The Learning Curve

by Namjoonah

Summary

Bangtan Boys are living the boring college life until Jin makes a strange discovery on his way home.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Who are you?

Jin was flying.

He is flying over the Seoul skyline, over the glimmering steel buildings. He feels the wind in his hair and the sun on his back. He smiles as he glides between two towers and sees the people below him. They walk as though nothing is happening and they cannot see the man flying above them. Jin is flying...

BANG!

At least he thought he was. He stares at the textbook that was slammed onto his desk.

"Hyung, wake up! You can't tell me to study all night and then fall asleep," Taehyung whines.

Jin sits up and scowls at his roommate. He had forced Tae to stay up in order to pull a higher grade on his astronomy final. Tae pouted and rubbed his hands over his eyes before picking his textbook back up. Jin sat up and stared at his dongsaeng in mock-anger for waking him up. The clock on his desk read 2:30 AM.

"I can't stare at the spectral classifications anymore. My eyes are going to fall out if I see one more star chart,"

"Tae, you have to get at least a 85% to maintain your A," Jin reminded him.

"UGH"

Jin heard the spine of the textbook crack and knew he had won this round. However, after watching Tae's eyes glaze over once more, he decided that it was time for a boost. He grabbed his jacket and knocked over his Pathology book in the process.

Jin had never planned on going into med school. It just happened. One minute he was in an intro biology class, the next he was applying to the School of Medicine. His parents have never been so proud. They brag about their son to each and every family friend who will listen. It wasn't that Jin didn't want to be a doctor, he just had other passions. Namely, singing. He loved music and it flowed through him. However, he was a practical person. He knew he couldn't make it in the music world. He was too timid. That's when he decided to go into medicine. Besides, Dr. Kim Seokjin had a nice ring to it.

"I'll make you a deal," Jin spoke, "if you finish the last of your wavelength calculations, you can have the coffee and donuts I'm going to get."

Tae perked up.

"Sprinkles?"

"Of course," Jin laughed.

Tae sprang up to get his calculator and began clicking away while Jin laced up his shoes and left Tae in his bedroom.

The sound of snoring greeted him from the living room. Jin looked over the couch to find Hoseok asleep, still in his practice clothes. Jin wasn't sure when the dancer came home, but assumed by the
smell of sweat that he had fallen asleep as soon as he got back. Hobi was a junior dance major who was the captain of the college's dance team. This meant he spent his days finishing what he called "liberal arts bullshit" and dancing in the studio for hours on end. Jin had pity for the boy. He seemed to push his body too much.

"Yah! Hobi," he shook the younger's shoulder.

"5 more minutes..."

Jin shook him once more.

"Hobi, wake up. You need to shower and sleep in your bed or your back will hurt you in the morning."

Hoseok blinked his eyes and yawned. His black fringe hung in his eyes. Jin moved back while Hobi stretched and let out a sound that could only be described as a scream.

"Hush before you wake Yoongi!"

Hobi chuckled a little before patting Jin on the shoulder.

"Thanks mom," he giggled before heading to his room.

Jin shook his head and left the apartment. Heading to the nearby 24 hour coffee shoppe.

He had been living with his friends for two years now. The six of them decided to move off-campus when their friend Jungkook began studying at the university. No dorm was big enough to hold them. Jin was in his first year of med school, Yoongi a senior but a double major of Music and Journalism. Yoongi's parents allowed him to pursue music as long as he agreed to add a journalism major as a fall-back. The two of them were roommates when they met Jung Hoseok, the human equivalent of sunshine.

The three of them moved into a bigger dorm the next year. One night they were awoken to what they thought was a murder, but turned out to be their next-door neighbors playing Mario-Cart. Those neighbors were Astrophysics major Kim Taehyung and his best friend, Park Jimin the Digital Animation major. They spent nearly all their time together and decided to move off campus after "adopting" Jungkook, a double major in Vocal Music and Dance.

Jin laughed to himself thinking how he worried he would be alone in college, but would up with a small army or friends.

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Jin was walking back to the apartment with a coffee carrier and a box of Tae's favorite donuts. He was attempting to text Taehyung on his infamous pink flip-phone.

To: TaeTae

*I wasn't sure if you wanted a mocha or Americano so I got both*

He walked along the dimly lit sidewalk, earphones sweetly singing to him. He found himself humming along when he felt the hair on his neck stand on end. Without being suspicious, Jin turned his music down until he could only faintly hear it. His mom had always been scared to send him into the heart of the city. Her anxious ways rubbed off on him.
He kept walking, quickening his pace ever-so-slightly. Without the music in his ears, he could hear a faint footstep that he knew was not his own. Jin's heart began to pound in his chest. He wasn't a small individual, but he knew he wasn't a fighter. He turned the corner quickly, his apartment building was now in sight. However, the footsteps followed him around the corner. Jin fought the urge to turn around. He wasn't sure if he could handle seeing what may be behind him.

The Mario theme song blared into the silence of the street, making Jin jump. He grabbed his phone out of his pocket seeing Tae’s caller-ID.

"Tae, I'm almost there,"

"Hyung, we are out of milk!"

"Ok, give me a bit"

Jin ended the call, knowing what he had to do. He had just passed the convenience store and would have to turn around. He weighed the pros and cons and decided to just do it. Without thinking, he held his breath and turned.

Jin almost screamed. He turned and dropped everything in his arms as he ran into a tall figure dressed head-to-toe in black. Jin fumbled for his phone, intent on calling the police when the figure cursed and began gathering Jin's, thankfully unspilled, coffee and donuts.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," the deep voice keep repeating.

Jin wasn't sure what to do, other than stand there in shock as the man apologized repeatedly.

"God, I'm so bad at this," the man mumbled, his voice sounding more and more hoarse.

"Were you....following me?" Jin timidly spoke, voice shaking.

The figure finally stood, his features bathed in the streetlight. He was handsome. High cheekbones, full lips, and intense eyes lined in kohl. Jin wasn't exactly sure if she should admire him or yell. His hood slipped off his head when a breeze ran though. His hair was a stark blonde against golden skin. He was taller than Jin, but thinner. The man looked sickly thin, which made Jin question when his last meal was.

"I'm...." the man began, but before he could finish he collapsed.

This time, Jin screamed. The man hit the ground with a thud and Jin found himself at a loss.

"Hello?" he shook the man

"Are you okay?" Jin asked.

No response was given. Jin looked up in the sky. "Why me?" he asked himself.

He knew he had to do something. He couldn't just leave the man out in the cold, even though he had basically stalked him. Jin cursed himself. His friends have always criticized him for being too soft. Maybe that was why he was going to be a doctor. He just had to take care of people, even if that person had scared him to his wits end.

Jin dropped the food and grabbed the fallen man. He couldn't get a taxi at this hour, and wasn't even sure where the nearest hospital was. It wasn't like he could even admit the man. He didn't know who he was. So Jin made quite possibly one of the dumbest decision of his life. He picked up the stranger
and put him on his back. He grabbed the food, and walked toward his building.

When he arrived, through much struggle, he gently squatted next to the couch, letting the man slip off of him. Jin laid the drinks and donuts on the coffee table and forgot about them for the time being. He turned his attention back to his surprise guest. He arranged the tall lanky man on the couch, his feet hanging off the edge. He decided the man was most likely exhausted and malnourished. Jin touched the man's forehead and found him to be frigidly cold. He rushed to his room, finding Tae asleep in Jin's big comfy chair. Jin took a minute to take the book off the younger's lap. He then set himself to grab every blanket he could find.

He arrived back in the living room and covered up the man in layer after layer. He couldn't help but stare at the stranger. He was pretty attractive, and Jin considered himself an expert in the area. Jin wondered what his name was. He wondered if the stranger had a home or when his last meal was. However, there was nothing he could do until his mystery man woke up.

Jin sat himself in the chair next to the sofa and told himself he would have to make the man some real food in the morning.
Tae woke up and groaned. He had an two hours until his final. He left Jin's room to go to his own. He yawned as he walked down the hall, running his hands through his soft brown locks. As he opened his door to he and Jimin's shared bedroom, he found his roommate to be still asleep. Jimin was sprawled out with his orange hair sticking up in every direction. He smiled and dropped his books loudly, waking the other.

"why why why?" Jimin groaned.

"Up, up, up!" Tae giggled.

"What time is it?"

"It's 8 hyung, breakfast, and then finals," Tae explained, changing into a hoodie and dark jeans.

"I think the devil invented finals," Jimin yawned, sitting up.

Jimin shook his fluffy hair and threw off the blankets, exposing his bare chest and legs. He was only sleeping in boxers. Tae didn't think twice about it. He and Tae had been best friends for as long as he can remember. They are both the same age and get along perfectly, no matter what. It was only natural that they were roommates and went to the same university. Jimin thinks they were blessed to have next door neighbors who loved them as much as they do. Tae swears that only Jin loves them, Yoongi simply tolerates them. The 95-liners were so comfortable together that they didn't even argue when asked to share a bedroom in their apartment. They had their own beds and enough space that they didn't totally drive each other crazy.

"Tae Tae... have you seen my glasses?"

"I told you staring at a computer would ruin your eyes," Taehyung laughed.

"Shut up, can you help me find them?"

"I hid them. Good luck!"

Jimin lunged out of his bed and tackled the other boy. They were always messing with each other like this. It was a constant battle of hiding each other's things, wearing each other's clothes, and other pranks. It was part of their friendship.

In the struggle, Jimin began to tickle Tae mercilessly. Tae's laughter filled the room as tears rimmed in his eyes.

"Yah!" a voice boomed.

Tae and Jimin straightened up and looked toward the door.

Yoongi stood before them, and the younger two knew they were screwed. They woke up Yoongi. That was basically the one rule of the apartment other than "do not mess with Jin's kitchen". Taehyung took Jimin's glasses out of his dresser and handed then to the orange-haired male. They both stared at their feet and avoided Yoongi's gaze.
"You want to shut the hell up or come out here and see this?" Yoongi almost whispered.

Tae and Jimin stared at one another, then at yoongi, and again at each other. Come see what? Was Jin making breakfast? Was Hobi sleepwalking again? What would possibly be so amazing that Yoongi would forget about how pissed he was at the younger boys.

"Tae, go wake up Kookie. Jimin, please get dressed. Meet me in the living room after I get Hobi up."

Yoongi demanded before leaving.

The younger ones looked at each other questioning before going about their commands. They were both almost worried about what could be so important that Yoongi didn't even yell at them.

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"Babe, get up," Yoongi whispered, shaking Hoseok's bare shoulder.

"Noooooo," the other whined.

Yoongi laughed to himself. Trying again once more, only to be pulled back into the bed.

The two started dating on accident, Yoongi swore. They were friends first. They lived together and spent a majority of their time together due to this. Jin swears he always knew it would happen. Yoongi was a grumpy individual. He was smaller than most of the boys, minus Jimin, and spent most of his day in a recording studio. Tae believes that Yoongi is actually an 80 year old man in a twenty-something's body. When Yoongi slept, you left him alone. When Yoongi told you to listen, you listened. That's just how it was. People always found him to be intimidating.

Jung Hoseok, however, found him to be simply a challenge. Hobi took it upon himself to spend every ounce of his energy trying to make Yoongi laugh and show his gummy smile.

It was only natural that the human sunshine was attracted to the coldest on in the room. They balanced each other, and no member of their group of friends questioned their relationship. If anything, they encouraged it. Hobi was much more grounded and confident with Yoongi around. Yoongi was happier and more approachable with Hobi at his side. Yin and Yang in perfect tandem.

"Baby, Jin brought a stranger into our house and made a mess with his shoes," Yoongi whispered.

"WHAT?!" Hobi sprang up so fast he almost launched his green haired boyfriend off the bed.

Yoongi just laughed as Hobi rushed around their bedroom to get dressed.

"Suga come on!" Hoseok yelled, pulling Yoongi off the bed and into the living room.

Upon their arrival, Tae practically bounced into the room with a half-asleep maknae in tow. Jimin joined them as well, finally clothed.

They all looked around the room at the conscious roommates, pausing to giggle at Jungkook's bedhead before settling on the pair of men in front of them.

Jin laid asleep in the chair, head lolling off to one side. He was still wearing his clothes from yesterday, and had dark circles under his eyes. However, Jin being asleep in street clothes was the least of their worries. Instead, it was the stranger who was sleeping on their sofa. None of them recognized him. The man was tucked under at least four layers of blankets, but didn't seem flushed or warm at all. Jin wasn't the type to simply bring home a stranger. The five of them decided that Yoongi would be one one to wake Jin up.
"Ahem"

"AHEM!" Yoongi cleared his throat again, louder.

This time the eldest awoke. He rubbed at his eyes and took in the sight before him.

Jungkook was rapid-fire blinking at his hyung. Taehyung and Jimin were munching on donuts and peeking over the couch. Hoseok was giving such a sassy look that Jin was sure his eyebrow would disappear into his hairline. Finally, Yoongi was tapping his foot at him, looking extremely disgruntled. The green-haired boy gestured toward the couch and looked back at the eldest.

"Soooooo......" Tae started.

Jin stared at them all in confusion until he looked at the mound of blankets on the sofa. The giant pair of feet hanging off of the end reminded him of last night's happenings. He sprang out of his chair and ran over to the sofa, ignoring the looks he was being given by his roommates.

He put his hand on the mystery man's forehead. He felt warmer, but still cold. Jin shook his head. He remembered his promise to make breakfast for the man. Before he could make it into the kitchen to start the food, Jungkook stopped him.

"Uhhmm... Hyung?"

"Not right now Kookie," Jin brushed him off.

"Hyung! What the hell man?" Jungkook tried again.

Jin turned to look at the youngest. Daring him to try again. The younger boy rolled his eyes and stared at Jin. Standing in front of the fridge to block his hyung, Jungkook demanded to be talked to.

Not many people are able to stand up to Jin, seeing as he is the eldest. However, Jungkook can. Jin took on the youngest due to his fearless attitude, as long as it doesn't involve women. Jin saw Kookie as a little brother. He was so much younger that he convinced himself the maknae needed his guidance and direction. Even if this wasn't the case all the time, Jungkook did occasionally realize he would die without his hyungs. He can't cook for himself, he never cleans, he forgets to rest, and is more than often a bit cocky at dance practice. His hyungs made sure he was full, functioning, and not beaten up.

"Kookie.... just let me cook," Jin pleaded, looking at all of his dongsaengs, "I will explain later,"

"Bullshit," Jungkook countered.

"Language, Jeon Jungkook!" Jin sneered.

Jin pushed him out of his way and began gathering ingredients for pancakes and eggs. Yoongi stepped in and decided enough was enough.

"Look, hyung. Kookie is just trying to say that you will more than likely not talk to us about whoever that is,"

"I don't know..." Jin whispered.

"Don't know what? If you want to talk to us just do it because-" Yoongi was cut off

"I don't know who he is" Jin whispered harshly, more than aware that the mystery man was still asleep.
This time it was Hoseok who spoke up.

"You don't know? You mean you just kinda picked him up" he questioned.

"One night stands don't seem like your kind of thing hyung..." Jimin bit his lip questioning his elder.

Jin dropped the pan he was holding at the comment. It was true, he wasn't the type for one-night stands. He preferred relationships. He liked monogamy and cuddling. He liked watching the food channel and laughing at dumb cartoons. He was more of the relationship kind of guy. However, it had been awhile since he dated anyone. His roommates were all aware of that. His last relationship ended badly because he was accused of spending too much time on school and never paying attention to his boyfriend. It had hurt Jin. He hadn't been able to really date or even talk to anyone in a romantic light since then. He was starting to understand why his dongsaengs were making this a big deal. They thought he had brought home a random conquest. Jin was nearly appalled.

"It wasn't like that!" Jin spoke rushed, "I met him on my way home last night and he collapsed so I brought him here to take care of him!"

"Is that why I never got my coffee?" Tae asked.

Jin rolled his eyes. He continued making breakfast while the younger boys asked a multitude of questions.

"What's his name?" Hobi asked.

"I don't know"

"Is he sick?" Jimin poked his eggs.

"I think he is malnourished,"

"Is that why your cooking," Yoongi yawned.

"For all of you as well,"

"What happens when he wakes up?" Kookie asked between bites.

"I will ask him if he is okay and try to help," Jin sighed.

Soon, Jimin and Tae were off to their finals. Yoongi was leaving to work on his composition final. Hobi was going to go help the younger students in the dance studio. Jin made sure each of the boys were full before they left. He wished them all luck and a good day. With each close of the door he looked to his visitor, still sleeping. Jin began to worry that he was still asleep. Maybe he was truly sick and Jin wasn't able to take care of him. Maybe he was dying. Jin's mind was flooded with worry over the man he didn't even know.

"Hyung? You okay?" Jungkook asked.

"Yeah...Yeah. Why?" Jin snapped out of it.

"Because you've been washing the same plate for three minutes,"

"Oh.... yeah it was still sticky," Jin blushed and rinsed the plate.

The two did the dishes in silence. Jungkook is always sensitive to Jin. He felt like after Jin's last relationship, he should protect him. Jungkook was the one who had introduced Jin to Ken. He
thought they would work so well. They both loved singing, but weren't music majors. Jungkook was convinced they were happy. However, he slowly watched things unravel. Jin began to study more and more in order to get into med school. Ken was upset and often left at night, coming back smelling of liqueur. The fighting got louder each time. One night, Jin came into Jungkook's room and laid down next to him. He told Jungkook that Ken broke up with him. Jungkook took it upon himself to take care of Jin the same way that Jin took care of each of them. He didn't want Jin to ever be hurt again. He was afraid this would end similarly.

"I'm going to go study, hyung," Jungkook said suddenly, "call if you need me, okay?"

The younger ran off suddenly, leaving Jin confused in the kitchen.

"Kookie why are you rushing off?"

Jin watched him shuffle back into his bedroom, his eyes trailing back over into the living room where the blonde mystery man was slowly sitting up. Jin's heart started to pound once more. He could feel each beat in his throat. Their eyes connected across the room and they both awkwardly stared at each other until Jin realized that the man was probably just as confused as he had been last night.

"I'm sorry.... you collapsed and I didn't want to just leave you outside so..." Jin rambled, walking back into the living room.

The man took off all of the covers and ran his hands over his face and left his hand on his forehead, shielding his eyes.

"I'm sorry for causing you trouble, I should go," his deep voice had a rasp to it.

"Are you malnourished? Have you eaten? Are you ill?"

"I'm....its been awhile but I'm really bad at.... I'm sorry what's your name?" the blonde bit his lips and looked embarrassed.

Jin laughed and came to sit back into the chair he had spend his night in.

"I'm Kim Seokjin,"

"Kim Namjoon, pleased to meet you," the blonde smiled.

Jin felt a blush creep up his neck and warm his face. Namjoon, he thought, I could get used to that. The name seemed to fit the blonde so perfectly. Jin realized he was staring. He quickly looked back at his hands, then to the table. When seeing the box of donuts, he was reminded of last night's events.

"So last night.... you were following me," he started off.

Namjoon's eyes looked straight down and his hands played with the hem of his soft black sweater. Jin thought he looked almost pained.

"I'm sorry," the blonde mumbled.

"Why were you....?" Jin asked more directly this time.

Namjoon's hands covered his eyes once more, keeping the sun from shining into his eyes. Jin took this as a sign and quickly got us, shutting the blinds and blocking the morning sun from illuminating the cozy apartment. Namjoon seemed to relax a bit after this. Jin took note of this. Maybe is was a symptom of some sort, or maybe he just had sensitive eyes when waking up.
"I followed you because... I was hungry?" Namjoon stared at the floor before quickly getting up.

"I'm so sorry, I should just go, I'm very sorry Seokjin-shi,"

Jin got up and put a hand on the taller man's thin shoulder. He could feel the man's bones in his hands. Jin decided that he couldn't just let him leave. Not with a good conscious.

"Do you have a place to stay or a home Namjoon...also I am a 92-line if you feel more comfortable knowing the formalities,"

"Seokjin hyung then,"

"You can just call me Jin, that's what all the boys call me,"

"The boys?"

"My roommates, but you are avoiding my question Namjoon,"

Namjoon ran his hand through his hair. Jin tried not to look at this long, slender fingers as they slipped through the bleach-blonde locks. Namjoon's fingernails had deep stains beneath them, and Jin wondered how he had gotten them.

"No I do not, Jin hyung,"

Jin bit his lip. He had feared this. The male looked thin, cold, and exhausted in the winter breeze last night. He looked fragile in front of the older male even in the morning light. Jin was trying to think rationally, but he knew what he would wind up doing.

"Would you like to stay here?" Jin blurted out.

Jin blushed. He hadn't meant to ask the man so soon. He didn't know Namjoon. He could be a serial killer for all Jin knew. However, when Jin ever knew someone in grade school who needed help, his mother had been the first to extend a helping hand. She was such a nurturing soul that it made a deep impact on his life. He believes that her influence on him had made him into the man he was today. It may be why he is so willing to look after his younger roommates.

Namjoon stared at Jin, mouth open.

"But I... I couldn't possibly," Namjoon blushed and shook his head.

"I will talk to my roommates later, you can meet all of them," Jin explained, hand returning to Namjoon's shoulder, "stay at least until you get back on your feet,"

Namjoon looked outside once more, seeing a new snow fall. He could only imagine how cold it would be tonight. Maybe it couldn't be the worst thing to stay in a real home for a night.

"Okay... Now, would you like something to eat?" Jin beamed at the younger blonde.

Namjoon went white, licked his lips, and promptly fell to the floor.

Jin was starting to wonder what he had gotten himself into.

Chapter End Notes
comments are highly appreciated!
Jungkook heard a thud and ran back into the living room to find the blonde man on the floor, and Jin on his knees by his side.

"Jungkook, help me get him onto my bed," Jin commanded.

Jin began to lift the blonde by his shoulders, staring at the younger. Kookie was still processing the scene when the blonde began to have a coughing fit. Jin stared at Jungkook like he was growing a second head for not rushing over to help his hyung immediately.

"Namjoon, I'm going to let you rest in the bedroom okay?," Jin whispered to the ill man.

Jungkook finally began to move, helping his hyung carry the tall, skinny man into Jin's bedroom. The roommates set the large man on the bed, and Jungkook simply watched with his jaw open as Jin began to move. As much as the eldest talked about being unsure of his career path, the younger boys knew it was where he belonged. And this was no exception. Jin removed Namjoon's shoes, propped his head on a pillow and began to take his temperature.

75 degrees?

Jin decided his thermometer was broken. He then began to listen to Namjoon breath and shook his head. It sounded like he couldn't catch his breath. Jin knew he had at least some sort of breathing issue. Maybe even an infection. He looked at Namjoon's eyes and sucked in a gasp. The man's eyes were bloodshot, but that wasn't what was frightening. His irises were jet black. There was no distinction between pupil to eye color. Jin shook his head and tried to just chalk it up to genetics.

"Jungkook get him a glass of water, and then go to your test before you are late. I can take care of him. I have no finals today," Jin ordered.

The younger returned, eyes wide. He watched as his elder sat next the the bed and brushed blonde hair away from the man's eyes. Jungkook suddenly felt as though he wasn't supposed to be watching such an intimate scene. He delivered the glass of water quickly before retreating to gather his things.

"Hyung? I'm leaving.... please call if anything happens?" Jungkook basically pleaded his hyung.

"I will Kookie. I'm okay though. I have it under control. Good luck on your test," Jin smiled a painfully fake grin.

Jungkook couldn't help but feel nervous as he left the apartment.

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Namjoon woke up an hour later. Jin, still waiting dutifully at his side. As Namjoon tried to sit up, Jin stopped him. There was no longer a kind smile on his face as there had been before. Instead, he looked frightened. This was the last thing that Namjoon wanted to see. He has been in shock when Jin was so kind and received him even after Namjoon had scared him so badly last night.

"I'm sorry I'm such trouble Jin hyung, I-" Namjoon tried to explain, before being cut off.

"Namjoon.... give me one reason I shouldn't take you to a hospital or an government institution to be studied!" Jin shook his head, staring in horror.
The blonde realized he was screwed. He looked around the room seeing anatomy posters, medical books, and a stethoscope. He had royally screwed up. He had not only gone after a med-student, but now let him examine him. Namjoon sat up abruptly and Jin backed away. There was no going back now.

"Jin hyung... I can explain,"

"You should start. Because you have no pulse, no heartbeat, and are apparently colder than any person ever should be. At this point I'm more likely to call the police,"

Namjoon curled in on himself, into as small of a ball that someone of his height could manage. He felt pathetic and ashamed.

"I will go," the blonde tried to push away.

Jin shut the door before he could get any closer to leaving. If there was something going on, Jin needed to know. He wasn't about to let something like this go and he was sure as hell not going to let someone who kept collapsing leave into the city without attention. He was torn as to which reason was more accurate. He directed Namjoon to sit back on the bed before taking his seat once more.

"I don't know how to say this without you saying I'm insane.. or thinking that you are insane. Please just sit and listen and don't hate me or try to kill me or anything like that I'm just now sure how to do this, because I'm really new and-" Namjoon spoke quickly.

"Namjoon! You are going to make yourself hyperventilate!," Jin stopped and sat on the bed next to the blonde.

"I'm sorry this is so stupid," Namjoon looked so dejected.

Jin tried to calm his frayed nerves. He had tried to run every test he could from the apartment on Namjoon after he collapsed a second time. He found no pulse, no heartbeat, and such a low temperature. He was so scared that maybe everything he was doing was wrong, or that the man in his care had died. However, he was still breathing. It made no sense. He was so scared, but now he almost pitied the man. Namjoon looked so upset and depressed that he couldn't possibly yell. Jin just wanted the truth.

"I was hungry, so I followed you... But I'm a bad hunter. And I haven't fed for so long that I sorta collapsed and I don't want to scare you off..." Namjoon rambled on.

"You aren't making any sense Namjoon," Jin sighed.

"I um... hold on.." Namjoon said.

Namjoon leaned closer to Jin on the bed. Jin could feel his heart pound faster in his chest. His pulse quickening as Namjoon inhaled, face close to Jin's neck. Jin was about to ask what he was doing when Namjoon quickly leaned back and opened his mouth.

Jin felt all the air leave his body and his jaw dropped. Under plump lips, two sharp, long teeth that can only be described as fangs. Jin wasn't sure if he wanted to scream or laugh. This had to be a joke... right?

Namjoon closed his eyes and felt the fangs retract. He opened them, expecting Jin to be long gone or calling the police. Instead, Jin was directly in his face, causing Namjoon to yelp and fall off of the bed and onto the floor.
"I'm sorry, I think I will go..." Namjoon started to stand, wobbling on long, unsteady legs.

"You won't make it far, Namjoon," Jin extended his hand to steady the blonde. "So... does it have to be human?"

Namjoo stared at the elder in front of him, mouth agape and eyebrows tense. He had never in his so-far life as a vampire had human blood and could feel himself getting hungrier and hungrier. He never expected the random stranger he tried to feed on to decide to shelter and feed him. Namjoon couldn't help but start laughing. It started as a chuckle and grew into full laughter until he was falling over. He looked up with tear in his eyes from the laughter and saw Jin begin to join him. Soon they were both in hysterics. Namjoon couldn't help but keep laughing when Jin began to sound squeaky.

"Do you happen to have steak around?" Namjoon finally asked.

As the pair walked into the kitchen, Jin took the steaks we has defrosting overnight out of the fridge, hanging them to his new friend. He watched in awe as Namjoon extended his teeth once more, sinking then into the raw meat. As he sucked, the steak lost all pink coloring and turned into a drier piece of meat. Jin was shocked. However, he noted that Namjoon looked much healthier even after a single steak. He quickly got more from the freezer to defrost while Namjoon finished the remaining three in his hands.

"Better?" Jin asked timidly.

"Much," Namjoon smiled, a bit of blood trickling on his chin. He wiped it with the back of his hand and ducked his head once more. His smile disappeared as worry crossed his features.

"Namjoon... I won't kick you out. You need a place to stay," Jin explained.

"I can't ask that of you," Namjoon tried to insist.

Jin took the dried meat from him and smiled kindly. He knew why Namjoon was trying to get out of this, but that he also was in need of a roof over his head. He wouldn't leave him in the winter cold by himself. He obviously couldn't provide from himself.

"So, Namjoon... why did you wait so long before eating?" Jin finally asked.

"I am really bad at this whole thing," Namjoon sighed.

The pair sat down on the couch to speak further, each giving the other plenty of space. Almost as though Namjoon was as timid of Jin and vice versa.

"Are you new to this... lifestyle?" Jin pried a bit further.

"I turned about three months ago," Namjoon rubbed his neck, embarrassed.

"Oh, so how have you been able to feed?"

"Uhm... don't judge, but mostly whatever animal happens to be there,"

"Ew. So do you eat like, normal food as well?"

"I guess yeah, but not often. It doesn't do much for me you know?" Namjoon laughs.

Jin smiles and walks back into the kitchen, fixing lunch while asking the occasional question to Namjoon. They soon decide that it will be easiest for them to not discuss the blood sucking with the roommates. This could complicate things far too much for either of them to handle. Namjoon told Jin
that he doesn't truly sleep unless its been a long time since he has fed. They agreed to make a guest bed in Jin's own room.

"What about school? How old are you?" Jin asked, eating his kimchi fried rice.

"Uhm... I am a 94 line. I was in school for awhile before all this. I did Philosophy and English," Namjoon smiled genuinely.

Jin could feel himself smile right back and he had butterflies in his stomach. He brushed it off quickly before returning to the conversation.

"How many credits?"

"I was a junior," Namjoon tried a bite of Jin's rice. "I guess I could do night classes now,"

"Yeah.. that would also help explain why you are living here," Jin shrugged.

"I will get a job, to repay you" Namjoon said

Right on cue, Tae and Jimin open the door.

"Hey! You look all better! What's your name? I'm Kim Taehyung!"

"Hello, I am very thankful for your welcoming. I am Kim Namjoon," Namjoon bowed.

"Are you a hyung?" Jimin asks, plopping himself down next to Namjoon.

"He is you two's hyung, now play nice while I go shower" Jin smiled.

Jin left Namjoon with the younger two and hoped to himself that this wasn't the worst idea he had ever had.

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Jin returned and stopped in his tracks. It was quiet in the apartment. He scurried to get dressed and ran out into the living room to find the most awkward situation he had ever come across. Namjoon was seated in the chair and all of the boys were back, staring at him. Namjoon was blushing and looked highly uncomfortable. Jin couldn't say he didn't blame him. Yoongi was giving him the harshest look of all.

"So I see you've all met," Jin starts off, standing next to Namjooon

"Yes, we have, how long is he staying?" Yoongi asks Jin directly while Namjoon stares at his feet.

"Until he is back on his feet and ready to go seeing as how I pay for more than a third of this apartment," Jin was quick to counter.

"Jin hyung, it's okay," Namjoon whispered.

"Namjoonie, you can go relax for awhile and get some rest," Jin rested his hand on Namjoon's shoulder as he stood.

Namjoon blushed once more and bowed to all of the guys in front of him before going into Jin's bedroom.

"What did you do to him?" Jin immediately demands.
"Nothing! Yoongi hyung just told us to ask any question we had," Taehyung answered sheepishly.

Yoongi shrugged and put his hands up like it was no big deal. Jin stared him down. As careless and cold as Min Yoongi could be, the only person he couldn't put up a front to was Jin, considering he was his elder. Jin never used this until situations like this.

"We asked if he was in school, what his major is, and why exactly he is crashing here and basically dying here and there," Hobi answered.

"So you are taking him in, just like that?" Yoongi questioned.

"Yes. I am. He is genuine and is just in need of some help. Now, be nice or take it up with me. He deserves respect, just as we all do," Jin tested them to counter him.

"So he is the same age as me?" Hobi smiled. "Wow finally!"

And just like that the sunshine was back in the room. It was getting late, and Jin needed to study. He found himself going back into his own room. He opened the door to see Namjoon struggling to fix the curtain rod that he had knocked down.

Jin laughed a bit and helped him replace it while shielding the sun from the room.

"So the sun actually bothers you?" Jin smiled sweetly.

"Not in the skin-burning way" Namjoon laughed, "more of just a headache,"

"What about silver and garlic?"

"Silver just looks like a rash and garlic makes me sneeze"

The two laughed and laid back onto Jin's bed. Jin began to study while Namjoon looked for a way to go to night classes and work somewhere that wouldn't make anyone suspicious. He was set on working in order to pay back Jin's kindness. Jin was slowly falling asleep on his textbooks when he began to stretch. As Jin extended his tired limbs, Namjoon tensed and practically jumped off the bed. Jin looked up at him, questioning. Namjoon backed himself into a corner of the room and shook his head. Jin tentatively got up, but didn't approach the blonde.

"Namjoon?"

"Hyung, I'm sorry, you just smelled really good and I haven't been around real people since everything and I didn't know what to do because animal blood tends to only keep me satisfied for short periods of-"

"Namjoon! Calm down. You're panicking." Jin tried to soothe the man.

Namjoon began to breathe a little slower but refused to step closer to Jin. The elder could see the struggle in his face.

"I should leave," Namjoon tried again.

Jin watched the younger attempt to leave the room. He wasn't sure what he was thinking until he was already blocking Namjoon from the door. Namjoon looked shocked and stared into Jin's eyes for a bit until looking down at his feet again.

"Does it hurt?" Jin asked timidly.
"What?"

"If you bite me, will it hurt?" Jin questioned Namjoon.

The younger sat back down in the chair and breathed deeply, trying to compose himself.

"Well, the larger animals looked scared until it happened. Then they seemed to calm down a lot," Namjoon explained.

"Then... maybe you should feed on me for a little bit," Jin shyly suggested.

"You can't be serious, hyung,"

"Why not"

"I can't do that,"

"Namjoon," Jin cornered the vampire, "you are suffering without human blood and it is why you are weak and sickly,"

Namjoon seemed to weight the consequences in his head. He looked around the bedroom as if he was pleading that someone come in and stop what could possibly be happening. He stared at his hyung for a beat. Jin was such soft, delicate features. Yet, he was manly and handsome. Namjoon wasn't going to say he thought he was attractive, but he certainly wouldn't be the one to call him ugly as well. Was Namjoon gay? Maybe, he never had the chance for a crisis considering he was now a creature of the undead. But now, he was being asked if he would feed on his first human. He honestly wanted to, but also was afraid to hurt someone especially someone like Seokjin.

"I don't think I can do this, hyung"

"I know the arteries that are large enough for a good blood supply, but small enough not to let anything get to crazy."

Namjoon looked like he was processing this. He ran his slender fingers over his face once more and pursed his lips. He stood and came to stand next to Jin.

"Seokjin hyung, are you sure?"

"It will help you," Jin smiled gently.

Jin sat back down on the bed and let Namjoon sit closer next to him. Jin thought for a moment before pushing his sleeve up to his shoulder. Exposing his bicep to Namjoon. The blonde kept breathing deeply and staring at Jin's skin.

"Namjoon-ah, this is the brachial artery. It should be okay... so go ahead" Jin nodded.

"This is more than sufficient hyung... thank you," Namjoon basically whispered as he leaned down into the soft, pale skin of Jin's arm.

Namjoon's eyes were darker than the blackest night sky Jin has ever seen. Jin gasped as he watched the fangs descend from Namjoon's teeth.

"Are you ready?" Namjoon asked, lips grazing Jin's flesh with each syllable.

"Yes,"
It was piercing at first. Like needles into flesh, but soon it changed. Namjoon's arm came around his waist to hold him still. Jin stopped grimacing and his features softened into a look of peace. He felt as though he was drifting, unharmed. He was aware of the soft puffs of breath coming from Namjoon, but didn't feel scared. Instead, he felt as though his body was lighter than air. He was warm. Warmer than he was laying in the beams of sunshine in the late summer. And suddenly, just as he began to feel euphoric, it was all gone.

Namjoon experienced it differently. He pulled in the blood and had his first taste. It was like everything his body had hungered for. The metallic taste he was expecting was instead a sweet yet spice on his tongue. Giving him the most satisfaction he had ever felt. His body was finally warm, heavy, and solid. For once in his second life, Namjoon felt like he was a real person. He felt normal. And he would give anything to keep the feeling. However, he felt Jin's body waver and quick retracted. He was no longer holding his hyung still, but holding him upright.

"Hyung? Are you okay? Was it too much?" Namjoon asked quickly, searching Jin's eyes for any glimpse of pain.

"I'm perfect, Namjoon. Just perfect," Jin smiled.

Namjoon wiped the blood from his mouth and couldn't help but lick it off his fingers. He cleaning off Jin's arm as well before hearing his hyung sigh above him and begin to fall over onto Namjoon. Before he could stop the brown haired boy from falling on top of him, he was flat on his back. Seokjin was laying on his chest and he was pinned beneath the sleeping male. Namjoon chuckled to himself and covered them up with the nearest blanked. He had to stop himself from laughing to hard when he realized it was Princess Peach on the cover.

Namjoon was finally getting comfortable and watching television when the bedroom door opened. He shut his eyes quickly and tried to fake a slumber to match his hyungs.

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Jimin was going to ask his hyung if they had any more milk. Tae swore he told Jin to pick some more up last night, but there was none in the fridge. For the sake of settling the argument. As he opened the door, he realized he was intruding. He saw his hyung laying on top of Namjoon. Jimin called the others over silently and all five of them stared into the bedroom. Each of them as shocked as the next. Hobi closed the door and they all walked back into the living room before staring at each other. It was Jungkook who broke the silence.

"Did anyone else think that Jin hyung looked super peaceful for once?" he practically whispered.

The strangest thing is, they all agreed.
What is Going On?

Namjoon found that one of the things he envied most about humans, was their ability to simply shut down and sleep. He missed sleeping. He missed the weightless feeling and the peaceful rested calm that would exist after such a nap. When he was human, he would sleep for hours upon hours. His roommates and rapents had always complained about his snoring being loud enough to wake the dead. "Too bad the dead don't sleep", he thought.

He had found ways to pass the time while waiting for his hyung to wake up. He flipped on the TV and watched numerous cooking shows, reality shows, and a K-pop survival program until he grew bored again. There wasn't much else he could do with a sleeping man on him. He was afraid to reach for the iPhone next to him so that he could listen to music. Besides, he didn't have headphones. He laid there and looked down at the head on his chest. Jin's hair was a warm brown. It reminded Namjoon of Americano and latte's the way it swirled in color. It looked so shiny and soft. Namjoon couldn't help but reach down and sweep the fringe from his elder's eyes.

Namjoon never had real relationships before. He was always too absorbed into whatever obsession occupied his mind at the time. Some days he was fully engrossed in a book. Others he was mixing music on his laptop and writing song. He never knew what would claim his attention next. However, he never used that attention on another person. For the past few months, he had been convinced that he could never be romantic again. He was a dead bloodsucker and that wasn't exactly anyone's ideal type.

Just as his fingertips grazed the warm skin of Jin's forehead, the elder startled awake.

"Jin hyung?" Namjoon asked, retracting his hand quickly, "are you alright? Did I take too much?"

"Namjoon, I'm okay. Just calm down," Jin smiled lazily.

They laid there for a moment more until Jin realized he was resting on top of the vampire he met a day ago. He jolted upright, blushing. Jin didn't feel woozy. He was simply tired. No other noticeable symptoms. It was almost as though he wasn't missing any blood. He gently touched looked down, glancing at his arm to check the wound. Two simple puncture wounds with small amounts or bruising. Nothing that he couldn't hide.

"Do you feel okay?" Namjoon pressed once more, awkwardly scratching his neck.

"I'm perfectly fine. Just needed some sleep I guess," Jin smiled, "how do you feel?"


Jin felt that smile radiate over him. He felt like he could conquer the world as long as Namjoon kept smiling at him. Then he quickly shoved that thought to the back of his mind to address at a later date.

"So you aren't going to faint on me again?"

"I didn't faint!" Namjoon pouted.

The were laughing and joking with each other until there was a knock at the door.

"Hey! You guys are up. Good... we were going to make dinner but then we didn't want to catch anything on fire," Tae laughed.
"We'll be there in a bit," Jin smiled.

Tae closed the door, leaving Jin to smile at the younger sitting on the bed. The silence wasn't too awkward. Just comfortable.

"You let me sleep until dinner?"

"Sorry hyung, I wasn't sure how long it would take," Namjoon blushed.

"So lets go make some food. Could you pretend to eat human food and like it?" Jin laughed.

"Yeah, of course,"

"But um... Namjoon?" Jin almost whispered, pulling the younger back into the bedroom.

Namjoon was sure this was it. Jin was going to ask him to leave or tell him he was no longer wanted. He knew that nothing good could come of a situation like this. Vampires couldn't just blend in and live with generous, cute humans.

"Yeah....?"

"When will you need to feed again?" Jin blushed.

Namjoon couldn't help but start laughing. He started chuckling and shaking his head. This was the most ridiculous situation he had been in. He was convinced he nearly killed Jin, and now his hyung was simply asking when he would need to poke him again? Jin was a real person, not some banana milk for Namjoon to suck whenever he felt like it. Namjoon suddenly felt guilty for wrapping his hyung up in this unfortunate situation.

"I will tell you...?" Namjoon shyly suggested.

"Perfect! Now lets go!"

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Jimin and Tae were seated on the couch, whispering to one another. They were gossips, and they couldn't help but try and guess everything they could about their new Hyung. He was so mysterious. He was dressed in head to toe black. Which wasn't uncommon, but still so dark. He spoke so intelligently. He knew English, and only Hobi knew that. The younger boys were simply curious as to how the stranger went from deathly ill, to helping their hyung in the kitchen. They were currently debating how Jin even found him.

"Maybe he was detoxing from a drug or something?..." Jimin implied.

"Nah, too simple." Tae countered, "Maybe just homeless?"

"And you said drugs were simple!"

"I bet he was an escaped criminal," Tae gasped.

"Or the mafia!" Jimin giggled.

The pair was whispering, but Namjoon laughed a bit with each suggestion. He was standing in the kitchen, but could hear them clearly. Vampires had one hell of a sense of hearing. Namjoon found that out within the first two days of turning. He could suddenly hear everything around him at all times. It had taken him awhile to learn how to turn it off and on.
"What are you giggling about? The octopus?" Jin nudged his arm.

"The giggle twins think I was a drug addict, criminal, or mafia,"

"Oooh. I say we go with mafia," Jin grinned.

"Sounds like a plan," Namjoon smiled.

Yoongi leaned against the fridge, eyebrows furrowed.

"What plan?" he mumbled.

"Dinner is finished Yoongi, please help the kids set the table," Jin demanded.

"Fine, babe?" Yoongi yelled back into the hall.

"Already heard you, already coming!" Hoseok bounced down the hall, smiling at Jin and Namjoon in the kitchen together.

Hoseok loved the idea of Jin finally finding someone, no matter how he had found them. As long as each of them were happy. Hobi was all about the happiness of his group of friends. He would do everything in his power to bring a smile from each of them. They deserved the best.

"Jin hyung? Where would you like Namjoon to sit?" Hoseok asked, setting the plates.

Jin looked at the table. It would seat 7 just fine. Normally, Jin sat at the head of the table. To his right were Jimin and Tae. To his left were Jungkook, Hobi, and Yoongi.

"Put Namjoonie to my left, between you and I," He decided, "Kookie can sit opposite of me,"

Jungkook who was already at the table playing on his phone, stared at Jin like he had abandoned him. He moved to his new seat at the opposite end as Jin, scowling. Jungkook always sat next to Jin. He never moved, never was asked to move, and wanted to refuse and tell Jin to put his boytoy across from him. Instead, he bit his tongue and took it as an opportunity to get to watch Namjoon squirm when they asked him questions.

After setting the table and Namjoon breaking a cup, apologizing profusely, and being banned from touching the breakable items, the group was sat around the table. They were all eating in silence. It was so tense and awkward that Jimin finally had to start talking.

"Namjoon hyung, are you feeling better?" Jimin smiled, eyes crinkled.

"Much better, thanks to Jin hyung," Namjoon smiled politely.

"Cool so we were wondering where you were from?" The orange haired boy continued.

The entire table turned to look at Namjoon as the questioning began, much to Jin's disapproval.

"Ilsan"

"How do you know English?" Tae asked

"I taught myself"

"Why were you passing out?"
"Malnourishment, I guess." Namjoon coughed.

"He also had a slight fever," Jin countered quickly.

"Where will you be sleeping?" Yoongi mentioned.

There was a slight pause. Namjoon looked to Jin for help. The elder was quick to retort.

"He will be in my room with me. I will be making up a guest bed," Jin stared them all down.

"Awwww we never get to have slumber parties with Hyung" Tae pouted with Jimin.

Along the lines of questioning, people ate between questions. Namjoon was able to eat some noodles and ignore the rest of the food without being noticed. The group learned as much as they could about all of Namjoon's background. Jin and Namjoon couldn't help but laugh as they lead the younger three into thinking that Namjoon came from a mysterious family background. They were playing right into the mafia story until Yoongi finally got sick of it.

"Okay, but seriously, are you or are you not a former member of the mafia?"

"No, I hate to disappoint. Just the son of a business owner in Ilsan," Namjoon laughed.

"But...." Jungkook started, then shook his head.

Namjoon cocked his head to the side and looked at the maknae. He was aware that Jungkook was wary of him. He understood that. He was a stranger in their home and he wouldn't expect anything else.

"But isn't your family looking for you?" Jungkook timidly asked.

The table fell silent. Everyone knew that Jungkook's family had abandoned him when he decided not to go into the family business. That's why he is living with Jin and relies on his hyungs to provide and take care of him. It was a touchy subject around the table. The rest of the hyungs bit their lips or drank silently, waiting for the answer.

"No. They no longer speak to me," Namjoon silently offered.

Jin watched as Namjoon fiddled with his chopsticks and Jungkook's eyes glimmered. He hoped that maybe, just maybe, this would be the link between Namjoon and Jungkook that would help disintegrate the animosity that could rise from the new living situations. He understood that Kookie was simply trying to protect him, but he often came off as simply being a dick. Jin could only hope that maybe this would relieve the tension.

"Whose turn it is to do dishes?" Jin changed the subject.

"I believe it would be the lovers over there," Jimin giggled, pointing to Yoongi and Hobi.

"Nope, it definitely you two," Yoongi stated.

Jin rolled his eyes as the fighting began. He looked over at Namjoon who was still looking at his hands. He silently slid his warm palm over the thin, cold fingers.
The days seemed to pass quickly for Jin.

He woke up to Namjoon laying on his mat on the opposite side of the bedroom. The blonde was normally doing anything from listening to music, reading whatever book he found at the library down the road, or sometimes just playing Candy Crush on his phone. He greeted the vampire, and went about his day. Sometimes Namjoon would help him cook breakfast for the boys. Other days, he disappeared into the shower before the rest were awoken.

Everyone had warmed up to Namjoon, without knowing the full truth. Namjoon could sometime be found mixing music or talking music with Yoongi. He could also be seen engaging in the occasional video game with the Jimin and Tae. Hobi was always up for shopping trips after classes (and conveniently after sunset). The only one who was yet to spend his free time with Namjoon was the maknae. Jin figured it would simply take time for Jungkook to accept the newcomer. He was sensitive to people. Jin simply hoped he wasn't going to keep avoiding Namjoon at all opportunities.

Namjoon had started to clean around the apartment, keeping up with most of the mess and laundry. He had insisted he needed to do as much as possible in order to "earn his stay". However, he was quickly banned from touching the dishes after two plates and a mug were shattered. His height was appreciated when Jin realized how dusty ceiling fans and the tops of cabinets had gotten. Once they all returned from their day, Namjoon assisted Jin with dinner. They all ate together, and then watched movies and such until they left one by one for bed.

Once they were back in the bedroom, Namjoon was allowed to feed. He had figured out the amount and frequency after the first few days. Too much, Jin passed out. Too little, he had to feed again too soon. He generally left a bite on Jin's biceps. He alternated arms. He stayed as far away from the neck as possible. He was afraid of having any bigger of an artery to bite. He didn't trust himself quite yet.

Today was just another day for Jin. He left the shower, ready to make breakfast. He went back into his room and found Namjoon sprawled out, his latest book in his hands. It was in English.

"You even read English for fun?" Jin laughed, putting on his favorite tank top.

Namjoon started out of his trance and blushed seeing his hyung in a loose fitting white tank top.

"Yeah... it can be a nice change, I guess"

Jin looked up from toweling his hair off to see Namjoon staring at him, blushing.

The awkward silence hung heavily in the air. Namjoon couldn't help but feel like feeding from the same man over and over built some sort of intimacy. Although, he wasn't sure how Jin felt about it. He wasn't even sure if his hyung liked men.

Just as Jin was about to speak, Tae and Jungkook could be heard yelling in the kitchen.

"THATS MY MUFFIN ASSHOLE!!" Kookie's voice belted.

Jin stomped out of the room to find the younger boys fighting in the kitchen, Tae had one hand on a
muffin and Jungkook held the other in a headlock.

"Language Jeon Jungkook! Taehyung, give him his muffin back and I will make your chocolate chip pancakes. Got it?"

The pair split, Taehyung handing Kookie his baked item. They both turned to their hyung and apologized.

"I'm going to go to the gym," Jungkook promptly took his muffin and grabbed his jacket before leaving.

"Aish, I swear he spends more time at the gym than anyone I know. That little muscle pig," Jin shook his head.

The eldest began his preparations for a full pancake bar. Each of the boys liked theirs differently. Tae liked chocolate chips and nutella. Yoongi preferred them classic. Hobi likes fruit and whipped cream. Jimin liked peanut butter and banana's. Kookie was a sucker for blueberries. Jin liked to eat one of each for himself. He laughed to himself, turning on the griddle. Maybe Namjoon would want blood on his. Before Jin could get into cooking mode, Tae's hand stopped his arm.

"What the hell is that?!" Tae almost yelled.

Jin was about to ask what he was talking about until Tae ran his fingers over his bicep.

Shit Jin thought. He ripped his arm out of Tae's grasp, and moved before the brunette grabbed his other arm.

"Hyung what happened?"

"Nothing Tae, its fine."

"You look like you have snake bites on you," Tae whispered, his eyes round, "why did you have a snake?"

"I don't have a snake TaeTae, just forget it please,"

"Hyung... you're acting weird."

Jin turned and put his hands on Taehyung's shoulders looking into his eyes.

"Listen Tae... Can you keep this our secret? I swear I will explain later." Jin murmured, voice dropping.

Taehyung stared at his elder for a few second. His hyung was rarely secretive. So he figures it had to be something big. Tae slowly nodded and tilted his head. He wondered what his hyung had gotten into. Before he could ask anything else, Jin had practically run to his bedroom.

Namjoon startled midway through getting dressed as the bedroom door swung open. Jin shut it behind himself and leaned against it, breath heavy.

"Seokjin hyung?"

"Tae saw."

Namjoon tilted his head, platinum hair falling into his intense almond eyes.
"Namjoon, he saw the bites," Jin put his hands over his eyes, "Oh my god how did I forget about them,"

"Jin, calm down.... maybe they are just shots, yeah? You were getting your immunizations updated?" Namjoon suggested.

"I told him it was a secret.... we have to talk to him Joon. He will get worried," Jin shook his head, grabbing a tee shirt to change into.

Jin hated lying to the boys. He hated it more than anything. He also knew that without being told anything, Taehyung would surely tell everyone Jin was dying or something else over-dramatic. He had no other choice. They had to tell Tae.

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They managed to keep Tae busy and alone most of the day, thanks to Jimin being at the studio. Hoseok and Yoongi were going to have a date night, so they were of no issue as well. When Jungkook came home, he showered, had dinner, and went to sleep. Jin had half a mind to chastise him about his habits. He worked himself too ragged for someone so young. However, once he was asleep, Jin knew it was the most opportune time.

"Joon-ah?" He called, snapping Namjoon out of his novel.

Namjoon looked at his hyung who gestured towards Taehyung who was watching anime on the couch. Namjoon tapped at his wrist as if to gesture at the time. Jin looked at the clock on the microwave and cursed himself. Namjoon would be getting hungry soon, if he wasn't already. Jin quickly walked over to the blonde.

"How bad do you feel?"

"I'm just a bit hungry... I can wait though," Namjoon whispered back.

"So.... now or never," Jin tried to smile at Namjoon.

Jin walked over to Tae, grabbing the remote and pausing the television. Tae began to protest but saw the worry in Jin's brow and the way Namjoon was shifting anxiously from foot to foot behind the elder.

Taehyung scooted over on the couch for the pair to have room to sit. Jin sat but Namjoon continued to stand afar. Before Tae could comment, Jin spoke.

"So Taehyung.... about before," He began.

"Hyung, are you dying? You're sick aren't you. Is Namjoon your caretaker?" The younger's eyes welled up.

"No! No no no, Taetae I'm not dying. I'm okay!,"

Tae nodded but then bit his lip, worrying it between his teeth.

"Tae... I need you to trust me okay? Do you trust your hyung?" Jin put his hand on Taehyung's golden shoulder.

Namjoon coughed a bit, bringing Tae's attention to him. Suddenly he realized this secret must involve the new roommate since he was standing there as well.
"Is Namjoon hyung sick?"

"No!" Namjoon was quick to answer.

Jin looked back to Namjoon. He was getting more and more antsy. Jin knew he was getting increasingly hungrier and he felt bad for making him wait this long. The blonde waved him on as if to say "don't worry about me".

"Listen to me Tae. I need you to keep this just between us okay? A real secret. Not one you can tell Jiminnie or Hobi. A real Seokjin-secret," Jin spoke lowly.

Tae nodded. If Jin hyung ever used his full name, he was dead serious. The boy began to worry even more with this information.

"JIn hyung.... you're scaring me," Taehyung whispered.

"Namjoon, come over here" Jin asked, gesturing to the space next to him.

Namjoon followed direction, the smell of blood even stronger as he got closer. Tae's eyes followed him. Namjoon was acutely aware of each boy's pulse in front of him. The beat hummed in him. He could feel himself getting hungrier.

"Tae... Namjoon is a little different from us,"

"Yeah...?" Tae stared at the blonde. "Is it drugs?"

Jin laughed, reaking the tension. Namjoon grinned a little, his dimples showing. Jin blushed a bit before turning his attention back to Tae.

"Namjoon-ah, how bad do you feel right now. 1-10?" Jin asked him.

"6...maybe 7?" Namjoon said through tight lips.

Jin realized Namjoon was trying to conceal his teeth. His fangs must be close to descending.

"What? Come on you guys. You're freaking me out!" Tae said finally getting grumpy.

Jin calmed himself, and rolled up his sleeve. His bite marks were clearly visible against soft, pale skin. Two little marks with fading purple bruises surrounding them. Tae gasped a bit, leaning forward to inspect his hyungs arm.

"Hyung... 8" Namjoon balled his hands into fists on his dark black jeans.

Jin instantly knew that he need to speed the process.

"Taetae, Joon-ah doesn't eat food. He needs blood." Jin finally gushed out.

It was silent. Tae stared at Jin, then Namjoon, and then back to Jin. His mouth opened and hung for a bit while he processed this.

"What... like a vampire?" Tae asked, "Bullshit hyung stop messing with me"

Namjoon's resolved snapped. He groaned and felt his eyes change. Deep black taking them over. He looked at the younger boy, and slowly opened his mouth. Jin grabbed Tae's hands while the boy's face changed from confusion to shock. His mouth wide open and eyes as wide as possible.
"Are you fucking with me right now?" Tae dropped into satoori.

Jin was about to remind him about language, but decided that was actually fitting in this situation. Namjoon slowly closed his mouth and looked at the pair.

"Taehyung... He was really sick. He doesn't hurt people. He was just really hungry when I found him," Jin explained, taking Taehyung's hands in his own.

"Does he hurt you? Are you okay?" Tae asked his elder.

Jin started laughing. He couldn't help it. Taehyung had witnessed a vampire and isn't even slightly worried about his own safety or sanity. He was only worried if his hyung was hurt by the man.

"What's so funny?" Tae pouted.

"No... No Taetae it doesn't hurt. Namjoon is very gentle and kind." Jin explained.

Namjoon whined behind him, reminding Jin about his needs. Jin immediately dropped Tae's hands and looked back at Namjoon. The man was pale, his eyes jet-black. Jin could see the very bottoms of his fangs pressing into his plump bottom lip. Jin could only imagine the restraint he was taking.

"Namjoon hyung?" Tae shakily whispered.

Namjoon's eyes stared holes into Tae. However, instead of recoiling as Jin thought he would, Tae crawled over the eldest to get closer to the blonde. He tilted his head and inspected his mouth. Jin watched in shock as Tae tapped on Namjoon's lip as if asking him to open his mouth. Namjoon simply complied, shutting his eyes. Tae inspected the fangs. He was fascinated. He finally sat back down and Namjoon stared at the two, tapping his hands on his legs.

"What does Jin hyung taste like?" Tae asked suddenly.

Jin nearly choked on his own saliva.

"Uhm.... Like frosting. Chocolate tarts. If he eats something spicy, he kinda has a kick. Like those chile flavored candies..." Namjoon answered, unconsciously licking his lips.

"Weird." Tae laughed, turning back his attention to Jin.

Jin was simply staring at them both like they are insane. His arm still exposed.

"Jin hyung... your arms look like hell. Why don't you bite anywhere else?"

"Uhm... This artery is best for control and safety. We switch arms every night." Jin tried to explain.

Tae looked at Namjoon and smiled, although shaking from the shock of it all.

"So... maybe you should take a night off from Jin hyung?" Taehyung suggested.

Now it was Namjoon's turn to drop his jaw. Jin was already shaking his head and trying to tell Taehyung that he was insane.

"Yes." Namjoon answered.

Jin looked at the man like he had cheated on him. He was about to argue with him when Namjoon started to talk.
"Listen... You need days off. It's getting harder to feed. It's not that I don't enjoy feeding from you... You just need recovery time," Namjoon put his hand over Jin's.

Jin knew he was right. He had been feeling sluggish and tired lately. He just couldn't keep up with Namjoon's appetite. He didn't want Taehyung to feel pressured because of this.

"Jin hyung, its okay! My doctor always tells me I have the best heart!" Tae gave his elder a boxy smile.

Namjoon looked at them both, as if asking for permission. He felt like his throat was drying up and he felt like his mouth was full of cotton. He needed blood and fast. He looked at Jin one more time, eyebrows raised.

"Okay, but only if Tae is okay with it. If he says stop, you stop." Jin sighed.

Namjoon didn't know what came over him. He put his hand on Jin's jaw and pulled in towards himself. He kissed the elder's temple and moved to sit on the other side of Taehyung. Namjoon let Jin find the artery of Tae's arm for him. Namjoon wrapped one arm around Tae, and let the other find Jin's hand. He intertwined his slender fingers into Jin's soft hand. Jin started blushing before turning his attention to Taehyung. The younger was smiling nervously. He pat Namjoon's head, letting him know he was ready.

Jin watched Tae wince as Namjoon bit him. He watched at his features softened, his face resting in a smile. He chose to ignore the grip on his fingers tightening, holding him. Jin watched as Namjoon went from frantic sucking to slow, smooth draws. Namjoon's eyes softened and his skin slowly returned to its golden tone. He looked so normal. So real. Jin forgot he was even dead until he remembered that he was currently drinking blood. When Tae's torso stared to sway, Jin tapped the blonde.

Namjoon slowly back off, licking his lips. Tae giggled a little, wiping off his arm. Jin snaked his arm around the youngest to support him.

"You okay Taetae?" Jin asked.

"Just sleepy. But it didn't hurt!" Tae laughed, his box smile showing.

Namjoon blushed as they helped Taehyung to bed.

"What do I taste like?" Tae asked curiously.

"Uhm... Cinnamon. And honey. You kinda taste like chai tea." Namjoon said thoughtfully.

"Cool..." Tae smiled as they were laying him in his bed, tucking him in.

"So Tae.. our secret?" Jin reminded him for confirmation.


When Namjoon and Jin were back in there bedroom they stared at each other. Jin smiled meekly, getting comfy in his bed. Namjoon was nervous. He wasn't sure why, but he felt uneasy. He felt as though he had done something wrong, even though everyone was consenting. That's when he remembered something. When feeding with Jin, he felt like he was glowing. As though he was fulfilled and flying, yet grounded all at once. However while feeding with Tae, he simply felt satisfied. Namjoon bit his lip, thinking. Maybe he felt so anxious because he wasn't given that
butterfly feeling. Namjoon watched the brunette's smile fade, replaced with a look that resembled worry. Namjoon quickly talked without thinking.

"Hey Jin hyung?"

"Yeah?" Jin basically whispered in the silent room.

"I like chocolate icing better than chai tea..."

"You do?" Jin could feel himself blushing.

"Yeah, I do," Namjoon could almost feel his dimples deepen.

The two of them sat there quietly without speaking. They stared at each other, the floor, their own hands. Then finally, Jin laid down.


Namjoon smiled and felt like he was glowing when he heard the nickname. It made him feel fond and warm.

"I'll see you in the morning, hyung" Namjoon grinned.

Jin wasn't sure when he fell asleep. He just remembered Namjoon humming to his music, a happy yet soothing melody.

Chapter End Notes

Please keep any comments or suggestions coming!
Why Now?

Jin felt like he was floating back down to reality and remembered whose arms were currently snaked around him. He smiled, he features soft and pale in the moonlight that was streaming through the window.

"You back?" a deep voice asked him.

"I'm good," he giggled.

Namjoon kept holding his elder for a bit longer. He wasn't exactly sure that Jin currently needed the support, but he wasn't going to let go quite yet. Jin was always a bit unsteady after feeding and Namjoon was cautious to let him go too soon. Especially after he fell in the hall last week. It had caused one hell of a commotion until Taehyung was able to cover for them.

The three of them had kept the secret hidden quite well. Namjoon switched from Jin to Tae every other night. This kept a constant, well-nourished supply of blood. Although, he can't say he doesn't prefer the nights that he stays in the bedroom like this, feeding from Jin. It felt more intimate, and less awkward. Tae had gotten pretty good at hiding from Jimin when Namjoon needed him. It just never felt as personal.

"Joon-ah?"

"Yes?" Namjoon was snapped from his thoughts.

"You can um... let go now," Jin was blushing under Namjoon.

Namjoon looked down at his elder whose face was buried in Namjoon's soft back shirt, his blush still seen creeping along his pale face. Namjoon found himself blushing as well. Well... as much as a member of the undead can blush. He unwound his arm from Jin's waist and wrung his hands. The pair had gotten pretty close in the past weeks. They spent most days and night together, seeing as how they lived in the same bedroom.

Namjoon had spent numerous nights helping Jin fall asleep after feeding. Once the elder was asleep, the vampire's mind began to wander. He normally had a book or two to keep him entertained. He could always start mixing more music. However, some nights he was perfectly content to watch as Jin's chest rose and fell under the weight of his breathing. He looked so soft and peaceful. At times, Jin would start to wake from what Namjoon was sure was a nightmare. His body brought him in front of the elder's bed to watch over him until the dream would pass.

"Friends don't just watch their friends sleep," Namjoon reminded himself.

With that though, Namjoon smiled at Jin whose eyes were slowly closing.

"Goodnight Hyung"

"Goodnight Joonie" Jin yawned.

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Jungkook was sitting on the couch, alone when Namjoon crept out of the bedroom. Normally, he could do whatever he liked at night. No one else was up to know that he never slept. However, tonight Namjoon wasn't alone. He walked towards the living room, feet making no noise on the
floorboards. Namjoon assumed the youngest had fallen asleep on the couch while watching one of his anime's. As he peeked over the side of the couch, he could see that he was right.

Junkook still hadn't quite warmed up to Namjoon. His guard was always up. It was as though Jungkook didn't want to accept another person into their group, and was searching for a reason to dislike the newcomer.

Namjoon smiled at the lanky, sleeping boy. He knew the maknae should be sleeping in a proper bed. So he slowly reached around the boy's waist and shoulders, scooping him into his arms. One of the perks of being a vampire, he supposed, was that there wasn't much Namjoon couldn't pick up. Jungkook's head rolled to the side, resting on Namjoon's chest. The blonde slowly stood, trying his hardest not to jostle the sleeping youngest. As he began to walk, two skinny, pale arms wrapped around Namjoon's neck. He couldn't help but smile.

Jungkook was aware he was moving. He wasn't 100% sure who was moving him, but he felt strong arms and assumed it was Jin. So he wrapped his arms around his neck and held on as he was taken to his bed. It wasn't the first time he had fallen asleep on the couch and his elder brought him to bed. Jungkook rested his head on the man's chest and breathed deeply as he was being set back down into his bed. He made himself comfortable and released his elder. He waited for Jin to kiss his forehead like always.

Except he didn't. Jungkook opened his eyes and startled awake. The blonde figure was at his doorway, about to shut off his lights. Namjoon was the one who carried him. Jungkook suddenly froze. He shut his eyes and pretended he had never woken up as the man shut his light out and left. As he laid there, his mind began to wander. His limbs felt heavy once more.

Maybe he isn't so bad.

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The next morning, Jungkook was refusing to look at the blonde at breakfast. Although Namjoon had told Jin he put the maknae to bed, Jin was choosing to let Jungkook deal with it on his own. The boy was nearly an adult. He could at least say thank you. Or the two of them could ignore each other forever.

"IT WON'T BE THAT BAD!" Hobi was yelling from living room.

"You don't know that!" Yoongi yelled back.

Everyone at the table turned their heads to watch.

Yoongi ran his hands through his Mint colored hair. He knew that they weren't simply going to a fancy dinner tonight for fun. Hoseok had invited his parents to town. Which meant that Yoongi would have to finally meet the Jung family. He couldn't do it. He was sure that the moment Hobi told them his majors or that he is an underground rapper that they would practically laugh him away.

"Please Suga...," Hoseok grabbed his hands, "you know how much this means to me."

Hoseok had tears in his eyes. He just wanted Yoongi to be liked and loved by his parents. He didn't know it would cause such a huge fight between Yoongi and him.

"What if they find out I'm not good enough for you..." Yoongi whispered at the floor.
The entire table stopped. Jin stopped chewing. They were all frozen, watching the scene unfold.

"Is that what you think? Then you are truly an idiot Min Yoongi," Hobi smiled gently.

"Yoongi hyung, they will love you!" Jimin yelled, racing over to the pair.

The entire table made their way into the living room to group hug the couple. They never had moments like this with Yoongi. He was always so strong and carefree. It was only natural that they all rally when he is even partially upset.

"They will adore you as much as we do, hyung" Tae gave his famous box-smile.

Yoongi finally cracked a smile. Nodding to his boyfriend, agreeing to go to the dinner.

"Aish, all of you get off of me!"

They all laughed as Yoongi told Hoseok they at least needed to go shopping for proper attire first as they left.

"I'm going to the studio for awhile," Jungkook announced, quickly leaving before Jin could argue.

The eldest shook his head, and put away the last of the dishes. Namjoon was lounging on the couch reading his latest novel. Jin watched the blonde push up his black glasses and he flipped the page. He looked so natural in the apartment. Jin also couldn't help but think the blonde looked best with those glasses on. Jin shook his head at himself, shaking the thought out of his head.

"You are not getting a crush," he told himself.

Jin put his apron on the hook and got his coat.

"I'm going to lunch with my brother, then going to the store. Will you keep an eye on the boys?"

"Yeah, of course," Namjoon smiled at him, dimples deepening.

Jin let quickly, his heart fluttering.

"You are not getting a crush"

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Namjoon should have known better.

Nothing was more hectic and unpredictable as Tae and Jimin, AKA the wonder twins. They were never quiet, stationary, or controllable. It was only an hour since Jin had left and he apartment was covered in feathers from an impromptu pillow fight attack against Namjoon. Now they were both wrestling as Namjoon tried to clean once more.

"Give up!" Tae held Jimin down, tickling him.

Jimin's laughter was high pitched and squeaking. There were tears forming in his eyes. Taehyung was sure he had won. Then suddenly, his arms here being grabbed by Jimin. Pain shot through him as his orange haired friend squeezed his bicep where the bite mark remained. Tae yelped and jumped off of his friend. He could feel warm blood trickling down his bicep. Jimin looked panicked as he saw blood on Tae's arm. He didn't mean to hurt him.

"I'm so sorry Tae let me look!" Jimin was yelling.
Tae got up to try and run out of the room when he ran head-first into a tall black figure.

"Sorry Joon hyung!" Tae tried to keep running when his wrist was caught by Namjoon's slender fingers. He was pulled back in front of Namjoon and could hear a faint growl come from the man's throat.

Jimin was staring at Namjoon. He was sure they made him mad this time and he had never seen the blonde angry before.

"Tae..." Namjoon clenched his jaw and looked at Taehyung. He could feel his eyes change color. Taehyung instantly knew they had a problem. He was bleeding, and Namjoon could smell it. This wasn't good. He could see Namjoon clenching his jaw like he was trying to keep his fangs from coming down.

"Namjoon hyung..." Tae thought quickly, "1-10"

"8" Namjoon grimaced.

Jimin had no idea what the two were talking about. What the hell did he mean 1-10? Why was his Hyung an 8? Jimin began to feel ignored and walked up to them and shoved them apart.

"What is going on?" Jimin practically yelled.

Taehyung ignored him. He kept his eyes on Namjoon's. Tae couldn't let him feed on him again today. His arms were so sore. However, he knew there was no way that they could just ignore Namjoon's hunger.

"Taehyung..." Namjoon whispered lowly, his voice raspy.

Tae knew what he was asking. He shook his head.

"I'm still kinda dizzy from last time hyung... I'm sorry. Should I call Jin and tell him you're hungry?"

"Hungry? Make him some ramen! What the hell is going on?!" Jimin finally yelled.

The sudden burst forced the Taehyung and Namjoon to separate and look at Jimin. Suddenly, Namjoon ran into the bedroom and slammed the door. Jimin stared at Taehyung as if he had grown a second head. Tae knew he couldn't get out of this one and silently hoped that Namjoon and Jin would understand. He grabbed the orange haired boy's hand and sat him down on the couch. He was biting his lips and trying to figure out how to start.

Instead of words, he rolled up his sleeve, showing the bite mark.

"What the hell happened Taetae?" Jimin looked worried and scared.

"Chimchim.... I need you to listen to me"

"You're freaking me out, is Namjoon hyung okay?"

"He's just hungry... but he doesn't need food." Tae tried to remain calm and explain the situation.

"Chimchim.... can you keep a super secret? Like a Jin hyung level secret?"
Namjoon was pretty sure this is what dying felt like. He was so hungry. His body ached and his fangs were pressing sharply into his bottom lip, threatening to give him new piercings if he didn't unclench his jaw. He looked in the mirror, gasping at the sight. His eyes were so freaking looking. He couldn't go back out there like this. He had to just wait. He would surely scare Jimin into an early grave if he walked out fangs and all. Namjoon laid on Jin's bed, trying to will the hunger away.

He had never felt this bad before he began feeding on humans. He had been able to be around all sorts of situations and never went full Dracula. However, now that he knew how good human blood was in comparison to bunnies, he knew he was never turning back. He could feel his body tense at the thought of feeding.

"God dammit" He thought,"Jin's going to kill me,"

Before he could question why he was more worried about Jin than himself, the bedroom door opened.

Namjoon jumped off of the bed, pressing himself against the wall behind him. He clamped his hand over his mouth and tried to hide the fangs he was sure were still visible. He stared in horror as Tae walked in with Jimin holding his hand. Namjoon chose not to question that part. Those two had always been oddly close. What he was more afraid of was Jimin's face. He was pale, biting and worrying his lower lip as they sat on Jin's bed.

"Namjoon hyung, Chimchim and I had a talk," Tae gently said, "he knows everything,"

"I'm... not scared," Jimin tried to convince them.

Namjoon stayed with his back against the wall. He didn't dare move. The pair being in the room was making his hunger so much worse.

"He isn't scared hyung, just kinda confused and worried,"

Namjoon slowly lowered his hand from his face. He then ran his fingers through his hair. They needed to leave. They would talk about it later, but right now he wanted to bite either of them and feed until he couldn't possibly get another drop. Namjoon shuddered at the thought.

"Tae... 9" Namjoon groaned.

"Yeah.. we talked about that to," Tae giggled.

Namjoon stared at them as Jimin got up and stood in front of him.

"Namjoon hyung, I have a proposition," Jimin gave a shy smile.

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Namjoon wasn't sure how he had gotten himself into this. However, he felt so much better after feeding. His mind was clear, his muscles no longer tense. However, he knew Jin was going to kill him. He not only let another roommate find out, but he actually bit him.

Jimin was waking up and playing with Tae's brown locks. Tae smiled and leaned his head back into Jimin's small fingers to encourage him.
"You feel okay?" Namjoon was quick to ask.

"Yeah... I'm okay. Tae promised it wouldn't hurt," Jimin's eyes crinkled.

"See? I told you I found the right artery!," Tae gushed.

Namjoon was an idiot. He was just so hungry when Jimin proposed a deal. He would have agreed to anything but now he was instantly regretting that decision. How was he supposed to know what they had planned? He was giving them the benefit of the doubt, hoping they wouldn't do anything crazy. Namjoon bit his lip thinking about how he would be holding his end of the deal.

"That's because you used hyung's textbook!" Jimin laughed, pushing Taehyung off the bed.

Namjoon felt better knowing he hadn't accidentally drained his roommate, and was about to sneak out of the bedroom when Tae caught him.

"Not so fast. We get to play a game now, don't we Chimchim?" Tae grinned.

"Of course! It's only fair, hyung," Jimin's eyes were crescents when they pair managed to sit Namjoon back on the bed.

"What kind of game? Mario cart?" Namjoon sighed. He knew his punishment was coming.

"Twenty questions!" Tae exclaimed.

Namjoon stared to the younger two in front of him who were sitting on the floor. Twenty questions was such an easy thing. It can hardly be called a game. Besides, how bad could it get?

"No lying, no avoiding the question, and if you veto a question you have to do a dare," Jimin giggled, pushing his orange hair out of his face.

"Okay... seems simple enough," Namjoon felt defeated.

The tree boys decided to get food, drinks, a movie, and reconvene in the living room. Namjoon glanced at the clock. Only a couple hours till Jin would be home. Namjoon felt himself get butterflies at the thought. He quickly pushed it off and reminded himself that he was always happy when people came home. It didn't mean anything in particular...right?

Taehyung yelling his name snapped him out of his trance. Namjoon went into the living room and took his place on the couch next to the boys. Tae pressed play on the movie and leaned against Jimin, his legs across Namjoon's lap. Namjoon was hoping that maybe the boys would give him some time before the questions started coming, but he had no such luck. The youngers had decided each of them could have 10 questions. They did start off quite innocent.

"Who tastes better, me, chimchim, or Jin hyung?" Tae grinned

"Uh... well you taste like Chai tea, Jimin tastes kinda like strawberries and cream, and Jin hyung tastes like chocolate," Namjoon explained

"So who is best?"

"I have always really liked chocolate....." Namjoon blushed a bit.

"Lame, can you go out in the daytime?" Jimin questioned.

"Yeah, I just need sunglasses"
"Do you have any other cool abilities though?" Tae poked Namjoon's side as if waiting for something to happen.

"I guess my agility is a bit better,"

The questions were innocent and random. The boys were simply curious on the daily activities of a vampire and where Namjoon grew up. The three of them lost concentration in the movie and started throwing popcorn into each other's mouths. They laughed every time they threw a piece to Namjoon. His reflexes were fast enough that he hadn't yet dropped a piece. Once the bowl was empty, the twelfth question came from Jimin.

"Hyung, how did you become a vampire?"

Namjoon stiffened a bit.

"Well... I'm not sure what to say, I got bitten, and he force-fed me some of his own blood" Namjoon mumbled

"Yeah but like... how?" Tae pressed.

Namjoon took a deep breath thinking back to that night.

"My best friend from home, everyone loved him. Zico was such a charismatic guy. His parents were best friends with mine," Namjoon started.

"Zico and I went down different paths after graduation. I went to school and started studying and he went fully into music. Unfortunately, he also got into a lot of drugs. I stopped hearing from him. My parents were constantly calling me to come back and talk to him. So about four months ago, I did. He wasn't the same guy I used to know. He was sickly thin and he wasn't talking to his parents... I tried to talk some sense into him. Ask if he needed help? He didn't want any help. So I got pissed. I hit him. He was my friend... I just wanted him back," Namjoon looked up.

The boy's eyes were fixed on him so intently, they were hanging on his words.

"We kept fighting, but suddenly he pinned me against the wall. He bit my collarbone and I realized he had truly changed into something else. He hit my head against the wall so I wouldn't fight back. He forced his own blood into me, completing the whole thing. The next day I woke up and knew I was different. The pain was so intense. It was like every inch of my body was on fire, and nothing could put it out. I wound up getting really hungry for the first time. I went to find Zico and confront him. I just wanted to ask some questions, but when I found him he was already dead. Funny though... vampires are always so hyped up to be invincible, but that asshole died of an overdose." Namjoon laughed darkly.

"My parents didn't know I came back for him... I never told them anyway. When Zico's parents found him dead, they told mine. My mother was convinced I never tried to see him. She told me I failed my best friend. Maybe she was right... but I did try. I was just already too late. I didn't show for the funeral. Thats why my parents don't want to see me. They are convinced that it's my fault he died. So I left. I roamed around, feeding on whatever animals I could until Jin found me,"

Taehyung and Jimin were silent for a beat. Then they stared at each other. Suddenly, Namjoon had both boys wrapped around him.

"Aish, get off!" He laughed.

"That's so sad Joon hyung!" Jimin wailed into Namjoon's chest.
"No it's not. Now get off me and lets finish the movie," Namjoon tried to fake a smile.

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The rest of the movie was boring, peppered every once in awhile by another question. Finally, each boy only had 1 left. Namjoon was finally out of their clutches and laying across the couch, head in Jimin's lap and feet in Tae's. They were listening to whatever music Namjoon felt like playing while they waited for Jin to come home and make dinner. Namjoon had gotten them to drop the vampire questions. They had talked about his major, how he learned English, and what he wants to do after graduation. They asked about his first impression of all the roommates, and then asked him to rank them in looks. They had also asked about Namjoon's dating past or lack there of. Now they were each silent while thinking of their last questions. Namjoon was in the middle of his favorite song when Jimin tapped his forehead.

"Are you going to be our roommate permanently, now that you like us?" Jimin asked shyly.

Namjoon pulled his feet off of Tae and sat up. Taehyung came over and sat on Jimin's lap, leaning his head on Jimin's. It was almost as though he was trying to silently comfort Jimin. Namjoon chose to forget what Jin had told him about Jimin. Jin had spoke to him about how dependent Jimin is on Taehyung for support. It wasn't that Jimin was emotional. Jimin had simply had far too many people come in and out of his life whenever it was convenient to them. Maybe that is why he needed Taehyung so much. When everyone else was gone, Jimin could always count on Tae being there. Namjoon thought about it before he spoke.

"As long as I am wanted and welcomed, I will stay here," the blonde smiled, dimples and all.

"Good" Jimin threw his arms around the blonde.

"You'll just have to put up with Jin hyung's crazy habits," Tae laughed.

Namjoon blushed. He wasn't sure what habits they were talking about. Maybe the way Jin cleaned all the time, but then Namjoon liked when Jin cleans because he sings. Namjoon loved to hear him sing. The boys might have been talking about the way he cooks and doesn't let people help often. However, Namjoon always gets to lend a hand and watch the care and passion Jin puts into food. Maybe they were thinking of how Jin mothers them all, but then again Namjoon only wonders what it would feel like to receive that much affection from Jin.

Namjoon's blush deepened and he coughed a bit.

"Maybe his 'annoying habits' aren't annoying to me because I...."Namjoon's thought was broken by Taehyung and Jimin.

He looked up to see Taehyung smiling mischievously and giggling with Jimin. They were both staring intently at their elder, giving him questioning looks. Namjoon tried to will the blushing away from his cheeks. Taehyung wiggled his eyebrows at Namjoon who scoffed and got up. Namjoon walked to the TV to put in a different movie. He was intent on ignoring the Wonder Twins and was sure they had seen him blush at least twice at the mention of their eldest hyung. Namjoon busied himself with the movie exchange when Tae broke his concentration.

"Do you like Jin hyung?" Taehyung grinned.

Namjoon was so screwed.
Namjoon was frozen. He wasn't sure what to say, but he was almost 100% certain that his face was bright red at the moment.

"Namjoon hyung?" Jimin prodded him.

Namjoon stood and looked at the younger two. He was so unsure as to how he is supposed to answer that question. He hadn't even given himself enough time to think about it all. And yes, maybe, just maybe, there was a possibility that he was gay. However between becoming a vampire and being in an entirely new living situation, Namjoon had never been able to give it enough thought to come to a conclusion.

Tae and Jimin just stared at their elder as he ran his slender hands through his blonde locks and over his own face. Namjoon was thinking and began to pace. Unfortunately, he was also thinking out loud. Namjoon had a tendency to think with this voice, or at least that's what Jin had told him.

"Jin hyung is the one who brought me in.... and he's the first human I've ever fed from," Namjoon spoke quickly.

"The first one ever?" Jimin asked.

"Yeah the first ever, and he tastes like the chocolate frosting on a cupcake from the bakery that I loved as a kid. The kind of chocolate that you get cravings for and ride your bike across town to have just a little more. And feeding from everyone else is fine, and its good. Jin hyung just tastes like...home," Namjoon kept pacing.

"So he tastes the best and you just like him because of it?" Tae tilted his head.

"No! He does taste good, but there is much more too him than that. He's very intelligent you know? Who else could do med school? He has such a scientific mind and he understands the way that I like to read all day, and occasionally he even brings me a book he thinks I would like. Its really considerate. He watches me read while he cooks. He such a good cook. It's because he loves it, and he cares about food. I think that's why his food tastes so good,"

"We all like Jin's cooking, he's like our mom," Jimin giggles, watching Namjoon pace.

Namjoon kept walking back and forth trying to explain himself.

"He is to you, but my mom was never like that. He is better. He sings when he cleans and he doesn't know it but I will turn off my headphones and listen because its so beautiful. It's like the most soothing music and it's only him. Soothing! That's a good word for him. I can't sleep, you know? Vampires don't sleep but he does because he's human and the whole time he sleeps, he looks happy and calm. And sometimes he will fall asleep on me after I feed, and laying like that is the closest I've gotten to sleeping in a long time..." Namjoon smiled and he paced.

Tae smiled at Jimin. The two were planning on keeping it going, they wanted to hear a confession. They both already knew it was true, but they really just wanted to hear their hyung say it outloud. Maybe Namjoon also would benefit from just hearing himself say it.
"Yeah, but isn't it uncomfortable?"

"Not even a bit. His shoulders a so wide, I can just rest my hands on them and feel him breathe and feel his heart beat. He isn't heavy either. He's easy to hold and I will just lay there and wait till he wakes up. Sometimes I can feel his breath on my chest and its so warm. His hair is soft too! Its so soft and easy to run your fingers through. It also smells really good. I could lay there forever just waiting for him to wake up. Which is even better because once he does, we say goodnight and he will call me 'Joonie'," Namjoon couldn't help but smile.

"So you're a cuddly sleeper who doesn't sleep is all," Taehyung shrugged, egging Namjoon on.

"But morning is even better because he's so cute when he yawns and then he comes out here to cook and take care of all of you. He's very generous like that. He cares so much more about everyone else and is so willing to take you all in. He will put off everything in his day to make sure each and every one of you are as happy as you could be. I think someone ought to be there and make sure that he is happy too. He should be happier than all of us combined, because when he is, he smiles. And his smile is so so perfect...." Namjoon trailed off as he made eye contact with the smiling boys.

He had already said way too much. Namjoon wanted to throw himself out the window. He was still blushing and couldn't stop. The butterflies had returned in his stomach and seem to be making themselves a home there lately. Namjoon knew the boys had planned to draw all of it out of himself. And here he was going on about his hyung.

"So.. do you like Jin hyung?" Taehyun asked once more.

Namjoon thought to himself "Do I like Jin hyung?"

"Veto."

"What?!" Jimin yelled

"I veto the question, what's the dare?" Namjoon shook his head, sitting between the boys.

Jimin and Tae stared at each other in shock. They were so sure they were about to get a confession from Namjoon. He was so close to spilling everything and Taehyung could swear that Namjoon was going to say it. He looked back to Jimin and shrugged, his mouth still hanging open. Jimin was already racking his brain for anything they could do as punishment. They watched as their hyung laid back on the couch and ran his hands through the blonde locks once more.

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Namjoon stared at the wall as the younger two combed and styled his hair. He knew he shouldn't have asked for the dare. However, now here he was having his hair dyed an unknown color. He had been blindfolded a majority of the time to keep him from seeing the process. As the younger two were finishing up, Namjoon stared at the clock. Jin should be home any time now. Namjoon hoped he wouldn't be angry about him feeding on Jimin. However, there wasn't much he could do about it now. He simply waited. Both for his hyung to come home, and to see his new hair color.

"Okay Joon-hyung!" Tae grinned.

"We are finished!" Jimin patted Namjoon's shoulder.

Namjoon turned to look in the mirror and his mouth fell to the floor. His once white-blonde locks were now a soft pastel pink. The color didn't look bad. It highlighted his intense eyes and golden skin. He looked quite good. The pink was a stark contrast to his black sweater. Namjoon was still in
shock, however. He turned to look at the younger two hairstylists who had done this to him.

"Don't worry hyung..." Jimin giggled, "pink is Jin hyung's favorite color!"

Namjoon started to chase the younger two out of the bathroom and around the living room. The chase was on. He was narrowing in on the boys as they tried to escape him and throw pillows at him. Namjoon swatted them out of the air and kept after them. In the process, he knocked the lamp off the table. The living room looked like a war zone. There were sill a few feathers here and there. Namjoon tried not to think about how Jin would react.

As they were running, Tae caught Jimin and swung the orange haired boy into their shared bedroom, laughing hysterically. Namjoon had the door shut in his face and was about to pry it back open. He was yelling at the two of them to get back out and face him. He could hear the laughter get louder.

"This wouldn't have happened if you would just admit that you like Jin hyung!" Tae yelled through the door.

Namjoon was about to pound on the door again when a loud noise came from behind him.

"What?"

Namjoon's stomach dropped to the floor as he turned to see Jin standing in the doorway with bags of groceries scattered around his feet, apples rolling.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the short chapter. I tried to post two because I will be unable to write for a few days. Comment and tell me what you think!
Jin stopped dead in his tracks, dropping the sacks of food in his clutches, apples rolling from his feet to Namjoon's.

Jin wasn't sure what to focus on the most, his apartment being in shambles, Namjoon's newly cotton-candy hair, or what the boys had just yelled from their room. Jin found himself at a complete loss for words.

Earlier that afternoon, Jin had lunch with his brother Sandeul. They talked about some random things until Jin spoke to him about what he had really called him for. Jin needed to talk to someone to know for sure if he did like Namjoon. He didn't disclose that the guy he may or may not be falling for has a habit of sucking blood from people. However, the more that they had talked and the more that Jin had praised Namjoon, it became obvious. Jin couldn't exactly deny it anymore.

"Namjoon... I think I like you," Jin had rehearsed the entire way home.

But now here he was, Namjoon staring at him with his mouth open, blushing intensely. The two of them stood in awkward silence until the door behind Namjoon creaked open. Jimin ran over to Jin, placing a cell phone in Jin's hand. Before Jin could ask any questions, a video began playing. Jin watched the screen barely tilted to show mostly feet. Large feet paced over the carpet while a voice spoke, sounding like Tae.

"So you're a cuddly sleeper who doesn't sleep is all,"

Namjoon felt the heat rush from his face, his stomach doing cartwheels. He had no idea that the boys had recorded him. He was completely unaware that they had a video of him basically gushing over each and every quality of their elder. Namjoon felt like he was going to pass out. He wasn't sure what to do. He felt as though his feet weighed a ton and he was glued to the spot he stood.

"But morning is even better because he's so cute when he yawns and then he comes out here to cook and take care of all of you. He's very generous like that. He cares so much more about everyone else and is so willing to take you all in. He will put off everything in his day to make sure each and every one of you are as happy as you could be. I think someone ought to be there and make sure that he is happy too. He should be happier than all of us combined, because when he is, he smiles. And his smile is so so perfect...."

Jin blushed as he understood the deep raspy voice to belong to Namjoon. It didn't take him long to understand the content of Namjoon's video rambling. Jin felt bright red as the video continued to play. The camera was pointed further upwards, capturing Namjoon's features. Jin watched as the man on the screen blushed and bit his bottom lip when Tae's voice was heard once more.

"So... do you like Jin hyung?"

Namjoon didn't know what came over him. He heard Taehyung's voice ask the question once more on video. However, before he could truly think through his plan, Namjoon's feet were moving. He sprinted to the spot where Jin stood, eyes glued to the screen. He snatched the phone from his elders hands and shut off the video. He stood in from of Jin, who was currently staring at him as though he sprouted a second head.
"Namjoon...." Jin started.

Namjoon stared at his elder.

"Do I like Jin hyung?" Namjoon asked himself once more.

Namjoon scanned his brain for an answer. He thought to himself and looked back up at Jin. The man stood before him in a soft pink sweater, matching Namjoon's new hair color. Jin's hair was softly styled, framing his doe-like eyes. His mouth was open, his lips a light shade of pink. Namjoon tried to tell himself to shut up and think about the question. He needed an answer, and soon.

"Namjoon...w-what is the answer?" Jin's voice trembled slightly.

Namjoon does not make fast decisions. Namjoon likes long, thoughtful decision making processes. He likes to take a full week to decide on how to approach situations. He will make pro's and con's, talk to others, and consult every book on the topic before deciding what to do. However, right now was not the time for such an effort. Namjoon tried to open his mouth, but his words seemed to be failing him. Namjoon could speak volumes on nonsense philosophical thoughts but couldn't manage a syllable when confronted with Jin's question.

So he did the next best thing.

Namjoon gently cupped Jin's soft porcelain jaw in his large hand. Jin jumped slightly at the touch, blushing an even deeper shade of red. Namjoon leaned in slowly, closing the gap. Jin was in a state of shock as Namjoon's large, plump lips gently pressed against his own soft lips. Namjoon was soft, chaste. He simply wanted to kiss his elder enough that he would understand. As quickly as Jin felt Namjoon's lips arrive, they were gone. Jin brought his fingertips to his lips and stared at Namjoon who was now looking at his feet.

"WHAT THE FUCK?" came loudly from the doorway.

Jin spun around quickly, Namjoon snapped his head up. They both came to look at Jungkook standing in the doorway.

"Uhm... Welcome home Jungkookie," Jin sputtered.

"So.....?" Jungkook motioned at the two in front of him, ignoring Jimin and Taehyung who were watching from the hall, jaws dropped.

"Later, Jungkook. Later," Jin shook it off. "Taehyung, Jimin, get in here and put these away,"

"But-" Jungkook started

"LATER! We are making dinner right now," Jin shook his head and began his way into the kitchen.

Namjoon stood in shock, watching as Jungkook eyed him from the doorway. Namjoon stared at his feet once more. He glanced at Tae and Jimin who were smiling and gave him thumbs up from the pantry. Jin was busying himself by chopping vegetables as what Namjoon deemed an impossible speed.

"Can I...help?" he practically whispered to his elder.

"Yeah...uhm...wash these webfoot octopus for me," Jin handed him a package.

The two of them stood there a bit longer, Namjoon's fingers just barely grazing Jin's as he took the
octopus from him.

"Yeah....I'm gonna go shower," Jungkook announced, watching the two dance around each other.

Jin nearly dropped his knife. Namjoon quickly busied himself washing the strange looking sea creatures. He went about doing everything that Jin set him to. He even attempted at cutting an onion until Jin took over for him. Namjoon ran his hand through his hair, suddenly remembering that his hair was pink. He couldn't help the awkward laughter that began bubbling from him.

Jin turned around, ready to ask if Namjoon had lost his mind. He turned to the the taller holding a few strands of his hair in his fingers. Jin stared for a moment as Namjoon inspected the strands and began to laugh.

"My hair is pink," the vampire simply stated.

Jin couldn't help but join the laughing. He wanted to remain quiet and ignore the other in the kitchen, but Namjoon was right. His hair was pink. And not any color of pink, but pastel pink. Jin put down his knife and began laughing harder and touched the other's light strands. The both of them making eye contact and laughing even harder. They needed an ice-breaker to cut through the tension, and the bubble-gum colored locks were just that.

"I think they have officially lost it Taetae," Jimin whispered.

"You're right," Taehyung smiled.

Jin turned to stare at the two of them. Jimin swore they were about to get yelled at, but their elderly hyung began to laugh even harder. Jin turned back to Namjoon, clapping his hand on the taller man's shoulder.

"They did this to you!" Jin giggled.

"They did!" Namjoon started laughing with his hyung.

"Why-why pink?" Jin asked the boys.

Jimin and Taehyung smiled and started at each other for a moment before looking back at Jin.

"He wouldn't answer our question, so we dyed it your favorite color," Tae beamed.

Jin smiled, looking back at Namjoon. He brushed pastel fringe from the dark eyes. Jin couldn't help but look at Namjoon's intense almond eyes. Namjoon was beautiful, Jin had to admit, and he considered himself an expert in the area. Namjoon looked so intimidating to some, but to Jin, he was cute and awkward. Jin decided that this shouldn't be scary. That he shouldn't be second guessing himself, or Namjoon. He may as well just go along with it and make himself happy.

"I think you've answered it now," Jin smiled softly.

"Good...I was hoping so," Namjoon blushed, relieved.

"If you would have said it earlier, your hair wouldn't look like cotton candy" Jimin reminded him.

Jin chuckled a bit more, running fingers through Namjoon's hair once more. Inspecting the way the color warmed his once cold features.

"I'm glad you didn't. I think this color suits you," Jin smiled.
Namjoon shook his head, wrapping his long arms around his elder and hugging him. Jin rested his head on the soft black of Namjoon's sweater. Namjoon ran a hand along Jin's spine. The pair looked happy. The intimate scene seemed to glow with affection. Jimin and Tae shook their heads and took it as the perfect time to leave.

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Jungkook was so confused. He didn't even know Namjoon was gay, and yet there he was, kissing his eldest hyung. Jungkook was pretty sure that nothing made sense anymore. It was like all of his roommates were suddenly dating, with the exception of Tae and Jimin. Those two were just weirdly close friends...or were they? Jungkook wasn't sure anymore. He was pretty sure Taehyung was straight... And Jimin already said he was bi... Oh god what if everyone was dating but him?

Before Jungkook could get too confused, a flurry of orange pounced on him.

"Kookie,"

"Jimin you're crushing me!" Jungkook whined.

"Mean!" Jimin feigned hurt and slid off the maknae, sitting beside him.

Jungkook should have known he wouldn't be alone long. It seemed that he would have a few moments of silence before the door connecting he and Jimin/Tae's rooms would be flung open and either one or the other would be on him. Some days, both. However, more often than not, he was tackled by Jimin so the younger could gossip with him. Occasionally, if Tae was gone or busy, Jungkook would come home to Jimin already in his room. He wasn't a fan of being alone, and Jungkook rarely ever said no.

"Why are you always gone? You missed the fun today,"

"What? The sudden lip-locking of the hyungs?" Jungkook scoffed.

"No that was only the end result. Taetae and I tortured Namjoon all day since he owed me and the we asked if he liked Jin hyung because he would get all blushy when we talked about him, so then we played 20 questions and Namjoon hyung went on this huge rant about how Jin hyung is apparently the source of all good things in the world, and then we asked if he like him and then he vetoed! So we dyed his hair pink just like Jin hyung's favorite sweater and then played the rant that we recorded for Jin hyung and then BOOM! Namjoon kisses him. Now they are being weird and laughing a lot," Jimin spewed the information

Jungkook stared at Jimin as he talked with him hands, relaying him the events of the day. He couldn't help but laugh at the way his elder would speak so quickly when he was excited. Jimin's bright orange hair was looking extremely fluffy that evening.

"So this is you two's fault?" Jungkook questioned.

"We make great matchmakers," Jimin smiled, his eyes making crescents.

"Awesome... but... do you think he is going to hurt Jin hyung?" Kookie bit his lip.

"Namjoon would never hurt a fly, Kookie. I promise. He is actually a really good guy when you get to know him,"

"Do you think he will take care of hyung?"
"He will be the best boyfriend Jin hyung could ever ask for," Jimin grinned. He truly believed his own words.

Jungkook laid his head in Jimin’s lap, allowing his elder to toy with his still-wet black hair. Jimin soon found himself playing with the heavy earrings in Jungkook’s ears. He watched his maknae's ears bounce with the weight of them. Jimin was aware that Jungkook was rarely very cuddly, and cherished the few moments when the maknae would allow Jimin to lay with him.

"Kookie, maybe you should get to know Namjoon more?" Jimin offered.

"Yeah yeah.. I get it. He won't bite." Jungkook waved Jimin off.

Jimin went really pale for a moment. Jungkookie didn't know that Namjoon was a vampire, and Jimin knew he couldn't tell him. Jimin had promised Tae that he wouldn't tell anymore but Jin that he knew. He was supposed to let the rest either find out in their own ways, or let Namjoon tell them. He wasn't supposed to push any information that wasn't his own.

"Maybe," Jimin giggled.

But then again, Jimin was never good at keeping secrets, and maybe he could make an exception for his favorite person.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry the last chapter was so short! Keep commenting, leave suggestions, etc. Plus follow me on Tumblr at: https://www.tumblr.com/blog/avery-darling
Jin tried his best to be less conspicuous when Jimin, Tae, and Kookie joined him and Namjoon at the dinner table. Jin kept a solid distance from Namjoon, and avoided talking to him only. He instead focused on the younger boys and tried to shove as much food in his mouth as possible, in order to avoid being spoken to. Jungkook wasn't letting him off that easy, however.

"So hyung... are you two dating?" Kookie asked casually.

Namjoon nearly dropped his glass of water, staring at Jin. Jin's cheeks were full of food, making him look like a hamster. Namjoon smiled softly and raised his eyebrows, asking a question without speaking. Jin stared back, chewing slowly. He tilted his head at the younger vampire. Neither was sure how he wanted to go about this situation.

"Are you guys seriously not going to say anything?" Jungkook scoffed.

Jin swallowed his food and looked back at Namjoon who was avoiding all eye contact with the younger boys. Tae and Jimin were whispering, giggling slightly.

"We haven't talked about it..." Jin started.

"But we will tonight," Namjoon finished.

This seemed to appease Jungkook enough that he continued eating. The dinner finished while conversations switched back to the topic of school and classes. Namjoon announced his classes were scheduled for night in order for him to finish his degree while still working. Jin smiled, glad that Namjoon was becoming more permanent in their lived. Jimin told the rest about his new animation project he had been working on. Tae enthusiastically gushed about the upcoming meteor shower that he would be going to see with "a friend".

"Ooooh, what kind of 'friend'?" Jimin poked his roommate.

"The astronomy kind!" Tae stuck out his tongue.

"Oh, I'm sure" Jungkook laughed.

Jin and Namjoon began to clean up as the boys teased Tae about his "star-date" with an unknown person. Tae was simply refusing to say a word about his friend and eventually, the boys gave up. The three of them settled in to watch a movie. Namjoon was drying a few cups when Jin placed his hand on Namjoon's bicep.

"Hey...do you need to feed yet?" Jin asked softly.

"Ummmm.... no....I-" Namjoon started, trying to avoid the topic

Namjoon had no idea how he was supposed to tell Jin that he let yet another one of the roommates find out about him. He had even less of an idea how to say that he fed off of him. Namjoon wasn't about to lie to Jin. He could never do that. He was afraid to make the elder angry with him. However, he felt like he would be angry no matter what Namjoon said. So the pink haired boy decided he might as well bite the bullet.

"Hey Jiminnie?" Namjoon called, "Can you come help me for a second?"
"Sure hyung!" The orange haired boy bounced over.

Jimin looked at Namjoon who looked stressed. Jin looked confused. Jimin was pretty sure he understood everything. However, he knew Jungkook was still in the room and decided to try and put it in the most delicate of ways.

"Jin hyung? Namjoon hyung said I am like strawberries and cream...." Jimin smiled, his eyes becoming crescents.

Jin stood there for a moment, trying to figure out what Jimin was talking about. Namjoon could see that Jin wasn't quite understanding Jimin's code. So Namjoon reached over, sliding Jimin's sleeve up his arm, revealing two small puncture wounds. Namjoon let go and looked at his feet.

"YOU DID NOT!" Jin yelled suddenly.

"I'm sorry hyung I..." Namjoon began.

"Dammit Namjoon, I told you that you can't-" Jin started.

"Hyung! It was my fault. We were messing around and I got hurt and Namjoon kinda freaked," Tae came rushing over, pulling Jimin away from the other two.


"What did he do?" Kookie asked anyone. However, he got no answer. No one would even look at the maknae. Jungkook started getting mad.

"Fine, whatever. Secrets all around. I'm going to my room," He stomped off and a slam of a door was heard.

"God damn it..." Namjoon ran his hands over his face.

"Out of all of the people in the world, you let Jimin find out? We might as well tell the rest of them ourselves before he does," Jin sighed.

"Hey!" Jimin pouted.

"Come off it Chimchim... you know you aren't good at secrets," Tae poked his friend.

Jin sat on the counter staring at the three in front of him. Jin attempted to come up with a way that they could tell Yoongi and Hobi without them letting Kookie know. Jin would prefer that Jungkook found out in private. He wasn't sure how Jungkook would react and would prefer to tell him by himself, just in case he didn't take it well. The last thing Jin wanted to do was to give Jungkook a reason not to like Namjoon. The maknae had trust issues as it was. Jin didn't want to make them worse.

"Well... we can tell tell Yoongi and Hobi together, but I will take care of Jungkookie," Jin said.

Namjoon finally looked at the eldest, apologetic.

"I'm sorry hyung, I just saw the blood and Tae couldn't help me..." Namjoon started.

"It's okay, really! He didn't hurt at all. And we found the right artery." Jimin tried to assure Jin.
"Hyung...Jimin can take over some nights while we heal?" Tae offered.

Jin stared at Jimin. He didn't want to pressure the younger into anything.

"Are you okay with that Jimin?" Jin whispered.

Jimin smiled, eyes crinkled.

"I'm happy to help!"

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Namjoon was supposed to come home early after his shift at his new job in a small bookstore. He was going to meet Jin and they were going to dinner with Hobi and Yoongi so that they could tell them. Namjoon was walking into the apartment when he heard a loud bang. He feared the worst. Was Jin in there? Was he okay? Was anyone else hurt?

Namjoon nearly broke the door off of it's hinges as he burst into the apartment. He looked around frantically to find Jin asleep on his bed, a large textbook on the floor. Namjoon sighed. His boyfriend has simply fallen asleep studying. Namjoon blushed to himself as he thought about it. His boyfriend.

They had talked about it for only a few minutes before they decided to date. There was no reason not to. They chose not to discuss it any further, however, and Namjoon wasn't even sure how any of this dating stuff worked. He only knew that everyone else seemed to approve of them being together. Well.. except Jungkook. He seemed like he wasn't opposed to the idea, he was just wary. Namjoon felt like Jungkook was waiting for him to mess up and hurt Jin. Namjoon had promised all of them that he would take care of Jin. However, he felt as though the maknae didn't believe him.

Namjoon smiled fondly, picking up the book and setting it on the dresser.

"Hyung?" He brushed Jin's hair from his forehead, gently.

"Hmmghsmmm"

Namjoon chuckled lowly.

"Hyung?" He tried again.

"Joonie?" Jin slowly opened his eyes.

"Hey sleepyhead," Namjoon grinned, kissing Jin softly.

"Hey dimples," Jin smiled, stretching.

Jin yawned and started getting ready while Namjoon finished some last minute work on a song. They were going to meet Yoongi and Hobi at the restaurant in half an hour. They weren't going far, so Jin wasn't stressed about time. When Jin found Namjoon in the living room, the pink-haired boy was swaying to some beat in his headphones. Jin couldn't help but giggle at the awkward way Namjoon moved.

"Joon-ah?" He tapped his boyfriend's shoulder.

Namjoon turned around, embarrassed.

"You should feed before we go, yeah?" Jin reminded him.
It was Jin's turn that day. Namjoon would be lying if he said he wasn't excited. He loved the days he got to feed with Jin. The warm, chocolate, intimate feedings were Namjoon's favorite. There is something about feeding from someone that he had feelings for that make the entire experience that much better.

Namjoon sat down on the couch, patting the spot next to him. Jin laughed, and sat directly in his boyfriends lap. They laughed a little and Namjoon wrapped his arms around Jin's waist. The pair was so comfortable like this. Jin put his arm up, revealing the skin to Namjoon, resting his palm on Namjoon's neck. The younger leaned to press a soft kiss on the pale skin of Jin's arm.

"Ready?" Namjoon whispered, his breath ghosting across Jin's flesh.

Jin shivered slightly, before he stopped. He quickly turned in Namjoon's arms. He was now sitting sideways on Namjoon's lap, almost facing the other. Namjoon raised his eyebrows at the elder.

"What?"

"I think.... we should try somewhere else. It's getting warmer. I would prefer to be able to show my arms," Jin explained.

Namjoon paled a bit. He wasn't sure if he was ready to be trusted like this.

"Don't worry. It's a slightly larger artery, so we just won't take as long," Jin explained.

"I don't think I can..."

"Yes, you can. Don't worry, we aren't going for the neck," Jin smiled.

Namjoon watched as Jin slowly unbuttoned his shirt to his chest. Namjoon blushed a bit as Jin exposed on of his collarbones. The elder brushed his fingers over his chest a few times, feeling for the artery. Smiling when he found it. Namjoon kept his eyes on the elder, arms still holding him. Jin leaned back into Namjoon's arms. Jin smiled bit as he caught their reflection in the window. It looked Namjoon was dipping him, as if they were dancing. Jin nodded to encourage Namjoon.

Namjoon's eyes were dark, his fangs fully protruding now.

"Are you sure....?" Namjoon leaned down slowly, eyes connected to Jin's soft brown ones.

"I'm completely sure. I trust you," Jin blushed.

Namjoon leaned further up, kissing Jin more deeply than normal. Jin gasped a bit when he felt Namjoon's fangs ever-so-slightly press against his bottom lip. Namjoon pulled back, lining up over Jin's collarbone. He kissed the soft skin before sinking his sharpened teeth in. Jin whimpered slightly at the initial pain, but soon sighed. Namjoon felt like he was downsing in Jin. The taste was so much stronger, so much warmer. Jin leaned back in Namjoon's arms. The elder felt light as a feather, and so so warm. Jin lived for this feeling. He felt so connected to Namjoon. As the pair were surrounded in the intimate feeling, Namjoon was aware that some blood was seeping from the wound, dripping down Jin's chest. As Namjoon was about to pull away, a loud shriek shattered the moment.

The screaming continued as Namjoon and Jin broke apart. Namjoon looked up, blood on his lips to see Yoongi's jaw dropped and Hoseok as the source of the terrified screams.

Jin was aware of a loud noise coming from somewhere in the room. He was also aware of the blood dripping from his chest. He softly smiled, thinking about how messy of an eater Namjoon was as sleep slowly surrounded him. Jin slid into peaceful bliss from the safety of Namjoon's arms.
Namjoon watched the elder's eyes close, and realized how bad of a situation he was now in. Namjoon looked at the pair in the doorway, licked the blood from his lips, feeling his fangs slowly retracting.

"I swear this isn't what it looks like..."
Namjoon cursed and froze where he was. Half of him wanted to make a run for it or try to explain in the best way possible. The other half of him wanted to make fun of Yoongi for out-screaming the notoriously loud Hoseok, who stood behind him. Namjoon was sure Yoongi would deny that later, if Namjoon would even get to see "later". The vampire made eye contact with Hoseok, who in turn began screaming once more. Yoongi slammed the door behind them as the noise tended to travel quite well.

"Put him down, now" Yoongi growled at Namjoon.

Namjoon remembered his boyfriend who was still currently passed out in his arms. He looked down at Jin. His features were peaceful and he didn't seem to be in any pain. Namjoon slid his hand further up to feel at Jin's pulse. At least I didn't kill him, Namjoon thought, but he will probably kill me when he wakes up.

"Put him down!" Yoongi snapped at Namjoon.

Yoongi's eyes were full of anger and fear as Namjoon chose to comply. Namjoon slowly laid Jin down on the couch as he stood to speak to the couple. Namjoon wasn't sure what he was going to say to them. However, he was pretty sure that no matter what he did say, it wouldn't matter. Hobi looked white as a sheet, but had finally stopped shrieking. Yoongi's eyes were dark and intense. Namjoon stood and racked his mind for a good way to explain everything.

"He's okay," Was all Namjoon could force from his mouth.

"Like hell he is!" Yoongi yelled.

"Were you......" Hoseok started, shivering instead of finishing.

"It's not what it looks like," Namjoon sighed.

Namjoon walked toward the kitchen, running his hands through his hair. He was pretty sure nothing worse could possibly happen right now. Hobi ran over to Jin to check on him as Yoongi walked into the kitchen area as well. Namjoon was facing out the window, thinking when he heard a drawer open.

"Stay where you are," Yoongi threatened.

Namjoon turned to be faced with one of Jin's favorite knives. Namjoon stared at Yoongi who was aiming the shining blade in Namjoon's direction. Namjoon was pretty sure that Yoongi wasn't aware a blade would do nothing but irritate the vampire. Namjoon looked to Hoseok who was now dialing on his cellphone. Namjoon put his head in his hands.

"Don't call 911," Namjoon commanded Hoseok.

"Yoongi....?" Hobi shuddered, looking at his boyfriend.

"Call them and tell them I stabbed a man who assaulted our roommate," Yoongi countered, stepping forward.

Namjoon knew that there was little he would be able to do by talking. Yoongi wasn't about to listen to him. So what else was a vampire to do? Namjoon made a snap decision.
Before Yoongi knew it, a blur of black fabric and pink hair was pinning him to the floor, taking the knife. Before Yoongi could even get up, a yelp was heard as Namjoon took Hoseok's phone. Yoongi jumped up and ran to find Namjoon with a screaming Hoseok over his broad shoulders. Yoongi wasn't sure he could fight off... whatever the man was, but he was damn sure he wouldn't let him hurt Hoseok. No one was allowed to hurt Yoongi's boyfriend.

"Over my dead body," Yoongi thought.

Namjoon turned as a fist connected with his jaw. He would be lying if he said it didn't hurt. However, Yoongi wasn't quite able to get the leverage he needed to continue the fight. Namjoon felt feet kicking into his abs and fists pounding his back and Hobi struggled. Namjoon cursed and dodged the next punch that Yoongi aimed at his face. Instead, Namjoon used the momentum of Yoongi's fighting to allow him to scoop the elder on to the opposite shoulder as the mint-haired man's boyfriend. The both of them struggled and Yoongi used very colorful language as Namjoon plopped them on to kitchen chairs, one at a time.

"Stop kicking me!" Namjoon yelled at Hoseok.

Yoongi attempted to jump up and hit Namjoon once more before the pink-haired man sighed and pushed him back down into the chair. Namjoon had one knee pinning Hoseok to his hair, and one hand pinning Yoongi. The vampire reached for the saran-wrap on the table and began wrapping the shortest to his chair.

"What the fuck are you doing!?!" Yoongi yelled as Namjoon secured him to his chair.

When the elder was sufficiently restrained, Namjoon did the same to a Hobi, only being bitten twice. For good measure, Namjoon put them back-to-back and wrapped a few more layers of plastic wrap around them. The pink-haired male checked the integrity of his make-shift restraints and stood before the two of them. Hoseok began screaming for help once more and Yoongi glared.

"Hyung, I don't want to have to put it over your mouth," Namjoon sighed, looking pointedly at the black haired noisemaker.

Hoseok stopped his incessant yelling and stared in horror at Namjoon. Namjoon watched as Hoseok's eyes were fixed on his mouth. Namjoon ran the back of his hand over his plump lips, finding some blood drying to the corners of his lips. No wonder Hobi was so traumatized. Namjoon pulled up a chair of his own and stared at the couple. Namjoon sat there and stared for a bit until looking back at Jin. The elder was surprisingly still asleep, even after all the noise.

"So.... are you two going to listen now?" Namjoon asked the pair.

When Yoongi's spit landed on Namjoon's cheek, the younger began to realize he was fighting an uphill battle.

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Jin woke to no arms around him. He would be lying if he said that he wasn't disappointed. Normally, Jin would awake to a worried, overprotective vampire boyfriend hovering over him. However, Namjoon was no where near. Jin yawned and slowly opened his eyes. He wasn't sure what he was expecting to see, but it was not this. Jin sat up suddenly, his head still heavy with sleep.

"What in God's name....?" The eldest mumbled.

Yoongi and Hoseok were wrapped to chairs in front of him. They both stared at him, eyes wide as saucers.
"Hyung!" Hoseok whispered, "are you okay?"

"I'm fine Hobi just..." Jin touched his still exposed collarbone.

Jin sprang up suddenly, covering his collarbone as the feeding replayed in his head. Jin began searching the room for his boyfriend.

"Namjoon-ah?" The eldest yelled.

"What are you yelling for him for?! He is a monster!" Yoongi's jaw dropped.

"Yeah, I know," Jin continued searching.

"What the fuck do you mean, you know?"

"Language Yoongi!"

"You're worried about his language right now?" Hobi stared.

"I'm more worried about where my boyfriend is," Jin looked at them both, "did you scare him off?"

"He bit you!" Hoseok yelled.

"I'm more than aware of that," Jin scoffed, walking away from the pair.

"Are you not going to help us out?" Yoongi gasped.

"I'm assuming there is a reason he restrained you, so no," the eldest waved while walking into his shared bedroom.

Namjoon wasn't in their bedroom, nor any other room's Jin could search. The eldest cursed under his breath and walked back into the living room. As much as Jin was concerned about Hobi and Yoongi finding out in such an unfortunate way, Jin was more concerned that Namjoon was missing, and more than likely upset and possibly considering leaving for good. The thought made Jin's heart drop. Would Namjoon really leave him like that?

"So... we should talk," Jin smiled softly at the couple.

"No shit," Yoongi spat.

"So... is he just really kinky or?" Hoseok paled, looking at the blood on Jin's chest.

"Namjoon is.... different. He requires a diet higher in specific nutrients and-"

"He's a bloodsucker" Yoongi cut Jin off.

"WAS I TALKING?!" Jin snapped.

"...yes" Yoongi sighed.

"He is not a bloodsucker. He is simply a different kind of person," Jin tried to explain.

"The vampire kind?" Hoseok offered.

"Well...." Jin sat down on the couch, resting his head in his hands.

Before Jin got any further, Tae arrived home. He opened the door and took in the sight of two of his
hyungs wrapped up and Jin's chest with two new puncture holes. Tae simply nodded and shut the door, walking into the kitchen and grabbing a can of soda. Hobi and Yoongi sat with their jaws dropped at Taehyung's nonchalant nature in such a strange situation.

"So.... I take it that dinner didn't go well?" Tae finally laughed.

"Taehyung....?" Hoseok stared, nodding towards Jin.

"Where's Joon hyung?"

"HE WAS SUCKING JIN'S BLOOD!" Yoongi yelled.

"Woah, no need to yell," Tae drank is soda.

"Why aren't you freaking out?" Hoseok gaped at the younger.

Jin shook his head as Taehyung laughed, box smile gleaming. Taehyung simply pulled up his sleeve on his tee, showing the two small punctures that were still quite clear on his bicep. The couple stared in a stake of shock.

"He's about as harmful as a mosquito," Tae giggled.

"He feeds on us occasionally-" Jin began

"And Chimchim!" Tae interjected.

"Also Jimin," Jin added, "without it, he gets very sickly and weak,"

"Does everyone but us know?" Yoongi rolled his eyes.

"Jungkook doesn't and I will tell him myself, so you best keep quiet," Jin said, eyes narrowed.

Hoseok looked like he would pass out at anytime from the simple mentioning of feeding. Jin grabbed a towel and wet it, washing the dried blood from his chest. He gave Taehyung scissors to release his hyungs from the saran-wrap restraints. When everyone was freed, Jin began to cook dinner. He assumed a restaurant was out of consideration at this point. Jin had attempted to call Namjoon, only to hear the phone ringing from the living room. The eldest busied himself with cooking while Taehyung talked to the other two about the situation.

"You punched him?" Jin asked, overhearing the conversation.

"Of course I did!" Yoongi insisted.

"No wonder he ran off," Jin sighed, "he's probably afraid to come back,"

"Are you guys gonna let him bite you to?" Tae smiled, "I swear it doesn't hurt,"

Yoongi stared at Tae in disbelief and Hoseok shook his head furiously. Hobi was afraid of blood. Jin completely understood that he wouldn't want to be a part of Namjoon's diet. Jin stared at Yoongi however who's eyes went from shocked to curious.

"Tae's right," Jin offered, setting plates of food in front of the boys.

"It kinda feels like being drunk," Taehyung started giggling, Jin hitting his head to reprimand him.

"Yah! What do you know about that?" Jin raised his eyebrows.
The tension broke. They began laughing as Tae bowed his head, avoiding Jin's eyes. They began to discuss more about Namjoon in depth. Taehyung offered all the information about how Namjoon was always super considerate and worried about hurting them when he fed. Jin simply smiled softly, occasionally glancing at the door.

"The was he turned was so sad though," Tae pouted.

"What?" Jin looked at the younger.

"He didn't tell you?" Taehyung tilted his head.

"He had this super close friend who his parents were begging him to save from drugs and stuff. They had grown up together and he really liked the guy. And Joon hyung tried really hard but his friend was too deep and also a vampire. So they got into a huge fight and then his friend turned him by force. Hyung ran away because he was freaked out and then he turned. He went back to find his friend and talk to him, I think he was even going to forgive him. But hyung was too late and his friend died from an overdose. Apparently vampires aren't immune to drugs,"

Jin, Yoongi, and Hoseok look at each other while Taehyung told the story. Jin had never realized, nor even asked how Namjoon turned. Jin looked at Hoseok who looked like he could cry at any moment. Yoongi's once judgmental eyes were now soft and his expression read something close to sympathy.

"Anyway, hyung never told his parents he tried to help his friend, and they blamed him. They think Namjoon hyung didn't care and let him die because he never told them that he tried and fought with his best friend. Plus hyung didn't go to the funeral because he was turned. That's why his parents don't want him to come home. They think he let his childhood friend die," Tae finished his story, shaking his head.

The older three at the table sat in silence, eating. Jin soon found that he wasn't the only one staring at the door.

When it finally opened, Jungkook and Jimin walked in. Jungkook plopped down next to Jin and stole a piece of chicken from Jin's plate.

"What's up?" Jungkook asked.

"Why do you all look like someone died?" Jimin laughed.

"We were talking about Namjoon hyung's friend who passed away," Hobi sniffled.

"Is that where he is?" Jungkook asked.

Everyone at the table looked at one another, searching for an answer. Practically begging one another to speak.

"He went out for awhile," Jin simply stated, "Go make yourself a plate if you're hungry."

Jungkook nodded and went into the kitchen to load up his own dinner. Jimin looked at Tae, questioning.

"Did you tell them?" Jimin whispered.

"They know," Jin answered.
"Can we tell Kookie now?" Jimin grinned.

Jungkook came back in, sitting down.

"Tell Kookie what?" Jungkook asked, looking worried. "Is it Namjoon hyung?"

"Is he okay?" Jungkook asked once more, his voice trembling.

The entire table looked at Jin. Before Jin could open his mouth, the front door opened once more.

Namjoon wasn't sure what to expect when he came back. A letter telling him to leave, a still-pissed Yoongi, or maybe even Jin to break up with him for causing so much trouble. The last thing he expected was for everyone to be sitting at the dinner table, as if nothing had happened. Namjoon made eye contact with Jin. Jin's eyes were full of so much worry. Where he expected Hoseok and Yoongi to look at him in hate, only sadness filled their expression. Namjoon hadn't even opened his mouth before Jungkook was wrapping him in a tight embrace.

The entire table stared as Jungkook hugged the taller male.

"I'm sorry your friend died Hyung," Jungkook whispered.

Namjoon looked at the table in confusion.

"I told them about Zico dying, hyung," Tae motioned and shook his head at Namjoon.

Namjoon looked at Jin who simply shook his head. Namjoon understood that Jungkook did not know the full story. However, he wasn't quite sure how much the rest of them knew. Jungkook released his hyung and led him to sit at the table with them.

"Jungkook, can you get something for Namjoon to drink?" Jin asked.

Jungkook walked into the kitchen to get his hyung a drink, and the entire table looked to Namjoon.

"He doesn't know everything. Everyone else does. They are no longer mad at you..... Are you okay?" Jin explained.

"I'm... fine?" Namjoon looked around the table.

Jungkook came back and set a soda in front of Namjoon. The table fell silent and everyone resumed eating. Namjoon sipped on his soda, letting the fizz tickle his throat. Jin's hand rested on his thigh and intertwined with Namjoon's long, slender fingers. Jin kissed Namjoon's temple, as if to reassure him that everything was okay and that he wasn't upset with him.

"So Namjoon hyung, are you hungry?" Jungkook asked.

"No....I just ate..." Namjoon blushed under the gaze of the rest of the table.

Yoongi started cracking up. His laughter came bubbling out of him, making the rest of the table stare at him in confusion. It was rare for Yoongi to have such outbursts. He was laughing so much that his face began to turn red. It didn't take so long for the rest of the table to catch on. Namjoon stared at them all, making eye contact with Jungkook.

"What's so funny?" Jungkook asked.
What Can I Do?

Namjoon watched at the ceiling fan made each rotation. He tried to follow the blades and their paths, slicing through the air. The noise was barely audible, but enough to keep Namjoon busy at such a late hour. What was a vampire supposed to do all night? There were only so many song ideas and novels to capture his attention. Namjoon had crept out of the bedroom earlier, finding himself in the living room.

Jimin came home around 2 am. He jumped onto Namjoon who sat and diligently listened as the orange-haired boy gushed about his breakthrough in his animation project. Jimin had been moping for weeks about not having any idea for a story to animate. However, tonight he had some sort of 'revelation' and has finally caught up on all of his work. The younger had been in front of a computer for hours on end. Namjoon barely got a word in to ask a question before Jimin was snoring on the elder's chest.

"Jimin?" Namjoon whispered, gently shaking the younger.

"Jiminnie, wake up. Let's get you to bed," Namjoon attempted.

Jimin refused to move. A line of drool now connected Jimin's face to Namjoon's black tee shirt. The vampire sighed and picked up Jimin. The orange haired boy wrapped his arms around Namjoon's neck, and his legs around he vampire's slim waist. Namjoon carried him like a small child, beginning to walk towards his bedroom. Before Namjoon could make it to Jimin and Tae's door, Jungkook stepped into the hall, clad in only his red boxers. Namjoon watched as the youngest moved like a zombie towards the bathroom, nearly running into Namjoon and his sleeping armful.

"oh... hey Joon hyung," Jungkook's voice was rough with sleep.

"Jimin's home," Namjoon chuckled, motioning to the orange-haired koala.

"He looks like a baby," Jungkook giggled fondly at how small his hyung looked on Namjoon.

"He's roughly the size of one," Namjoon laughed, readjusting the sleeping boy to his hip.

Jungkook smiled, his front teeth like a bunny. Jimin was so cuddly and small. Whenever he slept, he liked to wrap himself around people and nuzzle his face into them. He was the ultimate snuggle buddy. Jungkook looked back to Namjoon who was awkwardly standing in the hall with Jimin in his arms. Jungkook moved out of the way and let his hyung through.

"Hey Joon-hyung?"

"Yeah?" Namjoon turned his head to look at the younger.

"You can uhm... drop him in my room," Jungkook rubbed his neck, "so you don't wake Tae up...?"

Namjoon stood there for a moment, smiling knowingly. It was common knowledge that Taehyung slept like the dead. The boy talked and thrashed all around without ever waking from a nearly comatose state. However, Namjoon chose not to question it. He simply walked towards Jungkook's empty room and set Jimin down the the maknae's soft black and red bed. Jimin unlatched from his hyung and snuggled into the bed.

Jimin recognized that he wasn't in his own room. The sheets smelled like fresh cotton and the clean, crisp scent of Jungkook's favorite cologne. Jimin smiled and nuzzled further into the bed, waiting for
long arms to come wrap him up and cuddle. Jungkook came back from the bathroom to find Namjoon back in the living room. The elder was laying with his head off of the couch and his feet in the air.

"Can't sleep hyung?" Jungkook piped up.

"Sleep escapes the minds who never search for it," Namjoon's deep voice came from the floor.

Jungkook laughed, walking over to sit in the chair.

"That's deep, hyung"

Namjoon chuckled, looking over to Jungkook. The room was much more interesting while upside down.

"You're blood will all pool in your head if you stay like that," Jungkook reminded him.

Namjoon smiled to himself. Jungkook would understand sooner or later. However, he didn't want to tall Jungkook until Seokjin was ready. Namjoon righted himself and looked to the maknae. Namjoon grinned, dimples sinking.

"Hey Joon hyung?" Jungkook practically whispered.

"What's up Kookie?"

"Do you miss your parents?"

Namjoon paused, thinking. He was aware of Jungkook's family situation and how fragile the boy was when it came to the topic. Jungkook was usually rather opinionated and aloof. The world was Jungkook's oyster. However, there were certain things that showed the boy's sweeter side that was a little more approachable. It was times like this when Namjoon was reminded of Jungkook's age.

"Well, of course...." Namjoon watched Jungkook's eyes become glassy.

"But Jungkook, I know that I have done all that I can. And I have become a person that I like. I know my abilities and my strengths. When I chose to become the man that I wanted to be, I understood that there may be people who will disagree. Not everyone will understand my passions and my drive. Some people will blame me for their misfortunes. Some people will hate me for things I've done. However, eventually it becomes more essential that I love my life, and I've made myself proud. My parents will always be my parents, but I am the one who controls my fate and no one else's. Do you understand?" Namjoon explained.

Namjoon knew that the words Jungkook needed to hear. He understood that what he was saying may not pertain to his own relationship with his parents, but it spoke volumes to Jungkook. The maknae held so much pain and anger. It amazed Namjoon how strong someone who was so young could be. Kookie needed someone to guide him and reassure him.

"Do you think you are selfish for doing what you want, instead of following your families wishes?" Jungkook questioned.

"I think it is more selfish to force someone to abandon their dreams," Namjoon stood, putting a hand on Jungkook's bare shoulder.

"Thank you hyung,"
"Now go make sure Jimin sleeps in, he needs rest and so do you," Namjoon mussed the boy's raven hair.

Jungkook nodded and started towards his room. Before Namjoon could sit back down, thin arms pulled him into a hug. Namjoon hugged the maknae back and placed a barely-there kiss to the crown of his head. Jungkook smiled and walked back down the hall.

"One last thing"

"Yes Kookie?" Namjoon raised his eyebrows.

"Will you come to my dance show? I know the other hyungs are, but I didn't get the chance to ask you," Jungkook stared at the pink-haired man before him.

"Oh. Of course I'll come,"

"Thank you hyung!" Jungkook grinned and entered his room.

The door clicked and Namjoon was left standing alone in the living room. He sighed softly and looked back up at the ceiling fan. He started counting rotations and wondered if maybe Jungkook was finally warmed up to him enough to consider him a part of their makeshift family.

"That's big for him, you know,"

Namjoon startled, looking back to see his boyfriend leaning against the door frame of their shared bedroom. Jin's hair was mussed from sleep, his eyes tired. He was wearing pink pajama pants with crowns all over them and Namjoon couldn't help but smile at him. Jin wasn't exactly a light sleeper, but he must have woken up when he heard the boys talking. Namjoon's voice had a tenancy to carry in the small space. He was surprised an angry green-haired ahjussi hadn't come out to scold him yet.

"It's just a dance show, I'm sure he has a lot of them," Namjoon shrugged.

"He doesn't like an audience," Jin explained, walking over to Namjoon, "he's afraid to disappoint,"

Namjoon shook his head. Jungkook was a perfectionist, that everyone knew.

"But you know that's not what I was talking about," Jin took his boyfriends hand, holding it between his own.

"He just needed someone who understands," Namjoon blushed.

Jin brought a hand to bring Namjoon's chin downward. Jin pressed his lips to Namjoon's. He couldn't help but blush each time he kissed Namjoon. Each and every time felt like a privilege. Namjoon's large hands came up to cup Jin's cheeks, his thumbs stroking the soft pink flesh. Namjoon's hands held Jin like he was made of glass and could shatter with any wrong move. Jin pulled back and leaned his forehead against Namjoon's.

"I'm sorry for everythi-"

"Don't. Just come to bed with me," Jin smiled.

Namjoon would be insane to say no.

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The next day was surprisingly quiet. Namjoon slipped from Jin's arms and into the kitchen to make
coffee before his boyfriend could wake up. Namjoon tip toed into the bathroom to take a shower, he let the steaming water heat him from the outside in. Namjoon stood in the water till it began to run cold. He then wrapped one of Jin's fluffy pink towels around his waist and walked back into the kitchen. Namjoon was humming to himself and making Jin's coffee just as he liked it when a hand took the sugar from him.

Yoongi was still half awake and his eyes were still mostly shut as he reached for the coffee and poured himself a mug. Namjoon jumped and yelled when Yoongi reached around the taller man in order to get another mug, presumably for Hoseok, nearly knocking Namjoon's towel loose.

The noise spurred Yoongi to open his eyes a bit more and take in the sight.

"Your back is still wet," the elder mumbled.

"I-I...What?"

"Your back. It's still wet." Yoongi restated, fixing both mugs.

"It will dry eventually" Namjoon gaped, at a loss for what to do.

Yoongi merely grunted as a response, going back into his room to bring Hobi his coffee.

Taehyung soon took his place and made his own drink while making eyebrows at a stunned Namjoon attempted to cover up more and run back to the room. Before Namjoon could run back into the bedroom, Jimin and Jungkook made their way into the kitchen as well. Tae winked at Jimin and quickly reached out to hold the corner of the fluffy towel as Namjoon kept walking. The fabric slowly unraveled around his waist, leaving the taller vampire bare.

"SON OF A BITCH TAEHYUNG!"

Jin could think of a million different ways he would like to wake up. He quickly jumped out of the bed and opened his door, ready to squash whatever qualm was happening outside of it. There were so many things he thought were probably awaiting him. It was a fight over the last coffee, a doughnuts, or anything. Maybe someone had woken up Yoongi before his alarm did. Jin was never surprised anymore. However, today he was wrong.

What Jin wasn't expecting was a naked vampire with a well-placed cup of coffee, Taehyung running around the room with a towel in his hands, Yoongi casually drinking coffee, Hoseok screaming and laughing, and Jimin covering Jungkook's eyes.

"Okay....What the hell is going on here?" Jin yelled.

Tae stopped, Namjoon ran into the bedroom. Everyone else simply blushed and looked around the room as if searching for something else to focus on. Jin walked out of the room, and into the kitchen. He began prepping for breakfast. Jin blushed furiously and tried to ignore the rest of the roommates busying themselves to help him. Jimin was petting Jungkook's hair and cooing over the way Jungkook kept yawning. Hoseok and Yoongi were drinking coffee and 'being gross' according to Taehyung who was perched on the counter and eating whatever crepes that Jin rejected.

By the time everyone was back into their chairs in the dining room, Namjoon had returned from the bedroom, wearing a black oversized hoodie and jeans with his thick-rimmed glasses. The blush on his cheeks was still dark and apparent as he sat down at the table. Jin sat plates in front of everyone but Namjoon, and put the largest amount in front of himself.

"So.... Namjoon's got a big dick huh?" Tae laughed.
Jin nearly choked on his mouthful, Hobi cracked up loudly, and Jimin was nearly squeaking. Namjoon glared at them all.

"Congrats man," Yoongi patted Namjoon's shoulder, smugly grinning.

"Fuck you guys," Namjoon spat.

"And on that note, I'm going to go rehearse before the final run through," Jungkook gave a crazy look before grabbing his gym bag and leaving.

Namjoon put his head in his hands and groaned. Jin simply patted the vampires head.

"Do you want breakfast?" Jin shrugged.

Jin got up and grabbed a steak from the fridge, handing it to Namjoon who smiled. The entire table's eyes were on the pink-haired male as his fangs came down and his eyes darkened. Jin paid no attention while Namjoon sunk the teeth into the steak and began to drain it. Hoseok looked minorly terrified. Tae and Jimin were fascinated and Yoongi seemed unimpressed but intrigued. Namjoon took a few drags before the meat was completely dry.

"So... not just people?" Hobi whispered.

"Not really. Animal is kinda like a tiny snack in-between meals," Namjoon explained, wiping his mouth.

"So when's dinner time?" Hobi continued, inspecting Namjoon.

"Uhm... whenever it's the most convenient for whoever I'm with?"

"I'm obviously off limits for a few day, sorry Joonie," Jin kissed Namjoon's temple.

"And I have to save up to finish my project," Jimin spoke around his coffee, glasses slipping.

Taehyung revealed his bruised arms, shaking his head to show he was tapped out from the previous day.

Jin looked over to Yoongi and Hoseok. Jin didn't want to ask them to let Namjoon feed on them, but before he could refuse to let them, Yoongi spoke.

"You can try me. Arm only though, Fangs," Yoongi shrugged.

"I bet Yoongi hyung will taste bitter," Taehyung giggled.

"Wait... you all have tastes?" Hoseok questioned.

"I'm like chai tea, Chimchim is kinda like strawberries and cream, and Jin hyung is like Namjoon hyung's favorite chocolate frosting," Tae explained.

Hoseok sat there for a moment, questioning. His mouth hung open and his eyebrows were raised. The entire table finished up their crepes and cleaned up. Namjoon wrapped his arms around Jin's waist and rested his head on the elder's shoulder before kissing his neck. Jin smiled and flicked water onto his boyfriend. Yoongi was slowly falling back to sleep in Hobi's lap. Jimin was gushing to Taehyung about how he and Jungkook cuddled all night, and Taehyung filled Jimin in on how he and Minjae were going to lunch before Jungkook's showcase.

"You want to sink into me now since everyone says I will want a nap?" Yoongi mumbled from the
Jin came over to stand near Yoongi, easily finding the vein. Hoseok held onto his boyfriend's hands as Jin explained everything.

"It's barely a pinch, then it becomes calming and warm," Hoseok looked much more worried than Yoongi, and he wasn't even the one being bitten. Hoseok's palms were sweaty and he was shaking at the mere concept of blood. He was even more freaked out about the possibility of the blood being drank by one of his roommates. Yoongi simply tilted his head up and kissed Hoseok sweetly. The black haired boy blushed and smiled.

"Stop worrying before you turn into Seokjin hyung," Yoongi whispered.

"Ready?" Jin asked.

"Do your worst," Yoongi spoke in thick satoori.

Hoseok nearly passed out when Namjoon sunk his teeth into Yoongi's arm. Yoongi tensed momentarily and then relaxed into Hoseok's arms. Yoongi looked pale normally, so it was difficult for Jin to time out when Namjoon should stop. However, before Jin could tap on Namjoon, Hoseok was knocking on the head on pink hair.

"He's weak, you need to stop, please don't kill him!"

"Babe.... I'm good," Yoongi laughed.

"Did you have enough?" Jin asked.

Namjoon nodded and smiled, wiping the blood from his lips and turning to kiss his boyfriend. Jin kissed him quickly, recoiling at the irony taste in his mouth.

"Gross,"

"What does Yoongi hyung taste like?" Jimin asked

"Like Americano's and cranberries... kinda a little..."

"BITTER! I told you so!" Taehyung couldn't stop laughing.

"Piss off" Yoongi mumbled, falling asleep.

"But I didn't take much, I didn't want to dry him out," Namjoon shrugged.

Jin nodded and told the younger boys to go get ready for Jungkook's showcase while Yoongi slept. Hobi remained fast by his side, stroking the mint hair lightly.

"You can try me whenever you are hungry again," Hobi smiled, face bright.

"Are you... sure?" Namjoon asked.

"Yeah. I trust you!" Hoseok smiled.

Namjoon smiled. At this point, he had an array of flavors and friends. He couldn't help but wonder how he went from being a dying vampire on the streets who was taking bunnies off the street, to being a loved boyfriend who had multiple trusting friends who understood and kept him around
anyway. For a bloodsucker, he was pretty damn lucky.
Namjoon was pretty sure his head was going to explode.

Out of all of the places Jungkook’s dance showcase could be, of course it would just happen to be outside. While Namjoon would normally be excited about the beautiful weather and blooming trees, this wasn't his idea of a good time. The sun was beating down with no mercy. It was a beautiful spring day, but Namjoon couldn't help but with it was still winter. At least in the winter, Namjoon could get away with the layers and hiding from the sunlight was much easier.

"Here, wear my sunglasses," Hoseok offered Namjoon.

"You are a lifesaver" Namjoon put the shades on quickly.

Namjoon's eyes were soothed by the shades, but his body still felt a bit uncomfortable. He was hot. Namjoon had finally gotten accustomed to being cold all of the time, and now the intense sun made him feel like he was burning up. It was simply more annoying than anything else. Namjoon was also unsure of how he felt about being in such a large crowd. He could practically hear the blood moving.

Jin stared at his boyfriend and knew Namjoon wasn't a fan of the sunshine. He was probably not a fan of the fact that he wasn't wearing his usual black clothes. It had been Jimin's idea. The entire group was currently in bright pink shirts with the words "I <3 Jungkook" on them. Namjoon was increasingly uncomfortable in the crowd. It didn't help that the shirts were short sleeved. This meant that Namjoon's most recent meals had to have some sort of undershirt or band-aids to cover the puncture wounds.

"There he is!" Jimin squealed as Jungkook took the stage for his solo.

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"There he is!" Jimin squealed as Jungkook took the stage for his solo.

Jin started nudging all of his roommates and yelling for his sign that Namjoon had carried to the venue.

"JEON JUNGKOOOOOOKIE!" Jimin yelled, waving his sign in the air.

The boys watched as Jungkook looked at them and smiled before taking his starting position. Jungkook's music was some loud hip hop with a killer beat. His body moved perfectly in time, popping and gliding across the stage. The entire crowd was enthralled with each and every movement of his body. Jungkook was an amazing dancer. His hyung had taught him well during the timeless nights Hoseok would spend helping Jungkook smooth out his routine. The hard work had paid off. Jungkook was sure to be the best dancer of the day. No question.

Jin smiled as he looked over to see even Namjoon was moving to the music. Even if he was moving in such an awkward way.

When the performance ended, Jungkook bowed as his hyungs yelled at the top of their lungs in support. They were always so proud of their maknae, and couldn't help but let the whole world know.

"My Kookie did so well!" Jimin grinned from ear to ear.

"His timing was so flawless!" Hoseok practically screamed.

After a few more performances, Jungkook met his hyungs in the crowd. The raven hair was matted
with sweat to his forehead and his eyes were lined with kohl. Jimin instantly ran the the youngest and wrapped his arms around him. Taehyung had to practically pry the orange-haired boy off of the maknae in order to speak to the dancer. They were all praising his dance and encouraging him. Jungkook was practically glowing from the love he was recieving.

Soon, Jungkook came to stand in front of Namjoon as the others argued about a dinner venue to celebrate.

"I like your shirt," Jungkook giggled.

"I think this will be my new style," Namjoon posed dramatically.

"I'm guessing the color wasn't your choice?"

"Oh no, this is all your tiny hyung's doing. He arranged it all," Namjoon pointed over to Jimin who was currently pleading Jin for something.

Jungkook blushed a bit and smiled. He walked over to Jimin and wrapped his arms around him, resting his head on the shorter man's hat.

"Grossss Kookie you're so sweaty!" Jimin whined.

Namjoon smiled and coughed a bit. His throat felt like he hadn't seen water in weeks. Namjoon felt like the sun was bleaching him, drying him out. His headache was increasingly irritating him. Jin seemed to notice this and came over to check on his boyfriend. Jin took his own hat off. It was a black hat with a wide circle brim that cast a decent shadow.

"Put it on, Joonie. You look miserable and we can't leave until awards,"

Namjoon complied easily and stared around the crowd. Everyone was hot and sweating. The smell of humans and warm blood hung in the air thickly. It was basically torture. Namjoon groaned and rolled his head around his neck. Jin looped his arm under Namjoon's and kissed his boyfriend's temple.

"Just a little longer, I promise,"

"Whose day to feed is it?" Namjoon groaned through his teeth.

"Well, I am not for two more days. Yoongi was yesterday, and Hobi isn't exactly ready for this. I'll ask Tae and Jiminie?" Jin looked concerned.

Namjoon gritted his teeth and leaned on Jin's shoulder.

"Are you that hungry again?"

"Starving. The sun plus being around so many people its...."

"I understand," Jin smiled gently. "Jiminie?"

Jimin unlatched himself from his maknae who was now gushing over dancers with Hoseok and his mint-green boyfriend who looked unenthusiastic as ever. Hobi was using Yoongi’s arms as fan sticks, waving them about. Yoongi’s expression was darkening by the minute until Hoseok leaned down and smiled. Hoseok was magic like that. No matter what he was doing, as long as he was smiling and laughing, Yoongi was as well. Where Hoseok was bright and stuck in the clouds, Yoongi was real and down to earth. One was anxious and loud, the other calm and cool. Yin and
Jin smiled at those two and leaned on his own boyfriend. Jin couldn't help think about themselves. Jin was a lover. He was warm and caring with a big heart. He wore his emotions on his sleeve. He was an external person. What was inside always made it's way out. Jin was scattered in all directions. He likes pastel and pink and everything lovely. However, he tended to be emotional and value the niceties. Then there was Namjoon. Namjoon was a thinker. He was cold to those who didn't know him, but those who did knew of his heart. Namjoon was internal, and often kept to himself. He was focused and narrowed in on one thing at a time. He liked black and indie. Namjoon was insecure where Jin was confident. In their own way, they balanced each other.

"Yeah hyung?" Jimin smiled.

"Is it you or Tae's turn to be poked?" Jin asked the younger

Jimin pursed his lips and tilted his head.

"Well... Tae is going to go on a date and he wants to wear short sleeves," Jimin explained, "so I guess it's my turn,"

"Is that okay with you?" Jin clarified.

"You in the mood for strawberries, hyung?" Jimin's eyes were crescents.

Namjoon simply smiled lopsidedly, dimples and all.

"I should get out of the sun before I get any darker, call when your ready to eat?" Jimin stretched.

"Nonsense, tan is beautiful We just look exotic," Namjoon laughed.

"Thanks hyung!" Jimin went back over to wrap around his maknae who had been eyeing the talk.

Jin knew he hadn't head anything, but he couldn't help but feel nervous.

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By the time the group made it to the restaurant, the group was a slight shade darker and one trophy happier. The entire group decided to go to their favorite chicken place and Jin was even letting them order drinks. The group was now a few drinks and too many shots in. Jin had opted out of drinking in order to ensure at least one of them would make the right decisions. Jin was currently running his fingers through Namjoon's hair as the vampire laid on the table.

"YOU-you gotta finish the chicken you are too much drunk okay?" Hobi was pushing more food to Yoongi who was flushed and giggling for once.

"I'mnot drunk," Yoongi mumbled in deep satoori, making the table laugh.

Jungkook was nuzzled into Jimin's neck and almost completely asleep while Jimin was beaming at him. Jin swore his face would get stuck if he stayed like that any longer.

"You should-you should tell him you love him!" Tae non-whispered at Jimin.

"SHHHHHHH!!! You will wake him up!" Jimin swatted at his roommate, Jungkook now lightly snoring.

"YOu love him Chimchim you do and if you tell him, I will do same okie dokie?" Tae leaned his
Namjoon whipped his head around, nearly knocking two glasses and a plate off of the table in the process. He grabbed Taehyung's hands in his own two and stared at the younger man. Jin was nevertheless impressed at how quickly the man moved. The vampire had assured them that his alcohol intolerance hasn't been effected since he has been turned. However, Jin was unaware that this meant that Namjoon could barely hold his liquor as much as Tae or Hobi. The three of them had started off the bat with shots, much to Jin's surprise.

"Tae what have you been keeping from us! You-you're in love?!" Namjoon's deep voice boomed through the restaurant.

"Nothing! I promise!" Taehyung blushed.

"Ohmygod Tae! You're in loOOove" Hobi wiggled his fingers at Tae.

"ASTRONOMY MAN!" Yoongi yelled crawling over Hoseok to reach closer at Taehyung.

Hoseok giggled and pulled Yoongi to sit in his lap. The group suddenly forgot about Taehyung's sudden slip of the tongue when staring at Yoongi in Hobi's lap. The mint-green haired man looked so small in Hobi's tan arms. Yoongi have his boyfriend a grumpy face and fixed his beanie while Hobi stroked his back and smiled.

"Yah! I'm your hyung" Yoongi grumbled kicking his feet and squirming.

"But you're a cute hyung!" Hoseok squeezed Yoongi until the smaller gave a gummy smile.

Namjoon was smiling and leaning on Jin when he suddenly remembered about Taehyung.

"Hey TAE! You never tell us who you're in love with,"

"I told you it's astronomy man that he spends all his time with," Yoongi spoke lowly.

"SHhhh! You'll wake up the baby" Jimin whined at his hyungs, not in the conversation.

"His name is-isn't ASTRONOMY BOY," Tae shook his head, "it's Minjae,"

"OHMYGOD I KNEW IT!" Jungkook suddenly sprang up, nearly knocking heads with Jimin.

"YOU were supposed to be sleeping baby!" Jimin pulled Jungkook back down.

"I'mmmmmmm not a baby," Jungkook slurred thickly, making them all laugh.

Jin watched Joonie nearly fall out of chair for the third time that night and decided it was time to go home. He stood and payed for the bill, making mental note to hag this over their head later. He then put and arm around Namjoon and Taehyung. He walked these two in the back of the group while watching Hoseok nearly carry Yoongi and Jimin tugging a sleepy Jungkook by his hand.

"I'm gonna call him," Tae whispered, fumbling for his phone.

"Nooooooo Tae you gotta be sober when you tell him," Namjoon swatted the phone away.

"Joonie has a point hun," Jin agreed.

"Otay...." Tae frowned, "but i can text him"
"Just no confessing" Jin reminded the boy.

It took a little longer to get back to the dorm after losing Jungkook in a convenience store. Then Jin was forced to buy Jimin and Jungkook ice cream because Jimin nearly cried at how cute Jungkook looked asking for ice cream. After that, Yoongi and Hobi were getting a little too handsy on the street until Tae yelled at them. All in all, it was quite the adventure for only having to walk two and a half blocks.

It wasn't long until Jin had gotten Hoseok and Yoongi into their bedroom, glasses of water in them both. Jin then turned his attention to getting Jungkook to drink water, which proved difficult when Jimin was constantly fawning over him and refusing to let Jin help him drink. Apparently only Jimin is allowed to take care of Jungkook. However, Jin convinced the orange haired boy to drink some water of his own. The success was short lived when Namjoon stumbled into the living room, somehow missing his shirt.

"Joon-ah? Do you need water?" Jin asked him.

"NooOOoooo" The pink-haired boy wrapped his arms around his boyfriend who shooed the younger two off to their bedrooms.

"How do vampires sober up then?" Jin kissed his temple.

"Gimme an hour or so," Namjoon mumbled into his boyfriends's neck, kissing Jin's pulse point.

Jin suddenly heard a knock on the door and turned to count boys. He had all six of the younger boys in the apartment. So who could be at the door at 2 am? Suddenly, his question was answered for him. Taehyung stumbled his way to the door as fast as he could, knocking over a lamp in the process.

"HE'S HERE!"

"w-who is hereee?" Namjoon giggled at his own drunken slur.

"ASTRONOMY BOY!" Jungkook could be heard giggling from his bedroom.

"Shhhhhhh you gotta- you gotta be cool okay?" Tae smoothed his shirt.

The brunette opened the door, letting in a smiling cute brunette who started laughing upon seeing Taehyung. Tae nearly wrapped himself around the boy, Jin assuming was Minjae. Minjae turned to Taehyung and rubbed their foreheads together.

"You are so drunk Tae," Minjae was laughing, voice melodic.

"Only a little, will you tolerate me?" Taehyung tilted his head.

"I will do even better and take care of you," Minjae bowed, laughing.

Taehyung nearly squealed as Minjae took off his shoes and followed him into the apartment. Jin smiled at the boy and shook Namjoon off of himself.

"Hello Minjae, it's very nice to meet you, I'm Seokjin. I'm sorry all of the boys are a bit drunk or I would introduce them all to you," Jin smiled kindly.

"Nice to meet you Seokjin, Taehyung speaks very highly of you and the rest of his hyungs," Minjae bowed politely.
"Please, call me Jin,"

"I call him mom," Tae slurred, hanging onto Minjae's arm.

Minjae laughed once more and Taehyung began pulling him back to his bedroom. Jin shook his head as Minjae waved once more before the door closed. Jin sighed and rested his head on Namjoon's shoulder. It was times like this when Jin was reminded how difficult children could be. Even if they were all of legal age, they would always be children to Seokjin.

"Come on Joonie, let's go lay down,"

"Yeah you need sleep time hyunggg"

"Yes I do, sweetheart,"

Jin was asleep on Namjoon's chest before they had even said goodnight.

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Namjoon realized he was slowly sobering up. He was less fuzzy. However, as the haze lifted, the hunger set in. It was searing pain. Namjoon felt like he was being lit on fire from the inside out. However, he knew he couldn't feed on Jin. The man was still pretty drained from the last time. It was Jimin's turn to help Namjoon out, he remembered.

Namjoon slowly crept out from underneath his sleeping boyfriend, being careful not to disturb him. The vampire stumbled a bit down the hallway until he reached Taehyung and Jimin's room. But upon opening the door, he realized that only Taehyung's bed was occupied by two bodies. Namjoon naturally went to Jungkook's room next. He spotted Jimin's bright hair easily and went to the bedside.

"Jiminnie," he whispered, "wake up,"

Jimin had always been one of the easier roommates to wake up, and he cracked his eyes open from underneath Jungkook.

"Joon hyung?"

"Jimin I'm starving," Namjoon practically whined, "pleaseeeeee?"

"Oh uhhmm, yeah" Jimin mumbled, slowly getting up.

Jimin crept out from underneath the maknae. He sat up and Namjoon stared at the sleeping shirtless form in the bed, questioning.

"Oh Kookie never wakes up, don't worry"

"Thank god, now..." Namjoon whispered, leaning into Jimin's bicep.

"Go ahead Joon hyung, I'm ready" Jimin whispered.

Namjoon wordlessly sunk his fangs into the flesh and pulled. He was finally feeling less heated. His body was sated and his nerves were calm. Namjoon gave a final suck and released with a satisfied sigh. Jimin wavered a little and smiled gently.

"Thank you Jiminnie" Namjoon smiled, leaving to go back to bed.
Jungkook woke up from a loud thud. He sat up in bed to see Namjoon putting a textbook back on the desk and leaving as Jimin fell back into deep sleep. Jungkook felt like hell already. He was curious as to why Namjoon was in his room, but then spotted Jimin next to him, along with two large glasses of water and advil. Jungkook assumed the hyung was just looking after the two of them. Jungkook drained his glass and took the pills in preparation for morning.

"Minie hyung" Jungkook smiled and laid on Jimin's bicep to cuddle.

Jungkook immediately sat up, wiping something wet from his cheek. He was about to assume there was water or drool on the arm, until he caught a glimpse in the light of his neon alarm clock. Deep color stained Jinin's arm, seeping from two punctures in his arm. A single line dripped down the soft flesh. Jungkook gasped quietly, wetting the tissue with some of the water next to him. The maknae reached over and pressed a tissue on the small bleeding wounds and wiped his cheek.

Jungkook didn't remember Jimin getting hurt that night.
Jin awoke to beeping. Loud, harsh beeping.

*Fire alarm,* he suddenly realized. The man bolted upright in bed, not even bothering to put on a shirt. Jin nearly sprinted into the kitchen to see Namjoon cursing and putting some sort of blackened food into the trash. Jin rushed over to his boyfriend's side and turned on the ventilation fan. He stared at his pink-haired boyfriend who was currently embarrassed and blushing.

"Joonie...what the hell are you doing?" Jin's voice was rough with sleep.

"I...uh... I was going to make you all hangover breakfast?" Namjoon stuttered.

Jin looked at his boyfriend whose eyes were darker, hidden behind his black-framed glasses. His hair was haphazardly styled, and he was wearing nothing but a loose black tank top and a pair of Jin's oversized pink pajama pants. Jin was suddenly glad he bought them a size up, seeing how they fit his taller boyfriend. Namjoon looked stunning, effortless in the morning light. Jin couldn't help himself.

Namjoon wasn't sure what Jin was about to say to him. The look on the elder's face was unreadable. However, the vampire suddenly felt plush lips against his own. Apparently, Jin wasn't as upset as Namjoon had assumed he would be. The kiss was soft, simple. Namjoon tasted like toothpaste. Jin smiled to himself and felt Namjoon's smile form in response.

"Let me help, sweetheart" Jin smiled, taking over the stove.

"No!" Namjoon stepped in front of him, Jin stared at his boyfriend, questioning.

"I-You should eat first..." Namjoon pulled a plate of pancakes from behind him, nervous.

Jin could have cried. Namjoon, who had almost cut his own fingers off while chopping onions, had made Jin breakfast. Jin stared at the plate. Three heart-shaped pancakes with strawberry syrup and fresh raspberries in the center. Jin smiled at the uneven sizes and the messy syrup. It was so uniquely Namjoon to try so hard at something he wasn't good at simply to please someone else. Jin beamed at his boyfriend.

"You are the most amazing boyfriend, Joonie" Jin kissed Namjoon's nose, and took a picture.

"Are they okay?" Namjoon asked shyly.

Jin smiled around a mouthful of food. They were a bit sweet, but the fruit cut through it. Jin was in heaven. Pancakes were nothing special, but to Jin, this was the best meal ever created.

"You are officially my favorite pancake maker,"

Namjoon smiled, dimples deepening.

"Woah do I get heart-shaped ones to?" Hoseok wagged his eyebrows at Jin.

"Nope, special recipe for boyfriends only" Jin stuck out his tongue.
"Wait... Namjoon made those?" Hobi gaped.

"Why do you sound so surprised?!" Namjoon feigned hurt.

The laughter rang out as a response. Namjoon poured a few more on the stove and diligently watched them as Jin changed into a t-shirt and prepped everything else for the rest of the boys' breakfasts. Jin even set an extra place-setting when Namjoon reminded him they had a visitor. About an hour and multiple cups of coffee later, breakfast was ready. The hard part was to wake everyone up.

Hoseok brought coffee to Yoongi and brought a very grumpy hyung to the table ten minutes later.

Jin knocked and woke Minjae, who in turn drug Taehyung out of bed, still clutching his pillow.

Namjoon was left to knock on Jungkook's door.

"Kookie? Jimin? Breakfast is ready...." Namjoon called into the room.

No response.

Namjoon knocked once more.

"Guys?"

Not a sound.

Namjoon signed and opened the door. He cleared his throat and looked at the ceiling immediately after looking at the bed.

Jimin laid curled unto the side of Jungkook. Jungkook's arms were wrapped around the older boy. Jimin's face was buried in Jungkook's neck. None of this would be surprising, normally. On occasion, the two of them were very cuddly and affectionate. Namjoon had kinda caught on to the mutual unspoken feelings pretty quickly after moving into the house. Especially after having delivered Jimin to Jungkook's bed on occasion. However, this morning, they were both in simply boxers. The scene was a bit to intimate and Namjoon felt like an intruder.

"AHEM!" Namjoon cleared his throat loudly.

Jimin startled awake, jostling Jungkook.

"Breakfast...." Namjoon explained, leaving quickly.

Jimin stared at the door. He was wondering what Namjoon's issue was. That is, until he suddenly looked at Jungkook's nearly-naked form and realized he was in the same state. Jimin blushed profusely and jumped out of bed. He put on a pair of Jungkook's sweats before shaking the younger awake.

"KOOOOOKIE, get up!"

"Mmhrdhusss"

"What?"

Jungkook pulled his face out of the pillow.

"My head hurts" the maknae mumbled.
"Kookie... Namjoon hyung just walked in and why didn't either of us have clothes on?" Jimin spoke in a hushed whisper.

"WHAT?!" Jungkook sat up quickly, holding his head.

"We were in boxers... did we?... Nevermind. Breakfast is ready! Come out here." Jimin blushed and left in a hurry, still shirtless.

Jungkook kept his head in his hands, trying to think.

Did we what? , He thought.

Suddenly, the night came rushing back to him. He was so very drunk and Jimin was doting on him left and right. Jungkook had let Jimin call him baby. They were nearly attached all night and came back to the dorm and went to bed.... But what was he missing? Jungkook stared around the room. His clothes were thrown about and he got dressed quickly. He put on the shirt beside the bed. As he was putting it on, he felt a sticky spot. He realized it was actually Jimin's shirt with an stain. A sticky stain?

Ice cream!

Jungkook quickly realized that he was missing a crucial piece of the night. They had gotten ice cream. They got back to dorm to eat it and Jimin's was melting. It got on Jimin's shirt and all over....his lips. Jungkook made fun of him for being messy and his eyes landed on Jimin's lips as he licked the ice cream off and...

Holy fuck I kissed him and confessed last night

Jungkook tried his hardest to remember anything else. They kissed and Jungkook started spilling everything. He told Jimin all of his feelings and they cuddled but there was ice cream on their clothes.... Thats why they took them off. Jungkook felt a rush of relief and looked around his room once more. He spotted his textbook precariously perched on his dresser. Namjoon hyung had knocked it over when he brought them painkillers and water. That was around the time Jungkook laid back down and Jimin was... bleeding?

Jungkook ran out of memories. His only option was to get dressed and face Jimin at breakfast.

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When breakfast was over, Jimin left to work on his project before Jungkook could even talk to him about the previous night. However, everyone was so focused on Minjae and Taehyung holding hands that Jungkook thought maybe Jimin had forgotten. Yet each time their eyes had connected while eating, Jimin blushed and looked away. Jungkook was so confused.

"So are you two officially together?" Jin smiled at Minjae and Tae who were laying on the couch together.

"I think our couple name should be MinTae, but he things it should me JaeHyung," Taehyung giggled, smile a box.

Minjae smiled even bigger and pushed Tae playfully. Jin smiled at the younger couple. The first part of relationships were so cute and fuzzy. Jin knew how they felt. He looked over and Yoongi and Hoseok who were picking out couple shirts to wear on their upcoming trip to Daegu. Those two were so stable. They were constant and romantic. Jin couldn't help but await how that would feel. He suddenly found himself wondering where he and Namjoon stood. Somewhere in-between?
"If you think any harder, smoke will come out of your ears," Namjoon wrapped his arms around his boyfriend.

"Mean!" Jin swatted at his boyfriend, smiling.

Jin realized where they were. They were in the discovery phase. They are deepening their relationship and setting a routine. They weren't as new and exciting as Minjae and Tae. However, they weren't as stable as Yoongi and Hobi. They were perfectly in the middle between excitement and stability.

"Jin hyung?" Jungkook stood in front of his elder.

"Yes Kookie?"

"Can we go to the gym together today?" Jungkook gnawed on his lip.

Jin tilted his head. Jungkook and Jin used to go to the gym whenever Jungkook was upset. He found that exercise and movement helped Jungkook relieve stress. It was also a place they could speak without any of the other boys following or overhearing. They hadn't gone in such a long time that Jin was nearly convinced that Jungkook no longer needed his hyung. However, right now Jungkook looked like he had a lot on his mind.

"Of course. Let me go get ready," Jin smiled.

He turned and kissed Namjoon quickly.

"I'll be back later,"

"I'll be around," Namjoon grinned.

Jin waited for Jungkook to open up. He didn't pry or ask any questions. He simply went through his warm up and weights until Jungkook came to sit on the same weight machine next to Jin's own. Jin went about his routine, increasing weight little by little and getting his repetitions in. Jungkook suddenly stopped his own workout and turned to his elder.

"I confessed to Jimin hyung last night and I don't know if he remembers it or not," Jungkook mumbled

Jin nearly let the weights slam back down violently. He stared at the younger for a moment before starting back up. Jin knew that Jimin was so doting on Jungkook, but was completely unaware that Jungkook felt anything in return. Jin nearly kept his workout going and waited for more information.

"I also kissed him,"

"YOU WHAT?!"

Jungkook sighed and started lifting his own weights and working his own chest muscles.

"I kissed him, then confessed, and I can't remember anything else but he kinda ran out on me today before I could talk to him,"

"So even without alcohol in your system, you feel...?" Jin prompted, side eyeing the younger.

Jungkook thought to himself for a bit. The sweat was building up on his forehead and chest, but he wasn't sure if it was from nerves or the weightlifting. He knew that he liked Jimin hyung. He knew
that he enjoyed the kiss. He knew that Jimin must not have hated him for it, considering that he had stayed the night with him. Jungkook liked waking up with the smaller male in his arms and liked how he made him smile.

"I stand by what I said," Jungkook said through his teeth.

"Oh.. well then you should talk to him."

"What if he doesn't remember it?" Jungkook sighed as his weights dropped.

"Then.. maybe ask him if he remembers first. If he doesn't, approach it gently. If he does... reaffirm it. He will understand be happy either way, I'm sure," Jin smiled kindly.

Jungkook stopped and turned to his hyung, watching him lift weights. Jin was diligent in his workout. Everything was structured. Every movement and exercise was part of routine that he never broke. That was why Jin was in arguably the best shape of all of them. However, something caught Jungkook's eye as Jin lifted the weights above his head once more.

Two small holes marked Jin's bicep. They seemed to be healing, but they were still small, red wounds. Jungkook was about to disregard it until he remembered the night before. He had laid back onto Jimin to see him bleeding from two punctures in the exact same place. There was trickles of blood staining Jimin, and they were located in he exact same place in the bicep.

"What's up Kookie?" Jin's voice brought Jungkook back to reality.

"What did you do to your arm?" Jungkook pointed at the healing wounds

"Oh Nam-nothing! Nothing.. must have caught on something!" Jin stammered, "So when will you talk to Jimin?"

Jungkook watched his hyung become flustered, stopping partway through his workout and taking a drink of water before getting up. Jungkook had never really seen Jin stop midway through a workout. He had also changed topics rather quickly.

What is he hiding? Jungkook thought.

"I am going to hit the shower and go home early! I forgot to do some reading for classes," Jin was blushing and smiled.

"Oh yeah, I should study some to... Thanks hyung" Jungkook got up ans followed his hyung to the showers.

Jungkook showered rather quickly before changing and getting out to fix his longer black hair. The hair was a mess. Jin soon appeared from his shower with his towel around his waist. He reached for his gym bag in order to change into his clothes. He leaned up and Jungkook spotted two more puncture wounds, much more faded. They were on his collar bone this time. Jungkook eyed him closely before his hyung disappeared back into his shower stall.

"Hey hyung?"

"Yes Kookie?"

"You have the same marks on your chest," Jungkook spoke through the shower door.

There was a silence from the other side until Jin nervously laughed.
"Oh, I'm clumsy. Must have done something,"

Jin came out of his shower fully clothed and put a beanie on before heading for the door. He seemed to be in a hurry to leave the locker room. It only confirm to Jungkook that his hyung is hiding something. Jungkook wasn't sure what it was, but he knew he didn't like it. Somehow, two of his hyungs had mysterious holes in them. Jungkook wasn't sure what to think. Drugs? They would never go there. However, Jungkook couldn't think of anything else that would cause such strange marks other than... a bite.

"Oh... Jimin hyung must have done the same thing,"

Jin turned around slowly. His heart was beating in his chest. Jin knew he was done for. Jungkook had to be told as soon as possible, before he found out for himself. Until he could sit down with him and thoroughly explain the situation. However, he couldn't possibly tell him yet. He needed to talk to Namjoon and warn him that it was time. Jin felt the air rush from him as he turned to see the look in Jungkook's eyes.

"Oh?"

"Yeah... he has the same mark on his arm... Weird right?" Jungkook shrugged.

Jin knew that the younger was giving him time to say something, anything. Kookie had to know he was hiding something. Jin was nearly transparent when it came to emotions. The elder couldn't possibly lie to the maknae. Jungkook would always know. So Jin chose to do the next best thing, and gave no information.

"Yeah... Weird,

Chapter End Notes

I'M SO SORRY IT TOOK ME THIS LONG TO WRITE A DAMN CHAPTER!
Please excuse my shitty time-management skills.
Namjoon was getting a steak from the fridge when Hoseok jogged his was over. Too be honest, Namjoon heard him long before he saw him. If there was anything that Hoseok wasn’t, it was quiet. Namjoon couldn’t say he minded it, but some days he just needed quiet. The vampire was about to sink his teeth in the raw meat when he saw Hoseok’s face. The raven-haired elder was pale white and staring at Namjoon intensely.

"Hyung is something-" Namjoon trailed off.

"I THINK YOU SHOULD TRY ME" Hoseok nearly yelled.

Namjoon stood in the kitchen, steak in hand for a moment before processing what his hyung had just said. It wasn't that Namjoon was opposed to it, he just though Hoseok was a little too freaked out and squeamish to let the taller bite him. Namjoon cocked his head to the side and raised his eyebrow.

"I... I feel like I should be doing my part, you know? Yoongi isn't exactly able to be more than a snack and my doctor always says I have good veins?" Hoseok rushed.

"Are you sure you can actually do it through?" Namjoon pressed, setting his steak down.

"I AM NOT SCARED!"

"Okay... I'm just saying you don't have to if you aren't okay with it. I need consent," Namjoon explained.

Hoseok nodded quickly, his eyes a bit large. Namjoon slowly nodded back, understanding. He rewrapped his meat and put it back in the refrigerator for a later date. The taller made his was to the kitchen in a relaxed manner, sitting on the couch. Hoseok simply watched until he realized Namjoon more than likely wanted him to be sitting in case he passed out.

Hoseok walked over, nervously laughing when he sat down. Namjoon couldn't help but laugh at his hyung being so scared of him. Namjoon couldn't imagine anyone being scared of him, really. He was tall and lanky. He was awkward. He was smart, but lacked common sense in many areas. He burned or broke anything he set his hands on. It was really a miracle he hadn't hurt himself yet. However, when his fangs made their decent once more, he was reminded why he incited fear.

"Everyone says it barely hurts... are they lying?" Hoseok scrunched his face.

"I don't believe so, but I haven't really ever experienced it but the one time," Namjoon scratched his neck.

"Let's just do it, yeah?" Hobi nodded, smiling as bright as ever.

Namjoon rolled up Hoseok's sleeve and smiled back, Hoseok immediately widened his eyes. Namjoon was about to ask why until he remembered smiling with fangs was probably a bit disturbing. He couldn't help but start laughing.

"You look like a flower-boy dracula" Hoseok's laughter bubbled up as well.

The two of them laughed for a while, the tension melting away. Namjoon was glad that they could find some humor to help Hobi calm down a bit. If there was ever a way to help Hoseok relax it was laughter.
"Okay, okay," Hobi breathed, "I'm ready"

Namjoon nodded and let Hoseok grab his arm, digging his fingers in as Namjoon leaned into his bicep. Before he could get too close, Hoseok pulled his arm away. Namjoon looked up and eyed him.

"I just needed a second! Okay... Go ahead," Hoseok nervously explained.

Namjoon leaned in once more, his breath barely grazing Hoseok skin when the elder pulled his arm away once more.

"Hyung! Do you trust me or not?" Namjoon raised his eyebrows.

"I trust you," Hobi sighed, offering his arm once more.

"If you pull away again, I'm getting steak instead," Namjoon chuckled.

The pink-haired man leaned in, opening his mouth. Hoseok looked up at the ceiling fan, waiting. He let out a small yelp as Namjoon pierced the flesh of his bicep, but soon relaxed. He was so glad the others weren't lying when they said it barely hurt. Hoseok wouldn't call himself a scaredy cat.... but he was often timid. And pain was one of those things he couldn't do. Hobi kept his eyes on the ceiling fan as Namjoon took another draw from him.

Namjoon had to say, he was impressed that Hoseok was even letting him feed. He expected him to chicken out. However, he was being very still and a perfect meal at the moment. When his grip on Namjoon's arm lessened slightly, the vampire pulled away. As Namjoon looked up, he saw Jimin giggling from the hall with Yoongi at his side.

"You owe me $20 hyung!" Jimin swatted the mint-haired hyung.

Yoongi rolled his eyes and gave the bill to the younger who bounced over to see how Hoseok was doing. Yoongi slowly followed behind him.

"I can't believe you did it, babe" Yoongi grinned.

"You shouldn't bet against me, suga" Hobi's smiled glowed back.

They all froze as Taehyung's bedroom door opened and he and Minjae walked through the living room. They all gave polite waves to Minjae as Taehyung said goodbye to him and kissed him at the door. Namjoon had a hand over his mouth to shield any residual blood, Yoongi's hand on Hoseok's bicep while Hobi giggled. Jimin's eyes were crinkled and he tried his hardest not to laugh at the situation.

As the front door shut, Taehyung smiled and then turned to the couch. His hyungs were all sitting awkwardly and Jimin was starting to crack up.

"You guys are pervs," Tae laughed.

"NO! It-its Joon-hung and-" Jimin was laughing really hard at this point.

Tae cocked his head at the group of hyungs and Namjoon lowered his hand, revealing bloody lips. Taehyung began scanning his hyungs to see who the latest feed was on. He was going to guess Jimin until the fellow 95 liner bounced over to him, wrapping a non-bloody arm around his shoulders.
"You, Taetae, owe me a coffee," Jimin smiled.

Taehyung snapped to look at Hoseok who was now waving as he leaned on his boyfriend for support.

"You did it!" Tae yelled.

"Ha! Now who is a chicken!" Hoseok smiled victorious. "Also... Jimin told me about your bets,"

"That's cheating Chimchim!"

"Sorry Taetae! When are we getting coffee?" Jimin smiled.

Namjoon was laughing, wiping the blood from his mouth. He grabbed a band-aid from Jin's stash in the kitchen and offered it to Yoongi who put the neon pink bandage on his boyfriend's arm. Kissing it for good measure which made Hoseok squeal and wrap his arms around his boyfriend.

"Gross!" Jimin laughed.

"Speaking of gross, what does Hobi hyung taste like?" Taehyung sat on Jimin.

Namjoon blushed a little and rolled his eyes. At this point, he was practically being served a buffet of blood with different tastes. They all likes to compare who tasted the best and make Namjoon rank them. It was their favorite new game. Throwing Hoseok in the mix was sure to be fun.

"Well... kinda refreshing. Like lemonade or one or those grapefruit tarts. Citrus," Namjoon explained.

As they all began to decide where he falls in the ranking, Jin and Jungkook arrived home. The conversation immediately stopped, causing and awkward silence to fall across the room. Jimin began to stand and look at his phone, almost like he was trying to escape from the room.

"Jimin hyung?" Jungkook called after him.

"Hyung? Since when do you call me hyung?" Jimin nervously laughed.

Jungkook came to stand by his orange haired hyung and bit his lower lip.

"Can we-"

"Sorry Kookie, I should really go work out this kink in my animation... talk later?" Jimin smiled and practically ran out of the room.

Jungkook let his head fall back on his shoulders before remembering he was in a room full of his roommates.

"Woah... The hell was that?" Yoongi mumbled.

"Shut up, it's nothing!" Jungkook turned at them.

The room was quiet. Jin smiled softly at Jungkook, trying to assure him silently that it would be okay. Jungkook's hyungs were avoiding eye contact with him. He looked at all of them. He wondered if they knew about what had happened the night before. He was scanning their faces when he spotted a bright pink band-aid....

On Hoseok's bicep.
He stalked to his bedroom and slammed the door. Jungkook was convinced now. There was something going on and they were all hiding it from him. Three of his hyungs had some sort of weird bite on their arms. Jin also had one on his collar bone. There was something going on and he was determined to find out what the hell it was. He was also going to talk to Jimin, even if it killed him.

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"Joonie?"

Namjoon paused, shirt halfway off his body when Jin spoke.

"We have to talk to Kookie," Jin sighed "and soon,"

"Why do you say that?" Namjoon asked, taking the shirt all the way off and searching for another to sleep in.

"He saw my bites, and apparently he has seen Jimin's to," Jin ran a hand through his soft hair.

Namjoon sat on the bed, thinking. He wasn't so sure that telling Jungkook was a good idea anymore. It has taken the younger way too long to finally trust him, and he didn't want to simply throw that trust aside by telling him the truth. Although, telling him would be much better than letting him find out on his own. Namjoon just wasn't so sure anymore.

Jin could see that Namjoon was struggling. He laid his head on the vampire's chest. He ear was greeted with no heartbeat. No rush of blood or warmth. Jin could hear Namjoon's breathing, but he still sounded so empty and quiet. Jin ran his hand over Namjoon's stomach, watching the goosebumps rise in the trail of his fingers. Namjoon squirmed against him. Jin said nothing, simply stared at the golden skin beneath his hands.

A dark, angry scar caught Jin's attention. It was a circular, almost puncture like scar. It was raised and a bit dark on Namjoon's chest. Jin trailed his fingers over it, tracing the edges. Namjoon shivered at the feeling. He knew what Jin was wondering.

"It's a gunshot,"

Jin perked up, straightening up to stare at Namjoon. Namjoon had his eyes shut, his hair spread out on the bed under him. He looked almost as though he was sleeping. Jin said nothing. He wasn't even sure what there was for him to say. Jin simply intertwined his fingers between Namjoon's slender own.

"I was in a lot of pain when I turned, and when I realized what I was...." Namjoon's deep voice cracked.

Jin suddenly realized what Namjoon was trying to say. He understood what Namjoon was trying to tell him. He felt tears begin to well up in his eyes. Jin had never heard the full story of turning from Namjoon, but only the short version from Taehyung and Jimin. He wasn't sure is Namjoon wanted to ever talk about it, seeing as how the memory was a bit too vivid for him.

"W-why," was all Jin could get out.

"I was convinced I was a monster. I would only harm people, and I didn't want that. I couldn't talk to anyone because I wasn't sure anyone would listen. I sure as hell didn't think anyone would accept me.... I was alone. I was lonely. I was confused... And I wanted it to be over before anything could happen," Namjoon explained.
His voice was weak and broke in between words. Jin felt his heart break with each sentence that spilled from Namjoon's lips.

"So I bought a gun.... How was I supposed to know that bullets can't kill a monster?"

Jin brought one hand to his mouth and looked down at his boyfriend. Namjoon's eyes were still closed, but tears began to slip from them. Jin immediately pulled him up and wrapped his arms around Namjoon. Jin remained silent and rubbed Namjoon's back at the taller began to slowly let down the wall he had so meticulously built around him. Namjoon's breathing began to be a bit more ragged. A single sob was released before Jin felt himself begin to cry as well.

"Namjoon... You are loved. You belong here okay? You belong here with me and the boys. We are your family now," Jin spoke firmly through his tears.

Namjoon simply clung to his boyfriend.

"And you are not a monster, " Jin released him in order to cradle Namjoon's face in his hands.

Jin swept a few stay tears from Namjoon's cheekbones with his thumbs. He looked into the vampire's eyes searching for his thoughts.

"You area beautiful, intelligent, amazing man," Jin continued.

Namjoon tried to look away or close his eyes. He couldn't accept Jin's praise. He wasn't beautiful or amazing or anything his boyfriend thought. He was simply some sort of creature that shouldn't exist. He was unlovable and caused pain and sorrow to everyone. He let down his best friend and would let down everyone again and again. Namjoon shook his head as his boyfriend continued.

"Look at me Namjoon," Jin instructed, "You are perfect to me and I love you,"

Namjoon put his hand on Jin's and leaned in to kiss his wrist. Jin smelled like home. And maybe that's just was he was. He was a new start for Namjoon. He was a new beginning and a new home. Maybe Namjoon had hated himself in the past, but for Jin he could start again. Jin was his new life. Everything that happened in the past didn't matter. Even if he was a damn vampire, at least he was more loved now than ever before. And in a way, the turn had led him down that street in the middle of the night only to collapse in front of such a caring man.

"I love you to,"

Jin decided that telling Jungkook could wait just a bit longer.

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Jungkook had spent all night looking things up. The bites were all the same size, and he was sure they were bites at this point. There couldn't be anything else that would make that sort of mark so evenly on everyone. The placement was kinda weird, until he found Jin's textbook in the living room. The bookmark was left in a chart of veins and their average blood flow per minute. Then finally, there was the was everyone acted when he walked in. They all stopped as though he wasn't supposed to hear something. They talked quietly and whispered which was odd in such a close-knit group.

Everything lead him and Google to the same conclusion. Someone wasn't human.

Jungkook couldn't pinpoint when everything became so weird and secretive, so he couldn't place when someone was "changed". However, he did know that Jin, Hoseok, and Jimin weren't if they
were the ones bitten.

So Jungkook decided to do the best thing he could to find out what was going on. He devised a careful plan he would put in action when they all went out for Jin's birthday. They would all be having a large dinner and everyone would be gathered in their apartment. Jungkook would find out who it was, and what they were.

If the person wanted blood, that's just what he would bring.
Namjoon and the boys were not very sneaky, as much as they liked to think that they were. Jin knew they had something up their sleeve for his birthday and wished they would simply tell him what was going on. Instead, they had all conveniently decided to go shopping together without telling him. Their hearts were in the right place, but they were not very inconspicuous.

Jin spent the day cleaning and prepping some meals for later on in the week. He reorganized he and Namjoon's bedroom and finally just gave up. He found himself sitting in the living room watching a drama after getting off the phone with his parents. His mother meant the best, but she had a tendency to talk on and on about seemingly nothing. It amazing Jin how she could speak for so long without breathing.

"Are you spending your special day with the boys?" she asked.

"Yes...." Jin smiled.

"No special girl in your life to join you?" She pressed.

Jin was thinking about it... He wasn't sure if he should tell her about Namjoon yet. They hadn't been together long, but Jin got the feeling he wasn't going anywhere. He had never truly and openly told his mom about his sexuality. Jin was aware how his father would feel about it, but he figured his mother would remain supportive. She had never given him any reason to think otherwise. Plus, it was his birthday. She couldn't yell at him on his birthday.

"Actually, Mom... I'm seeing someone,"

"OH MY GOODNESS TELL ME EVERYTHING!" She shouted.

Jin pulled the phone away from his ear and laughed at her eagerness.

"His name is Namjoon," Jin nearly whispered.

The silence on the other end was deafening. Jin felt like he may have made a huge mistake, until she spoke again.

"Is he cute?"

He let out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

"He is beautiful. Tall, kinda tan, and very respectful," Jin smiled to himself.

"Older or younger?" She giggled.

"He is actually a few years younger than me,"

The conversation went on until his father forced his mother to hang up before she used up all of their minutes. Jin smiled and told them both he loved them. Before he hung up, he could hear his mother beginning to fill in his father on his new dating life. He shook his head, hoping he would absorb some of her happiness. He resumed his drama and awaited the boys coming home.
When they finally all came back, Namjoon quickly grabbed his hand and dragged his boyfriend away from the living room and into their bedroom. He shut the door quickly and tried to smile his way out of telling Jin anything. Jin asked what the plans were, what kind of cake they bought, what they were all getting him, or any other information he thought he could pull from Namjoon.

"Namjoooon, please?" Jin whined.

"Nope. I have been sworn to secrecy," Namjoon giggled.

"You don't think I know where you've all been?" Jin laughed.

"Okay... so there were flaws in the plan," Jin groaned and grabbed the slender hand in front of him and pulled Namjoon onto the bed, crowding him. He hovered over Jin and dropped his forehead on to Jin's and nuzzled into him. Namjoon's face was starting to grow stubble. Jin ran his hand over his cheek. Jin was amazed each and every day about how he kept falling for someone like Namjoon. Bloodsucking aside, Jin thinks his parents would love him. The two of them haven't even spoken about it before. Jin didn't even know if Namjoon felt that seriously about him. He wasn't sure he wanted to ask. It had been a couple days since Namjoon broke down, and Jin was avoiding talking about anything too serious.

"ITS ALL CLEAR!" Hoseok yelled from the living room.

Namjoon smiled and began to move off of his boyfriend, but not before giving him a quick kiss.

"You can come back out now,"

"You make a good distraction," Jin scoffed, not even angry.

They walked back into the living room to find Hoseok with a cake in his hands, and a large "Happy Birthday" banner on their window. As soon as he understood what they were doing, the boys began to sing happy birthday. Even Yoongi joined in. Jin held Namjoon's large hands and felt tears. He was sure they were just going to spend a night and make a special dinner for his birthday. He had insisted no big affair.

Yet, here they were. Jungkook starting bringing gifts into he room for Jin to open as the eldest was still trying not to cry. The boys were always so thoughtful, even when they had no reason to be.

"Happy Birthday babe," Namjoon whispered into Jin's ear.

"You guys didn't have to..." Jin smiled.

"We are opening presents, then go get dressed because Namjoon made dinner reservations at that new steak place!" Hoseok couldn't stop grinning.

Jin spun around to stare at his boyfriend. Namjoon tended to be a it clueless when it came to romance and dating. Jin had mentioned the new steak restaurant opening in passing over a month ago. He assumed that Namjoon was simply nodding along to the conversation as he often does. He didn't expect that his boyfriend would remember and book dinner at such an expensive place.

Namjoon seemed to see the thought cross Jin's mind.

"I'm paying," Namjoon chuckled, "it's your birthday, you aren't allowed to pay,"

Jin immediately threw his arms around Namjoon's neck and kissed him. The boys all made gagging
noises in response, making the entire group break out into giggles.

"Okay! Present time!" Tae clapped, forcing Jin to sit.

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Jin was going to cry again. Taehyung had bought him a star, like an actual celestial body and named it after him. Yoongi and Hoseok bought him tickets to go back home and visit his family for a week. Jimin bought him a bright pink stethoscope with his name engraved onto it. Jungkook bought him pink sneakers he had been eyeing for ages, but weren't available in Korea. Finally, Namjoon was not only paying for dinner but also had a first edition volume of "Le Petit Prince", Jin's favorite book of all time.

Jin remembers mentioning it in passing. Some odd, middle-of-the-night conversation. He mentioned about how his mother would read him the book almost every night and how it made him so sentimental for his childhood. Apparently Namjoon did some searching through his connections at the book store he worked at, and found a 1946 edition that was signed by the author. Jin didn't even want to ask how much he spent.

"Y-you are all so kind to me" Jin sniffled.

"Of course we are hyung," Jimin smiled.

"You do everything for us, its only right we try to repay you," Yoongi pat Jin's leg.

"You take care of us, feed us, and practically raise us. You deserve a day like this," Jungkook smiled.

"You are all too much," Jin grinned.

They all sat around and talked for awhile. Jin realized that these boys were not only his roommates, but his makeshift family. He took care of all of them, asking nothing in return. However, they would go to such great lengths for him in order to ensure he felt loved and appreciated. It was all Jin could ever ask for. Not only did he have a perfect little family, he had a loving relationship. He had a man who loved him and appreciated him and would never hurt him. Even if college was slowly sucking his soul away, this was the happiest Jin had ever felt.

"So, what's the dress code Joon hyung?" Jimin bounced over.

"Formal. Dress shirts and ties, boys" Namjoon informed them.

Yoongi groaned and Hoseok looked giddy. Dressing up was always something of an ordeal as a college student. It wasn't often that you had a real reason to look like a functioning member of society. They were kinda excited to be able to get use out of their formal clothes. Yoongi was never a fan of such occasions, but Hoseok would make up for that.

About an hour later, they were all gathering once more into the living room. Jungkook was in a white dress shirt, black tie, and red blazer. The maknae had even styled his hair and let Jimin line his eyes with kohl. Speaking of Jimin, he looked amazing in red pants, black shirt, and black tie. Hoseok was wearing all black and a floral tie while Yoongi wore a navy blazer and white. Taehyung and Minjae were in shades of blue. Jin chose to be simple, wearing all black but a pink blazer. Jin even styled his hair to swoop above his forehead.
"Hey.... can you tie this?"

Jin turned to find Namjoon walking toward him, tie around his neck. Jin had to give himself a moment.

Namjoon looked amazing. His now pastel pink hair was perfectly styled, his eyes lined. Namjoon chose to stick his normal color palette of all black, but somehow looked even more elegant. The suit was perfectly tailored as if made for him. Jin felt as though he should be using formalities and calling him "sir" until he remembered this is the same man who trips up the stairs and breaks every mug they own.

"You look....." Jin began.

"Is it okay? Should I change?" Namjoon frowned.

"No!" Jin came to stand in front of the taller man, fixing his tie for him.

Namjoon smiled and watched Jin fix his tie as if he had done this a million times over. Jin looked perfect. He was always perfect, but this is the first time Namjoon had ever seen his boyfriend all dressed up. He looked like royalty.

"You are a grown man who can't tie his own tie?" Jin smiled.

"I guess I never learned," Namjoon leaned down to peck his boyfriend's lips once more. Jin's lips were always so soft and velvety. However, tonight he even tasted like strawberries. He must have put on his favorite lipbalm while getting ready.

"I have another present for you, when we come back," Namjoon smiled.

"Is it a sex thing?" Jin blushed.

"NO!," Namjoon laughed, "it's a personal thing. I made it," Jin couldn't help but crack up again. He started laughing so hard his eyes teared up.

"So you made me something?" Jin grinned.

"Yes.. but I want to give it to you when we are alone," Namjoon grinned again, blushing.

Jin smiled. If Namjoon had spent even a few minutes making him something, he would love it. But the way that Namjoon was acting, he felt like Namjoon had spent more than a few minutes on it. He wasn't sure what it was, but he was sure he would love it. Anything Namjoon did for him, Jin would adore as if it was the best gift in the world. Knowing Namjoon, it would be personal and sentimental. Jin was curious, but still touched.

He leaned in to kiss Namjoon once more. Jin looped his arms around his boyfriend's neck and Namjoon leaned down to hold him. They kept kissing, coming up for air only when their lungs would scream for it. Jin nipped at Namjoon's plump lower lip, getting a grin in return. They weren't sure how long they had been standing there, connected, until there was a knock on the door frame.

"Hey, when you're done being gross, we are ready to go," Jungkook cleared his throat.

Jin blushed and looked at the maknae. Jungkook looked a little off, but Jin chalked it up to the youngest still being unable to talk to Jimin. They had never clarified about the night, but Jimin hadn't
said a word and had stopped avoiding Jungkook. So Jin was inclined to believe that they could handle things for themselves. They were adults now. They could work out their own issues and relationship how they saw necessary.

They were all ready and began to make their way to the restaurant. It was everything Jin could have hoped for. The ambiance was romantic, yet modern. As they were seated, they were poured complimentary wine and they let the conversation unfold. It was such a perfect night. Jin can't remember the last time he had felt this truly happy.

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Jungkook waited until the perfect time to let his plan unfold. Everyone had ordered and was in the middle of eating. Jungkook almost felt bad about doing this on Jin's birthday, but he knew it might be his only chance to have everyone in the same place at the same time.

So he went for it.

"...and then he dropped the entire ice cream cone on his head!" Hoseok was telling a story.

The entire table erupted in laughter and Jungkook took his opening.

He grabbed the steak knife from his napkin and put his hands beneath the table.

He put the blade to his palm, shut his eyes, and squeezed.

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Namjoon smelt the blood before he saw where it was coming from. He looked around the table, but no one seemed to be in any pain. He couldn't think straight and his hands began to shake. He grabbed Jin's thigh and nearly doubled over. The hunger was beginning. He hadn't fed yet. He was supposed to be with Jin that night, once they cameback to the apartment. He was hungry before, but now the smell was so intoxicating that he knew he needed to get out of there as soon as possible. His eyes began to darken and he looked at Jin in desperation.

The entire table was still engrossed in Hoseok's story about he and Yoongi's first date. They were absorbed in Hoseok and Yoongi laughing at each other back and forth that not a single person glanced their direction. Jin felt the hand on his thigh tighten and looked to Namjoon whose eyes were rapidly turning black. Namjoon was ghostly white and looked as though he was reeling. Namjoon was pursing his lips, trying to will his fangs from dropping.

His body was on fire. He could feel the hunger seep into him all at once. Every inhale was laced with the scent. It was draining him of all of his energy not to jump up and find the source. He knew he needed to either feed or run. Namjoon let out a low growl, but it was covered by the group's laughter. However, Jin was sitting close enough to hear it perfectly.

Jin felt like he was watching the scenario unfold in slow motion. He wasn't sure who was bleeding or where it was coming from. He hadn't let Namjoon feed yet that day and he regretted it. Namjoon had to be in pain. Jin was close to panic when he heard the telltale growl slip from his boyfriend. He leaned in to Namjoon.

"Go," was all he said.

Namjoon excused himself from the table and walked briskly into the restrooms without turning back.

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Jungkook scanned the table as he felt the warm blood drip down his fingers. He was convinced no one was going to react and he was possibly insane... Until he saw Namjoon.

His hyung's eyes were dark and he looked as though he was going to puke, if Jungkook didn't know any better. It was then that Jungkook understood what was happening. He knew who the one he was looking for and had never felt so betrayed. He had let Namjoon into his home, even thought he didn't trust him. He had supported him dating Jin and convinced himself that he wouldn't hurt him.

But the thing that hurt the most was that he had opened up to him. He had opened himself up and talked to Namjoon about his family and his past. He was vulnerable in front of his hyung and laid himself out. Namjoon had carried him to bed before, dropping him off. Jungkook suddenly wondered why he never bit him. He wondered why Namjoon had never tricked him into letting himself be bitten. He had trusted him, and that was all over now.

Jin was frantically looking around the table and Jungkook dropped the knife and had to play innocent. He couldn't let Jin know he knew.

"Oh... I think I cut myself...." he nearly whispered, wrapping the white cloth napkin around his palm.

The table looked at him and Taehyung made a joke about not trusting babies with sharp things. Jungkook didn't even reply. He could hear his heartbeat in his ears. He was too angry to even pay attention when the conversation changed to talking about Minjae and Taehyung. Jungkook didn't know how long it took, but eventually Jin excused himself as well. The table joked about the two of them doing dirty things in the bathroom.... But Jungkook knew the truth.

He knew damn well that Jin was about to be used as a snack.

He knew he would put a stop to it tonight.

Chapter End Notes

Much love to all those who are commenting and reading the updates as I get them out.
Thank you! <3
Jungkook was nearly fuming as the couple arrived back at the table. The rest of the boys were joking and laughing about the bathroom shenanigans they believed them to be up to. Hoseok was always laughing a bit too loud, spurring on Tae and Jimin. Jin and Namjoon simply laughed it off and returned to the table as if nothing was out of the ordinary. Jungkook tried to fake a smile in return to the stares by a few hyungs, but he couldn't shake the anger within.

Namjoon looked more normal, more human. However, Jungkook's stomach churned at the sight of Jin who was slightly pale.

Jungkook decided that he would put the rest of his plan in motion that night. He had been trying to convince himself that he was simply insane and that such things didn't exist. There was only one last way to find out and dispel any traces of doubt from his mind. He no longer questioned himself. He had to do what needed to be done. The rest of the boys didn't need to know, if they didn't already.

Jungkook knew that Namjoon, whatever he was, was hurting his hyungs.

And he would remove that pain for good.

Upon a somewhat drunken arrival back to the apartment, Jin and Namjoon made their way into their bedroom. Jin had spent the past hour trying to get each of the younger boys to drink some water and bring a pill or two back into their room. After having to help Jimin out of his tie and attempt to get Hoseok off of Yoongi and into their respective rooms, they were finally back in the room and ready to crash.

Jin was fresh out of the shower and Namjoon was in nothing but black sweats, lying on the bed. Jin stared at his boyfriend's long golden torso sprawled upon the blankets. Namjoon was tracing the pattern of the comforter under his fingertips and humming some unknown melody. Jin assumed it was yet another one of this "works in progress". It seemed like he would create music and melody from thin air.

"Joonie?" Jin straddled his boyfriend's hips, pressing his cheek to the space between his shoulder blades.

"Yes?" Namjoon mumbled lowly.

"Thank you," Jin whispered into golden skin

Jin gently ran his hands over the expanse of muscular back. He kept a soothing motion, pressing into firm muscle. Namjoon hummed in satisfaction with Jin's careful massaging.

"For what?" Namjoon smiled, "It's your birthday, I should be giving you a back rub,"

Jin quietly chuckled to himself. He continued his massage and pressed a kiss to the base of Namjoon's neck. He kissed his way up and down the upper length of his boyfriend spine. Jin knew it was his birthday, and would normally demand nothing but today he felt different. He hadn't really ever had someone to care for him in the ways that Namjoon did. He felt more as though Namjoon
deserved just as much recognition and love as he did on this day.

Jin was merely content to keep kneading his hands into Namjoon's spine and listen to the humming below him. If he didn't know any better, he would think Namjoon was purring from the tension relief.

Eventually, Jin's hands stilled and he pressed himself along the curve of Namjoon's back. Namjoon smiled, knowing his boyfriend was slowly falling asleep.

The vampire decided to use his newly found agility for good. He reached behind him and lifted Jin, spinning quickly underneath him and catching the elder before he could even recognize falling into Namjoon's awaiting arms. Jin opened his eyes at the movement and smiled at his boyfriend who was now facing him. Namjoon was getting better and better at controlled movements. Lately, he breaks less of Jin's apartment.

"I love you," Jin whispers into the curve of Namjoon's neck.

"I love you to," Namjoon kisses the brown locks below him.

Namjoon hums. His low voice emits just enough sound for the slow, comfortable melody to wash over the two of them. It was the same melody as before, when Jin had first walked in. It was soothing. Jin could swear that he had heard this song many times, but only spilling from between Namjoon's lips. It was one of his own, and Jin's personal favorite. Although he had never heard any lyrics, he could tell it was full of passion and love.

Namjoon continued humming till Jin's breaths became even and his eyes slipped closed. Jin was so beautiful, but looked especially ethereal when he was in such peaceful sleep. Namjoon smiled and kissed his boyfriend's head once more.

"Happy birthday baby," he whispered, knowing his words went unheard.

Namjoon wasn't sure how long he had laid there. He wasn't sure exactly what he was doing. He had his eyes closed and was attempting to match his breathing along with Jin's. Maybe he was pretending to sleep, hoping that maybe the effect would be the same. He craved to feel the peace that sleep used to give him. However, laying there with his boyfriend was as close as he could possibly get. That was more than enough for Namjoon.

However, glancing at the clock, it was 4 am. Namjoon's muscles were tense from lack of movement and he decided to go entertain himself elsewhere. He slipped his arm from underneath Jin, who barely stirred. Namjoon simply grinned at the sight. Jin's hair was sticking up everywhere and his plump lips were slightly open. He was still beautiful. Namjoon pressed a kiss to Jin's temple, in the same fashion he did to him.

Namjoon grabbed his latest novel and walked into the living room. He laid on the couch, feet dangling over the edge and began to read.

Jungkook heard the door open from his own bedroom. His heart thumped in his chest, loud and demanding attention. He took a deep breath and gave himself one last chance to back down and forget the entire thing. He had waited until Jimin fell asleep. Jungkook had a stockpile of canned coffee in his room and had already drank two of them in waiting. He didn't want to have any chance to miss out on what may be his only opportunity.
Jungkook crept from his room, staring down the hallway. He could barely see in the dark, but a single lamp glowed from the living room. The lamp cast long shadows across the apartment walls. Jungkook carefully placed one foot into the hall and searched in silence.

Two large feet hung from over the side of the couch, a humming coming from the same place. He knew only Namjoon would be up. According to his research, vampires don't sleep. Jungkook finally understood Namjoon's words.

"Sleep escapes those who do not look for it,"

Jungkook looked back into his own room where Jimin's hair peeked form beneath layers of blankets. Jimin wouldn't be wake any time soon. He had drank far too much during dinner, as the others had. Jungkook had avoided it. He made excuses. He needed to be sober for this.

The maknae was dressed in all black. He walked in silence, timing his footsteps to the melody coming from deep within Namjoon. He needed to surprise the taller. He needed things to go according to plan. He would only be able to help his hyungs if he was able to accomplish this. Jungkook was doing this for everyone else's good.

He found himself behind the couch. Namjoon was facing away from him, and Jungkook held his breath. It was now or never.

Jungkook's hands shook as he pressed the pocket knife into his forearm, watching the blood pool and slip down pale skin.

There was no going back now.

Namjoon's head whipped at the smell of fresh blood. It was warm and flowing, the smell intoxicating him. He spun to find he source, only to see blackness. He wasn't sure who was bleeding but he could feel his body change. He was afire with hunger. His entire body was tingling with heat as he searched. His eyes darkened, allowing him to see just slightly better in the dark. His fangs were dropping when he spotted a body crouching by the couch.

Namjoon growled and jumped off the couch, about to ask the person who they were and what they were doing in his home. The need to feed thumped throughout his body.

The figure stood, light finally shedding onto pale skin.

"Jungkook?"

"What's wrong hyung?" Jungkook's eyes were narrowed, angry.

"Jungkook....." Namjoon trailed off, spotting the maknae's arm.

It was deep red, blood dripping down his forearm. Namjoon unconsciously stepped toward the younger. He wasn't in his right mind. Jungkook's blood was fresh and smelled like caramel or something almost sickeningly sweet and decadent. Namjoon's fangs nearly pierced his own bottom lip, reminding him.

Namjoon clapped his hand over his mouth, but he knew Jungkook had seen his fangs. He looked up, expecting Jungkook to be in shock or disgust. However, he was met with only a steely gaze of anger and malice. Jungkook wasn't surprised at all which could only mean....
Jungkook knew.

Namjoon tried to move away but Jungkook stepped back towards him, pressing him against the wall. Namjoon was cornered by the maknae.

"Jungkook.... you have to let me explain,"

"Shut the fuck up," Jungkook spat, "you don't get to explain,"

Namjoon's eyes widened. He knew Jungkook may not take it well, but he wasn't expecting anger.

"Jungkook-

"No. You listen to me," Jungkook connected eyes with Namjoon.

Jungkook brought his bleeding arm up to look at it. There was enough to be all over it. He brought the cut closer to Namjoon whose eyes rolled into the back of his head and he nearly snarled at Jungkook.

"You're a blood sucker, aren't you?"

Namjoon looked back at Jungkook and nodded slowly.

Jungkook shook his head and reached behind him. Namjoon took this as the best opportunity to get away and made a break for it. He pushed the maknae away from him and tried to move away. Jungkook sprang into action and tackled Namjoon onto the carpet. He was on the struggling vampire's back and took the chance.

Namjoon felt searing pain on his spine. It felt like a million needles into his skin at once, leeching a poison into his muscles. He felt like screaming. The pain was too intense.

"Feel that?" Jungkook's voice came from behind him.

"Please... stop.. plea-"

"Shut the fuck up,"

Namjoon spun from underneath him, crawling back into the couch to cower as the pain slowly subsided. Jungkook was quick to follow him. Namjoon's eyes looked up in horror as he was what Jungkook held.

"It's willow wood," Jungkook shook his head, "and it's deadly if I get it into your heart,"

Namjoon shook his head, searching for any way out.

"Stand up,"

Namjoon isn't quite sure why he obeyed. He just knew he would do anything not to feel that pain once more.

Jungkook walked over to Namjoon, stake still in hand.

"You are going to leave here tonight," the maknae's face was blank, "or I will kill you,"

Namjoon panicked. He looked around the room, searching for anything to aid him. He couldn't leave. He had finally found a home, a family, and Jin. Jin.... The thought brought tears to his eyes
and he shook his head.

"I can't leave him," Namjoon choked.

Jungkook pressed the tip of the stake into Namjoon's chest, piercing the golden flesh. Namjoon let all the air from his chest and groaned in pain as the skin broke and the wood began to sink into him. He couldn't move. He couldn't even scream. He was helpless.

"You will leave or you will die," Jungkook sneered.

Namjoon looked back at the bedroom door, knowing his boyfriend lie just behind it. He could picture how Jin looked right at that moment. His brown hair would be sticking up in all directions, his pink lips parted with each breath. His eyes would be calm and move ever-so-slightly as he dreamed. Namjoon pictured Jin and tried to tell himself that it was for the best. He let tears fall from his eyes as he fought the searing pain in his chest.

"I'll go" Namjoon sobbed.

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Jungkook made him write a note, so Jin wouldn't expect he was forced out. It was the hardest thing Namjoon had ever done. He couldn't bare the thought of Jin waking and finding him gone without a trace, so he wrote it. Namjoon struggled to find any words to express how sorry was for leaving. He couldn't explain why he was leaving. He could only cry onto the paper and leave it propped next the the bed.

Namjoon pressed one last kiss to Jin's sleeping lips.

Jungkook stood behind him the entire time, and let him pack a bag. Jungkook watched as Namjoon cried, and he ignored the pleading. He watched him write a simple note before forcing Namjoon into the doorway, handing over his key.

"I'm sorry," Namjoon looked into Jungkook's eyes.

Jungkook shook his head, unwilling to meet Namjoon's gaze.

"Go."

Namjoon nodded and turned, as he left, a hand grabbed his own. Namjoon turned back around to see Jungkook with the take in hand. Namjoon was almost ope to accepting death at this point. It may be easier than leaving the only home he has known for months. It may be easier than the heartache he knew he would cause. It may be easier than getting Jin's memory out of his head.

Jungkook brought the stake to Namjoon's wrist, carving a simple crucifix into his skin. Namjoon let the pain happen, barely grimacing.

"To remind you," Jungkook dropped his arm, "that if you come back, I will kill you."

Namjoon simply nodded as Jungkook disappeared back into the apartment, locking the door behind him. Namjoon walked outside, letting his feet carry him to where ever they would. The sun was beginning to come up, and Namjoon let the tears fall from his eyes. He climbed in a cab and went to the train station. He picked a random ticket and left. He needed to be as far away as possible. He needed to forget and start over, alone.
Jungkook was shaking as he slipped down the door. He let a few tears fall before walking into the bathroom and washing the blood from his arm. He bandaged himself and walked into the living room. Namjoon's novel was sitting on the floor, forgotten. Jungkook picked it up and threw it in the trash.

He had done the right thing.

He hoped he had.

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Jin woke up well rested. He hadn't even recalled falling asleep. He simply remembered laying on Namjoon's chest and listening to him hum. Namjoon, he thought. The vampire was no where to be found in the bedroom, so Jin assumed he was starting his day early. Jin stood and got dressed, thinking of what to make for breakfast. He was about to leave when he spotted a note on the bedside table.

Seokjin, it was addressed in Namjoon's large messy handwriting.

Jin opened it with a smile, but his face soon fell.

Jin felt the tears well up and fall one after another as he read the note over and over. He knew it couldn't be true. It couldn't be happening. Namjoon was just there and telling him he loved him. Jin let himself fall to the ground as he read it once more, hoping he read it wrong the last few times.

Seokjin,

I love you. Please know that never meant to hurt you.

I will be gone by the time you read this.

Don't come after me. Stay well.

I'm sorry.

-Namjoon

Jin let out a loud sob as he understood. Namjoon had left, and he no longer wanted him. He let himself sob, not thinking of how loud it was. He left the tears fall and he clutched the note. The paper was spotted with water stains. Namjoon had cried while writing it. Jin shook his head. He didn't understand. If Namjoon was so upset by leaving, why would he go? Why would he throw away what they had built? Jin cried trying to understand what had gone wrong.

A knock came on the door, and when only sobbing answered it, they let themselves in.

Jin looked up through the tears to find Yoongi coming to his side. He must have woken up to the sounds of Jin crying. Yoongi wrapped his arms around Jin and let the elder cry on his shoulder as Yoongi read the note. Yoongi's blood was boiling. How could Namjoon just leave like that? How could he break Jin's heart? Yoongi let the elder cry for awhile longer until the tears no longer came.

"Yo-yoongi?" Jin hiccuped into Yoongi's shirt.

"Yeah?"

"What did I d-do wrong?" Jin whimpered.
Yoongi shook his head and squeezed his hyung tightly. He got up and gathered Taehyung and Hoseok who were already up. He sent them in to keep Jin company. Taehyung cried alongside Jin and Hoseok tried his best to stay strong for the elder. They all read the note over and over, trying to make sense of it. Yoongi tried to call Namjoon's phone, only to find it still in the living room.

Jimin heard Yoongi smash a phone against the wall and found out exactly what was going on. He went to read the note himself, and they cried some more. Jin finally stopped crying.

"May I have some time alone?" Jin whispered.

They all nodded and found themselves in the living room, no one speaking. It made no sense. Namjoon had just spent so much time and effort to ensure each and every one of them accepted him. He had taken them all out to dinner and he had gotten Jin such an amazing gift. They couldn't comprehend why he would suddenly leave Jin. They didn't know what had gone wrong.

Jungkook lazily walked into the living room to see solemn faces and a few stray tears. He had known that this would effect Jin and leave him upset and hurt. However, he had never expected how the rest of his hyungs would react. He didn't think that they would all cry alongside Jin. He didn't know they would be just as hurt. He knew he would have to play dumb.

"What's up?" Jungkook's voice was still rough from sleep.

"Namjoon.... he left," Jimin's lip quivered.

Jungkook looked around the room. Jimin was leaving on Tae, both wiping the occasional tear. Jimin had always struggled with people suddenly disappearing from his life. Jungkook had never taken it into account in his plan. Taehyung simply looked blank and shocked. Hoseok's eyes were red, but he held Yoongi. Yoongi's face was in his hands, sheets of music scattered around his feet. Jungkook forgot that they had been working on an album together. Jin was nowhere to be seen.

Jungkook looked back toward Jin's door.

"He wants to be let alone," Hoseok informed him.

Jungkook nodded. The living room was silent, the occasional sob escaping from Jin's room.

No one knew anything.

What they did know is that Jin wasn't just broken this time. He was shattered.

Jungkook tried to convince himself once more that he had done the right thing. He ignored the tear that fell from his own eye.

Chapter End Notes

Well it's finals weeks around the corner. I apologize in advance for how long it may take to get a new chapter out. Feel free to look at my other works while I suffer through my tests.
Namjoon sat on the rocks and watched wave after wave break upon their jagged edges. The spray of salty water chilled him to the bone. It had been 9 days since he left Seoul, but to Namjoon, time didn't matter. No matter how many times he watched the sunset, he thought of Jin. He walked on the beach, he found a place to stay. He even began working security at a hospital to supply himself with blood. It was a hollow feeling to be settled in.

He could only think of Seokjin and the family he left behind. He found himself humming the same melody each night.

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Jungkook sat at the table with Jimin leaning on his shoulder. Jimin sighed as Yoongi placed takeout on the table. Each person grabbed their respective food in silence as Yoongi picked Jin's up and walked to the bedroom door. Jimin and Tae were opening their noodles as Jungkook came out of his room with headphones on to come get his food. The boys weren't sure how Jungkook would be taking all of this, so they left him alone to process it.

Jimin had reverted back to his old ways. He relied on everyone and hated to be left alone at any time. Taehyung had caught on to this easily and even when he invited Minjae over, they never left Jimin alone. Taehyung was glad he had someone like Minjae around, even if he didn't know the full story. He was still helpful. Yoongi and Hoseok were generally always together. Yoongi couldn't get much inspiration so he stayed out of the studio. Hoseok's smiles felt oddly fake.

However, Jin was still reclusive.

Yoongi approached the room with caution and knocked softly before entering.

"Jin hyung?"

"Hmm?" Is all the reply Yoongi got.

Yoongi peered from the doorway to find Seokjin in the same place he had left him two hours prior. The eldest hyung was curled in a ball on his side in one of the sweaters that Namjoon had left behind. There were tissues strewn about the room from the numerous past crying sessions. Jin was watching the same cooking shows and surrounded by a few dogeared copies of Namjoon's favorite novels. It was a mess, but there was one thing that Yoongi wished he take out of the room. The note Namjoon left was still next to Jin's pillow.

They had all taken shifts staying in the apartment to make sure Jin was never alone. They did their best to console him when the crying started back up. They attempted to make him laugh, smile, or even simply talk. However, it was rare. Yoongi was the silent type who simply sat beside Jin and let him cry while he tried to control his own anger towards Namjoon for leaving. Hoseok would try to joke around when he could, but they always wound up crying together over some simple detail such as a chipped plate from Namjoon's attempts at doing dishes. Taehyung would bring movies and stuffed animals into the room and stroke his hyungs back to get him to sleep. Jimin took straight to cuddling but would often cry when the first whimper of a sob slipped from the eldest's lips.

Jungkook had been strangely distant. While they all had believed he maknae would cling to the
eldest, as he did during his recovery from the break up with Ken, Jungkook remained away from the apartment for a majority of the time. The rest of the boys assumed it was simply Jungkook trying to cope. They believed that maybe being around Jin in such a state would hurt Jungkook just as much.

"I brought you dinner," Yoongi said, placing the noodles on the counter.

"I'm not hungry."

Yoongi sighed and looked back to his hyung. Seokjin's eyes were still glassy, tear tracks long dried on his cheeks. His hair was a mess and he looked as though he hadn't slept in days, which Yoongi wouldn't doubt. He was watching Jin crumble before their own eyes. Yoongi had offered him meals, sweets, anything. Seokjin still wasn't eating and he still wouldn't leave his room.

Seokjin was taking his time. He was trying his hardest to pinpoint where he had gone wrong. He was going over each moment in his head and playing them back like a movie. However, nothing stood out. His movie came to an abrupt end and left him crying each time. There was nothing that anyone could say or do to help him. He laid in his room. Our room, he thought. At first, Jin wanted every shred of Namjoon out of the apartment. However, as he gathered items he realized how little he had left. He found himself wearing the black sweaters and black hats that Namjoon left behind. He kept reading the books that he had left, even though English looked unfamiliar and he never understood them. But most of all, Jin read and reread the letter that Namjoon left him. It wasn't even a letter. It was a note. It was barely anything, but it was all he had left.

Jin would be damned if he let it go in the same way he left Namjoon slip away.

"Seokjin hyung..... Please come out,"

"Just give me some time," Jin whimpered.

Yoongi sat on the bed and ran his hand over Jin's hair. His hyung needed a shower and sleep. Jin couldn't bring himself to shower only to see Namjoon's soap and Namjoon's hair gel. He had even used his cologne in attempts to being some sort of relief to the pain in his chest, but only sobbed harder when the scent would ware off. He didn't want to sleep. Each time he fell asleep, he dreamed of candy-pink hair and dimples. He dreamed of fangs and soft plump lips. Yet each time he opened his eyes he had to face the cold empty space beside him and the harsh reality of being alone. No matter how many times he wished he could wake up and find Namjoon's strong arms around him, he found himself reading the note with silent tears once more.

Yoongi waited a few moments before sighing and leaving. The door closed with a soft click and Jin felt himself sink further into the bed.

"Any luck?" Hoseok kissed Yoongi's cheek as he sat down.

Yoongi shook his head. The table all seemed to deflate as if they were holding their breath for some sort of miraculous breakthrough.

They ate in silence for yet another night.

When Jimin finished, he excused himself from the table. He was about to walk into he and Tae's shared room when he stopped. Jimin was worried about Seokin, yes. However, he was also worried about Jungkook. The two of them never really had a chance to talk about what had happened.
between the two of them before all of this happened. Jimin hadn't been ready for Jungkook to suddenly confess to him. The maknae was so cute and so perfect that Jimin would be insane not to be head over heels as well, but he was terrible at saying so. Plus, he didn't even know if Jungkook was gay. Even so, Jungkook was coping alone and Jimin didn't like it.

Jimin turned on his heels and made his way into Jungkook's room.

The maknae was sprawled out on his bed with his laptop in front of him. He was already done with his noodles and was watching some sort of anime full of yelling and over-dramatic fighting. Jimin was a little surprised at how okay that Jungkook looked. Almost as though he was relatively unaffected by the black cloud hanging above their apartment.

"Jungkookie?"

Jungkook looked up to see Jimin standing in the doorway and paused his show in order to give the older boy his attention. Jungkook blushed a bit while staring. Jimin's hair was black again. It made him seem so much younger, softer. His glasses were sliding down his nose and he was biting his lip. Jungkook cleared his throat and sat up in order to free up space for Jimin to sit.

"What's up?" Jungkook tried to sound casual instead of nervous.

"I... I'm just worried," Jimin sat down on the bed and brought his legs to his chest.

"About hyung?"

"About all of us," Jimin sighed and shook his head.

Jungkook bit his lip. He didn't think it would be this hard. He never knew that they would all suddenly fall apart once the bloodsucker was gone.

"We will be okay, just give it time," Jungkook offered.

"Jin hyung still won't eat and I can still hear him cry every night," Jimin's eyes filled with tears, "I just want to help but I-I can't"

Jungkook let Jimin's words sink in. He was aware that Seokjin would be upset. He knew that it would be difficult for him, but he had only been with Namjoon half of the time he had been with Ken. Yet with the latter, the depressed phase only lasted a few days and he eventually began to eat and cook and smiled on occasion. It had been over a week and they struggled getting simple words out of Jin.

"He needs time to get over him," Jungkook put a tentative hand on Jimin's slumped shoulders.

"You don't get it Kookie," Jimin sniffed, "he loved him more than we can ever imagine. He would give his entire world to Namjoon hyung and instead of worshiping him for that, Namjoon just walked away. You don't understand how it feels to be so in love and trust someone with your heart. You don't understand how it is to have the one person you relied on walk out of your life as though you were n-nothing to them. He wasn't just Jin hyung's boyfriend, h-he was our family to...

Jungkook sat in stunned silence as he let Jimin finish. The maknae bit his lips and shut his eyes. He wanted to believe that he had done what is best for everyone. He had saved them from getting hurt and from whatever horrible things that the vampire was sure to do to them. He tried to keep telling himself that he did the right thing as he watched the struggles they all went through.

Jungkook reached over and pulled Jimin's head into his chest as the elder started to cry once more.
Jungkook wished more than anything that this would all pass over soon. He wanted everyone to get back to normal and back to what their life used to be like before that night. He wanted to rewind to the night Seokjin found Namjoon and convince his hyung to stay home.

"K-Kookie?" Jimin sniffed into Jungkook's chest.

"Yeah hyung?"

"Can I sleep with you tonight?"

Jungkook wrapped his arms around Jimin once more. He may not be able to help everyone, but he could at least comfort his beautiful Jimin.

"Of course," Jungkook kissed the soft black hair beneath him.

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Jin woke up to the rain on his window. He wasn't sure when he fell asleep or even what day it was. He simply knew that the ache in his chest was still as sharp. The redness lining his eyes was still as dark. The room was still as empty as he felt.

However, today he wanted to try. He was tired of staying in a bed for two, alone. He was tired of listening to every sad song that he could think of. He was so tired of everyone walking into his bedroom with sad eyes and pity. He just wanted to feel something. Anything.

He decided to shower. It wasn't much, but it was something. As he grabbed a towel, he glanced at his phone. No calls or messages. However, it was the 17th. Which means it had been almost two weeks since Nam... He had left. Seokjin wasn't sure what to make of that. He simply knew that he wanted to do anything he could, anything in his power to stay up and moving today. His body felt weak, and he couldn't remember the last time he had eaten. He felt guilty for all of the wasted food the boys had attempted to bring him, only for Jin to only take a few bites before refusing.

Seokjin showered, using only his own pink soaps and shampoo. He tried his best to ignore the more manly scented bottles that sat on the opposite side. When he got out of the shower, steam billowing behind him, he brought himself over to the sink. He swiped his hand across the mirror to look at himself, and gasped.

He looked ill. His ribs were nearly visible. His collarbones looked much too prominent. His eyes looked sunken in and nearly bloodshot from the lack of rest. His cheeks were thinner and flushed from the steam. His skin had a sickly grey tone to it and his hair was a mess. He hadn't had the time to lighten his roots. They were clearly much darker than the soft chestnut ends that he had meticulously cared for. Namjoon had always loved the chocolate tone to it....

Jin suddenly had an idea. He looked around in the bathroom cabinets until he found it. Seokjin had helped Namjoon and Yoongi bleach their hair on multiple occasions. He knew how difficult the upkeep was so he often kept plenty of bleach around. He found the bottles and began reading the instructions on how to bleach darker hair. He knew it would take multiple tried to get it as right as he wanted, but to hell with it.

He just wanted a change.

Yoongi awoke around noon. Hobi was already off to work, Tae and Minjae were going to finish
their project at the coffee shop, and only god knew where he could find Jimin and Jungkook. That left him being the one on Seokjin hyung duty. He sighed and went into the kitchen to make coffee. Halfway through making his cup, he realized something. There was water running. However, it wasn't the rain. It also wasn't coming from any of the shared bathroom. Which left...

Yoongi nearly dropped his mug and ran into Seokjin's room. Normally, they had nearly had to force Jin in the shower. They would all try their hardest to stay close just in case anything were to happen. It's not that they didn't trust Jin. They simply knew how upset he was. They didn't want him to do something drastic. The realization that Jin may be in the bathroom and Yoongi knew he had medications in there sent him sprinting into the bathroom.

The door swung open and Yoongi entered without hesitation.
"Yoongi?...."
"Holy shit"

Yoongi was expecting the worst when he burst into the bathroom. What he wasn't expecting was for Jin's hair to be bright blonde. It was so blonde that it almost looked white. The eldest was currently wearing just a robe while he looked over his work. Yoongi stood in the doorway opening and closing his mouth in a fashion that can only be compared to a fish.


Yoongi had never been happier to be censored by his hyung. He stood there for a moment longer trying to process everything before he wrapped his arms around Seokjin's waist. He tried not to think about how thin he felt.

When everyone arrived home, they knew something had changed. There was a smell of food wafting from the doorway. And it wasn't just any food, no. This was the distinct smell that came from Jin's favorite porridge. Although Yoongi isn't terrible in the kitchen, they doubted that he would make such a dish. As they opened the door, all four of them rushed into the room.

"Jin hyung!" Hobi yelled, dropping his things and rushing to hug the elder. The others soon followed suit.
"You're blonde!" Tae grinned.
"Do you like it?" Jin gestured to his hair.
"Of course! You look so handsome," Jimin giggled.

They ate in comfortable silence. Jin finished his bowel and even ventured to get a second round. They were all so happy that he was actually eating and talking. The blonde hair was a shock at first, but he did look amazing. He looked elegant, princely. When everyone finished eating, they allowed him to return to his room.

"He looks so good blonde," Jimin smiled.
"Yeah... but," Jungkook started.
"But what?" Yoongi raised an eyebrow.
"Do you think he is, you know, better?"

They all found themselves staring over at the closed door.

"I hope so," Yoongi spoke lowly.

Jin was set on cleaning. His bedroom looked like a mess. There were clothes strewn about, tissues everywhere, and old takeout containers of forgotten food still sitting on the desk. Seokjin wasn't the kind of person who could live in such filth. Well... He wasn't normally. He hated that he had let himself make the room so messy by doing nothing at all. However, the day was about change. So he set to work.

He folded his clothes and put them away. He found himself lingering over the few remaining pieces of black clothes in the drawer. Jin felt the tell-tale lump in his throat, but swallowed around it. He wouldn't let himself start crying again. He simply shut the drawer and returned to his work. He was picking up everything and throwing away the trash when he began to move to the other side of the room.

He hadn't really used his desk. He always saw the way Namjoon used to lounge in it while he read. He was too often reminded of how Namjoon would spend countless hours writing letters or music or even working on some sort of English homework that Jin could never decipher. Jin could speak English, but was never great at reading it. The desk was rarely used by Seokjin, and he suddenly felt like it no longer belonged to him. So he found himself cleaning it out.

Somewhere along the say, he found it.

Jinnie,

Happy Birthday baby!

You deserve the whole world.

Please sit back, listen, and (hopefully) enjoy.

I love you

-Namjoon

The note was attached to a simple CD with the words "My Love" written in Namjoon's sketched handwriting.

Jin self paralyzed. He had no idea that this CD even existed. It had been sitting in the desk drawer the entire time, waiting to be discovered at a time such like this. Jin suddenly remembered his birthday. Right before dinner, Namjoon had told him he had another surprise for him.... Could this be what he was hiding? Jin's hands were shaking as he opened the case and placed the CD into his stereo. His hand poised to press play. Yet, something in him didn't know if he should. Before he could talk himself out of it, Seokjin pressed play.

"Hey baby! It's your birthday coming up. I wanted to do something special for you to show you how much I love and appreciate you. So I wrote this and I've been sneaking out most nights to record it. I hope you like it. I love you!"

Jin felt his heart drop when he heard Namjoon speak. He felt like his entire body was frozen in place.
He couldn't even process what Namjoon had just said over the speakers until the music began. Namjoon had been making a huge fuss the week before Jin's birthday. He kept complaining that he wanted his birthday to be spectacular and perfect. Jin had been insisted that he didn't need material gifts. He just wanted gifts from the heart.

The song began and Seokjin felt his entire mind go blank. He recognized this melody. He knew this sound but couldn't place it until he heard Namjoon's voice begin to sing. Not rap... but sing. In all of the time they had been together, Jin had never heard anything but Namjoon singing to be funny or humming along to something. He had never truly sang. Jin felt the tears flood his eyes all over again as he sank to the floor.

_Eternally, eternally,

_Eternally I wanna love you more

_Eternally, eternally

_Eternally I'm never gonna leave your side

Jin felt himself shaking and he let the sobs tear through him. Namjoon had been humming this melody for days before his birthday. Jin never knew what song it was. He just knew that it sounded beautiful and he was always happy when Namjoon hummed something to him. He never knew that was singing a melody only meant for his own ears. Jin was never aware that the music Namjoon was carefully crafting was made for him. Something inside Seokjin broke.

He tried to be strong and he tried to be okay, but the thin string keeping him together unraveled with a single melody.

Namjoon still had his heart no matter where he was. As much as Seokjin tried to tell himself he would get over him and he could forget every kiss, every embrace, every moment of the time they spent together, he simply couldn't. He couldn't do it. He cried until he felt his breath catch in his throat, forcing him to gasp or air. His tears ran in streams down in face, falling onto the floor beneath him.

He needs Namjoon.

When Jungkook came into the living room for a glass of water, he heard muffled music. He figured it was Yoongi until he heard the tell-tale sound of a sob. The maknae tried his hardest to tell himself that his ears were playing tricks on him. Seokjin was better. He was walking around and he showered and he cooked and he was blonde. He can't be crying again. However, the sobs only became louder.

Jungkook knocked on the door before opening it.

"Hyung?" he whispered.

He wasn't prepared to find Jin on the floor, sobbing and holding a small note. Through their friendship, Jungkook had seen many of Seokjin's breakdowns. Whether they be about school, money, family, or a breakup, Jungkook was there for him. However, Jungkook had never seen anything like this. Jin looked like he was in so much pain and Jungkook suddenly realized why.

_Eternally, Eternally_
He recognized that voice, although strange to hear it singing. Namjoon had wrote Seokjin a song. Not only did he write a song, but he was singing. It was raw, emotional, and somehow so imperfectly perfect in the way Namjoon’s voice rasped over the speakers. Jungkook knelt next to Jin and held his hyung as he cried. Jungkook felt heavy and weighed down.

He realized this was a mistake. The others seemed to know about Namjoon being a vampire. They didn't seem to care at all. Maybe Jungkook had gotten it wrong. He wanted to protect all of his hyungs. He wanted to make sure that each of them was happy and healthy. They all had spent so much time and effort the past few years pouring themselves into protecting Jungkook and making sure he was taken care of. Jungkook had simply wanted to return the favor. He wanted to make sure that no one, not even someone who wasn't a human being, could hurt his makeshift family.

Instead, Jungkook had forced out a member of that family. He finally understood that although his intentions were pure, his result was toxic. Jungkook held his hyung in his arms and let Jin cry for the love he felt like lost. Jungkook could only imagine how terrible his hyung felt, not knowing why he was abandoned like that. He could also only imagine how everyone else felt. He felt himself break.

His hyungs all started to come into the room from hearing the commotion. One by one they sat down on the floor and cried alongside Seokjin. Jungkook looked around at five of the people he held the most dear crying on one another. Jimin reached over and wiped a tear from Jungkook's cheek. He hadn't even realized he was crying. Jungkook looked at Jimin and cupped the older boy's cheek in his hand. Jungkook let himself release a sob, leading to a floodgate opening.

This was his fault, and he had to be the one to fix it.

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Namjoon laid into the sand and dug his toes into the cold, wet grains. He stared at the moon and stars above him and the waves came to lap at his toes.

Two weeks had passed, but his heart didn't care. He was still shattered. Namjoon longed for being back with the boys, being back in his favorite library, and eating home cooked meals. However, nothing compared to the way his heart ached to see Seokjin once more. To kiss his soft pink lips, curl up under his Princess Peach blanket, or to even hear his voice. Namjoon tried his best to do anything in order to get his mind off of Seoul.

But he always came back to Jin.

Namjoon sound himself humming a familiar melody.

"Eternally, eternally," his tears fell into the sand, "eternally, I'll always be yours"

Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry that it has taken me this long to update. Please leave comments and feedback!
Jungkook hoped that maybe, Jin would feel better. That his hyung would wake up and realize he was okay without Namjoon, and he would come into the living room and smile. Jungkook crossed his fingers each day and stared at the wood of the closed bedroom door. The constant reminder that Seokjin was broken, and it was no one's fault but his. He found himself relying on Jimin to keep his hopes up with the passing of each and every day. Jimin had this constant positive energy surrounding him. He woke and told them all each day that it might be the day Jin would join them in going out, but was never upset when the elder didn't come along. He simply said they would hope for another day. This had been going on for over a month now.

They had never talked about it, no. However, Jimin spent most nights with Jungkook now. They cuddled on the couch and were usually inseparable. They didn't have to talk about the drunken night over a month ago. Jimin knew how Jungkook felt. Jungkook understood he was loved in return. It wasn't as though they were avoiding each other or the subject. They simply stayed together, enjoying the company and companionship. The kisses were simply an added bonus without needing to ask questions.

It hadn't stopped everyone else from asking question's. The two simply said they didn't now what they were, but they would figure it out eventually.

"Kookie?"

He turned his head and saw Jimin's newly black hair on his shoulder.

"Hmmm?" he grumbled.

"Maybe we shouldn't go home this week," Jimin lifted his head and rested it on Jungkook's chest.

"We've already got the plane tickets, hyung"

"I know but-

"You're worried about leaving Jin hyung alone," Jungkook sighed, "I know. I am to,"

Jimin sat up and pulled his maknae up with him. They were all taking time off for the upcoming holiday. Constitution day gave them all some time off. They were ready to go home. It was a time for a well-deserved vacation. Each of them needed to see their parents and family, and introduce significant others to their awaiting loved ones. Yoongi and Hobi were going to see Yoongi's family in Daegu. Tae and Minjae were also going to see each of their families together. Jimin and Jungkook had decided to go ahead and go back to Busan and relax. It should have been a good time, a true holiday.

The issue was leaving Seokjin behind.

It wasn't that they didn't trust him, it was that they feared he wouldn't take care of himself. When Jin and Ken broke up years ago, Jin had thrown himself fully into working, studying, and constant workouts. He rarely ate and his sleep schedule was disturbed to the point of consisting of a few mere naps a day. It was something that they watched happen. It was a downward spiral until finally, he collapsed.
If Jin and Ken's breakup was hallmarked by a trip to the hospital, they could only fear that it may happen again. Their worst fear was that the Seokjin that they all loved would continue to fade. His smile would stop coming, his laugh would fall silent, and he would collapse once more. The boys were only able to hope that it wouldn't come to that point, but were prepared to help him once more.

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"Hyung, please," Hoseok pleaded.

They were sitting on Jin's bed and trying to talk to him and get him to go out. Yoongi and Hobi were sitting on the bed while Jin was laying under layers on blankets. They could only see his newly blonde hair above the edge of the pink comforter. They all knew that it was nearly useless, but they needed to try.

"I'm sure your parents would love to see you, hyung," Yoongi reminded the elder.

"I didn't tell her he left me," came Seokjin's small voice, nearly a whimper.

"Jin hyung...." Hobi's lip wavered.

They hadn't known about Seokjin even telling his parents about his boyfriend until a few days ago. His mother had called while he was in the shower, and Yoongi was the one to answer it. She was so giddy and asked Yoongi if he knew if her son would be bringing his boyfriend with him to visit her and keep her company. Yoongi didn't know what to say, other than he didn't know what Jin's plans were. He passed the message to the older, who had another sobbing fit over the question. They couldn't imagine how he was feeling.

"I'm sure she will understand..."

"No. They will ask questions and I-I can't handle it yet," his voice wavered.

Hoseok leaned on Yoongi's shoulder and nuzzled his face into the tee he was wearing. Yoongi knew they had lost the battle. He simply nodded and they stood to leave.

"Just... Please don't do anything stupid hyung," Yoongi sighed.

Seokjin knew they were trying to help, he truly did. He knew that each of his boys had the best of intentions. They had all stopped by one by one to inform them of their plans. They kept on telling him that they were only going to be a phone call away, and to take care of himself. He knew that they would be calling him, if anything. He would be constantly checked on without question. He appreciated the love and affection he was receiving. He simply wished it was under better circumstance.

The days went on, and it was suddenly vacation time for all of the boys. Seokjin had helped them pack a minor amount, but really was only out of bed for the sake of Jimin and Jungkook not cancelling their trip as they threatened to do.

"Hyung, make sure you eat!" Hobi hugged him.

"Hyung try to go out, yeah?" Tae smiled.

"Hyung, if you need a thing, we'll all be on the first plane back," Jimin nearly crushed his hands.
Jin simply smiled a weak grin and hugged them all, sending them out the door. He walked with them to their cars. He had gotten out of bed that day, showered, styled his hair and put on something other than Namjoon's over-sized sweaters and pajama pants. He looked like a walking, talking, normal member of society. Even if he felt like crying and watching awful Lifetime movies all day long and eating nothing but ice cream.

"I'll be okay, I promise," he said to them all, "call me when each of you arrive okay?"

Tae and Minjae were the first to leave. Minjae was sweet and let them take their time saying goodbye until they were nearly late. Yoongi and Hoseok left mere minutes after them, seeing as their destination was the same. Finally, Jimin and Jungkook were ready to leave. Jin squeezed Jimin in a hug as long as the younger needed it. When he finally let go, Jimin held his hyung face in his hands.

"Please try to be happy, hyung" Jimin pleaded.

Jin looked into Jimin's eyes, and held out his pinkey finger. He remembered when Jimin first moved in. Everything was built off of pinkey promises. It was the ultimate sign of trust and truth. The validation was all that Jimin needed. He smiled and his eyes turned to little moon's before Jin's eyes. Jungkook stood by the wayside until Jimin went to bring the bags into the cab. Jin looked to the maknae and opened his arms. Jungkook came running into them, headfirst.

"I'll be fine, Kookie," Jin held the younger's head against him.

Jungkook buried his head into the crook of the elder's neck and let Jin run his hand up and down the plane of his back. It felt so strange to be comforting he younger in this situation. Jungkook sniffled a little and looked back to check where Jimin was. The smaller was packing their things into the trunk and conversing with the driver. Jungkook turned back to Jin and took a deep breath.

The elder released him and awaited the younger to say something.

"Hyung.... I'll make this right again, I promise" he whispered.

Jin pulled him away and scrunched his eyebrows. "Make this right again?"

Before he could ask questions, Jimin came back and told them that they needed to leave to be on time. They were in the car and waving goodbye, leaving Seokjin to stand there and wonder to himself what Jungkook possibly felt like he could do. Maybe the younger was planning on fixing him up or something. No matter what it was, Jin knew it wasn't enough. Nothing could fix him now.

He went back into the apartment and sat down on the couch. The eerie silence greeted him, reminding him that he was truly alone.

Seokjin found himself playing a familiar melody once more.

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Namjoon was laying on the sleeping mat and staring out his window at the gleaming rays of sun off of the water. The window was open, allowing him to hear the constant crashing of waves. The tiny studio apartment was barely livable. It was all one small room, nearly a dorm room of sorts. He was paying close to nothing because that was what he could afford. He had a few books and a small collection of clothing. It was close to nothing, but he didn't care.

He didn't want anything more. He didn't feel like he deserved anything more.

Namjoon found himself tracing his fingers over the raised, ugly scarring on his wrist. The cross was
always there, a dull ache to remind him of what he had left behind. A promise of what would happen if he were to return. Yet, lately, he found himself wondering if it would be so bad to let Jungkook fulfill his promise. Namjoon longed for a single glance to see Jin. He simply needed to know that the elder was okay. The confirmation would be enough to die for.

The past months had been hell for him. He had been homeless for a week or so, then found an easy job to pass the time. He was able to sign the lease on this tiny hole of an apartment and had been there ever since.

Suddenly, his phone began buzzing on the floor beside him. The contact number simply said "work".

"Hello?" he picked up.

"Hey? Namjoon, we need you to come in to work," his manager, Yongguk, asked, "it's a madhouse here;"

Namjoon sighed and began to stand up. There were dozens of sheets of music scattered around his feet. He had been writing on every spare piece of paper he could find. The lyrics would pour out of his mind and spill across paper. He had been trying to write anything, but found that no matter what he tried to create, his lyrics came back to Seokjin. Every line would reference lost love, chocolate eyes, porcelain skin, and adoration. Yet, every song ultimately ended in a raw heartbreak. He couldn't write happy, because he simply wasn't.

"I'll be there in 10," he said, ending the call.

He stretched his long legs, and went to look at himself in the mirror. He tried to style himself a little. He put some gel in his hair and put a quick line of kohl around his eyes. He had done his best, but still looked ill. His eyes were sunken in and dark circles stained once bright eyes. His skin was an awful sickly pale, making him look just as undead as he truly was. His hair was now a darker blonde-grey to cover up the damage he had done trying out a couple new colors in the past month. He had to color it. The pink would stare at him, mocking him of the life he no longer had.

Namjoon walked to the mini-fridge and pulled a few steaks from it, draining them completely. He knew better than to try and work without feeding first. He grabbed his keys from the small dish next to the door and left. His days were full of nothing but work, wandering, and attempting to forget the taste of chocolate frosting. He wouldn't easily call this a living. He was simply passing the time.

But what bothered him the most was that he didn't know what he was passing the time until. His death? Until he went back to Seoul? No, he was passing the time until he could either forget about the love he had, or feel it once more.

Namjoon had a lot of time on his hands.

Jimin and Jungkook arrived at Jimin's house, immediately calling Jin to check in. Jin told them that he had ordered himself chicken and was watching a cooking competition. He even video called to prove himself to a very overly worried Jimin. The other boys had already called and checked in as well. Jin told them. Jin was a bit less worried after Jin had gone so far as to even laugh at the pictures of a sleeping Jungkook that Jimin had sent the elder. Jungkook hadn't been so happy about them, but couldn't even complain when he heard Seokjin laugh. The younger boys were hoping that maybe a little alone time to reflect would help Jin more than they knew.
"Hyung? Come lay down," Jungkook patted the space beside him on the bed.

Jimin didn't answer, he simply flopped onto his childhood bed, curling his body around Jungkook's toned form. As much as people speculated that Jimin would be the one to need attention and ask to be held, they would be sadly mistaken. Since Namjoon's disappearance, Jungkook has never specifically asked for Jimin to hold him or run his finger's through the maknae's raven hair. However, it was apparent what he needed. As they would sleep, Jungkook would toss and turn until Jimin's arms wrapped around his torso.

"So what all should we do this week?" Jimin left a soft kiss on the back of Jungkook's neck.

"I was thinking beach, obviously, and maybe go to that cafe that sells those pastries you like," Jungkook entwined his finger's in Jimin's.

"Mmmm" was the only reply.

They laid there for awhile and rested, the occasional conversation popping up. The flight and arrival to Jimin's home had been overwhelming to say the least. Jungkook loved Jimin's family. They were so supporting and loving, but they were also very loud and curious. They had been so flustered by their arrival and couldn't stop hugging them and expressing their love for each boy. Jimin's mom was almost more excited to see Jungkook rather than her own son, or so Jimin says.

Jungkook had been preparing to finally bring it up. He was going to tell Jimin how he felt, this time sober. However he felt as though he couldn't say anything until Jimin knew about the truth of Namjoon's disappearance. He couldn't bring himself to tell Jimin he wanted to be exclusive and be all happy while still keeping things from the older. He had been trying to find good way to say "I threatened him into leaving" without it sounding like... well, exactly what it was.

Before he could say anything, his stomach spoke up. It let a loud growl out, signalling it was time to get up.

"I'm thinking we go to the restaurant that you pointed out on the way here? The little black one," Jungkook offered.

"Agreed,"

"But Jimin...," Jungkook turned to face the smiling man next to him.

"Yes, Kookie?" Jimin's heart was beating out of his chest.

"You're paying," The maknae smiled with his little bunny teeth.

"Aish, you!"

By the time they reached their destination, Jungkook was starving. They had been texting Seokjin to make sure he had eaten dinner as well, receiving a picture of their hung with a large bowl of soup. The pair was sat in a booth next to the window. It was perfect, as they could look out the cool glass and gaze at the waves of the ocean lapping their way onto the shores. Jimin and Jungkook had missed this about their home. They had missed such simple things, yet were now almost as accustomed to the city skyline as Seoul. They were about to decide on an outrageous amount of food to order when their waiter arrived.
"Hello, My name is Namjoon and I will be your server tonight can I start you off with something to-"

"You motherfucker!" Jimin gasped.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for sticking with me for this fic and being patient with me. I've struggled to write exactly what I want to happen, and it's taken me way too long. Sorry! Please keep comments and feedback coming.
"Nothing Without You" by 10cm was a slid inspiration for the conclusion of this chapter. Check it out.

"You motherfucker!"

Namjoon's eyes went wide. He looked up and hoped to all the deities that people may believe in that his eyes were deceiving him. His face was more than likely an unhealthy shade of pale, not only due to his lack of human blood supply but his complete shock. Part of him wanted to run as fast as his feet could carry him, but he doubted his ability to move from his current spot. He was frozen with fear.

He wanted to close his eyes and open them to see nothing. He wanted to see an empty booth or even strangers that were yelling at him. He was hoping that maybe, just maybe this was some sort of hallucination from the lack of human blood in his diet. Maybe there were such things as vampire withdraws. Namjoon blinked extra hard, but no luck. Jimin was still glaring at him.

"HOW FUCKING DARE YOU!" Jimin's voice was loud in the crowded restaurant.

Namjoon gulped and looked around, many people were staring at the table as Jimin stood to get closer to Namjoon's face. He didn't want to draw any more attention than he knew would be coming. Namjoon was searching for an out while Jungkook was pulling Jimin back down. There were more people whispering about the way Namjoon was being yelled at by what looked to be a normal customer yelling at his server. Jimin was nearly seething. His face was a bright, flustered shade of red.

Jungkook looked a little different.

Namjoon had pictured his next meeting with Jungkook many times. He had thought about it over and over. How would it feel to be killed by Jungkook? Would it be a slow death? Could the maknae even be able to go through with it? He had laid awake many nights, staring at the ocean and playing the scenarios in his head. Namjoon would be lying if he hadn't told himself that no matter how painful it would be, he would endure it. He wanted to see Jin, his sweet Seokjin, one more time. His wrist burned at the thought. He found himself putting one hand over the marking now.

However, Jungkook wasn't about to plunge that jagged wood into his chest. He wasn't out for his death. He wasn't even coming near Namjoon as he thought he would. The last time they were face to face, Jungkook had such a wild look to him. His eyes had been full of hate and his face was unsettling as it remained calm throughout the struggle. He hadn't even cracked as Namjoon sobbed. His jaw was set in a firm line to match his eyebrows. There were no emotions other than hate and anger behind his eyes that night. But that was not the Jungkook before him now. No, this was much different.
"I-I didn't know, Jungkook," Namjoon's voice wavered.

Jungkook looked up from the table. He looked as though he had seen a ghost. His eyes were filling with tears and his lip was trembling. He honestly looked scared, more than angry. Jungkook looked like he could burst into tears at any moment. It was then that Namjoon knew he wan't in danger. Namjoon realized that Jungkook hadn't told Jimin. Maybe he hadn't told anyone. That was why he was afraid. He didn't want then to know he had sent Namjoon away, forced him into breaking Jin's heart.

"What the hell are you talking about, you didn't know?" Jimin was starting to stand again.

Namjoon turned just in time to see Yongguk walking towards him. He bowed his head down as his manager arrived. Yongguk was an average sized man, but his voice was easily one of the deepest that Namjoon had ever heard. It gave the manager an air of authority no matter who he was talking to. Namjoon was hoping that maybe this would be the end of Jimin's yelling. He hoped Yongguk would give him time to escape and run as far as he possibly could.

"Excuse me, is there a problem?" Yongguk's bass voice was hushed.

Jimin's eye snapped up to Namjoon's. Namjoon gave the younger the most pained, panicked look. He needed this job if he wanted to keep buying steak every day. His supplies were running low, leaving him in a perpetual state of hunger. He crossed his fingers that Jimin would see his plea and maybe brush it off, stop yelling in front of his boss. Jimin looked back to Yongguk and shook his head.

"We.... used to know each other," Jungkook offered.

Yongguk looked back and forth between Namjoon and the customers before nodding. He stepped back and said something into his headset. His eyebrows were furrowed as he turned back to look at Namjoon and the boys at the table. Yongguk was a smart man. He was probably able to perceive the tension hanging thickly in the air. He shook his head and nodded when someone replied in his earpiece. His eyes bore into Namjoon before turning back to the table.

"Gentlemen, Namjoon will be off at 9," he spoke lowly ,"and Namjoon, Jongup will be taking this table from you,"

Namjoon nodded and looked back at Jimin and Jungkook. They were both staring, but with two very different emotions. Jungkook's eyes were full of worry while Jimin was as angry as Namjoon had ever seen him. He knew that he was going to have to speak to them, but he couldn't help but feel the urge to run. Yongguk walked away, unassumingly to deal with another issue. Namjoon bowed to be polite. Before Namjoon could turn to walk away, a hand caught his wrist. It was a firm grip, fingertips pressing into the raised scarring of his wrist. Namjoon turned to see Jungkook staring back at him.

"We need to talk...please" Jungkook's voice cracked near the end.

Namjoon simply nodded and walked away as quickly as his exhausted feet could carry him.

This was going to be a long shift.

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Jin swore he wasn't lonely.

He wasn't about to cry at the silence of the apartment.
And he totally hadn't eaten nearly an entire chicken by himself while watching sappy drama's all day.

Maybe he was secretly hoping that Gu Jun Pyo would come sweep him off his feet and help him forget for a few days. Or that his friends would have to come home for some unforeseen reason and accompany him while he pulls himself out of this funk he was in. Although he would feel guilty about them being unable to spend time with their families. It was selfish, he knew. He just wanted someone to come talk to him like Jimin or someone to pet his hair like Jungkook. He wouldn't even mind Yoongi's backhanded compliments at this point. He just didn't want to be alone anymore.

He tried to avoid thinking about the one person he truly wanted there.

He had a nest of blankets on the couch with a few pillows from his own room and a couple of Yoongi's throw pillows he insisted on having all over his bed. He was covered in comfort. He had done nothing but curl up in his makeshift fort and eat his way through the night while Boys Over Flowers drowned out the deafening silence that had taken over his apartment for the past few hours. He was about to yell at the TV for the fourth time that episode when his phone began to ring.

Seokjin lazily rolled his head to the side to check who would be attempting to reach him.

**Baby Kookie** lit up the screen.

Jin stared for a moment before looking up to check the time.

It wasn't late enough to pretend to be sleeping. However, he was known to take long showers or long baths... so he figured he could get away with ignoring the call and texting him back later. He was sure that Jungkookie had nothing but pure intentions with checking on him. He was always just trying to make sure his hyung had eaten, slept well, or any sort of basic human functioning. Jungkook was trying to make sure he didn't fall down the same rabbit hole he had when Ken left him.

Jungkook had all sorts of reasoning behind this. Jin had stopped eating, wouldn't leave his bed, and stopped sleeping. Eventually he worked himself to the point of passing out from exhaustion. He then knew that Ken wasn't worth the pain he was putting himself through. He hadn't even come to see him in the hospital when Yoongi had called him. Jin needed that finaly degree of seperation to tell him it was time to cut his ex from his life.

He had been hoping that maybe the longer Namjoon was gone, he could find that moment of clarity. That one moment where he could finally look around he apartment without searching for him. The day he would wake up without wanting long arms around his waist and pink hair in his eyes. The first day he could finally look through his closet without instinctual reaching for the overly worn black sweaters. The night he could finally fall asleep without tears clouding his vision. The final single second of clarity that he would be okay without him.

He phone finished buzzing and Jin realized he had lost track of what was happening in the episode. Jin just wanted to lay back down. He no longer felt the fuzzy comfort of his blanket fort. He wrapped his Princess Peach blanket around his shoulders and found himself standing. Without thinking his bare feet brought him into his own bedroom. He sat down on the bed and sighed. Why would a room that used to be his feel so foreign to him?

**Baby Kookie** his phone rang once more.

Jin sighed and let the phone ring while he opened the drawer that he had told himself to forget about. He found himself pulling out a few worn paperback novels and flipping through the pages, finding
the folded corners of the pages where Namjoon had left off. Jin could see him now, lounging on the
couch with his feet hanging off and flipping page after page, biting his plump lips.

He pulled the sweater Namjoon had been wearing the night they met, the night he found him. Jin
slipped his white tee from wide shoulders and found himself putting the soft midnight fabric over his
skin. The stupid thing was long on him and the sleeves covered his hands. Namjoon's clothes had
always been just a tad too long on Seokjin. They were always black or grey while Jin preferred
lighter, brighter colors. The proverbial yin to his yang. His fingers toyed with the hem before
reaching for the note that was attached to the song. He hummed the melody to himself once more,
running his thumb over the words he had memorized weeks ago.

Jin felt the first tear fall, but did nothing to stop it.

He had been hoping that he would be able to breathe without the aching pain in his chest.

Today was not that day.

He felt himself collapse onto the floor, note clutched in his hands. He was just as his roommates had
found him that morning. It had been over a month since Namjoon had disappeared into the night.
Seokjin wanted to fucking much to be able to feel nothing. He wanted to be better. He wanted to
forget, but his heart wouldn't let him. It never would.

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Namjoon's hands shook as he pushed open the heavy door of the restaurant. He was sure if his heart
was still beating, the sound would have echoed on he quiet street. He hesitated to even lift his head to
look across the street. He wasn't sure if Jungkook would even show. He had no idea if by "we"
Jungkook meant he would be bringing Jimin along. He had no idea why Jimin and Jungkook were
even in Busan. He had nothing. And that may be what scared Namjoon the most.

He wasn't sure of what was about to happen.

The only thing he knew for sure was that he needed to know how Jin was. He needed to hear that he
was okay, that he was functioning, that he was even alive. He needed it more than he needed air in
his lungs. He just needed to know that somewhere, somehow, Kim Seokjin in his radiant beauty was
alive and quite possibly smiling.

Namjoon was lost in his thoughts when he heard footsteps approach.

"Namjoon hyung..." Jungkook's voice cracked.

His head came up to see Jimin's look of disgust and confusion. Jungkook's hand was woven in
Jimin's own as they came to stand before him.

"Can we walk?" Jungkook asked.

Namjoon could give no answer other than a weak nod.

He wasn't sure how they managed to walk in silence until they reached the water's edge. Namjoon
slipped his shoes off and rolled his pant legs up. He felt the cold, wet sand beneath his toes. It
reminded him of his first night in Busan. He had spent so long in the sand, it became his first solace
after things were done. He had cried so many tears into the cold water that pooled around his ankles.
"Hyung...." Jungkook started.

Namjoon looked up when the first tear fell from his eyes. He couldn't even reply.

"How could you just leave him like that? How!?!" Jimin yelled, "How could you break him like that? He trusted you. He loved you!"

"Jimin hyung-" Jungkook tried to intervene.

"No! No Jungkook. He didn't have to pick up the pieces. He didn't have to stay up with him every single night. He didn't have to hear him sob and plead for him to come back. He didn't have to spend his days coaxing him out of bed. He didn't have to watch him fall apart every single fucking time he heard that song. He didn't have to be there when we thought he was better, just to see it all fall apart again. He left. A few guilty tears don't excuse him!" Jimin yelled.

Namjoon nearly crumbled.

"He fucking left Jin hyung. He walked away like he meant nothing to him. He might have been able to use us all, thats fine with me. He could fuck us all over as much as he wants, but I draw the line when I have to pick my hyung up off the floor because he WON'T FUCKING EAT! You can use us and destroy us and pretend we were nothing but snacks to you but you do not get to break his heart. You do not get my sympathy Kim Namjoon. I've had plenty of people walk out of my life. I can handle another."

Jimin's voice broke with angry tears flowing freely down his face. He wiped then haphazardly and set his jaw firm.

Namjoon let out a choked sob and knelt in the sand. His long legs folded beneath him and his hands sinking into wet sand, he let himself cry. Not just a few lonely tears, but truly cry. He let s strangled breath in as the sobbing wracked his body. He no longer cared about how pathetic he looked. Until now, he hadn't mourned the separation, the loss. He felt hungry. Not for blood, no. That hunger he could deal with. He hungered instead for the life he left behind. He needed the love and care and affection he had grown so accustomed to. He hungered for the sighs that slipped Jin's pink lips as he slept in Namjoon's arms. He hungered for the loud, raucous laughter filling the apartment. He hungered for the smiles, the drunken mistakes, the stupid fights. He hungered for being able to look in the mirror and not wonder what would have been if the scar on his chest was never able to heal. But now, he let it out. He let every feeling leave him.

How could he be so fucking stupid to believe that Jin would be over this. He wanted to believe it. He wanted to think that Jin was over him, smiling, and going on with his life as if Namjoon had never fallen into it. Namjoon felt his chest tighten at the thought of Jin crying. He was pained to know that no matter the circumstance, the sadness that coursed through Seokjin was his fault. This was all his fault.

Every tear. Every meal missed. Every night spent awake. Every single forced smile. It was his fault. Namjoon was a member of the undead, had tried to kill himself, and had been abandoned by his own family. Yet, nothing compared to how much this hurt him. He could turn a thousand times over, be starved of blood until his stomach caved in on itself, or even let an entire novel be carved into his skin by Jungkook himself, anything. He could endure anything if somehow, someway Seokjin would never know pain. If he would never feel hurt or loss or loneliness again. Namjoon felt the barrier break.

"Hyung...." Jungkook's voice was soft.
Namjoon felt a tentative hand on his shoulder.

"Pl-please," Namjoon stared up, tears streaking his face, "just kill me,"

Jimin scrunched his eyebrows and came closer to stand above Namjoon, his hand on Jungkook's arm as if warning him of some unforeseen danger.

"Hyung-" Jungkook began.

"I know you said I couldn't come back," Namjoon bit his lip, "but I will gladly die to see him one last time,"

Jimin's hand on Jungkook slipped away and he took a step back from Jungkook, obviously trying to process what Namjoon had just said. Namjoon knew he was taking a risk. Jimin had no idea what events had taken place that night. He had no idea about the willow wood that Jungkook possessed or the intense pain that it could cause him. He was taking a risk, hoping that maybe Jungkook had a change of heart or that Jimin would possibly take pity when he understood. He wanted to think that maybe, just maybe he had a chance. He needed to see him. He needed to hear his voice. He needed to know that somehow Seokjin, the only person who had truly mattered and truly made a difference, the only person to capture both Namjoon's heart and his soul, was able to move on.

Namjoon looked up once more with a large tear rolling down his cheek, catching on the corner of cracked, plump lips.

"Jungkook...what is he talking about?"

"Minnie hyung-"

"Namjoon hyung, what are you saying?" Jimin pushed Jungkook away.

Namjoon shook his head and his breathing caught and shook his body. Jimin knelt in the sand in front of him and moved his head to catch the elder's eyes. When he connected to deep brown, he searched for answers. Namjoon looked up to stare into Jungkook's eyes. He looked scared. He looked saddened. He looked like he wanted nothing more than to escape the entire situation. Yet, when Namjoon's tear-filled eyes met Jungkook's widened gaze as if to ask the silent question, Jungkook nodded.

"Let him breathe," Jungkook cleared his throat, "I'll tell you everything,"

"Jimin," Namjoon leaned his head onto the younger, "don't be upset with him,"

Jimin gave them a look of confusion and hurt.

"I know...." Jungkook trailed off.

"You know what?"

Jungkook looked at Namjoon who held his hand out. Namjoon wasn't sure why he was taking such pity on the maknae. Maybe it was because that given time, he never blamed Jungkook. He had not once hated the younger. He had simply been hurt. He knew that Jungkook would go to the earth's ends in order to ensure Jin's happiness and safety. He never hated Jungkook because he would have done the exact same, given the positions were switched.

Namjoon held Jungkook's slimmer hand in his own, letting Jungkook easily flip his hand to face palm up. Jungkook ran a finger over the raised scarring of the cross that now adorned his once
flawless tanned skin. Jimin's lip wavered and he searched for answers. His hand came to touch the scar as well.

"I know everything," Jungkook's voice was heavy in the thick silence, broken only by the waves that crashed onto the shore beside them.

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Jin wasn't sure what time it was when he heard the knocking.

He had no idea when he finally fell asleep, his eyes shutting from exhaustion.

He laid in bed and hoped that maybe if he ignored the sound, the person would eventually leave. He rolled his head to the side, catching sight of himself in the mirror across the room. His hair was stark blonde against his skin. His eyes were red and puffy. He was still in Namjoon's oversized black sweater and shorts. He looked like a mess, but it was okay. No one was around to tell him to take it off or to shower. No one was there to help him or police him. He could mope all he damn wanted.

Seokjin was nearly asleep when the knock happened once more. It was quieter, more tentative this time. It was almost 2 am and he groaned. His eyes would be swollen all day if he didn't get any rest soon. His phone buzzed next to him with a message. It was sent about three hours ago, while Jin must have finally fallen asleep. Jin sighed and unlocked his phone. He assumes one of the boys were just checking in on him.

From: Minnie

Please don't hate us. Just hear it all out and then decide how you feel. Promise?

Jin had no idea what the younger was talking about. He hoped he and Jungkook hadn't gotten drunk on their first night out. There was a thump against the door. It sounded like a knock that was abandoned halfway through. Seokjin sighed and found himself fed up. He just wanted to go back to sleep. Whoever was out there would have to put up with his awful appearance and his anger. He

Jin stomped to the door and flung it open.

"I hope you know what fucking time it is because I-"

"Seokjin...." a deep voice cut him off.

When Jin opened his eyes, his breath escaped him. He prayed that he was just dreaming. His mind was playing a cruel, cruel joke on him. It had to be. There would be no other way. He tried to shut his eyes, convince himself he was dreaming. He would wake up soon, at it would be a lie. He knew it.

"Jin please," he spoke again, "I spoke to Jimin and Jungkook.... they sent me here on the first train out. Please just let me in, talk to me, or tell me to leave and I will. I had to know you are okay. I have to fix this. I have to explain. Just please-"

"No," Jin's voice was weak, even to his own ears.

"I'm sorry,"

"No..... You aren't here, this is a dream it has to be because you have been gone for so long and I
swore you didn't need me. You left. This had to be a dream. It's got to-"
"Seokjin..." Namjoon put one hand on Jin's shoulder, covered by a familiar sweater, "I'm here,"

Jin opened his eyes and stared at the man before him. Suddenly, Jimin's message and Jungkook's calls made sense.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for your patience and kind words! Keep leaving feedback and encouragement!
Jungkook sat in the sand, toes dug in as deep as he could without losing sight of his ankles completely. He sat in silence and let the waves come up just far enough to chance dampening the edges of the jacket he had long forgotten.

If the tension and silence were any thicker, he would surely choke.

Jungkook had began to explain things while Namjoon was still there. He never delved into the story more than recounting of events. He did not reveal his motive, his process, or his change of heart. He simply told Jimin about catching on slowly, finding the strange marks. He tells Jimin how he researched and found that vampire was the only possible explanation. He told his lover that he had threatened Namjoon once he found out it was him. Jungkook's eyes had filled with tears as he had explained the effects of willow wood to a vampire, and how he had used the pain to scare their hyung from the home he had grown to call his own. It was then that Jimin demanded Namjoon return to Seoul, with or without them to accompany him.

Namjoon knew he had to do it alone, and Jimin agreed. But now, how could Jungkook look into his hyung's eyes? How could he stare at the man he thought he was finally ready to love without caution. They had become so close, so comfortable as of late. Jungkook could have sworn Jimin was ready to talk about it. He knew that this couldn't all be for nothing. Jungkook could only pray he hadn't shattered everything he had been carefully collecting with each gentle kiss, each tight embrace.

But how did he move on from this?

"Please..." Jungkook's voice cracked, "say anything."

Jimin turned his head to look at the younger. Jungkook was curled as tightly as possible, shaking without realizing it. He wasn't sure if it was from the chill of the ocean's salted spray or the emotions competing within him.

Jimin looked no better. His hair was slightly damp from the mist collecting between locks. Jimin's eyes were rimmed with red from the tears that had long dried in the wake of their silence. Jimin's body was laid across the sand. He had been dipping small fingers into the soft sand, lifting his hands to let each grain run from his fingertips. The feeling was something they were both used to. The sand, the ocean, it was all home to them. Yet suddenly, they felt unwelcome.

"Why, Jungkook?" Jimin's voice sounded small.

Jungkook tried to figure out exactly what Jimin was asking. Before he could ask, Jimin clarified as if reading Jungkook's expression.

Jimin had always been able to see right through Jungkook. The maknae never had to speak, his face said it all for him. Jimin knew Jungkook far better than the youngest knew himself. Maybe that was why he was so easy to fall in love with. Jimin had always been the one person that Jungkook could communicate with, open up to, and show the most vulnerable bits of himself that he had buried so deep.

"Why didn't you talk to me about it? Or any of us, for that matter," Jimin sat up, "We could have
shown you he was harmless. We could have explained. Why did you hide it?"

"I just wanted to protect you all!" Jungkook’s yell was hoarse.

Jimin furrowed his eyebrows at the maknae.

"I wanted to protect you, Jin hyung, everyone. I thought that he was using you all, hurting you. I thought he was tricking you into it and I thought that if I talked about it, he would run off. I didn’t want to let Seokjin hyung get hurt again, not after the last time. I couldn’t let any of you get hurt or lose you I couldn’t-" Jungkook’s breathing was becoming rapid, shallow.

"Jungkook, breathe," Jimin’s hand was tentative on Jungkook’s larger palm.

"I couldn’t lose what family I have left," Jungkook's voice wavered as tears began to run once more.

"Kookie...." Jimin's eyes wet as well.

Jungkook couldn't help but break down. His biggest fear in life is to be abandoned once more. He had lost so many people that he swore would always support him. His parents hadn't spoken to him in what felt like a lifetime. His own brother was out of contact. His friends had drifted away, leaving him in Seoul. Jungkook was nearly a child, alone in a city he was so unfamiliar to. He knew he wanted to dance, to sing, to perform. The guilt wracked him each and every day. But he had made his choice. Once he stepped foot on the train to Seoul, his family closed the door on the only home he had ever known.

Only Seokjin could take him in, teach him to love himself and chase after the dream of his lifetime. Yoongi taught him that passion is all he needed. Hoseok taught him to finally smile. Tae helped him see the simple pleasures. And Jimin, sweet fucking Jimin, taught him to open his heart one more time. Jungkook had built up this wall when his parents told him to pack his things. He told himself strength was all he needed, but this makeshift family.... They didn't break down that wall, they taught him to climb. They showed him, brick by brick, that life within his fortress was nothing in comparison to the world they could show him.

When Jungkook felt like his tiny family, his home, was threatened, he snapped. He had let Namjoon in, made him a part of his life. He trusted his hyung with late night conversation. He brought Namjoon into his world, and felt betrayed. He couldn’t let anything hurt his newly discovered life. In Jungkook’s mind, the choice was set in front of him, and he chose. He chose to shatter the ties with Namjoon if it meant saving the people he loved.

He had never wanted this.

"I j-just wanted to protect you all the way you-you protected me," Jungkook's tears turned to sobs.

Jungkook felt pathetic, expecting Jimin to yell, scream, anything. He was expecting the lecture of the century. He honestly wasn't even going to be surprised.

The last thing Jungkook expected was Jimin's plush lips against his own, his tears being wiped away by sandy tumbs.

"I-I'm sorry," Jungkook's broken whisper was nearly inaudible.

"I know,"

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Namjoon stood in the doorway, breath caught in his throat.

His hand slipped from Seokjin's shoulder, falling at his side.

It had been exactly 57 days since Namjoon saw him. 57 days of heartache, pain, torturous loneliness, and hell. 57 days that Namjoon had contemplated how much he values his life. 57 days that he stared at his wrist, running a finger over the raised, ugly scarring while letting the salty tears flow. He calculated it. He had spent approximately 1,368 hours without him. That's nearly 82,000 minutes. And Namjoon could honestly say that each and every one was spent with Seokjin on his mind.

But 82,000 minutes, 1,368 hours, 57 days... none of it could prepare him for this moment. No matter how much he had yearned to be back in Seoul in this vary apartment, he had never been able to prepare him for the reality of the situation. Although the train ride over gave him some time to avoid having a full panic attack, he still found himself woefully unprepared. He had nothing to say, although he had a million thoughts in his mind. Yet, not a single one of them seemed right. Not a single one of them could help him pour out his soul the say he wanted to.

He had burned too many of the bridges between himself and Jin, if only to create enough distance to heal. He had no idea how to cross the gaps that lay between them. Namjoon was willing to jump, even if it meant falling even further.

"Seokjin-ssi..." Namjoon's voice crumbled at the syllables falling from his lips.

Jin's eyes were rimmed red, as if he had been crying long enough for his tears to dry. His face was slightly puffy from exhaustion, dark circles under his eyes. His hair was left unstyled but was now a bright bleached blonde. His body was covered by a black sweater, but not any sweater. It was Namjoon's. The one that he wore that night he nearly scared Jin to death. Namjoon felt the tears welling back up in his eyes to know that Jin never got rid of it.

Maybe he should have. Maybe it would have helped him to get rid of every last article of clothing Namjoon had been forced to leave behind. To burn each and every novel he had left lying around. Yet, somehow Namjoon felt warmed by the even smallest glimmer of hope that it would be possible to fix this, if there was anything left to fix.

"You-you're here," Jin's lip quivered.

"I'm sorry and I know you probably don't want to see me or even look at me, but I have to tell you what happened. I have to say I'm sorry. I've got to tell you I didn't want to leave I have to-to-to..." Namjoon rushed the words out of himself as fast as possible, without thinking.

Seokjin pulled Namjoon into the apartment by his arm, kicking the door behind them.

"Breathe, Namjoon," Jin's voice is barely above a whisper.

Namjoon tried to slow his breathing, but he cant. He can't because he needs to show Seokjin he's sorry. He needed it more than he needs the air in his lungs. He didn't need to breathe, he needed forgiveness. Namjoon could feel himself panic, but he couldn't get the words to come out. He did what he could. He fell to his knees in front of Jin. He put his hands on the floor and let the sobs come out freely.

"I-I'm so sorry," he bowed, "please..."

He couldn't possibly get anything more out. The sobs kept coming. He let himself cry onto the carpet beneath him. He couldn't care about how pathetic he looked. He needed to tell Jin everything. He had to make this right again.
"Namjoon," Jin sniffed, "get up,"

Namjoon didn't even lift his head from the ground. He stayed with his forehead pressed as far down as he could, his knees screaming from the position.

"Jimin said you wanted to explain..." the elder's voice was shaking, "Please,"

Namjoon couldn't pull himself from the floor. He wanted to, but his legs shook. His tears kept coming, seeping into the rough carpet. He couldn't get up yet, he didn't deserve it. His body shook with the force of the sobbing. He stayed in his bowing position, unwilling to raise up to face Seokjin. He could hear the wavering uncertainty in the elder's voice. He could hear how scratchy Jin's throat must be from each and every time he cried himself to sleep. Namjoon couldn't bring himself to look into those big brown eyes yet. He didn't know if he could handle it yet.

"Fine," Seokjin sighed, breath shaking.

He didn't need to pick his head off the floor to look, his increased hearing allowed him to know that Seokjin was now lowering himself to the floor, sitting next to Namjoon's crumpled form.

"I'm s-sorry," Namjoon whispered into his hands.

"Please just...try to explain this to me," Jin sighed.

Namjoon took a deep breath and willed the tears to stop. He stretched his arms from underneath himself, unfolding his legs. He was now laying flat on his stomach. He kept his hand under his forehead, allowing him some space to breathe. He tried to open his mouth, but shook his head. No words were coming out. He couldn't explain himself. He felt like no matter what he could say, no matter what had truly happened, he was unforgivable.

"Take your time," Jin's voice sounded closer.

The taller boy opened his eyes, looking over to the side. Namjoon's breath caught in his throat when he realized Jin was now laying on his back next to him, tears slowly falling from his eyes as he stared up at the ceiling. Namjoon knew he was unworthy of this. Yet, even now, even with red eyes and messy hair, Seokjin was radiant. He was beautiful, pure, and gentle. He was sweet and caring. He was everything that Namjoon wanted. He knew he couldn't lay here beside him without telling the truth. He couldn't let Seokjin spend another moment thinking that Namjoon could have left him willingly. He needed Seokjin to understand that his heart, his still unbeating heart, had never changed.

"Jung...Jungkook knew, about me," Namjoon began, unsure of his own speaking ability.

Seokjin turned his head to the side, eyebrows worried.

Namjoon took a deep breath, and willed himself to continue.

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Jimin laid in his childhood bed, staring out the window. He couldn't see the beach, but he could hear it in the quiet night. It was late. He wasn't sure what time it even was. He was exhausted both physically and mentally. The night had started off so innocently, but finished in utter chaos and heartbreak. He and Jungkook had laid on the beach to talk until their eyes were long dry and their bodies shaking in the cold.

Jimin had spent much of the night thinking. Even though he was dead tired, his mind couldn't quite
shut down. Maybe he was worried about Namjoon and Jin. He could only imagine how they were right then. He wanted to hope for him best. He felt like if he could forgive Namjoon, maybe Seokjin could to. He knew it was barely comparable, but he could hope. He just wanted them to work. He had never seen someone as distraught as Namjoon, other than Jin. It was apparent to everyone who saw them that each of them were so horribly miserable.

Jungkook began to stir in his sleep, his head pressing into Jimin's chest. The younger boy's eyes were shut tight, his eyebrows drawn together. He began to clench his hand into Jimin's oversized tee shirt that he stole from Jungkook's bag. If Jimin didn't know Jungkook, he wouldn't think anything of it. Unfortunately, he had been through this many times before. He knew all of Jungkook's signs.

"Kookie," Jimin whispered into the raven hair, "baby wake up,

"Jimmnpls" Jungkook mumbled.

Jimin ran his other hand up and down Jungkook's bare back. He wanted to try and wake the younger up as gently as possible.

"Jungkookie," Jimin was a little more insistent.

Jungkook's eyes opened up suddenly. He looked panicked, wild. Jimin wrapped both arms around the younger as he pushed up and stared around the room, his eye filling with tears. He looked like he was ready to run. His hands were clutching onto Jimin's shirt as tight as his fists could allow. Jimin continued running a hand up and down the muscular back in attempt to calm him.

"Shhh, Kookie," Jimin kissed the younger's temple, "It's okay, It was just a nightmare,

Jungkook's breathing slowed a bit. He let go of the shirt in favor of wrapping his arms around Jimin as tight as he could without crushing the poor guy. Jimin let him climb on top of his smaller body, knees at his hips. Jungkook pressed his head into the curve of Jimin's neck where it met his shoulder. Jungkook clung to him as if his life depended on it. Jimin continues to shush him and leaned his head to rest atop Jungkook's. The maknae's hair was still slightly damp but smelled like Jimin's favorite shampoo rather than ocean mist.

"It's okay Jungkook, I'm right here,

Jimin hadn't been able to yell, to scream. When he finally let Jungkook explain himself, his heart broke. Yet, he wasn't mad. He was simply saddened. He knew where Jungkook had come from. He just wished he could have known before it had been this long. He wished that Jungkook trusted him enough to tell him sooner. But Jimin knew he couldn't change the past. Instead, when Jungkook broke down, he was there. Jimin had kissed him until the tears slowed from falling from Jungkook's doe eyes.

And when Jungkook asked Jimin if he was going to leave him, Jimin kissed him again. He kissed him over and over until Jungkook understood. Jimin brought Jungkook back to his home, back into the bedroom, and kissed him more. Jimin laid the maknae down, and proved to him he was going no where. He wanted to make it as clear as possible, so that Jungkook had no doubt in his mind, that Jimin was here to stay. And the moment when they reached their precipice, Jimin whispered gently how much he cared about Jungkook. When they came down from their high, Jimin helped Jungkook into the shower. He had brought the younger into bed once more, rubbing his lower back in hopes he wouldn't leave the maknae sore. He kissed Jungkook over and over, running his hand through his hair while he whispered his confession over and over again.

Which led him to now. He was entangled in Jungkook's overgrown limbs and trying to calm the
younger. Jungkook's nightmares tended to be worse when he was stressed, and Jimin knew that this had been one of the most stressful times in the past few years.

"Minnie hyung?" Jungkook's voice was barely above a whisper.

"Yes Kookie?"

There was a small silence as Jungkook slipped off of Jimin in favor of laying on his side, his hand woven in with Jimin's own.

"Do you think they will all hate me?"

Jimin sighed and turned to his own side to look at Jungkook.

"No one could ever hate you,"

"You don't even hate me just a little?" Jungkook's look was so vulnerable.

"I couldn't if I wanted to," Jimin pulled Jungkook in closer, their bodies pressed together.

Jungkook seemed to relax a little, curling up with Jimin. His blinking became slower, longer. Once Jimin was sure he was falling asleep, he sighed into the younger's hair. Jimin wasn't sure how Jin and Namjoon would be doing, to be honest. He could only hope they were talking it out and trying to work things out. He wanted to think that by this hour, they were making up and forgiving one another for anything that was said or done. However, he couldn't be sure.

What he did know was how miserable some people were when they were alone. And why be miserable apart when you could be happy together?

"I love you, Jungkook," he whispered into the maknae's temple.

"I love you, Jimin hyung" Jungkook's voice was thick with sleep, but made Jimin's heart flutter all the same.

Jimin smiled to himself. He was happy now, with Jungkook in his arms. He tried to think that Namjoon and Seokjin were in the same position, happy. He matched his breathing with Jungkook's own and finally, he felt sleep overtake him.

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Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for your continued love and support. Darlings, feel free to contact me with prompts for one shots, chapter ideas, and feedback. I enjoy hearing your thoughts and wants.
Jin laid next to Namjoon and waited for him to say something, anything.

"Jung...Jungkook knew, about me" Namjoon's voice wavered.

Seokjin felt his breath catch in his throat. His heart was beating so hard, he was sure Namjoon could hear it by now. Jungkook, who he had tried so hard to leave in the dark, had found out about Namjoon. They had tried so hard to wait until Jin was prepared to tell Jungkook himself, but the time never came. He hadn't had the chance before Namjoon disappeared in the middle of the night. Yet, he never told Jin or anyone else that he had discovered anything. Jin wasn't sure he could understand. What did the maknae have to do with him being abandoned?

Before Jin could even get a coherent question together, Namjoon began to speak once more.

"The dinner, when I smelt blood. He s-said he cut himself," Namjoon's eyes were closed, his brow furrowed, "He did it on purpose,"

Suddenly, the pieces began to click. Jungkook had seem the bite on his collarbone and on his bicep when they were working out. He had even mentioned seeming a mark of the similar look on Jimin, in the same place. He had known something strange was going on, but how could a sane person jump to conclusions of vampires in his group of friends? Then Jin recalled the way Jungkook turned red when he saw the drained steaks in the trash with the excuse of "freezerburn". Or the way he had stared in confusion when Jin's textbook was conveniently marked to the page with artery maps.

Jungkook may be naive, but he wasn't an idiot.

Jin closed his eyes and nodded, letting Namjoon continue.

"He cut his hand to see who would react, and realized I was the monster," he shook his head.

"You're not a monster," Jin's voice felt small.

Namjoon turned his head to the side and tears rolled from bloodshot eyes.

"After all this, can you truly still believe that?"

Jin nodded slowly.

"He waited until you were all asleep and I was alone. He cut himself again, and god-" his voice cracked, "I couldn't fucking control my fangs and he got so angry,"

Namjoon's hair was shorter, but not by much. His bangs hung into his eyes. His hair was now an ash blonde, nearly grey. Jin wondered if he got rid of the pink as soon as he could, to forget. Namjoon's skin was too pale. He was supposed to be bronzed and glowing, but he looked ill. Jin couldn't help but wonder when he last time he fed was. No matter how angry and upset he was at this man, this vampire, he was still worrying about him. He still felt something. He stared at the cracked lips until Namjoon began again. This time, with renewed energy.

"He is smart, Jin. You should be proud of him. He did his research and he found out about willow
wood and it's effects. You see, willow wood to me is like poison. It burns so bad and it leaves these wounds that take so long to heal. But it leaves this... this... residue behind. That residue makes sure that even if a cut heals, the pain will stay. It feels like hot iron being pressed into skin..."

Jin felt sick. When Namjoon told him about being nearly invincible, he hadn't considered there being some sort of weakness. How was he supposed to know that his vampire boyfriend had some sort of kryptonite?

"He bought some and sharpened it. I couldn't move, or breathe the pain was....fuck Jin, the pain was nothing I've ever felt before and I shot myself," Namjoon was shaking.

He could barely hear what Namjoon was saying. The blood was rushing in his ears and he sat up to look at Namjoon closer. He couldn't see any injuries, but the again, the taller was covered by fabric. Something in him ached as Namjoon tried to talk about the pain. He gently put his hand on top of Namjoon's larger one.

Maybe it was a sign of empathy. Maybe a sign of affection that remained. He wasn't sure. Namjoon continued to explain what happened that night.

"He told me to leave o-or he would but it through my heart," Namjoon closed his eyes, a stray tear slipping out, "which is the only fucking thing that can kill me,"

Jin let the words sink in. He gripped Namjoon's hand just a bit tighter in his.

There had been some part of himself that believed, even just a bit, that Namjoon had not wanted to go. That maybe someone from his past had returned or that he was dealing with something beyond their control. He wanted to tell himself that there was no possibility that Namjoon left him like that. At the time, it was nothing more than a coping mechanism to help him feel like he hadn't just been dumped. It was more or less Seokjin just trying to console himself, even if he was being delusional.

If only he had known. If he had caught on even a little to what had been happening around him instead of focusing on his birthday or school, he could have stopped this all from happening. He could have saved them all the heartache and the nights they spent apart.

Jin felt the tears begin to form once more, and let Namjoon compose himself before continuing.

"I didn't want to die. He made me write a note so it didn't seem suspicious, but that was the hardest note I've ever written. You have to know that. I cried while writing it until the ink started to smear over the page and the words ran together. It felt like my heart was being ripped out of my chest and you were just laying there, so peaceful and so beautiful. I packed a bare minimum of things and he took me to the door and-and I had to leave or he would kill me, Jin," Namjoon's breaths were ragged.

"He was so angry. I've never seen someone look like that, but I understand him now," Namjoon closed his eyes,"he took the willow wood to my wrist as a reminder that if I came back...."

Namjoon slipped his hand out from Jin's soft palm and flipped it over, exposing the raised, pink scarring of a crucifix that marred the once smooth skin. Jin felt his eyes bulge from his head as he stared at the cross. He ran a single finger over it before raising his head up to look at Namjoon.

"It burns. Night and day, it just burns and aches," Namjoon grimaced, "but it was supposed to remind me not to come back. Yet all it does is remind me of the pain that I know I caused not only you, but everyone else,"

Namjoon took a few shaky breaths and turned to finally lock eyes with Jin's own. Suddenly, those
butterflies were back. The same that filled him when he first met this strange man in the middle of the night on an empty street. The same fluttering as the first time Seokjin's lips brushed against Namjoon's in the middle of the living room they now laid on the floor of. He hadn't felt this way since Namjoon left, but it was now back as if nothing had ever happened. As if no time had passed between them.

"I went and bought a train ticket to whichever train was coming first, and it took me to Busan. I never thought Jimin and Jungkook would find me there, but honestly, I'm glad they did. I didn't care if they had come to kill me or if they wanted me back. The only thing I needed to know was if you were okay. I never should have left in the first place. I should have found a way, but I was scared,"

Namjoon's eyes were trained on his own. He could feel the genuineness in Namjoon's voice. He could feel that what he was speaking was the truth.

"Seokjin-ssi," Namjoon's hand came to grasp Jin's, "I should have let him kill me,

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Jungkook awoke to Jimin's soft, airy voice speaking. But not to him.

He was on the phone with Tae to fill him in on what had happened. He was trying to explain and be calm, but the moment Taehyung heard that Namjoon was back in Seould, presumably with Jin hyung, all hell broke loose. Tae began to dream up all kinds of scenario that could be taking place. He was upset that they hadn't called the moment they found Namjoon and insisted that they all should have had this conversation together.

"So, are we supposed to act like it never happened or...?" Taehyung finally asked.

"I mean, if possible, but we can all talk when we are together," Jimin assure him.

"Should I clue in Minjae?"

"I think that would be best," Jimin explained,"but only after we are able to all talk together,"

"Can I talk to Kookie?"

Jungkook shook his head and motioned wildly. He put his hands together and pantomimed sleeping. He was praying that Jimin would catch on and understand that he wasn't ready to talk yet. He wasn't sure what he could possibly say without breaking down yet again. He and Jimin's relationship was rather fragile already, and he honestly felt like any more meltdowns would break what he had spent so long building.

"He's sleeping," Jimin smiled sadly, "this has really taken it's toll on him,

It didn't take long for Jimin to call Hoseok hyung and Yoongi hyung to tell them as well. Which went even worse than the call to Taehyung.

"WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN?!" Yoongi yelled over the phone.

"Calm down, it's been resolved," Jimin tried to mediate.

"What do you mean,?"

"Jungkook and Namjoon have talked, they understand one another, we can only do the same"
"Fuck that, I'm punching them both!" Yoongi huffed.

"So are we all coming back?" Jungkook asked, suddenly feeling small.

"Of course we are," Hoseok answered, having taken the phone from his boyfriend.

Jungkook fiddled with the edge of his sweater while they talked for a bit longer about what was going on. Jungkook knew he should have expected this all to come out sooner or later, but he didn't want it to happen like this. He had wanted to sit down with his hyungs, explain everything calmly, and ultimately apologize to them all. However, as of now, he only wanted to hide out in Jimin's childhood bedroom and stare out at the quiet streets below them.

He was scared to say a single word. He was scared to move. He was scared that if he made a single mistake, his hyungs would abandon him. Although, he would almost feel better if they did. It was torturous to know he will have to look into each of their eyes to explain that he was the one who did this. He was the one who caused Namjoon to run. He was the one who made Seokjin hyung cry. He was the one who caused all of this pain.

And even though Namjoon hyung had apologized to him, told him he did not blame him, and embraced him before he left, Jungkook still felt this overwhelming sense of guilt. He felt as though he owed each and every one of them something, but he owed Namjoon in the largest amount. Yet, he had forgiven him. He had given Jungkook no second thought in being the evil one who ripped him away from those he had grown so close to.

If Namjoon could forgive Jungkook, why couldn't he forgive himself?

"Jungkook," Jimin came to sit beside the maknae.

Jungkook flopped over and laid his head on Jimin's plush thighs. Jimin simply sighed and ran his short fingers through Jungkook's hair. They stayed like this for quite awhile until Jimin tried to talk again.

"You'll have to face them tomorrow," Jimin nearly whispered to Jungkook below him.

"I know," Jungkook mumbled into Jimin's sweatpants, "but what if they all hate me,"

"Kookie, did we hate Taehyung when he let a stray cat live in the house and it peed all over the furniture?" Jimin asked.

"No, but-

"Did we hate Yoongi hyung when he came home drunk as hell after his dad died, and you two got in a fist fight?"

Jungkook shook his head.

"Did we hate Jin hyung when he had that meltdown over school and kicked us all out for a week?"

Jungkook shook his head once more. He knew what Jimin was getting at.

"Did we hate Hoseok hyung when he took all those pills, never telling us he was struggling?"

"Of course not," Jungkook sighed.

"And did you hate me," Jimin sniffed, "when you told me you loved me, and I ran?"
"I wouldn't ever hate you, Minnie Hyung,"

Jimin wrapped his arms around Jungkook and held him as close as humanly possible. Jungkook could hear every beat of his hyung's heart and feel the air move from his lungs with each breath.

"Then Jungkook, please understand," Jimin cradled each side of Jungkook's jaw in his hands, "that we will always love you and support you,"

Jungkook felt the words. He could feel what Jimin was trying to say to him. He felt warm, loved, and safe within Jimin's arms.

He wanted to believe him.

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Namjoon laid next to Jin, watching the other man rest. He wasn't sleeping, just laying peacefully and relaxing. They were both still on the floor, laying hand in hand, but never truly saying a word. Namjoon was honestly in this state of shock over the entire ordeal. He couldn't believe that he was currently in Seoul, let alone the apartment he had been thinking about for so long. Even if it turned out to be an elaborate dream of some sort, he wanted to stay in it. He wanted to spend as long as he could laying next to Seokjin, basking in the gift of his presence. He wanted to hold him, to kiss him, and to make up for all of the lost time. However, for now, he was satisfied with simply being near him.

It felt like a dream, and Namjoon never wanted to wake up.

He was waiting. For what, he didn't know. Maybe for Jin to change his mind and be angry with him. Maybe for something to go wrong, or for Jungkook to coming running in with that piece of willow wood to tell him it was all a trap. He didn't know what he wanted, but he wished something would happen, no matter how negative it was going to be. The tension in his muscles wouldn't go away. He felt like his body was ready to run at any moment, even if there was no true reason. He could handle Jin yelling at him or telling him to leave, but he's not sure how to be forgiven.

Jin seemed to sense his dilemma and sat up, offering his hand to let Namjoon up as well.

"Namjoon?" Jin's voice was soft.

"I can leave if you want me to," Namjoon bit his lip.

"No!" Jin reached out and grabbed Namjoon's arm.

Namjoon just widened his eyes and stared at his hyung, waiting for an explanation.

"Please don't leave again," Seokjin nearly pleaded.

"I won't," Namjoon cradled Jin's head in his hands, thumbs brushing across his soft cheeks, "I'll be here as long as you still want me,"

Namjoon meant it. He meant every words, every syllable, every single letter. He meant it with all of his stupid undead soul. He wanted to be with Seokjin no matter what he was given to overcome. He would stay until he died or was ripped away. He would spend his time protecting him, caring for him, and making up for each and every tear that was shed over him. It was all he could do to mend the cracks he made in Jin's beautiful heart. He would be there. He would be right by Jin's side.
through each and every minute of it. That was his purpose now, until the end of his time.

Namjoon leaned forward, pressing his forehead against Seokjin's.

"Don't forgive me," Namjoon whispered, plump lower lip wavering.

Jin's soft smile answered him. The elder took his thumb and tilted Namjoon's head up, looking him in the eye and leaning closer.

The soft press of lips against his own nearly made Namjoon jump. Jin was soft, sweet, and loving. The kiss was only a few seconds long, but the emotion behind it was easily understood. Namjoon felt the tears begin to fall. He wasn't sure why he was crying. He was happy, and he was still so, so in love with the man who now sat before him, accepting him in his flawed glory. If anything, he should have been jumping for joy. Yet, here he was crying for what felt like the millionth time in the past few days.

"There is nothing to forgive, Namjoon," Seokjin slowly stood.

The elder held out his hands and waited for Namjoon to take them in his own. He pulled him to his feet and brought Namjoon as close as possible. Namjoon wrapped his long arms around Jin's waist and brought his head to rest on Jin's shoulder. Jin leaned his head onto Namjoon's and hugged him. They stood embracing for what felt like ages. Neither one of them wanted to release the other, in fear that this may be their minds playing a cruel trick. Once they began to relax, Namjoon began to hum.

He hummed the same melody which had flowed through him for the past 57 days. The same melody he had left Seokjin for his birthday surprise that was never given. He wasn't sure that Jin would even recognize it. He had no idea if Jin ever found the CD he made of it, or if he had tried to forget it. He just felt this sense of closure being able to finally sing it to the one he wrote it for. He was about to sing the words when Seokjin began to.

"Eternally, eternally, eternally I want to love you more," his voice was beautiful.

"Eternally, eternally, eternally I'm never gonna leave your side..." Namjoon finished the lyrics.

Jin released Namjoon and smiled at him. It was the first true smile that Namjoon had seen from Jin since he day he left. And he couldn't have wanted anything more. He went to walk forward to kiss Seokjin once more. To show him he was never leaving again. To prove his love was still as strong as ever. To say a million 'i love you's for wasted time.

He was about to do just that when his vision began to fade to black.

The last thing he remembers is feeling like he was falling.

He thinks he faintly heard Seokjin's voice calling out to him as the darkness took over.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for your continued support. Please don't hate me for taking so long to update, as I am currently in nursing school. It takes up a majority of my time. I am hoping to be able to update much quicker this time. Please leave as many comments and
as much feedback as possible! It keeps me motivated. Or come yell at me on tumblr (avery-darling).
"Namjoon!" Jin shouted again.

His heartbeat was racing, his pulse nearly audible. He had no clue what to do, other than panic. Jin could feel the tension set firm into his shoulders. He tried to recall all of the medical knowledge his brain could have possibly absorbed during his time in medical school, but quickly remembered that medical knowledge doesn't exactly apply to the undead. Vampire vital signs aren't exactly something they teach in college.

"I swear to god, Namjoon," Jin was kneeling down by his side, hands on the taller's chest.

It felt all too real.

He had just regained this. He had just been able to kiss Namjoon, to forgive him, and to begin to rebuild the life he had been craving for the past two months. Jin was so ready to start over. He was willing to pretend like all of this had never happened and that things would turn out alright. He wanted to be the optimist in all of this hell. Namjoon may have left him, yes, but there was nothing left but worry and love. Jin had been ready to continue his life the way he wanted to. But now here he was, just where he had started.

Picking a cold and nearly lifeless vampire up and carrying him onto his couch.

Namjoon's body felt shockingly cold against his own. It was like the time the boys convinced him to dive into the lake after sitting in a sauna. The shock sent shivers down his spine. The taller body was sprawled out, lifeless next to him. He could feel the shallow breaths still coming from the younger, but worried all the same. It was too soon. He wasn't done talking to him. He wasn't done taking things through. He wasn't done kissing the cracked lips, softening them. He wasn't done making up for the time they had spent apart.

"Wake up, wake up, wake up," He chanted under his breath.

When Jin was able to lay Namjoon onto the couch and began to cover him in blankets. He ran from room to room gathering as many blankets as he could. He surrounded Namjoon's ashen skin in various shades of plush fabric, hoping to god heating his body would eventually work. He finally brought the last few his own blankets onto Namjoon's pile. He spread the Princess Peach blanket out and sat himself beside the couch.

He felt like collapsing.

He checked the time, it was nearly 9 am. He had been up all night talking with Namjoon, trying to find out the true story of his disappearance. He had been so wrapped up in conversation. He hadn't realized it was the entire night. Jin leaned his head against the mound of blankets he had piled onto the taller man. He wasn't sure where to go from here. The last time Namjoon passed out on him like this, it had taken nearly four hours for him to awake. Jin decided that he might as well get some rest of his own while Namjoon's body attempted to warm itself.

He slipped his hand under the blankets and found the icy fingers within them. He wove his hands into Namjoon's own and tried to warm his calloused skin.
"Please," Jin whispered.

His eyes felt so heavy. It was as though the entire two months worth of missed sleep came rushing back to him. His head felt waterlogged, and he rested his hand against the top of Namjoon's hand intertwined with his own. The chill of Namjoon's skin felt cool against his blushed cheeks from running around the apartment for the past twenty minutes.

"Don't come back to me just to leave again," he felt himself begin to fall.

Jungkook leaned his head against the glass, letting the cool seep into his skin. He let out a sigh and watched as the his breath would fog the view. He brought his hand up and wiped the condensation from in front of him.

The view from the train passed quickly. The trees whipped in and out of view so quickly that the sights became a blur.

"Kookie, do you want some coffee?" Hoseok's voice was soft and sweet.

Jungkook glanced over, shaking is his head quickly.

He and Jimin had met up with Hoseok and Yoongi in Deagu and boarded the train to going back to Seoul. It was a quiet affair. He hadn't quite spoken to the other couple, and he wasn't even sure how to at this point. Hobi was trying. He would occasionally offer Jungkook a travel pillow or something to snack on. He was trying to get the maknae to talk, Jungkook was more than aware of that. Jungkook appreciated the effort, he truly did. However, he still couldn't bring himself to accept any sort of kindness.

Yoongi was a different story. He hadn't said a thing to Jungkook. He wouldn't even look at him. Jungkook understood. He didn't blame his hyung. He could feel each cold gaze fall upon him whenever Yoongi was awake enough to stare a hole into his skull. His heart broke when their eyes connected and Yoongi bit his bottom lip, shaking his head and resting it on Hoseok's shoulder next to him, burrowing.

Jungkook didn't try to speak the entire ride.

He just wanted to sleep. Or maybe go back to Jimin's home. He wasnted to run as far away from his problems as humanly possible. He considered going to America until he remembered his English was horrendous. He should have paid more attention to his classes and his escape plan would have been more attainable. He was trying to think of another country that had possibly more Korean speakers, but his train of thought was interrupted by Jimin.

"Jungkookie?" Jimin leaned onto Jungkook's chest.

Jungkook blinked away his thoughts and looked down at the hyung laying on him.

"Hmmm?"

"You okay?"

Jimin rubbed his hand over Jungkook's chest, grazing short fingernails over his loose white tee. He did it often to calm Jungkook, the repetitive movement was always something to help him clear his
mind. He appreciated the gesture and the fact that Jimin was trying to give him some shred of normalcy in this entire situation. He just wanted to take Jimin back to Busan, forgetting their responsibilities. He wanted to be alone again, but knew he had to go home eventually.

"I'm fine hyung," he faked a smile.

He checked his phone to see how much longer they would be on the train. They had about a half hour left, it being around 3 pm. His stomach was about to growl from the lack of a real lunch to sustain him. Jungkook groaned and began to grab a snack from his bag, offering some to Jimin.

They would have been there by now, but Jungkook had made a big deal about leaving Jimin's family in order to delay. Jimin's mom was so weak for Jungkook that she cooed over his departure and insisted on making plans for a return visit. The delay had worked, but he worried about their arrival no less. If only he could have pushed it off for another day.

He could only imagine how Jin was taking things. Their relationship was probably broken beyond repair, and it was all Jungkook's fault. That he knew. With the way Yoongi was seething at him, he wondered how he would react to Namjoon. The last time Yoongi confronted Namjoon, he punched the vampire. Jungkook was also terrified to think how anyone would react to him. He was imagining the worst, he couldn't help it in such a situation.

He wouldn't even blame them if they asked him to leave.

Jimin's eyes were soft. He sat up straighter and put his arm around Jungkook, bringing him into his lap to lay down. The moment his head rested upon Jimin's plush thighs and felt he smaller, soft fingers weave their way into his hair, Jungkook could feel the wave of peace overtake him. His breath evened out. Before he fell asleep, he wondered how his hyungs were doing back in the city.

The sound of a high pitched girl group song awoke him nearly instantly.

"Hoseokie," Yoongi's voice was like gravel, "Babe, your phone;"

Hoseok picked up his cell and turned it over, the screen illuminating the area.

"It's Jin hyung..." Hobi's face was gaunt,"What do I do?"

"Uhm? Answer it?" Jimin's answer was laced with sarcasm.

Hoseok fumbled for a moment, finally answering the call. He put it on speaker phone almost immediately, placing it in the center of their little group. Jungkook found himself leaning away as much as he still could. He didn't want Jin to hear his voice yet. He wasn't ready to be yelled at or told that Namjoon was gone for good because of his irrational actions.

"Hey hyung, we're all here but Tae and Minjae," Hoseok lightly said, "How are-"

"HELP!" Jin's cry was shrill.

"Woah hyung, slow down, what's going on?" Yoongi grabbed the phone from his boyfriend's hand.

"He's still asleep, he passed out and I thought he'd wake up by now but he's not okay;"

They all exchanged looks. Jungkook felt the fear of the situation sink in.

"He's been out since nine this morning. He won't wake up!" Jin's voice sounded wrecked.

Jimin's eyes began to gloss over. He was always a bit more emotional. Jungkook sat up, lifting his
head out of his hyung's lap and reaching for his hand. Jimin let a few stray tears fall out of fear for Namjoon. Jungkook felt bile in his throat. What if this was related to the wood or something he did? If Namjoon died, it would be his fault. Jungkook was lightheaded. He didn't remember the website saying anything about death from the toxins.

"Seokjin hyung, you need to breathe," Hoseok tried to remain calm.

"NO! He's not okay!" the shouting rang through the phone.

Jungkook felt tears begin to spring as Yoongi stared him down. The gaze was so full of anger and blame. Suddenly, he remembered something.

Jungkook sprang forward and grabbed the phone from Yoongi's hand.

"Hyung, it's Jungkook, you need to listen to me,"

He barely trusted his own voice. It trembled and sounded weak even to his own ears. He sounded young and unsure. He cleared his throat and began to speak once more, trying to convey his absolute truth.

"I read a lot when I found out, okay? And I remember something about this," Jungkook rushed, "He's cold right?"

"Yes! He's fucking freezing and he won't warm up," the boys could hear the tears in their hyungs voice.

Jungkook took a deep breath and kept on going.

"He's going into something called stasis"

Jungkook looked up to find a varied reaction around him. Hoseok was biting his lip, he looked worried. Yoongi was apprehensively listening. Jungkook knew it would take much more for his hyung to trust him again, but he needed to do this. He needed to try again. He had to save Namjoon, even if he was the reason this was happening in he first place. He needed to make up for his own mistakes.

"WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?!" Hoseok shrieked.

Yoongi turned his focus onto calming his boyfriend instead of burning holes into Jungkook's head.

Jungkook looked up to see Jimin. He was shaking slightly. His eyes were brimming with unshed tears and Jungkook's heart fucking broke. This was his fault, but he was going to fix it. He knew he could. Jungkook grabbed Jimin's hand and began to stroke it with his thumb.

"He's not had enough blood, and since he was used to having alot, his body is thinking he's-he's"

"He's malnursished," Yoongi suddenly understood.

"Yes! But he needs a bunch of really good blood to get better, hyung. He'll wake up again," Jungkook's hands shook.

There was silence in the train car and on the other line of he phone.

"H-he needs a big artery and warm blood," Jin repeated.

"Yes he needs."
Suddenly, the phone went dead. The call was ended on the other end. Jin had hung up on them. Jungkook began to cry in earnest and was promptly scooped into Jimin's arms. The train continued on it's path and Jungkook checked the time. They had ten more minutes and a possibly twenty minute cab ride. Jungkook felt more fear now than before. If Namjoon didn't make it... If Jungkook was wrong...

Jungkook felt a hand on his own, but it was too large to be Jimin's.

He looked up to see Yoongi's long, thing fingers wrap themselves around his own. Yoongi pursed his lips together and leaned his head onto Hoseok's. He stared at Jungkook once more, but the feeling had changed.

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Jin dropped the phone, not even flinching at the harsh tone of the metal clattering to the ground.

He ran back over to the couch and began ripping off the layers of blankets. He nearly climbed on top of Namjoon's lifeless body and shook his as hard as he could. The vampire's body simply ragdolled with the sudden motion. Jin began to panic,

"How can you eat if you aren't even awake?" Jin mumbled.

His pulse was racing. He had to do something. He needed to wake up Namjoon somehow, someway. He couldn't feed if his fangs weren't even descended. Jin got an idea and ran to the kitchen, grabbing the nearest knife from a drawer.

He didn't even think.

There are many things that Jin would say make him "crazy". He gets crazy when the boys don't do the dishes. He gets crazy when he has multiple tests in the same week. He gets crazy when his parents fight with him. He gets crazy when people treat his friends wrong. But this? This is a new level of crazy that he had never reached. He recognized this fact as he wrapped his hands around the handle of his favorite paring knife and brought it to his wrist. He barely processed the pain as the blood began to flow down his hand.

I guess love is what really, truly makes him crazy.

Jin brought his bleeding wrist to Namjoon's lips. The red began to smear plump lips, dripping from the corners of his mouth. Jin had been expected him to wake up nearly instantly at the smell of fresh blood. He would he let him drain him whole when he woke up.

But nothing happened.

Namjoon's face was still an unnerving shade of grey, eyes closed and skin like ice.

He wasn't waking up.

If Jin wasn't truly panicking before, he began to. He started to hyperventilate and tears began to flow as he withdrew his bleeding wrist. The worst thoughts began to run through his head. He could only think Namjoon had starved himself on purpose, not knowing that he wouldn't die from it. Jin feared that maybe he could have saved him hours ago, but he had waited too long. He feared that he was too late.

Jin refused to believe that it was over. He needed to keep trying.
He thought about anything that would wake him. He needed some sort of shock to Namjoon’s system to jolt him out of whatever stasis was. He needed to wake him up somehow. He began to think about what they would do for a medical patient who was human. All he could think of was adreneline shots and the way they could shock a person back into the realm of the living. Suddenly, the idea hit him.

He went tearing into Jungkook’s room. He began to search like a mad man. He wasn’t even sure what he was searching for or if he would know when he found it. Jin was throwing Jungkook’s clothes from his dresser and tearing the blankets from his bed. The room would look like a tornado had gone through by the time he was finished, but it was the least of Jin’s worries at the moment.

He was throwing shoe boxes from the closet when one of them felt heavier than normal. He ripped the lip from it and peered within. Lying in the box was a sharpened, pale piece of wood. It looked like an arrow from some sort of ancient civilization, it was so sharp. He was going to question if this could possibly be what he was looking for when he saw the tip of the spear-like branch.

Blood stained the wood, long dried.

He grabbed the wood and ran back into the living room at a speed he didn't know he was capable of. He climbed back onto the couch and straddled Namjoon’s hips, balancing himself. He ripped the thin black shirt from Namjoon's chest, utterly ruining the piece of fabric. He could only think of how adrenaline is administered. Except Namjoon had told him, willow wood to the heart is fatal.

Jin moved to the opposite side of bared chest. He lined the sharpened point with the circular scar that marred the left side. Jin took a deep breath and tried to steady his hands.

He was shaking so badly, and the tears made it difficult to keep a good line of sight as to what he was doing.

"Please work," he pleaded, with whom, he isn't sure.

Jin closed his eyes, and pressed the wood into into cold flesh.

He opened his eyes and waited for any response as he pressed the wood into Namjoon's chest. Jin couldn’t breathe. He couldn't think. He could barely keep from outright sobbing. He tears were falling onto Namjoon's exposed skin and his wrist continued to bleed, although it was beginning to clot. Jin’s arm was a bloodied mess as well as Namjoon's unmoving lips.

He couldn't let go of Namjoon.

Not yet.

"Please!," Jin cried once more, pressing the wood further into pale skin.

Jin closed his eyes and sobs wracked his body. He shook with the force of his cries. The tears flowed freely down his cheeks and into his collar. He could feel his heart breaking. His cries were nearly silent. Jin was about to give up when he heard a gasp come from beneath him.

He looked down suddenly to see Namjoon's eyes fly open, his bloodied lips parted to reveal slowly descending fangs.

Chapter End Notes
I love you all so much! Thank you for continuing to read and follow along. Comments and feedback appreciated!
Namjoon felt like he was floating.

His body was light and his head was swimming. He couldn't quite pinpoint where he was or why he was there.

He couldn't help but wonder if this is what dying felt like. He used to wonder if he would ever experience death and the way the mind would slowly shut down, leaving the body behind. However, he could still feel his body. He was cold, but he was there. He was aware that he was living, but he couldn't quite move or communicate or even open his eyes. It was the most easily equated with a coma, not that Namjoon had ever been in one before.

It was the twilight zone of living.

He was alive, but not truly. He was trapped in his body and his mind, awaiting something. He wasn't even sure what he was waiting for. He just knew that he feared staying in this strange sense of life without living forever.

Until the pain woke him up.

It was searing, burning into his chest like a match pressed to skin. His mind could only focus on the feeling. The pain was immense, but he couldn't bring himself to move or scream out. He struggled with his own consciousness to stop the pain, but he could not. He could only lie there and let the numbing pain press into his chest. He tried to place where he had felt this before, but was at a loss. How could he think like this? He was beginning to tolerate the pain, until it deepened.

Sharp, dagger pain spread the searing burn into his muscles, making his nerves and body alight. He could feel his eyes welling with tears and his body screaming out to move, yell, or anything. He remembered feeling a shuddering breath and hearing something he couldn't identify. It sounded like a distant voice. His chest was in excruciating pain at this point and he knew if he did nothing, he would black out. As he was nearing this point, he heard it.

"Please!"

Seokjin

His mind forgot the pain, focusing on the name, the idea, the only shred of hope left in his slowly slumbering brain.

Seokjin. Seokjin. Seokjin.

He felt something other than the pain. A droplet falling onto bared skin. He tried to understand what was happening, but his brain was moving in slow motion as if he was swimming through molasses. He had to wake up. He had to do it, not to stop the pain for for Seokjin. He felt his lungs give a sudden gasp, taking in all the air that they could before he was able to break through and open his eyes. He stared up, aware of the way his vision was dimmed, as if he was looking through a tunnel. The edges were blackened and he could feel that his hearing was not quite as acute as it had been since his turning. It felt as though there was cotton in his ears, blocking all noise.
He opened his eyes and opened his mouth, a familiar chocolate taste lacing them. He could feel that his fangs had dropped and he looked up.

Jin's eyes were like home. They were big, brown and trained on his every move. Namjoon couldn't quite understand why his lover's eyes were filled with tears and worry. He wanted to reach up and brush the moisture falling from his eyes, but his arms couldn't quite move in the way he told them to. He felt like jello. He tried to lean forward, but his muscles were too weak.

He saw the willow wood from the corner of his eye and shuddered. He knew that there was no way that Jin would ever try to hurt him out of malice, but the sheer sight of the dagger made him feel weak and scared. He could only think of the last time he had felt that pain. He was afraid. He watched Jin drop the dagger to the floor and focus on him entirely. He tried to speak, but his throat felt cracked and dry. He was hungry.

He was hungrier than he had been in ages and he could feel his body shutting down. This is how vampires die, he thought. He was dying, but he was okay. He was at peace now with his body being cradled by Jin's warm hands. He tried to say how much he loved Seokjin, but realized the elder was speaking. He tried to pay attention to the words flowing from pretty pink lips, but he couldn't understand. He caught bits and pieces.

"... have to. I know you don't want to, but you have to Namjoon," Jin's voice was shaking.

Namjoon furrowed his eyebrows and stared at him, trying to understand. He was trying to focus, but the smell of blood was wafting through his senses. He tried to search for the source, and caught Jin's wrist from the corner of his eye. It was freely bleeding and he felt his eyes grow even darker in shade. He didn't want Seokjin to see, and tried to close his eyes to listen. Instead of continuing to speak, Jin pressed the bleeding wrist to Namjoon's lips. Before he could even think, Namjoon's body took over. He sank his fangs into the wound and began to drink, but couldn't quite get enough.

"Joon, you need to bite a bigger artery," Jin was leaning down now.

Namjoon released the wrist, his vision a bit better, but still fuzzy. He could hear better and tried to look at Jin long enough to understand what the elder was telling him.

"Please, It's okay," His voice was rushed, "You have to bite me,"

Namjoon wanted to shake his head and tell Jin that he has just drank some, but it wasn't enough. He didn't understand why Seokjin was trying to tell him to drink more and bite him again. He was opening and closing his mouth like a fish out of water, attempting to speak. His fangs would press into his lip each time. He turned his face into Jin's hand that cradled his cheek.

"You need to bite my neck, Namjoon," Seokjin whispered.

His eyes opened wide as the words sank in. Namjoon tried to shake his head once more but Jin was already sitting up and slipping off his sweater, Namjoon's sweater, and revealing his soft, pale skin to Namjoon.

"I can't lose you again,"

Namjoon felt tears fall from his eyes as he pressed a kiss to Jin's neck.

"Please," Namjoon gave a hoarse whisper.

He wasn't sure what he was pleading for.
His mind was torn. The human part of him was pleading Jin not to do this. He was pleading the man he loved not to let some kind of monster take that much blood so fast. He was pleading to ask that he would change his mind. That he would recognize that there was no way that Namjoon would be able to safely, in his right mind take the right amount of blood without hurting him. He was pleading Jin to back off and to give him only enough to survive for now.

The other half was a monster. He felt the other half pleading Seokjin to come closer, allow him to sink sharp fangs into warm flesh. It was begging to drink from Jin, taking as much as he could get until he felt normal again, and then possibly even more. He was starving, and his body wanted what his mind wouldn’t allow. He was at battle with himself. He was afraid of himself, and he was afraid that he would hurt Jin. He was at war between the side of him that wanted to save Jin from any pain and the side that wanted to drain his entire body of blood.

Namjoon began to panic as he realized he couldn't tell which side was winning.

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"Hello You've reached Jin's phone. Sorry I can't take your call right now. Leave me a message and I promise I'll-"

"Fuck!" Jungkook sighed.

Jungkook tried to call Jin's phone multiple times as they arrived in Seoul.

He received no answer each time, even if he placed the call from someone else's cell phone. He felt like his heart would burst from his chest when the train arrived at the station. They were now in the cab, but they had at least twenty minutes until they would arrive back at the apartment. Jimin was watching as Seoul would pass by the window, lit by various street signs along the road. He was trying to calm Jungkook by rubbing his hand over his back, but it wasn't working.

Jungkook was still a bundle of nerves.

He called Yoongi's phone and the elder aswered right away.

"I still can't reach him," Jungkook spoke

"They are going to be okay," Yoongi tried to calm him.

Jungkook could hear quiet crying from the other end of the phone. There was lower shaking sobs and a higher sniffling. He felt his hear break as he realized it was two different sets of cries. Yoongi might have been best at keeping himself together, but he was in the car with two who couldn't.

"Hyung..."

"It's okay Kooke, we'll be there soon," Yoongi tried to soothe him.

They had managed to get a hold of Taehyung and Minjae, informing Taehyung that he should probably leave Minjae at his place and meet them up at the airport. He did, and was now in the cab behind them with Hoseok and Yoongi as they filled him in on the events as of late. They knew that Jungkook wouldn't be able to keep it better long enough to explain that Namjoon was not okay and what 'stasis' meant. He could barely handle thinking about it.

Jungkook hung up the phone and put his head in his hands.

"I'm sure he's going to be okay, Kookie," Jimin leaned his head on Jungkook's shoulder.
"I-I just..."

"I know, but you told hyung what to do and I'm sure he has taken care of it," he tried to reassure. Jungkook looked up to him and knew his hyung was lying. Jimin wore his emotions on his sleeve and was terrible at lying. His eyes were darkened underneath, making him look as though he hadn't slept in weeks. He was biting on his plump lower lip, worrying it between his teeth. Jungkook was sure it had to hurt a bit. He was also rubbing his palm on his jeans over and over. They were telltale signs that while he was saying things to try and comfort the maknae, he didn't believe a word coming from his mouth.

It wasn't upsetting to him, he knew that Jimin was simply trying his best. Jungkook couldn't help but feel a sense of guilt once more, but this time towards the man he loved. He was trying so hard for him, but Jungkook was giving nearly nothing back in return. He wished he could go back in time and fix all of this, but knew that he had no other choice than to face his demons now.

"It's okay to be worried," Jungkook's voice was meek. Jimin looked back at him.

"I know you are," Jungkook kissed Jimin's temple, "I can tell,"

"When did you get so good at reading me?" Jimin huffed with a weak smile. Jungkook shrugged and kissed Jimin's cheek once more, and his jawline for good measure. Jimin likes physical comfort, and Jungkook was more than willing to try and comfort him. He laid back and wrapped his arms around Jimin's slim waist. Jimin let out a shuddering breath and leaned into the touch.

"When I fell in love with you" Jungkook whispered into Jimin's shirt.

It was loud enough for Jimin to hear. They sat like that for awhile longer, just relishing the familiar touch in such a tense time. When they began to get closer to the apartment, the anxiety began to build once more. Jungkook was tapping his feet against the cab seat. Jimin was back to biting his lip till it turned a light shade of red. They had no idea what to expect as they arrived back. They could find that Jin was unable to get Namjoon from stasis, or that Namjoon was okay and Jin was happy. Everything might be okay. Jungkook tried to remind himself that over and over again. They could be worrying over nothing.

"What if he gets him blood, but he takes too much?" Jimin pursed his lips.

In all honesty, the thought had no yet crossed Jungkook's mind. He had been too wracked with guilt about possibly being the reason Namjoon goes into stasis and God knows that Jungkook had no idea how to reverse it. He was trying to think about the fact that the entire situation was his fault and worrying about Namjoon and himself. He had forgotten that Jin was about to give up a large amount of blood. Although Jimin and others had told him that Namjoon was in control and could easily stop feeding from them, he felt a sense of unease.

Namjoon was severely malnourished. While he had been able to control himself and the amount of blood that he took from his friends, he had never been this desperate and hungry. Jungkook felt a wave of nausea hit him as he realized that Namjoon was about to take so much blood from his hyung who nearly raised him. He was reminded about how Namjoon had never had human blood until coming to meet Jin. Jungkook had only ever seen band aids and bite marks on arms and Jin's collarbones. It was likely that Namjoon had ever even taken blood from such a large artery.
The combination of hunger and new site access would mean a brand new experience for Namjoon.

Jungkook found himself wondering if he had saved Namjoon, but at the cost of Seokjin.

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Jin was shaking with nerves.

Although Namjoon's eyes were open and he was moving slightly, he wasn't saying anything. His breaths were gasps and his mouth moved as though it was forming inaudible words. He was trying to move around but his body seemed to give up on him. He was so much weaker than Seokjin had ever seen him before, and it was causing a panic to spread through his body. He recalled exactly what Jungkook had told him. Namjoon needed blood and a lot of it from a source as close to the heart as possible.

He had already tried to liven Namjoon up by letting him feed from his bleeding wrist. Although he was improved a bit, it was clear that is was no where near enough blood. His lover's eyes were opening and closing in groggy panic while Jin's hand fell asleep from lack of blood supply. The moment Namjoon pulled back, he shook his head. Namjoon knew they had to get him more. He must understand.

Seokjin tried to tell him once more to ensure he got his point across.

"You need to bite my neck, Namjoon"

He could see the idea click in the vampire's brain. Namjoon looked afraid, not of Seokjin, but of himself. They had never brought up the idea, but Jin was well aware of how the taller felt about it. He had been so tentative about biting Jin for the first time that he nearly ran away all together. He was the first taste of human blood Namjoon had ever had, and it was such a humbling experience to be able to be the first, the favorite, and now... the savior.

He leaned up and sat back onto Namjoon's thighs. He gripped the soft black sweater at the hem and slipped it over his head, not caring how it may mess up his blonde locks. He tossed the sweater to the side and shivered as cool air met his skin. Although the weather had begun to change, he had neglected to turn on the heat. Jin leaned down to Namjoon and saw the emotions in his glassy eyes.

"I can't lose you again,"

When the tears began to fall from the younger's eyes, he couldn't take anymore. He wrapped his arms around Namjoon's body and pulled him to sit up, leaning against his body for support. Jin cradled his head and held the freezing cold skin against his own, letting him leech the warmth from his body. He brought his lips to Namjoon's and kissed him with every fiber in his being. He needed him to understand that he loved him. That he trusted him. Jin could taste his own blood on Namjoon's lips, but he couldn't care less. He just needed Namjoon's closeness.

They broke apart, leaving each of them gasping for air. Namjoon's arms were around his waist, clinging for dear life as they kisses, but now moved. Namjoon was shaking his head and whispering something Jin couldn't quite catch. The elder leaned in to hear and continued holding Namjoon upright.

"I can't, I c-can't, I can't," Namjoon was repeating.

"You need to Joon,"

Namjoon's eyes were watering and he was beginning to shake. Jin knew he didn't have much time.
He brought Namjoon lips to his carotid artery and rested his head on the silvery hair below him.

"I love you, I trust you," Seokjin choked out, "You won't hurt me,"

Namjoon's large rough hand came to hold one of Jin's. His thumb was trying to strok the backside of his hand in the same way that Seokjin used to do to him whenever he was upset. Jin nearly laughed, knowing Namjoon was using his own calming techniques on him. Namjoon's slender fingers interwove themselves with Jin's own softer skin. Jin felt the other hand leave his back and travel up to support the opposite side of his neck. Namjoon's thumb gently caressed his bottom lip. He could nearly cry at how gentle the younger man was being with him. He was treating Jin as though he was made from glass.

"I love you..." Namjoon whispered against his neck.

Jin felt a tear fall from his eye and slip down to Namjoon's hand.

He was scared. He had no idea what would happen. He trusted Namjoon, but he couldn't help but fear the amount of blood loss he would experience. He was aware of the risks. He knew that he could possibly be dizzy as usual, pass out, or possibly even die. It all came down to how much blood Namjoon would take from him. He was putting his life in the larger calloused hands of the person he loved. Seokjin took a deep breath and nodded to let Namjoon know he was ready.

Namjoon nuzzled into Jin's neck and let out a sigh of nerves. It was semi-comforting to know that Namjoon was just as nervous as Seokjin.

His hand that was intertwined with Namjoon's was squeezed as a distraction, and before he knew it, Namjoon began.

"Namjoon" Jin gasped.

The initial shock and pain of the fangs piercing into his skin faded quickly. He felt Namjoon take the first long draw of blood and shuddered at the feeling. The second draw was longer, smoother. Jin's head felt a little light and his heartbeat began to speed up. He gripped Namjoon's hand a little tighter and noticed Namjoon sit up a bit easier by himself. Jin let his arm off of the vampire's waist and ran his fingers though Namjoon's hair. The third draw was easier, almost unrecognizable. There was no pain left and Seokjin felt all anxiety leave his body. He could only focus on the feeling of Namjoon against his skin. He felt at ease in Namjoon's arms.

The next draw brought all of his feelings and thoughts about his first experience back. He remembered how nervous they both had been. He remembered the initial shock and the way he had felt. He remembered the look in Namjoon's eyes and how gentle he had been, just like he was now. Jin couldn't help but wonder how long Namjoon had loved him, even before Jin knew.

The fifth draw in made stars appear in Seokjin's view. His eyes closed and he struggled to open them again. He felt like he was falling, but he couldn't help but care. He wasn't afraid. Namjoon's arms were still holding him in place. He was no longer holding himself up, but laying on Namjoon's shoulder, head and neck still held up by the taller man. He felt warm, comforted.

With the sixth draw, he felt himself feel shrouded by Namjoon. His smell, his touch, his entire existence. He could only think about Kim Namjoon, vampire, lover, and beautiful soul. It was as though any thoughts in his mind were replaced by the thought of the man who cradled him in his arms. His breathing slowed down and his vision went black. He wanted to hold Namjoon once more, but his arms were too heavy to move. He was content enough to hum into the silver hair below him.
His entire brain was filled with thoughts of Namjoon and the love and affection he felt for him. He was overwhelmed, but it was so positive. He felt as though he could feel the love Namjoon still had for him. He could feel every whisper and every apology Namjoon had for him. All without a single word spoken. He didn't understand what was going on, but he couldn't care less.

He had lost track of how many times Namjoon had sucked in more blood. He simply knew he was tired.

"I love you," Seokjin whispered once more.

He felt himself become too weak to move around any more, he felt too tired to even voice anything else to the man he loved. Seokjin was fading into a comfortable, warm darkness. But he wasn't afraid. He wasn't in pain. He wasn't worried. He was simply loved.

Namjoon's lips left his neck and he felt kisses on his wounds. They didn't hurt. He could feel rivulets of blood begin to drip from his neck. He felt Namjoon hold him even closer and whisper something. He couldn't hear what was said. He was too far into the abyss that awaited him. Namjoon's was shifting them so Jin was now laying on top of the taller, chest to chest. Jin knew he was about to pass out, but he couldn't find it in him to care. He just let Namjoon hold him, hand pressing on his bite mark, he assumed to stop the bleeding. He heard Namjoon say something once more, louder this time. Seokjin's eyes flickered open to look up at him.

"Are you okay?" Namjoon asked

Jin couldn't answer him. The words refused to come.

"Stay with me, sweetheart," Namjoon pleaded.

Namjoon wasn't as pale. He was golden once more, his eyes no longer blackened, but a soft brown as they stared down at him. His hair was in a state of disarray, but the way the night caught it made it look like a soft glowing halo around his head. His lips were stained with blood that was beginning to dry in the corners, but his fangs were nearly gone. He looked worried, but beautiful all the same. He looked like an angel. Although a dark angel, he is still perfect in Jin's eyes.

Jin remembers smiling. He remembers wanting to say something to Namjoon, but not being able to. Someone shouted his name from the other side of the room, but he wasn't sure who. He heard something akin to a growl come from behind him, but was too sleepy to care. He remembers everything fading into nothingness, and the feeling of falling. The last thing on his mind was Namjoon's touch.

Jin was flying.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for sticking by me and reading this story as I find time to write chapters I can say I'm proud of. You are all the best! I'm super enjoying this story, but feel free to check out any of my other works as I work on the next chapters to come.

Comments and feedback are encouraged!
Jungkook took off in a mad sprint toward the apartment. His feet barely kissed pavement as he ran. He could feel his heart beating heavily in his chest accompanied by only the screaming that his lungs were giving out from the overexertion.

His feet skid around the corner of the building, and he was vaguely aware of patter coming from behind him. He could only assume it was his hyungs who were trying their hardest to match his pace. He could have slowed up for him, but he didn't care. He needed to wrench open the door and see his life as it was. He doesn't need to see smiles, laughter or anything particularly spectacular. He just needed normalcy.

He needed the complacent calm that he had lived under for the past few years. He wasn't even sure if he'd care too much if Jin and Namjoon were going to sit and pretend he knew nothing. He could pretend. Jungkook could play his hand at acting clueless as long as it meant that there would be no leaving. No hyungs would pack a single thing. Jungkook would run into his room and begin to pull out the things he had hidden away to protect his hyung from even the simplest of glimpses of sadness.

He remembered the sobbing sounds he had heard that morning, when Namjoon left.

The ugly, heaving sobs that Seokjin would let out with each gasp of air. He remembered hearing the way Jin would sigh in disappointment each time the sun rose yet again. He remembered the small sniffing cries that Seokjin thought no one would hear in the dead of night.

Honestly, he was preparing himself to hear them once more. He was ready to walk into death, tragedy, and blood.

"Jungkook!" Yoongi's voice was yelling up the stairs at him.

Jungkook would only throw a glance over his shoulder as he rounded the top of the stairs. He reached for his keys and nearly cut himself from the jagged metal edge. As he came to stand in front of he door, his mind froze. His hand traced the outline of the door handle and he could hear the quiet murmur of a voice from behind the solid wood. It was barely audible, and could possibly even be the television.

Yet to Jungkook, there was the possibility that it was Seokjin. Or that it was Namjoon. That one small glimmer of hope or chance that there may be life and movement in the apartment within. It was a sign that maybe, just maybe, everything was okay. He could only pray to himself that maybe his hyungs were together and smiling. Jungkook tried to imagine them sitting on the couch together, Jin laying his head on Namjoon's shoulders as he normally had. That they would be holding hands and enjoying the reunited bliss. Hell, Jungkook didn't even care if he walked in to see them making out at his point, he just wanted them to be okay.

His hands shook as he pressed in his key and heard the click of the lock slide. He turned to see Yoongi and Hoseok rounding the top of the stairs, Tae and Jimin right behind them. Jungkook pushed the door before he could think about the "what if's" any further. He wanted to see the situation that awaited him before his hyungs could. He tried to say that it was because he was nervous, but knew that deep down he was afraid of his hyungs blaming him for what lay beyond the
wooden frame.

Jungkook was slightly aware of the tears that were escaping his eyes as he pushed the door open, nearly falling into the living room.

"Hyung..." he choked out.

He wasn't sure who he was calling out for. Everyone was his hyung and would answer to the call, but he called out anyway. His voice was unable to call out once more as he glanced around the room, frantic.

His feet carried him into the living room when he caught glimpse of a pale hand hanging from the couch, wrist bloody.

There were tears blurring his vision as he stumbled to see more pale skin. It was Seokjin. Jungkook tried to call out again, but his voice cracked, unable to form the name. He was mildly aware of his hyungs entering the room after him as Jungkook came to collapse on the floor next to his hyung's seemingly lifeless body. Jungkook kneeled by the couch and reached out for Jin. He was shirtless, a vast expanse of pale skin exposed in the cool air of the apartment. However, the shock came from seeing the puncture wounds on his neck.

Namjoon had fed from him, that much Jungkook knew.

There was a thin trail of dried blood that ran from the wounds to Jin's collarbone, smeared at the end. Jungkook felt like his worst nightmare was coming true. He looked over his hyung's form to find any sign of life. He was about to panic when he saw the slight rise and fall of Seokjin's bare chest. He was breathing, but slowly. Almost as if he was in a deep sleep. Jungkook reached out with trembling hands and shook his eldest hyung.

"wake up, please hyung.... wake up!" Jungkook shouted.

Jin's eyes fluttered, but remained closed. Jungkook tried to shake him once more, tears still flowing from his own eyes. He barely registered how hard he was moving the unconscious man until he felt a grip on his shoulders pull him back.

"Jungkook, stop!" Jimin pulled him back. "He's just resting,"

"He's not okay," Jungkook shook his head, reaching out,

Yoongi came over and pulled Jungkook up to his feet. For being so small and looking weak, he could really throw people around. Jungkook stood in shock for a moment while until Yoongi motioned for everyone to follow him into the kitchen. Hoseok was still white as a ghost, reaching for his boyfriend's hand. Jungkook watched as Yoongi kissed Hoseok's temple in order to calm him. Tae was still crying but walked alongside Jimin. Jungkook hung his head as he walked into the room. He was expecting them to begin to yell, tell him how irresponsible he had been. He was expecting Yoongi to tell him he could have killed Seokjin.

Yet no one spoke for a few moments. They all stood in silence, eyes glancing to the couch every few seconds.

"After Namjoon feeds on you, you tend to be very tired. Jin hyung's okay, just tired," Yoongi tried to explain to Jungkook.

He looked at his hyungs' faces, expecting some to look shocked at the notion of Namjoon feeding,
but saw nothing. He suddenly realized that Yoongi was speaking from experience. When everyone nodded along, Jungkook realized just how in the dark he had been. Everyone had trusted Namjoon enough to put their life in his hands, allowing him to drink their blood. He had been the only one without a clue. He felt like an idiot.

Jungkook looked at his feet and shook his head. He tried to wipe away some of the tears that had gathered in his eyes once more.

"His wrist..." Hoseok mummered.

They looked back to the couch to see the arm in question. There was a jagged, red cut across Jin's wrist. It looked as though it had long since stopped bleeding. The cut had clot and dried, but there was still a large amount of dried blood smeared across the pale skin around it. Jungkook shuddered trying to think what had happened in the hauntingly quiet apartment.

Jimin was the first to begin moving. He wet a towel and walked to the living room. Jungkook felt as though he was obligated to follow. On the way, he noticed the knife drawer still open. He closed it, wondering what events had conspired in his home. As he came to follow his boyfriend, he noticed a few dots of blood on the carpet. The next thing he found was an abandoned knife, crimson as well.

"What happened...?" Tae's voice sounded quiet and meek.

"You don't think they fought...do you?" Hoseok asked.

Jungkook shook his head. They wouldn't have fought, would they? Namjoon had been so desperate to see Jin again. He wasn't able to place how Jin would have reacted in response to seeing the vampire showing up at his doorstep, but he didn't think that he would attack him. And even if he had, it would not explain why Seokjin was the one with injuries.

"What is this?" Yoongi's deep voice came from behind Jungkook.

As he turned, his breath caught in his throat.

He had hoped he would never see the sharpened wood again. He had hidden away the willow wood for good and had planned on avoiding it at all costs. He never wanted to see the item that had aided him in causing so much pain. He notices the newly reddened tip and shuddered at the thought of Seokjin using it. He was amazed that the elder had even found it in the clutter of Jungkook's closet.

"Willow wood," Jungkook croaked out.

Yoongi's eyes went wide.

"You don't think he used it... did he?" Tae sounded close to tears again.

As he thought about it, he suddenly realized there was a key clue missing.

"Where is Namjoon hyung?" Jungkook gasped.

They all began to look around, noticing the absence of Namjoon's tall figure. They had been so worried and concerned with Jin's still form and dried blood that they had barely registered that the most crucial piece to this dramatic tale was missing in action.

Jungkook left Jimin to sit and clean Jin's wounds, trying to clear the dried blood. Yoongi was picking up scattered pieces of clothing. He found a shirt that seemed to have been ripped down the middle and cocked an eyebrow at Jungkook. The maknae bit his lip and entered his own room. There were
boxes and clothes scattered nearly everywhere. He could tell that Jin had been in a hurry when looking for the willow wood. However, there was no signs of a struggle. He entered the living room once more to see everyone still hovering over Seokjin.

Jungkook was looking around the room and noticed a shadow from underneath Jin's bedroom door. He snapped a few times in order to call for his hyung's attention and pointed at the closed door. They all seemed to understand. They remained silent as Jungkook slowly approached the door.

His heart was pounding in his chest as he laid his hand on the handle. He tried to steel his nerves as he opened the door, revealing whatever and whomever was awaiting him on the other side.

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Namjoon was ready to run.

He had hidden himself away in the room he had grown to call his own. It was as though the room had been frozen in time, never changing. His novel still laid on the desk, bookmark in place. His mat was still in the corner, awaiting him to lounge on it as Seokjin slept the night away. It was almost as though he never left. Nothing had changed in the small bedroom, yet everything had changed beyond it.

He had left the living room a few moments after he finished feeding from his hyung. He had been trying to sequester himself and calm down for what felt like hours. His hands were shaking and his vision was dark. He could see the blood that stained his hands, drying under his fingernails. Upon looking up, he saw his face in the mirror for the first time that night.

His skin was pale. His cheeks and eyes were sunken in, giving him an ill appearance. His eyes were nearly black, and fangs were still peeking from his pursed mouth, nearly piecing into his lower lip. All of this would have been easily overlooked, if it weren't for the blood.

The blood on his face made him look feral. It was smeared across his lips and cheek. There were dark lines from the corners of his mouth from the rivulets that had streamed from his mouth as he fed on such a high volume artery. He looked like a true monster. He looked as though he had just killed and he couldn't stand it. This was what he had never wanted. He never asked for this. He never wanted to become this kind of beast.

He had been ready to jump from the window when he heard the door open.

Namjoon froze in fear.

What would they do when they saw what he had done? Would they finally finish the deed, bringing the willow wood to find him? He had no idea what to expect. He cowered in the corner as he heard the voices and footsteps entering the apartment. His acute hearing allowed him to hear every gasp, every sniffle. They were all afraid of what he had done.

"wake up, please hyung... wake up!"

Namjoon shut his eyes and tried to shut out the frantic pleas of Jungkook. He tried not to focus on the shuttering breaths and the broken tone to the youngest's voice. Namjoon listened as they all moved to a different room and Yoongi explained that Jin was alright. He cringed as they spoke about his wounds. Namjoon was the cause of this. He was the cause of the pain and ugly tears into Seokjin's beautiful skin. He can see them now... the holes in his slender throat and the gash on his wrist that had been slowly dripping and bleeding...

He shook himself out of it. He couldn't think about that right now. He began to pace, trying to think
of anything he could do to escape.

He couldn't face them right now. He wouldn't be able to handle it, nor did he want them to see him as the monster he truly was. Namjoon was trying to open the window in order to climb to the fire escape when he heard the door open. He froze.

"Hyung..." Jungkook's voice was timid, cautious.

Namjoon couldn't let him see him like this, not after what they had gone through. Jungkook already saw him as a monster, this would only enhance those feelings of fear and disgust. However, he could only hide.

"Namjoon hyung?" the maknae tried once more.

Namjoon could feel the younger begin to walk closer to him. He could hear and smell the whirring of blood just under his skin and the warmth that it radiated. While he wanted to be upset and wanted to be angry at himself for only thinking of his hunger. He snarled at the younger, the growl ripping from his vocal chords before he could stop to think. He could hear his heartbeat speed up.

"Jungkook... do not come closer," he tried to warn.

"Hyung," Jungkook whimpered.

Namjoon heard him step forward once more, disregarding the warning all together. He was frustrated. He just wanted to protect everyone from what he had become, but Jungkook was getting too close. He smelled too enticing, no matter the amount of chocolate flavor that still lingered on his lips. Jungkook smelled like fresh baked bread, dark cherries, and baked goods. There was something cloyingly sweet, but Namjoon tried to shove the thought into the back of his mind. He couldn't break the fragile bridge that he was beginning to rebuild with the younger.

Namjoon was biting his tongue and trembling as he clenched his hands into fists by his side. He was focusing all his energy to keep from biting into the next warm body that came close, telling himself to regain composure. He was entranced in his own mantra of "you can get past this", that he barely recognized the multiple pairs of footsteps that had gathered in the small room.

Before he could process anything, he inhaled. Jungkook was right there. The smell was like a god damn bakery, and Namjoon could hear the blood beneath his golden skin. As the youngest placed his hand on Namjoon's shoulder, Namjoon snapped. He whirled around, body moving much faster than any human could be capable of. Before anyone in the room could react, Namjoon had Jungkook pinned to the wall, holding him up by his shoulders.

He could feel the heat simmering beneath the younger's thin skin. If Namjoon wanted, he could just bite down. That's all it would take. One single bite and he could drink until he was full. And god, was he hungry. He had drank enough from Seokjin to bring him back to what he calls a life. He had taken more than he wanted to, but his body simply wasn't done. He needed just a little more before the hunger would wane and he could run far from this apartment and those he had hurt.

Namjoon suddenly felt his mind come back to his control. He looked into Jungkook's wide, terrified eyes and saw his reflection in the pupils. This is not who is is. He could never bite and feed from someone like this. He would rather die by willow wood right then and there than follow through. He glanced to the side and caught the fearful faces in the doorway. He suddenly dropped Jungkook and backed away, head in his hands.

"N-Namjoon hyung... 1 to 10," Taehyung's voice was shaky.
Namjoon couldn't believe the trust and faith in the boy. The tears sprang back in his eyes and he looked up to make eye contact with Tae. He tried not to think about the small grimace that he gave him when seeing his frenzied look.

"10" his own voice sounded too deep, foreign.

"Why are you still so hungry?" Yoongi ventured to ask.

Namjoon sat on the bed and tried to avoid eye contact. He watched as Jimin rushed over to help Jungkook back to his feet. The guilt pinged in his chest once more.

"I drank from Seokjin hyung..." he tried to speak, fangs poking his lip, "but he was getting so weak and I had to stop,"

He could feel the eyes on him and he tried and failed to wipe the dried blood from his mouth. He could only imagine what was going through their minds. He continued to try and explain himself, but refused to look into their eyes. He was still trying to control himself.

"I've never felt so hungry... It's like it's consuming me and Jin hyung would have let me kill him. I felt it. So I stopped and I shut myself in here but it's just returning. But it's so much blood from one person I can't do it again. I can't feed on him again," Namjoon shook his head.

The room was silent.

"You had the power to stop," Jimin commented.

Namjoon was shaking. He looked like an addict going through detox. He couldn't think how terrifying this would be to them. To be trapped in with a nearly rabid vampire who was ready to strike at any moment. Yes, he had the power to stop. But it wasn't easy.

He had been drink from Jin. With each pull from his neck, he had gotten a bit weaker. Yet, this was normal. He was used to those he fed on becoming a bit weak and woozy. What had snapped him from his hunger and trance was the way that Jin began to taste. The sweet chocolatly taste had become richer, more intense. It was like he was condensed and the flavor began to change to a unrecognizable sensation. He saw his hyung's eyes roll back, but his heart rate was slowed. It was then that Namjoon knew that Seokjin's body was responding to him, offering everything. Jin would have let Namjoon drain him of his life. It was only then that he was able to separate himself from the older.

He thought he would be okay. He had searched the fridge to find nothing and no raw meat to suffice. He had run into the bedroom, only to worsen. As he had held Seokjin, his eyes softened and his fangs had retracted. He thought he was in the clear. He was sadly mistaken. His body rebounded and began to demand more. It was this that put him in the state he was currently in.

"Bite me,"

Namjoon's head snapped up.

"What?"

"Finish feeding on me," Jungkook stood and began to cross the room.

Namjoon was shaking his head and trying to move away as the younger came to sit next to him. Namjoon felt like his body would catch fire at any moment. He couldn't take the unbearable hunger that was creeping through his veins and seeping from every pore. He felt his fangs cut into his own
lip and he swallowed thickly.

"Kookie," Yoongi furrowed his eyebrows, "are you sure,"

Jungkook looked into Namjoon's eyes and nodded. Namjoon wanted to cry from the pure emotion and trust that the youngest was showing, but his mind was too set on the idea of warm blood. Jungkook looked nervous, and Namjoon honestly couldn't blame him. He knew how much growth this took on Jungkook's behalf and wanted to express his gratitude, but could only focus on the humming of his pulse.

Before he knew it, Jimin was sitting on the other side of Jungkook. He kissed the maknae with fervent passion, no longer minding the others in the room. He then asked Taehyung to help find the artery as he had done before. Jungkook's sweater was taken off and his arm offered up. Once Taehyung was confident that he had found the same artery that Seokjin had been using, all eyes were on Namjoon.

"I trust you," Jungkook nodded.

Namjoon nodded and leaned forward, lips pulled back to expose blood stained fangs. He inhaled the scent and bit down.

He pulled in draw after draw of blood. The smell was exactly as it tasted. He drank in a quick fashion, hurried to calm the burning need that was within him. He drank until the need was no longer eating him alive and his mind was beginning to clear. He was able to think and feel everything. He didn't feel as feral and wild. He was beginning to feel like simple Kim Namjoon. It didn't take as much as he had thought, which he was glad for. Jungkook was becoming weak and leaning heavily on Jimin. Jimin looked concerned but was holding Jungkook's hand and whispering encouragement in his ear. When his wide eyes fluttered shut, Namjoon pulled back.

"You okay?" Jimin was quick to ask.

"Tired," Jungkook sighed.

"It's okay Kookie, you can sleep,"

Jungkook nodded and allowed Namjoon to swipe a thumb over his puncture wounds and gather the droplets of blood that had escaped. He popped the drops in his mouth and sighed. He finally felt at ease. He estimated he took a little over 2 pints of blood from Seokjin before the other started to show signs of shock. He probably took another pint from Jungkook. That was nearly half a gallon. It was the most blood he's ever required. Normally, each feeding had been around half a pint and would satisfy him for a day and a half to two days. The thought disgusted him as to how much he had taken.

Namjoon stood and gave Jungkook room to lay down.

"Jungkook..." Namjoon tried to begin.

"It's okay hyung," the younger spoke, "You're welcome,"

Namjoon felt himself getting a little choked up and nodded. He left the bedroom in favor of sitting in the chair in the living room. He sat and watched over Seokjin who was still sleeping. His heart rate was a little faster than Namjoon liked, but he knew it would be okay. He didn't want to look up and see the others and their worried eyes. He felt guilty. He felt like a monster.

"Hey hyung?" Tae's voice was soft for being so low.
"Yeah?"

Yoongi came to kneel down next to Namjoon's chair.

"Can we get you cleaned up?"

Namjoon looked at them and up to Hoseok who was currently holding a wet washcloth and a towel. He nodded and let them wipe the blood from his face and hands. They were taking such gentle care with him and working in relative silence. Even Yoongi was helping get the blood from underneath his nails. He realized he must look pretty fucking awful for Yoongi to be helping. He tried not to think about it. Instead, he watched the rise and fall of Seokjin's chest.

"What happened?" Hoseok was looking at the wound on his chest.

Namjoon looked at it and realized he would have to explain everything.

"I didn't even know if he'd let me in..." Namjoon began.

By the time he had told them everything, Jimin and Jungkook had joined them. They were all crying and Taehyung had taken to holding his hand as he spoke. Hoseok was passing out tissues and Yoongi was denying that a single tear had fallen from his eyes. Namjoon had paused every once in awhile, his mind forgetting how to speak as he watched Seokjin still lying on the couch. He was nervous. He wanted him to wake up and the longer that Seokjin remained asleep, the more fearful he became.

"We should all get some sleep..." Hoseok offered.

Namjoon glanced up and saw that it was nearly 1 am. As everyone went to their rooms, Namjoon gathered blankets. He placed a large black blanket over Seokjin, and decided to put the Princess Peach blanket atop that. He wanted to ensure his hyung would be warm. As everyone came and left to check on their eldest hyung, Namjoon went to the closet. He found a pair of sweats and one of Jin's Mario shirts. He put them on and ventured back into the living room.

He pulled the chair as close to the couch as he could and ran his hand through Seokjin's hair.

"I'll be right here when you wake," Namjoon whispered.

As he sat there and watched over the man he had fallen so madly in love with, he hummed a familiar melody.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so happy all of you have enjoyed this story so far. It's been a blast to write and I've been loving every minute of it. Thank you!

Please feel free to comment, leave feedback, and annoy me on tumblr so I never wait this long to update.
There were times in Namjoon's life that he felt misplaced.

When he was a young child, he never cared much for playing outside or running around in the dirt alongside many of his classmates. He hated the way that the dust would gather on his glasses, making it hard to see through the thick lenses. He preferred reading or writing, staying inside only to watch through frosted windows as the other children laughed and smiled. They had always called him nerdy or a weirdo. His parents told him to pay no mind to their comments. He excelled in his academics and taught himself English by the time he was 16. He proved himself to be one of the brilliant minds in his class as they graduated. Yet, he knew that he was a stand alone.

When he was 18, freshly graduated from high school and prepping for college entrance exams, he felt lost once more. His parents had never focused themselves into education, but had put their own lives into creating a business on which their family could be founded. Their goal was to raise a family they would be proud of. They had high hopes that they would be able to run the shop until their son was old enough to take over, continuing the line and furthering the success. Namjoon knew this, and had known his place in the Kim family. Yet, his love for English and philosophy drew him away. His heart was never in business. He couldn't bring himself to subjugate himself into a life of monotony and unhappiness. He told his parents his wishes, and was looked down upon. They didn't approve of his hopes and wishes, and pulled away. He found himself in school with no support system. His own work ethic kept him going.

And once more, almost a year ago, he felt the loneliness creep in and settle firmly into his heart. He felt the heavy shame of being truly left for himself. When Zico passed, he was no longer the same man that Namjoon grew up with and had grown to love. He was no longer the one Namjoon would laugh with at two in the morning over stupid internet memes. Namjoon was expecting to stage some sort of best friend intervention and turn Zico's life around, but instead found himself hiding in the very back of a cemetery while his best friend was buried. His parent's formally disowned him and told him he was no longer their son, no longer welcome into the house he was raised in. He wanted to go talk to them, tell them the truth. He couldn't come close enough to say his final goodbyes or ask the question that burned within him. He didn't understand what he was, what Zico had turned him into. He tried to change himself back, to wake up from the nightmare that had become his life. As Namjoon had watched his skin heal around the circular wound in his chest, he felt like a monster. He was alone in the world.

"Joonie? Will you help me set the table?"

Namjoon snapped his head up, pulling himself from his thought and the novel that had gone long forgotten in his hands.

Seokjin was smiling above him, hair a soft pink glow around a radiant smile. He looked so happy, so alive.

He smiled and bent to corner of the page to mark his spot in the sea of English poetry. He set his book on the couch and stood, taking the stack of plates from his boyfriend's hands. Jin said nothing, but Namjoon felt soft lips on his temple as a wordless sign of thanks. Namjoon began setting the plates. He counted out the settings, making sure each person would have a plate, a glass, and utensils. Namjoon was checking one last time when he knock a wine glass from the edge of the
table. Jin gasped as he was the glass falling, but sighed in relief as Namjoon caught it. The taller blushed and Jin shook his head at his clumsiness. Namjoon found himself smiling back. He watched Jin stir the pasta once more before bringing it all to the table. His heart felt warm, seeing the eldest in the kitchen. He looked so natural there.

It had taken nearly 16 hours for Seokjin to wake up that day.

Namjoon remembered it clearly. He had been waiting by the couch, afraid to move. He was afraid to get too far away. He was afraid to breathe, to blink. He needed to be right there for the moment that Jin would open his beautiful deep brown eyes. He needed to make sure that Seokjin knew that no matter what had happened between them, no matter what they had gone through, Namjoon would never leave his side again. He had been so fearful that he had taken too much and that he had come back into Jin's life only to end it.

When Jin opened his eyes, they fluttered as if he couldn't quite bring himself into the waking world. Namjoon leaned in and brought both hands to cradle the porcelain jaw and search for any sign of pain or discomfort. Namjoon held his breath as Jin looked around blearily. He felt fearful that one wrong move would cause the elder to break. He wanted to say something, anything. Yet, he found himself at a loss for words when Jin's eyes met his own.

"Hyung..." was all that he could get out before the tears began.

"Joon-" Seokjin started coughing.

It didn't take long for Namjoon to call out, causing a half-dressed Yoongi to come sprinting down the hall, skidding to a halt as he saw Namjoon's tears. For a moment, Yoongi stopped breathing. It wasn't until then that Namjoon realized how worried Yoongi had been.

"He needs water, food, everything," Namjoon told him.

As Yoongi banged around in the kitchen, everyone began to gather. They all stared at Namjoon who was in the same spot as they had left him. The vampire was refusing to move, holding tightly to the hands in front of him. He wanted to remain by Jin's side as everyone scurried around to get everything together for their hyung. The rest of the day was a blur to Namjoon. He remembered helping Jin get into a bath, washing his newly blonde hair for him. He remembered kissing him every chance he got and never leaving him alone. It wasn't until Jin told him that he was okay, and his vitals evened out that Namjoon felt okay to even let him walk to the bathroom alone. It was endearing how involved he had been.

There was something so fragile about the situation. They were all so quiet and careful as the situation unfolded. Jin was sitting up, leaning on Namjoon and drinking water as Namjoon explained how the night had gone. Jin was explaining to Namjoon how Jungkook was actually the one who remembered something about stasis and the way that Namjoon needed to be woken up. He was fearful that he had hurt his boyfriend and caused him pain with the willow wood. Namjoon explained that he had to feed on Jungkook because of his pain and hunger. He felt awful about having to feed once more after nearly killing his boyfriend.

As they all spoke, eyes began to fall on Jungkook. He was curled into Jimin's side. He looked small, scared, and had been silent through the entire conversation. Jimin was rubbing small circles onto his back in attempts to soothe him.

"Jungkook," Jin started.
He never finished that statement. He saw the first tear fall from the maknae's eyes and he stood, with help from Namjoon, and brought the youngest into a smothering hug. He wrapped his arms around him. Namjoon hugged him as well, arms nearly wrapping all the way around the pair. It didn't take long before every single person, including Yoongi, were enveloping the youngest in as much warmth and love as they could muster. They let Jungkook cry it out until his sobs were nothing but ragged inhales. As they released him, Jungkook tried to explain himself to the best of his abilities. Jimin held one hand, Seokjin the other. As he finished, they were all misty-eyed. They expressed their love for Jungkook and their understanding for his actions, no matter how misguided they were.

It took them all day to stop the tears. Once they did, they ordered in their favorite Chinese food and cuddled up in the living room to watch a cheesy movie of Seokjin's choosing. When the eldest fell asleep on Namjoon's chest, they found themselves at peace. Everyone was back together. Everything was normal. Or at least, as normal as it gets for living with a vampire.

Namjoon brought Jin back to the bedroom, carrying him gently. As they lay into the bed, complete with Princess Peach blanket, he kissed the expanse of tan skin and laughed as Jin explained his reasoning behind the blonde. He expressed his liking to Namjoon's now darker locks. They smiled and giggled at one another, too giddy to sleep. As Namjoon cuddled as close as he could to Jin's body, he sighed at the warmth and comfort. Jin looked up at him and smiled sweetly. He captured Namjoon's lips once more and show him how much he meant. They proven their love late into the night, and Namjoon swore he was at peace. He was resting as though he was sleeping.

He felt whole again.


"Of course,"

Namjoon came to the first door, knocking before entering. He opened the door to find Hoseok sitting on the bed behind Yoongi, legs wrapped around the older. Hoseok was playing some video game while Yoongi was leaning down in order to type away on his laptop. It was cute. Yoongi looked small and soft in Hoseok's hold. Yet, Namjoon knew that he held most of the power in the relationship. He saw the glint of the light from the television screen hitting the new silver band on Hoseok's finger.

Yoongi had gotten the courage to finally do it last week. He had been holding onto the ring for ages but felt as though there was never a "right time". It was also not the right time to propose as Seokjin was recovering from Namjoon's absence. Now that everyone was back where they belonged, he decided now was a better time than ever. He had planned an elaborate scheme. He told the dancer that he was in the recording studio, but would be meeting him for dinner at their favorite restaurant. Hoseok should have known something was up, but was blissfully unaware. He went about his day, going to the studio and returning to shower and finding the first part of the scheme. A piece of paper (conveniently placed by Jungkook). It was sheet music, obviously written by Yoongi. He then got in the car with Jin, finding another paper with lyrics, Yoongi's handwriting. He tried to put the two together, but by the time he could hum a melody, they arrived to the restaurant. He reached the front door to find the last paper with both the music and lyrics put together. This time, it was titled. "Sunshine". Hoseok was confused, and overwhelmed as he walked in and found the reservation was for many more people than expected. The moment he laid eyes on his parents and sister, he understood there was a plan afoot. He turned around to find Yoongi on stage, but not rapping. He was slightly singing and it was the song. But there was a verse Hoseok didn't have. And it ended with a proposal and a very loud celebration.
Namjoon smiled at the now engaged couple and knocked once more, louder.

"Dinner's ready,"

"Ooh! Yay!"

Hoseok nearly threw Yoongi's smaller frame from his lap as he moved. Yoongi shot his fiance a look and received only a chuckle and a sunshine-filled smile in return. Yoongi shrugged and shook his head. His gummy smile visible as Hoseok nearly danced at the prospect of food.

They hopped up and began walking to the kitchen.

Namjoon then moved on to the next door, laughing at the "The truth is out there" poster and glow in the dark stars. He knocked and the door opened. Minjae greeted him with a huge smile and gloved hands. He shook his head and realized that the pair were in the middle of dying each other's hair.

Minjae and Taehyung were such a perfect pair. Where Minjae could be timid at times, Taehyung brought him out of his shell. Yet Minjae was one of the few people in the world that could bring Tae back to earth. They were always up to something. As of late, they had met each others families and talked about getting a dog together. Namjoon was happy to see them find the quirks that everyone else found strange and abnormal, endearing and cute. They were often seen on the roof of the apartment complex with the telescope Minjae got Tae for Christmas. They would stay up there looking at stars until Seokjin would scold them for staying out so late. Taehyung had been so nervous after Minjae confessed and told him that he had fallen in love with him. He came running down the fire escape and into Seokjin's bedroom window to ask what he should do. Jin talked to him for a few minutes and asked what he felt. Tae thought for a few minutes before laughing and saying he loved him. Jin told him he should say exactly that. Taehyung nodded before suddenly remembering that he had felt Minjae alone on the roof. It was all quite comedic and they now enjoyed Minjae's presence as another inhabitant of their apartment.

"Timer is done! Come wash this shit out of my hair," Tae's voice came from the bathroom.

"Coming!" Minjae yelled back.

"When you two are all done, come into the dining room," Namjoon reminded them, "Dinner's done,"

"Awesome!"

Namjoon laughed and went to the last door in the hall. It had been some time since he stepped foot in this bedroom, but he no longer felt the nervousness that once surrounded him. He knocked lightly and found no answer. He knocked once more, with a bit more force. He heard a muffled "come in" from the other side of the wood, he entered.

Jungkook was yawning, arms stretched out. His hair was sticking out in every direction and it made him look like a fluffy brown cockatoo. Namjoon laughed a bit and walked over to the bed. Jimin was hunched in a little ball in front of his enormous desktop computer that he had in the corner of the room. It looked more like a space control station to Namjoon. It was clear to him that the maknae had just awoken from a nap, whereas Jimin had been working on his movie once more. Namjoon glanced at the screen for confirmation and sure enough, the animation software was up. He was rendering an action shot of the man on the screen who was running through a city street, clad in all black. Jimin had gotten a spark of inspiration not long after finding out about Namjoon. He began a short movie about a sleek city vampire who falls for a doctor and tries to hide his true identity. It was a cute movie and Namjoon was still shocked at Jimin's drawing skills and his ability to make
Namjoon and Seokjin into more beautiful and lithe versions of themselves.

Namjoon came over and slipped the large headphones from Jimin’s ears. He looked up and grinned.

"Not bad, right?"

"Looks freaking amazing as per usual, Jimin," Namjoon confirmed.

Jimin stood from his computer and stretched. He turned and laughed at the dazed look on his boyfriend’s face.

It took all of three days for Jimin's things to slowly start moving into Jungkook's room. They never spoke about it. It was as though his clothes magically moved into the maknae's closet on their own. Soon his textbooks followed. Then his collection of manga. Finally, Jungkook had come into Taehyung and Jimin's room and sheepishly looked around for a few minutes before clearing his throat. He bit on his lower lip as Tae and Jimin stared up at him. He finally got the balls to tell them both, in a more suggestion than anything else, that it made more sense to bring all of Jimin's things into his room so that Tae and Minjae would have space to themselves. It was a simple idea, but it held more symbolism than anything. Jungkook was a creature of habit and often, solitude. His room was his shelter and his own personal haven. He was strange about letting people into his space, but was now openly inviting someone to share it with him. He had blushed furiously as his hyungs made such a big deal about it. He tried to make it sound as though he was doing it for Taehyung's sake, but everyone knew his true colors. Jimin and Jungkook were so casual with their relationship. They had been friends for so long that everything simply came natural to them. They were easy and happy.

Namjoon was glad to see them fall together so perfectly.

"Wake up, Kookie," Namjoon came to ruffle his hair, "dinner's ready,".

"Mhmm what?"

Jungkook stared at him for a moment before his stomach growled loudly. He nodded and blinked away his sleep.

Namjoon laughed and walked out of the room as Jimin started to coo over how cute Jungkook was when he first woke up. The vampire walked back into the kitchen and put his arms around his boyfriend's waist. He nestled his chin on Jin's broad shoulder and peered over to watch Jin open the bottle of wine. They were celebrating tonight, as Jin had just gotten accepted into a residency program at the local research hospital. He was not only getting early work in the job of his dreams, but he was now able to provide Namjoon with a few extra blood bags to stock in the fridge. Jin found that any time a blood bag was about to be timed out, the medical waste company came to get them. He found it to be saddening how the blood went to waste, and found himself picking up one or two and stashing them in a cooler in his car until he could bring them home for Namjoon. The process was simple and no one ever asked any questions to a doctor holding a blood bag.

"You want to open the white as well?" Jin pointed towards the other bottle of wine.

"Sure,"

Namjoon busied himself opening the white wine as everyone began pouring into the dining room. Hoseok and Yoongi were getting seated and Hoseok was showing Yoongi swatches of fabric for pocket squares. Yoongi was looking with his eyes raised, not even aware of how much planning went into a wedding, let alone the attire.

Next came Jimin who was smoothing down Jungkook's hair in the back. Jungkook looked newly
awake at the prospect of food. He sat down and looked at the spread with hungry eyes. Jin had really outdone himself this time. He made a huge feast of Italian food, one of his personal favorites. He made pasta carbonara, eggplant parmesan, steamed mussels and prawns, and a heavenly looking cheesecake for dessert. Namjoon had already sneezed multiple times at the amount of garlic. There was enough food for a small army, but they were known to put down quite a bit.

Finally, Tae and Minjae arrived with newly matching chocolate brown hair to replace the blonde they had previously tried out. Couple hair colors was their new things, seeing as their fashion styles differed too highly for couple clothing. They came out and were speaking rapidly about some sort of meteor shower that would be happening in a few days. They had plans to bring everyone to the roof to watch together.

"Alright everyone," Seokjin was glowing, "Let's eat!"

When everyone was seated, Namjoon began pouring wine for everyone and sneakily poured a glass for Jungkook when Jin wasn't watching. Jin began to dish out the food, passing the large bowls around the table. Namjoon put a bit of the seafood on his plate. It was safe enough to eat without sneezing and he had always loved the taste. Once everyone was served, the conversations began to flow. Yoongi was asking Jimin about his animation and Tae and Hobi were talking about wedding plans. Minjae and Jungkook were bonding over some online game they played together.

Namjoon made eye contact with Jin and smiled.

There were many times in Namjoon's life that he felt out of place.

He had felt as if he was the only man in the world on a few occasions. Whether it be as he watched his classmates through the window, trading a business textbook for an book of Henry David Thoreau's best works, or when he was stumbling around the Seoul nights looking for something to satiate his hunger that he could not explain. He missed being able to speak to someone who could understand him, sympathetic with him, and comfort him. The simple act of a hug was something he never knew a person could crave as much as food and water. There were many times that he felt the people around him were not truly around. His heart would ache for the comfort of a warm embrace and faces who were greeting him with love and a smile. He had found himself wandering the entirely of Seoul for months before finding Seokjin, and what a serendipitous occasion that was.

He remembers his time in Busan and found that, while painful, it was eye-opening.

While he had been on the beach, wallowing in self-pity and sorrow, he found that he felt extraordinary loneliness. It was not because of the pain of losing the love of Seokjin, although that pain was also very real. He found that one of the hardest things to overcome while on his own was the silence and overwhelming sense of emptiness around him. His heart yearned for Jin, but also the apartment. The actual apartment and space meant nothing. What he missed was the warmth. He missed the way Seokjin would greet him and kiss him and make him feel loved. But he also missed everything else.

He missed the way Yoongi would always make more coffee than necessary, knowing Namjoon would drink some. He also missed the way Yoongi would create music with him, helping him grow as a musician. He missed the way Hoseok would dance through the place while he cleaned and loudly sing, no matter how off-key he was. He missed Hoseok's constant laughter and the way he would brighten up any situation. Namjoon missed Jimin's calming presence and the way he would adapt himself to each and every person in the apartment. He missed Jimin's selflessness, no matter the reason. He missed Taehyung and the three am conversations about space and humanity. He missed the mischievous pranks he would pull on nearly everyone. Namjoon found himself missing even Jungkook, as he sat on that beach. He missed even Jungkook who had thrown him out of the place.
he had grown to call home. He missed Jungkook's way of making everyone laugh over his antics. He missed the way Jungkook would sing late at night when he thought everyone else was asleep.

He found himself at his lowest in Busan. He had gone through a large portion of his life feeling alone and misplaced in the world, but he had finally found his place in that apartment. When he had to leave it, that was the worst pain he had been in. No willow wood could compare. His heart had never ached so much and his mind could never shake the feeling that it was where he belonged.

Now, Namjoon sat at the table and ate seafood as everyone laughed and talked loudly. More wine was poured and the sun began to set in the skyline. Namjoon felt himself a bit more relaxed with the rays no longer on him. He laughed along with everyone as Yoongi hummed his satisfaction loudly around a mouthful of pasta. Jungkook and Jin were doing some weird dance with noodles hanging out of their mouths, making everyone bust up once more. Jimin and Tae began to argue over some silly anime and what character was cooler. It was a loud and funny dinner.

Namjoon felt warm. It may have been from the wine, but he personally believed it was from the atmosphere. He was happy, loved, and wanted. In this apartment, he had fell in love. He had found his calling in literature. He had created the best music he ever made. He had laughed, cried, and argued. But above all else, he had found a home. Namjoon had finally stopped wandering and had settled down. In that apartment, Namjoon found his place in the world.

And he had never felt more alive.

"Want something a bit more satisfying?" Jin leaned on him.

Namjoon nodded, feeling a bit of the burn of hunger simmering lowly in his blood. He wanted to ignore it until later, but knew he wasn't about to ask anyone to allow him to feed. He was okay with waiting until much later in the evening if it meant enjoying the company. He liked nights like this where they were able to eat a beautiful meal in their own home, surrounded by friends that felt more like family.

Seokjin stood and went into the kitchen, retrieving a blood bag for Namjoon. It was type O, which tended to be one of his favorites. It was always a surprise as to what underlying flavors would come from the blood within. There was no label for flavor in case of vampire consumption. So Namjoon was left to guess and taste. As Jin came back to the table, nearly unnoticed, he handed the bag and a larger wine glass to Namjoon. He kissed the taller briefly, lips soft and tasting of wine. Normally, Jin would pour the blood into the glass for him, but he was feeling the effect of the wine. Namjoon set to trying to tear open the plastic, but couldn't quite get it. He was afraid pulling too hard might cause an explosion. And while it may be entertaining, he preferred not to make a scene.

Namjoon brought the bag up to his mouth, choosing to forego the cup all together. He let his fangs descend and felt his pupils darken. He hadn't realized the table went silent until he had already punctured the bag. He drank from it as though it was a large juice box, but instead of apple juice, it contained human red cells. He closed his eyes and took the first draw, delightfully surprised to taste vanilla and nutmeg. He hummed a bit and then realized how loud the sound was. He looked up to see an entire of table's eyes on him. He thought nothing of it until Jungkook started to make hand motions. Namjoon watched him for a moment before becoming confused. He couldn't figure out what Jungkook was trying to wordlessly say.

He pulled fangs out of the half empty bag, still dripping.

"What's up?" Namjoon asked, running his tongue over his fangs.
Yoongi pointed casually at the over end of the table. Namjoon's eyes followed the finger and found Minjae.

The man was staring in absolute horror at Namjoon. His eyes flicking back and forth between his mouth and the blood bag he held in his hands. His eyes were the size of saucers and Namjoon raised an eyebrow at him. Minjae was white and he looked at everyone around him. Namjoon took another draw from the bag and looked around once more. He felt as though he was missing something. Namjoon slowly put the puzzle pieces together again and couldn't stop the laugh that started to bubble out from within him. Seokjin began to crack up next to him, leaning on Namjoon for support and he shook with laughter.

"Ah, dang it!" Tae shouted, "I knew we forgot something!"

Chapter End Notes

I would like to take a minute and say thank you for all those who have supported me while I've written this. This is my first BTS fic and it has become my baby. I'm so happy with how it's been received and I love reading all the comments and feedback you've all given me. You're all my inspiration.

As of now, I have three other fic's that I'm trying to update regularly. I will also be starting up another new work. I hope that will all check out the others if you haven't already.

Thank you so much!
-Avery (AKA Namjoonah)

End Notes

PLEASE give me prompts, asks, or any feedback you would like. This is my first fic and I plan to add chapters and more detail as I am asked.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!