Male Omegas have become almost extinct. Because of this fact, sex trafficking rings have begun to pluck the unsuspecting males off the street, forcing them to go into hiding as Betas in order to avoid being kidnapped. Just like one Jung Hoseok has been doing for the last 6 years. Only problem is someone finds out he isn’t a Beta. Hoseok is pulled into the horrible world of sex trafficking, where he meets Yoongi and Jimin, two Omegas. The older has given up on ever being free and the younger just hopes to find some kind of happiness in
their hell hole. Jin, Taehyung and Namjoon are three Betas that help the boys when they can. Jin has fallen for the shy Jimin and Taehyung for the grouchy Yoongi. And then there’s Jungkook. Jungkook is the son of the leader to the sex trafficking ring, who picks Hoseok to be the one to help him through his first rut. The problems? For starters, Hoseok isn’t gay, and let’s not forget he was KIDNAPPED! And no matter how adorable Jungkook is… who are we kidding? He’s way too sweet for this business…

Notes

This story contains the following: Rape, suicidal thoughts, hopelessness, Stockholm syndrome, Trauma bonding, trauma related unit cohesion, forced marking, sex trafficking, RAPE, I cannot stress that enough. There is also character death, forced drug use, kidnapping, cases where pleasure is felt but not wanted, and more.

Inspirations: The Seasoning House, Law and Order SVU, CSI (any of them really), Dexter, anything else with sex trafficking really

PLEASE DO NOT READ if you are triggered easily. PLEASE DISCONTINUE READING if you become triggered. Although I appreciate views, Kudos and comments, your well-being is far more important than a Kudo. Please discontinue reading if the story is too much for you. There is no bad feelings about it. I understand completely and applaud you for taking care of yourself and your mental state! <3 Thank you for considering this story and I hope to see you in future ones!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Prologue

-

!!!IMPORTANT!!!

So, I wrote this story during a rather dark time in my life. I had just passed my 1 year of being separated from my husband whom I was with for 5 years, married for 3. On top of that, my best friend, who had helped me through the ordeal, one of the very few friends I had, decided to end our friendship when I wanted to go home whilst looking after her after a surgery…. In my defense… she asked for one night and after a week asked if it was okay I was staying so long… She also never gave me (an introvert with severe anxiety) longer than 10 minutes alone because I was ‘hermiting’… she also tried telling me what bills I can and cannot pay and who I could and could not spend time with… So I asked if I could go home within that week. She decided I was an abusive friend and ended our two year friendship… To top it off I was struggling financially to the point I was eating expired meat with mayonnaise just to have something in my stomach. So…. This story is NOT a happy one. I took out my pain and frustration in writing.

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Warnings: coarse language
**Prologue**

“Eeeyah!” A happy laugh bubbled out from the young adult as he opened his last birthday gift. “Yah!” He beamed, looking down at the framed picture from his sister. It was from when they went on their trip a few months back to the beach. She had collected seashells and sand.

It was a nice day, a great day. His sister graduated from university and they were celebrating with ice cream and sea water.

He hugged his Noona, thanking her for the best gift in the world, a caring big sister.

Jung Hoseok, Twenty four, was a very happy guy, to put it simply. He did well in university, got grades his family could be proud of, studying what he loved, dance.

For the most part, Hoseok had the perfect life. Great friends, good company, his own place, decent paying job, the like. He worked hard for what he had, and it paid off.

But there was one thing.

One big thing.

His status.

Hoseok was an Omega. Whatever right? Not exactly. Over the last few generations, the Omega population had been decreasing dramatically. Well, the male Omega population. Hoseok had only ever really met one other known male Omega, Sungmin.

Omega males were almost unheard of. Because of this, they were highly sought after. Omega men were prized.

This was why he passed himself off as a Beta. The last thing he wanted was to end up missing like Sungmin had.
Very bad things happened to Omega men. Every so often he would hear about another one being found on the news. They’d always be beaten and abused, needle marks and lacerations.

No one said it, but everyone knew. Trafficking. Somewhere in the country, going from city to city, was a trafficking ring specializing in Omega males.

Omega females were everywhere, and thus, less fascinating. Every Alpha wanted an Omega male. Well not every Alpha, obviously. But most did. And many would be willing to pay a very high price to knot one.

He had heard horror stories at dance camp when he was a kid, long before he presented, about what they would do to Omega men. They’d castrate them. They would make them infertile. Carve their faces so they would never be seen as anything but a hole. He knew not all of the rumors were true, but some had to be, right?

Then he presented. He would never forget the horror he felt when his first heat started. His parents knew right away, calling in a close family friend to help Hoseok through it, a fellow Omega named Sungmin. He had cried after, for days. He was scared his family would hate him, or worse, someone would find out and they would take him away.

But they didn’t hate him. If anything they became twice as attentive and protective of him. His doctor put him on a special medication that would regulate his heats so he’d only have two a year, usually at the end of the same months. May and November.

Because of this, he was able to live a normal Beta life. He lessened his scent with de-scentor and deodorants, using scent eliminating shampoos to weaken the smell. Sungmin had taught him everything he needed to know about being an Omega, even how to care for himself during a heat.

He had a good life. The only thing he would have to worry about, was if he found a partner. He’d have to make sure they were trust worthy and that the relationship was a sure thing. If his status got out… as much as he missed Sungmin, he really didn’t want to be reunited.

After his family left he got ready for his evening shift at the liquor store.

Everything was going fine. It was a normal Wednesday night. Not overly busy, but the local drunks and newly age appropriate kids would come and go.
He smiled at his coworker who was headed to take some inventory whilst he sat at the register with his book. They took turns with the inventory. They had their own rows and would alternate that way no one had to be on cash the whole night.

He glanced up from his book, grinning when three men came in. His smile faltered when he took in the sight of them. They were all Alphas, probably in their thirties or forties. They looked like they had just gotten back from working in a mine almost. Dirty and slightly disheveled, speaking in a language he didn’t know.

The three separated, each going down a different isle, grabbing what they needed, calling out to each other. Hoseok kept his hand near the emergency button under the desk, his coworker hesitantly going to the next cash, and opening it up. Usually for three people they wouldn’t bother… but the sooner they left, the better.

One of the men walked up to Hoseok, placing the bottles down. The younger smiled and rang them up.

He couldn’t help but notice something odd though. Although the man looked like he had lived on the street for the last ten years, he smelled kind of… good? Almost… intoxicatingly sweet.

Hoseok did his best not to make it so obvious he was smelling a strange man at the checkout counter. He could feel something in his gut stir, a shiver running down his spine.

The older man let out a deep, dark sounding chuckle.

Hoseok looked up, locking their eyes. The man had something sinister about the way he smiled.

He looked the younger up and down, making him squirm uncomfortably. Then he grinned, crooked teeth not helping the menacing look. “See you, Omega.”

Hoseok froze, his eyes widening as the man left, that dark chuckle still falling from him. The Omega stood there, his whole body trembling. How did he know?! He whipped his head around, watching them climb into a rather ominous looking van. The man nodded and kissed the air as they drove off.

“Hoseok?” His co-worker gently placed a hand on the shaking man’s shoulder. “Hoseok, are you okay? What the hell did he say to you?”
“I-I’m fine.” He swallowed thickly. “I ah… I’m going to do some inventory.”

“Okay…” He nodded, frowning as his friend shakily left, hiding in the back room where the cold alcohol was stored, his breathing labored. How did they know?

Needless to say, Hoseok had his coworker walk him home that night, his eyes constantly shifting about, looking for that damned van. But he never saw it.

In fact he didn’t see it for ages. He had nearly forgotten about the incident completely, come mid-April. The men hadn’t shown back up at the store, and he hadn’t seen any kidnapper vans since. He chalked it up to some weird coincidence, and some assholes, that were just passing through.

He had managed to walk home on his own for nearly an entire month now, without looking over his shoulder.

Maybe if he had looked, he wouldn’t be in this mess.

Maybe if he looked, he could have ran.

Instead he walked home, nearly midnight, with his earbuds in, humming along to the songs.

Because his music was playing, he didn’t hear them.

Because he didn’t look over his shoulder, he didn’t see them.

He had no idea at all, until a cloth covered hand was pressed to his mouth and nose, a sharp smell and taste filling his senses as he struggled.

If he had looked, the arm never would have grabbed him. He never would have been pulled into an ominous van, and he never would have been knocked out with chloroform.
And so we begin…

Next chapter Hoseok meets his two roommates, the hopeful, chipper Jimin and the tired and drawn Yoongi. He is told his new ‘role’ in his new ‘home’. In *chapter 2* he will meet Jungkook, unrelated there will be implied rape.

I’m excited to see who will take this depressing af journey with me! Please remember it is okay to stop reading at any time. I will continue to do my best to give fair warnings and mark rape scenes as I have done in the past.

Much love all, stay healthy!
Chapter 1: Close Your Eyes

“He’s waking up.”

“Yeah, I see that. I’m not blind.”

“You don’t have to be an ass, Yoongi.”

“Whatever.”

Slowly dark eyes blinked open, a groan falling from his lips. His head was killing him, vision still swimming and blurred. He carefully turned his head towards the voices, a dizzy spell almost making him vomit. “Ugh… fuck.” He looked at the two males sitting across from him.

Both were Asian, like he was, and in rather tattered clothes. The smaller one’s shirt was littered with holes, the white material a light brown from dirt. He had dark smudges on his cheeks, arms and legs, a measly pair of crappy boxers covering his lower half.

The male beside him didn’t seem to be in any better shape, his shirt grey and brown instead. Both were thin, bags under their eyes from exhaustion.

The two were seated on a metal frame, military style bed, the mattress thin with a single sheet on it. There was a thicker comforter, a faded green colour pushed down at the end.

He could see a second bed behind the first. He shifted, hearing the springs creak and noted he also was on one. The walls looked like they were once white. The paint was stained yellow, peeling off from years of neglect. The window was boarded up, a few holes to allow the moonlight to peek.
The air was stale and dry. It almost felt heavy to breath, like it was thick. There was a closed door, cracks in the wood. It looked like there used to be a second door that was the opening of another room. He realized it was probably a bathroom, the wooden object gone, removing any shred of privacy.

A lamp giving a small amount of light was on in the corner, seated on top of a worn out looking wood stool.

“What’s your name?” The voice was soft, a higher tone and rather pleasant.

His attention was brought back to the two other males. His head turned slowly to face them, his throat feeling dry. He swallowed a few times before managing to croak it out. “H-Hoseok.”

“Hi, Hoseok. I’m Jimin. This is Yoongi.” The smaller one gave an even smaller smile. “Sorry to meet you.”

“Where…” He coughed, his body feeling like a dead weight, aches and pains running through him right to the bone. “Where am I?”

“Home.” Jimin said solemnly. He got up and carefully walked over. He picked up a cup from the floor, holding it out for Hoseok to drink from. “It’s safe to drink it.”

Slowly he managed to push himself up onto his forearms, shakily taking the cup, and sipping the warm water. He noticed immediately he wasn’t in his rightful clothes. He was in a muscle shirt, much like theirs, his a pristine white, and a pair of black baggy boxers he had never seen before.

He turned confused eyes back to Jimin and Yoongi. “What happened?” He handed the cup back, his brain still in a fog.

Jimin bit his bottom lip, the poor thing chapped to hell, a few cracks from where it had split. “You’re an Omega, right?”
Hoseok froze, fear running through him. How did they know?

“We are too.” He motioned to the other who was still sitting on his bed with calculating eyes. Jimin ran a hand through his tangled locks. “How did they find you? Was it the smell?”

“Huh?” Hoseok furrowed his brows.

“They have a scent.” Yoongi spoke up, his voice gruff. “It’s got a special chemical in it that attracts Omegas to it. They wear it everywhere they go. It’s how they found us.” He nodded to the smallest of the three. “It’s hard to explain, but it almost smells like candy.”

“Oh god.” Hoseok’s eyes widened and he sat bolt up. “The liquor store! Two months ago some men came into my store… one called me an Omega… but I’ve been passing myself off as a Beta, undetected, for six years.” He felt his heart double. “I thought they seemed really sketchy and they freaked me out… what…” He looked between the sad expression from Jimin and the hard one of Yoongi’s. “Oh god… they kidnapped me, didn’t they?”

“Yeah.” Yoongi nodded, sighing. “Yeah, they did.”

“W-why…” He could feel the pin pricks in his eyes, his chest twisting painfully. He knew why. He gripped the thin sheet under him, trying to stop his lip from trembling. The fear was starting to boil in the pit of his stomach, his vision no longer blurred.

“It will be okay… just… do as they say and they will be nice to you.” Jimin gave a reassuring smile.

Hoseok looked at the other two, flabbergasted as to how any of this could be nice or okay. A sudden thought occurred to him. Omegas turned up on the news from time to time… but they never said how long they were missing for. “How… how long have you been here?”

Jimin bit his lip. “I don’t know. I used to keep track…” He pointed to the wall, hash marks carved in above his bed. “After I hit one hundred I stopped hoping I guess.” He shrugged. “Probably about a year or so?” He looked to Yoongi for confirmation.

The older just shrugged. “Something like that.”
“How long have you been here?” Hoseok asked, fearing the answer.

“Since I was twenty.”

The tallest of the three frowned. “Do you know how old you are now?”

“Howeok, I don’t even know what year it is.” Yoongi sighed out in irritation.

“April Twenty-eighteen.”

“Twenty-eighteen?” His eyes widened slightly. “Huh. Really?” The other nodded. “Guess I’m twenty five then.”

“I’ve been here a year and a half.” Jimin said softly, frowning slightly, his shoulders sagging heavily.

“Well I’ve been here for five.” Yoongi gave him a tired expression.

“It’s not a competition.” Jimin narrowed his eyes. “It was an observation.”

“Are…” Hoseok broke in. “Can we escape?”

“Don’t you think we would have by now?” Yoongi bit out.

“Hyung!”

“What?!” He glared at the other. “I’m tired of this shit. He’s the eighth damn boy they’ve brought in here since you’ve gotten here. So far Jimin’s lasted the longest. The others get sent off to different rooms or end up dead. Pardon me for not wanting to bother with formalities or trust exorcises. Besides, you all ask the same damn questions.” He flopped back on his bed, the springs screeching in complaint. He growled slightly in irritation.
“D-dead? Others?” Hoseok looked between them, his lips pulling down and body sagging.

Jimin gently placed a hand on the other’s knee. “Yeah. I know at least twelve of us are still alive. They have three other Betas that help out. They’re really nice. Seokjin’s my favourite. He calls me his prince.” Jimin smiled fondly, reaching down to play with the bottom of his shirt. “Taehyung is fun. He always finds a way to make me laugh. And Namjoon is positive. He’s always upbeat and trying to keep our hopes up. He sneaks us chocolate sometimes.”

“Oh… They don’t help?” Hoseok asked softly.

“No. They can’t. They don’t want to be here either. No one really has much choice.” Jimin admitted.

“Gotta say, you’re taking this well.” Yoongi murmured, glancing over at him.

Hoseok looked down at his bare feet, shifting his toes. “Pretty sure I’m still in shock.”

“Probably.”

“What…” Hoseok cleared his throat. “What do they do to us? You said as long as we do what we’re told…”

Jimin frowned, bringing his own knees up to hug. “They give us men to keep company.” His voice was soft, quiet. “If we hit a heat, and they pay extra… then they get to knot us.” Jimin chewed his lip, ignoring the metallic taste. “They call me ‘knot whore’ because my heats are irregular. I go through one almost every three weeks.” He admitted, shifting uncomfortably. “I’m a favourite here. Plus I’m the smallest and the most feminine, so they like that too.”

“Fuck.” Hoseok stared with wide eyes. His breath hitched. “Shit…”

“Is it finally sinking in?” Yoongi asked, eyes on the ceiling.

Hoseok swallowed the lump in his throat, nodding. He went to speak, a chocked sob falling out instead, crumpling in on himself. “Oh fuck!”
“Shh! Please! Please don’t wake them!” Jimin rubbed the other’s back a look of fear crossing his face. “We’ll get in trouble, please!”

The older let out hiccups, doing his best to push his despair down, nodding. “D-does it h-hurt?”

“Yeah.” The oldest sighed, not bothering to sugar coat it. “Yeah, it hurts. Every time. Unless you’re in a heat. Are yours scheduled?” He looked over.

“Y-yeah. I take pills. I’m due next month.” He sniffled, hugging his knees to his chest, Jimin pulling the blanket and sheet up so Hoseok could hug them for comfort.

The two others exchanged glances. Yoongi sighed. “Your heats will suck. You might get them often for the first while, since you won’t have the pills. The reason Jimin’s are so insane is because he used to be on suppressants. When he got here his body tried to run its course, but he was given a knot every time he hit a heat, so his body craves it now.” He looked at the tallest of the three. “I don’t know what your body will do.”

Hoseok’s eyes watered. “W-what about pregnancy?”

“They make you infertile.” Yoongi murmured.

Hoseok’s heart dropped. “H-how.”

“Depends. Jimin was drugged with this crap that destroyed his reproductive system. He can’t carry past three weeks so far. They cut me open and took out the parts that I needed to make the baby. I don’t really get many heats, but that doesn’t seem to bother them.” Yoongi murmured. “I’m less prized. Damaged goods I guess. They use drugs because they discovered if you remove the parts that make the baby, you stop producing slick and your heats practically vanish.” He shrugged. “Pretty sure his heats are also so frequent because he keeps losing the babies.”

Hoseok felt his heart drop into his stomach. They were going to ruin his reproductive system?! He suddenly felt rather faint.

“You should try and sleep. Tomorrow you’ll be branded and then they’ll do the hair removal.”
“B-branded?” Hoseok croaked out.

Yoongi sat up and spread his legs, pulling his boxers up, showing high up on his inner thigh. A scarred sun was forever imprinted on his skin.

Hoseok carefully lied down on his side, his heart hammering in his chest.

“How?”

“That gets easier.” Yoongi murmured. “Just… close your eyes and morning will come.”

“Do… do they drug us?” Hoseok asked. “I heard they drug us.”

“Only the difficult ones. Sometimes, if I know who I’m getting in advance, I’ll act out.” Yoongi admitted. “Hurts less when I’m out of it.” He shrugged. “They try not to drug is too much though. They like it when we’re lucid. They especially like the cry babies and the screamers.”

Hoseok’s chest tightened.

“You’re scaring him.” Jimin hissed out.

“Good. He should be scared. Good night, Hoseok.” Yoongi turned over, giving them his back.

“He’s not as mean as he seems.” Jimin whispered. “He’s just… broken I think. I think he gave up.” He admitted. “He acts out more often than not now. I’m pretty sure he’s hoping for an accidental overdose.”

Hoseok stared at the other’s back, his eyes wide.
Was this what his life was to become? Begging for someone to force him to O.D. so he could die?

Just yesterday he was spending time with his sister. She was introducing them to her potential mate. His mother made the family favourite dinner and his dad told horrible jokes.

Yesterday he was a dance student, at the top of his class. He had a job, his own place, a loving family… were they looking for him? Did they know what happened?

Yesterday was the last day of his former life.

Today. Today was the first day of his end. He closed his eyes, a tear slipping down his cheek. Today he lost his family, his world. Tomorrow? Tomorrow he’d wish for death.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter we meet Seokjin and Hoseok has his ‘interview’ with his captor, and the captor’s son, Jungkook. He gets to spend some one-on-one time with the young man, much to his confusion.

sophe2018: MCD? What’s that? *shyly asks*
Catt_Senpai: I wish you luck, and as always, it’s okay to move on to something less… depressing!
BeyTS: Yeah… yeah it’s gonna get a lot worse.
Gehad: Hi!! And we will have to wait and see…
crunchychreme: Yay! I’m glad you like it ;)

(Last time I post this on AO3 :) )
If you have a chance, PLEASE read over the new summaries for upcoming stories in the Summary story thing below:
https://archiveofourown.org/works/14870522/chapters/43498700

(Last time I post this on AO3 :) )
If you have a chance, PLEASE read over the new summaries for upcoming stories in the Summary story thing below:
https://archiveofourown.org/works/14870522/chapters/43498700
Herbgirl15: Yeah, you might be :/
bookMARK802: Lol the challenge is staying all in ;)

I’m so glad to see you’re all here to try and take this ride! Remember it’s okay to get off at any point!!! Please take care of yourself. There was a lot of painful feelings that went into this story, so it’s okay to pass!
Chapter 2: Ring Leader’s Son

“Wake up!”

Hoseok gasped and jumped when something hit the side of his bed, vibrations filling him. He looked up at the man, a sneer on the older’s face.

Jimin was sitting on his bed, the furthest one from Hoseok, Yoongi seated on his own.

Hoseok sat up slowly, anxiety filling him.

The man reached down and grabbed his chin, harshly jerking his head this way and that, trying to get a better look at him. “Brand him.” He turned and walked out.

Before the Omega could comprehend anything, two people grabbed his arms and pinned him down to the mat, his bottoms being roughly yanked off. He yelled and tried his best to kick someone, anyone, thrashing on the noisy bed. He felt tears well up in his eyes, hands on his legs. He looked to the side, locking his orbs with Yoongi.

Yoongi frowned and shook his head, using his hand to lower it from his shoulder to his waist, signaling for Hoseok to try and calm down.

A chocked sob left the taller and he gave a scared nod. He hesitantly let his body go limp, fear rushing through him. The men’s grips loosened and he kept his eyes locked with Yoongi. He could feel them spreading his legs, a tear slipping down his cheek, fear running through him.
He felt a sudden sharp pain on his thigh, ripping a scream from his lips. Then it was gone. The hands released him, the two people backing up and away. He let out a sob shifting up the bed and away from them, his boxers being thrown at him as they left. He looked down, seeing the searing red mark on his skin, still feeling like it was on fire.

An arm wrapped around his shoulders and he turned his head into Yoongi’s neck, letting the cries flow, the older cradling him. “You did well. It will hurt for a while. I won’t lie. It’s best not to cover it, everything in here is dirty and you don’t want it infected.” He suggested, Jimin crawling up next to them, placing a hand on Hoseok’s knee.

“They will come get you in a couple hours. You’ll meet with the head. He will ask you questions and decide which room you go to. Sometimes… sometimes they listen to you. Jimin asked to stay with me. Yuri asked to be in a different room.” Yoongi ran his fingers through the other’s still soft hair. “Whatever you do, Hoseok, don’t lie to them.” He sighed.

The tallest of the three slowly relaxed, sniffles leaving him after he calmed. His thigh still hurt, but not nearly as bad as it had.

Yoongi let him sit there, curled up against him. Jimin was right. He wasn’t as mean as he seemed.

He was still there, pressed against the older Omega when the door once again opened. A shock of fear ran through him followed by a tremble. He’d never been so scared to have someone open a door before.

“Hey.”

“Seokjin!” Jimin hopped up, half tackling the tall, broad man, receiving a smile from him.

“Hey, prince Jiminnie.” He ran a hand through the other’s hair affectionately, standing there for a moment, holding the thin Omega before rubbing his back, signaling for him to let go. Jimin whined but did as silently asked.

“Hey, I’m Seokjin, or Jin is fine. I’m supposed to bring you to see Mr. Jeon.”

Hoseok pressed harder against Yoongi, the older sighing.
“Seokjin is good. Don’t worry about him. Go.” Yoongi nudged him gently.

Hoseok hesitantly slid off the bed, pulling his boxers on and walking over to the other.

“Don’t run. There’s men with guns. And they don’t shoot to kill. You’re merchandise, they want you alive.” He warned, opening the door for the other to slowly step out from.

Hoseok looked down the hall, both directions. It was long no matter which of the two ways he looked, multiple doors. The walls in the hall were in the same condition as his room. Four different men stood, glaring at him, different guns in their hands.

Seokjin gently led him to the left, walking until they reached the door at the very end. He knocked firmly, being told to enter. He opened the wooden object and pushed Hoseok in, closing it once he was out of the way.

The younger’s lip trembled slightly, standing alone in the room with two men.

The window wasn’t boarded up and he could see it was early morning. There was a bookshelf filled with dusty reading materials, in multiple languages.

The older man’s face looked drawn as he sat behind a desk, leaning forwards on his hands. The one beside him looked younger, possibly his son or nephew? He was broad and strong, definitely an Alpha, but he seemed almost… timid?

“What’s your name?” The older man asked, gruffly.


“Hoseok.” He repeated, eyeing the other. “Where did they find you?”

“Gwangju.” He cleared his throat.
“Gwangju? You’ve come a long way.” He chuckled.

“W-where am I?”

“Don’t worry about that.” He leaned back, eyeing the smaller. “How old are you?”

“Twenty four.”

“You look younger.” He noted. Hoseok stayed silent, not really sure if he was supposed to respond to that. He found himself looking at the pens and papers on the wooden desk. “How often are your heats?”

Hoseok’s breath hitched, his eyes watering slightly. “U-uhm.” He cleared his throat, remembering what Yoongi warned him. “I-I don’t know. I ah… I take pills to reduce them to twice a year.”

“Hmm.” He hummed in thought, nodding. “Ever been knotted?”

Hoseok felt the colour drain from his face. He just shook his head, his chest seizing.

“Ever had sex?”

He nodded. “I… I had a girlfriend in high school.” His voice was hoarse from trying to push the lump down.

“But never with a man?”

“No.” He shook his head, trembling.

“Look at that, Jungkook. We haven’t had a virgin since Jimin.”

Hoseok’s breath hitched, a tear slipping down his cheek.
“That’s almost unheard of. Especially at your age… Ever use toys?” The younger whimpered slightly, hesitantly shaking his head no. “Perfect. So, Hoseok. Tell me…” He leaned forwards again. “What is it you do?”

“U-University. I ah… I work at a liquor s-store to p-pay for dance school.” He was finding it increasingly difficult to speak, his throat trying to lock up on him as his chest seized.

“A dancer? Jimin was also a dancer.” He hummed happily. “Do you like Jimin and Yoongi?”

“Y-yeah. I like them.” He sniffled.

“I’ll tell you what, Hoseok.” He smiled, the smaller looking up to see the almost sinister look. “If you’re a good boy, I’ll let you stay with them. If not… well we have a special room for those ones.”

Hoseok flinched and nodded his understanding. “I-I’ll be good.”

“Good. I’m glad. Seokjin!” The door opened, said Beta stepping in. “Jung Hoseok, 24, dance student. Virgin from Gwangju. His heat schedule is unknown. Place him back in room three.”

“Yes, sir.” He nodded, leading Hoseok out.

As soon as the door closed, choppy breaths left the Omega, his lungs stuttering as he tried to breathe in.

Jin and he both slipped into his shared room, Jimin jumping up and beaming. “He gets to stay with us?!?”

“For now.” Jin smiled fondly, the smaller grinning and running over, hugging the Beta. Seokjin gently nudged him, sighing softly, his arms wrapped around the other. He let go and pulled back. “I don’t think there’s anyone coming today. But who knows. In three days the Seventh Platoon is back.”
Jimin’s breath hitched and he flinched, Yoongi frowning and giving a nod. “Thanks for the heads up.”

“Of course.” Jin nodded and slowly let go of the smallest. “Hoseok’s a dancer too, Prince. See you around.” He ruffled Jimin’s hair before slipping out and closing the door, the lock sounding.

“You dance?” Jimin looked at him in wonderment.

“Yeah… uhm… what’s the Seventh Platoon?” He looked between them.

“Oh…” Jimin frowned, sitting down on Yoongi’s bed. “They’re a gang or something. There’s seven of them that are each in charge of a different division and they come here to relieve stress…” He looked down at his dirty knees. “H-have you ever… done anything?” Jimin asked quietly.

“No.” Hoseok shook his head. “H-he seemed happy. I always had my heats at home with my Omega friend, but I told him I didn’t want to…” He sucked in a breath. “Put anything up there…”

Jemin and Yoongi both flinched. “Shit.” Yoongi frowned. “Maybe you should have. Would have made you less valuable.”

“Huh?” Hoseok furrowed his brows.

“Hoseok… you’ve never been knotted. You’ve never been penetrated at all… do you have any idea how much someone would pay to ‘break you in’?”

Hoseok’s eyes widened, a sound of distress clawing up his throat. “Oh god. Oh god.” He buried his head in his hands.

“When the upside… they won’t let you get fucked yet. You’re probably safe from the Platoon.” Yoongi shrugged. “None of them would be able to afford what Mr. Jeon is probably going to ask for. Congrats, you just became the most prized and expensive thing here.”

“Yoongi!”
“It’s a good thing!” He barked at Jimin. “It keeps his ass safe for longer!” He narrowed his eyes. “Whilst we’re getting fucked by Gunther and Siwoo, he’ll be here twiddling his thumbs!”

Jimin’s eyes watered. “I don’t like Gunther.”

“No one likes Gunther. He’s a sadist.” Yoongi hissed out.

“True.” Jimin sighed heavily.

It may have been cruel… but Hoseok couldn’t help the ounce of relief that filled him, knowing he was safe for now.

Jimin handed him a metal bowl that was similar to a dog dish, a weird sort of beige mess in it.

“What is it?”

“Food.” Yoongi murmured. “Tastes better than it looks.”

“Thank god.” Hoseok muttered, staring at it and frowning. At least they got food…

Sure enough the day came when the Seventh Platoon entered the makeshift home. A Beta named Namjoon came to get Yoongi first, telling him someone named ‘Jaebum’ was with him today. Then Seokjin came in and asked for Hoseok.

Fear ran through him.

“The boss wants to see you, it’s not for that kind of ‘company’.” Jin held his hand out, the other hesitantly taking it. He could hear the noises through the doors. It was horrifying. The screams, the pleasured cries, the pleas for it to stop…
By the time he was lead to a door down a second hall at the end of the one he was on, he was already trembling.

Jin knocked and Hoseok was gently lead in, Seokjin leaving him with the same two men as before.

“I’m going for a few hours. Keep my son company.” He smirked, slipping out of the room.

Hoseok looked up at the young adult. He was clean, very clean. His features were soft and gentle. He was sitting cross legged in the middle of a large bed, wringing his hands awkwardly.

“H-hi.” He cleared his throat. “I ah… I’m J-Jungkook. Uhm… we… we don’t have to do anything, or whatever. I just… don’t like the noises.”

Hoseok felt any ounce of fear in him drain out. His shoulders relaxed and he nodded. Slowly he walked over and crawled up onto the bed, sitting crossed legged.

“I-I hope it’s okay, that I asked for you.”

“You asked for me?” The older’s eyes widened, receiving a nod. “Why?”

“You seemed nice. And interesting.” Jungkook picked at a loose thread on his long sleeved shirt. He was still avoiding eye contact. “My ah, my dad thinks I wanted you here for sex. He told me not to fuck you… I don’t really want to do anything though.” He admitted, timidly. “I ah… I only recently presented and I’m supposed to be all hormone driven and such… but I’m not? I don’t know.” He frowned heavily.

“Why… why are you telling me this?” Hoseok asked, raising his brow.

“I don’t know… because I’m nervous?” he shrugged. “And because I can’t tell any of them. They’ll tell my dad… but… I thought you could pretend we did stuff? Then my dad won’t bug me about it and you get to sit and breathe for a bit.” He looked behind himself. “I almost forgot.” He pulled a plate out with some fruits on it. “I asked dad for some fruit… I thought you might like some.” His cheeks were a deep red.
Hoseok stared for a long moment. “Th-thank you?” He reached out, taking one of the grapes. He watched the beam of happiness that crossed the young Alpha’s face.

The broader happily started munching on an apple slice, giving a smile that almost made him look like a bunny. “Do you want some water? Or wine? I have both!” He said suddenly, scurrying off the bed to get a glass.

“Ah… water, please…” He was unsure of what to think. The other poured him some water, giving him the cup and going back to his previous spot on the bed.

They heard a particularly loud cry of pain, both flinching. Hoseok’s breath hitched and he drew his legs up, crossing his ankles and wrapping his arms around his tibias.

“My room is mostly sound proof… so the majority of… that… isn’t heard.” He cleared his throat. “It’s okay.” Jungkook said softly. “You’re in here. It’s safe in here.”

“Yeah, but how much longer until I’m out there?” He murmured. The younger’s smile faltered, a frown falling on his face.

“Right…” He bit his lip.

“You ah… you don’t have a lot of friends, do you?” Hoseok stared at the strange kid.

“Why do you say that?”

“What kid would be excited to hang out with a fuck toy, and not have sex? What kid would just want to talk?” He raised a brow.

“I’m not a kid.” He pouted slightly. “I’m twenty.” He puffed his cheeks out. “And I have friends… they’re all rich snobby assholes though, so I try to avoid them.”

“…” Hoseok had no idea what to make of that. “Are you sure you know the definition of the word
‘friend’? Most people don’t hide from their friends… or call them snobby assholes…”

“Okay so maybe my dad’s job makes it difficult to have friendships.” He narrowed his eyes. “Would you rather I held you down?”

“No.” He slumped. “Not particularly.”

“Good. Because I don’t want to either. I’m sorry I’m so excited.” He huffed. “I don’t get to see people my age. I spend most of my time training to take over this horrible operation. I hate it, but after my brother died, I’m the only one left.” He sighed heavily. “I don’t have much choice. If I don’t… well… I might end up in a cell…” He flinched at the thought. “Not a jail cell… no…” He knew what the other was thinking. “A jail cell would be a relief.” He picked at his shirt again. “I’m sorry you’re in here… I hope… I hope they go easy on you.” He looked up, his eyes filled with sadness.

Hoseok paused. The look was so genuine. “Thanks…”

They sat in silence for a long while, eating grapes and sipping water. Every so often Jungkook would talk and say something, trying to make Hoseok smile. A couple times it worked. When it did, the kid’s face would light up like a Christmas tree. It was cute. Jungkook had shifted closer at one point.

Once in a while he would reach out and gently touch the other’s arm or leg. Hoseok wasn’t stupid. He knew the other was flirting. He knew he was trying to discreetly scent him.

Then his father came back and he was ushered out, tossed back into his room, the door slamming and locking.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter we see our Yoonmin bond and how much they’ve grown to care for each other’s health in the years they’ve been forced to be together. Yoongi spends some time scaring Hoseok yet again… Taehyung makes his appearance with a gift for his favourite person <3 Hoseok warns Jungkook that sleeping with him will not be with his consent.
I am pleasantly surprised to see how many of you are still here! Remember you can leave at any point. Please read the following to get an idea of how dark this fic is…

I started Lost and Found around the 1 year mark of my separation and was sad… then I lost my friendship. By the end of that story Hoseok had attempted to rape Jimin and jump off a bridge… Next came forced companion. I was very upset. I do KILL off important people later in the story. I was hurting. As I started to feel better I began My Lover for a Fee and Elevate My Life. MLAF and EML were the calmed down, happier feelings… this story is dark. Every chapter is a potential trigger warning. Please, please be careful reading.

Also, I’m glad no one seems to think Yoongi is an asshole yet… he really isn’t. He’s been in that hell hole for five years now. Later you find out what has been done to him, and the fact that he’s still sticking around For Jimin shows just how strong and caring he actually is <3

ANYWHO!

Catt_Senpai: So… this was a ‘happy’ chapter… You may want to wait until this is completed, read the last chapter to see if you are okay with the ending, and then read how it got there. Sometimes when I’m reading a hard story I do that. Plus that way you don’t have to stress yourself out every week waiting to know what happens, especially during your time right now <3
sope2018: YAY! I’m glad :D
BeyTS: Uhhhhh Mixed? It’s a bittersweet I guess?
Skylarkse: Aweh. (read Cat_senpai’s reply, I feel it may apply to you as well) It’s okay to turn away at any moment!
Herbgirl15: I was worried people would think he’s an ass… he’s not… he’s been there for so long is all. And Tee hee! Kookie’s a cutie!
lumierou: Ah, yeah… it’s very dark… The whole feel of the story is how their room looks basically. Yellowed paint peeling off dirty walls with boarded up windows… I will make an analogy below because … And yeah… I get far more descriptive when things are dark and emotional and yeah… yeah they do :( 
Narudesu: Thank you!!!

The feel of the story can be compared to their room. You can find a photo on my twitter, here:
https://pbs.twimg.com/media/D343qNgW0AYdz-.jpg

The yellow peeling pain on the walls shows lack of care for them to the point it’s disintegrating. The lonely splintered stood with a single dull lamp gives the impression that this is the brightest their future will be. The boarded up windows eliminate the possibility of hope. The beds are loud and uncomfortable because there should never be a sense of peace. But the blankets are warm to give some kind of illusion that maybe there’s something decent to live for. The room is small and stuffy to show the lack of possibility they have to escape. The door with the cracked clouded glass shows the rest of the house is a foggy broken mess to them. The floor is cold and made of cement to show the concreteness of their lifeless future. It’s a dark fic.

I’d like to point out… most of my analogies and story meanings I don’t realize until later. I tend to see and image and feel a feeling and just write… it’s not until I analyze
my own work later that I realize just how much everything means. The more I describe something, the more important its meaning is.

A GIFT FOR YOU!
https://pbs.twimg.com/media/D3y69bPW0AEUv_8.png
Chapter 3: Chosen

Yoongi was laying on his side, his back to Hoseok, blankets up and over his shoulder.

The younger could smell the distinct scent of an Alpha and frowned, walking over.

“A-Are you okay?”

“What the fuck do you think?” There was no real malice in his voice. Hoseok frowned and sat next to him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

They heard stumbling and cursing from the hall, quiet hiccups and sobs.

“Fuck.” Yoongi sat up, startling Hoseok. He was standing in seconds, already near the door. The object opened and Jimin was half tossed in, Yoongi catching him so he wouldn’t land on the floor.

The door closed harshly, sobs leaving Jimin, his body shaking. “Oh, baby.” Yoongi pulled the smaller against him. Bruises littered his thighs and arms. There was a purple mark on his cheek, his lip split and bleeding down his chin.

Hoseok couldn’t stop the tightness in his chest when he noticed the small amount of red that was smeared between the other’s trembling legs.

“Can you sit?” Yoongi asked softly, rubbing the other’s back. Jimin nodded, letting the other lead him to the middle bed, carefully sitting down.

Jimin let out a chocked ‘ow’ at the action, burying his face in the other’s neck, his arms around
broader shoulders.

Guilt washed over Hoseok. Whilst he was eating grapes and talking with the boss’ son… Jimin…

He sunk in on himself. He was a horrible person.

The door opened and Jin poked his head in reluctantly. “Jimin… Siwoo is in room ten.”

The smaller let out a wail, shaking his head. “Please no!”

“I’ll go.” Yoongi murmured, Jin nodding.

“No!” Jimin gripped his shirt, shaking his head.

“I’ll be fine. Hoseok, come keep him company.”

The younger did as asked, watching as Yoongi limped his way out of the room, still sore from earlier.

They were gone for a good twenty minutes. Hoseok was laying on Yoongi’s bed, Jimin curled up on his chest, still sniffling, hugging his pillow tight for comfort.

The door opened and Yoongi stumbled in. There were dried tear tracks on his cheeks, eyes still red. He limped his way to the washroom, hissing once inside.

He came out and walked over to Jimin’s bed, crawling up and face planting.

They stayed silent for a couple hours.

“Where were you taken?” Yoongi’s groggy voice filled the room. He turned, his eyes sleepy. As best as Hoseok could tell, he had passed out and only just woken up.
“To see the Boss’ kid.”

“Jungkook?” Jimin asked softly from his spot on the older’s chest.

“Yeah.”

“He’s nice.” Jimin sighed out. “What did you two do?”

“Talked?” He felt guilty as all hell.

“He’s pretty chatty.” Yoongi nodded from across the room. “What else?”

“Ate grapes and sipped water.” He shrugged.

“You smell like him.” Jimin glanced up.

“He kept touching my arm and knee.” He admitted. The other two went silent. “I-Is that bad?”

“Not sure. He never touched us. He sat far away on his bed with a cheese platter, staring at me.” Yoongi murmured.

“I cried for most of it, he didn’t seem to know what to think and sat by the door until his dad came.” Jimin sighed.

“Oh.” He frowned slightly. “So… what does that mean?”

“He’s considering you.” Yoongi sighed out.

“For what?”
“His rut.” The oldest locked eyes with Hoseok.

The tallest of the three stiffened. “W-what?”

“He presented recently. His father’s been trying to find a suitable Omega. He’d prefer a virgin, someone that wasn’t used. Probably why he’s so happy he found you.” Yoongi muttered out darkly. “I was told before his presentation happened that I would be meeting him to see if I was suitable or not. They didn’t expect him to take so damn long to present. He’s a late bloomer.” He rubbed the back of his neck. “His first rut is probably coming up soon. Once he fucks you, you’re anyone’s game though.”

“Yoongi.” Jimin warned.

“It’s true. Once Jungkook breaks him in, he’s up for pay.” He shrugged. “Just like the rest of us.”

“You don’t have to say it like that.” Jimin frowned.

Hoseok felt his chest tighten. Was it true? Was he being prepared to be knotted? He was straight for fuck sakes! It wasn’t his fault he was an Omega! Why couldn’t he be a Beta? Or an Alpha? Or fuck, nothing! Why Omega?

“You made him cry.” Jimin frowned, reaching up to wipe the tear that had fallen, Hoseok’s lip trembling as he tried to keep it together.

“It’s his first week. He’s gonna cry. You cried for the first three months.” Yoongi pointed out.

“Still.” Jimin sighed. He shifted and hissed, his hand tightening in Hoseok’s shirt.

“Does it still hurt?” The newest member asked, sniffing.

“Yeah. I think he tore me a bit.” Jimin sighed heavily.
Hoseok didn’t even know what to say.

It was two days later when Hoseok was called out again. This time Taehyung slipped into their shared room.

“Hi guys.” He walked over, hugging Jimin and sitting beside Yoongi. “I brought you a dandelion!” He held out the drooping object.

Yoongi raised his brow. “Why are you bringing me a weed?”

“There’s no other flowers…”

“It’s a weed. Weeds aren’t flowers.” The older stared.

Taehyung frowned and slumped.

Yoongi sighed and took the dying plant. “Thanks. I miss flowers.” He admitted quietly.

“I know. That’s why I got you the dandelion!” He grinned, hugging the other around the shoulders.

Yoongi gave a small smile, patting the Beta’s arm. “Thanks.”

Taehyung pulled back and walked over to Hoseok. “I’m supposed to bring you with me.” His voice was gentle.

Hoseok nodded and stood up, following the other. They turned right and went to the end of the hall, turning left down the second hall and stopping in front of the last door. Jungkook’s door.

Taehyung knocked, the Alpha’s voice inside softly calling an affirmative. The Beta opened the item
and Hoseok hesitantly stepped in, hearing it click shut behind him.

“Hi.” Jungkook smiled bashfully from his computer chair, slowly standing up and walking over. He stopped about three feet away, shifting nervously.

“Hey. Hey, can I ask a question?”

“Of course!” Jungkook nodded.

“Do you live here?”

“Only sometimes.” He shrugged. “I don’t stay here all the time. Most of the time I’m at the family home. I’m only really here on weekends... well I’ve been here more often than not, recently, but not by choice.” He cleared his throat.

“Jungkook… why am I here?” He motioned around the other’s room. The younger blushed slightly.

“My dad doesn’t know you’re here…” He said quietly. Hoseok’s eyes widened, an ounce of fear running through him. “I… was bored.” He shrugged. “And I liked talking to you.” He moved to the bed, sitting against the headboard.

“Why?” Hoseok watched him skeptically. He knew the other wanted to use him when his rut came. He was already told that by Minnie and Yoongi.

“Because you listen… and you don’t cry the whole time.” He frowned. “I… can’t change what’s happening here. I can’t stop those men from coming in. I can’t do anything. And when they cry… I hate myself for it.” He looked down at his hands. “I hate that I get to sit here, or back at home, with headphones and loud music whilst someone is being forced down onto some gross surface. I hate it.” His eyes watered slightly. “When I’m in charge… I’m getting all new staff. And when I have all new staff I can let the Omegas go. The current staff would never let me. They would turn on me. But if I replace them, one by one… then maybe I can set everything right.”

Hoseok felt his heart clench. He walked over to the bed, slowly crawling up onto it. He moved across, the other watching him surprised. The Omega stopped and sat beside him, their backs to the headrest. “You’re not like the others, are you?”
“No,” he shook his head. “I… I want to get to know the person before…” He flinched, a look of panic in his eyes.

“I know.” Hoseok said softly. “I know you’re courting me for your rut, Jungkook.” He sighed, the other relaxing a bit.

“I-I want to get to know you first… I don’t want you to feel scared, or like you can’t trust me.” His cheeks went red. “I’ve never…” He cleared his throat. “And it’s my first rut, so I’ve never knotted anyone… I… don’t want my first time to be with someone who’s crying and scared.” He brought his knees up, hugging them.

“I’m not going to lie to you, Jungkook.” Hoseok sighed heavily. “I don’t want you knotting me. I don’t want you pinning me down and jamming your dick up my ass.” The other’s eyes widened. “I’m straight. I’m not interested in the slightest. There’s nothing you can say, or do, that will make me okay with this situation.” He ground out, looking at the other pointedly.

Jungkook flinched but nodded in understanding. “Okay.” He chewed his lip.

“Will you pick someone else?” Hoseok asked.

Jungkook thought for a moment before shaking his head no. “No. I like your smell the most.” His voice was strained slightly. “Your smell and presence… I like it. I don’t like theirs.” He said a bit bitterly.

“You understand it’s still rape.”

Jungkook looked at him shocked, his mouth dropping slightly. He gapped a few times.

“Jungkook. I’m telling you now. I don’t want to sleep with you. Do you understand me?” Hoseok glared at the younger.

Jungkook slumped but nodded. “I do.”
“So?” Hoseok stared at him. “Are you still going to? When your rut hits?”

The younger stayed still. He closed his eyes, letting his head fall back against the headrest. When he opened them they were reddened. “I’m sorry.”

Hoseok felt his throat tighten. He quickly slid off the bed.

“Where are you going?!” Jungkook hopped up, following. Hoseok had bolted for the door, his hand on the handle by the time Jungkook reached him. He firmly placed his hand on the door keeping it shut as the older yanked, trying to open it.

“Let me out!”

“Hoseok stop! Stop!” He pleaded with the other. He let out a deep growl, barring his teeth.

Hoseok froze, a shiver of fear running down his spine. He shrunk back, his hand loosening on the handle.

“Shit! I’m sorry!” Jungkook cursed and frowned. “I didn’t mean to growl! It’s just… you can’t go running out or they’ll shoot you!” He said desperately. “You can leave my room and go back to yours, that’s okay! I understand, but without my consent, especially if you run, they’ll assume you’re escaping and they’re going to hurt you! They shoot to wound, not kill! Please don’t run out!” He half begged the other.

Hoseok slumped, nodding. “I can go?”

“… Yeah.” Jungkook frowned. “I’m sorry.”

“Stop apologizing. Save that for after you rape me.” He yanked the door open, Jungkook’s breath hitching and his eyes watering.

He nodded at Taehyung who led Hoseok back to room three, leaving the Alpha behind.
“You’re lucky, you know.” Taehyung murmured as they walked past the gunmen.

“How the hell am I lucky?” Hoseok bit out angrily.

“That he’ll be your first. Jimin’s first was Jungkook’s brother. Same with Yoongi. He was chosen for Jungkook’s brother’s first rut. Yoongi couldn’t move for a week with how badly he tore him. Jungkook’s kind. He’ll be gentle.” Taehyung stopped the other outside the door. “Anyone else is going to hurt you. Very, very badly, Hoseok. Be happy your first won’t be with Gunther.” He opened the door. “Ask them what Gunther’s like. Because right now, he’s got the highest bid on your virginity.”

He pushed the other into the room, closing the door.

Hoseok looked over to the other two.

“Hey.” Yoongi nodded at him, Jimin smiling.

“Hi.” Hoseok walked over and sat beside the smaller.

“What did the prince want?” Yoongi grumbled out.

Hoseok sighed, running a hand through his hair. “To knot me when his rut hits.”

“Thought so.” The older’s voice drawled.

“I don’t want to.” Hoseok whispered.

The other let out a bark of a laugh. “Right because Jimin and I want burly men to hold us down and fuck us from behind.”

“Yoongi!”
“No, he’s right. I really shouldn’t complain.” Hoseok frowned. “I’m sorry.”

Yoongi huffed, sitting up. “I get it. None of us want any of this.” He looked up at the dark ceiling. “It could always be worse. At least he’s trying to make you feel welcome. His brother terrorized me for two weeks. Kept having me go to his room, would touch my thighs, whisper what he was going to do to me when his rut hit…” he looked down at his hands. “At least Jungkook is trying to put you at ease. But, I also knew what would happen and could prepare for it.” He shrugged. “You might not have that luxury.”

Hoseok hugged his knees. “Hyung?”

Yoongi paused, glancing at the other. He’d never called him that before… “Yeah?”

“I’m scared.” He admitted, gripping the comforter and pulling it over his legs, subconsciously hiding his lower half. “I’ve never… I don’t know what to expect…” He looked up at the older, his eyes watering. “What’s he going to do to me?”

“Yah, Hoseok-ah.” Yoongi sighed and moved over to the younger’s bed, wrapping an arm around his shoulders, Jimin resting a hand on his knee for comfort. “I don’t know for sure. But he’ll probably knot you.”

“Does it hurt? Knotting?” He croaked out.

Yoongi stayed silent for a moment. “Sometimes. It depends on the knot size and how much slick there is. The more turned on an Omega is, the more slick there will be… otherwise, yeah, it can hurt.” He rubbed the other’s back.

“Do…” He swallowed thickly. “Do you ever get turned on?”

Yoongi gave a small smile, Jimin blushing. “There’s a couple clients that like to pleasure Jimin. So yeah, sometimes he does. Most of the Alphas and Betas just want to let off steam… but some… some want the intimacy.” He shrugged.

“Seokjin…” Jimin’s voice was soft. “Seokjin used to be a client.” He placed his head on the other’s raised knee. “He was so gentle. He used to request me. His father’s an important man to the trafficking ring and Seokjin was told he had to… let off steam… We were lined up and he chose
me.” He smiled bashfully. “He was always so kind and caring. I looked forwards to when he came to see me. But then his dad fucked up.” He frowned. “One of his men was too rough with one of the Omegas and they died. He strangled him…”

He cleared his throat. “So Mr. Jeon wanted a life for a life. But he wanted Mr. Kim to suffer.” He ran a hand through his hair. “So he had Seokjin employed under him. His dad can’t see him, doesn’t know what his son does. He’s left in the dark to worry and wonder, and Mr. Jeon gets a hand to help him around the house.”

Jimin sighed. “After that Seokjin wasn’t allowed to sleep with me anymore. Even if he saved up money. The Betas that work here aren’t allowed to ‘test’ the ‘merchandise’.”

“No wonder you two are so close.” Hoseok said softly, getting a nod and snifflle from the younger.

“It kills Jin working here. Mr. Jeon knows this. He always makes sure Jin escorts Jimin to his clients when he can.”

“That’s horrible.”

“Look around. All of this is horrible.” Yoongi grumbled out with a sigh.

Yoongi isn’t a dick, see? Look how much he cares for his Jiminnie! Bing stuck in the same room to undergo a horrific daily torture can bond people together like nothing else…

I fucking love Taetae in this story! He’s such a smol lil romantic! <3 and Yoongi’s all blushy and pretending he doesn’t like it… Gukkie is such a softie!! And poor Seokmin </3

Next chapter Jimin’s heat hits and Yoongi asks Hoseok to help him quickly prepare him before he’s taken away. Taehyung bring Yoongi another gift and gets a smile <3 Hoseok visits Jungkook again, still furious with him… later he’s taken to see him again… peppermint filling the screwed up home, alerting him that Jungkook’s rut has started. (Chapter 5 is a heavy hitter with forced knotting)

For those who don’t know, my uploading may be chaotic… I have the full explanation here for those interested
For the short version… my bff is getting married and I am one of the main planners. I am also working on a large cross-stitch gift for her. I also am currently (finally) pursuing a divorce and will hopefully be spending this week doing court crap. He’s difficult and manipulative, but appears to have agreed to sign. I will keep you updated through my twitter :) 

Thank you for all the patience!

BeyTS: ah…. yah… near the end that happens…

Catt_Senpai: Yay! I’m glad you’re okay! :)

ddmoca: Oh wow! This is your first ABO? :s may have wanted to start with something… lighter… lmao!

Herbgirl15: Yeah, it’s a bitter sweet ending <;/3

Somehow I’m still on schedule…. Yay :D
Chapter 4: Heats and Ruts

Warnings: Coarse Language, heat, anal fingering, self lubrication, implied rape

Chapter 4: Heats and Ruts

“Hoseok! Hoseok wake up!” Yoongi gave him a harsh shove, the other startling awake.

“What? What?!” He looked around confused. He heard a whimper and his head snapped to the far bed. “Is… is he in heat?!”

“What the hell do you think?!” Yoongi hissed. “C’mere and help me.”

“What the hell do you think?!” Yoongi hissed. “C’mere and help me.”

“What? What?”

“Come here, asshole!” Yoongi growled out, the younger frowning and stumbling across the room. “Cover his mouth.”

Hoseok furrowed his brows but did as told, covering Jimin’s lips with his hand. Yoongi removed the other’s damp bottoms. He wasted no time at all, inserting two fingers. The taller’s eyes widened, Jimin moaning into his hand. “What the fuck are you doing?!”

“Loosening him up before they find someone to knot him. He had a tear a few days ago, remember? I don’t want it to tear again.” Yoongi worked his hand relentlessly, trying to be as quick, thorough, and careful as he could, knowing Jimin’s pheromones would alert the Betas soon enough.

Hoseok looked away, not wanting to watch as he worked his way up to four fingers, Jimin crying out, shivering and pushing back, a light sheen of sweat covering him. They heard the footsteps and Yoongi cursed, removing his hand, wiping it on the blankets. He yanked the other’s boxers back up, shoving Hoseok to his bed.
Jimin whimpered, grasping at the sheets. A knowing sob left him, his eyes locking with Yoongi.

The door opened as Hoseok lied down on his bed. A man came in, roughly grabbing Jimin and yanking him into a standing position, the smaller whimpering and whining. He pulled him out of the room, someone closing and locking the door.

“Where are they taking him?!” Hoseok hissed out. Yoongi frowned and sat up.

“To a room to wait for the highest bidder.” He shrugged. “Shouldn’t take long. One of the guards will probably bid.”

Hoseok’s breath hitched. He drew his legs up, crossing his ankles.

“He’ll be okay. I stretched him well.” Yoongi murmured.

“W-when will yours hit?” Hoseok asked quietly.

“Mine are few and far in between. I had one four months ago so I probably have another six or so. I don’t really get them anymore, maybe once a year, sometimes twice.” He shrugged. “I’m basically a Beta. I’m not even sure why they keep me around. I think it’s because some clients favour me.”

“Oh.” Hoseok frowned heavily.

“Yeah. Try and sleep.”

A sudden pleasured cry filled the house, Yoongi’s eyes closing sadly. Hoseok flinched knowingly as Jimin’s voice carried through the rooms. He placed his hands over his ears, slowly laying down and drawing into himself.

“Yoongi-yah. Psst…. Yoongi-yah.” Taehyung gently shook the older awake.
“What?” Yoongi grunted, rolling onto his back, glaring up at the Beta.

“I got you something.” He grinned at him.

“Hmm?” Yoongi yawned, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. “What?”

Taehyung reached into his pocket, pulling something shiny out. “I found it in a pawn shop and talked the price down so I could get it for you.” He whispered, not wanting to wake Hoseok up. He held his hand out.

Yoongi frowned, confused, but placed his open palm up. Taehyung let the white, silver and gold item drop into Yoongi’s hand. The older looked at it in shock. A white vinca, made from white pearls, a silver lining and golden center rested in his hand. It was a pin. Maybe a circumference of two and a half centimeters. Small, but beautiful.

“White’s your favourite colour, right?” Taehyung asked.

“Y-yeah… Taehyung… it’s gorgeous…” He looked up at the taller, not even knowing what to say.

The younger beamed and wrapped his arms around the older’s shoulders tight.

Yoongi hesitantly let his own limbs encase the Beta. “Thank you.”

The younger pulled back, seeing the shine in his Hyung’s eyes as he looked down at the small piece of jewelry, his lips turning upwards, just slightly. But enough.

“I got a smile.” Taehyung said softly.

Yoongi looked up surprised, stiffening when lips pressed to his. His eyes widened, the other pulling back with a quiet click. Taehyung stared at him for a long moment, his expression blank, confusing the older. He was still close. He closed his eyes and leaned back in, softly pressing his lips back against the other’s. Yoongi’s own eyes fluttered shut and he hesitantly added pressure, reaching up to
tangle a hand in the other’s soft locks, a hand brushing his cheek.

Taehyung pulled back, smiling fondly. “I have to go. I’m not supposed to be in here. I’m glad you like it.” He quickly kissed the older again before slipping out.

Yoongi felt his cheeks warm, an odd tightness in his chest. A smile he couldn’t stop broke out across his face. He clenched the pin in his hand. For the first time in years, he remembered what it felt like to be happy.

Hoseok yawned, re-counting the small pieces of drywall he had found scattered about the room. He didn’t think it could be boring, waiting for someone to freaking rape you. He was pretty sure after it happened he would relish the days like this.

The door opened and Taehyung slipped in.

Yoongi shifted on the bed, looking up at the other.

Taehyung grinned at him. “Hi, Yoongi-Hyung.”

“Hey.” He cleared his throat, glancing away.

Hoseok raised his brow, looking between the two.

“I’m here for Hoseokie.”

“Jungkook?” Hoseok grumbled out.

“Yeah, Jungkook.”
“Great.” He huffed, standing up. “I don’t want to go. What happens if I refuse?”

Taehyung flinched. “They break your fingers until you agree?”

Hoseok paused. “Oh…” He frowned and huffed again, thumping over to the door.

Taehyung walked him down the same path he had taken the other two times, knocking on the same door, the same voice granting him entrance.

He sighed and leaned against the object once it closed, crossing his arms, glaring at the younger.

“Hi.”

“Hey.” He grumbled.

“How was your week?” Jungkook got up and walked over. Hoseok grabbed the handle, narrowing his eyes. Jungkook put his hands up in defense, frowning and taking a step back.

“Fine.” He eyed the younger, slowly letting go of the brass item. “You?”


“Shitty.” He kept the emotion out of his voice.

“Hoseok-ah… will you sit with me?” Jungkook asked, walking over to the bed and sitting with his back against the headboard.

“No.”

“Please?” He frowned, slumping slightly. “I… I won’t do anything.”
“Unless a rut breaks out.” Hoseok glared at him.

Jungkook sighed heavily. “I’m not going into a rut yet.” He puffed his cheeks out. “Please sit with me?”

“Does your dad know I’m here this time?”

“Yeah.” He nodded. “He Okayed it.”

“What will you do to me if I sit there?” He asked, his hand hovering by the knob.

“Talk? Maybe sit in silence?” He wrung his hands. “Please?”

Hoseok weighed his options. In all honesty, Jungkook didn’t seem the type to suddenly jump him. “Fine.” He watched the other’s eyes light up. He walked over to the other side of the bed, staring at the spot he was supposed to sit on. He slowly climbed on, sitting with his knees up and arms around them.

“Thanks. Do you want anything to eat or drink?” Jungkook smiled. Hoseok shook his head. “Okay. Let me know if you do.”

“Yeah, sure.” He sighed, tightening his arms. “Jungkook?”

“Yeah, Hoseok-ah?” He turned to the older almost eagerly.

“What will you do to me, when your rut hits?” He looked at the pattern on the blanket, avoiding eye contact.

Jungkook’s breath hitched. “… I don’t know.” He cleared his throat. “I’ve never been in a real rut so I don’t have that answer.”
“If you had the will power, and I said no, would you stop?” Hoseok finally looked up at the younger.

Jungkook nodded vigorously. “Of course! If I was able to, of course I would! I… Hoseok-ah, I’m not like that.”

“I guess time will tell, huh?” He grumbled out.

“Hoseok.” Jungkook reached out, gently touching the other’s shoulder.

Hoseok sprung back and off the bed, growling. “Don’t touch me. You said talk, touching isn’t talking.”

“S-sorry.” Jungkook frowned, placing his hands in his lap. “I’m sorry.”

“Can I go?” Hoseok grumbled, looking to the door.

“Stay?”

“Can I go?” He repeated.

Jungkook slumped in his spot. “What if I said no?” His voice was small. “Would you still go?”

“Would you stop me?” He eyed the young Alpha. Jungkook shook his head. “Then yeah. I’d still go.”

“Then why ask?” He looked up at the older, a frown etched in his features.

“So I don’t get shot.”

“Hoseok?”

“What?”

“I really am sorry about this.” He looked at the other.

“No you’re not. If you were, you’d pick someone else. Smell be damned.” He nearly slammed the door on the way out, Taehyung catching it just in time.

“Don’t slam the door! You’ll alert the guards and get us shot!” He hissed out.

When they stopped in front of the door they heard shuffling from down the hall, both turning to look.

“Jimin!” Hoseok rushed over, Seokjin half carrying the Omega to his room.

Taehyung unlocked the door and the four men slipped in, Yoongi standing up quickly to help Jin lay Jimin down on his bed, the smaller whimpering and laying on his stomach. The older Omega stepped away, watching as the Beta ran his fingers through Jimin’s hair, carefully getting out the tangles. He was talking quietly to him, the other nodding, one of their hands linked.

He leaned down and placed a lingering kiss on the other’s cheek, rubbing his back softly before pulling back with a quiet sniffle. He nodded to Taehyung, said man squeezing Yoongi’s shoulder on his way past and out of the room.

Hoseok frowned, his eyes landing back on the youngest. “Will he be okay?”

“Yeah, he just needs to rest for a while.” Yoongi walked over, carefully draping a blanket along him. “Sleep, Jiminnie.”

The following day Yoongi was pulled out, not once, but twice, for two different clients, Jimin taken once, his body, although sore, still loose from his heat.
Namjoon came the day after, motioning Hoseok to follow.

He groaned and got up, going down the path he knew too well. He paused when he was a few feet away from his destination. He could smell peppermint. Jungkook’s scent. It wasn’t strong enough for a rut… but it was close. His heart was hammering in his chest. He went to back up, a firm hand on his shoulder preventing him, the door opening and he was pushed in gently by the reluctant Beta.

Hoseok’s throat tightened, fear creeping up his spine. Jungkook looked up from his textbook, surprised.

“Hoseok?”

The older furrowed his brows. “You weren’t expecting me?”

“No.” He shook his head, closing his book and cleaning up the scattered papers.

“What ah… what are you studying for?” He cleared his throat, standing as close to the door as he could without touching it.

“Business management.” He leaned over the edge of his bed, letting his stuff drop to the floor. “I was finishing up an assignment.”

“You can keep working.” He really kind of hoped the other would listen.

“No.” He shook his head. “You can come closer, you know.” He frowned, moving up to his spot against the headboard.

“Yeah, no. I can smell you from here, Jungkook.” He narrowed his eyes.

The younger frowned. “You smell like cinnamon buns.” He shifted. “It’s making me hungry.” He gave a slight pout, the older raising a brow.
“Then eat something. You have a plate of food.” He nodded to the other’s untouched dinner.

Jungkook paused, looking from it, to Hoseok. “Eat with me?”

“No.”

“Please?” He wrung his hands.

Hoseok knew he really shouldn’t… but it wasn’t like they fed them much of anything. And he couldn’t remember the last time he had meat. “What is it?” He hesitantly started closer.

Jungkook stuttered, surprised. A happy expression crossed his face and he placed the plate between their spots. “Lamb, potatoes and steamed broccoli.”

Hoseok’s stomach rumbled, making his cheeks blush.

Jungkook let out a little chuckle of sorts, the sound almost innocent.

Slowly he crawled up onto the mattress, looking down at the food. He reached out and grabbed a piece of meat, looking up for confirmation, receiving a grin. He stuck the lamb in his mouth, almost moaning at the taste. He had never chewed his food so thoroughly in his life, trying to savour it for as long as he could.

He ate most of what was on the plate, the younger pushing food over towards him, letting him know it was okay. Together they finished it, both sipping on their own glasses of water. Jungkook placed the dishes on the floor and smiled at the other.

“How old are you?”

“Yeah?” He leaned back against the headboard, a pleasant feeling in his stomach for the first time in… he didn’t even know how long.

“How old are you?”
“Twenty four.” He looked at his hands.

“Right.” He nodded. “I was there when you told my dad… but I couldn’t remember.” He blushed slightly. “Do… you have any questions?”

“No.” He shook his head. He didn’t really have much to ask. He already knew the important parts. “Can I go soon?” Although it was a comfortable bed, the other’s scent was a bit overwhelming after an extended amount of time.

Jungkook eyed him for a long moment, making him a bit uneasy. “No.” He shook his head. “Stay for a bit.”

Hoseok felt his skin crawl. He didn’t like that answer. He really, really didn’t like it. “Why?” His voice cracked slightly, his nervousness showing through.

“Because I want you to.” He murmured. Dark eyes trailed down, pausing at Hoseok’s mouth before continuing south. The older drew his legs up, feeling uncomfortable. A quiet rumble filled the younger’s chest.

Hoseok’s eyes widened and his breath hitched, a feeling of panic rushing through him. “J- Jungkook…” He slowly shifted further away, the other inching closer at a similar speed.

He quickly jumped to the side, half falling off the bed, an angry snarl reaching his ears as he bolted for the door.

When he was about a foot away he felt the Alpha collide with him, slamming him against the wall, a loud, pained grunt leaving the shorter. The younger growled in his ear, hands on his hips and a nose in his scent gland. He could feel the other swelling in his jeans.

“Stop.” Hoseok’s breaths quickened, feeling the heat radiating off the other. “Please don’t. Please! Jungkook, please!” He dug his nails into the wall, his hands trapped between his chest and the hard surface. He felt the lump crawl up his throat, his eyes watering.

Jungkook was breathing heavily, his weight pinning the other in place. His hands suddenly
disappeared, the young Alpha backing up and sitting on the bed with his head down. “Go.” His voice was strained, sweat already seeping through his shirt and dampening his hair.

Hoseok didn’t need to be told twice. He threw the door open, Namjoon grabbing his upper arm to stop him from running off to his possible death.

He let out a hiccupped sob, the taller leading him back to his room.

Once he entered, the other two sprung up, walking over quickly. He reached out and pulled the nearest person tight against him, his body trembling.

“Hoseokie, what happened?” Jimin frowned, holding the other close, Yoongi rubbing his back.

“You reek of peppermint. His rut’s starting soon, isn’t it?” The oldest asked, a sadness in his tone. Hoseok could only nod. “Shit. I’m sorry.” He sighed and wrapped his arms around him from behind, his hands gripping the back of Jimin’s shirt.

“I don’t want to! I don’t want to be knotted! Please! Please don’t let them take me!” A choked sob fell from his lips, the other two trying to make noises of comfort.

After a few moments, the three slowly managed to tangle themselves together on the small military style bed, Yoongi suggesting Hoseok get some sleep whilst he can.

Chapter End Notes

So… now is where the story starts to get more… stressful… yeah…

Catt_Senpai: Yeah… it gets sadder with Taegi,…
BeyTS:…… they die quickly, if that helps…
Narudesu: Aweh! Thank you!!!
lumierou: I forgot how much I loved writing Taegi… and yet this was the only one I did it in… so How To Lose Your Virginity has become a Jihope and Taegi fic :P You were clear! And yes, he is used to getting his way. He’s very privileged and spoiled, with a
good heart and a corrupt upbringing which blurs the lines in his head
Herbgirl15: Yeah, Taetae tries very hard to woo him <3 Jungkook explains better in an
angered outburst later...

Thanks everyone for supporting this story. I’m glad you’re enjoying it! And as
mentioned repeatedly, there is no shame stopping at any moment… that being said

TRIGGER WARNINGS NEXT CHAPTER
Rape, Forced knotting, Terror, Hoseok fights his instincts, EMOTIONAL… my pain
did show heavily in this chapter so please PLEASE be careful…

IMPORTANT this whole story is a trigger warning… So I will not mark the rape
scenes as often, especially if the chapter is centered on it. Next chapter is one giant
trigger. Feel free to skip. The entire chapter is centered on Jungkook’s rut. If you skip,
you won’t miss much plot! I did that on purpose…

Take care all! Stay healthy!
Chapter 5: To Want

Chapter Summary

EXTREME CAUTION READING THIS CHAPTER!!!!!!!!

Chapter Notes

EXTREME CAUTION READING THIS CHAPTER!!!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Warnings: TRIGGER WARNINGS: Rape, Forced knotting, please skip if triggered easily you will miss no plot.

IMPORTANT: As mentioned previously, this chapter is basically an extended rape scene. Please be careful reading. It is okay to skip ... here is what you missed ... Jungkook hits a rut and forces Hoseok to be his first Omega. He feels guilt in doing so but is unable to stop his own actions. Feel free to skip this chapter and move onto the next :) but the one after that also technically has rape… maybe you should skip this story >.>

Chapter 5: To Want
The door slamming against the wall woke the three Omegas. Hands were pulling them apart before anyone was even lucid enough to understand.

Someone grabbed Hoseok around the middle, yanking him up.

*Peppermint.* He could smell peppermint.

“No!” realization struck him like a brick wall and he thrashed. “No! No! I don’t want to!” He yelled out, the other lifting him clear off the ground. He screamed and clawed at the taller’s padded arm, trying to kick him when he couldn’t break skin. He grabbed the door frame, Jimin and Yoongi calling out, telling him it would be okay.

“No!” He gripped harder, someone else prying his fingers loose. He gasped when he lost his hold, trying to dig his nails into the hall wall instead, leaving marks along the way. “Please! Please!” He tried to bite the man. He tried to kick the wall. He screamed until his throat hurt and his lungs burned, tears streaming down his face. It didn’t matter.

He was thrown, the term far too literal, into Jungkook’s room, landing hard on the floor. The door slammed shut, and the lock sounded. He let out a desperate cry, rushing over to pull on the handle and bang on the door. “Let me out! Please! I’ll be good! Please!”

A growl filled the room, making his body freeze. His breath hitched, his spine feeling ice cold from the fear. His eyes watered again, his hand flattening on the door and his head ducking down. A sob fell from his lips as his shoulders slumped in defeat.

He could smell the other’s pheromones, even through his clogged nose. He could hear him as he got closer. He kept his back to the other, shaking his head, sobs wracking his body. “Please, don’t. Please.” He pressed his forehead against the wooden object next to his hand, the other one shakily reaching up to wipe under his nose.

He felt hands on his hips, a louder cry leaving him, coughing from the force. “Please don’t, Jungkook. Please!” Hot breath hit the back of his neck, the younger’s lower half pressing into him at an agonizingly slow pace. Hands slid across his stomach, pulling him in tight. He silently pleaded with the other, mouthing the same word again and again, shaking his head. The younger started to back up and away from the door, Hoseok still pressed against him.

“We. Please.” He choked out, the other turning towards the bed. “Please!” He yelled, reaching down to
claw at the other’s arms. “Please don’t! Please!” He screamed it out, yelping when he was tossed onto the other’s mattress, bouncing slightly.

A moment of hope filled him. He quickly pushed himself up onto his hands and knees, starting to crawl to the side of the bed.

He yelled when he was yanked back by his ankle, the younger flipping him onto his back and pinning his hands by his ears.

Hoseok let out another loud cry, Jungkook growling dangerously at him, throwing a leg over his hips, the hands on his wrists tightening painfully.

Something in the other’s growl stripped him down to the bone, his body going limp, teeth by his ear, snapping in warning. He squeezed his eyes shut, his lips trembling and head turning to the side, baring his neck in submission.

The rumbling stopped and the grip on his wrists loosened. He cracked blurry eyes open, stuttering breaths still leaving him as a nose trailed along his neck, stopping at his scent gland.

The younger was sitting on his hips, keeping his lower half flat against mattress. Lips pressed to the sensitive area, Hoseok’s breath hitching. He clenched his fists and his jaw, feeling the stir in his boxers, his body betraying him.

All he could smell was peppermint. Jungkook’s pheromones thick from his first rut. He sucked on the other’s gland, a gasp leaving Hoseok. Tingles spread down his spine and across his skin. He closed his eyes, feeling the silent tear fall. He shook his head in a final, futile attempt to make the other stop.

Jungkook shifted his body, pressing his tibia between the other’s bent knees and pushing down. Hoseok clamped his legs shut, whimpering quietly. Jungkook growled at him once more, nipping the gland in warning.

The older pushed the lump in his throat down and relaxed his legs as best he could, letting the other slip between the trembling limbs.

Jungkook trailed his lips around the sensitive area, almost as if trying to reward the other, gently
nibbling on the older’s earlobe in the process. His hands slid down the thinner’s forearms before moving to his chest, Hoseok staying immobile. He stopped when he reached the bottom of the other’s shirt, pushing the fabric up. The older raised himself slightly, letting the thin material be removed, laying back in place. There wasn’t much point in fighting. He knew he couldn’t win.

Jungkook took in a shuddered breath, nipping the other’s jaw affectionately. He trailed his hands back down the, now bare, stomach, stopping at the top of the dark boxers. He pulled back, Hoseok tossing an arm over his eyes, lips trembling as the last article of clothing was slowly stripped away. Hands pressed to his knees, pushing them apart, the Alpha slipping back in between.

He let out a chocked sob, feeling the mouth back on his neck, a strong, warm body pressing against his. Skin met skin and an involuntary shiver ran through him. Jungkook trailed his hands up and down the other’s sides sweetly, shifting his hips to line their members up. He gently rocked against the slightly shorter male, Hoseok’s lungs stuttering.

The older could feel his temperature start to rise, desire stirring in his gut. He whimpered knowingly, shaking his head as he felt the spark in his tailbone. Pleasure ran through his rear and a quiet mewl left him. He could feel the slick start to gather, his brain clouding slightly. He whined, trying to push his instincts to submit down.

Jungkook moaned, rocking down a bit firmer, one hand on the other’s hip.

Hoseok’s head tilted back, his breaths stuttered as his heat started to take over. His legs shifted up, knees pressing into Jungkook’s sides, his back arching slightly. He could feel the want spreading through him rapidly, despite his brain screaming for it to stop.

He whimpered softly, a pain mixing in with his pleasure, the tingles on his skin turning into prickles, an ache filling his bones. Jungkook was running his hands along every inch of the other’s body he could, spreading his scent. He pressed them to the other’s thighs and finally pulled his head back from the purple neck. He shifted his limbs down.

Hoseok’s arms were limply against the bed above his head, his eyes clouded over and chest heaving. Jungkook pushed the golden thighs further apart, one hand slipping under the other to trail through the slick covered crease. A pleased rumble filled his chest, his digits finding the other’s entrance, two of them slipping in.

The older gasped, his eyes widening at the sensation before a pleasured cry left him, his legs opening further. He whimpered and pushed his hips down, the younger groaning, gently thrusting his fingers inside the other, watching him whither.
Hoseok didn’t understand. Just five minutes ago he was screaming bloody murder… and now? He moaned, reaching out for the other, the word slipping from his lips without him fully realizing. “Alpha.”

Jungkook growled at him and removed his hand, shifting back between the other’s legs.

The older’s heart sped up. He knew, he wasn’t sure why, but he knew that this was what he needed. He knew that if the other entered him, the painful pin pricks and the burning sensation in his blood would end. He raised his knees up, pressing them to the strong sides, whimpering.

The young Alpha lined himself up, leaning down to press their foreheads together, his eyes closed. He pushed his hips forwards, both of them gasping.

Hoseok’s head lulled back as a pleasurable hum ran through his body, the pain melting away. “Oh god.” He gripped the other’s shoulders tight, a pant leaving him as the other bottomed out. “Oh fuck!”

Jungkook pressed his nose into the older’s scent gland, moaning as he pulled his hips back, slowly pushing them forwards once again.

Hoseok’s breath hitched and he tangled a hand in dark, sweaty locks, groans falling from both of them, Jungkook starting a slow rhythm.

He pushed in slowly, but pulled out at twice the speed, repeating the action, Hoseok able to feel every drag of every inch, sparks running up and down his spine, the younger panting heavily in his ear.

He felt the boil in the pit of his stomach start to climb, a whimper leaving him, his abdomen tightening. Jungkook’s speed increased, the older pushing his head back into the mattress, his mouth open as a string of moans left him.

The younger snapped his hips, stars flashing through Hoseok’s vision, a loud yell leaving him as his orgasm ripped through his body. “Fuck! Fuck!” He clawed at the other’s back, tightening and continuing to cry out as the younger’s hips pushed into him relentlessly, a pleasurable hum covering his body, sending trembles through it.
Jungkook growled deep in his chest, the bedframe hitting the wall harshly as his knot started to expand before catching and locking.

“Oh!” Hoseok’s eyes widened and he gasped, gripping the other tight. He felt a second climax tear through him, a choked cry following. He gasped and whimpered, the stretch starting to become painful. “O-ow!” He pushed Jungkook’s shoulder, his eyes watering. “S-stop!”

“You’re doing well.” The younger croaked out, his lips pressed to the other’s ear as he rocked, Hoseok’s quiet cries surrounding him. “Almost there.” He let out a groan, pushing in harder and rolling his hips. He let out a loud grunt when the coil in him finally snapped and he came, holding Hoseok tight against him. He felt the legs pressed to his sides tighten, the other gasping and arching in a dry, silent orgasm.

Both their body went limp, heavy breaths leaving them. One of Jungkook’s hands was running up and down the other’s outer thigh, the other supporting his weight. He had a hand in his hair and one across his broad back, the older’s breaths heavy and choppy.

Hoseok stared at the ceiling, his eyes welling. He stayed still, not even sure what to think or do as he felt the Alpha slowly release inside of him. He pushed the lump in his throat down.

Before that moment he didn’t understand what the worst part of this male Omega situation was.

The worse part wasn’t being forced down. It wasn’t having some Alpha knot you. It wasn’t being fucked relentlessly, or even brutally for some, into a mattress.

No.

The worst part was enjoying it.

The worst part was wanting it.

“I’m sorry.” Jungkook’s voice croaked out.
“Shut up.” Hoseok muttered. “I don’t want to hear it. Just… get this rut done.” He turned his head to the side, away from the other. He felt the younger tighten his grip and heard the sniffle. “Why the fuck are you crying?” He spat out, not bothering to look at him.

Jungkook just shook his head, pressing trembling lips to the other’s neck, his shoulders shaking. “I tried to stop.” He whispered, pushing his forehead into the pillow. “I couldn’t stop. I couldn’t stop.” He hiccupped.

Hoseok felt the silent tear fall down his own cheek. His chest tightened. “I believe you.” And he did. He truly did.

Jungkook let out a chocked sob, holding the other closer, his hands pressing to the older’s ribs, lips against the bruised scent gland. “I’m sorry.”

“I know.” Hoseok whispered, turning so his cheek pressed to the Alphas. “It’s okay.”

“Did… did I hurt you?” His voice was strained.

“No.” He shook his head. “Well the stretch from the knot, but that’s normal.” He sighed, shifting his arms, subconsciously holding the other tighter. “It didn’t hurt.”

“Good… good.” He nodded, sniffling and gently kissing the spot again. “W-when my knot lessens… the rut… I won’t be able to stop.”

“I know.” Hoseok sighed. He moved one hand up and down the other’s spine, the action a comfort for both. “It’s okay. Let it run its course.” He murmured.

He thought back to what the others had said to him. Jungkook was gentle. He waited until Hoseok’s heat hit. He waited until he was loose enough with a good amount of slick. He was slow until he knew the older could handle it. Even with a cloudy brain, he was careful. In retrospect, Hoseok got lucky. He was lucky as all hell it was Jungkook and not Gunther.

“You’re sure I didn’t hurt you?” He asked again.
“Yeah. Felt good.” He admitted.

Jungkook’s breath caught and he pulled back, finally locking red rimmed eyes with the older. “I—it did?”

“Yeah… really good.” He nodded, watching the blush spread along the other’s cheeks.

Jungkook buried his face back in the older’s neck. “Good.”

“Yeah.”

Chapter End Notes

So… I wonder who made it through the chapter…

Happy news! New 2 chapter short story!
I decided to give everyone a gift. I asked (mostly on twitter) for people to tell me their wackiest ideas and I would do as many stories as I could as a gift to you for helping me reach (almost) 500 subscribers!
SO! This Wednesday I will be posting ‘Just a Boy and his Turtle’. It’s a cute 2 part story about Jungkook overcoming his depression by giving his love to a little tiny box turtle he found on a beach.

15 year old Jungkook lives at home and suffers from depression, despite logically having no reason to. He’s got the perfect family, friends and life… but he can’t shake this horrible emptiness that’s crushing him.
One day he finds a little turtle on the beach. He takes it home and starts to take care of it. He even gives it the most perfect name, Prince Yoongi. The turtle becomes his reason for living… until it passes away when he’s a young adult, devastating him.
Jungkook, unable to cope with the loss, attempts to take his life. Whilst in the hospital recovering, he is roomed with a patient who recently awoke from a coma with severe amnesia. The only thing he does remember, is his name… Yoongi. (Fluff and angst)

Next chapter Jungkook’s rut breaks and Hoseok is officially ‘up for hire’… his first client is none other than Gunther… only… Gunther doesn’t get the chance to bed Hoseok… Seokjin sneaks into the room to share a moment of intimacy with Jimin, much to Hoseok’s distress…
..... Y'all know I can’t tell you who dies right? I feel bad because… I think I gave the wrong impression… you guys do realize more than one character dies… right? So… be prepared for that I guess…. It won't be until chapters 15 and 16……. (die in 15 aftermath in 16 cuz I'm an asshole ^_^)

Catt_Senpai: Yeah… there's a lot of sad… be careful reading please!
bangtan_bae: I’m glad you like it! It’s good to know I’m not the only masochist…
BeyTS: Yeah he gets the feelz eventually… keep in mind I tagged Stockholm syndrome…
circleforna: It’s not gonna get easier >.<
Herbgirl15: Hopekook is supposed to do that :P You want it for Jungkook but don’t for Hoseok.

Please remember and notice I grouped these tags together:
Psychological Torture, Stockholm Syndrome, hopelessness, Trauma Bonding, trauma related unit cohesion
Because the hopekook, for example, is Stockholm, psychological torture and trauma bonding, the yoonmin is trauma bonding, trauma related unit cohesion and psychological torture, the Taegi is trauma bonding and psychological torture and the Seokmin is psychological torture and trauma bonding… and all of them feel hopeless.

A long time ago I mentioned I was writing a story where the ending ended up completely different from what I planned… that would be this story. One person was supposed to die after they escape in their lovers arms… yeah that’s not what happens at all………

Now that I've raised everyone’s anxiety levels… see you in 4 days! –Grins-
Slowly sleepy eyes blinked open, looking around the dark room.

Hoseok sucked in a breath, his front pressed to the mattress, an arm across his bare back. He shifted carefully, feeling the ache running through him. They had gone another three rounds before the younger finally pulled him in close and passed out from exhaustion.

The older weighed his options. He had no idea how long ruts usually lasted for, but he didn’t really want to find out.

Slow as a snail he slid out from the other’s arm and onto the floor. He tested each step before putting his full weight, avoiding any creaks.

Hoseok found his clothes and quietly pulled them on, tiptoeing to the door. His heart was hammering in his ears as he got closer. Every step hurt, his body sore and stiff.

He reached out with a shaky hand, grasping the door handle firmly.

A deep growl froze him to his spot, the sound far closer than he would have liked. His eyes closed and he slumped, hands gripping his hips and pulling him away from the door. He snuffled, trying to push the lump in his throat down, his eyes watering.

He let the strong Alpha lead him back to the bed, knowing better than to struggle. He was achy and weaker than earlier. Jungkook was just as strong as before. Hoseok was no match for the Alpha, especially in his current state.

Jungkook stopped him just before the end of the bed, pushing the other’s shirt up, humming pleased when arms lifted so it could be removed.
Hoseok reached down and shakily removed his own bottoms, wanting at least some illusion of control. Strong hands ran up and down his sides, lips trailing along his neck. Jungkook nudged him forwards, his throat tightening as he crawled back up the mattress and sat in his spot.

He waited knowingly, the Alpha taking his place beside him. He leaned over, keening slightly, kissing the older’s cheek, nuzzling his neck before pressing his lips back to the other’s scent gland. He wrapped an arm around the other’s slim waist, pulling him closer and laying him back down.

He pushed Hoseok onto his stomach, the older’s lips trembling again. Hands ran along his body, nips and licks being delivered to his sensitive gland. Fingers trailed along his crease, slick still making the area slippery. He gasped when two digits pushed in, his rear still decently loose from the four rounds earlier.

Jungkook groaned softly in his ear, twisting and thrusting his hand. The older couldn’t stop the pleasured sparks that ran through him, his body being clouded with lust again. He cried out when Jungkook found his prostate, rubbing the bundle repeatedly, pulling loud, high mewls from the Omega. A fresh wave of heat ran through his body, his slick starting up again as whimpers left his throat. He pushed down against the intrusion, gripping the sheets under him. He felt the pleasure pooling in his stomach and moaned, his hips stuttering against the bed.

“Good boy.” Jungkook’s voice broke out, sending Hoseok over the edge with a loud cry at the praise, his thighs drenched and body trembling. The younger removed his hand and pressed his front to Hoseok’s back. He lined up and pushed in with a growl, the older’s eyes rolling to the back of his head, a throaty moan filling the area.

He relaxed his body into the mattress, gasping and gripping the sheets as the Alpha struck his bundle of nerves repeatedly, a white blinding pleasure filling him. He felt the other start to swell and whined.

Jungkook growled in his ear as his knot caught, grinding in deep before climaxing with a guttural groan. He slumped on top of the smaller, gasping slightly for breaths. Carefully he wrapped an arm around the other’s waist and rolled them onto their sides, panting heavily as he continued to release into the other. He pressed his lips to the back of the shorter’s neck, nuzzling his hair line and mewling happily before drifting back off to sleep, still buried deep inside the older.

Hoseok’s breaths calmed and the fog cleared from his brain. He gripped the sheets tight, a lump in his throat. Maybe it was time to accept his fate? He wasn’t going anywhere until the other’s rut broke. No one was going to save him and there was no way in hell he was able to sneak out without the other somehow knowing. Even if he did he would probably just be brought back with a gun against his spine.
He let his eyes close. He hated himself. He hated this. But if he let his instincts take over, it would go faster. Or at least it might seem that way. He let out a few shaky breaths, clearing his mind and relaxing into the sheets and the Alpha behind him. He could feel the familiar cloudiness crawl across his brain. Instead of fighting it, he let it consume him.

A quiet mewl slipped from his lips, his body going limp and surrendering completely under the strong Alpha, sleep claiming him quickly once it had.

The next three days went by in a blur, the Omega’s mind clouded with lust and need, letting his body submit to the strong Alpha again, and again with pleasured cries.

He knew when the final knot was afoot, the way Jungkook’s voice changed, how he nipped at the older’s neck and growled. His hips pushed in relentlessly, Hoseok crying out and grasping along his back, feeling the final swell before the guttural moan left the younger, his orgasm hitting him hard.

They fell asleep, both exhausted, tangled up together.

Hoseok awoke sometime after Jungkook had, fingers gently running up and down his bare spine as he laid on his stomach. He groaned, shifting, feeling the aches in his muscles and joints. He cracked his eyes open, the younger smiling bashfully at him.

“Hey.” Jungkook whispered, brushing Hoseok’s bangs from his face.

The older grunted, not wanting to talk, still feeling worn out.

“Thank you, for helping.”

“You make it sound like I had a choice.” Hoseok grumbled, his eyes closing again, breathing in the peppermint scented sheets.
Jungkook frowned and sagged slightly, his hand pausing before going back to rubbing along the other’s shoulders and spine, down to his tail bone and back up.

Hoseok couldn’t help the quiet moan that left him. It felt nice, like the other was rubbing the aches away with a pleasantly warm hand.

The door opened and Jungkook gasped, quickly covering both their lower halves, his cheeks reddening.

“Let’s go.” One of the men walked over, grabbing Hoseok’s bicep and yanking him up, a yelp filling the room.

Jungkook growled threateningly, reaching out for the Omega.

“Jungkook.” His father’s voice pierced the room, Hoseok tossed to the side, his clothes thrown at him.

“Dad…”

“Congratulations on your first rut. Bring him back.” He nodded at the other man to pull the now dressed, limping Hoseok from the room.

“No!” Jungkook shook his head, whimpering slightly. He didn’t want them to take his Omega away!

“Calm down, Kook. Your hormones are still out of whack. You’ll be fine in a couple hours.” His dad sighed out slightly irritated. “Your instincts want you to nest and stay with him. It will pass.” He left the room, closing the door and leaving the Alpha alone to whine at the loss of his Omega.

Hoseok grunted as he was shoved against the wall outside of his room. The guy grabbed his jaw roughly so his mouth opened, jamming a pill in there and thrusting a cup at him.
“Take it. It will stop you from getting pregnant with his litter.”

Hoseok hesitantly took the drug, scared it would ruin his reproductive system.

“It’s okay.” Namjoon’s voice broke out, nodding at the man to leave. “It’s basically like the day after pill, but stronger. It won’t damage anything, just break down the eggs that might be inseminated.”

“Oh… okay.” Hoseok nodded, hugging his middle. Namjoon unlocked the door, motioning for him to enter his room.

As soon as he did, the two Omegas jumped up and rushed over.

“Hoseok!” Jimin hesitantly reached out, the other flinching back at first before letting the smaller’s hand rest on his shoulder.

“He really went to town on your gland, eh?” Yoongi murmured. He looked at the other side of Hoseok’s neck, stiffening. “He bit you a bit.” He noted. “Good thing he stopped himself. Almost mated you by the looks of it.” He reached up to trail his fingers along the area.

Hoseok let out a nasty growl, snapping his jaw and barring his teeth.

Yoongi pulled back, his eyes wide and arms up in defense, Jimin practically across the room.

Hoseok stopped and his breath hitched. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay, I should have known better than to try and touch there.” Yoongi said softly. He reached down, griping the top of his boxers, almost as if seeking comfort from it. It was where he hid his pin.

“How do you feel?” Jimin asked from his own bed.

“Tired. Sore.” He murmured, walking over to his own mat, crawling up it. He curled in on himself and groaned. “My everything aches.”
“Yeah, that will happen.” Yoongi nodded with a frown, sitting on his own bed.

“How long was I gone?”

“How long was I gone?” Jimin said softly. “Did… did you fight it? Or did you let your instincts take over?” He fidgeted slightly.

Hoseok sighed heavily through his nose. “I tried to fight it for the first day. But after the fifth round… I gave up I guess.”

“Good.” Yoongi nodded. “It’s easier if you do.”

“Much.” Jimin nodded his confirmation. “Hurts less, time goes faster.”

“Heart hurts more, though.” Hoseok muttered. “You know… I thought the worst part of our whole situation would be the rape. But it’s not. It’s wanting it to happen. The worst part is liking it and getting off to it.”

“It gets easier.” Yoongi whispered, laying back against his sheet. “Your heart hurts less after a while. Gets kind of a numb feeling I guess… maybe indifferent?” He shrugged. “It’ll get easier.”

“That’s not comforting.” Hoseok frowned.

“I didn’t say it was.”

The three Omegas lied down in the dark room, staring at various spots.

They heard a click and all three of their heads snapped to the door, fear creeping up their spines. No one came in this late. No one. The door opened, someone slipping into the room, closing the object quietly.
He shifted through the room a bit clumsily, heading to the far bed. A soft voice broke out. “Jimin?”

“Seokjin?!” The younger sat up, beaming.

“Shh. Hey.” He smiled, sitting on the floor, letting the smaller crawl into his lap and press their lips together. He wrapped his arms tight around the other, sighing in content. “God I missed you.”

“I missed you too.” Jimin nudged his head along the other’s chin, rubbing his cheek everywhere he could along the side of the other’s neck, spreading his own scent and picking up Jin’s. “How long do you have?”

“Maybe a half hour?”

“No!” Jimin whined, snuggling in closer. “It’s not long enough!”

“I know, my Prince.” He pressed his lips to the other’s cheek. “It’s the best I can do.”

Jimin pulled back, sniffling, his head ducked down and arms around the broad shoulders. He chewed his lip for a moment before letting go. He grabbed the flimsy mat and tossed it on the ground beside them, crawling on.

Jin’s breath hitched, the younger leaning over on his hands and knees to lock their lips together. When Jimin slowly moved back, Jin followed, letting his body cover along the younger’s.

“You’re sure?”

“Yeah, please?”

“Okay, baby.” Jin shared a soft, lingering kiss, reaching down to remove the other’s bottoms. He paused pulling back. “You’re not in a heat… I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Aish.” Yoongi shuffled, a bottle whacking Jin in the head, making him hiss.
“Ow! What is that?”

“Lube. I have like, four bottles I stole stashed around the room.” He shrugged, flopping down and turning his back to them. “Try and keep it down. I’m not getting beat for your hormones.”

“Thanks.” Jin smiled softly, turning back to the youngest.

Jimin blushed, leaning up to reconnect their mouths.

Slowly the two stripped their clothing off, the sound of a cap opening followed by Jimin’s breath hitching as the older carefully worked him open.

Seokjin lined himself up, leaning down for another kiss as he pushed his hips forwards, a gasp falling from the smaller, followed by a quiet moan.

Jimin pressed his legs tight to the older’s sides, gripping along the already sweaty back.

Hoseok stared at the wall with wide eyes as soft pants and moans filled the room. He could hear the sound of Jimin sliding slightly along the mat, gasps reaching his ears. He knew the second both of them finished, a loud intake of breath from Jimin, Jin muffling his moan with his hand before his own quiet grunt slid out.

The rustling noises stopped, heavy breathing surrounding them. He could hear the two share a loving kiss, whispering sweet things back and forth before Jin reluctantly got up and re dressed. He shared one more passionate lip lock with Jimin before slipping out and locking the door, the younger fixing his bed and sighing in content.

( Sorry this was late! I was babysitting then hanging with my cousins and got drunk >.>)
So… Hoseok’s officially ben knotted and Jungkook has taken an even stronger, protective liking towards him…

Next chapter is SCARY! Hoseok is officially ‘broken in’ and ‘up for hire’. His first ‘customer’ is Gunther… However… Jungkook is not happy to hear about the news… Shortly after Taehyung makes another visit to Yoongi, sharing an intimate talk.

Next chapter includes: RAPPE, FORCED KNOTTING, VIOLENCE

Catt_Senpai: That’s good! I’m glad you’re being careful! Later Hoseok gets mad and call Jungkook the badguy… Jungkook tells us exactly how he feels about his position…

Herbgirl15: The stockho9lm tags will start coming into play not next chapter, but the following

Bright_Morning: You’ll find out soon…

Skylarkse: Aweh! Thank you!!

lumierou: Yeah, it’s a very sad situation <3

Also thank you to circleforna, bangtan_bae, Kira, and mxnyxxngi for leaving comments! Please all be cautious next chapter!
Chapter 7: Marked

Hoseok gripped the thin comforter tight, his body shaking. He heard the men as they laughed and walked about, most speaking in a language he didn’t understand.

Yoongi and Jimin kept silent, neither one of them bothering to dispel his fears. It was better if he was scared.

The Seventh Platoon was back.

And Hoseok?

Hoseok was broken in. Hoseok was for hire.

He felt his lip tremble, his eyes blurry with unshed tears.

They heard the click of the lock and he closed his eyes, the drops slowly falling down his cheeks. Someone walked over and grabbed his bicep, pulling him up. “Gunther wants you.”

Hoseok felt fear grip him at his core, locking horrified eyes with Jimin and Yoongi’s own scared ones. “No! No!” He grabbed his bed frame, the item screeching along the floor, the Alpha growling at him as he struggled.

“Hoseok! Hoseok listen to me!” Yoongi called out. “Don’t struggle! It will make it worse! Just go! Do what Gunther says!”

The younger let out a sob, his grip loosening on the bed as he was yanked out of the room and into
the hall. He took in stuttering breaths, coughing them back out, tripping over his own feet. The hall was lined with armed men, noises he didn’t want to think about behind every door.

He looked up at the sneering man pleadingly when they stopped. “No, please no.” He shook his head, crying harder when the door was opened and he was shoved in.

He stumbled slightly, quickly hugging his center. He saw a burly Alpha standing in the center of the room. His shirt was gone and he was already working on his bottoms. The younger shook his head again, backing up against the door, his body trembling with fear. He squeezed his eyes shut, hearing the other’s bottoms hit the floor. His footsteps were heavy and loud, each one a clock ticking down in Hoseok’s mind.

A hand roughly grabbed the back of his neck, tangling into his hair. He cried out, the taller shoving him towards the bed, Hoseok’s hands colliding with the mat when they shot down to break his fall.

He let out a terrified yell when his boxers were yanked down and his face was pressed hard into the mattress. He could feel the other lining up and he gripped the fabric tight, cries wracking through his body, legs trembling in fear.

A loud, ferocious growl filled the room followed by a grunt. The Alpha’s presence was gone, no longer pressed to him. Hoseok sprung up the bed, quickly turning and pressing his back into the corner of the wall to try and defend himself.

He stared in shock at what he saw.

Gunther was bare, growling angrily.

And across from him?

Jungkook.

Jungkook was snarling dangerously at the other, his teeth barred, a few scratches on his arms and cheek from fighting his way through the hallway. He took a step towards Hoseok, Gunther grumbling threateningly at him.
The young Alpha snapped his jaw, shifting closer to the Omega again.

Hoseok knew what was happening. Jungkook was challenging Gunther. He felt a stir in his gut and let out a whimper, feeling ashamed, both of their eyes snapping to the smaller one on the bed. Hoseok could feel the shivers running up his spine at the displays of dominance, a fight over him. He was torn. Should he let his instincts take over? Or did he fight them? Could he even fight it?

He could feel the crease of his rear dampen, both Alphas moaning as his scent increased, once again glaring at each other.

Gunther spun towards Hoseok, moving quickly.

Jungkook grabbed him by his short hair, yanking him back harshly with a nasty growl.

He managed to get a hand on the bed, Hoseok’s body shifting on its own accord.

The Omega whimpered, hating himself as he slowly slid down along the mat, his front pressed to the dirty material, opening himself up.

Jungkook let out a short yelp when Gunther’s teeth dug into the back of his shoulder. He spun and shoved the other hard, knocking him to the ground. He quickly climbed up the bed, undoing his bottoms, positioning himself behind Hoseok and pushing in, both gasping.

Hoseok’s eyes rolled back, a throaty moan leaving him when the younger managed a few hard thrusts into his prostate before the older man was trying to pry him off.

Jungkook let out a loud, ferocious growl, shaking Hoseok right down to the bone.

Gunther suddenly stopped and stumbled back, a look of fear crossing his face.

Jungkook turned his attention back to Hoseok, quickly thrusting in and out of him, his knot swelling. He growled deep in his chest and bared his teeth at Gunther before snapping them down and into Hoseok’s skin as he locked in place.
A scream ripped through the room. The Omega didn’t know if it was from the pain or the orgasm that tore through him, Jungkook’s knot bursting inside of him as he came as well.

“Fucking little brat.” Gunther hissed out, grabbing his clothes and pulling them on, slamming the door on his way out.

Jungkook whimpered and removed his teeth from the older’s neck, the side opposite to his scent gland, panting heavily on top of the other.

Hoseok’s brain started to clear, realization filling him. “Oh god. Oh god what did you do?!” He cried out, struggling under the larger male. He yelped as the other’s knot tugged on his rim, Jungkook growling in warning. He slumped under the other, his eyes welling and a choked sob leaving him.

Jungkook marked him.

He fucking marked him.

He gripped the sheets tight, crying into them heavily. The younger was gently kissing the bloodied mark, trying to lick it clean, whining slightly at his mate’s cries. He gently nudged his nose along Hoseok’s jaw, his hands rubbing his side affectionately. “Mine.” He whispered in the reddened ear, Hoseok sobbing louder.

The door opened, an angry growl reaching their ears. “Goddammit Jungkook!” Mr. Jeon’s voice roared out. “What the fuck were you thinking?!”

Jungkook turned his head and snapped his jaw at his dad in warning, his chest rumbling dangerously, daring the other.

The older man froze in his spot, shock crossing his features. He huffed and crossed his arms, narrowing his eyes at his son. “When your knot finishes, we’re talking.” He motioned a few Betas to come in. “If you struggle, they have my order to shoot your leg.”

Jungkook flinched, pressing into Hoseok and nodding in understanding. They watched as the older male left.
Hoseok sniffled under the other, his cries stopped but his heart aching. A few moments later Jungkook nuzzled the back of his neck, kissing it affectionately before pulling back. He reached down, gently taking Hoseok’s bicep pulling up.

The older knew he had two choices. Jungkook could help him walk, or the Betas could. He pushed himself up onto shaky legs, the younger grabbing his boxers and helping him into the fabric. The taller wrapped a protective arm around Hoseok’s waist pulling him in tight and barring his teeth at anyone that stepped too close. He led the smaller back to his room, carefully turning him so they faced.

He ran his nose, cheek and chin along Hoseok’s neck, scenting him before placing a gentle kiss on the fresh bite mark. “You’ll thank me later.” He whispered in the older’s ear before he was tugged away, Hoseok’s door opening.

“Fuck you.” The older managed to croak out before stumbling into his empty room.

He limped over to his bed, sitting heavily on it. He felt the ball in his chest expand before a sob fell out. He reached up, tentatively touching the mark that bound him to Jungkook. He once again grasped his comforter, pulling it up to grip for comfort.

Yoongi came back first, hissing as he walked and crawling up his bed. He paused, sniffing the air. “Why do you smell like Jungkook?” He turned his head, seeing the bloody bite wound on the other’s skin. “Oh… oh fuck… He mated you?” His eyes widened. “But… Gunther…”

“He fought Gunther off.” Hoseok croaked out. “Gunther was about to…” He swallowed thickly, his eyes reddening slightly, gripping the fabric tighter. “But Jungkook fought him off. I… a mini heat was triggered.” He looked at the other frowning heavily. “I saw them fighting, and like a fucking bitch I laid there waiting for the stronger to knot me.”

“Hoseok.” Yoongi got up, sighing. He sat beside the younger, placing a hand on a raised knee. “Hoseok it’s not your fault. Your instincts took over.”

“I should have fought it.”

“So he could fuck you raw?” Yoongi raised his brow unamused. “Hoseok, the heat is what saved you from getting torn to shreds. If what you’re telling me is accurate…” He rubbed the back of his
“Jungkook would have been pretty rough with you, trying to assert and prove his dominance over Gunther… If… if a heat wasn’t triggered…” He flinched. “Jesus, kid. I wouldn’t wish that on anyone.”

Hoseok sniffled and nodded, feeling a little less guilty. “Hyung?”

“Hmm?” His voice was gentle.

“What’s going to happen to me?” He looked at the other with big, frightened eyes.

Yoongi frowned. “I don’t know, Hoseok-ah. I don’t know.”

It had been nearly two days since the incident. Jimin had fussed over the mark, making sure it was clean so it wouldn’t get infected. He had also given longing sighs. He didn’t say why, but Hoseok knew. Jimin wished Seokjin would be able to leave a mark like that on him. But all that would do is stick a target between their eyes.

Hoseok laid there, staring at the ceiling in the dark, a strange hollow feeling in his chest that he didn’t understand.

There was a soft click, the door opening. He had the sudden hope that it was Jungkook. Horror ran through him at the realization. He hoped his rapist was coming in?! What kind of sick fuck was he turning into?!

The tall man quietly shifted through the room and to the middle bed, lifting the blanket and crawling in behind Yoongi. Hoseok turned his head to watch, curiosity filling him.

Yoongi had sucked in a breath, startling slightly. “Shit.” He let out a sigh. “Dammit, Taehyung, don’t scare me like that.” He whispered.

“Sorry.”
“Why are you in my bed?” Yoongi murmured out.

“I wanted to see you.” Taehyung slid an arm around the other’s middle, a blush staining the Omegas cheeks, happy no one could see it.

“Well I don’t want to see you. Go away.”

“Nope.” He nuzzled the back of the other’s hair line, receiving an irritated sigh. “Be as grouchy as you want, Yoongi-Hyung. You can’t fool me. I know you like this.” He snuggled into the other, holding him close.

“No I don’t. Go away.” He gently elbowed the other. Yoongi didn’t want him to hold him like that. It made his heart flutter. It gave him hope. It gave more things for him to lose and for his heart to shatter over later. “Taehyung, stop.”

The younger leaned up slightly on his arm, pressing his lips to the other’s shoulder. He quietly trailed kisses down to the other’s neck, Yoongi’s breath hitching and his eyes watering.

“Please, stop.” He choked out, angry his voice was betraying him.

“Not yet.” Taehyung kissed a flushed cheek, Yoongi gripping the bottom sheet tight, trying to stop his jaw from trembling. “Please stop fighting me, Hyung. You’ve been fighting me for three years.” He nudged the other with his nose, kissing his scent gland. “Just… give in already. Let me love you.”

A choked sob fell from the other’s lips. He tilted away from the other, trying to hide his face. “Shh, it’s okay, Hyung.” Taehyung gently pulled the older.

Yoongi caved.

He turned around, burying his head under the other’s chin, gripping his shirt tight, trying to keep his sobs silent so he didn’t alert the guards.
“It’s okay, I’ve got you.” Taehyung shifted the other, pulling him up the bed slightly, rubbing their noses together. The older brought a hand up to try and hide his face, the younger taking the limb in his own instead.

He pressed a kiss to the heated forehead, their fingers lacing together. He kissed the older’s temple next, followed by his cheek. He moved to the corner of the trembling mouth before finally letting their lips touch. Yoongi sniffled but didn’t object, adding pressure to the gentle action.

Taehyung stayed there for a long moment, slowly kissing the damp lips, his hand locked with Yoongi’s. He pulled back, pressing his mouth to the other’s forehead again. “I have to go. I’ll try and come see you tomorrow, okay?”

Yoongi nodded, squeezing his hand in understanding. The younger smiled before sharing one more, soft kiss, slipping off the bed and out of the room.

Hoseok laid there, his own heart aching. Three years? Yoongi and Taehyung had been in love for three years? The younger forced to watch as Yoongi slipped further and further into a depression. And Jin and Jimin… it wasn’t fair. It wasn’t fucking fair!

So,,, that was an intense scene,,,

Everyone okay?

Taegi </3

Next chapter Hoseok, much to his initial horror, is yanked out of his shared room once again… but maybe where they’re bringing him isn’t so awful? (Stockholm)… and Maybe Jungkook’s marking him… wasn’t for the worst?

Thank you to  BleuPapillon, Catt_Senpai, Herbgirl15, Nanys0929, sope2018, BeyTS (Too cute!) for leaving comments! Sorry about my lack of replying… I’m rockin a fever of 100+ and having difficulty staring at screens… this chapter took me forever to edit >.<
Picture Perfect Part 3: Shattered Glass, will start on May 4th! It will be the final installment! :)

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Chapter 8: Saved by the Bite

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Warnings: Coarse Language, STOCKHOLM

Chapter 8: Saved by the Bite

The door was opened roughly, a man walking over and grabbing Hoseok by his bicep, yanking him up. Panic ran through the shorter and he struggled slightly.

“No!” He shook his head, not wanting to be brought to a client.

“Hoseok, remember, don’t fight.” Yoongi said calmly from his spot. “You don’t want them hurting you even worse. Just go.”

The younger felt his chest twist and nodded, trying to push the lump in his throat down. The man pulled him out of the room and down the hall to the right... then to the left.

He felt his heart speed up as well as his feet, a high keen sounding in his throat.

The door opened, no one needing to push him in. He walked quickly, Jungkook meeting him halfway. Their chest hit and arms wrapped, quiet, pleased mews and coos filling the room. They bumped their heads against each other spreading their scents.

After a moment of them holding each other, Hoseok’s brain started to click back together. He gasped and roughly pulled back, his eyes wide.

“Hyung?” Jungkook frowned but let him back up.

“What the fuck?” He looked around, feeling confused. The smell of peppermint was everywhere. It was calming and pleasant. It pissed him off. Why was it calming and pleasant? Why did he run to his rapist?!
The mark.

His breath hitched and he flinched back.

The door opened behind him and he yelped, shooting across the room and behind the young Alpha on instinct, gripping his arm, his eyes peeking out. Normally he would have yelled at himself or at least walked off… but he couldn’t deny that he was scared. Plus he saw Jungkook fight. His mate was the strongest Alpha he’d ever seen. It made his chest feel all fluttery. Even if he wasn’t mated by choice.

Mr. Jeon slipped into the room, closing the door with a heavy sigh.

“It’s okay.” Jungkook said softly, looking back at Hoseok. “He’s just here to talk.” The older tightened his grip, glaring.

“Hoseok.” Mr. Jeon’s deep voice broke out. “My son has apparently chosen you to be his mate.”

Hoseok bit back his ‘no shit’ retort, choosing to growl quietly instead.

The oldest huffed in annoyance. “Because of this, you are his. No one can touch you unless he says so.” He looked between the two. “You do as my son says now. Understood? He’s your Alpha. You will tend to him. You will take care of him. What he wants, you will do.” He narrowed his eyes. “I will not hesitate to kill you if you disobey him.”

Jungkook growled at his father in warning, not liking that comment in the slightest.

“Oh shut up. You just cost me millions of Won a month.” He bit out. He turned his glare to the Omega. “Welcome to the family, Jeon Hoseok.” He turned and walked out, slamming the door shut behind him.

Hoseok let go, quickly stepping away from the other, glaring.
“Do you understand yet?” Jungkook asked softly, wringing his hands.

“That I’m your slave? Yeah.” He crossed his arms.

Jungkook sighed, slumping. “No, Hoseok-ah. That you’re no one else’s.” He looked up at him. “Hoseok… no one can hire you. You’re my Omega, which means-”

His breath hitched. “No one else can rape me.” His arms fell down at his sides. “Y-you…”

Jungkook shuffled nervously. “I told you that I really liked you. I… I don’t want you in pain. When I found out Gunther paid for you… I got so angry and scared. Then I heard you scream and something in me snapped. I… never want anyone to hurt or scare you like that again. All I could think was that I needed to protect you from him, from all of them… so I marked you.” He glanced off to the side, frowning. “I know you don’t like me. I don’t blame you. But… I couldn’t let them hurt you,”

Hoseok stared at him for a long moment, his throat tight, not knowing what to say or think.

“My friends…”

Jungkook looked up at him surprised. “The Omegas you room with?”

“Yoongi and Jimin.” Hoseok glared at him.

“Yoongi and Jimin.” He nodded, looking off to the side, concentrating. He repeated the names a few times, trying to burn them into his memory. He nodded at the other. “What about Yoongi and Jimin?”

“I can’t leave them.” He frowned.

“I…” Jungkook copied his action, looking away. “I can’t do anything about them yet. I don’t take over for another four years at the earliest.”

“F-four years?” His breath hitched, eyes watering. “They have to suffer for four more years?!”
Jungkook bit his lip. “I can see what I can do… but Hoseok-ah… Babe, I don’t think I can do anything.”

“Don’t call me that. I’m not your babe. You raped me and forced me to mate with you.” He narrowed his eyes angrily. “You have no right to call me anything even remotely like that, Alpha.”

The younger flinched, but nodded. “O-okay.” He cleared his throat. “I-is it cool if I finish my homework?” He motioned to his desk, a laptop set up, papers scattered around it.

“I don’t give a shit.” Hoseok grumbled.

“Th-thanks. Uhm… are you suicidal?”

“Excuse me?” Hoseok’s brows shot up.

“A-are you suicidal?”

“No. I’m pissed off. There is a difference.” He growled out.

“I have a private bathroom… you can shower if you want… you can wear anything from the dresser too.” He pointed to the closed door and the luxurious wooden dresser.

Hoseok paused, his heart doubling. He hesitantly stepped towards the door, Jungkook smiling and nodding at him. He spun and darted into the room, closing the door. He frowned when he realized the lock had been removed.

So much for locking himself in. He sighed and looked around the area. All things considered, it was a pretty nice bathroom. Especially since the rest of the place almost looked like it was falling apart. He started to wonder if it was that way on purpose. He walked over to the sink, looking at his reflection for the first time in at least a month.

He flinched, seeing his dirty complexion, his hair greasy and tangled. He could see the bite mark on
his neck and the bruising over his gland. He felt his eyes water.

He didn’t have any stubble. None of the Omegas did. When they first got there they held the Omegas down and spread some kind of crap on their faces, arms and legs. It burned like a bitch. The hair never coming back. He reached down and shakily pulled the dirty shirt over his head, able to see from his biceps up. He flinched, immediately noticing the muscle loss, looking down and poking his ribs. He sighed and removed his bottoms.

He opened the door behind him, pulling out a wash cloth, keeping note that the towels and shaving kit was there. In case he decided to shave the Alpha’s head in his sleep or something.

He walked over to the shower, turning the knob.

The sound of the water struck something deep in his chest. He never realized how goddamn beautiful that sound was. He got the temperature to where he wanted, hot as fuck, and climbed in, flat out moaning at the feel.

He stood there for a few minutes, watching the dirt swirl down the drain, feeling the hot drops pelting his skin wonderfully. He grabbed the bar of soap and the cloth, lathering it up. He had never scrubbed himself so damn hard in his life! He even cleaned behind his ears like his mom used to constantly hassle him about.

He washed his hair with the younger’s shampoo, sighing as he massaged his scalp.

He frowned though when realization hit him. His back. He closed his eyes for a moment before huffing. “Jungkook?”

He didn’t have to wait long for the timid voice to come through. “Y-yeah?”

“Can you get my back?”

It was silent. He was pretty sure the other was having a coronary on the other side of the door. “O-okay!” He sounded far too happy.
Hoseok huffed and turned his back to the shower door, holding the cloth. Jungkook tentatively opened the glass object, his breath hitching, but no other sound leaving him. He took the fabric and pushed it against the other’s shoulder, Hoseok bracing his hands against the wall.

A soft moan left the older as the taller rubbed the last of the dirt from his skin.

When he finished he cleared his throat awkwardly. “You ah… you missed a couple spots… sh-should I..?” He left it hanging.

Hoseok knew he’d probably regret it. “Yeah. Okay.” He nodded, keeping his hands pressed to the cool tile. He felt the cloth run along the back of his biceps, cleaning the area.

Jungkook cleared his throat nervously, reaching down and pressing the soapy item to the back of the other’s thigh, just under his rear.

Hoseok’s breath hitched, a spark running through him as gentle hands wiped the spot.

Jungkook suddenly pulled back, holding the cloth out for Hoseok to take.

“Th-thanks.” The older cleared his throat, reaching over to shut off the water. “Can ah, can you grab me a towel?”

“Y-yeah, yeah.” He waited for a moment before feeling the soft fabric against his arm.

“Thanks.”

“Yeah.” Jungkook shuffled awkwardly. “Should I… should I go back out, or..?”

“Yeah, go do your homework.”

“O-okay.” He turned and slipped out of the room quickly.
Hoseok let out a breath he didn’t realize he was holding, hoping the other wasn’t aware of his goddamn boner. In his defense, he had had one for most of the shower. It wasn’t his fault! It just felt so fucking good to shower again. It’s not like he had perfect control over the damned thing between his legs. As much as he’d like to.

He finished drying off, tying the towel around his waist. He noticed his clothes were missing, which was fine, given how dirty they had been. He stopped in front of the mirror, smiling slightly at his reflection. It wasn’t great, but it was better.

He slid out of the room and over to the dresser, opening up drawers and pulling out some clothes. He knew the other was watching him. Honestly, after who knew how long, he didn’t give a flying fuck. Plus technically they’d had sex, so it wasn’t like he’d never seen him naked.

He dressed and sighed, turning to face the other.

Jungkook looked away and blushed. He fidgeted for a moment before looking back up at the other. “You’re really, really cute.” He said quietly, shifting. “I ah… I thought you were before but… you’re cuter clean. Uhm, if you’re tired you can lie down, or if you’re hungry there’s a plate of food. I had some brought up whilst you were showering. There’s water, juice, milk and wine too.” He cleared his throat, avoiding eye contact. “I ah, I’ll be here if you need me.” He turned quickly back to his homework, picking up his pencil and busying himself.

Hoseok raised an amused brow and walked over to the bed, sitting on the side that had more or less become his, the left side. He quietly took the plate of food, shuffling until he was comfortable. He ate slowly, sipping the milk. After a few moments, curiosity won. “Jungkook?”

“Yeah?” he spun, answering quickly.

“What day is it?”

“May 24th.”

Hoseok frowned and nodded. “I’ve been here about five and a half weeks then.”

“Yeah.” Jungkook cleared his throat, watching the other as he ate, waiting for any other questions.
Hoseok stayed silent. He finished eating and went to the washroom, relishing the clean area as opposed to the sometimes working toilet in his old room. He went back out to the main bedroom and walked back to his spot. He pulled the blankets back and slid under, moaning quietly. The sheets had been washed recently, he could tell. Everything felt so crisp and wonderful against his skin. He forgot how amazing it felt to be dirt free. He forgot how amazing a real bed was and how incredible proper blankets were.

The light disappeared and he startled slightly. Jungkook turned on the lamp on his desk, leaving the room mostly dark.

Hoseok couldn’t stop the slight twist in his chest at the considerate act. “Thank you.”

“Of course. Let me know if you need anything.” Jungkook’s voice was gentle, almost sounding scared to break the tranquil darkness.

The older breathed in the scent of clean laundry and peppermint. He felt the soft fabrics against his skin. He relished the quiet that surrounded them in the almost sound proof room, the noises that scared him seeming far away. Hoseok fell asleep quickly.

Chapter End Notes

Despite the fact that Jungkook forced himself onto Hoseok, he’s not really a bad guy parse…

He fell for Hoseok, which is why he refused to bed someone else. He wanted to ‘save’ him, so he chose him to knot, knowing he would leave his scent on him and he would be easier to find. He couldn’t search right away, he was recovering from a rut. But the sound of his potential mate in distress sent him into a frenzy to find him, mark him, dominate him and prove he belonged to Jungkook, so no one else could hurt him. Jungkook is a sweetheart. He was devastated that Hoseok didn’t understand why he wanted to sleep with him. He was heartbroken that he forced him down against his will. Because he was in a rut, he was unable to stop himself. In a sense, it was rape for both of them. Neither wanted it but neither had enough control to stop. Jungkook gets the blame because he’s the top and the Alpha, despite being just as upset as Hoseok.
Next chapter Hoseok’s heat hits, right on schedule. This time he’s far more receptive to having Jungkook with him (Stockholm). Taehyung visits Jimin and Yoongi and makes Yoongi a promise. You will also learn why they are so scared of Gunther…

Catt_Senpai: Lmao! Yes, you did indeed figure it out!

sophe2018: MCD? Most Common Denominator..? >.< I’m glad you’re giving it a try!

circleforna: Hehehe! YAY!

BleuPapillon: Aweh! Thank you! I do feel better :)

Herbgirl15: Good guess!!!

Kira: Thank you! And I’m glad you’re better!

cutie5lexis: I agree! Yoongi stays for Jimin. And Jimin gives Yoongi hope that things could get better.

Skylarkse: Aweh! That’s okay!

Also thank you to mxnyxxngi and Nanys0929 for commenting!

For those wondering, I am indeed feeling better! Also… I decided I took on way too much with my bff’s wedding so I will be taking 2 days a week off from posting (Wednesday and Saturday).

Picture Perfect 3 will be posted once a week starting on May 7th!

See you next time!!! MWUAH!
Chapter 9: Keeping Hope

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

**Warnings: Coarse Language, Stockholm, heat, nesting, sweet!Kookie.**

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**Chapter 9: Keeping Hope**

Hoseok stirred, breathing in deep. He glanced around the room, realizing it was still night. He pushed himself up into a sitting position, yawning. He looked to the side, seeing the other half of the bed empty. He frowned and slid off the mattress, walking over to the younger’s desk.

Jungkook’s head was on his arm, breathing deeply. Hoseok carefully saved whatever progress the other made on his laptop before shaking him. “Jungkook. Jungkook.” The younger grumbled but was otherwise still. Hoseok huffed. He leaned down, reluctantly, nuzzling the other’s scent gland. “Alpha?”

The younger stirred slightly.

“Alpha, come to bed.” Hoseok whispered.

Jungkook’s eyes blinked open and he sleepily sat up, his brows furrowed. He looked around, pausing at Hoseok.

The older held his hand out, smiling when the Alpha took it, letting the younger lead him to the bed.

Jungkook yawned loudly, rubbing his eyes. He reached down and pulled his shirt over his head a bit clumsily, removing his jeans.

Hoseok felt a moment of panic run through him but calmed when the younger crawled under the blankets, snuggling into the fabrics and mewling. The shorter hesitantly slipped in next to him. He stiffened when the other moved closer, gripping him around the waist and pulling. He was about to let out a yell when Jungkook hummed, nuzzling the Omega’s shoulder, even breaths falling quickly.
The shorter slowly relaxed his body, letting sleep claim him. He couldn’t deny that Jungkook made him feel safe. As much as he hated him, he felt safe with the strong arm around his middle, an even stronger Alpha attached to protect him. His Alpha.

Dark eyes snapped open, the owner breathing heavily.

He closed them again for a second, trying to catch his breath.

That had been one hell of a dream. It felt so fucking real. The warm hands on his body, the sweat slipping down his sides. He could still hear the other’s moans and pants in his ear as he pushed in deep, rolling his hips.

“Hyung? Are you okay?” Jungkook’s hand landed on his back, startling him. “You’re breathing really heavily…”

Hoseok’s cheeks went a dark red. He was laying on his stomach, his head turned away from the other. “Y-yeah. Bad dream.” He lied.

“Oh… are you okay? Can I help?” He ran his hand up and down the other’s spine.

Hoseok bit back a moan, shaking his head. He could still feel the other’s movements, as if he were still buried deep. He closed his eyes, a light sheen of sweat covering him. The air felt thick and his skin felt hot.

Realization ran through him. “J-Jungkook… what day did you say it was?”

“May 24… well 25 now… Why?”

“Cuz I’m right on schedule.” He muttered out darkly.

“Schedule for what?” Jungkook frowned.
Hoseok rolled his eyes, huffing out slightly irritated. “My heat is starting, dumbass.”

“Oh! OH! Oh… uhm.” He removed his hand, looking around the room nervously. “I ah… I don’t know what I should do…” He admitted. “My dad’s going to make me stay… a-and when the heat hits…”

“I know.” He did. Jungkook’s instincts, especially as a newly mated Alpha, would never let him leave Hoseok at the start of his heat, or during. He’d stay and protect the younger from any others, as well as making sure to knot him plenty. He couldn’t stop the moan at the thought.

“I don’t know how long until my rut will hit… What do you need me to do?”

“Water. Get lots of water up here. And food.” He croaked out, closing his eyes, feeling the prickles running along his skin. “Go, Jungkook.”

“Right!” The younger jumped up, rushing to the door. He paused, whining slightly. “I… I don’t want to leave you…”

“Jungkook!” Hoseok growled out.

“Namjoon?!?” Jungkook stuck his head out the door. Hoseok could hear rushed talking before the item closed and the Alpha was crawling back up the bed. “Namjoon, Taehyung and Jin are getting water, food, and more blankets. Omegas nest, right?” Jungkook asked softly, running his hand up and down the other’s clothed back, sweat starting to show through it.

“Yeah.” Hoseok nodded. He went to push himself up, finding his arms weak.

Jungkook noticed and climbed over him. “Hyung. Hold the mattress tight, okay?”

“Okay?” He furrowed his brows and gripped the bottom sheets. He watched his Alpha walk to the end of the bed, grab the mattress, and pull. A gasp left his mouth as the item slid across the box spring and onto the floor. Hoseok whimpered, chewing his lip. His Alpha really was strong… He could already feel the other pushing him into his bedding hard, a moan falling out. He pushed the thoughts aside.
Jungkook crawled to the floor next to him, reaching out and gently pushing the sweaty bangs away from Hoseok’s forehead, brushing his cheek affectionately.

A knock drew his attention to the door and he hesitantly got up, letting the other three in with the needed supplies. He thanked each of them.

“Hoseok-Hyung?” Taehyung’s voice called out. Hoseok gave a grunt. “Kookie’s a good guy. Remember not to fight so much.”

“Yeah.” The older grumbled. He knew it was easier to give in. Besides… when Jungkook was in a rut it was easier to fight… but with his own brain and body in a heat? It was far harder to deny himself anything when his body was initiating it.

“Hyung? Are you listening?” Jungkook’s soft voice carried out. “I have bedding for your nest.”

The older mewled, carefully pushing himself up. He looked around the mattress and surrounding area, a pile of blankets and pillows at the end of it. He felt his instinct kick in. He started pushing the comforter and pillows about that were already on the bed. Jungkook smiled, taking the blankets and sheet, shaking them out of their folded state to hand to the smaller.

Hoseok spent a good twenty minutes pushing things around, mewling as he went, making it perfect. He flopped onto his side, his chest heaving, feeling out of breath.

Jungkook shifted to the right, sitting just outside the pillow barrier. “Hyung? Can I come in?”

Hoseok rolled onto his back, turning his head to the other. Jungkook was bouncing slightly in his spot, sweat slipping down his own temple as he held his instincts at bay. He gave a weak nod, watching the other’s eyes light up.

Jungkook carefully entered the other’s nest, not wanting to mess anything up. He made his way over to the other, once again pushing sweaty bangs away from his forehead. Hoseok’s eyes slipped close, enjoying the feeling. “Hyung?” His voice was slightly strained. “Hyung?” Hoseok opened his eyes. “Can I take care of you during your heat? Can Alpha help?”
He whimpered, his chest tightening. Even if he said no, the other would end up forcing him into it anyways… well not really forcing given his condition. Although a part of him still didn’t want anything to do with the younger… a bigger part was warming up to him… or the heat was over riding his brain. One of the two.

“Yeah… please.” He croaked out.

Jungkook’s breath hitched and came out a bit choppy as he pushed his anticipation down. “Thank you.”

“Mmm.” Hoseok hummed, his eyes closing again.

“The nest is really soft, Hyung. You did a good job.” Jungkook slid down beside the other.

Hoseok cracked his eyes back open, mewling at the praise. He rolled onto his side, pushing his nose along Jungkook’s, a hand reaching up to shakily land on a strong bicep. “Kook?” He rasped out. The younger hummed quietly. “I’m scared.” Hoseok admitted, pulling back enough to lock their eyes.

“Why?” The taller frowned, gently brushing the other’s cheek.

“Before your rut… before I came here.” He swallowed, surprised as to how much effort talking took. “I’m straight. I’d never… I’m scared.”

Jungkook nodded understandingly. “I know. I’m scared too, Hyung. You’re the first person I’ve ever been attracted to.” He said softly, his cheeks tingeing.

Suddenly it all made sense. All of Jungkook’s stammering and nervous behaviour. How eager he was to please.

“I won’t hurt you.” Jungkook said softly. “I’ll be careful, like with my rut.”

“I’m not scared about the heat.” He shifted. “Everything else.”
“Oh.” Jungkook frowned. “Because you’re straight and mated to a man.”

“Right.” He nodded.

“Don’t worry about that now, Hyung. Focus on your heat. We can talk about our relationship after, okay?” He leaned over gently kissing the other’s cheek.

Hoseok nodded a pant leaving him.

“Let’s get this stuff off, okay, baby?” The younger gently pulled the other’s shirt up, the older shifting to help him remove it.

He wasn’t deaf. He heard the other call him the endearing name… but right now… right now he needed it. He rolled onto his back, lifting his hips so the older could strip of the last of his clothing, removing his own boxers whilst he was at it.

“Sleep, Hyung. Before the heat and rut hit.” He reached out, pulling the other so his head was on his chest.

The skin to skin contact sent a pleasurable hum through his body, pulling a mewl out. He snuggled into the Alpha, letting his eyes close.

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A click sounded, pulling the attention of the two Omegas. Both their heads shot to the door, gripping their boxers anxiously.

“Taehyung!” Jimin beamed as the other quietly slipped into the room.

Yoongi’s breath hitched and he shifted until he was standing, waiting nervously.
The youngest turned and locked their eyes, grinning.

The older moved forwards quickly, long arms stretching out before he even reached the Beta, his body being pulled in tight. He mewled, pressing his nose into the candy pineapple scented gland. He pulled back, searching dark eyes for a moment before leaning up, the taller connecting their mouths with a happy hum.

“Yah.” Jimin giggled from his spot on his bed, watching the two exchange saliva, heavy breaths leaving them.

Yoongi broke the kiss, nudging his forehead under the other’s chin. Taehyung hummed happily again, rubbing his cheek everywhere he could, spreading his scent.

“Taehyung? Do you know where Hoseokie is?” Jimin asked suddenly. “He’s not back yet… he left yesterday… They wouldn’t tell us anything.”

Yoongi frowned. In his excitement he had forgotten how worried he was about their newest member.

“He’s with Jungkook. Mr. Jeon, although not particularly liking it, approved of the mating. He’s Jungkook’s mate now.”

The other two let out sighs, relaxing. “Good. Someone deserves to be happy in this god forsaken place.” The oldest spat out angrily.

“Give me time, Hyung. I’ll make you happy. I’ll find a way out and I’ll make you happy. You’ll see.” Taehyung whispered in the other’s ear, kissing his cheek.

“Don’t say such things. It’s bad to get your hopes up like that.” Yoongi grumbled. He went to pull back, the Beta tightening his hold.

“You’ll see.” He leaned a bit away, lowering his head to press their lips together gently, humming happily. “I have to go. I’m doing rounds. The gun dudes will be back soon.”
“Okay.” Yoongi nodded, sharing another tender kiss before watching the other slip out. He sighed and sat down heavily on his bed, rubbing the back of his neck.

“I see you finally let him kiss you.” Jimin teased.

“Yah. Shut it.” Yoongi muttered, no real malice behind it, his cheeks tingeing red.

“I’m glad. It’s better to have some happiness than none at all, Hyung. Trust me.” He smiled from his spot.

“Yeah. Sure.” Yoongi sighed, leaning against the wall.

“What’s worrying you?” Jimin got up, sitting next to the older.

“What if the time comes that we’re able to, and he wants to have sex? What the fuck do I do?” He looked at the other with a hallow expression. “I’m fucking ruined down there, Jimin. All I feel is pain, even when I do have a heat.” He looked up at the ceiling, sighing heavily. “I can’t feel pleasure and that’s not fair to him. It would break his heart if he hurt me. But all he’d be able to do is that.” He closed his eyes for a moment. “And it’s not like he can jack me off without it hurting either, thanks to Gunther fucking mutilating me.” He looked down at his covered member. “The damn scar tightened the skin and it hurts like a bitch.”

Jimin sniffled slightly, his heart aching for the older. “I know, Hyung. And he does too. He already knows all this. He’s the one that got the medic when Gunther nearly filleted you. He was the one who held you after Siwoo tore your ass apart with the goddamn bottle. He knows all of this, Hyung, and he doesn’t care.” Jimin gently touched the other’s knee. “Taehyung loved you before the incidents, and he loves you now. Besides, he’s a crafty, stubborn bastard. He’ll find a way.” Jimin smirked, the other rolling his eyes.

“Glad you have hope.”

“Always will.”
So… basically what Gunther did was almost split Yoongi’s member open. Siwoo (he makes an appearance later) broke a beer bottle and held Yoongi down. He doesn’t get heats really. The reason he’s still there and a ‘favourite’ to some is because of the torture porn aspect. Some choose him strictly because they want* to hurt him. They don’t need to screw him to get off, they get off on hurting him. When they manage to make him cry, it’s a victory.

On a different note… Jungkook is a sweet Alpha and Hoseok is slowly starting to trust him more and more… which is both heartwarming, and heart breaking…

Next chapter Hoseok’s heat continues…
TAEGI is HILLARIOUS next chapter! OMFG! I had so much fun writing their relationship!!! <3
Also next chapter Jungkook has an outburst. Remember my warning that you’ll learn what Jungkook really thinks about this place and what his position is? Yeah…

BeyTS: Karma… is not our boys’ friend in this story >.<
amilake: Well… some of them have a happy ending!
cutie5lexis: Bwuhahahaha! Yaaas! Feel those conflicted feelings! Aweh! I’m so glad you’re writing! So… did the heat piss you off yet? ;)
Catt_Senpai: It’s depressing when that chapter is considered a fluffier one…
Herbgirl15: Yeppers! I… can’t comment on the rest of your comment >.>

Also thank you to Nanys0929, Kira, and kyeoohope for leaving comments!!!!!!!

WARNING
How is everyone fairing so far? CHAPTER 12 will be a nasty rollercoaster. It starts fluffy but ends with a devastatingly TRAUMATIC TWIST (None of our boys die yet). However, this is where the story gets DARK. Believe me… it has been a fluffy ride up until 12… as of halfway through 12 until the end… well… like I said, so far this story is all ‘fluff’ compared to those last few chapters…
Chapter 10: Experimental Cream

Warnings: Coarse Language, heat, heat sex, rut, knotting, self-lubrication, anal sex, LMAO! Taegi is goalzzz! Semi masturbation

Chapter 10: Experimental Cream

Hoseok’s eyes cracked open, a shiver wracking through his body. He whimpered, feeling the pricks across his skin, his blood boiling in his veins.

His lip trembled as the pain spread through him. He looked around, seeing his nest was empty. A desperate whine left him, fear creeping up his spine. “A-Alpha!” He let out a chocked sob. He felt like his skin was slowly being peeled off without his Alpha’s touch. He buried his face in the blankets, gripping them tight.

He heard the door slam shut, a rumble reaching his ears. He let out a relieved cry, spinning and quickly crawling over to the other. Jungkook met him near the end of the nest, quickly gripping the other’s cheek and pressing their lips together.

Hoseok’s breath hitched and he reached up, gripping the other’s wrist and moaning into the kiss.

Jungkook growled lightly, leaning forwards so the older would lie down on his back, letting the other slid between his legs effortlessly. He broke the kiss, trailing his mouth along the other’s neck, gently kissing the still healing mating wound. “I’m sorry, baby. Alpha was getting a small ice cooler in case you needed it. I thought you’d sleep long enough.” He scented the other, feeling Hoseok calm beneath him.

“A-Alpha?” Hoseok pressed his lips to the other’s cheek before nipping his jaw. “Please?” He spread his legs wide.

A guttural moan left Jungkook and he shifted, yanking his sweats off and sliding back between the eager thighs. “You need Alpha?”
“Need Alpha.” Hoseok moaned out, arching and nodding frantically.

“Okay, baby. Alpha’s here.” Jungkook reached down between them, running his fingers along the crease, feeling the slick. He hummed approvingly before pushing two digits in, watching the other arch high and gasp.

“More.” Hoseok rocked down against the younger’s hand, moans falling from his mouth. “More.”

Jungkook growled, removing his hand and shifting forwards. He lined up, his eyes watching the Omega intently as he pushed his hips forwards.

Hoseok’s eyes rolled, his head falling back, a loud cry leaving him as he pulsed between them.

Jungkook groaned, feeling the Omega spasm around him. He pulled back and pushed forwards, starting a slow, but firm rhythm. Hoseok mewed, gripping his back tight, pushing down against him eagerly. The younger’s thrusts sped up as his own pleasure climbed, moans leaving him as he rolled his hips, grabbing behind the other’s thigh and spreading him wider, pushing the older’s legs up towards his chest.

Hoseok cried out, his head whipping back, Jungkook pushing in deep, his knot expanding. He rocked hard into the shorter, panting heavily. A loud relieved grunt left him when his climax hit, his knot seizing before releasing.

He let out shaky breaths, lowering the other’s legs and carefully laying on top, pressing kisses along his mated mark.

Hoseok mewed, gently rubbing up and down the other’s back as they floated down from their high. “Kook?” He croaked out. The younger let out an exhausted sounding hum, still breathing heavily. “Thanks for getting an ice chest, by the way.”

The younger let out a breathy laugh, nodding. “Of course, Hyung.” He kissed the other’s cheek.

“Next round… can you knot me from behind so I can lay on my side after?”
Jungkook let out a loud, lewd moan, the older chuckling this time. “Okay.” He nodded. “Yeah, I can to that.”

“Good. Thanks.”

“Hyung! Hyung wake up!” Taehyung shook the older, excitement filling his voice.

Yoongi whined. “What?”

“I have something for you!”

The shorter groaned, rolling onto his back, looking at the other unamused. “What?”

“Ta-da!”

“Shh!” Yoongi narrowed his eyes. “You’ll get us shot!”

“Sorry!” The younger whispered, holding out a jar.

“What the fuck is that?”

“It’s a cream!” He beamed, shifting so the other could reluctantly sit up. “It took me ages to find a store that still carried it. And I had to save up for almost a year and a half… I really should have waited to get the pin…” He pouted slightly, shaking his head. “But it’s okay now! Because I found it, and I got it!”

“What exactly is ‘it’?” He raised his brow.

“It’s for your penis!”
Both Jimin and Yoongi choked on the air.

“Excuse me?!” The older hissed out, leaning away. “What the fuck, Taehyung?!”

“It’s for the scar! It helps soften the skin around scars so it stops it from feeling tight. The example on television was for someone’s hand mind you…” He trailed off. “But it’s supposed to help decrease the likelihood of scars tearing open from the tight skin stretching too much. I thought it might help.”

Yoongi stared at the other, completely flabbergasted. “… What?”

“Yah, Hyung.” Taehyung huffed. “You rub it in twice a day, every day until it’s loose enough. Then you only have to do it like, once every few days or something.” He shrugged. “And it doesn’t need a lot, so it should last a while. Then you can get an erection again!”

“Jesus Taehyung!” Yoongi groaned, covering his face in embarrassment, Jimin snickering from his bed.

“I thought you’d be happy…” The other frowned, slumping slightly.

Yoongi paused, lowering his hands. He sighed and reached out, turning the other’s face towards him and pressing their lips together. “I’m just overwhelmed… it takes me a bit to process stuff. Especially stuff like this.” He nodded to the jar.

“Will you try it?” Taehyung asked quietly, gently nudging him with his nose.

“Yeah, Tae. I’ll give it a shot. It’s not like it could do any worse.” He shrugged, the other smiling and kissing him happily.

“Okay! Let me know when it starts working.” He hugged the older tight before quickly making his exit.

“Told you he’d find a way.” Jimin half sang from his spot.
Yoongi scowled and got up, heading to the bathroom.

“Where you going?”

“To rub an experimental cream on my dick and hope it doesn’t fall off.”

Jimin covered his mouth to try and silence his laugh, shaking his head amused at the older.

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“Jungkook… Jungkook.” Said man groaned and cracked his eyes open.

He jumped, a growl leaving him. He quickly climbed over his mate, blocking him from the Alpha’s view.

“I don’t want your whore, Kook.” The older muttered.

Jungkook snarled at the other’s insult.

“Put it away. Text me as soon as his heat breaks. I need to schedule a meeting for you about taking over. You have to sit down and start your negotiations with our partners.” Mr. Jeon, turned, heading to the door. “By the way, Alpha.” He bit out. “If I was an enemy I would have been able to slice his throat open whilst you slept. Might want to work on that.” He slammed the door, startling Hoseok awake.

Jungkook’s breath hitched and he flinched. His dad was right though. He woke up because he was called by his father… if it had been Gunther or someone else… he frowned, his heart hurting at the thought.

“Kook? Why are you hovering over me all weird like?” Hoseok’s groggy voice broke out.
The younger’s attention was brought back to his Omega. He let out a whine, running his nose, cheek and chin along both sides of the other’s neck, scenting him.

“Yah… Jungkook… why are you whining at me?” Hoseok wrapped an arm around the other’s shoulders, trying to calm him.

“I don’t want to talk about it.” He whispered, suddenly snuggling into the other. He pulled Hoseok so he was half under the Alpha, their limbs tangling. He kissed the other’s cheek and temple, nuzzling him after. “I won’t let anything bad happen to you. Ever.”

Hoseok frowned feeling confused. “I know… Jungkook..?”

“Dad was here. He said I’m supposed to text him when your heat breaks.”

“My heat broke like, twelve hours ago.”

“I know.” He shrugged. “I’ll message him in the morning.” He sighed, still running his wrist along the older, scenting anywhere he could reach.

Hoseok shrugged it off, chalk ing the behaviour up to be a new Alpha feeling over protective. He was still tired anyways. Later, after they rested and after Jungkook dealt with his dad, they would have to have a talk about their relationship and what to do with it.

But for now…

He closed his eyes, relaxing into the warm, safe embrace of his Alpha, some inner part of him humming in content.

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A shaky breath filled the room, its owner sitting on the floor with his back to the wall. He was in the small, door-less bathroom, Jimin sleeping.
He carefully ran his fingers along his shaft, the stretch less painful than it was four days ago. It still hurt too much to get far, but it was better. The cream was working.

He dropped his hand, quietly whimpering when the pleasure climbed, the skin pulling too much, forcing him to give up. He let his head fall back against the flat surface, staring at their horrible toilet as his body calmed.

Maybe… just maybe… Jimin was right? Maybe Taehyung did find a way?

……

A heavy door opened and closed, the man groaning. He reached up and pulled the knot in his tie until it slid to the floor, undoing the top two buttons to his shirt. “Ugh, Hyung.” He walked over to Hoseok, wrapping his arms around the half dressed, damp man.

“Uhh… Kook?” Hoseok gave the other’s back an awkward pat. “Can I finish putting a shirt on?”

“No… two more minutes then you can.” He sighed. “I need a hug.”

“Yah.” The older smiled, wrapping his arms around the Alpha. “Rough meeting?”

“Yeah.” He nodded, frowning. “They want me to pick the next three male Omegas to bring here.” He whispered out, his heart aching.

Hoseok’s breath hitched and he roughly pushed the other back. “And you said yes?!”

“I can’t really say no without getting my leg shot!” He whined out.

“So your leg over their lives? That’s equal to you?” He narrowed his eyes.

Jungkook frowned, shaking his head. “There from the other house. They’re already…” He motioned off to nothing in particular. “I just choose which three will move here because they have an over stock.” He wrung his hands. “We don’t choose the Omega males, Hyung. They grab every one they
find. They aren’t picky. Male Omegas are rare so they don’t care.”

“You don’t care.” The older bit out.

Jungkook’s breath hitched. “I-I do care!”

“Then do something!”

“Like what?!” he raised his voice. He growled, roughly scrubbing his head before pulling his jacket off, tossing it aside. “What would you have me do, Hoseok? Walk up to the twelve armed men and tell them to shove their guns up their ass?! Tell my father, the head of a trafficking ring, that I think what he’s doing is barbaric? All that would do is get me killed!” His arms flailed slightly. “That doesn’t solve shit! They’re still going to grab your kind off the street, and force them face down on a dirty mat!” He roared out angrily. His breath doubled, hitches in it as his eyes watered. “I can’t do anything from my position, Hoseok! Why is that so hard for you to get?! Why do you think it’s so damn easy for me to sit here listening to people being fucking raped every day! You think I like that?”

“Jungkook.” Hoseok frowned, trying to cautiously approach the yelling Alpha.

“You have no idea what I have to go through! You have no idea what I see, what I hear, what I have to okay!” His voice cracked.

“Jungkook, stop.” Hoseok reached out, gently touching the other’s forearm.

The younger jerked back on instinct. He stopped when he saw the concern in the older’s eyes. His head dropped and his shoulders slumped, silent sobs wracking his body.

“Shit. Jungkook.” Hoseok pulled the other into a hug, pushing his mouth against his shoulder to try and muffle the other’s cries.

“I hate it! I hate it!”

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry, Jungkook. Alpha, Alpha breathe for me.” He pressed his lips to the other’s
neck before barring his own, giving access to his mated mark.

Jungkook mewled and sprayed kisses along the area, scenting it, the action calming him. He stood there, hugging the older tight for a long moment, shuddering breaths leaving him for a while. He pulled back, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his dress shirt.

“I’m sorry.” Hoseok whispered again. “I…”

“I know. You didn’t know.” Jungkook said quietly. He leaned over to press their lips together.

Hoseok moved back on instinct, Jungkook pausing.

“Right. You’re straight.” Jungkook gave a hallow sounding laugh, letting go of the older and heading to the washroom, undoing his shirt along the way.

“Jungkook, wait.”

“I’m grabbing a shower.” He slipped into the bathroom, closing the door.

“Shit.” Hoseok sighed, running a hand through his hair. He closed his eyes before looking up at the ceiling. “Goddammit.” He needed to accept the fact that, despite his sexual orientation, he was mated to Jungkook. Besides, his Omega side was clearly pleased with being knotted… so some part of him wasn’t perfectly straight, right?

But Jungkook had forced him into their first and second encounters… But the first one he was kind, and the second saved him… why was this so fucking confusing?! Fuck it! Just… fuck it!

He walked over to the bathroom, knocking on the door. “Alpha?” Jungkook was silent. “Alpha?”

“You don’t have to call me that.” The grumble came, slightly distorted from the shower.

“I know… when you’re done… can we watch a movie on your laptop?” It was silent for a long moment, the older wondering if maybe he wasn’t heard.
“Yeah. Find one you want and set it up. I’ll be done in about five.”

“Thank you.”

“Yeah.”

Chapter End Notes

I LOVED writing the Taegi in this story!

Next chapter Hoseok decides he would like to try being intimate with Jungkook, with surprising success! AKA… a much needed Smut chapter!!!!!!

Bright_Morning: ….. Not yet…
Catt_Senpai: You’ve no idea how sad……
Kira: Sadly… that is not the last appearance of Gunther
cutie5lexis: Sadly he does fall for him… very hard… I can’t really say much more without giving away the plot though….. >::
BleuPapillon:.......... More than 1…
sope2018: Aweh! Thank you!!!!!!

Also thank you to BeyTS, amilake, Nanys0929, and TooLate_tooSoon for leaving comments!!!

I hope you all enjoy the short break from depressing crap next chapter!~
Chapter 11: Like Your Girlfriend

Hoseok had to admit… he had a very difficult time finding a movie that wouldn’t make him piss himself. But he managed to. He hoped… at least it sounded less ominous than some of the others… He was pretty sure anything with the word ‘death’, ‘murder’, ‘kill’, ‘last’, or ‘final’ were good ones to avoid.

Had he known the other was such a horror buff, he would have suggested listening to music and playing cards… but oh well.

He was sitting slouched against the headboard beside the taller, the laptop on a small trey between them. He shifted a bit nervously, glancing at the younger out the corner of his eye. He couldn’t help but wonder. He knew he liked kissing and touching the other when his heat hit… and goddamn did the sex ever feel incredible. But… was it just his heat? Or did the attraction stem outside of it too?

He could admit Jungkook was good looking. He could admit he had a great physique, too. He also knew he liked his personality for the most part. He was kind, abnormally kind for an Alpha. And he did have a cute smile and laugh.

“Jungkook?” Hoseok asked quietly, not even paying attention to the movie. Wait, was that an axe?!

“Yeah, Hyung?”

“Can I kiss you?” He looked at the younger, ignoring the chick screaming bloody murder on the screen.

Jungkook’s eyes widened and his head snapped to the other. “W-what?”
“Can I kiss you?” He repeated.

“Why..?” His eyes shifted about the room, almost as if looking for a hidden prank camera.

“Because I want to see if I like it.” He shrugged. “I mean… clearly my Omega side does… I want to see if I like kissing you outside of a heat, too. We are mated and all… I should probably at least try it, right?”

The younger stared at him for a long moment before slowly nodding. “Y-yeah… yeah, okay.”

They both shifted a bit, turning to face each other, the movie forgotten. Hoseok reached up, slipping his hand along the other’s soft cheek. He closed his eyes and leaned in, gently pressing their lips together. He pulled back with a quiet *click*. He didn’t really feel anything…

He shifted again, rearranging himself before trying a second time. He pulled back again, frowning.

“Can… can I try something?” Jungkook asked quietly.

“Yeah, sure.” He shrugged. May as well, right?

Jungkook leaned in this time, adding more pressure to the kiss. He let it linger before switching to the other lip, repeating the process.

Hoseok let his eyes stay closed, reciprocating the younger’s actions. He felt his chest tighten slightly, his breath becoming more and more shallow as arousal started to build.

“You pull back too soon, Hoseok-ah. You’ve gotta give it a chance. You need to stop kissing me like a dude you were dared to kiss, and kiss me like you would your girlfriend.” Jungkook pointed out, as if it were obvious… which it probably was. “Can you try that? Kiss me like that?”

“Yeah, alright.” Hoseok nodded. He placed his hand on the other’s thigh before leaning back in. He cleared his head and focused on the feeling instead of the gender, letting their mouths mold. He
hummed slightly, parting his lips, their tongues brushing. He heard the other’s breaths quicken and a pleasurable spike twisted in his abdomen. He was making the other breathy? He deepened the kiss, tangling a hand in dark locks, the younger’s own limbs on his hips.

He broke apart, panting quietly, Jungkook’s own chest heaving, their foreheads pressed.

“Better?” The taller asked.

“Yeah.” He nodded before tilting his head back up, locking their mouths back together, a moan filling his. The two of them shifted closer, heavy breaths falling.

A sudden crash broke them apart, both jumping and gasping out in shock, trying to find what the noise was.

“Shit!” Jungkook hissed, leaning over the edge of the bed to pull his laptop back up, inspecting it. “I think it’s okay… Oops…” He closed it, smiling sheepishly before sticking it back on the ground.

Hoseok raised an amused brow at the other. “So… we’re done with the movie then?”

“Oh!” His eyes widened and he went to retrieve the electronic, Hoseok laughing and pulling him back.

“Yah, I was teasing. C’mere.” He tangled a hand in the other’s hair, pressing his mouth back to Jungkook’s, both moaning. He couldn’t deny the pleasure that was stirring inside of him. He wanted to explore it further, needed to. Maybe it was because his heat ended recently. Maybe he just wanted to. “Jungkook.” He nipped the younger’s bottom lip, the other growling slightly, liking the hinted challenge. “I’m willing to try something, but I need some control. Okay?”

“What do you want to try?” He rasped out, a mouth moving to his neck, sucking on the skin.

“Mmm. I’m horny as fuck now.” He muttered out, rather bluntly, a groan reaching his ears. “I want you to fuck me.”

“Fucking hell.” Jungkook moaned, his hips starting to rock up against nothing.
“But I wanna ride you.”

“Oh dear god.”

Hoseok snickered and pulled back, a dark mark on the younger’s neck. “I take it you’re cool with that?”

“Fuck yes.” He nodded frantically.

“Okay... I haven’t... I haven’t done this outside of the heat... so... I need you to go at my pace.”

“Okay.” His chest was heaving, member already straining in his boxers. “I can do that.”

Hoseok reached down, pulling his borrowed shirt up and over his head. He pressed their lips back together hungrily, tugging on the other’s bottoms. “Take them off.” He murmured against the Alpha’s lips before sucking the bottom one into his mouth.

Jungkook moaned and deepened the kiss, shifting out of his boxers and reaching for Hoseok’s.

“Ah, ah...” Hoseok smirked, batting the other’s hands away, getting a growl out of the Alpha. “My speed.” He pushed the younger so he was on his back, keeping his hands on the other’s shoulders. “How much do you know about sex with men?”

Jungkook furrowed his brows. “I’m a young adult, half my spare time is spent watching porn... so... whatever you can learn through that...”

“... True...” Hoseok nodded. “Alright, so, you know more than I do, probably.” He hummed in thought, the other watching him with lidded eyes. “Where’s your lube?” Jungkook pointed to his side drawer, the older leaning over him to get it out, sitting back in his spot, beside the younger, but facing him. He handed the bottle to him. “Stretch me?”

“Fuck.” He moaned and nodded. “Okay.”
Hoseok shimmied out of his bottoms. “Where do you want me?”

“U-uhm, wherever you’re comfortable?” His cheeks reddened, the other chuckling amused.

Although he was actually quite nervous, he was rather enjoying the other’s embarrassed movements. He smirked at him before straddling the other backwards and leaning forwards.

A high noise left the back of Jungkook’s throat followed by another curse.

“Are you gonna stare the whole night?” Hoseok called over his shoulder.

“S-sorry.” He shifted until he was seated again.

He heard the other open the bottle and fumble around. A hand landed on his lower back, the other clearing his throat. “C-can, ah, can you lower a bit? Yeah, that’s good.” Hoseok closed his eyes, trying to relax his body and calm his nerves. A digit pressed to his entrance, barely entering, but shifting about. He could hear the other’s heavy breaths and thick swallows.

Alpha Jungkook, and college kid Jungkook, were two very different sides of the same coin, apparently.

The younger timidly pushed his finger through the ring of muscle after loosening it, Hoseok gasping quietly. It didn’t hurt… but it was weird as fuck. He let out slow, even breaths, Jungkook asking every so often if it was still okay. He carefully worked his way up to three, Hoseok’s breaths heavy.

“I… I want to try something.” Jungkook whispered.

“Will it hurt?”

“No.” He said quickly. “No, it won’t.”
“Then okay.” Hoseok prepared himself for whatever the fuck the other had planned in his head. He felt him remove a digit, curling the other two, mumbling quietly to himself and pushing about. The older scrunched up his face at the odd sensation, not exactly sure what the fuck the other was doing.

A sudden flash of blinding white pleasure shot through him, a loud gasp falling from his lips.

“Oh…” Jungkook paused. “That was it?” He pushed again, Hoseok crying out. “Yeah, yeah.”

Was he fucking talking to Hoseok or himself?! The older let out another loud moan as the younger rubbed the spot, making him see stars. He gripped the blanked under the other’s legs tight, shivering slightly, a light sheen of sweat starting to cover him.

“Can we have sex now?” The question was so goddamn innocent. Jungkook’s hand slowed to a stop as he waited for the answer.

Hoseok moved forwards, letting the other remove his fingers. He reversed his position, facing the younger. “Slide down the bed.” He instructed, the other wiggling until he was flat, chest heaving.

The shorter let out a nervous breath, lining himself up. Hands gripped his hips and he let his body lower.

A grunt left the Alpha under him, his eyes rolling and mouth dropping.

“Shit, right, this is your first time too, outside of a rut.” The taller just nodded frantically, his lips hitching up, Hoseok sitting flat. The older shifted carefully, finding the stretch not as awful as he thought it would be. “You did a good job.” He whispered out, praising the younger who whimpered at him. “Jungkook? I have a question.”

“Y-yeah?”

“Do you remember what I study in college?” He leaned forwards slightly, bracing his hands on the broad chest. The younger let out a shaky breath, shaking his head no. “Dance, Jungkook. I study dance.”
“…Fuck.” He let out a shuddered breath, his hands tightening.

“Ready?” Hoseok smirked down at the other, receiving a hesitant nod. “You’re so going to blow in like, thirty seconds.” Jungkook gave him a weak glare, not denying it though. Hoseok let his eyes flutter shut and rolled his hips experimentally, hearing the younger’s breath hitch.

The older raised himself before rocking back down, a breath leaving him. It actually felt kind of… good. He shifted his hips, twisting them, trying to find the angle that would make the younger hit-there! He gasped, his head tossing back, Jungkook moaning under him at the sight.

“Fuck.” Hoseok rocked down harder, Jungkook’s shaft pressing into his prostate, pulling loud grunts from both. “Fuck, there!” He panted, his hips speeding up. He couldn’t stop the slight feeling of surprise when his boil already started to climb.

He heard Jungkook whimper and felt his stomach tighten. “Don’t cum!” Hoseok yelled out, pushing down harder. “Fuck! Fuck don’t cum yet!” He cried out, his head tossing back. “Don’t cum! Don’t cum!”

“S-s-stop fucking saying that!” Jungkook yelled, his toes curled and his legs tensed, teeth clenching tight. “I’m trying!”

“Fuck! Fuck! Almost! Almost! Oh god!”

“Sh-sh-shut up!”

“Ahh! Hah!” He sucked in a big breath feeling the coil snap followed by a loud yell, his orgasm ripping through him.

“Can I cum?! Can I cum?!” Jungkook’s voice was twice as high, loud gasps leaving him.

“Fucking cum!”

The younger cried out, his nails digging into the other’s skin, body trembling hard, mouth open, sounds he didn’t know he could even make escaping.
He went limp, dizziness washing over him, moans still falling out his mouth.

Hoseok collapsed forwards, taking in heaving breaths. “Fuck.” The younger just whimpered in response, his arms wrapping around the older’s back. “Shit.” He kissed the other’s cheek before nuzzling his scent gland. “You’ve got some serious self-restraint there.”

“Ugh.” Jungkook groaned. “My head is still swimming. I feel like my body is having mini seizures.”

Hoseok laughed and raised his hips, the younger slipping out. “That felt fucking good.”

The other swallowed, nodding. “God, your fucking mouth almost finished me.”

“You told me to shut up.” Hoseok snorted, pulling back and grinning at the other.

“Do you have any idea what you were screaming at me?” He narrowed his eyes. “How the hell am I supposed to concentrate on not blowing my load, when you yell stuff like that?!”

“Don’t ask me, you’re the one that managed to do it.” He shrugged.

Jungkook paused before grinning. “Yeah, I guess I did, huh?”

“Yah. I’m grabbing a shower before I pass out.”

“Can’t we just cuddle?” Jungkook gave a small pout.

“Your cum is dripping out my ass.”

“Oh, yeah, okay, go shower.”
“Uh huh.”

Chapter End Notes

So… Hoseok’s discovered he rather enjoys sex with Jungkookie…

Next chapter starts fluffy… However it ends dramatically when the Seventh Platoon makes a return, kidnapping as many Omega men as they can.

In other words… next chapter Taegi have some explicit fun ;) However, immediately after the seventh platoon breaks in to force themselves on the Omegas and rip them out from their rooms, tossing them into a truck. Hoseok is literally torn away from his injured, shot alpha, being forced to not know if he’s okay, or dead.

NEXT CHAPTER is where shit gets real. There is no more lovey dovey as of the halfway mark. It just gets progressively worse for our boys! You have been warned!

Next chapter warnings: RAPE, Kidnapping, TRAUMA, FEAR, protective Yoongles, rough sex, violence, GUNS, blood, minor character deaths (not our boys). Please read with caution!

Catt_Senpai: Yeah… you’re gonna hate next chapter… you might need to take a break and I can let you know when the last chapter is uploaded that way you can read through and instead of dying from waiting…
JonellePhoenix: That’s… probably a good idea……
cyanitearz: Next chapter the storm shalst hit!
BleuPapillon: Lmao! Oh dear!
Herbgirl15: Yay! Someone thought it was funny! And yeah, they’re definitely closer now (hopekook)!
Mono_JJK: Aweh! Yay! I’m so glad you’re enjoying it!
epiphanybix: haha awh! Well this chapter wasn’t anything to worry about! It’s every chapter after… *whistles and walks away*
PAHRKEHR: YAY! Thank you! And right?! When I wrote it I started laughing because I could see Yoongi grumbling and thumping to the bathroom lmao!

Also thank you to Nanys0929, BeyTS, sope2018, and Skylarkse for commenting! Sorry I’m a bit later! Mother’s day was yesterday and I was a wee bit swamped! And then a bit drunk >> But I got to see my little brother for the first time in like… half a year! Poor guy thought I was mad! Nope! Not mad! Just agoraphobic and scared of outside O.O S’all good now! Anywho! Blah, blah, blah…

HAPPY (belated) MOMMY’S DAY to all the moms of furry, scaly, ham-esk, animal-
esk, out there! I hope you have a wonderful day!

EDIT
Hey all! So… I did a very silly thing! I broke my #1 rule!
My biggest rule is that, no matter what, I will warn about triggers! Although surprises
are fun, heartattacks and panic attacks are not worth it. My stories aren’t meant to upset
and frighten you!

That being said, I am re writing the next chapter warning.

:::MAJOR FUCKING SPOILERS:::
Next chapter starts off very tender between Taegi. Jimin teases Yoongi after Tae leaves.
However, the seventh platoon comes back to kidnap all the omegas. Yoongi does his
best to protect and defend Jimin, but ends up with a broken arm. Jimin being raped as
Yoongi is dragged out. He has to step passed unconscious and dead bodies, watching an
old friend be murdered gruesomely (Yuri who he used to room with). He is thrown in a
truck with other scared Omegas. Jimin is also brought and Yoongi is terrified because he
is severely injured and on the verge of passing out.
Meanwhile, Hoseok and Jungkook finish a happy shower only to have Jungkook shot
out of nowhere. He does his best to protect Hoseok, but Hoseok is ultimately
kidnapped, the last thing he gets to see is Jungkook having a gun pointed at him before
he's carried off, a bang echoing.

Okay… so… no panic attacks next chapter!!! Love you all!
Chapter 12: And Then it was Gone

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

TRIGGER WARNING ALERT!!!

The remainder of this story is one giant walking trigger! There is graphic rape of both anal and oral. There is kidnapping, murder, character death, noncom drug use, blood, forced mating and terror tactics! Please be careful! For those needing to WAIT until the LAST CHAPTER has been UPLOADED, please know it should be uploaded on JUNE 30th! For those needing to wait… I will see you then!

IF YOU ARE TRIGGERED EASILY… do not read this chapter until the end… leave things happy with the previous chapter! I will not mark rape scenes in this chapter because its kind of a big thing in it… (not length wise) Plus this whole story is rape based…

Warnings: Coarse Language, sexual situations, handjob, Sudden change in atmosphere, kidnapping, (Yoongi is finally happy… for three minutes),

TRIGGERS: RAPE, KIDNAPPING, VIOLENCE, DEATH, MINOR CHARACTER DEATH, MASSIVE CLIFFHANGER*

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Chapter 12: And Then it was Gone

“Hey.” Taehyung slipped into the room, smiling softly.

Yoongi quickly walked over, their mouths meeting. It had been four days since the last time the other was able to sneak in. and a week and a half since the cream.

“How are you doing?” The younger asked softly nudging the older’s jaw affectionately.

“Good.”

“Is the cream still working?”
“Yeah.” He nodded, nipping the other’s neck almost playfully. “Wanna see?”

Jimin quietly slipped behind the wall in the bathroom, Yoongi backing Taehyung up to the bed, nudging until he sat down. He straddled the glossy eyed Beta, smirking. “You didn’t answer me.”

“Yeah… yeah, I wanna see.” He nodded, biting his lip, hands on slim hips.

“Good. I can’t guarantee how far I can go though.” Yoongi admitted. “Still hurts a bit.”

“Don’t hurt yourself.” Taehyung gently pressed their lips together. “Stop if it hurts.”

“Okay.” He leaned in, raising up slightly, breathing heavily through his nose as their mouths molded. He reached down, grasping the other’s hand and pulling it towards his shaft.

“Fuck.” Taehyung hummed and grinned, looking down. “Look at you, all hard.”

“Are you talking to me, or my dick?”

“Both.” He shrugged, grinning cheekily.

“Aish.” He shook his head amused, reaching down to remove his two articles of clothing, Taehyung watching him shift about with a hungry look in his eyes.

“Yeah.” He nodded, chewing his lip.

Warm fingers gently wrapped around him, pulling a gasp from his throat. His eyes closed and his
head tilted back, a spark of pleasure running through him.

“Tell me if it hurts.”

“It’s good.” Yoongi shivered slightly, his eyes still shut, body shifting slightly, trying to create a friction. Taehyung was careful, teasing the area, listening to the soft moans fall from the older, noises he had never heard him make. Yoongi gripped the younger’s biceps, cloudy eyes opening, a whimper leaving him.

“Does it hurt?”

“No.” He shook his head, a pant falling out and his thighs tightening. “I-I think I’m gonna cum.”

“Oh fuck.” Taehyung moaned, sitting back and moving his hand a bit faster, wanting to watch.

The older’s head tossed back, loud gasps leaving him as his body rocked down on instinct, his stomach contracting and thighs tightening. He covered his mouth, unable to stop the cries that tried to escape as he felt the pleasure built, tears welling up in his eyes. He stiffened, feeling the coil snap. A silent scream left him, his body spasming hard, a sob leaving him at the relief.

He reached up, pulling the other down on top of him, still shaking and whimpering. “Fuck.” He sniffed slightly.

“Good?” Taehyung asked quietly, kissing the other’s cheek.

“Amazing. I haven’t gotten off here since Gunther decided to play doctor.” He sighed out, not wanting to let the other go. “I forgot what it felt like.”

“I know.” Taehyung pulled back, kissing his cheek. “I remember, before the incident… when I blew you in the bathroom that one time. I thought you made hot expressions then... but this? Shit Hyung.” He grinned at the other, nudging him.

“Mmm yeah.” They heard footsteps and Taehyung cursed.
“Shit. I have to sneak out before the next person does his rounds.”

“When will you be back?” Yoongi frowned, not wanting him to leave.

“Soon.” He kissed the other’s cheek before quietly slipping out of the room.

Yoongi sighed heavily, flopping back against the bed, Jimin slipping back into the room.

The younger let out a giggle of sorts, climbing up onto the older’s bed, sitting there with a shit eating grin. “Told you so.”

“Yah.” Yoongi rolled his eyes, a smile on his lips. “Shut up.”

“You came.” He poked the other’s shoulder teasingly. “Hyung got off, Hyung got off!” He sang out.

“Yah! Would you fuck off?” He scowled, gently kicking the laughing male. “Go away, get off my bed.”

“Nope! Hyung got off-”

A thump drew their attention to the door, both of them freezing.

They heard shuffling and more bangs, grunts. Was there a fight?

A yelp filled the area.

“Taehyung!” Yoongi nearly fell off the bed, recognizing the sound immediately. “Tae?! Taehyung?!” He went to run to the door, Jimin yanking him back.
“Hyung, no!”

“Get off me!”

“Hyung! They’ll hurt him more! They’ll hurt him if they find out about you two!” He hissed desperately, pulling the other away.

Yoongi’s breath hitched and his eyes watered. He reached down, grabbing the metal Vinca flower pinned to the inside of his boxers. He couldn’t stop the fear that crawled through his chest.

The door opened and he pushed Jimin behind him instinctually, his eyes widening.

“Jaebum… Siwoo…” he looked between the two men.

The Alphas exchanged looks with each other, smirking.

“Oh god.” Jimin whispered, gripping the older’s shirt tight, they backed up until they hit the wall, Yoongi still blocking Jimin, his own eyes watering knowingly.

“It’s gonna be okay.” He said quietly, keeping his eyes on the two intruders. “Just… don’t fight.”

“I know. Hyung?“

“Yeah?”

“You know I love you, right?” He asked, his voice wavering. “You’re the closest thing I’ve got to family.”

“I know, Minnie. I love you too.”

“I know.”
The two men said something back and forth in a different language. Yoongi wasn’t fluent by any means, but he understood enough. Jaebum wanted the small one. He growled at the Alpha, narrowing his eyes, the two burly ones in front laughing.

Both of them moved quickly, Yoongi gasping when a hand fisted in his shirt, pulling him away from Jimin. Jaebum grabbed the younger by his hair, a scream ripping through the room.

Yoongi thrashed, a panicked whine leaving him as he looked to the Omega he had grown to love as family. He watched, his tears slipping down his cheeks as a hand was brought across the smaller’s face, a sickening slap filing the area.

He wrestled Jimin face down onto the bed, Yoongi crying out as he was pulled from the room. He yanked back, hearing the shirt as it started to tear. He yelled and twisted his body, the item ripping. He stumbled forwards.

He only managed two steps towards Jimin before an arm was around his waist, lifting him off the ground.

He yelled out in horror as he watched the other force his way into Jimin, an ear piercing scream filling the room.

Yoongi kicked and scratched as he was hauled out of the room. He froze, gasping when he saw Taehyung slumped on the floor, unconscious. His lip was bleeping, a gash on his head, Jin a mere three feet away, and face down.

He yelled and kicked the wall, sending the man flying into the opposite one in the narrow hallway.

He gasped as the older spun as he fell, landing on top of the smaller. Silence filled the area after a loud *snap* echoed off the walls. A sudden agonized shriek left the Omega, his arm exploding in pain.

His eyes blurred, but he didn’t miss the other Omegas being torn out of their rooms. He watched one of the men ruthlessly bring his boot covered foot down on Yuri’s head. He froze, his struggled stopping when the steel toed item cracked his old roommate’s skull, the older Omega going limp.
He was carried down a flight of stairs, over top of who he was pretty fucking sure was Namjoon, and out the front door. He noticed Mr. Jeon, glaring with a gun pointed to his head, kneeling on the grass.

Yoongi cried out when he was tossed into the back of a truck with a few other’s guns pointed at them. He growled at them, cradling his arm protectively to his chest.

He heard familiar sobs, a whine leaving his throat as a smaller Omega was tossed in, barely moving. He rushed forwards, pulling Jimin up onto his lap, ignoring the blood smeared down to his knees. “Baby? Baby are you with me? Jimin?”

“Hyung?” The other opened his eyes, his lip trembling. “I can’t move my legs. Hyung, they hurt!”

“It’s okay. It’s gonna be okay.” He rocked the other tight against him. “I’ve got you.”

He managed to drag them both back to a far corner, growling at a few scared Omegas along the way, keeping Jimin as far away from the danger as he could.


“Don’t worry about them right now.” Yoongi pushed the other’s bangs away from his forehead, Jimin ghastly pale. “Just focus on your breathing, baby, okay? Stay with me. Stay awake, don’t go into shock.”

“Okay.” He nodded. “Hyung?”

“Yeah, baby?”

“Can we play I spy?” His voice was hoarse, his eyes losing focus every so often.

“Yeah, baby. Anything you want.” He sniffled, hugging the other tighter, fear gripping his heart. “Just stay awake, please… please stay awake.”
“Yah! Would you stop hogging the water?” Hoseok poked the other’s side, making him squirm and snicker.

“But it’s warm!”

“Well now I’m cold!”

“Aish!” Jungkook pulled the other against his chest, turning sideways. He let his hands land on slim hips, brushing them with his thumbs.

Hoseok wrapped his arms around the taller’s neck, leaning in for a gentle kiss, humming.

“Thanks for giving this a shot, Hyung.” Jungkook whispered, nuzzling into the other’s neck.

“What? Showering together?” He raised a brow.

“No! Us!” Jungkook pressed his lips to the mated mark, the area almost completely healed and scarred over.

“Well you did mate me…” He shrugged. “And technically you saved my ass… literally… and you’re pretty damn cute…” The older pulled back with a grin.

“Yah. So you’re giving me a shot because I have a cute face, raped you and then saved you?” He gave a somewhat fake, somewhat real, pout.

“And cuz you’re pretty good between the sheets…” He smirked, the other blushing. “And you’re good to me.” His tone was much softer. He gently played with the strands at the base of the other’s neck.

Jungkook bashfully kissed the older’s cheek, hugging him close again. “I have to head out for my meeting.”
“Yah, fine, fine. Hurry back.” He reached down, cupping the taller, making him gasp before shutting off the water.

“Yah! Not fair! Don’t tease me.” He pouted, both stepping out of the shower and drying off, sharing a few soft pecks here and there.

“You have a boner.”

“No shit!” Jungkook scrunched his nose up in a fake glare, nipping the other’s shoulder. “Brat.”

“You love it.” Hoseok shrugged.

Jungkook laughed opening the door and stepping into the bedroom, towels around their waist.

_BANG!_

Hoseok gasped, covering his ears as they rang, the noise deafening. His head swam and he turned to the side.

He felt his body go cold, fear ripping through him. “Jungkook!” He dropped next to the other who was laying on his side, gasping, blood pooling around him on the floor. “Jungkook! Jungkook!” He reached out for the other.

The younger let out a pained roar, grabbing Hoseok and using his strength to roll, forcing the younger under him as another loud bang rang throughout the room, a hole in the floor where he had been.

A third loud boom filled their senses, Jungkook letting out a scream, gripping the other tight, his eyes blurring from the pain and fear.

Hands grabbed him and he growled dangerously, thrashing and snapping his jaw as he was ripped off of the older.
Hoseok went to scramble up, a second set of arms grabbing him painfully tight, yanking him to the door.

“No! No! Jungkook! Alpha! Alpha!” He watched in horror as the gun was raised again. Jungkook standing there, a hole in his shoulder and one near his hip. He screamed, the man holding him turning the corner as a fourth loud bang filled the home. “Alpha! Alpha!” Hoseok thrashed violently, his throat burning, tears dripping from his chin. “Jungkook!”

Chapter End Notes

So… now that I let Yoongi finally have some happiness… yeah… yeah… Like I said, everything goes to shit starting in this chapter. And trust me when I say this is just the beginning of the worst. Please continue reading with caution!

Next chapter Hoseok is reunited with Yoongi and Jiminnie for a short time whilst they desperately try to keep Jimin away and stop him from going into shock. They get brought to a warehouse and separated into rooms the Alphas see fit. Thankfully, Yoongi clings to Jimin for dear life, keeping them together… Hoseok however, is far less fortunate when he is given to none other than Gunther. This time, there is no Jungkook to save him.

WARNINGS: RAPE, KIDNAPPING, VIOLNCE, SEXSLAVERY

Catt_Senpai: Remember… It’s okay to wait until it’s posted fully to continue!
JonellePhoenix….. I really hope you waited to read this… I’m sorry for your loss, sweetie :(
bookMARK802: LOL! I did indeed give a carrot… and again! BWUHAHAA!
epiphanybix: Aweh, yeah, I know the feeling!... I didn’t ruin their progress! I had Hoseok kidnapped and Jungkook shot…
BeyTS: If you’re still reading, please be careful! If you’ve waited… that’s perfectly okay and I will see you when you come back!

Also thank you to crunchychreme, Tyeria19, and Herbgirl15 for leaving comments!

Sorry it’s late… I’ve been working on wedding stuff for my best friend!
Chapter 13: Someone's Scraps

Warnings: TRIGGER WARNINGS: Rape, blood, tearing, sex slavery, kidnapping, violence, fear tactics

Chapter 13: Someone's Scraps

Hoseok let out a loud sob, his side colliding with the wood floor of a truck. He had been yanked down the hallways, kicking and screaming, grabbing at anything and everything. He had seen his mate’s father kneeling on the lawn and gone limp, realization hitting him.

He rolled onto his side, curling in on himself in the back of the vehicle.

“Hoseok! Hoseok!”

He looked up, shaking, his throat raw. His eyes landed on Yoongi and he whimpered, crawling over to him, grasping at them desperately. “They shot Jungkook! They shot Alpha!”

Yoongi’s eyes widened and his breath hitched.

“I don’t know if he’s okay! Hyung! Hyung! My Alpha!” He hiccupped, crumpling forwards.

Jimin reached up, gently taking the other’s wrist, smiling. “It’s okay. Jungkook’s strong.”

Hoseok looked at the smaller, his eyes trailing down to his blood soaked thighs. He looked up at Yoongi, his eyes reddened, his arm laying gingerly across Jimin’s chest. “Oh god.”

“It’s okay. Are you hurt?” Yoongi asked softly. Hoseok just shook his head. “Good.” He leaned back, letting out a breath.

The newest Omega’s eyes watered again, He slowly maneuvered himself so he was beside the older, Jimin’s legs carefully draped over his own. He looked around at the crying males, huddled together
in small groups. There had to be at least fifteen of them. Dirty, some dressed, some not. Most were injured in some, way, shape or form.

“Hyung?” He turned to the other. “What’s going to happen to us?”

“I don’t know.” He admitted. He looked down, panic filling him. “Jimin! Jimin stay awake!”

“But I’m tired.”

“I know, I know. Please, please stay awake.” He sat the other up a bit more, making him moan out in pain. “Sorry, sorry!”

“S’okay. I’m more awake now.” He chuckled slightly, leaning against the taller. “Hurts.”

“I know, baby.” He kissed the other’s cheek.

The three stayed huddled, two of them doing their best to keep the smallest awake for as long as they could.

Then it became a battle for any of them to stay awake.

Eventually, their eyes drifted shut, unable to fight off the exhaustion any longer. They had no idea how long they were in the truck before darkness claimed them, and even less knowledge after.

The hustle and panicked voices woke Yoongi first, his head foggy from sleep. He glanced around, sucking in a breath as memories came back. His eyes widened and shot down. “Jimin! Jimin, wake up!” He shook the smaller, Hoseok startling awake. “Jimin!”

“You’re gonna make me puke.” The smaller moaned out, cracking his eyes open.

“Oh thank god.” The older slumped in relief, Hoseok doing his best not to hug the injured Omega.
Jimin shifted, hissing slightly. “I can move my legs.” He said softly, smiling tiredly.

“Good, good.” Yoongi sighed, kissing the other’s forehead.

Hoseok furrowed his brows, looking around. “Hyung… did we stop moving?”

Yoongi stiffened. “Yeah… we did.” He sighed. “Help me get him up.”

Hoseok nodded, the three of them carefully standing, the back doors being thrown open.

“Move!” One of the armed men hollered, the three knowing better than to cower like some of the others.

They obediently walked to the edge, the two older ones holding Jimin up on his shaky legs. They were yanked down harshly, the smaller collapsing onto the muddied ground, rain pouring down. “Jimin!” Yoongi spun, one of the men shoving him away along with Hoseok.

They yanked the younger up off the ground by his shirt, half dragging him along.

They were ushered into a warehouse, the area reconstructed sloppily into multiple rooms.

Someone roughly grabbed the back of Hoseok’s neck, a gasp leaving him. “What do you want me to do with his bitch?”

“Who’s bitch?” A large, burly Alpha glared.

“The kid’s.”

He was eyed for a long moment.

“I’ll take him.”
Hoseok stiffened. He knew that voice. A sound of pure fear crawled up his throat, his eyes landing on him, on Gunther.

“We’ve got unfinished business.”

“You want someone’s scraps, go for it.”

Hoseok was shoved forwards, Gunther grabbing his bicep. Hoseok stood, paralyzed in fear, the older male sniffing his neck and growling angrily. He yanked the other towards one of the doors, Hoseok kicking and screaming. He pulled against the large Alpha, struggling, eyes searching for Yoongi and Jimin. He couldn’t find them through the crowd of Omegas. He couldn’t hear them over the shouts and cries.

Gunther suddenly let out a frustrated roar. He grabbed both of Hoseok’s bicep, shaking him angrily and leaning in close. Hoseok quickly turned his head away, letting out a scream. “Stop fucking struggling, you little shit, or I’m breaking your arm!”

Hoseok let out a sob but nodded, the other letting go of one of his arm, fingerprints left behind. He tried his best to hold in his cries as he was led down a hallway, doors with names taped to them. They stopped in front of the one with Gunther’s. The older opened it and shoved Hoseok in, closing the door behind him.

Hoseok’s breath hitched and he quickly moved to the far corner, his back pressed to it, hands hovering on instinct down by his exposed genitals.

The room was small. A double bed was pushed against the one wall, a nightstand with a lamp on the other side. A chair sat in one corner of the room, opposite to the door. There was a dresser across from the bed. The ceiling of the warehouse were higher than the walls, but a screen like netting was nailed across. He could hear every noise, every scream, and every cry. There was nothing to block the sounds.

Gunther pulled a set of keys from his pocket, turning and locking one of the bolts on the door.

Hoseok stayed put, standing in the small space between the dresser and the wall, unsure if he should stay standing or hunch down.
The older was quiet. It was nerve wracking. He walked to his nightstand, opening it up and taking something out that clinked. He turned to the other, holding up an open, circular metal ring, a chain attached to one end.

Realization struck Hoseok and his eyes widened. He whimpered, shaking his head, slowly sinking down to the floor, trying to make himself as small as possible.

Gunther growled at him dangerously, reaching down and grabbing a fist full of Hoseok’s hair, the younger crying out, and standing quickly when he was pulled up. “Don’t. Struggle. Struggle, and I’ll strangle you with this fucking chain. Got it?”

Hoseok let out a sob, slumping in defeat, nodding.

“Good.” He lifted the metal collar, clasping it around the other’s neck. He took a small, but heavy duty lock off his key ring, undoing it and locking the collar closed.

Hoseok sniffled, hugging his center. Gunther slowly backed away, holding the chain and letting it slip through his fingers, heading to the bed. Hoseok watched, his chest filled with dread. The taller reached the end and yanked harshly, forcing the younger to stumble forwards. He grinned and locked the other end to the headboard frame on the side closest to the wall.

“You will sleep on that side. Got it?” He glared, the smaller nodding. “Got it?!”

“Y-yes!” He let out a shuddering breath.

“Good. C’mere.” He tugged, the other staggering again.

Hoseok flinched, his lip trembling. He could see the other’s bulge through his pants, his throat tightening in fear. He shook his head, feeling the silent tears slip down his cheeks.

“Now!” He tugged hard, a yelp leaving the other.
Hoseok let out a sob, shakily walking over. He placed trembling hands on the mattress followed by his knees, crawling to ‘his’ spot.

“Stop.”

He froze, still propped up. He could hear the other rustling and closed his eyes. He had never shook so badly from fear. He could barely keep himself upright, sobs leaving him. He felt the bed dip and his upper body slowly sunk, sticking his head between his forearms, gripping the bars of the headboard knowingly.

“Good boy.” He could feel the other’s hands land on his hips, running up and down his sides and along his lower back, the other humming out, pleased.

Hoseok let out a chocked sob, shaking his head, feeling the other line up. He could tell the taller used at least some kind of lubrication. Not much, but some. He let out shaky breaths. There was no one to save him this time. No one to fight off the Alpha.

Gunther snapped his hips forwards, Hoseok’s head whipping back and a scream ripping form his throat. He grabbed the sheet, convulsing as pain engulfed him, the other’s thrusts hard and quick, jerking his body forwards. His insides burned and his throat was raw. His legs felt like jelly. He felt something wet on his thigh and cracked his eyes open, looking down. He let out a scared whimper, watching as a red trail slowly trickled down one of his inner legs and down to his knee.

He heard the other grunt and felt him stiffen, a fresh scream tearing its way out as the other’s orgasm burned through his rear.

Gunther pulled back, panting, loud sobs leaving Hoseok as he stayed in his position, scared to move.

The other grunted and laid down next to him, shoving his side so he’d topple over. “Stop fucking crying. Go to sleep.”

Hoseok bit the pillow hard, trying to silence himself, his breaths choppy.

He shifted his legs, whimpering. He felt like his insides had been rubbed with sandpaper, his back sore and legs still trembling.
He didn’t know how long he laid there, his breaths shuddering, fear gripping him hard. He watched the Alpha sleep. He looked to where the chain was attached to the bed, sniffling and reaching out to gently touch it. He knew he would never be able to break it. He was never getting out.

Jungkook… Jungkook… his heart ached. He closed his eyes, picturing that adorable bunny smile and laugh. He thought about the soft hair and skin. He thought about how his cheeks would tinge red so easily. How warm and inviting his eyes and hands were. How beautiful and sweet his voice was. But…

His mate was probably dead. His family had no idea where he was. Hell he had no idea where he was. No one there cared enough to help him. He was going to die in this goddamn place, cold, beaten and raped.

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Yoongi sniffled, wiping under his nose. Jimin was asleep on the cot beside him.

The Omegas had been grabbed and dragged into the warehouse. As soon as Jimin was insight Yoongi pulled him in close and gripped him like a life line. The men got fed up and tossed them in a room together with two other Omegas he hadn’t met. There were only two small cots for the four of them.

He twirled the pin around in his fingers, his heart aching. Was Taehyung okay? Was he even alive? His eyes watered. His lips trembled when he pressed them to the metal flower, closing his eyes and feeling the tear slip down his cheek.

“Hyung?”

“Jimin?” He looked down at the other surprised, quickly shifting and checking his vitals, one of his own arms in a makeshift sling.

“Where’s Hoseok?” He asked, looking around the room, stopping at the two strangers. He turned back to Yoongi. “Where’s Jin, Tae and Joon?”
Yoongi frowned. “I don’t know, Jimin. I didn’t see what happened to Hoseok. Tae…” His throat seized up, forcing him to cough slightly in order to clear it. “He was injured and unconscious… all three were… I don’t… I don’t know…” He tried his best to stop the cries, not wanting to scare the younger Omega.

“Jin?” Jimin’s own lips trembled, his eyes filling with tears. “H-he was hurt too?” Yoongi nodded. The smaller sat up, hissing slightly, pulling the taller in tight, both of them burying their noses in each other’s scent glands.

A silent sob wracked through Yoongi’s body followed by a much louder one. The smaller gripped the bare back tight, in no better condition.

“Hyung… I’m scared.” Jimin hiccupped out, the other tightening his grasp.

“Me too.” He admitted. “Me too.”

*The Gunther rape scene… I had a less violent experience with my ex in the past, so I ended up channeling that. No he never made me bleed, but he would yell at me to stop crying >.< Which made me cry harder…*

JonellePhoenix: …………… That is extremely concerning……

amilake: Aweh! Thank you thank you thank you!

Sorry all about my lack of enthusiasm… For those that follow on twitter, you already know… I am very swamped. My best friends mother is dying. I’ve known her for 15 years and she’s been like a mom to me. I’m trying to find a way out to see her to say my goodbyes. I am also super stressed with my bff’s wedding. A lot of the decisions are made by me and run through me because I’ve known her the longest… aaand it’s expensive and I’m poor o… drama… not that they know I’m struggling because I don’t like worrying people… but meh… anyways. Sorry for the late chapters and crappy
responses!
Chapter 14: Sungmin and Malkins

Hoseok sat with his back against the wall on the bed, staring ahead, not registering anything. He had his knees up and his arms around them, the heavy collar around his neck.

There were blood stains on the blankets, dried tear track on his cheeks. His body felt almost numb from the pain.

He heard the lock in the door and stiffened, curling in further. He tightened his arms and his legs, whimpering.

Gunther entered, laughing away, another man beside him, talking in a language he didn’t know.

It had been about four days from what Hoseok understood. So far he had learned a few things.

Don’t say no. don’t try and leave. Don’t ask for help, because no one was listening. Do as told. There was no way for him to escape. And if he wanted to use a toilet instead of a bucket, he better not run off down the hall. Even if he did, the other kept the metallic leash on him at all times, just locking and unlocking the chain from the bed.

He eyed the two men, shrinking as small as he could.

“Malkin.” He turned to Hoseok. The younger had no idea what the hell a ‘Malkin’ was, but he didn’t like being called it. “Meet my friend, Jim.”

All the blood drained from his face, fear spiking up his spine. He shook his head, whimpering.
“Please no! Please no, I’ll be good! I’ll be good!” He leaned forwards on his hands and knees, shaking slightly, pleading with the other.

“You’ll be good either way, Malkin. Turn around, beautiful. Show Jim your best feature.” Gunther smirked.

Hoseok let out a choked sob, gripping the sheets. He moved at a snail’s pace, slowly giving them his back, laying his chest on the bed and raising up on his knees. He buried his face in the sheets, smelling and feeling the unfamiliar Alpha as he ran his hands along his flesh. He made noises of approval, speaking in that foreign tongue.

He heard the sound of a condom wrapper opening, the slightest inkling of relief running through him. Condoms were lubed.

“Can I make him cum?”

Hoseok froze, his eyes widening at Jim’s request, a hand gently rubbing one of his rear cheeks. Why the fuck would he ask that in Hoseok’s language?! Asshole!

“You paid. You get thirty minutes. That’s it. I don’t care how you spend it.” The taller walked over to the other side of the room, sitting on a chair.

Jim crawled up on the bed, nudging the smaller until Hoseok was facing the head of the bed, still in the same position. He glanced out the corner of his eye, watching Gunther light a smoke.

His own orbs closed and he gripping the bars, feeling the other probing his entrance. He gasped when a lubricated digit slipped in, shifting in and out. The older added a second, spreading him open and making him hiss. He could feel the tiniest spark of arousal creep through him at the gentle touch and his eyes watered. He shook his head, lip starting to tremble.

He felt the other hook his fingers and his head tossed back, a loud cry leaving him. The other rubbed his prostate, Hoseok’s body trembling and his eyes rolling. He could feel himself harden, subconsciously pushing back.

Sobs fell from his mouth, mixing with the pleasured cries. He could feel the coil in his stomach tighten and he shook his head. “No! Please no, no, no, no, no!” He started chanting, gasping every
so often. A loud, undignified cry left him when he came, trembling heavily, mewls leaving him, cheeks drenched in tears.

“Shit…” He heard Gunther groan across from him and he buried his face into the pillow. He knew that tone. He knew the other liked making Hoseok hurt, and just found a new way.

Jim lined up and pushed forwards, a moan slipping out from Hoseok. He couldn’t stop the pleasured sounds that left him, his heart aching more than any other part of his body.

When the other finished, Hoseok went to flop down on his side. He whimpered when the smell of caramel filled his senses, Gunther’s hands on his hips. He lined up and pushed, a chocked sob leaving Hoseok.

He was glad when the other didn’t last long, shoving him down after, leaving the Omega panting on the mattress.

He kept his back to the door, hearing them leave. He felt his heart crack.

He would rather be shot in the stomach, or raped with a fucking knife, left to bleed out, than have the other get him off. He’d rather die a slow, painful death, than to feel pleasure whilst being raped. And Gunther knew this. He closed his eyes, turning his face back into his pillow.

For the first time since he was kidnapped, Hoseok prayed for death.

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The Omega laid there, trembling heavily, euphoria washing through his brain. His eyes were glazed, body numb and yet tingly. He moaned, feeling a spark of pleasure before it disappeared, the other male pushing in hard and quick.

He wasn’t sure what happened before really. He knew he was with Jimin. He knew he struggled…and now? He let out another moan, his head tilting back. His knees were hiked up higher, gasps leaving him. He could hear the other person talking, but couldn’t make sense of the words. His brain was swimming in a fog of pleasure, his body starting to hum perfectly.
He barely registered being moved, carried, and dropped.

He heard a muffled voice, vaguely recognizing it. He groaned and tilted his head, seeing Jimin crawling across the floor to him.

Yoongi felt an overwhelming need fill him. He growled slightly and moved far faster than he thought he could, pinning Jimin to the floor, seeing the shock run through his features. The pain in his arm seemed almost non-existent. He moaned, fumbling with the smaller’s bottoms. He looked at the other, some part of his brain registering the understanding in Jimin’s eyes. He felt legs press to his sides and feet cross behind his back.

He lined up and pushed, crying out.

He gripped slim hips, pushing his forehead into the concrete floor, his knees bruising as he pushed into the smaller. Loud cries left him. He felt like he was in a constant state of orgasm, grasping almost desperately at the other. He felt the pressure build and snap, a chocked yell falling from him, his hips slowing to a stop.

He gasped a few times, pulling out and falling to the side. His eyes rolled back and darkness consumed him.

Jimin gasped, his head tilting back, feeling the other strike deep, brushing along his prostate, moaning heavily in his ear. He grabbed at the other’s back, crying out, feeling the pleasure build up inside of him. He came between them, Yoongi close behind.

His legs fell to the sides, both panting harshly.

The older rolled off and blacked out, Jimin having a moment of panic.

“He’ll be okay.” One of the other male Omegas said softly. “It’s the drug. He’ll come to in a couple hours.”
“What the fuck did them give him?!” Jimin ran his hand through the other’s hair, hissing and flinching as he sat up. He was still sore from Jaebum, and most likely bleeding again.

“Dunno.” The other shrugged.

“What the fuck did them give him?!” Jimin ran his hand through the other’s hair, hissing and flinching as he sat up. He was still sore from Jaebum, and most likely bleeding again.

“Dunno.” The other shrugged.

“Will he remember anything?” Jimin asked quietly.

The other two got up, carefully lifting Yoongi and bringing the unconscious Omega to his shared bed with Jimin. The younger hissed, carefully standing, using the wall for support.

“Whoa there.” The tallest of the four rushed over, helping him up. “Careful now.” He walked the other to his destination, helping him sit.

“Will he remember?” Jimin repeated.

“I… can’t answer that.” He frowned. “He might. It depends on how much they gave him.”

“Oh.” The younger ran a hand through his hair.

“I’m Sungmin.” The other held his hand out. “That’s Carl.” The other gave a hesitant wave.

“Hi, Jimin, Yoongi.” He pointed to his friend.

“I take it you two haven’t done that before?” He asked softly.

Jimin shook his head. “We’re like brothers. We both love different people. Betas, actually.” He sighed heavily, running his hands through sweaty hair.

“You’re worried he’ll remember and fuss about raping you?”

“You’re worried he’ll remember and fuss about raping you?”

“Yup.” He nodded. “Spot on.”
“Well we won’t know until it happens.” Sungmin frowned.

“I guess not.”

“You should try and sleep. The activity never stops for long here.” Carl suggested, Sungmin heading back to his bed, curling in next to him.


“Hoseok?” Sungmin sat up. “It’s not a Jung Hoseok, by chance is it?”

Jimin looked at him surprised. “Y-yeah…”

“Is he a dancer?” His voice was rushed.

“Yeah, and works at a liquor store-”

“To pay for college.”

“Yeah.” Jimin nodded.

“No.” A look of devastation washed over the other’s face, his whole being crumpling down, his head in his hands. “Not Hopie.”

“Hopie?” Jimin frowned.

Sungmin sniffled, nodding and looking up with red rimmed eyes. “Hoseok and I go way back.” He choked out, the smaller gasping shocked. “I’m a friend of the family. When he presented, I mentored him. We called him Hopie.” He chuckled. “Because he was always so upbeat and hopeful. He never frowned and always managed to find a positive in everything.” He gripped the side of the cot.
“I’m sorry.” Jimin frowned.

“Has… is he handling it okay?” Sungmin looked at the other, so much hurt in his eyes.

“He was, yeah. Mr. Jeon’s son, Jungkook, fell for him. Before anyone even touched Hoseok he ended up mating him.”

“Hoseok’s mated?” His eyes widened.

“Yeah. At first he was mad. He didn’t want to… but… Jungkook’s a good kid. He takes good care of Hoseok-Hyung.” Jimin ran his hand through greasy locks. “Hoseok started to really fall for him. Jungkook treated him like a prince, worshiped the ground he walked on.” He smiled sadly. “When… when they threw Hoseok in the truck with us… He said they shot Jungkook.”


“I think…” Jimin swallowed thickly. “I think I know where he is. It’s just a hunch, but I’ve been scared to say it out loud.” He picked at a loose thread on his shirt. “After Jungkook knotted him… he was chosen for Jungkook’s first rut.” He filled the other in. “Hoseok was up for hire… and someone paid a lot of money for him… but Jungkook broke in before he could do anything to Hoseok, fought him off and mated Hoseok-Hyung.”

“Seriously?” His eyes widened. “Shit. Who was it?”

“Gunther.”

“Is he fucking crazy?!” Sungmin barked out, sitting up straight. “Gunther?! Gunther?! You don’t fuck with Gunther!”

“I know.” Jimin flinched. “Yoongi Hyung knows better than anyone…” He sighed. “What if… What if Gunther has him?” He looked up at the other with hallow eyes. “He’s a mated Omega… no one will want him. He’ll smell like Jungkook. They’ll either kill him… or sell him off… Gunther
really, really wanted him.”

“Then he has him.” Sungmin sighed. “Gunther always gets what he wants.” The other suddenly froze. “Jeon Jungkook? Like the kid of the leader of the main trafficking ring?! That Jeon Jungkook?!”

Jimin nodded. “Yeah, that one.”

“Fucking hell…” He lied back down. “His father must have been pissed.” He gave a snort, shaking his head.

“He was furious. But he accepted Hoseok as Jungkook’s mate.”

“What’s he gonna do? Tell his only heir no?” Sungmin sighed heavily. “Shit. My poor Hopie. I’m gonna get my ass beat for this.” Jimin furrowed his brows in confusion. Sungmin sucked in a deep breath, yelling as loud as he could “Hang in there Hopie!”

Hoseok’s eyes widened and he sat up, looking around the room. He knew he heard it. His heart started to hammer in his chest, tears welling up in his eyes, a happy sob falling from his lips. Only his closest family and friends called him that. And only one of them was a male Omega. Which meant Sungmin was alive.

NEXT CHAPTER WARNINGS: CHARACTER DEATHS!, RAPE, FORCED MATING, LOSS OF LOVED ONES, PRISONER, EMOTIONAL TORTURE

Chapter End Notes
I want to make very clear that Yoongi did not rape Jimin! It’s dubious consent, but both would have been accepting and willing if sober.

So…… how many of your remember Sungmin from the prologue and first chapters? ;)

Next chapter Hoseok is reunited with Yoongi and Jimin… as well as his mate, Taehyung, Namjoon and Seokjin. Jungkook and the three Betas have been taken captive by the seventh platoon. Gunther forcibly mates Hoseok in front of Jungkook, emotionally devastating both of them. They learn more about Hoseok than they knew previously and it ends traumatically when some of our boys meet the end of their lifespan via bullet between the eyes.

NEXT CHAPTER WARNINGS: CHARACTER DEATHS!, RAPE, FORCED MATING, LOSS OF LOVED ONES, PRISONER, EMOTIONAL TORTURE

******Next chapter (and the following) is (are) the one(s) I warned you all about. All of my pain and anger and hurt was put into it. Please be careful reading. If you do not think you can handle it, please wait until July to read the full story (I am uploading once a week from now on. I will upload this story on Thursdays :) )

Catt_Senpai: Right? How does screaming at someone make it easier to stop? O.o And it’s okay to take a break! Especially because of next chapter!
JonellePhoenix: Thank you very much. I’m going to see them in a few days to it looks like I should be okay to get there….. and you’re not making me feel any less concerned….. do you need/want to talk? I have an email…. And twitter…
Herbgirl15: Thank you! I will do my best!
sope2018: Aweh thank you! I’m happy to know you feel that way!
K: Thank you! I’m glad you like the story! And I will for sure!
Chapter 15: My Bitch Now

“Get up.”

Hoseok sucked in a breath, waking up at the Alpha’s command. He sat up quickly, knowing better than to doddle. He had a pair of shorts thrown at him.

The older undid his chain from the pole. “I have a surprise for you, Malkin.” He ran his fingers through the other’s hair. He tugged the leash, forcing the smaller to jerk forwards.

Hoseok climbed off the bed. Gunther was holding the back of his collar with one hand, which was odd. Usually he just held the chain. Hoseok was a good boy, so he was allowed a little bit of freedom.

He frowned as he was led down a way he didn’t know. They weren’t going to the washroom…

He entered a room and stiffened. There was some people tied to a chair, burlap sacks over their heads, like in the movies.

He looked around the room, seeing multiple armed men and…
“Yoongi! Jimin!” The men in the chairs jerked at Hoseok’s voice. The Omega whined, seeing the other two also with collars, being held back.

The taller Omega suddenly froze, sniffing. His heart started to hammer in his chest, his head slowly turning to the tied down men. Loud whines and whimpers left him. He struggled to move forwards, a horrible choking noise leaving him when he was yanked back, his legs giving out. One man walked over, yanking the first sack off, showing one of the Alphas that worked for Mr. Jeon. The next one had his heart doubling. Namjoon. The one after him had Jimin crying out, struggling almost violently, reaching out for Jin.

Yoongi’s breath hitched when Taehyung was revealed, the Beta glaring daggers, cursing the Alphas out, the words muffled by the cloth tied around his head. Another two Alphas were uncovered before they stopped at the last one.

Jimin and Yoongi looked at Hoseok knowingly, the Omega whimpering on the floor.

The brown material lifted, Jungkook blinking at the sudden light. He eyes quickly searched landing on Hoseok. He let out a cry of relief, seeing the other was alive. Despite the cloth making his words distorted, Hoseok knew. He knew his Alpha was trying to soothe him, even whilst tied to a chair with three goddamn gunshot wounds, cuts, scraped and bruises littering his bare chest.

“Alpha!” Hoseok let out a choked sob, crumpling down slightly, unable to curl in further because of the hand holding his collar.

Gunther growled and yanked him up, forcing a cough to fall from his throat, Hoseok reaching up to try and grab the front of the collar, taking pressure off his wind pipe.

Jungkook thrashed in his chair, obvious growls filling the area as he yelled every death threat he could.

“I brought you here.” Gunther said loud enough to get Jungkook’s attention. He pulled Hoseok in front of him, the smaller sniffling, still holding the metal. Jungkook quieted down to dangerously low rumbles. “I brought you here, my Malkin…” He nudged his cheek with his nose, Hoseok flinching back. Jungkook’s growls got louder. “Because I wanted your Alpha to see. Because I wanted him to watch.

The youngest one’s eyes widened and he shook his head frantically, desperate whines leaving him.
Gunther took out a zip tie. “You’ll be a good boy, right Malkin?” Hoseok let out a sob, nodding. He let his head drop. The other let go of his collar. Hoseok wanted to run, but he knew he couldn’t. He wouldn’t get far, and if he did, he’d just end up shot.

Hands ran down his arms, gently pulling them back. His wrists were pushed together, the plastic tightening around them. “Such a good boy, isn’t he?” Gunther cooed, Jungkook growling and narrowing his eyes. He walked the smaller forwards, Hoseok’s heart hammering as he was brought closer to Jungkook.

Their eyes locked, both going silent. The younger’s movements ceased. Gunther stopped the Omega in front of Jungkook. “Be a good boy, Malkin.” He murmured. Hoseok let out a hiccupsed breath, nodding, looking down at Jungkook. If his arms were free he would be able to touch him. “Lean, good.” He pushed the other’s upper back so he bent forwards slightly.

Hoseok’s eyes watered. “I’m sorry.” He whispered, the older pulling his shorts down. Jungkook shook his head frantically at Hoseok, muffling and whining quietly. Hoseok understood. He was telling him it was okay. He wasn’t mad at Hoseok.

He felt fingers rub his entrance and his eyes widened. “No.” He shook his head, fear filling Jungkook’s eyes at his Omega’s response. “No! Please, don’t!” He went to jerk forwards.

Gunther’s growl was loud, ferocious. Hoseok froze, his lip quivering. He let out a sob, his head dropping in defeat. “Good boy.” He pushed. Hoseok gasped, arching slightly as two lubricated fingers pushed in. It hurt a bit, but nothing like it usually did. He whimpered, Avoiding eye contact with Jungkook. “Look at him.” He shook his head. Gunther snarled and he flinched, slowly lifting his head and eyes, locking them with his Alpha.

He cried out, pleasure coursing through his body as the older rubbed his prostate. Jungkook struggling and whining heavily.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry! Oh god! I’m sorry!” Hoseok chanted, feeling the boil rise, whimpers leaving him.

Jungkook growled, grabbing the other’s attention. Once Hoseok looked at him his eyes softened. He nodded, the act looking so gentle, giving his go ahead.
Hoseok’s breath hitched and he cried out, his climax hitting him and Jungkook. He panted, the other’s hand back on his collar. He was forced lower, his cheek pressed against Jungkook. He mewled, breathing in the other’s peppermint scent.

Jungkook cooed, closing his eyes and resting his head against the other’s.

A loud gasp left Hoseok followed by a guttural moan, Gunter snapping his hips into him.

Jungkook narrowed his eyes, locking them with the other Alpha over Hoseok’s back. He growled.

Hoseok’s insides cowered at the sound. It was one he hadn’t heard from the other, and it frightened him. The rumbling got louder and louder and suddenly Hoseok understood. He felt the other swell and gasped, struggling. “No! No!” He shook his head, feeling the other’s knot lock in place, stretching the area painfully. He cried out, his eyes watering.

He was yanked back up, the other still grinding deep. He looked down at Jungkook, Seeing Gunther lock eyes with the Alpha, out of the corner of his own.

The older suddenly smirked.

Hoseok felt the other’s knot seized, heard his growl followed by a bone shattering one from his own Alpha before teeth clamped into his mated mark. He stiffed, sucking in a breath before a scream ripped through the air.

He struggled against the other, tears streaming down his face, shaking his head. He looked down at Jungkook, the other’s own cheeks damp. He had never seen such hate in someone’s eyes. He knew they were directed at Gunther.

The older removed his teeth, blood dripping down Hoseok’s neck and to his collar. He smirked at Jungkook. “He’s my bitch now.”

Hoseok felt dread fill him, his legs wanting to give out, a knot still buried in him. The other made him stand there in front of his old Alpha until his knot emptied. He pulled back, a trail of red and white slipping down Hoseok’s thigh. Jungkook fussed and struggled, his eyes locked on the substance, knowing Hoseok was hurting.
Gunther spun Hoseok to face him, smirking. “Let’s show him your best view.”

The other let out a sob as his Alpha pulled his collar down, making him bend.

Jungkook thrashed again, whimpers leaving him, a sob following.

Hoseok knew the other had torn him a couple times. He knew the area was irritated from the rough rounds he went through daily. He also knew that Jungkook would know the difference. He’d see the damage that had been done.

He was pulled back up and spun around, looking down at Jungkook. He mouthed out one thing, the smaller’s eyes widening, a tear slipping down his cheek. He slowly closed his eyes and opened them again, giving a slow blink, trying his best to return the silent ‘I love you’ from Hoseok. The older smiled knowingly, Gunther yanking him off, forcing him away from Jungkook, Yoongi and Jimin. He walked down the halls bare, his insides feeling emptier and emptier as he got further from Jungkook and closer to the room.

He obediently let the other pull him to the bed and tie him back in place. He stared straight ahead at the dresser, feeling his insides whither.

Gunther hummed, sounding quite content. He leaned over and nipped Hoseok’s ear.

Hoseok growled angrily. He gasped when a hand collided with his cheek, a sharp sound filling the room.

“Growl at me again, and I’ll kill your little boyfriend. Got it?”

The smaller froze. Kill? As in... he wasn’t planning on it?! Jungkook was going to live?

“Got it?!” He yelled the other flinching.

“G-got it.” He nodded.
“Got it, what.”

The other pushed the lump forming in his throat down. “Alpha. Got it, Alpha.”

“Good boy.” He backed up off the bed, heading out of the room, hearing the lock.

Hoseok let out a shuddering breath, his chest aching. He reached up and touched the bloodied mark, whimpering, a fresh set of tears falling, he buried his head in his arms and knees.

When Jungkook mated him he would have given anything to have him take it back. But now? Now he would give anything to have Jungkook back.

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Yoongi sniffled, Jimin sobbing beside him, Hoseok being dragged off. They watched Jungkook’s head fall forwards and his body crumple, sobs leaving him. He was hiccupping, unable to get a proper breath in.

One of the men scowled and yanked the cloth off so he could suck in breaths.

“Please! Please!” He choked out. “He has my litter! Please!” He wailed.

Everything except the Alpha’s cries stopped.

“What?”

“H-his heat! L-last month I knotted him! We didn’t use the pill after! Please! Please!”

A strangled sound left Jimin, his eyes watering. The others looked at him surprised. He placed a hand over his own stomach, looking at Jungkook understandingly. There was nothing worse than losing your mate. But the next closest thing? Losing your baby.
“He’s fucking pregnant?” One of the men growled out.

“Please! Please don’t take my family! Please!” He sobbed, struggling weakly. “Please.” It was quieter, his body starting to slump in defeat. “I’m sorry. I’ll do anything, I swear! Please! Y-you can have anything! Just! Give me back my family! Please!” He begged.

“Oh shut up!” A fist collided with his jaw. He gasped, his head snapping to the side. He paused, spitting the blood onto the floor. His head slowly fell forwards, hanging low. A string of bloodied saliva dripped out, his shoulders shaking from his silent cries.

“What do you want me to do with them?” A man asked, motioning to the Alphas and Betas.

“The kid is a valuable bargaining piece. Kill the rest.”

Jimin and Yoongi let out desperate shrieks, struggling violently as someone raised a gun, walking to one of the Alphas, a bang sounding.

Namjoon glared at the man, his eyes daring them. The bang ricocheted off the walls.

Jimin locked eyes with Jin, a sob falling out, Yoongi’s meeting Taehyung’s.

Jin nodded at Jimin, his eyes teary. The younger shook his head, whimpering frantically. A scream ripped from his throat when his Beta’s head whipped back, red splattering the floor.

Yoongi let out a loud sob, struggling. Taehyung sniffled locking their eyes. He smiled at the other, giving a small wink before the loud bang filled the room. He crumpled down next to Jimin, his fingertips digging into the cement.

He felt himself being forced up, his throat raw from screaming. He and Jimin were thrown into their room, Sungmin and Carl rushing forwards.

Jimin pulled Yoongi tight against him, clawing at his back, the older gripping him tight. Their legs
collapsed, both landing heavily on the floor, hearts shattering and chests aching.

Chapter End Notes

Originally… originally they all were supposed to escape and Yoongi was supposed to die in Taehyung’s arms from his wounds after telling him he finally felt love… yeah… IDK WTF happened here… but yeah… I started writing and the next thing I knew Hoseok was pregnant and the betas were dead…

Next chapter Gunther learns about the pregnancy. Yoongi and Jimin share another intimate moment one with and one without the help of drugs.

As per usual…. I messed up the chapter counting… There will be chapter 16, 17 and then an epilogue! Almost done all!

I’m hoping to do better with uploading soon. My friends mom didn’t make it. She passed away from triple breast cancer the other day so I may be… distracted……… My brother is doing better as well so, with the exception of the upcoming wedding, I’m doing pretty normal! Hope you all are well!

amilake: Aweh! Thank you! I’m glad the motions come through in the writing! And thank you for the support! I really appreciate it!
Herbgirl15: Nope! Perfectly logical given the situation!
JonellePhoenix: Sadly she passed 4 days before my scheduled visit. But she also is not suffering anymore so I can’t be too upset about it. Her daughter is doing okay which is good.
Catt_Senpai: The worst is done! Take some breaths! And yes, that is most likely the reason for your difficulty with crying! I can’t cry in public because that was ground into me as a child… so I tend to end up pent up… but IO can still cry. I’m sorry your body wont let you :( It’s a powerful and great release.

Also thank you to Mariessa, FireLinyi, kyeoohope, ArtemisKogane, and sope2018 for leaving comments!!!
Chapter 16: Hurting

Warnings: Oral Sex (forced), Jimin breaks, hopelessness, sexual situations, forced drug use, anal sex, Love making

Chapter 16: Hurting

Hoseok let out hiccupped breaths. He was on his knees, cement digging into his skin. His Alpha was seated on the bed, his thighs on either side of the younger’s shoulders, a hand gripping his hair almost painfully.

“You bite me,” Gunther narrowed his eyes “I swear I’ll have you castrated. Understand?”

“Yes Alpha.” Hoseok nodded. The other tugged his hair and he hissed, raising himself up, bracing his hands on the other’s legs. He brought the shaft into his mouth, shuddering and crinkling his nose. He really would have preferred his first time to be with Jungkook… but that wasn’t an option anymore. He sucked, the other’s breath hitching.

Hoseok coughed when his head was pushed down further. Gunther moaned, repeating the action. The smaller’s eyes watered, his nails digging into the other’s thighs as his throat spasmed, his airways blocked. The older let out a string of moans before orgasming.

He let go and Hoseok fell to the side, coughing violently, his throat burning, sucking in breaths. His body was shaking, his head feeling dizzy.

There was a knock on the door, the older growling and getting up, grabbing a pair of sweats to tug on. He yanked it open. “What?”

“I need to talk to you. It’s about him.”

Hoseok couldn’t see past his Alpha, but he knew the other was referring to him. He spit whatever was left in his mouth out to the side before crawling up onto the bed and into his spot, his mate leaving.
Quiet sniffles filled the room. Two Omegas were cradled together, arms and legs entwined. Yoongi was playing with Jimin’s hair, the younger rubbing the taller’s side and hip affectionately.

It had been two days. Two long as fuck days.

Yoongi’s arm, thankfully, only had a stable fractured. As long as he kept it in his makeshift sling and didn’t move it around too much, it would heal fine in a few weeks.

In the last two days, both had been pulled out for ‘customers’. Jimin was taken first. Yoongi would never forget the other’s devastated cries, echoing as he grieved for Jin whilst some stranger spread him. The older was taken shortly after, not in much better condition.

Yoongi had been taken out about three times in the last two days. Jimin, five.

“Hyung?” Jimin’s voice was hallow.

“Yeah, baby?” He gently rubbed the other’s cheek.

“What’s the point?” He looked up, locking their eyes. “What’s the point in keeping hope? We’re not getting out of this. We’ll be used until we’re too old and then shot. Why… why bother?”

“Jimin.” His voice was stern. “Don’t you dare crap out on me.” He narrowed his eyes. “I need you with me. I can’t do this without you, and…” He closed his eyes, shaky breaths leaving him. “They would want us to fight. They would want us to hope and get free.”

Jimin’s eyes watered. He sniffled and snuggled into the other’s chest, lips pressing to the top of his head.

The door opened and a hand grabbed Yoongi’s arm. He growled, not wanting to separate from Jimin, the younger whimpering.
He struggled as he was pulled up. Another person walked over, tapping a needle. “No.” He shook his head, pulling away. “I’ll be good! I’ll be good!” He gasped when his arm was held out, Sungmin holding Jimin back. A needle was jammed into his vein and he cried out, a liquid pushing its way into his bloodstream.

He shook his head, still trying to fight them. His vision started to double, tingles spreading across his skin. He felt his legs go weak, a euphoric feeling washing through him. He moaned, slumping, his body being picked up and carried off.

Jemin cried out, struggling against Sungmin, the other refusing to let go until the door was locked.

“Why didn’t you help?!” He shoved the older, rushing to pull on the door. “Hyung! Yoongi-Hyung!”

“Jimin.” His voice was calm. “Jimin.” He gently pulled the scared Omega back and away from the door.

“What did they give him?!”

“The same drug from before.” Sungmin sighed.

Jemin let out a choked sob, falling down onto his bed, hiccupping.

“Last time when he came back…” Carl spoke up. “That drug…it really fucks with you… he’s probably going to try and pin one of us again.” He cleared his throat a bit awkwardly. “I’ve been on it a few times… Sungmin… Unless you knock me out, I’m, getting my dick in someone. So… either be prepared to knock him out, or…” He motioned off to nothing.

Jemin frowned. He looked around the room.

“What are you looking for?”
“Some kind of lube.” He said quietly. They exchanged looks.

Sungmin motioned the other to stand up. He pulled Jimin’s cot away from the wall. There was a piece of clothing covering a hole. The older moved it aside, showing a couple bottles of lubrication. “I stole them after he came back the first time on the drug. For when it happened again. The hole was already there so I just stashed them and moved the bed over it.” He shrugged.

Jimin gave a small nod of gratitude. He poured a bit of the gel onto his fingertips, putting it away, his bed being moved back. The other two turned their back and he blushed. He let his bottoms fall and reached back, his breath hitching. He carefully worked himself open, trying to ignore the pleasurable spikes.

He sat back down on the cot and bit his lip, waiting anxiously.

“Are you sure you’re okay with this?” Carl asked. “I can take your place.”

“No.” Jimin shook his head. “I… I want it to be me. He trusts me.” He said softly. The other two nodded in understanding.

The door opened, Sungmin and Carl jumping up to catch Yoongi before he hit the ground.

Yoongi moaned, trying to move his feet, not sure what was happening around him. Jimin quickly stripped and lied down on the bed, nodding at the others.

They let him go.

Yoongi stumbled, landing on his hands and knees. His insides ached with a need, his skin buzzing and head swimming. He felt a hand brush his cheek and he crawled towards it, feeling the other’s skin.

Jimin gasped as hands ran along his legs and sides, the older crawling between his spread thighs. Yoongi trailed his lips along the other’s scent gland, his hips rocking, searching. The younger wrapped his legs around the taller, grasping his biceps.
Yoongi lined up and pushed, groaning in his ear. A high keen left Jimin, his eyes rolling. He couldn’t explain it, but just like the other time, it felt good. So fucking good. He gasped, grasping the other’s back and arching under him as his hips shifted in and out. He managed to press along the other’s prostate, stars flashing behind the younger’s eyes, his cries getting louder as a climax started to build.

Jimin whimpered, tangling a hand in the other’s hair, sucking in breaths almost desperately. His body seized and his eyes rolled, head tilting back before a euphoric moan left him, warmth hitting their stomachs and chests. Yoongi kept rocking for a good, solid minute, the other shivering and moaning under him before a grunt fell from his mouth, pushing in deep.

“Jesus fuck.” Sungmin mumbled from his own bed, Carl’s eyes wide. “Sounds like he’s one hell of a lay.”

Jimin mewed, letting his legs fall, holding the other tight still. He pressed their cheeks together, playing with the dark strands as the older’s pants calmed and he pulled out.

Yoongi rolled, pulling the other close before succumbing to the exhaustion and the drug.

Jimin couldn’t stop the small smile that graced his features. Both were on their sides, facing each other, bare. Yoongi’s arm was around his waist and their legs were tangled. Some part of his chest warmed and he closed his eyes, snuggling in.

Hoseok sprung up, terror running through him. His Alpha had whipped the door open so hard the handle broke through the dry wall. He marched over to the younger, growling angrily.

He grabbed the chain, yanking hard, forcing Hoseok to fall forwards on the bed. He pulled again, the younger yelping as he slid across the mattress and landed on the cement floor.

“You’re pregnant?!”

“What?!” Hoseok rasped out, quickly shuffling away from the other, shaking his head.
“You’re fucking pregnant with his goddamn litter!” He barked out, reaching down to grab the other by his hair, pulling him up roughly.

Hoseok screamed in pain, the other slamming him against the wall. “I don’t know what you’re talking about!” He cried out, eyes clenched shut, hands gripping the Alpha’s forearm.

“He knotted you last month! Did you take anything?!” He growled out.

Hoseok had to think back to his heat. His eyes snapped open, his heart clenching. “No…” It was quiet, almost inaudible. A feeling he couldn’t describe washed through him.

He was pregnant?

Gunther let out a furious yell, yanking the other away from the wall, tossing him to the ground.

Hoseok gasped, skinning his palms.

“I’ll fucking carve that goddamn thing out of you if I have to!”

“No!” Hoseok shrieked, quickly covering his stomach with his hands. “No, please!”

“You really think I’m going to let you give birth to his spawn?!”

“Please!” He shook his head, scuffling away from him.

Then the unthinkable happened.

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Yoongi sucked in a breath, his eyes blinking open. His head was throbbing and his body ached. The last thing he remembered was being drugged whilst trying to stay with Jimin. Jimin!
His brain snapped back into reality. A sigh left him when he realized they were tangled together.

“Hey, you’re up.” Jimin whispered softly.

“Yeah.” He shifted slightly. He furrowed his brows looking down, seeing a white substance dried on both their stomachs. He stared for a long moment, feeling confused.

He remembered a flash. Just one small flash. But it was enough. He remembered Jimin under him, his head tilting back, gasping in pleasure.

“Oh god.”

“Yoongi-”

“Oh god!”

“Hyung! It’s okay!”

“Fuck! Fuck! Jimin!” He pulled back, looking at the other, feeling devastated.

“It’s okay.”

“How that fuck is me raping you, okay?!” He half shrieked, trying to untangle himself.

“Hyung stop! Stop!” Jimin kept his legs tight, trying to calm the almost flailing male. “It wasn’t rape!” He raised his voice.

Yoongi stopped, staring at him. “What?”
“I… wanted it.” His cheeks tinged red. “I wanted you to… I… I needed it.” His eyes watered, the other looking at him with large, watery eyes.

“You… wanted it?”

“Yeah.” He nodded, shyly looking away. “I… I’d do it again… i-if you want.” He looked up at the older, his eyes almost begging.

“Why?” His voice was soft. He could feel the other twitching against his leg, his own body reacting.

“I… I needed it. I need.” His breath hitched. “My heart hurts and… it made it feel better. And it didn’t feel worse after. It still feels better.” He hesitantly placed a hand on the other’s chest.

Yoongi watched his body language like a hawk. He carefully shifted his body, maneuvering himself until he was between Jimin’s thighs, the younger’s breaths heavy and his eyes lidded. He leaned down, stopping a hairs distance. He closed his eyes and pushed their lips together gently.

“Careful.” Jimin whispered. “Don’t put weight on your arm.” He tangled a hand in the other’s hair, pressing his knees into the other’s waist.

Yoongi’s breath hitched when the younger rolled his hips up. “This… this is okay?” He asked softly.

The shorter gave him a smile, nodding. “Please.”

Yoongi reached down between them, resting most of his weight on his legs. He slid his fingers along the other’s crease, pausing. “Is there… lube already there?”

“Y-yeah… I ah… I knew you’d come back and sleep with me…”

“How?” He frowned.

“You did it once before…” he admitted, the other’s eyes widening. “It’s okay! I wanted it then too.” He reassured the worried Omega.
Yoongi frowned again but nodded. He leaned down, pressing their lips together and pushing a digit forwards.

Jimin gasped and moaned, arching slightly under the other. Yoongi was slow, methodical. He took his time working up to three, watching Jimin’s blissful face as he did. He removed a finger and hooked, pressing into the other’s bundle of nerves, watching the other come undone under him. Jimin cried out, rocking down, rolling his hips and whimpering. He grasped at the older, arching his back and cumming, his head tossing back.

Yoongi moaned deep in his chest before positioning himself and pushing in, his own eyes rolling. He sucked in a breath, supporting his weight on his good arm, the other gently running along Jimin’s side as he slid in to the hilt. He let out a shaky breath, pulling back, their lust filled gazed locking. He closed his eyes, pressing their lips together. He rocked his hips, deepening their kiss, legs wrapping around his back.

A hand was in his hair, the other grasping at his bare back, Jimin pushing down against him. He rolled his hips with scary expertise, the other moaning heavily under him, arching. He kept his pace slow and careful, trailing his lips along the other’s scent gland, his jaw, his cheek, and his lips. His mouth stayed busy, his one hand roaming and touching everywhere it could without injuring himself.

He felt Jimin clench around him. His breath stuttering. His own boil started and he sped his hips up, the other whimpering. He rocked in harder, pulling his head back, watching Jimin’s face scrunch, his mouth dripping as he cried out, a hot wetness hitting the other’s stomach again. He groaned, his own coil snapping, gasps leaving him as he rode out his climax. He carefully lowered himself down on top of the other, both panting, sweat covering their bodies.

The door was kicked in, both their heads snapping to the side, a bright light shining in their eyes. “Hey, hey.” Someone’s voice broke out, a woman kneeling down next to them. “Are you an Alpha?” Yoongi shook his head no. “Okay, put some clothes on, we’re here to take you home.” As she stood up his eyes adjusted to the light.

He saw the badge on her bullet proof vest, a gun in the holster. A cry of relief left him, his eyes welling up, Jimin sobbing happily under him.

A swat team.

They were saved.
Yoongi finally let himself feel love and give his love to someone else. And yay for swat teams!

Next chapter Hoseok will be saved and reunited with his Alpha <3… also… apparently next chapter is the last…… I thought for sure there were 20 chapters… including the prologue there is 18, my bad >.<

Uhm… so… I’mma be a brat and be very brief with this today… I am not well again >.< But I see a doctor in two days!

Props to JonellePhoenix! Yes, the reason they were so easy to accept their fate was because of all the pain they caused others. They did what they could to make the Omegas as comfortable as possible, but they were still ultimately hurting them. This way they no longer have to watch their loved ones suffer. Although it seems selfish, they also know that Yoongi and Jimin would seek solace and comfort in each other.

Yoongi and Jimin have been in love for a very long time. It’s the trauma cohesion and trauma bonding I had mentioned. This story was written before I started experimenting with the imprinting. In a sense, they were imprinted, but mistook their love for a brotherly connection. A part of that is because of how much devastation would befall the other if one were to die. So they stayed emotionally detached. Jimin confessed his feelings and Yoongi returned them right before they were kidnapped from the Jung’s.

Catt_Senpai: Aweh :( Well I hope you were able to find another outlet!

Herbgirl15: … numb is not better than depressed, it’s just the step before a severe depressive episode… would you like me to help you find resources?

Thank you to Mariessa, Mackenzie48818, Vyveh, Chloboe, Nanys0929, epiphanybix, PAHRKEHR, minhoseok10250218, kt, Aestheticbishh for leaving comments!
Also thank you everyone for the well wishes for my friend’s family. She is doing very well with the situation. I’m so proud of her! She even started posting stories again!!! <3
Chapter 17: Freedom

Warnings: Coarse language

Chapter 17: Freedom

“Freeze!”

Hoseok gasped as an unfamiliar voice broke out. Gunther spun and growled, lunging. A shot rang out and Hoseok screamed, quickly curling in to protect his stomach.

“Kid! Kid!” A man called out, making Hoseok whimper. “What’s your name?” A hand touched him and he shrieked, flinching away.

“Don’t hurt my baby! Don’t hurt my baby!” He sobbed.

“It’s okay, we’re here to save you. Sweetheart, open your eyes.”

Hoseok chocked on his cries but let his orbs open. A fresh sob left him and he crawled forwards, grasping onto the female, her male partner in the door, yelling something to his other officers.

“It’s okay now. Come on.” She helped him up.

“Jungkook! Where’s Jungkook?!” He wept, fear ringing through him.

“Come on, we’re getting you all outside, he might be there, okay?”

“O-okay.” He hiccupped, a blanket being tossed around his shoulders as he was led out. He kept his arms tight around his stomach, even after they stepped out into the cold night.

He hiccupped, looking around at all the men. There had to be fifty Omegas.
Police sirens wailed, ambulances taking some away. He could see some of the Alphas being forced into cars.

He looked to the side and let out a cry of relief. “Yoongi! Jimin!”

They turned, both letting out their own breaths. They hugged each other and smiled at him, an officer talking to them.

“You don’t understand!”

He knew that voice.

“Please! I need to see-” His voice stopped and he sniffed the air. His head whipped to the side, eyes widening. “Hoseok! Hoseok!”

“Jungkook!” He went to run, the woman grasping his shoulders.

“We need to check you still!”

“Alpha!” He shrieked out, tears streaming down his face. Her eyes widened and she stepped aside.

Hoseok’s feet hit the ground hard, the blanket slipping from him. The two of them slammed into one another, the younger almost knocking them both to the ground with his superior strength.

He grabbed Hoseok’s cheeks, crying out. “Baby! Baby!” He pressed their lips together firmly, the other whining and grasping at him desperately. “Oh god, I was so scared!” He pulled the older tight against him again, spreading kisses and affectionate nips along the other’s jaw, Hoseok crying almost hysterically.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry!”
“No, it’s okay.” Jungkook pulled back, cupping the other’s face again, rubbing the tears away with his thumbs. “It’s okay, baby.” He kissed him gently.

“The mark!”

“We’ll make a new one when it heals.” He reassured. “We’ll do it properly. We’ll mate each other, okay?”

“Okay.” He sniffled, nodding.

Jungkook pulled back, kissing him again. “God I was so worried.” He nudged his head against Hoseok’s before slowly dropping to his knees. He placed his hands on the other’s stomach, his eyes closing. His forehead pressed to the area, as well as the tip of his nose. “I was so worried about both of you.” He gently pressed a loving kiss to the older’s belly, Hoseok slipping his fingers through the other’s hair, his own happy sniffles leaving him.

“Mr. Jeon?” Someone came over, staying a good five feet away and squatting down, showing they were no threat. “We need to take him to the hospital to check on him and the baby. We also need to tend to your wounds and see if there’s any bullets or infections. You can ride together.” She said softly.

Jungkook whined, kissing the other’s stomach again, but stood up, sharing another lip lock before wrapping his arm protectively around Hoseok’s waist, leading him to the desired ambulance.

He held on tight, even when they arrived. They were ushered into a room, Jungkook growling dangerously when they talked about separating them to tend to the younger.

In the end, the Alpha sat beside his Omega on a hospital bed, their hands clasped, hissing as he was stitched up.

Hoseok was in a pair of hospital pajamas, Jungkook given a set after. Together they curled up, Jungkook humming quietly, holding the other close until he fell asleep. He stayed awake for a long time, scared that he would wake up and be back in the warehouse. Scared his Omega and his baby would be gone.

He awoke to quiet cooing sounds, someone nudging his chin. He sucked in a breath, blinking the
Hoseok smiled at him. “Hi.”

“Hey, baby.” Jungkook returned the facial expression, leaning in to share a sweet kiss, his hand moving to press to the other’s stomach.

“They want to do an ultrasound to check the baby so you need to stand for a minute.”

“Oh, okay.” He slid off the bed, holding Hoseok’s hand protectively as the female doctor carefully lifted the other’s shirt. She squirted gel on his stomach, the other jolting.

Jungkook growled, glaring at the woman.

“It’s okay, it’s just cold.” Hoseok whispered, squeezing his hand. The other settled back down. The camera was pushed against his stomach, shifting about. The older chewed his lip, feeling worried.

“Ah…” She made a noise, keeping the plastic item shifting around the same spot. She smiled and reached up, pointing to the monitor. “See that there?”

“Y-yeah?”

“That’s the sack. You’re not far along, Mr. Jeon, but there’s definitely a baby.” She smiled, the two of them staring at the screen. “You’ll need to be careful. Your body’s been through a lot of trauma. Don’t be surprised if you miscarry, okay?” She looked at them sternly.

Hoseok flinched but nodded in understanding.

“We’ll be careful.” Jungkook said softly, kissing the other’s cheek.

“Good. We need to do a rectal examination, would you like your Alpha to be there?”
Hoseok’s breath hitched, his eyes watering and lip trembling. He nodded, gripping the other’s hand tight.

“Okay. We’ll have that set up to be done as quickly as possible, that way we can start on any treatment, or have you discharged.”

“Thanks.” Jungkook nodded. His insides were curling at the thought of another person touching his mate in such a way, especially after Gunther. But he understood it was necessary to make sure Hoseok was okay.

“Jungkook?” He turned to the other after the doctor left.

The younger climbed back up next to him, wrapping his arm around the other’s shoulder and pulling him close. “Yeah, baby?”

“I love you.” He locked their eyes, searching the other’s.

Jungkook gave a warm smile, his one hand sliding across the other’s stomach. “I love you, too.” He pressed their lips together.

Jimin couldn’t stop the laugh that bubbled out as he took the marker, writing on the white surface. **Minnie + Yoongi.** He smiled, looking up at the other.

Yoongi chuckled, placing a hand on the other’s hip, pressing their foreheads together. “Perfect.”

“Hyung? What happens now?” Jimin pulled back, frowning slightly.

“What do you want?”
“I want to see my mom.” He looked down, frowning heavily. “And my dad, and my brother.”

“Then that’s what we’ll do.” He nudged the other gently.

“You’ll come?” He looked at Yoongi hopefully.

“Of course.” He gently pressed their lips together.

“Good.” He sighed, burying his nose in the other’s scent gland, his arms wrapping around the other.

“Certainly didn’t take you long to get over their deaths.” A voice filled the hall.

Yoongi sprung back, pushing Jimin behind him and snarling dangerously at Jaebum.

“Stop talking!” The officer shoved his forwards, the other stitched up and hand cuffed.

The older waited until he was gone, quickly looking around to make sure no other threat was there. He sighed and pulled Jimin in close.

“Is he right?” His voice was small.

“No.” He kissed the others cheek. “Just because we have each other, doesn’t mean we can’t still grieve. It means we’re not alone and we can heal together.” He nuzzled him gently.

“Okay. I’d like that.”

“Good.”

“Yeah.”
Hoseok gripped his shirt in front of his stomach tight, fear filling him.

“It’s okay.” Jungkook rubbed the other’s back gently.

It had taken nearly a month to get back here. But he was here. He raised a shaky hand, ringing the doorbell.

He heard shuffling and chatter before it opened.

The woman froze, Hoseok’s eyes watering and his jaw trembling.

“Hoseok!”

“Eomma!” He hugged her tight, a sob leaving both. His father came rushing around the corner, tacking both of them, his own cries falling.

They stood there for a good five minutes, Jungkook smiling warmly as he watched their reunion. Slowly they pulled apart, his mother wiping tears from flushed cheeks, fussing over how thin he was.

“Eomma?” His sniffled, a cough leaving him as he tried to calm his cries. He backed up, reaching behind him.

The younger’s eyes widened in surprise and he hesitantly grasped the other’s hand, walking forwards.

“This is Jungkook.” He pulled him forwards, the younger smiling bashfully.

His mother looked at her son’s neck and gasped quietly. “Honey! Our boy mated!”
“I see!” He looked between them. “Is he…”

“He’s good.” Hoseok smiled sweetly. Their fingers from one hand were still locked. “He’s amazing.”

“Good.” They both let out sighs of relief, seeing the love that flashed between the young couple.

“Eomma… Appa?” He looked back at them. He glanced down at his stomach, sliding one of his hands over it.

His mother let out another gasp. “Really?!”

“Yeah… about two months.” He blushed, looking up at her. “It’s quick but-”

She shook her head. “No! No… when it’s right, it’s right.” She smiled at them. “Yah… you disappear for almost half a year and show up on our step mated and pregnant!” She said with exasperation. “Get in here and tell you poor old mother why the hell you vanished! I had missing posters up!” She ushered them inside, her husband closing the door.

Hoseok flinched, Jungkook frowning. “You’re gonna wanna sit down for this.”

His parents looked at each other with worry, the four of them entering the living room, each taking a seat.

“Eomma, Appa…” He looked up at Jungkook and back to them. “I met Jungkook after the male Omega trafficking ring kidnapped me…”

He explained, with as little detail as he could, trying to save them as much pain as possible. He told them about Yoongi and Jimin. He told them about Jungkook and his rut. He explained how he saved him from Gunther. He also told them about the second kidnapping and how Gunther mated him.

He left out the rapes, despite his mother and father knowing they occurred. He left out the conditions
they lived in. He mentioned nothing of the leash, or how he was knotted in front of Jungkook. He also didn’t tell them about Jungkook forcing him into mating. He decided to leave that part out…

His parents cried and held him, reassuring that everything would be okay.

He squeezed Jungkook’s hand, locking their eyes. His other hand was on his stomach and he smiled. “I know.”

“Ugh! Babe!” Jungkook removed his coat, huffing.

“Yes, dear.” The other called out in amusement.

“I’m dying!”

“You’re not dying.” Hoseok came around the corner, shaking his head. “You’re perfectly fine.”

“But Hyung! No one listens to me! I’m the boss and no one listens!”

“Do you whine at them like you whine at me?” He asked, raising a brow.

“Well no.” He gave a point. “I’m project manager though, and it’s like I don’t exist! It’s my damn advertising company!”

“Then fire someone.” Hoseok shrugged.
Jungkook gapped. “Fire someone?!”

“Here, take your kid.” He handed the infant off to the taller. “I’m gonna get dinner started. If you don’t want to fire someone, then figure something out.” He kissed the Alpha’s cheek before heading into the kitchen.

Jungkook huffed and followed. “I’ll think of something.” He rocked their three month old, smiling down at the sleeping child, his heart swelling.

“God you’re adorable with him.” Hoseok sighed out, happily. “Right, dinner.” He spun, grabbing pots.

“Babe… why don’t I put him down, since he’s asleep anyways… we put dinner on hold… and go to the bedroom before making dinner?” He grinned devilishly.

Hoseok snorted. “You realize they’re supposed to be here in an hour, right?”

“Yah! It’s Yoongi and Jimin! They won’t care if dinner is late! Knowing them, Yoongi probably insisted on making food and bringing it too. You know how he is with courtesy and such.” He sighed. “Besides, Jimin doesn’t move very fast right now, he’s kind of waddling… Taejin is due in less than a month so they’re almost always late anyways.”

“Yeah, but it’s the principal- where are you- really?” He groaned, the younger jogging off, trying to laugh quietly so he didn’t wake their son. “Can you not run with our goddamn infant? Last week you tripped over the upright broom! If you squash our child I’m stomping on your goddamn nuts!”

“Aish! It’s fine!” He put his little one down in his crib. He ran his hand through the small amount of hair, smiling fondly. He double checked the video and audio baby monitor before jobbing back out of the room.

He ran up behind the other, grabbing him around the middle and lifting him off the ground, walking towards their room.

“Jungkook!” Hoseok gasped, quickly grabbing the other’s forearms. “Stop doing that!”
The brat had the audacity to *giggle* at him as he carried the other into their room. “Admit it, you think it’s hot I can carry you around like a feather.”

Hoseok paused. “I didn’t say it wasn’t hot, I said to stop doing it.” He pointed out. Jungkook put him back down once they were beside their bed. Hoseok turned around and faced the other. He poked the younger’s chest with his index finger, then his middle and back to his index, walking his digits up. “But yes, it’s hot as fuck. Just like you think it’s hot when I ride you.”

The younger groaned. “That’s because you move your hips in a very, very appealing way.” He murmured. “I also like when I get to do it from behind.”

“Because you like my ass.”

“Yup.” He grinned, nipping the other’s jaw. “So… does that mean supper will be late?”

“Yeah, alright. Dinner will be late.”

“Yay!” Jungkook cheered, hugging the other before quickly tossing his shirt off, the older laughing and shaking his head.

“You’re ridiculous.”

“Yah! Hurry up and strip! We only have so much time!”

“Whatever you say *Alpha.*” He purred out, the other growling.

“Damn right, I’m your *Alpha.*”

“Mhmm. My one and only.” He brought their lips together, both slowing down for a moment, the kiss tender. “Okay, fuck me from behind, you’re faster that way.”

“Goddamn, that fucking mouth of yours is going to be my end.”
“You know it.” He threw a wink at the other.

So there ya’ll have it! I debated on writing a oneshot where Jimin had his first heat outside of the horrible place with Yoongi which is where he would end up pregnant. But I haven’t fully decided… I haven’t really written an Omega-Omega relationship during a heat… just helping *ehem* hands…… pun intended…

Anyways! Thank you all for managing to stick through to the end! I know there was some rough patches…

Now you also know why I avoided all the reviews in the past on other stories about how I never let the boys die and such >=.> Cuz… yeah… I killed 3 in this fic alone…

Herbgirl15: Nope! He did not get the chance to hurt Hobi!

JonellePhoenix: No, no... That’s other stories where that happens……

epiphanbix: (YAY! I LOVE LONG REVIEWS!!!!!! <3<3<3) I tried not to make it too obvious that Yoonmin would end up together because I didn’t want to give away the ending… so I’m glad it was obvious they fit, but not obvious it would happen! And yes, the unthinkable thing is indeed the SWAT team!

Catt_Senpai: Yes, not being able to release pent up feeling does indeed stress out the mind –frowns- I hope you’re okay and lol! Yeppers!

J: Yes. But it’s possible to love more than one person in varying amounts.

Also thank you to Nanys0929, minhoseok0613 and bangtan_bae for leaving reviews!!! It is much appreciated!

Thanks everyone for supporting this story! It’s truly appreciated! Thank you!!!!!!
End Notes

This story contains the following:
Rape, suicidal thoughts, hopelessness, Stockholm syndrome, Trauma bonding, trauma related unit cohesion, forced marking, sex trafficking, RAPE, I cannot stress that enough. There is also character death, forced drug use, kidnapping, cases where pleasure is felt but not wanted, and more.

Inspirations: The Seasoning House, Law and Order SVU, CSI (any of them really), Dexter, anything else with sex trafficking really

PLEASE DO NOT READ if you are triggered easily. PLEASE DISCONTINUE READING if you become triggered. Although I appreciate views, Kudos and comments, your well-being is far more important than a Kudo. Please discontinue reading if the story is too much for you. There is no bad feelings about it. I understand completely and applaud you for taking care of yourself and your mental state! <3 Thank you for considering this story and I hope to see you in future ones!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!