt. His chest was perfectly formed, nicely toned and filled with muscles. He was handsome man, but so vile now that Yoongi dreaded of what will happen next.

-"'Where are your little claws now kitten, hmm? Will you hiss at me? Will you shoot me again?'' – He purred, untying his pants and pushing his hand inside to grip at his cock. He went behind him and Yoongi waited. He knew what was coming, he knew it would be painful, so he gritted his teeth, staring in front of himself a little lost.

-"'You will never run away from me again Sugar.''' – Jackson nuzzled his nose at the nape of Yoongi’s neck while gripping at his hips, one hand sliding to push his back forward, arching them.

-"'Do you know what happens to a kitten when it falls under dog’s teeth?"' – Yoongi only had a second warning when a wet spit touched his rim. – ‘’It gets ripped apart.’’ – With one precise movement, Jackson buried his cock inside and Yoongi screamed.

In another story below Jungkook tensed at the screams. They lasted for a while now. Utterly blood-freezing, filled with horror and pain. He couldn’t tell which of his Hyungs endures such pain. He didn’t know them well enough, but he knew that they were important to Tae and his brother, so he shook from rage, tugging at the chains on his wrists, growling until spit came from his mouth, his pretty face contorted in rage. He tugged harshly once and the pain shot down his hand. He paid no heed to it but did it again and again, until he felt one of the hinge slightly move. He stopped, glanced toward Heechul, but the pirate was unconscious yet again. He squinted his eyes at the hinge that held one of the rings on which the chain was fastened, it got slightly loose. Only slightly but that’s a start. He had to get out, and now he just might know-how.

The first sense of his surroundings told Jin that he was on the soft bed, on the ship that was sailing. When he finally opened his eyes, he saw Namjoon. He sat at the table, looking at the artifact from all sides. Jin moved his fingers slightly, surprised that he could move at all. His hand brushed at his hip where he usually held his knife, but it was not there. No surprise there. He tried not to make a sudden movement and draw Namjoon’s attention to himself, when Namjoon spoke, not raising his eyes from the artifact.

-‘’The only reason why you are not spellbound is that you are powerless Jinnie.’’ – His amber eyes found Jin’s and at that moment Jin knew it was pointless to fight.

-‘’I was just surprised that I’m not in a cage, you love putting me there.’’ – Jin answered calmly and Namjoon chuckled.

-‘’You always acting like a raging beast… this time, however, I want to take my time with you.’’
-"To torture me again Joon, aren’t we pass that?"

Namjoon smiled. – “There is no need of that Jinnie.” – His eyes were gentle, which was strange, but then again, there wasn’t flaming amber in them. They were more subtle, dimmer, like before.

-"Joonie, is… is that really you now?” – Jin asked eyes grew hopeful.

-"I don’t know what you are saying Jinnie, it was always me.”

-"No… no, it wasn’t.”

Namjoon stood up from his chair and sat on the bed next to Jin. One of his hands lies gently at Jin’s chest, right above the heart.

-“I’m always the same Jinnie.” – He said gently, hand sliding up to cup Jin’s cheek, thumb brushing at his lower lip. – “I always loved you Jinnie, I never stopped.”

-"Joon…” – Jin began but was cut by the flash of amber in Namjoon’s eyes. Namjoon’s hand gripping at Jin’s throat and squeezed.

-"But then you betrayed me Jinnie. You ran away, you left me…. You left me in my pain. You killed my only family and you left me to suffer.” – Namjoon jumped and straddle Jin’s hips in one swift movement. Jin couldn’t move his hands and legs again. He could just watch as Namjoon leaned forward, eyes swallowing him in their fury as the lack of air made him dizzy.

-"For almost two decades I’ve been looking for you, wondering where you are. Wondering why you’d left me. I refused to see the truth in front of my very own eyes, even though Jackson had told me so many times. It was all because of you…only you Jin. I didn’t want to accept that you, from all people, from all of my enemies would do such a thing.” – He loosens his grip and Jin inhaled loudly, but was cut short by another even stronger grip.

-"Even though I saw the reason of why my grandfather was killed…." – Namjoon licked his lips and caress Jin’s face with one hand, as he choked him with another. – “…you never showed me why you left me!? Why did you bring Sugar with you?! Did he touch you? Who else touched you Jin!?” – His voice was maniacal now, completely insane. Jin’s lips were parted as he struggled to breathe, when Namjoon kissed him, licking inside his mouth.

Suddenly he moved, nuzzling his nose into Jin’s neck, close to his ear and let go of his neck so he could bury his fingers in Jin’s hair. Jin gasped and coughed, but that didn’t stop Namjoon to murmur into his ear.

-"No one can touch you Jinnie… no one but me… you are mine Jin. You were always mine!” – He kissed him again, pushing his tongue inside to lick his. Jin’s eyes were teary as he stared at the man he once loved. Namjoon felt his tears under his fingertips and moved back to stare at Jin’s face. Seeing his tears, Namjoon’s eyes went wide, the fire died down and the worried panic-filled them instead.

-"Jinnie, why are you crying? Did I hurt you? Jinnie, talk to me, please.”

But Seokjin only sobbed. Deep down he hoped that Namjoon could be saved, that he could be reached from the magic madness in his head, but it was too late. The magic had him in his clutches and there was no escape. Namjoon was forever lost to him and Jin wept for the man he once loved. Everyone told him there’s no hope. Everyone warned him that he needs to be killed, but Jin hoped than maybe, just maybe the twins could reach him and bring him to light. That without the artifacts his magic would grow weaker. Too late…too bloody late…
‘‘Jinnie… Jinnie tells me what’s wrong… tell me.’’ – Namjoon kissed his cheeks, hands roaming on his body. – ‘‘Tell me, love, why are you crying?’’

‘‘Fucking hell Namjoon, can’t you see?!’’ – Jin cried out. Namjoon was taken aback. – ‘‘Can’t you see?! You attack the people I care the most, you killed so many others, and you let our Sugar fall in Jackson’s hands, knowing pretty well what he will do to him! You let your vile men at Jimin. I have known that kid for fourteen years!! I’ve watched him grow!!’’

Namjoon growled viciously, amber returning to his eyes completely. – ‘‘It is all yours doing Jin, not mine! All of that was your fault! If you didn’t…’’

‘‘If your grandfather didn’t kill my family and slaughter my entire village, none of this would have happened!’’ – Jin flashed back.

Namjoon hissed dangerously.

‘‘My grandfather did what needed to be done. If you, Assassins don’t meddle everywhere there might be no need in so many deaths!’’

Jin hissed back in equal measure. – ‘‘Do you hear yourself?! Do you hear how insane you sound?!’’

Namjoon gritted his teeth, but Jin went on. – ‘‘You are madman Namjoon! And a coward who has to paralyze his victims so he can torture and kill them because he is nothing without his power. You are a coward!’’

‘‘I am not a coward!’’ – Namjoon snarled.

‘‘Yes you are! Look what you do! I can’t move my legs and arms because you are holding them by magic! Be a man Namjoon and fight me like a man!’’

Namjoon growled and punch Jin’s jaw. It was painful and Jin felt the blood in his mouth, but he also felt that he can – move!

He punched him back, pushing him with all the force he had.

‘‘Let see how can you beat me without your magic Namjoon!!’’

Namjoon snarled again, eyes blazing with amber fire. They attacked at each other like raging dogs. Jin was perfectly trained Assassin, but Namjoon had too many bloody fights in his pirate life to put up a great fight. Their flesh was bruised and bloodied, but neither of them stopped. All the fury and pain went in those punches, until the realization dawn in Jin’s mind. ‘‘This will never stop’’ Jin thought. He knew the creature inside Namjoon will never rest until it finds it all. The artifacts. He mustn’t find the last one.

Spotting one of Namjoon’s swords on the table Jin reacted quickly. He kicked Namjoon hard across his chest, sending him sprawling on the floor and then quickly reached for the blade. He placed the tip over his own heart and pushed in. His eyes went wide as the blade slid inside his chest. The pain was severe, every nerve in his body screamed. He froze, unable to move as his brain stopped sending the signal to his arms and legs, but kept flashing the warning for danger over and over again, together with pain. He fell to the floor and heard Namjoon scream.

‘‘Jinnie, what have you done?!’’ – His eyes were dim and alarmed. He gripped at Jin’s hand and push them off the sword. – ‘‘Jinnie!!’’
Jin breathed weakly, watching him as he slowly began losing consciousness. — ‘‘It’s over…’’

Then, the amber light blazed back and the alarm disappeared from Namjoon’s eyes, replacing it with the victory. His lips pulled into a smirk as he leaned forward.

— ‘‘Oh, did you really think I would let you kill yourself without my permission?’’ — He said and Jin’s eyes went wide. — ‘‘Did you really think that I would allow you to take your knowledge away from me?’’ — Namjoon asked and yanked the blade out. Jin let a blood-freezing scream when Namjoon placed his flaming palm on his skin, burning the flesh.

— ‘‘Did you really think that I would allow you to slip through my fingers? He might be weak for you, but I am not. You can’t beat me, Jin.’’ — He laughed maniacally and at that moment Jin knew that he was face to face with Namjoon’s magic itself. The mage sneered at him. — ‘‘Not you and not your precious witch twins!’’

Jin screamed still, tears slipping from his eyes as the mage healed him, but to Jin, it felt like he was burning him alive. When the pain finally stopped, Jin was breathless. Namjoon kept his palms on Jin’s chest, observing the new scar that was formed.

— ‘‘So many scars, Jinnie… I must say, it looks sexy as hell.’’ — Namjoon said, eyes roaming his now naked chest, shirt long time ripped into shreds. He met Jin’s gaze and grew wide and dim again. His voice was gentle once more.

— ‘‘Never do that again, Jinnie… I can’t lose you, it hurts too much.’’ — He said softly, bending down to kiss Jin’s lips again. — ‘‘Let me show you how much I love you, Jinnie…’’ — He straddles Jin’s hips again. — ‘‘Let me show you what you do to me.’’ — He started rolling his hips on Jin’s. Jin was weak as a beaten dog, he couldn’t move, he could just let Namjoon have his way with him. As if sensing his weakness, Namjoon trailed his kisses down Jin’s chest, not trying to restrain him in any way. He quickly gets rid of Jin’s pants and took his relaxed cock into his mouth.

The unwilling pleasure shot through Jin’s body. He didn’t want this, not now, not with him, not again, but at the same time it felt familiar, almost too good. He felt growing hard.

— ‘‘That’s right…’’ — Namjoon murmured. — ‘‘Let me show you… let me love you…’’

He bobbed his head faster, swirling his tongue around the tip, fondling Jin’s balls with his hand and brushing at his rim. Jin let go a whimper when Namjoon took him whole, hollowing his cheeks as he sucked him. He let go with a pop, still jerking him with one hand, while raising one of Jin’s leg up. He licked down his balls all the way to his hole, where he buried his tongue in the rings of muscles, sucking at it and lapping, before pushing in again and again. Jin was moaning now. His hands were twitching weakly next to his body, aching to grab Namjoon’s hair and pull him closer. He might be too weak to fight him at this stage, but he didn’t want to give him the satisfaction of how much desperate he was for his touch. How much he missed him.

The fingers slid inside, making Jin gasp, arching his back and exposing his neck sensually. Namjoon leaned back to observe him appreciatively. — ‘‘Jinnie you look absolutely stunning. So beautiful.’’

— ‘‘Namjoon…’’ — Jin whimpered, embarrassment completely forgotten. There was only the need. The pure and raw need for Namjoon. — ‘‘Ah, Joon…’’ — He moaned when Namjoon curved his fingers to brush at his sweet spot.

— ‘‘Fuck, you sound so good calling my name like that.’’ — Namjoon breathed heavily, his pants were on his knees right now and he was stroking his cock in the same rhythm as his fingers slid in
and out of Jin’s hole. – ‘’I want you so bad love, damn… I want you so fucking bad Jin.’’

‘’T-take m-me…’’ – Jin croaked, arching his neck more invitingly. Namjoon bends down to bite on the flesh, making Jin mewl in pain and pleasure and then continue sliding his tongue to ease the pain a little. He pulled up again, taking off of his pants completely as well as his tunic. Jin saw him naked for the first time after all those years. He was magnificent. Tall, broad chest, scars and tattoos everywhere. His body proportions were perfect, he was one extremely handsome man. Jin had forgotten just how much breathtaking Namjoon is. Namjoon spits in his hand and coated his cock with saliva and there was something primal and raw in it. Jin could see the monster just underneath his skin, but still not there… still not in control.

When Namjoon sinks inside him, Jin let a moan, using his legs to pull him closer until Namjoon was buried completely inside Jin’s heat. The man’s eyes were closed as he breathed heavily, trying to stay still for a moment or two.

‘’Jinnie…fuck…’’ – He breathed out, groping Jin’s hips tight, digging his fingers in his flesh, which helped Jin taking his mind of severe pain in his ass muscles, still not used to the intrusion. He felt Namjoon’s hand on his throat again, squeezing slightly as he started to move, eyes still closed. Jin observed him, clenching his jaw as he fought the pain. The movements became faster, more forceful.

‘’Slow down… please…’’ – Jin said weekly, his hands were on Namjoon’s and then on Namjoon’s face, caressing his cheeks. Namjoon’s moves became even stronger, pushing deep with each thrust.

‘’Joon…it hurts… slow down…’’ – Jin said, gripping Namjoon face more deliberately. The man’s eyes opened and Jin’s heart sunk. They were amber again. In one quick movement, Namjoon had Jin’s hands pinned on each side of his head as he quickens his thrust, driving his cock faster and deeper into Jin, ripping him from inside. Jin knew the danger of those eyes, so he tried the only thing he had.

‘’Joon…Joon…you told me that…aaah…that you will s-show me…that you….love me…’’

The amber flashed. – ‘’And I do Jinnie….oh, I do…’’ – He slammed his hips into Jin, causing him to cry out. – ‘’Can’t you feel it Jinnie…it’s all for you.’’

‘’That’s…not love Namjoon…that’s pain!’’ – Jin said through gritted teeth, Namjoon’s weight was pressing on, while he could feel the blood oozing from his abused hole. Namjoon didn’t care….or at least, the creature didn’t care at all.

He laughed, snapping his hips more fervently than before. – ‘’This weak fool would make love to you if I let him…’’ – The mage said. – ‘’He is too weak…he loves you still you know…’’- He bucked his hips viciously and Jin scrunched his eyes in pain. In meanwhile the mage continued like he didn’t notice.

‘’I could feel him struggling to keep you alive….oh…to gain control… and I let him… sometimes…aaah… just because it’s fun to see….oh fuck…to see him struggling…aaah your ass is Hellheaven itself Jin, fucking 10.’’

‘’You sick fucking son of a bitch!’’ – Jin spits those words in one quick breath before growling deeply. That just made the mage laugh more. Jin felt his limbs grew paralyzed again, he couldn’t move a muscle. That, however, didn’t stop the pain in his lower region, nor it lessens it.

He felt Namjoon pulled out, spreading his legs wider, almost folding him in half, his ass presented
in the air. The mage let the string of saliva drip from his mouth and into the hole before straddling Jin’s thighs, almost sitting at him and pushing his cock inside Jin again. This different angle brought new spots for him to abuse. He watched him in horror as the mage placed his fingers on Jin’s temples.

-’’Now let see what’s in that mind of yours. Let me show you the complete domination.’’ - The mage said acidly as he slammed his hips mercilessly. – ’’Let me rape your mind as I rape your ass, shall I?’’ – He started laughing…amber…amber burning and Jin was screaming…the pain, the pain was too much.

Tae found V chopping firewood. Even though he seemed calm, he was furious. The waiting was killing both of them, but until Seunghyun discover where Namjoon took them they couldn’t do a thing. Namjoon’s men that were captured were interrogated. They knew nothing of Namjoon’s whereabouts since they were left on this island with no clue what’s so ever. That didn’t stop V and Jiyong to torture them for everything they did to Jimin until they died in brutal pain. They were merciless.

V still didn’t have enough control for mind reading, since his and Tae’s powers were new and raw, but considering who those men were, they didn’t care much if they inflict too much pain. In their minds, if it hurts, all the better. So they dug into the men’s memories together, trying to find one thing that could point them into the right direction, but the only thing they’ve found was the raw stuff… pillaging, stealing, gambling, killing, raping… the last one was the hardest for V, who saw Jimin’s image over and over again. He shook from fury. Their prisoners didn’t stand a chance to say anything more before V would set their blood on fire and let them burn from inside, melting their flesh and their skin until they died.

There was nothing Tae could do to calm his brother’s fury, because he felt it the same, especially when they found out that Donghae was the one betraying them and not Heechul. Yes, he knew everything, he made sure to stay behind and hear the plans. They should have taken better care of Namjoon, but who knew that Donghae was the one. Taeyang and Seunghyun trusted Donghae, he was a respected brother of the Brotherhood. What flipped in his head at the moment he decided to join Namjoon, neither he nor Tae had the answer.

What shook Tae the most was the fact that Namjoon took Jungkook, together with Yoongi Hyung and Jin Hyung. It was precisely what he afraid off and now Namjoon had a weapon against him. Donghae told him everything he needed to know.

After he found out about Jungkook, it was V that had to stop Tae not to kill all of them before they find out more. Tae was livid, his powers were leaving him in waves, making the earth shake and waves to grow tall. It was a terrible time for either of twins to calm the other when they felt the rage themselves.

Jiyong had to use all of his power of convincing to stop the twins to just sail off into the open sea right away, without any clue as to where to go. It took him even long enough to convince them to be patient until their ship arrives.

-'’Our Hyungs and Jungkook could be dead by then!!!’’ – Tae roared.
"If you take the wrong way you would never be able to catch up with them. The sea is huge."
– Jiyong said calmly.

"It's better to seek the needle in the haystack than to sit idly!"
– V hissed through gritted teeth.

"It's better to wait until I hook you up with the powerful ship and a crew!"
– Jiyong hissed this time and a puff of smoke came through his mouth. He reacted that way only with danger and twins, well...they were dangerous. -- "Don't be fools! You don't go attacking 'The Sea Monster' with mere gunboat... you have to have the power and speed and I could help you there. 'The Dragon' is on its way. It should be here any day."

"Any day!"
– Shouted the twins together.

"That's too fucking long!"
– Added Tae.

"It is what it is, now go and be useful. Your brothers and sisters need you, half of them were killed, and another half is wounded. This was a serious blow to the brotherhood. Help them, until I can help you!"

With those words, the Count turned and left towards the huts, where Hoseok and Jimin were still recovering. That was two days ago.

Now watching his twin hacking through the wood like it was butter gave him a certain sense of determination. Noticing his twin, V glance at him shortly before returning to his task.

"Any news?"
– He asked.

"No. Nothing yet."

"Dammit."
– He murmured and drove his ax in such force that he almost cut through the thick log underneath the one he was actually hacking. He straightens up, leaving the ax lodged deeply into the wood. He exhaled loudly and went to take a sip of water. – "How are Hoseok and Jiminie?"
– He asked.

He didn’t go inside the hut for two days, unable to control himself. Tae was always calmer and was the one that Jiyong would let in without preamble, while V, well... they had several arguments in the past two days.

"Jimin is better. He started walking again for a bit. Hobi Hyung claims that he is good now, but I see how he grimace every time he moves, so Jiyong Hyung forbids him to leave the bed."

V gritted his teeth at that. – "Jiyong give himself a lot of liberty to tell people what they should do."
– He said calmly arching one of his eyebrows. Tae instantly mimics his twin, but from an entirely different reason.

"I don’t know why are you so keen on disliking Jiyong Hyung, he did nothing but help us every step of the way V."

V scoffed. – "He did it only because he could profit from it. He hates Namjoon just like we do, if not even more. He needs us to get rid of him."

"Don't be like that V. I know he has different motives than us, but we are still on the same side."
– V looked at his brother gently. – "Are we?"
Yes we are. I can’t deny that Jiyong Hyung is strange and then he loves to collect valuable things, but all he ever did is help Jin Hyung. He even looks after Hoseok ever since he was a little boy. I was never more shocked when I found out."

V grimaced at those words. He hated the fact that Jiyong is so involved with people that V loves. He didn’t trust him. Even less since he found out that he came from the ancient line of Draconis. They were more like mutants. Mixed breed of dragons and humans. Gods only know how that happened. Jiyong could not turn into the dragon, as well as he can’t be a complete human. His senses were sharp, sensing the fears and lies in spiritual dragon form. He could sniff out his prey in close vicinity and their reptile eyes could see in the dark and read people. The fire within makes them resilient to the cold and the heat, but they can’t breathe fire. The fire itself can’t harm them, but they can still die. Those creatures were feared around the World. They are always attracted to treasure, whether it was in the way of metal, gem or magical talent or skill.

V growled silently.

"V, don’t start again." – Tae said, taking a deep exasperated breath.

"I don’t like the way he orders everyone around. Everyone listens to him."

"Of course, they do." – Tae chuckled. – '"He is the Dragon.'"

"I don’t care what he is. I want to rip his hands and legs for stopping me to see Jimin."

V was angry at Jiyong. The older man couldn’t possibly stop V from seeing Hoseok. They were lovers after all, but he could stop him from seeing Jimin as long as the latter wished and Jimin didn’t want to be seen yet. He allowed only Jiyong and Tae to visit him now.

Tae looked at him with his dark calm eyes and patted the space next to him on the log. – '"Sit with me brother.'"

V sighed, walking closer and then sat next to his twin.

"V..." – He began, struggling to find the right words, so he could calm his brother and still keep Jimin’s secret. – '"...what happened to Jimin was terrible, but there is a reason why he didn’t want you to see him like that, all broken and wounded.'"

V was staring at him now, waiting.

"You two were always close, tell me, did he ever let his guard down?" – Tae asked carefully. V’s brows furrowed.

"What do you mean?"

Tae licked his lips and tried again. – '"Did he ever cried in your presence or show fear?"

V was scowling now, looking at the distance, trying to remember any occasion like that, but he couldn’t. He shook his head and Tae nodded.

"I think you were always his pillar of strength V." – Tae said and then continued quickly when he saw that his brother was utterly confused. – '"He told me once that with you he felt powerful like he could take over the world. I think that he loved the strength you gave him. He loved the way you made him feel. He loved the person he is with you, all-powerful and relaxed at the same time.'"
Tae took a breath, licking his lips again as V starred at him, trying to read more between the lines.

-“‘Seeing the person you care about hurt and broken, changes something in us. We never look at them in the same way after. Our brain remembers the look of pain and suffering. When we see someone dear to us struggling, we want to help.’”

V nodded at that. – ‘Of course.’

-“‘We want to protect it, like it’s fragile, like it’s weak, right?’” – Tae tried again, waiting for his brother to understand. It soon dawns on V. The realization shot him like a gun. Suddenly Jiyong’s words came back to his mind. ‘‘He doesn’t want you to see him like this.’’

-“‘He doesn’t want me to see him like that.’” – V whispered, looking at the distance. Tae smiled slightly, glad that he understood. V’s brows furrowed again.

-“‘But why would he react this way now? He was in shock, but to me, it felt like this fear was long-lasting. Why was he having that fear in the first place Tae?’”

Tae took another deep breath, holding it in his lungs and watching the sky before he let it go slowly.

-“‘I don’t know brother.’”

-“‘You are lying to me.’” – V said, watching Tae’s blank face. – ‘‘Don’t try to deny it. I know you better than myself TaeTae. You know why, you know… but you will not tell me. Is it… is it because of Jimin? Did he ask you to keep it a secret from me?’” – There was a pain in V’s voice and Tae heart clenched painfully. He hated hiding things from his twin, but this wasn’t his secret to tell. What’s worse, he wasn’t told either, he stumbled upon the memory by accident, without Jimin’s consent. He couldn’t possibly share it, even to his twin. He hoped that V would understand. Seeing the discomfort in his brother’s eyes, V expression grew softer and he leaned his head on Tae’s shoulder.

-“‘It’s ok. If… if he ever decides to tell me, I would be there. You are a good friend to him TaeTae and I’m ok with it as long as he doesn’t suffer.’”

Tae leaned his head on V’s and they sat like that for a while in silence.

-“‘Make sure you don’t look at him with pity and pain and he will be fine.’” – Tae spoke after a while and V inhaled and exhaled loudly. – ‘‘I won’t.’’

Just then Jimin came into a view. He tried to conceal it, but he was still limping slightly, jaw clenched in pain. His face was bruised and his eyes were empty as he walked slowly. His expression didn’t change until he saw them watching him and then it quickly regain the image of composure and strength.

-“‘Do you see what I mean?’” – Tae whispered and V nodded, eyeing his friend up and down, trying to assess the level of his injuries before he approached. V was calm again when Jimin stopped in front of them. His icy blue eyes looked calmly at Jimin without any trace of sorrow.

-“‘Feeling better Chim?’”- He asked. Jimin nodded, eyeing him carefully.

-“‘Yeah, never better.’”

-“‘Good. I need you to help me find Hyungs and Jungkook.’”
Jimin’s eyes harden and he nodded determinately. – ‘’Count on me.’’

-‘’I always do brother.’’ – He raised his hand in the air, palm open, waiting. Jimin looks at the hand and then at his friend. His eyes crinkle as a smile tugged his lips. He gripped V’s hand in a strong grip. Tae observed this in complete silence and then stood up, brushing at his pants.

-‘’I’m going to check if the bloody Frigate has finally come.’’

Both Jimin and V nodded and Tae left them behind. He came to the huts to check on Hoseok but was met with Jiyong.

-‘’Ah, you are here. Good.’’ – He said, grabbing Tae’s hands and leading him towards the headquarters.

-‘’Namjoon ship was spotted near Cypher’s web, heading towards Dionysus islands most likely. I don’t know for sure if that’s the exact place, but I have a good feeling about it. The ship also has arrived. I ordered fresh supplies and ammunition to be loaded. You should be able to set sail in three hours max.’’

Tae’s eyes went wide and he nodded. – ‘’I’m going to fetch V and I’ll meet you in the plan room.’’

Jiyong’s eyes were hesitant. – ‘’Maybe you should listen first and then tell everything to your brother…’’

-‘’Oh c’ mon now, not you too. V needs to hear this from you and you both need to stop lunging at each other’s throats.’’

Jiyong huffed annoyingly. – ‘’I do not do that.’’

-‘’Yes you do. You are not behaving any better, but that’s beside the point. The point is that we are on the same side and we should learn how to work together.’’

-‘’You better tell that to your brother.’’ – Jiyong said seriously, crossing his arms. Tae smiled.

-‘’Oh, I did, don’t worry. I’ll go get him.’’ – He said and ran. Jiyong watched him almost fly across the ground towards two small figures sitting in the distance. Jiyong was pretty sure that those are Jimin and V. He sighed and turned only to be stopped by a pair of piercing eyes.

-‘’Precious, what’s wrong?’’ – He asked alarmed.

Seunghyun’s brows furrow. – ‘’You know that he has Jungkook right?’’

Jiyong huffed exasperatedly. -‘’I know.’’

-‘’Then you also know that he will use the boy against Tae.’’

-‘’He will.’’

-‘’What should we do?’’ – Seunghyun asked worryingly.

-‘’We do nothing.’’ – Jiyong said tiredly and went towards the plan room.

-‘’What?’’ – Seunghyun asked incredulously following him.

-‘’There is nothing we can do precious. They need to do that by themselves. Namjoon is not only holding Jungkook but Yoongi and Jin as well.’’
Seunghyun gritted his teeth. – ”So what, we do nothing? Nothing at all?”

-”We wait precious. We wait and hope for the best.”
Yoongi was no stranger to pain and suffering, but this lasted for quite a while now. Jackson was insatiable and Yoongi's body ached everywhere. The obscene words Jackson was growling into his ears while thrusting into him were savage and even though, in agony, Yoongi still knew exactly how to push Jackson buttons the right way. He gritted his teeth, enduring, by now, the dull pain and gave, what he hoped, the most lustful moan he could muster. He had nothing to lose, he had to try something.

-"Oh, f-fuck...do not stop...fuck Jackson don't....fucking...stop...please." – Yoongi panted heavily, arching his ass to meet Jackson's thrusts. A sharp tug on his hair made his spine bend uncomfortably and he met Jackson lust-driven eyes.

-"What was that kitten?" – Jackson asked, driving deeper into Yoongi with each snap of his hips.

-"I said fucking don't stop. It feels so good." – Yoongi breathed those words quickly, moaning for the effect. That just riled Jackson more.

-"Oh, you like that kitten, hmm? You like it when I fuck you?" – The blond man growled, lips latching on Yoongi's neck, sucking on a bruise.

Yoongi hissed, his entire body aching and his mind screaming in alarm and pain, but he kept his lustful driven mask on and played along. It was his only chance.

-"It n-never felt so... fuck...so good, ah...f-faster... Please..."

-"Oh I love when you beg. Beg more Sugar." - He snapped his hips with every sentence. - "Beg more." - Yoongi almost made a disgusting face.

-"Please...please fuck m-me ha...harder... I need it... I... I want it, please... please..."

Jackson's hips went wild and Yoongi opened his eyes wide, gasping for breath. Jackson wasn't bigger than V, but it was more ruthless, more savage. Yoongi felt him deep and raw, he was ripping him from inside, but he had to endure it, he just has to.

He scrunched his eyes and moaned loudly, tears sliding down his cheeks.

-"Are you crying Sugar?" – Jackson tilted Yoongi's head slightly to look at his face. The harsh
movement and Jackson were out of Yoongi and in front of him in a second. His hands cupped Yoongi's cheeks to raise his head and smear the tears into his skin.

"My Sugar...how gorgeous you are when you are crying." – He said darkly. He gazed down on his cock which was covered in Yoongi's blood. – "Look how tight you are Sugar, I made you bleed. Look at it kitten." – He pushed Yoongi's head down. Yoongi couldn't believe how much he has changed. How brutal and evil he became, it was all because of the magic and Yoongi hated it. Jackson, unaware of Yoongi's thoughts marvels at his broken figure, sneering. – "No wonder you beg for more. My Sugar loves some pain. Did anyone fucked you this good Sugar, hmm?" – He asked, tilting his head to meet Yoongi's eyes. Yoongi hanged weekly by his wrists, his legs barely held him up. Jackson, however, chuckled. – "That pretty cocky little thing..." – The image of Jimin flashed in Yoongi's mind and he bit his lips and whimpered from sadness. The sharp squeeze of his heart made his tears slid down his face faster. Jackson cooed. – "Aaaw, did you have feelings for him Sugar? Does his death make you sad? Was his cock that small? Or did you fuck him?"

Yoongi wanted to lash at him, to spit him in the face and bite him, but his mind warned him to be calm no matter the emotional pain he felt. He has his memory of Jimin and their short time together, but he also knew that Jimin would approve of him doing whatever it takes to get out and help their friends.

"I...w-was just....realizing just h-how... much I was lacking." – Yoongi said whimpering. – "There w-was always s-something missing...I didn't know w-what it was....until now..." – He raised his head towards Jackson again, his eyes pleading. – "Please...f-fuck me...hard and deep...p-please...do not hold back."

Yoongi hoped he was convincing enough and with the dark shift in Jackson's eyes he knew he was successful. Jackson smashed their lips together, hands sliding down Yoongi's body to pick him up by his hips and wrap around his waist, before diving inside of him again. Yoongi's broken sobs were music to his ears. He couldn't get enough of the younger man.

"I w-want...I want to t-touch you... please..." – Yoongi tried, but Jackson just chuckled breathlessly and quicken his pace, hitting Yoongi's prostate with eerie precision each time. Yoongi was a sobbing mess, spilling his cum in high ropes all over their stomachs.

"Damn kitten...you are...perfect..." – Jackson growled and emptied his load inside Yoongi.

It took him a few minutes of hard breathing in the crook of Yoongi's neck for Jackson to pull out. He was no longer holding Yoongi, but more leaning on him. Yoongi's arms felt like they would be ripped off from the combined weight.

"Dammit Sugar..." – He stepped back, picking up a bottle of rum from his desk to take a huge gulp. He watched Yoongi hanging lifelessly. His pale body covered in sweat and his neck adorned with bruises.

"I understand now why Seokjin took you away with him. You are perfect. That bastard always had an eye for pretty things, he took you away from me." – He left the bottle on the table and approached Yoongi in three large steps, cupping his face. – "He took you away and I will never forgive him. I hate him. I want him to suffer." – He leaned his forehead against Yoongi's and then kissed him.

Yoongi had to swallow the bile in his throat, the taste of rum burning his tongue. After a few moments, Jackson moved away slightly, still holding him.

"I...I can't s-stand....hold me...please Jack...p-please." – Yoongi said brokenly and Jackson gasped,
hugging Yoongi up to hold him in his arms. –"I'm s-sorry that...that I left...I made an h-huge mistake." – Yoongi cried in Jackson's neck, sobbing brokenly. All the savagery went from Jackson at that moment and he hugged him tighter.

-"It's alright kitten...it's ok...we all make mistakes...it's ok." – He murmured in Yoongi's hair. –"He tricked you. He tricked us all. He tricked Joon the most. That lying Assassin bastard. Hold on for a moment kitten."

He let him go and went to his table, rummaging through. When he found what he was looking for he went to Yoongi again. It was a small key. 'Fucking yes." Yoongi thought. He felt a shackle dropping from his wrists and he would stumble down if there wasn't for Jackson's strong arms.

-"Hold on, kitten. Hold onto my neck. That's right." – Yoongi did as he was told and soon the other shackle was off as well. He felt himself being lifted and carried towards the bed. He hissed in pain when his ass touched the bed. Jackson laid next to him, hugging him and Yoongi just wanted to escape. He felt violated and tinted, but he forced himself to stay relaxed.

Yoongi played with his rings, that was, strangely, but thankfully, left on his fingers. He was making a plan and he just saw how it could work. Jackson dozed off quietly next to him and Yoongi waited until he was vast asleep. After a while Yoongi shifted slightly, wanting to move a bit, but was caged by Jackson's hands. –"What are you doing?" – He asked sleepily, but alert.

Yoongi cursed silently and licked his lips. -"Jack, let me go for a second."

-"You are not going anywhere Sugar." – Jackson said sternly. Yoongi gulped and forced a teasing smile.

-"I'm not planning to. I just want to straddle you." – He said and went on doing exactly that. Jackson's hands were gripping his tightly.

-"And why is that?" – He asked.

Yoongi was thinking quickly. -"So I can do this." – He said and bend down to kiss him on the lips. –"And this." – He added trailing his lips down Jackson's jaw and neck. –"And this." – Yoongi bit at the skin slightly and Jackson groaned. –"And this..." – He trailed down Jackson's defined chest, swirling his tongue around a nipple, fighting the urge to bite hard on it. He hated him, he killed Jimin. He wanted him dead, suffering.

He felt hands leaving him to tangle with his hair, pushing his head down. Yoongi shifted down Jackson's body until he was met with Jackson's newly awoken erection. He took a deep breath and dived in, tasting his dried blood, until the tip was buried deep in his throat. Jackson groaned, gripping at Yoongi's hair.

-"Oh, fuck...Sugar, just like that...Just like that kitten...oh, fuck..."

Yoongi bobbed his head a few more times before deciding it is time. He straightens up, letting the cock slip from his mouth and spit on his fingers, only to dive two inside himself harshly. He hissed, but lined himself on Jackson's cock soon after, sliding in until he bottomed.

-"Dammit Sugar, you feel so fucking good kitten." – Jackson arched his neck back, closing his eyes. His hands gripping at Yoongi's hips, pinning him harshly down every time Yoongi pulled out. Soon Yoongi was bouncing, moaning loudly, nails scratching on Jackson's chest, until the latter planted his feet on the mattress and started pounding into him, Yoongi arching his back and his neck towards the ceiling of the dusty wooden room. He raised his hand towards his face,
sucking on his fingers, while others ran through his hair, gripping it tightly. He rolled his hips violently, meeting Jackson's thrusts and then, masking it in the veil of pleasure, he pushed both of his hands in his hair, gripping at it harshly and screaming in pleasure and then moving them on the back of his head so he could slip one big ring from his finger.

-"Fuck right there... Jack, do not stop, right there! You fuck me so good!"

-"Yeah?" – Jackson asked, swelling with smugness.

-"So fucking good." – Yoongi said and throw himself on Jackson again so he could kiss him, holding tightly in his hand one of his rings.

He moaned in his mouth, feeling Jackson's hands groping at his ass, spreading him open more so he could dive in more easily. Yoongi leaned back, squeezing his inner muscles around Jackson's cock and the blond man gasped.

-"S-Sugar... oh..."

Yoongi pulled out slightly, so only the tip was in and then he did it again, squeezing even tighter this time as he sunk. Jackson closed his eyes, mouth open in a gasp and Yoongi used that momentum to shove in, his now opened ring deep into Jackson's throat, clasping his hands over the blond man's mouth and nose. Jackson's eyes widen in shock and horror when he felt the ring wedged into his throat. He tried to cough it out, but he couldn't take a breath because Yoongi used all of his strength to stop the oxygen from him. He punched him, his hand gripping at Yoongi's face, his hair and then his arms, ripping them from himself, trying to gasp for air, but something was off. He couldn't breathe. His throat was thick and swollen. His now bloody eyes went towards Yoongi's and the smaller man smiled wickedly.

-"Cantarella inside the ring, but a bit modified. Kills faster." – He looked with satisfaction how Jackson's hands scratch at his throat. He brushed the man's hair from his brow, watching him choke. "You might not drive the sword through the love of my life's heart, but you did order it." - Yoongi hissed quietly in Jackson's face. - "You are nothing, you are just Namjoon's dog and even dogs die from poison."

Jackson's body twitched, his cock still inside Yoongi, now flaccid, slipped out. He pushed his fingers in his mouth, trying who knows what, maybe to dig through the swelling, while the other had a strong grip on Yoongi's wrist.

-"You are feeling weak now, the lack of oxygen will do that for you. My only sorrow is that you haven't suffered longer, more painful." – He said, his only response was Jackson's choking sounds. Yoongi leaned in, pushing Jackson's face away so he can whisper in his ear.

-"Do you know what happens when a dog meets a revenging cat?" - Yoongi moved to stare into Jackson's terrified eyes, before adding. - "He dies."

Jackson jerked once more, before turning completely still. Yoongi watched as life left the blond man's eyes, turning them glossy. Yoongi looked at him with hate and then spit on his face. He shuffles from him, barely standing, moving groggily towards the desk to grip on the rum bottle, emptying it almost in half. He gasped from the fire in his throat.

He looked around, searching for some clothes, before finding the keys he knew Jackson always had, setting his mind to save Jungkook first and then see what to do with Namjoon.
Jungkook's wrists were wet with blood. He managed to slip one of the shackles off and was now in process of tugging at the other. Heechul was watching him, too weak to say anything. His eyes were feverish and his body aching.

Just then, the sound was heard and Jungkook took a grip on the shackle, raising his hand in her previous position, praying that the darkness will mask the fact that he is partly free, only to gasp in surprise by seeing Yoongi tumbling towards them. He was pale and exhausted, dressed in garments too big for him. They hang loosely on his thin frame, his hair was tangled and sweaty, but his eyes shined with determination.

"Hyung." – Jungkook whispered hurriedly and let go of shackle to reach Yoongi.

"You young fool, what did you do?" – Yoongi made a sound with his mouth, grabbing Kook by his wrist inspecting the wound as much as he could in the dimly lit room.

"We need to get out, we need to save Jin Hyung and Heechul Hyung." – Jungkook said it in a hushed tone, head nodding towards the other figure in the cell. Yoongi's eyes followed his and he finally saw Heechul.

"Bloody hell." – Yoongi cursed quietly, observing the other man. He reaches for the key in his pocket and gave it to Jungkook. – "Here, unlock yourself." – He said and went to Heechul.

"Can you stand?" – He asked carefully, eyes still sliding across his Hyung's body, noting his wounds. Heechul rose his head, barely holding up, but at that, his broken lips spread into a small smile.

"Run and jump too." – He joked and Yoongi nodded.

"Good, because I don't think I could carry you. I barely hold myself." – Heechul nodded at that.

"I could help you through." – Yoongi finished, just in time for Jungkook to come closer to unlock the pirate.

Right then the strong explosion shook the entire ship and Yoongi nearly stumbled down. They looked at each other with wide eyes, wondering what it is, before another hit. There was shouting and thumping of feet on the deck, pirates rushing towards their cannons to return fire on whoever did grieves mistake of attacking them.

"We need to go." – Yoongi said hurriedly and took one of Heechul's arms across his neck, waiting for Jungkook to do the same on another side. They just got on their feet, heading towards the exit, when the door was kicked inside and Donghae came in.

"I should have known it was you." – He snarled, glaring at Yoongi, attacking them. Jungkook let go of Heechul to confront the Assassin snitch and Yoongi, suddenly having to bare another weight beside his own, stumbled down, pulling Heechul with him.

Considering that he didn't have any blade on him Jungkook was very good. Tired and neglected, he fought with his bare hands to the best of his ability. Hoseok insisting on him learning how to properly brawl, even though he never participated himself. His keen eye points out many mistakes the young man made in his past and made sure to correct them in time. Jungkook was eternally grateful to his Hyung.
Donghae's upper hand on Jungkook was evident, but the young man was furious. He respected loyalty above all else and Donghae's betrayal cost them many hardships and death. Jimin's screams were still carved in his memory before they knocked him out.

Just then he was kicked in the face by the older man, toppling back on his ass, hissing at the numbness of his broken lip. Donghae was about to attack him again, this time holding his hand in a certain position so he can use his hidden blade. Tae showed him how the blade works and Jungkook were in awe of it. He was glad Tae got it with him all the time, but right now things were not so good.

The blow, however, didn't come, because Yoongi jumped at Donghae's back, plunging his fingers into man's eyes. Donghae shouted and reach back, grabbing Yoongi's hair tightly and pulling him forward, across his head. Yoongi fell down awkwardly, grunting in pain since half of his body hit the wall and another the wooden floor. Donghae growled, hitting Jungkook yet again, but failing to evade the young man's tight grip on his wrists, that were now tightly pulled behind his back. Jungkook used the last drop of his energy to do so. He didn't know why he did it, nor will Yoongi be able to do anything, he was still groaning on the floor, when Heechul suddenly leaped on tossing Donghae, mouth open wide, baring his teeth towards his throat with the maniacal expression on his face.

Donghae wanted to scream, but his voice was cut by a sharp pain of Heechul's teeth on his windpipe. The pirate bit hard and Donghae's eyes went wide with horror. He kicked Jungkook sheen savagely and the young man cursed and slacken the grip, which was enough for Donghae to set his hand free and plunge his hidden blade into Heechul's side. Heechul groaned but didn't let go. Moreover, he toppled them all to the ground, straddling Donghae's body, growling as his teeth sunk deeper and deeper into the skin. Blood started oozing through the ripped flesh and Donghae's movement became weaker.

Yoongi and Jungkook watched in horror how life slowly leaves Donghae's eyes and his squirming underneath Heechul's body went slack, while the "Sea Monster" shook from cannonballs. Soon Heechul moved off from the dead man and onto his back, panting heavily, Donghae's blood sliding from his mouth and chin. He started laughing hysterically, holding his puncture wound weekly.

The other two men went to him, Yoongi sliding his hands to inspect the wound, but Heechul shook his head, still laughing.

-"Leave it... it's... too late... anyway." 

Even Yoongi saw that it was so. Days of severe torture left Heechul nearly dead and this was the last straw. But Heechul had a huge grin on his face and was still chuckling.

-"What's so funny Hyung?" – Jungkook asked pained expression was on his face. He always liked Heechul, his teasing and eccentric nature always made him laugh, that's why his "betrayal" stung more than it should, but now, when he knew the truth, the sight of his Hyung broken and dying was extremely hard for Jungkook. Heechul had painful, but a playful gleam in his eyes.

-"I...t-told that...motherfucker before...that I...would rip h-his...throat. Guess w-what just happened?" – He laughed some more but coughed blood soon enough, the blade probably punctured the lung. Jungkook bit his lip and lowered his head, eyes filling with tears, but Yoongi put his palm on Heechul's shoulder and other on his hand, looking at him gently.

-"That's one mighty bite you have Hyung." – He said and squeezed Heechul's hand lightly. – "I wanted to kill that lying bastard, but you beat me to it."
"S-sorry, but...I'm...not sorry...at all...my f-friend." – Heechul smiled, through the blood.

"I bet you are not." – Yoongi said quietly when another sharp crash jerked them harshly. Yoongi steadied himself over Heechul and whispered in his ear.

"I got Jackson." – He moved back finding Heechul's eyes wide. He croaked. – "D-dead??"

Yoongi nodded. – "Cantarella, the one you procured for me." - Heechul grinned once again wide, breaths were heavy, but he still whizzed with a chuckle. He died with laughter on his lips and glass eyes pointed somewhere above Yoongi's head.

... 

Knowing the ship like the back of your hand, proved very useful to Yoongi and Jungkook as they've managed to slip through the dark corners and not to be seen, but Yoongi thought that even if they were seen, the men were in the battle mode and they were not their targets now. Still, he preferred this way, not being seen. The rush of the past moments came to him and he had a lot of **déjà vu**. He heard Namjoon's voice giving the orders somewhere above the deck and his blood froze. He needed Jungkook to nudge him a few times for them to move. They reached Namjoon's Cabin and found it locked.

"I don't have my tools with me." – Yoongi said, cursing slightly as another cannon blow shook the ship.

"Move Hyung." – Jungkook said and lean on the door. He pulled back a bit and then slam shoulder-first into it.

"They will hear you." – Yoongi hissed, but another explosion was heard and Jungkook barged in again.

"With all of this noise, I don't think anyone will notice Hyung." – He groaned as he charged yet again. The door gave in and he almost falls to his nose but managed to hold himself on his arms. Yoongi ran past him.

"Hyung!" – He shouted and ran towards Jin, who was pale and unresponsive.

"Not again." – Jungkook groaned, averting his eyes from Jin's nakedness. Yoongi squinted his eyes.

"It's not the same, he is just exhausted. Hyung." – He called, shaking him slightly. – 'Hyung." – He tried again, this time slapping his cheeks, but not so hard. – "Hyung wake up."

Jin groaned, brows furrowing and he blinked, squinting his eyes at the two of them. – "Yoongichi?"

"It's me Hyung, we got to go. The help is here."

"Agh...my head....shit...my body...everything is killing me." – Jin groaned and tried to get up.

"Can you stand Hyung?" – Jungkook asked, taking one of Jin's arms to support him.
"I have no fucking clue." – Jin said, his legs shaking at first, but pretty soon he was standing firmly on his feet. Another series of cannons firing was heard.

"Bloody Hell, it's like a war zone." – Jin murmured, looking for his weapons around the Cabin.

"Yeah, you can say like that. Here Hyung, your pants and your coat." – Yoongi pushed the fabrics into Jin's hands. – "Your shirt, however..." – Yoongi pulled the ripped shirt from the floor.

"I don't need it." – Jin said, putting one foot in pantleg and almost tumbling down. Jungkook grabbed his elbow.

"Can you dress yourself Hyung?" – Jungkook asked worryingly.

"I was tortured Jungkook, but I'm not an invalid. So yeah, I can."

Jungkook blushed slightly.

"You know you should be nicer to the boy, he was about to help your sorry ass. I wasn't." – Yoongi said and Jungkook blushed, even more, glancing towards Jin to see if he got mad, but Jin only chuckled.

"Oh I know you wouldn't Yoongichi. You would let me struggle to put this on just so you can watch my naked flesh longer."

Yoongi's cheeks flushed red, but he pretended he was not affected by his Hyung's words. – "Keep telling yourself that. Now hurry up, we haven't got much time."

Jin chuckled and hurried up the dressing, while Jungkook watched that strange exchange in silence, blushing even more and then deciding to search for some weapons instead. His eyes fell on a pair of swords, an excellent kind and he reaches to take one in his hands.

"Good thinking Jungkookie, yes we will need weapons." – Jin praised him, putting his coat and buttoning it up across his chest. – "Those are, however, mine, but I think we can find you some good steel around here somewhere."

"Here Kook." – Jungkook turned to see Yoongi holding a nice sword in his hands.

"Hyung..." – He begins but was cut short by Yoongi. – "I think this will suit you nicely."

Jungkook reached and took the blade and yes it was perfect. He felt the excitement he felt every time he took some rare steel in his hands and this was one of the best ones. The balance was perfect and it was almost weightless.

Jin dressed up quickly, arming himself with his weapons, the exhaustion still evident on his face. Jungkook saw the pain in it and wondered what his Hyungs endured. He then looked at his now quickly banded wrists and considered himself lucky.

"Heechul was here too, locked with me." – He said suddenly, raising his round eyes at Jin. Jin stopped his hands just for a second, before continuing to get ready.

"Where is he?" – He asked, siding his eyes down to tie down the harness on his chest where his daggers were.

"He is dead." – Yoongi said.

"I'm sorry to hear that." – Jin said somewhat gently. – "I didn't know the man. The first time I've
heard of him I thought he was a traitor, but after Donghae...

"He is dead too. Heechul Hyung killed him." – Jungkook spoke hurriedly, wanting to clear Heechul's name somehow.

"Yeah? Good. That snake deserved to die. We lost Jiminie because of him." – Jin spat and Yoongi bowed his head, breathing hard through his nose, not wanting to cry.

"Let's go Hyung, we need to help as much as we could." – Yoongi said, still looking down.

"Stay away of Namjoon, wait for the help to come first, do not fight them on your own. I will deal with Jackson."

"Hyung beat you to it." – Jungkook said, his bunny smile peaking proudly at Yoongi. Jin stopped in his tracks to stare at Jungkook and then Yoongi.

"You killed him?" – He asked incredulously, arching one of his eyebrows.

Yoongi scowled at him. -"Why do you sound so surprised?"

Jin blinked a few times. – "Because he was enraged mutt and you are you Yoongichi."

"Fuck you." – Yoongi snarled.

"Oh, no thank you. I had enough of fucking for a lifetime. I'll pass." – Jin said, still observing his old friend. He put his hand on his shoulder and squeezed slightly, making Yoongi tilt his head to look at him. Jin gave him a proud smile. – "Good work." – He then became aware of Yoongi's attire. They seemed familiar. – "Are those...?"

Yoongi nodded -"Yeah.'

"Jackson's?" – Jin wanted to be sure.

"Aham."

"Why? What happened to yours?"

"He cut them off me with the knife."

"Sick bastard." – Jin offered and Yoongi nodded at that and then turned towards the door. – "We should get going."

They went out. Everything was in chaos and then something drastically shook the entire ship. It sounded like something huge collided with the hull of the "Sea Monster".

"We need to hurry up." – Jungkook said and went forward to check out what's going on.

Yoongi began to follow when Jin's hand on his shoulder stopped him. -"I just had to ask though. How did you do it?"

Yoongi took his breath, closing his eyes for the moment. – "Now it's not the time Hyung."

"Please indulge me. I wanted that son of a bitch death for a while now. We might or might not survive this shit, so... I want to know if he suffered." – Jin said the shine in his eyes was cold. Yoongi gulped and then spoke.
"I shoved improved Cantarella down his throat, hidden in the ring case."

"How?" – Jin insisted and Yoongi closed his eyes in defeat.

"While I was riding his dick." – He choked out, opening his eyes, only to see Jin's arched eyebrow.

"Well he did always wanted to mount you on it." - He said matter-of-factly.

"Dammit, Hyung!" - Yoongi sighed exasperatedly, averting his gaze to the side, before returning them to Jin and then adding. "He died choking for his breath, clawing at his throat with the last image of my satisfied smirk carved in his memory."

Jin stared at him for a few seconds and then his mouth spread into a devilish grin. – "You little poisonous devil." – He said it proudly, squeezing Yoongi's shoulder in approval before pulling Yoongi towards the upper deck.

Yoongi squinted his eyes when sudden light hit him in the face. He blinked a few times, eyes searching the deck to see who is who, when the sight made his heart stop and happy warmth spread inside of his chest.

There, out on the open stood Jimin, with the sword in his hand, slicing through the sea of Namjoon's men. Beside him was Jungkook. His huge smile was on his face as he swung his new sword through flesh, muscles, and bones like through butter. The limbs were chopped off so easily, that the ring was made around the two men.

"Jimin." – Yoongi breathed quietly at first, eyes wide as his chest rise and fall from all of the emotion he felt at the sight of his lover. – "Jiminie!!!" – He yelled and Jimin jerked his head in direction of his voice. Their eyes met and the younger man smiled warmly, eyes turning into crescents. Everything was too damn short though because in next moment Jimin's eyes were diverted, becoming furious again as another man attacked him. Yoongi was about to run to him when Jin stopped him.

"Later Yoongi, later... he is fighting now."

"I want to help him!" – Yoongi squirmed, but Jin's grip was strong.

"He has Jungkook by his side and the Assassins too."

Yoongi then became aware of the white and black robes among the pirates.

"You are not a fighter Yoongichi. Not like they are, but your talents lie elsewhere. Use your shadows to kill the target." – Jin said, smiling slightly. – "Go now. Go!" – He pushed him towards the shadows and Yoongi ran, deciding to kill as much of them as he could.

On his way, his eyes fell upon a grand sight. There on the upper deck fought Namjoon and twins. What, as it seems, first started with steel fight, very soon turned into an electric storm. It made a huge barrier ring around them and no one from the outside could approach them. No one could help them anyway. That's a magical fight, it takes magic and foolish bravery to leap into it. Now Namjoon was in twins hands.

Yoongi turned towards Jin to warn him, but the older man was already staring at the magical trio. Remembering Jin's words, Yoongi tears his eyes from him and ran into the darkness that he knew so well. He has some evil men to kill.
The fight was raging on the water amongst the ‘’Dragon’’ and other scavenger pirates Namjoon has allied with, and on the deck of the ‘’Sea Monster’’ where everyone was trying to kill everyone.

Jungkook, happy seeing his Tae again tried to help him many times, but he couldn’t reach him. In his heist to help him, he forgot why Namjoon needed him for in the first place.

-’’Kook run!’’ – Tae yelled, struggling to hold on the connection with his twin and the mage.

-’’I will not leave you!’’ – Jungkook shouted back, fighting off Namjoon’s man, who was more like rabid dogs than human. Just then sharp pain hit him and he tumbled down on his knees, screaming.

-’’Jungkook!’’ – Tae screamed for his lover when his brother’s sharp voice filled his mind. – ‘’Hold the fucking thread, don’t let go Tae!’’

-’’He is hurting him!’’ – Tae sends in response.

-’’He will hurt us all if we don’t stop him!’’ – V growled and the mage smirked, enjoying the battle with two witches immensely.

The smirk was off his face in a second when a dagger hit and bounced off the barrier in front of him where his head was. The mage slid his eyes towards his attacker only to meet with Jin’s. The amber flashed and his face contorted into an ugly snarl, causing him to lose his magic grip on Jungkook, who fell on his hands, panting heavily when the pain suddenly left him.

-’’Kook! Are you ok?’’ – That was Jimin, his sword in hand, reaching down to grip Jungkook’s arm, lifting him. Jungkook eyes flew towards Tae, he was concentrating on the mage. He and his brother, hand in hand, looked almost ethereal, with their hair and clothes swirling in the wind, eyes blazing with magic, one ice-blue another pitch black. There is no warmth in Tae’s eyes now, just plain rage. He saw him leaning forward slightly, buzzing with electricity, making Namjoon grunt and switch his attention towards the twins again. Whatever Tae did cause Namjoon’s brow to furrow more, gritting his teeth in the process.

-’’Tae, calm down.’’ – Jungkook saw V’s murmuring from the corner of his mouth, but Tae didn’t listen, he just became even shinier, if Jungkook could say so. He felt so proud of him. He watched him in awe how magnificent and unique Tae and his twin are. He might just feel a bit more in love with him at that moment. He couldn’t stay and marvel for long since the attack of Namjoon’s men grew stronger and he heard Jimin’s urgent calls.

-’’Dammit Kook, a little help here!’’

He turned just in time to see a man attacking Jimin with two blades and another one reaching from his back. Jimin was good, he was really good, but still weak from before. Jungkook dived in, cutting the arm of the man behind Jimin and the blade fell off still attached to the fist. He begins
hacking here and there and soon came back to back with Jin.

-"'Keep it steady, breakthrough and then you and Jimin get Yoongi and run towards the boats.'" – Jin said, swishing his blades and hacking through men.

-"'I will not leave him Hyung!'"

-"'You are a liability!'" – Jin growled.

-"'So are you!'" – Jungkook spat back.

-"'I know how to take care of myself!'" – Jin grunted stabbing the men in the stomach.

-"'So can I.'" – Jungkook retort stubbornly, slicing through other.

-"'We are staying right here Hyung!'" – Jimin added, swirling in place to avoid the enemy sword and then cut across man's chest.

Jin pursed his lips together, losing his patience with stubborn youth, but kept on fighting, glancing at the fight on his right, where Namjoon and twins were, and in front where the men still kept attacking. His eyes found a few of his brothers and sisters in white robes, fighting alongside them. Jin’s heart swelled with pride, but his mind was filled with worry. The ‘’Dragon’’ which carried the twins, Jimin and the Assassins over, was now circling the ‘’Sea Monster’’, trying to avoid heavy attack from other ships. They were outnumbered and Jin wrecked his brain to come up with the solution.

They were in Dionysus domain, the island was closed and was known for strange things happening during the night. There was a reason why Jin chose this place to be a safe home for his artifact, which whereabouts, unfortunately, were now known to Namjoon as well.

Luckily right before Namjoon ordered the boats to row him to the shore, the twins attacked the ship. For now, Namjoon still hasn’t got his hands on the artifact and Jin had to stop him. Just then his eyes saw approaching company. The line was huge, filled with massive, tall ships. Those were warships by the size of them, Jin was positive. Soon the enemy scouts confirmed it, by sounding the alarm on other ships around them and Jin allowed himself to smile.

-’’Jiyong.’’ – He murmured and then went on searching for one particular figure in this raging madness. And here he was, just like all those years ago, hiding in the dark corners and shooting his pistols was Yoongi.

-’’Yoongichi!’’ – Jin yelled and Yoongi’s eyes found his. He nodded towards the boats and Yoongi understood. He slips out easily and ran through the crowd.

The bell rang then, announcing approaching enemy. Jin turned his head to look at his boys, only to have V stare him down, mouthing silent ‘’Go.’’

Jin jumped, sliced through a few of them, shouting… – ‘’To me.’’ – …to Jungkook and Jimin and went to the edge of the ship. The boys followed him, even though they didn’t know why. They were fighting, they were useful and Jin stopped trying to make them leave so they were satisfied to follow.

They were at the railing when Jin turned towards them, hands extended. –’’Here hold these.’’ – He gave them the pistols, they looked at him questionably.

-’’Aim those two motherfuckers up in the nest.’’ – He said pointing at the two old acquaintances,
Jooheon and Hansung, now his enemies, who were ruthlessly taking down the Assassins one by one with their guns, all safe up in the nest.

Both, Jimin and Jungkook tucked their swords in their shields and raised their pistols high, squinting their eyes as they aimed. They shoot almost simultaneously, which resulted in one of the pirates falling several meters down on his head, while other jerked violently, clutching his chest before he fell into the nest.

They both looked at each other smiling, happy that they got their targets from so high distance.

-“Well done!” – Jin said from behind them. They expected further instructions from him, but Jin just gripped a fistful of each of their shirts and yanked them over the railing and into the cold water.

Both Jungkook and Jimin gasped for air as soon as they reached the surface. Splashing to regain control aftermath. Jin emerged soon after, huffing the water from his mouth and turning left and right.

-“Hyung what the Hell!?!” – Jimin yelled, while Jungkook, furiously started swimming at descending ship. Jin gripped his shit and the knight tried to shake it off when Jin yanked him towards himself and hissed at his face.

-“You think you can help him now!? Well, you can’t! None of us can, but there is one thing we might do and that’s to get to the artifact first!” – Jungkook stopped tossing and even Jimin listened intently.

-“The Count brought reinforcement, Tae and V have Namjoon well in hand and the four of us have our task.” – Jin said, arching his head so he could see well.

-“The four of us?” – Jungkook asked and Jimin huffed at that moment when his eyes fell on a boat and Yoongi rowing slowly towards him. Jungkook smiled and started swimming towards the boat, with Jimin and Jin at his heel. Soon they were in and Jimin tosses his arms around Yoongi.

-“Fuck Hyung I was so worried. I thought…” – But it was interrupted by Yoongi’s lips on his. The kiss was filled with emotion, relief, and happiness of seeing him alive. They broke apart only for Yoongi to murmur. – “I thought I lost you.” – He kissed him again, making Jimin smile, his eyes went into crescents. – “I thought you were dead…Jiminie…my Jiminie.” – His words were cut short with Jimin, who was kissing him silly now.

-“Alright enough of that, we have serious shit to do. Give me those oars.” – Jin said, reaching to take them from Yoongi, but Jungkook had them first.

-“I will do it Hyung. I’m not tired. You fought too much, you need some rest.”

-“I’m not that old.” – Protested Jin and Yoongi snorted. -“You are not precisely young either.”

-“Yah!”

-“It’s ok Hyung, I didn’t mean in that way.” – Jungkook said with an effort since he already began rowing.

-“You will need your strength to retrieve the artifact and I know that you hid it well.”

Jin eyed him for a moment, putting his hand on Jungkook’s wet hair. – “You are a good dongsaeng Jungkookie.”
Jungkook blushed and began to row towards the small island.

... 

Jiyong attacks Namjoon with the help of the Royal navy. Nine warships and few smaller ones were the power to be reckoned with and no matter how legendary and powerful ‘'Sea Monster’’ is, even driven with magic was no stronger than the massive armada Jiyong has under his command. If you asked him how he got that position he would just smile. Being a powerful member of aristocracy and leader of the underground had its perks.

On his left stood Hoseok. Jiyong observed him silently, his face still pale, but determined. He threw a huge tantrum when Jimin and twins left him behind, screaming and cursing that he is okay and ready to fight again. They all knew he wasn’t, that he wasn’t ready. That’s why they left him because he would want to fight and he would get hurt. This way Jiyong had him under his eyes, safe and sound, during the battle, but still some distance away.

Jiyong looked at his right, his eyes sliding across Seunghyun’s handsome features. His intense stare glared intently at the raging fight only a small distance away. Soon they would reach them and soon they will take them down. Jiyong was sure of it. The damage Namjoon and his disciples made, reached even his Royal Majesty, who bestowed upon him his navy and as much gold he needs to get the World rid of that pestilence.

-'We mustn’t engage the ‘'Sea Monster’’ while our men are on it.’’ – Seunghyun said, not looking from the fight.

-'They all have their orders not to engage the ‘'Sea Monster’’ until another command has been made.’’ – Jiyong said. – ‘'Besides we have plenty of other scum to deal with, don’t you think?’’

Seunghyun nodded. – ‘’Agree. Those are the scum from the deepest bottom. No loyalty, even for Pirate Creed.’’

-‘’I wonder if Heechul’s men are fighting. If they know the truth, that their Captain was set up and kidnapped.’’ – Hoseok asked quietly. Jiyong reached his hand and place it reassuringly on the nape of Hoseok’s neck.

-‘’They know little one, I made sure they know.’’ – He pointed on the smaller ship not too far on the left. –’’ They are fighting alongside us. They will get their Captain back.’’

Hoseok’s eyes followed Jiyong’s hand and he gulped. – ‘’You think he is alive? Heechul, I mean?’’

-‘’He is a tough motherfucker, I believe he is, or at least that he put a hell of a fight before he died.’’ – Jiyong answered. Seunghyun turned his head to look at them and then back at the fight upfront.

-‘’I hope he did. No one is so good at evading death like that sly, slippery and charming Crow.’’ – He said, huffing loudly, adding. – ‘’I wonder what happened with Jin and the alchemist.’’

-’’Jin is fine.’’ – Jiyong said.

-‘’How do you know?’’ – Hoseok asked. Jiyong just shrugged his shoulders. – ‘’I know.’’
There was no more room for chatting since they approached their targets in fire range. Jiyong nodded and Seunghyun shouted. – “Get ready!”

All around men hurried to obey. The bell rang, which other ships echoed with their own, order to prepare for battle. Jiyong turned towards his men, eyeing them one by one. Seunghyun stepped next to him, shouting.

-“Attention!”

The bellowing voice was filled with authority, making everyone stop to listen. Hoseok admired the cool and dominant air that both men possessed. Sunghyun was a strong, loyal, true leader, while Jiyong was something mysterious and lethal. The Count gripped the rail in front of him, leaning a bit on his arms before he spoke.

-”My good men! Today we face the scum that’s been terrorizing our waters, plundering our goods and killing our fellowmen!”

There were angry grunts and murmurs from Count’s men, a few of them adding their agreement by shouting “Yes!”.

-”But today we came prepared! We came with power!” – Jiyong continued loudly, but still maintaining his calm and scary composure. The sailors cheered and Jiyong smiled wickedly.

-”Let us send them to their doom!” – He growled and the crew erupted with cheers and shouts.

The men, riled by Jiyongs words and personal vendetta, plenty of them have lost their friends to this lot, were in their positions, waiting for the signal.

Turning his head back towards their enemy Jiyong raised his hand in the air and Hoseok stopped breathing. This was it. The last few moments before the hell breaks loose. There was a split silence only for a second and then Jiyong’s hand came down with gentle word.

– “Fire.”

Seunghyun turned towards their men and bellowed loudly. – “Fire!”

The mortars, those long-range destructive cannons, shot into the air, angling slightly forward before started falling, straight onto the enemy ships. The booming cannons could be heard from all around and Hoseok clasped his hands over his ears. His heart was thumping from adrenaline at the power. Jiyong returned his hand on Hoseok’s neck and was now squeezing slightly. The minstrel looked at his Hyung only to discover that his eyes went a slightly orange around the irises. The Count grinned wickedly and turned towards the battle.

... 

Back at the ‘’Sea Monster’’ the fight still raged, a lot of them were dead, the still-living ones had to stomp over them to get to their enemies. It was a bloody fight, filled with hate and old animosity. But pretty soon it became clear that their fighting was in the second plan, as the big electrifying barrier crackled viciously, expanding more and more and pushing both of the fighting sides away. The barrier almost covered half of the ship.
To the onlookers, the trio stood calmly in the middle of it, fighting, as it seems, more passively, but only they knew how viciously and harshly they were lurching at each other. Namjoon had his palms spread wide on each side, aiming blow after blow after blow to both twins simultaneously. His power was uncanny, so brutal and strong, but twins held it back.

Namjoon discovered he cannot lash out his powers as he wished, as if he was blocked by another force. Both Tae and V held strongly, keeping the barrier strong, allowing Namjoon’s magic to go wild in it, but not creeping out and still stopping it from harming them.

-‘He is too strong.’” – Tae sent out thought to his twin.

-‘But it seems as if he doesn’t attack us with all of his strength.’” – V answered, his brows furrowing even deeper into a crease.

-‘He is holding back.’” – Tae agreed.

-‘I don’t know why.’” – V grunted when a particular sneaky lash of mage’s magic hit his shield.

Tae’s eyes observed Namjoon, paying special attention to his eyes. They were flashing with burning amber, so wild and alive. Tae scrunched his eyes when he saw a flicker of dimness only for a moment. The flicker came again, making Namjoon’s eyes flicker dimly and then in full amber light again as if someone was gently blowing on the flame. Tae’s eyes grew wild with understanding.

-‘He is fighting him.’

V’s scowled, even more, his muscles shaking. – ‘Who?’

Tae watched Namjoon’s eyes intently and true after every flicker Namjoon’s attacks slackened for a second and then go full power back on.

-‘The man inside him, Namjoon, he is fighting the magic from within.’” – Tae gasped slightly but then gritted his teeth when amber lashed at him, sending a hot wave of something burning towards him. It never reached them, but it drew more of their energy. They will grow tired soon if they don’t manage to flip the coin into their favor.

-‘You think he is still inside?’” – V sent out.

-‘Of course, he is. He is inside. Like my magic. It was sleeping at first, but now it’s fully awake.’”

V growled in his mind. – ‘Don’t compare that monster’s magic to yours Tae.’’

-‘In a different way, Namjoon was asleap, but now he awoke, tired and weak and he tries to fight. We need to help him.’” - Tae insisted a flame of an idea flew through his thoughts. V just growled.

-‘What do you think we try to do here Tae if not that?!’”

-‘We are trying to kill him, but what if... what if we try to set him free?’” – He knew he had V’s attention now. – ‘What if we manage to separate them?’

-‘To suck the magic out of him?’” – V asked, panting with exhaustion.

-‘Yes, if ‘it’ has no body anymore, what can it do? Aaaah!’” – Tae hissed when he felt a slice of something hot on his arm. Namjoon managed to slip in while he was distracted with his thoughts. V hissed back, feeling the burn, he allowed his magic to burst, enveloping Namjoon in his red
energy, melting his block, fuming as the steam rose from Namjoon and he growled with hate. The amber flashed so strong at that moment and a burst of power came from Namjoon forcing both of the twins to fall on their knees, screaming. He was strong, too strong. He had the control and he was using the full power of it.

-”Namjoon!” – The voice yelled and Namjoon turned his attention towards it. It was Jin, holding up an old compass on the golden chain in his hands, right over the rail of the ship. Right next to him stood Jiyong, starring with his orange reptile eyes, smoke coming out of him in small puffs. The fight still raged on, but it was back at the end of the ship. No one dared to come near them, nor Dragon for that matter.

-”Mine!” – The amber eyes hissed, watching the dangling artifact. His control wavering, which gave the twins enough room to take a much-needed breath and stand back on their feet again.

-’If you kill me, this goes down.’” – Jin said warningly and then his eyes turned to the twins.
-”Tae, V.’”

They were looking at him, brows sweaty, eyes tired, and body shaking from exertion.

-’Cubs, you are not alone.’” – Jin raised his free hand to tap his heart. – “’You don’t need to fight alone.’” – His hand slid up on his other arm, tapping it twice on the inside of his forearm, pointing at the blood in their veins. At their ancestor’s magic that was written in their blood for generations before them. The blood carries the magical genes, written, improved, powerful and old and all of a sudden they could hear it in their ears. Their blood whispering, urging them, comforting them, cheering them on.

Namjoon lashed out at the barrier, hitting it harshly on the exact place where Jin stood. The golden wall began to crack right in front of Jin’s face when something flicks inside the twins. Seeing their older brother, their protector in mortal danger made them scream. They jumped, letting go of their hands, blazing with the light, with thousands of ancestors voices in their ears, their magic strong, unwavering.

They attacked with everything they had. Namjoon’s amber eyes only had time to grew wide with shock before the twins were upon him. V put a hand over Namjoon’s chest to get a strong grip on alien magic Namjoon had, while Tae jumped on Namjoon’s back. One of his legs wrapped around Namjoon’s left arm, while Tae held the right one with his hand. His other hand found his way on Namjoon’s throat and he used his magic to make him still.

Namjoon’s magic refused to give away, fighting with everything it got, but twins were stronger this time. The obvious desire towards the last artifact, now, so close to him made the mage lose his control. Seeing Jin was about to throw it in the depts of the sea, made his blood boil with anxiety. He was so close. Mage’s confidence and greediness made him lose his composure, his control and cost him his upper hand, especially as he got a grip of what twins were trying to do. To rip him out.

-”You can never get rid of me!” – The mage’s power shouted at them through Namjoon. – “’You can’t save him!”’ – He screamed again, his voice amplified. – “’You have to kill him!’”

-”So be it.”’ – V said coldly, punching the hole in Namjoon’s chest. The mage’s amber eyes went wide. V started pulling his fist out, but with it came the amber substance, glistening with fire. Namjoon’s mouth rounded and he shouted. – ‘’No! No!!!’” – Before collapsing down, Tae falling with him. He quickly put his hands on Namjoon’s chest and over his heart, making it pump still, while V stood in front of them, gazing up high at the huge amber thick gooey mist, that was mage’s magic, now floating above their heads.
Tae’s mind gently slipped into Namjoon’s, searching for more of his magic, but he found him empty, completely human. Spreading his healing magic, Tae healed his open chest and Namjoon gasped for breath, eyes shot open, seeing his monstrous magic right there in the open, like the amber nightmare from depths of Hell.

- ‘‘Calm down, he can’t hurt you anymore Hyung.’’ – Tae reassured him in his mind and Namjoon stares at him, recognizing him. – ‘‘Destroy it… please…’’ – He said quietly and then reach into his pocket to take out a medallion. Tae furrowed his brows at the object. Namjoon quickly explained. – ‘‘It’s one of the artifacts, use it against him. The others are hidden on the ship, it’s full of magic…his magic.’’ – He nodded towards amber mass flying above them, but not being able to escape because of V.

- ‘‘He is bound to the ship. Sink the ship. Destroy it all.’’

- ‘‘We need all of the artifacts for that to work.’’ - Tae said.

- ‘‘Tae.’’ – Both Tae and Namjoon jerked his head around to see Jiyong reptile eyes and Jin, who spoke. He offered the artifact, the compass to Tae when the mage’s magic screamed in unhuman sound, filled with electric crackling.

- ‘‘Take that you fool! It’s right there! There is still time! We can still win this!’’

As on reflex, or perhaps on a command, Namjoon snatched the artifact from Jin’s hands. Jiyong hissed, ready to attack when Tae rose his hand. – ‘‘Don’t do this Hyung. Be free. Be free from him and that prison he held you in.’’ – Tae’s eyes bore into Namjoon’s and Namjoon whimpered, shaking. Years of slaving under his magic left the trace that would be extremely hard to overcome.

- ‘‘Don’t listen to him, you weak fool! Take me back in! Let me in!’’

V growled, trying to control the raging mass.

- ‘‘Hyung…’’ – Tae said again, gently but urgently and Namjoon shoved the compass into Tae’s hands like he was burned by it. – ‘‘Destroy him.’’ – He said and Tae nodded.

The amber mass screamed, enlarging, becoming the ticking bomb ready to explode any second. Namjoon’s men seeing their leader down and the monstrous cloud trying to envelop them into his deadly embrace, tossed down their weapons and ran to jump into the water. The Assassin’s staying shortly only to see if their brothers need help soon followed. The ship was abandoned quickly except for the small party at the center of it.

- ‘‘You must go now. Leave the ship.’’ – Tae said calmly to the three men, turning back towards his twin.

- ‘‘Tae!’’ – Jin said warningly, but Tae just looked at him gently. – ‘‘Take Namjoon Hyung with you. He suffered a lot for a very long time.’’

- ‘‘TaeTae… V…’’ – Jin’s chin wobbled and his voice cracked. This cannot be the end. This isn’t the last time he sees them. – ‘‘No…fucking no…’’

- ‘‘Jiyong, take them…now!’’ – V growled, sweat glistening on his brow as his muscles shook from exertion. He looked at Jin one last time, sending him warm look and a nod, before turning back to his enemy.

- ‘‘You are always here Hyung.’’ – Tae placed his palm over his heart, looking at him. Jin’s sight became watery, but he mimics the movement on his chest as well.
Tae glanced at the Count, nodding slightly and Jiyong’s reptilian eyes flashed dangerously, a puff of smoke left his nostrils and after it seemed like forever, he nodded in return, gripping Jin by his collar and Namjoon by his arm and started pulling them away towards the edge of the ship.

-‘’You fucking leave me Jiyong! I will stay with them!’’ – Jin spun around grabbing at Jiyong’s arm, trying to twist it, to set himself free so he can run to his cubs, but the Dragon growled, smoke escaping his throat and Jin’s knees buckled. He screamed at him. – ‘’Jiyong, let me go! They will not be alone! No!’’

In his Dragon form, Jiyong was too strong for a human being. His grip was made of steel, and even though Jin used all of his skills and strength to break free, he couldn’t do it.

Namjoon, however, tried to keep up, still dazed and feeling guilty for everything that he’s done, even though it wasn’t his doing, not entirely. His only fault was relinquishing the control to that monster and because of that many innocent people died. His best friend also died, corrupted as he was. Namjoon wanted to die, the guilt is eating him alive and now Jin is going to lose his family, all because he was weak.

-‘’Let me go.’’ – He said to Jiyong. – ‘’Let me die here and save Jin.’’

-‘’The young ones spared you.’’ – Jiyong spoke calmly in his deep rasping voice, still holding tossing Jin in his grip. – ‘’They gave you the second chance, don’t let it go to waste.’’- Namjoon could feel the heat emanating from Dragon’s body, it was burning. He was a Draconis like Namjoon always suspected.

-‘’Jiyong let me go!!’’ – Jin turned to hit Jiyong again when the heatwave, caused by the outburst of mage’s and twins energy combined pushed them over the railing. All three of them fell into the water. Coughing and gasping, Jin screamed, trying to get back on the ship, wanting to be next to them, his darling foolish brave boys. He screamed his lungs out, calling their names, splashing and spitting water, Jiyong’s grip still on him, pulling him away from them.

Tae signs in relief, watching the small figures in the water, at least they were safe now. He turned towards V. His brother was nearly collapsing, trying to hold the other with everything he had. Tae approached him, taking a deep breath, pulling the magic from the ship and the artifacts, filling himself in its power. He never felt so alive, so strong like he did now. He understood why this was so tempting to many artifact hunters and why did people die protecting it. Every single fiber of his body was alive, his brain was unlocked and the darkness was no more. All these possibilities, all that knowledge, it was because of the artifacts. No, Tae thought suddenly, not because of the artifacts. The artifacts just amplify the magic within and Tae had centuries of genetic magic in his blood, passed from witch to witch, from generation to generation, until it came to him. The artifacts just made it much stronger, easier access, making it almost unstoppable. They could rule the World with this magic. They could end the wars, feed the hungry, they could…no… no, they could never change people. They are not Gods, they are Assassins, they fight for freedom and knowledge and even though the power promises both, Tae knew it was just a farce, too good to be true and for that it should be destroyed.

-‘’Tae.’’ – V spoke weekly in his mind. He was tired, his blond tiger, his strength, his second half. Tae’s eyes grew soft as he smiled gently at him, placing his hand inside V’s. – ‘’I’m here brother.’’ – He whispered in his ear. - I’m always with you.’’

As soon as their hands intertwined, the magic surged through them. What Tae felt, V felt. They look at each other in awe. Their magic, combined, was now even bigger, more intricate. V gasped, the tiredness disappearing entirely and a silent conversation went among them. Everything that Tae thought only a minute before, V thought of as well. Tae was guiding him patiently, waiting for his
twin to come to the same conclusion as he did. V looked at him gently and nodded. Tae leaned his head to connect their foreheads. Amber magic hissed in rage, trying to break free, but it couldn’t.

-‘‘I love you brother.’’ – Tae said, taking a deep breath, completely calm.

-‘‘I love you too my TaeTae.’’ – V replied, smiling.

And then, they raised their other hands, as if gripping at the flying mass and with cold wicked fury in their eyes and evil grins on their faces, one dark-haired, one light-haired, they slammed their hands down into the wood of the deck.

... 

Jin watched in horror as the ship exploded in huge blue and amber fire, the bright gleam of light shot in the sky, through the clouds, like the beacon. It could be seen in miles. Debris and wood were flying through the air, together with corpses that were left on the ship during the fight.

Jin screamed twins names, wanting to swim towards them, to search for them, hoping that somehow with all of their magic they’ve survived, but this time both Jiyong and Namjoon pulled him back.

-‘‘Let me go! This is all your fault! They are dead because of you!’’ – Jin shouted at Namjoon and every word was another blow to Namjoon already guilty conscious.

-‘‘That’s enough Jin, stop tossing!’’ – Jiyong hissed. – ‘‘It’s over. There is nothing you can do.’’

-‘‘You don’t talk to me! You made me leave them!’’ – Jin became to sob and cough as the water splashes them.

-‘‘Jiyong!’’ – Seunghyun’s voice was heard, they were in a little gunboat, sailing towards them. They pulled out sobbing Jin first, Hoseok staring at him in shock. Jiyong was next, Seunghyun’s hand gripping his tightly. – ‘‘I worried so much.’’ – He whispered to the Count, but then his eyes saw Namjoon climbing up and he hissed. – ‘‘You!’’

Jiyong gripped his hands and said. -‘‘No, Precious, he is with us!’’

Seunghyun glanced at him, not comprehending in the least what Jiyong could mean. Sensing that Jiyong explained. – ‘‘The twins got his magic out of him, he is completely human now.’’

-‘‘That still doesn’t exclude him from all the evil he did Jiyong!’’ – Seunghyun growled at Namjoon. Namjoon curled into a ball at the bottom of the boat.

-‘‘I know Precious, but he was never in control. His monstrous magic was. Remember what I told you? The mage’s magic is like an entity of his own. Do you remember, hmm?’’

It took Seunghyun a few moments to comprehend what Jiyong was telling him, but eventually, he nodded, turning towards Jin, who was now staring at the place where the ship once was. Blue and amber beam was still there, high up in the sky, like a monument.

-‘‘H-Hyung…’’ – Hoseok approached Jin, his voice wavering slightly. – ‘‘Hyung… they….they are not…’’ – He began. – ‘‘They…they were not….there, weren’t they?’’ – He sunk on his knees.
next to Jin, eyes flickering from the flames and to Jin’s face. – ‘’Hyung, please…tell me… are they…? Were they…?’’ - He swallowed, closing his eyes while the tears flow down his cheeks, unable to utter the last word. He couldn’t say dead. That means terminal, forever. He can’t accept that. Surely, V and Tae survived. He tried again. – ‘’They aren’t… gone?’’

Jin’s chin wobbled again, fresh tears falling down his face, he gulped and nodded. – ‘’They were.’’

Chapter End Notes

Now, now, I know you want to bite my head off, chew me up and spit me right there, but there is one more, the very last chapter and we still don’t know what happened. So bare with me and wait the next week to finish this story together. Love you all <3
“That huge amount of magic can’t just disappear.” – Seunghyun said, watching Jiyong.

“It didn’t disappear.” – Jiyong said calmly. – “It was absorbed.”

“You think the twins got it before they died?” – The Marquis’s eyes were sad when he spoke. The twins grew closer to his heart by the little time they had together and he was really saddened by the news that they didn’t make it. If anything, Namjoon was the one who not supposed to survive, not the twins. The injustice still burned him, even though Jiyong did explain how Namjoon’s magic worked and how he, as a mortal man, couldn’t do a thing, but still. Years of mage’s attacks and kills and villainy proved too much to be easily forgotten, even though Namjoon was so well behaved and calm these days, hiding in his room, eating his modest meals and reading, allowing only Jiyong to visit. Seunghyun knew Namjoon was afraid of Jin’s retribution because in many ways it was partly his fault that twins were gone and they were everything to Jin. It will take time for Jin to face Namjoon again, to speak to him and eventually forgive him because even though there were blood and hate between them, there was also love and Seunghyun saw it.

Momently lost in his thoughts, he was slightly jerked back to preset by Jiyong’s voice.

“They certainly did.” – He said. There was a certain unrecognizable sound to his voice, Seunghyun wasn’t sure, but he did hear it on several occasions before. It was the voice on the edge of excitement and terror and Seunghyun couldn’t put his finger on which one it is. Jiyong’s eyes frantically flew over the page of the very old book he was studying so intently for several days, before he added. – “Which would make the thing even easier to do.”

Seunghyun’s brows furrowed, still watching his lover’s tensed body. He asked. -“To do? What there is to do, love?”

But Jiyong didn’t answer for a few moments. Seunghyun knew he ought not to disturb him when he is in this state. He often wondered what was hiding in Jiyong’s mind. How many knowledge and secrets. He thought that even if he was allowed a glance into Jiyong’s head, he would be left puzzled because nothing would make sense to him. Jiyong was the force of nature, just like the twins were. Maybe that’s why Seunghyun was so intrigued by them, because in some ways they reminded him of Jiyong, even though they were completely different and the same at the same time.

“Oh.” – Jiyong gasped after a few moments, eyes round, bursting with excitement. – “Precious, we have to go.”

Sensing the urgency in Jiyong’s voice, Seunghyun stood up and in two big steps came to the Count’s side. -“What’s wrong?”
- “No time, we have to go now.” – He said, grabbing his hand and then turn to pull him out of the room.

- “Go where?” – Seunghyun insisted. He disliked being left in the dark while things were happening.

- “Tell you on the way, hurry up Precious.”

Seunghyun allowed being pulled out of the room, brow’s still furrowed in confusion.

...

- “Hyung you need to eat something.” – Jimin’s voice came from the door. He was carrying a plate of food.

- “Just leave it Jiminah, I’ll eat later.”- Jin’s voice was lifeless. He was starring through the wall and who knows where. Jimin sigh, but came to the man and sat next to him.

- “Hyung I miss them terribly, but Yoongi Hyung and you are the only families I have left. Don’t make me mourn for you too, please.” – Jimin said with sadness in his voice and Jin turned his head to look at the young man’s eyes.

- “You will not Jiminah. Destiny is a cruel bitch, she loves watching me losing the people I love and suffering. She is just like that.”

His hand cupped Jimin’s cheek. – “I will eat it Jiminie, go now. I need a rest.”

- “Alright Hyung.” – Jimin nodded, leaning his cheek for a moment in Jin’s palm before standing up and hugging him slightly on the shoulders, kissing Jin’s hair, before he leaves. He was crying when he met Yoongi in the hall.

Yoongi just opened his arms and Jimin flew into his embrace, hugging the man tight. They didn’t need to speak. They shared silently all the emotion they felt, torn between the pain of the loss of two of their closest friends and gratitude that they are safe together.

- “Jin Hyung won’t eat. I brought him food again, but I noticed that he didn’t touch the other meal I brought him before. I’m worried for him.”- Jimin spoke, his voice muffled by Yoongi’s neck, but the latter still understood him.

- “I’ll talk to him Jiminie. He will listen to me. Stop crying love.”

- “I just can’t lose him too. Him, Tae and V were my only true family and now….I’m so broken, so lost, because I have this strange feeling like they are still here, but they are not, I know they are not and it’s driving me crazy Yoongi.”

Yoongi just squeezed him tighter, kissing his hair. – “I know Jiminie, I know, it does seem so wrong.”

It took him some time until he calmed him down enough to let him go. They kissed softly, more out of love and comfort than passion. The closeness was important, that they still have each other. Yoongi had no idea what he would do if he lost Jimin as he thought he did, for a few painful days.
-"I’m going to read a little.‘’ – Jimin said and kissed him again. – ‘’Please check Jin Hyung.’’ – He added.

-‘I’m on my way love.’’ – He said and with the last kiss on his plump lips, he let Jimin go. Yoongi watched him until he turned the corner and then sighing deeply turned towards the hall that led to Jin’s room. He heard hurried voices and he came nearer. Jin wasn’t alone. He listened more carefully and his blood froze. This would turn out so bad if it wasn’t stopped. He turned the door handle carefully, sliding the door open slightly to peek inside and the sight was disturbing.

There on the bed sat Jin, his hands tightly curled into a fist full of a duvet, staring at the man in front of him. Namjoon was on his knees, hands raised towards Jin, a dagger laid on his palms.

-’’Here Jin, take it…please take it… use it.’’ – Namjoon held the dagger up towards Jin. There were tears in Namjoon’s now warm brown eyes. - ‘’Please. I do not deserve to live, please…after everything I did to you. After I hurt you constantly… fuck…it should be me instead of them. If I could I would give my life for theirs, please Jinnie…just end this. I’ve done so many bad things….there are no excuses…’’

Jin took the dagger from Namjoon’s hands and place it, blade first under Namjoon’s throat, while grabbing a fistful of Namjoon’s hair with another hand, jerking his head so he could stare into his eyes.

-’’You took everything from me.’’ – He said, voice cold and hot at the same time. – ‘’First, it was your grandfather, who came and kill my mother and my uncle. Burned my village and killed everyone I knew. And then you came and kill the two persons I cared the most in my life, my tiger cubs, my brothers, my sons…’’ – Jin choked at this, eyes filling with tears as his hand shook the blade. – ‘’You took everything from me! And I can’t even blame you for it because it wasn’t you!’’ – He growled at Namjoon’s face.

-’’I can’t even blame you for being so weak to let that thing rule your life, because that was my fault! I did that!’’ – Jin continued, gripping at his hair violently and gritting his teeth as he cried the angry tears. All that time Namjoon didn’t say a word. His silent tears slid from his sad eyes, evident pain in them of seeing Jin so upset and hurt. He wishes he could help him, ease his pain at least a little, even if that meant his own life.

The blade pressed deeper into the skin. Namjoon felt tightening on his neck, blade nearly slicing through.

-’’Do it Jinnie. Do it. After everything I’ve done, I deserve death.’’

-’’Death would be too easy.’’ – Yoongi spoke from the door and both Jin and Namjoon switch their eyes towards him, not otherwise moving a muscle.

Yoongi came in slowly, his face cold as stone. He spoke again.

-’’I don’t think killing you would help Hyung at all.’’ – He stared at Namjoon. – ‘’Then you will be dead and he would still be here.’’

Jin’s eyes slid from Yoongi and stared past Namjoon, allowing the words to sink through.

-’’That would not be a punishment then Joon. It would be mercy and I’m still not ready to let you go off so easily, not after what you did to Jimin and Hyung. Not after everything you did to twins.’’

Yoongi came closer, kneeling on one knee next to the two men. His hand slowly, but determinately came to Jin’s that was holding the knife and wrapped itself around his fingers.
-“Let go Jinnie. Let go.” – He almost whispered into Jin’s ear, gently massaging Jin’s neck, willing him to relax. Jin’s entire body was pent up with tension.

-“Let go Hyung, c’ mon.” – Yoongi repeated, this time more firmly and Jin suddenly relaxed his grip around the blade and allowed Yoongi to take it. The hand that was still in Namjoon’s hair, tightened and brought Namjoon closer to Jin’s face. Their breaths almost mingle in the middle and his eyes pierced through his very soul.

-“I will devote my life to redeem at least some of my crimes that I’ve to commit.” – Namjoon whispered, not blinking. – ‘‘And even if I never earn your forgiveness, I will be well served, because I cannot forgive myself for being so weak and so naïve to think that ‘‘he’’ wished me good.’’ – He meant of his second personality, his magic. It was always ‘‘he’’. Ruthless, bold, sadistic and genius magic. Namjoon was always in awe and in terror from it.

-“I don’t know if I’m ever going to forgive you.” – Jin said, his gorgeous plump lips were red from the biting, while his eyes were glistening through tears. – ”But I need time if I’m about to try.”

-“I know you don’t want to hear this…”’ – Namjoon kept talking. - …not now, not from me, but I still love you.” – Jin growled at this, his teeth flashing dangerously as his eyes burned through Namjoon’s. Namjoon swallowed audibly. – ‘‘I never stopped Jinnie and I will do everything I can to fix the wrongs that I’ve done to you. I swear it with my life.”

The conviction and bravery in Namjoon’s eyes were so sincere that Jin paused for a moment. They stared at each other intently, before Jin let go of him, standing up and slipping past him abruptly so he can walk to the window.

-“Leave me now.”’ – His voice didn’t give any room for arguing. Namjoon stood up on his feet, brushing at his tears and sniffing. He glanced at Yoongi’s murderous glare and then at Jin’s back. Taking a deep sigh, Namjoon turned and walked towards the door only to stop in his track by the swishing sound of something silvery passing right next to his head. Namjoon stared at the dagger, now nailed in the wood of the door in front of him and then quickly turned around, to see Yoongi in a half-crouch, hand arched down as if he just threw the dagger. Namjoon knew he did. Jin just glanced at them over his shoulder and then turned again to stare through the window. Yoongi’s glare was cutting through Namjoon’s body limb by limb and he gulped, trying to control his voice.

-“That goes to you too….Yoongi…I will try my best to earn yours and Jimin’s forgiveness.”’ – Yoongi bared his teeth at that but kept his silence. – ‘‘if either of you ever accepts my apology.”

He didn’t wait for Yoongi’s reply if there was one, but quietly opened the door and stepped out, closing behind him, the knife wedged in it, wiggling slightly from the movement.

Jin stared at the sea, hands crossed on his chest as he fought back the emptiness he felt. Yoongi came behind and wrapped his hands around his waist, hugging him tightly and burying his face in the nape of Jin’s neck. He didn’t say anything. Jin knew he wouldn’t, that was never Yoongi’s way. Whenever Jin was in pain, Yoongi would just patch him up and then curl next to him, offering his comfort and warmth in silence.

Jin allowed Yoongi to sit him on the bed again and feed him the food Jimin brought and then curl next to him until they both fell asleep.

...
"I thought I might find you here." – Hoseok spoke gently, hand brushing through Jungkook’s hair as he sat next to him.

"TaeTae loves this spot." – He younger man said, still not accepting the truth.

"It’s a nice spot." – Hoseok agreed, tensing slightly at the mention of Tae’s name, his thoughts momentarily went towards his blond brother. His magnificent blond devil. Gods, how he missed him, with every fiber of his body and soul. He glanced at the sea, trying to swallow the lump in his throat. The Sun will set soon and the sky already started changing colors.

Jungkook nodded at that, there were silent for a while when Jungkook spoke. –"You know, Jimin Hyung has this feeling… he doesn’t feel that they are dead." – He made a pause, adding after a few moments. – “Neither do I, it’s just…. It doesn’t feel right.”

"Jungkookie…" – Hoseok started but the young man stopped him.

"I know what you want to say, I get it. I know that they are…not here…but I’m telling you it doesn’t feel like that. I still feel….him.” – Jungkook placed his hand over his heart, fingers gripping at his shirt. His jaw clenched hard as he took a few hash breaths through his nose, fighting through tears that formed in his eyes, forcing them to go dry and not slid down his cheeks.

Hoseok’s chin wobbled, watching his best friend struggling not to cry. He hugged him across the shoulder and felt shivering. Jungkook was shaking, biting his lower lip, trying not to break down, to admit the loss. That means that everything is over. Hoseok kissed raven locks and whispered. – “Let it go.”

The sobs started suddenly, each stronger than the last, jerking Jungkook’s body harshly and all Hoseok could do is to hold him tight, allowing his own tears to slide down his face. They lost them. They traveled far and wide, only to find them, gave them their hearts and then lost them. It seemed so cruel and unfair. Hoseok knew the feeling of loss. He felt it so many times, but this time. This time was real. This time it was once in the lifetime. This time he felt like his heart was ripped off and only empty space remained, bleeding, sending sharp pain of loss. Hoseok knew that he will never be the same afterward. He knew that he will never love like this again. He doesn’t want to, he wants V, only him and no one else. He was ready to live his life with that emptiness, he knew how to fake it, how to make it fine, but Jungkook… Jungkook was different. He loved unconditionally and Tae was his first love, his lover and his partner. Jungkook pledged his life to him and gave his heart selflessly. Hoseok knew that part of Jungkook he knew will die as soon as he accepts the fact that Tae is gone. Gone…like V… gone for good. Fuck, why does it hurt so fucking much?!

He knew what he felt, but it was strange for him to see his young friend fight so badly when he usually was the first to face the truth. While for him, who always had hope in abundance, to suddenly lose it? Losing the love of his life was the blow like any other, harsh and deep. It took all the happiness away from him. He didn’t smile anymore. The corners of his mouth were constantly turned down, there was no light in Hoseok’s eyes anymore, only emptiness.

Sometime later the Sun has set and the last pinkish colors adorned the sky, turning it purple and then dark blue.

"You should really take a bath, Kook.” – Hoseok said, moving away. – “When was the last time you did that?”
"A few days ago. I don’t mind."

"But I do. Go and get cleaned up. You are sleeping with me tonight and my sheets are clean and smell nice."

"You don’t need to do it Hyung, I will be ok.‖ – Jungkook said weekly, but Hoseok saw that he needs it, they both do.

"Yes, but I need it, so stop arguing and stand up.‖ – He pulled them on their feet and they strolled through the garden slowly, arms locked with each other.

Once inside, Jungkook waved and walked towards the bathroom, while Hoseok stopped the servant that was just passing by at the moment.

"Where is Jiyong Hyung?‖ – Hoseok asked.

The man bowed slightly and answered politely, ‖Master Kwon left with Master Choi two nights ago.‖

Hoseok’s brows furrowed. He hasn’t noticed them gone, but then again neither of them haven’t been hanging out together with each other anymore, even though they all stayed at the same place.

"Do you know when they are going to return?‖ – He asked, but the man couldn’t provide the answer since he didn’t know. Hoseok nodded and thanked him, strolling slowly to the library where he found Jimin standing next to the table and looking at the old book, still opened on the table.

"Jiminnie.‖ – He called softly and Jimin turned to see him, eyes open wide.

"Hyung, come and see this. This…‖ – He left it unspoken and returned his eyes back on the pages. Hoseok now intrigued, brows furrowing again, stepped closer to him.

"What?‖ – He asked.

"Do you think this is real?‖ – Jimin asked a bit breathless. Hoseok looked at him confusingly and then followed Jimin’s eyes to the pages of the book. His eyes grew wide. He recognized this book. It was the one the procured for Jiyong many years ago and it contained some very old and very unstable magic. Half of the things in that book were deemed to be legends only, but then again, the artifacts supposed to be legends after all. His eyes scanned the page Jimin was pointing out.

"Draw out old magic. Redirecting – energy – pattern. Turn the sides. Old to new. Death to life??????" – Hyung is this mean…that maybe…there is a chance…‖ – Jimin begins, his body anxious, eyes gliding across Hoseok’s face trying to read his mind, since the other man kept his silence, deeply concentrating on the page. Jimin went on talking.

"Do you think this necklace exist? Is there a way we can track it down? Hyung? Is there any chance that this might be true? That we could save them? I know it’s highly unlikely, but still,
Hyung I feel it in my soul. I know they are not 'dead' dead. I always had that feeling with V, ever since we were little…’’ – Jimin went on rambling, getting more and more anxious and excited with every new breath he took.

Hoseok didn’t know if it was possible. He could barely hope. He felt his heart in his throat and had to swallow it down so he could speak. – ‘’Jimin, I don’t know if this thing will work or not…” – He began, stopping Jimin in mid-sentence. – ‘’But I know who has this necklace. I saw it so many times.’’

Jimin grabbed him by the arm, face shocked, eyes almost popping out of his head. – ‘’Who? Who has it Hyung?’’

-’’Jiyong Hyung.’’ – Hoseok switched his eyes on Jimin’s and what he saw there gave him hope.

-’’Jiyong Hyung? We need to find him!’’ – Jimin turned to run through the door when Hoseok stopped him by the hand and turned him back to face him.

-’’Jiyong Hyung and Seunghyun Hyung left two nights ago.’’ – Hoseok said, staring at Jimin in equal measure.

-’’He is gone! Where?!’’

-’’I don’t know, no one does, but considering he left this book out in the open like this, which never happened before, says to me he left in a hurry and that he might have got the same idea like we just did.’’

They stared at each other in complete silence, breathing heavily.

-’’Oh, Hellheavens…”’’ - Jimin breathed and then jumped. – ‘’I have to tell Hyungs. Oh, fucking hell…”’’ – He wrapped his arms around startled Hoseok, giggling in his ear and then kissed him on the cheek, before dashing out of the room.

Hoseok stood frozen, legs suddenly giving up on him and he slid down in the chair. Elbows digging into his knees as he buried his face in his hands. He started gasping, heart filling with the emotion of hope that he might see V again, that he might kiss him and hug him and never let go, and fear at the same time, that all of this was just a legend and nothing more. He leaned back suddenly, one hand over his mouth, chest heaving as he breathed. – ‘’Oh, Gods…”’’

... 

The night was strangely calm. Nothing, but a few floating debris showed anything strange has happened, only several nights ago. The dead sunk into the depths of the sea, to be consumed by sharks and darkness while the living mourned the fallen. Every tear, every sob, every ache of the heart was another nail in the watery coffin into a deep blue cold grave. The most notorious ship ‘’The Sea Monster’’ was just a legend now, eaten by the fire and magic and swallowed by the sea that it used to roam freely, spreading fear and terror.

Sometime later on the open sea sailed a small boat. The only small lull of the water and gentle thud of the debris here and there, coming into the contact with the boat could be heard. Two men were in it, one rowing slowly between the rocks and the rest of the once-legendary ship, while the other knelt on the bow of the boat, watching the water intently.
"Are we collecting corpses now?" - Seunghyun asked quietly. His deep voice was smooth and calm as he watched for the smallest signs as to where to row the boat. Jiyong, on the other hand, didn’t move, his eyes still glued to the darkness of the water, blazed orange in the night. He let a small hum, followed with a puff of smoke. - "That depends, my Precious."

"Depends on what?" - Seunghyun asked curiously, tilting his head slightly to see into the water.

"Hmmm...Whether or not the artifacts did their work...and if this darling..." – He points at the moonstone necklace, safely clasped in his first. – "...works as the legends say it should work." - Jiyong said calmly, raising his head to look at the Moon. It was still covered with thick clouds that were outlined by the silver of the moonlight, making the night sky magnificent.

Seunghyun sighed deeply, wishing it was so. Wishing that the legends were true, wishing that the twins could be brought back. Such a waste of talent and life.

The silence took place, hushing the whispers. The clouds finally reseed a little, allowing the full moon to shine in all of his glory. The water started glistening with silver. The Dragon stared in the water depths, searching until a quiet "Aaaah" came from his mouth.

"Precious there, row us there."

He pointed at the spot not too far from them. Seunghyun did in the best of his ability and then did his best to maintain the boat not to float away.

Jiyong raised the moonstone towards the moon allowing it to bask in the moonlight for a few moments. The stone started glowing white and Jiyong purred, his orange eyes flashing with content. He then wrapped the chain around his fingers and let the stone dangle above the water, before the silvertip, that was bathed in the white light touched the surface of the water softly. Gentle vibration came beneath them, as the entire sea underworld just awoke.

Seunghyun shivered from the energy that was now enwrapping them. He breathed sharply, eyes wide as he watched Jiyong writing the runes with the stone on the water surface. With each rune, the vibration grew stronger.

Then he reached in his pocket with his other hand to take out a napkin with his initials on it. He placed it on his knee and open it up to take a few strands of hair, dark and light.

"What’s that?" – Seunghyun asked, observing curiously.

"The twin's hair."

"Why do you have their hair?"

"The witch's magical power is bound in their hair. They were the two the most powerful witches I've ever encounter, of course, I would have some ‘protection’ against them if they ever turn against me, which now proved very useful. I don’t think I could do much, but the good witch could.‘” – He glanced towards Seunghyun to see if he understood, but seeing his face, he continued explaining. – "The witches use hair for bewitching and casting spells, or…. conjuring the dead. Which we need to do."

"Wait… are you telling me you going to conjure the dead twins?" – Seunghyun asked panicked. He didn’t like this at all.

"No, because I’m not a witch. The hair is just to find them easier, to bind them tighter to the magic. I don’t want to wake up someone or something else. This necklace is a very rare and very powerful magical item. You can thank my obsessive treasure collecting for snatching this one, all those years ago.‘” – He said with amusement. – "The magical moonstone in it, filled with the
moonlight of a full moon, combining with the huge power that is now safely sunk at the bottom of this very spot, should create something magnificent. The twins magic enhanced by the power of the artifacts should bound to the magic of the Moon and create the Moonchildren, or that’s at least what the legends say.’’

-’’But wouldn’t they be changed then? Tae and V?’’ – Seunghyun asked.

-’’Hmmm, I think they might be, a bit, but not too much. They are witches after all, not humans.’’ – He hummed. – ’’They might get more powerful…or not…I have no idea Precious, to tell you the truth.’’

-’’I thought you know everything.’’ – The corner of Seunghyun’s mouth curled in a smirk and Jiyong chuckled slightly. – ’’Oh, I wish it was so.’’

-’’Are you sure about this? I wish it will work, but I’m also afraid that it might cause something even worse.’’ – Seunghyun asked, arching one of his eyebrows. He did trust Jiyong with his life, but sometimes the man scared the shit out of him.

The Dragon’s eyes turned towards him, flashing warmly. – ’’No, Precious. I’m not sure, but I do hope I’m right.’’ – He turned towards the glowing water again and toss the hair on the runes. The hair suddenly burned up and the runes started glowing green. Jiyong raised his hand with the moonstone so it will catch the light.

There is a hum filled with the dozen of whispers in their ears, echoing all around them. Seunghyun felt overwhelmed by the intensity and he covered his ears from the unbarring noise. Jiyong, on the other hand, glowed with satisfaction as he watched the runes switching from green glow into turquoise, to silver, to pure white.

-’’It works...’’ – He purred, mouth spreading into a wild grin.

The End

Chapter End Notes

When I first imagined this story I had the beginning and the end in mind. This end. I wanted to left it open so you can imagine whatever end you want, but still, the hope remains, because I do love happy endings or at least one with the hope. I do hope that you will like it. Feel free to leave the comment and tell me how did you like the end, what's your favorite part of the story and what do you think about it in general. It was awesome having you as my readers, thank you for your support and comments. Love you all <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!