Blood, Sweat, And Tears
by miya_april

Summary

“She’s a human. You know our laws-”

“Who is it that runs this coven?”

“It’s just the scent that’s making you do this. You’re not in your right mind Jimin.”

The threat seeped from his lips and filled the room, “And I asked, who is it that runs this coven?”

He hissed. He needed everyone to know their place.

No one was going to keep him from his prize. His new obsession. His pet. Because he’s been waiting centuries for you. And here you are, finally within his grasp. And he wasn’t planning on letting you go.

Not now. Not ever.

“She’s mine,” he growled, his red eyes glowing.

[COMPLETE]
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

My life is an ordinary one at best. I do my best in school, hoping to one day become a teacher. Even though my real dream is be a novelist. But that’s too unstable, said my Mother, so teacher it is. And like anyone else going through school, I have a job to help pay for books, or any chance of a social life.

“Can I get a double shot caramel macchiato with a splash of vanilla? Oh and two brownies.”

“That’s a double shot caramel macchiato with a splash of vanilla and two brownies. That’ll be-”

Again, just an ordinary girl, with an ordinary life.

I collapsed on my bed in my shared dorm, just to have my roommate Eun Sung remind me that I had a shit ton of homework to do. I peeked past the throw blanket and begged her to be quiet. She eyed me, her hands on her hips before giving up and leaving me be.

I pulled the blanket back over my head and closed my eyes.

Eun Sung was a really bright girl, both in the sense of personality and intelligence. She often had things under control and never had many problems. She took everything with a smile. She was so cute. And she was someone I wish I was like. I wish I could say I took everything with a smile. That I was strong and determined, and just the go getter that she was. Maybe that’s why she was so popular.

I got up and headed to my desk, pulling out my diary to start writing down the days events and how I was feeling. A long time ago I started one. And once my Creative Writing teacher, Mr. Lee, told me that keeping a diary was a good way to practice. “Write everyday. Even if it’s just a small prompt or poem. Because a writer is always looking to let out the words of their heart.” And I have done just
that for the past two years.

I wasn’t all that close to publishing my own novel. But in that time I have written up a few short stories, a children’s book, and several prompts. Unfortunately, nothing close to getting picked up by a publishing company. It was really disheartening, but I did my best to keep my spirits high and not give up on my dream.

“Hey y/n, I was wondering….”

I closed my diary and turned around to face the sun itself, “Eun?”

“My friends just texted me about a little get together at a club tonight, did you wanna join? I mean I know you got a lot of homework-”

“That actually sounds amazing.”

She pouted, “You’re not just avoiding homework are you?”

I bookmarked my diary and put it back in the drawer in my desk as I got up, “Ok Mom, can you let me live my life?”

She noticed the smile in my voice, “I’m not a mom! I’m just worried about you y/n.”

I sighed and thought about it, and she was right. I couldn’t just avoid it like it didn’t exist. I hung my head, “Ok ok, I get it. I’ll go now to the library and start doing my homework and start doing research.”

“What would you do without me?”

“Fail my classes....”

“Exactly!” She was extra bubbly and it seemed to suck all of my energy.
I reached the library around ten at night. It was nice that the library was twenty four hours, because they knew studying could be done at all hours of the day, even when we should be sleeping. I swiped my ID card to open the doors and headed for a table by the big fake oak tree they had on the side of the library. Apparently it was to help bring in more positive vibes for all of us, but really it was just kinda in the way. But I had a particular fondness for it for some reason. I don’t know why it always reminded me of something from my past.

I glanced around and noticed there were about a handful of us cluttering the tables and the computer cubbies. Each of us either stressing over homework or projects; all of us doing our best.

I laid out my work materials and took a deep breath before starting.

A few breaks, three cappuccinos, and a near break down later, close to four in the morning, and I finally finished everything. I stretched my arms and leaned back to let the top of the chair pop my back. It felt good to have everything ready for the week. I haven’t felt this good and confident in my work in a long time. I’d have to say thanks to Eun.

I let out a breath as I looked around, realizing I was the only one in the library now. It was saturday night, and most of the time, students were out partying and letting out their stress in more constructive ways.

I wasn’t really the party type, but I didn’t avoid them. A few drinks, some good music, and socializing was nice. It was always a good distraction. And often times it’d give me something to write about. Sometimes I’d go to parties just to be a wallflower and watch the party goers.

I looked back at my cluttered mess made of papers, books, and folders. I stood up to stretch my legs and start piling everything up to leave.

But time suddenly seemed to stop. My whole body shivered, my hair standing up on the back of my neck.
My nerves were suddenly so hyper aware. I quickly turned around again to look at the library just to see it empty, just like it was a few seconds ago. I slowly looked back at my things and tried to control my breathing.

“You’re ok… you’re just tired….”

I pep talked myself to calm my nerves. But it didn’t mean I wasn’t in a rush to collect my things and stuff them in my backpack. I wanted to leave for some reason. My body was telling me to get out, and I didn’t plan on lingering any longer.

I grabbed the mace out of the bottom of my bag before I threw my backpack on my back and started making my way out. The beep from the doors went off as usual as I left. I walked down the stairs and again heard the familiar beeps. I stopped dead in my tracks and spun around.

No one was there.

“I know I heard……”

My breathing was picking up, coming out harsh from my nose. I’m not going crazy. I heard the beeping from the doors. And they only beeped when someone was leaving the library. Again, I felt my instincts telling me to get out; run away, leave. I spun on my heel and jumped down the last two stairs to start hurrying back to my dorm.

Not once had I ever minded the walk to the dorms from the library. The scenery was always pleasant to look at, even in the middle of the night. There were small myrtle trees that lined the path, as well as a garden and always finely primed grass.

But tonight I couldn’t enjoy it. I tightly held onto my small can of mace, my index finger on top of the knob. If someone was going to attack me, I wasn’t going down without a fight. College 101 for girls, always carry mace with you, especially at night. Given there weren’t that many attacks ever at my school, but you could never be too safe. And right now, I felt like my life depended on this tiny little can in my hand.

I was about halfway to my dorm. I could see the brick building peering up past the few tall trees that decorated the outside of it.
“Oh thank God….”

I started running, keeping my eyes forward. I gulped and blinked, just to suddenly see someone blocking my way, just a few yards ahead of me. I stopped dead in my tracks. It was only a fraction of a second when I closed my eyes. How was it possible for someone too…..

It wasn’t possible.

I turned around to start running in the opposite direction, only to see another hooded figure standing the same amount of distance away. I whipped my head back and forth and realized there were two figures on either side of me. Before I could even think to start running on the grass, there were two figures there too.

I was getting boxed in.

I looked back and there was nowhere I could run. The small lake was keeping me trapped between it and the four assailants.

“S-Stay away from me!” I held my mace out and pointed it at them.

I’d look at one, only to turn my head to another and see them a foot closer. Closer and closer they got. My heart was about to fail me as I whipped my arm around, still holding the mace between me and them.

“S-SOMEONE HELP ME!!! SOMEONE!!!!!!!”

I screeched as loud as I could, hoping that maybe someone was just getting back to the dorms from a party. Or maybe someone decided to take a walk in the middle of the night. Anything, anyone, I just needed someone.

But a shot of pain hit me hard in the back of the neck and darkness consumed my eyes, my body falling to the hard concrete beneath my feet.
I stirred, my head pulsing, and my throat dry. The hushed voices I could hear were suddenly silent. The same feeling of panic and instinct to run away was becoming more and more prominent the more I woke up; the more I came to my senses. I brushed my hair out of my face to see that one of my hands was bandaged up. I thought hard about what happened. But nothing came to mind.

I looked to the side and noticed I was sitting on a plush, thick carpet. I grazed my fingers across the top, feeling the smooth sensation on my fingertips. The moonlight was spilling out through the windows, catching my attention. I looked up and noticed the light blue walls had three windows, a fancy light oak side table in between the windows that had roses and expensive looking ornaments decorating the top. Art hung on the wall above; candlestick lights next to the art. My eyes caught a glimmer making me tilting my head back; a chandelier sparkling above me. It was covering some of my line of sight from the amazingly detailed painting on the ceiling; naked angel babies surrounded by flowers, with a beautiful vibrant sunset as their backdrop.

But the environment could no longer distract me from the ever fervent panic.

I felt my bottom lip quivering, centimeter by centimeter, turning my head to finally see seven guys staring down at me. I was on the floor, on this expensive carpet, in the middle of a room with seven guys. I looked down quickly and touched my body checking to see if my clothes were untouched. And it seemed like they were. It seemed for now that they hadn’t touched me.

“Don’t worry, we haven’t touched you. Well except for that bandage on your hand.”

I looked up to see who spoke, but they all looked like statues. All of them stood out from each other. Colored hair, colored eyes, pale skin, and stern looks. And they all wore expensive looking suits. They all looked so different, yet all of them were the same.

I couldn’t tell who had talked. I tried looking at each of them but it was no use. I stayed silent, trying to rack my brain for some kind of explanation.

Was this a prank?

A new fraternity that got out of hand?
“I w-want to leave. Take me back h-home… please?”

The silver haired guy in the middle was the only one that moved. He leaned forward to prop his elbows on his knees. His dark suit shifted on his arms, his black and white ruffled turtleneck tightening around his neck. He curved his pink swollen lips into a smile, which looked more menacing than anything.

“But this is your home.”

My heart was squeezing in my chest, “No… no… this isn’t—”

He gracefully stood up, the others still in their spots, remaining like marble god statues. His suit fitted his body well, showing off his toned thighs. His hair remained slightly parted in the middle as he took a step towards me. I tried shifting my body back, but couldn’t. My body was no longer responding to me out of pure fear.

The shine from his earrings and his gold and silver rings glared in my eyes as he kneeled down in front of me. It was only then, his face only a foot away from mine, that I could see the flash of red in his eyes.

Lust. Hunger. And Death.

He leaned in just a little bit closer, inhaling deep, his eyes closing and his body tingling with desire. He opened his eyes, and licked the corner of his mouth. He was so thirsty.

“Welcome home.”
It’s been a week and I haven’t left the room that’s been designated as my room. There was a bathroom attached to it, so it meant I didn't have to leave to use one. And it was the fanciest bathroom I had ever seen. A gold footed garden tub that stood on a dark wood lift. A matching double sink, a glass plated shower that could probably fit ten people, and a warm heated tile floor.

The room I’ve taken refuge in was plenty wide and comfortable; fancy, if not more, than the attached bathroom. And on a regular basis, I’d smell food just outside my door, which I’d always hurry to bring into my room, lock my door and eat.

I was being well taken care of.

They even provided a whole wardrobe of new clothes and undergarments, which was just creepy. But a week in the same clothes, I was starting to smell. I was left with no choice but to change into something in the closet. I opened the doors and saw nothing but dresses and skirts. I wasn’t a dress or skirt person, but did I have much choice at this point?

I walked in, grazing my fingers across the line of dresses. And just at the end of the deep walk in closet were shelves of high heels and accessories. This whole closet probably costed more than my whole school tuition.

I frowned as I looked at the set of rings cushioned in a drawer. Since my week being here, I haven’t heard anything about school. Surely Eun would have noticed I was missing, and would have called the cops. Or at least tell someone. But when they put me in this room they took my things, and I've had no way of contacting anybody. Maybe Eun, the police, or my parents were trying to contact me now. They must be worried sick.

Granted, my parents hardly tried reaching out to me in the first place, but still….

I sighed. I’d have to leave this room and try and seek answers.

I decided on the longest dress I could find. Black satin, the front hung by my knees and wrapped around to hang low in the back. The top was tight against my chest, but not in a way that made it
uncomfortable, it hugged just right. I walked over to the mirror on the vanity just outside the closet doors and looked at myself.

Not once have I ever worn something as fancy as this. And even though I just randomly choose a dress, it seemed to fit me so well. It made me wonder if all the dresses, blouses, and skirts would all be a perfect fit for me. I got the shivers thinking about something as creepy as that.

I slipped on my converse again and folded my dirtied clothes and placed them on the bed.

I stood by the door, my hand on the handle and took a deep breath. At this point, if someone wasn’t busting in to rescue me, I’d have to go and try and seek help.

I unlocked my door and opened it as slowly as I could. It creaked a little, which made me cringe; it sounded so loud in my ears. I poked my head out and noticed no one around. The first time I tried sneaking away I didn't get far, seeing as someone was standing outside my door. But now it was clear. I slipped out and closed the door just as slowly behind me.

Not really knowing the layout, I decided to go with my gut feeling. I went right and slowly followed the hallway as it twisted and turned. I did my best to try and remember the layout, but I kept getting distracted by all the fancy art pieces on the wall, the painted ceilings, and the roped off statues.

I stopped completely as I looked out a set of glass doors that lead to a giant stone foyer. I opened the doors and noticed the foyer was circled in beautiful colored flowers. I walked to the edge of the foyer and my breath caught in my throat as I saw a giant oak tree down below in the field.

My chest hurt as I looked at it, and my eyes started watering as I continued to look at it. Why was I reacting this way? I was suddenly overwhelmed with feelings ranging from shock, from familiarity, to nostalgia, and to a long lost feeling of love.

I wiped at the corners of my eyes, “What’s wrong with me?”

“It’s our oak tree. Do you remember it?”

I turned around, a strand of my hair getting caught on my lips as I looked to see who was talking. It was the silver haired guy. I gulped as he looked less intimidating than on the first day I saw him. He only had on a long sleeved black button top with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He had the
dress shirt tucked into black slacks, complete with a black leather belt. He had his hands in his pockets and tilted his head just slightly, almost making me forget that he and the other guys have kidnapped me.

I ignored his crazy question, “People are looking for me right now. I’m sure they’ll find me. And you’ll go to jail.” I tried my best to sound confident. But I really had no clue if anyone was looking for me.

His lips cracked into a grin, he brought his fingers up to his lips as if trying to stifle a laugh, “Baby, no one is looking for you right now. As of a week ago, you no longer exist to the rest of the world.”

What he said didn’t make any sense. “What are you talking about? You make it sound like I’m dead or something. I have my parents. My friends. My roommate! There are people who miss me!”

“No one misses you, because no one remembers you.”

He took a step towards me, and I took a step back, only to remember that I was already at the edge of the stone foyer, the stone wall pressing against my backside.

“You’re crazy! You’re delusional! T-Take me back home!”

“I told you already, this place is your home. You’ll remember all in due time.”

Again he stepped closer and I put my hands on the stone wall, feeling an urgent need to get away.

“I don’t believe anything you have to say.”

He stopped walking and finally took his hands out of his pockets as he put them on either side of me, caging me with his body. I could smell a certain scent coming off of his body, that I didn’t remember him having on the first night. But why was it so prominent now in my nostrils. I closed my eyes unwillingly and inhaled. It smelled so intoxicating, as if it was wrapping around my whole body.

He leaned in closer, I could feel his breath on my neck, “You’re scared of me.”
“Yes….”

“Yet… I feel familiar to you…” he lifted his head up so he could look me in the eyes, “Don’t I?”

I opened my eyes slowly, staring back into his beautiful grey ones, “....Yes.”

He stepped away and put his hands back into his pockets, “Come with me and I’ll take you back to campus.”

I blinked a little in confusion, “Y-You’re taking me back?”

“Come. The sooner you realize the better.”

He turned and started walking back inside the house. I stood there as the breeze swept past me. My head hurt a little bit. My vision was going a little haywire as I was suddenly feeling like I was seeing two of him. I rubbed my eyes. Deja vu was common, a trick my brain was pulling on me.

I looked outside the car windows, doing my best to seem more occupied with the scenery, than the fact that the silver haired boy was sitting next to me in the back seat, as one of the other guys I had recognized from before, was driving us. It felt so weird, as if we were from a rich family and we were being driven around by a butler.

The trees and the greenery that surrounded the mansion was soon fading into cement, buildings, normal homes, and bright lights. The city was already drowning in the glow of the fading sun. And I was almost back to my university, back to my dorm, and back to my life. And I’d do anything to forget this bizarre kidnapping.

We pulled up on the far side of my dorm, where the parking lot was. I hurried to get out the car and run as fast as I could. I looked back and just saw the silver haired guy talking to the dark haired guy in the driver's seat. It didn’t seem like they were going to chase me, so I slowed down to a fast walk.
I hurried to get to the dorm and make my way to my room. I didn’t have my stuff on me, therefore no key. I knocked on the door a bit hard.

“Eun! I’m back! Let me in!”

The door opened a minute later. My cute roommate opened up and looked at me curiously, “Yes? Do I know you?”

My heart sank, “...Eun… stop joking. It’s me, y/n. Please let me in….”

She blocked my way and wouldn’t let me in, she looked very defensive, “Excuse me, but you must have me mistaken for someone else. Are you sure you’re in the right dorm? Do you need help?”

She looked at my outfit, curious why I was dressed the way I was dressed, but more or less payed it no mind.

I felt like crying, “We’ve been roommates for three years Eun… Why don’t you remember me?”

She glanced past me and talked to someone behind me, “Is she ok? Do you need me to-”

I turned my head as I suddenly smelt the same scent from before. He smiled softly, “I’m sorry, I think she’s just confused. Come on babe, let’s leave her alone. I’m sure she’s busy.”

I pushed my way past him, wiping my eyes as I headed to the next place that I thought I could get all this sorted out. I walked fast across the campus to head to my creative writing class. If anyone else took interest in me on this campus, it would be my teacher.

Classes were already out and wouldn’t start until another thirty minutes, so my teacher should be in his office going over materials. I hurried to walk into the class and knock on his office door.

“Mr. Lee, can I talk to you please? It’s urgent!”

He opened the door and looked at me puzzled, “Can I help you young lady? You’re dressed awfully
nice for my class, haha.”

“Mr. Lee… not you too….” I felt my body wanting to go limp, “Don’t you remember me?”

He thought for a second, “No… I don’t think so? Are you a new student? Maybe we met at orientation?”

“This can’t be happening…. Why…”

“Excuse me?”

I turned on my heel and ran out of the room. There was only one more thing I could think of that could validate my existence. My parents. I ran to the administrative office, noticing that the silver haired boy was already sitting on the bench outside of the office. How did he know I’d come here?

I ignored him and walked inside, “I’ve lost my cell phone, um, I was wondering if I could use the office phone to call my parents?”

The girl behind the desk looked a little skeptical, but I couldn’t exactly make any shady calls if I was surrounded by university staff. She nodded her head and put the office phone on the upper part of the desk. I hurried to dial my mother’s phone number and went crazy waiting as it rang.

“Hello?”

“Momma! It’s me y/n!”

She started laughing on the other line, “What? Momma? Who is this?” I could hear her talking to my dad, “Someone just called me Momma, can you believe that dear?”

I heard him talking out loud, “Honey, it’s gotta be a prank or something. Just hang up!”

“Mom I’m being serious. Something has happened and no one remembers me. Please! I’m your daughter!”
She stopped laughing, “Ok this isn’t funny anymore. I don’t have a daughter.”

I bit my lip. How could I get her to understand? “You and dad met when you were teenagers and started dating but your parents didn’t want you two getting married. So they made dad move away to the country. And then after years apart he found you again and you got married! You had me five years into the marriage Momma!”

Her voice was shaking, “H-How do you know all that? Don’t you dare call this number again or I’m calling the cops!”

She hung up violently, leaving the phone beeping nonstop on my end. I could feel my head pounding. It was hurting so bad now, and I stumbled away from the desk. The girl stood up quickly as she looked at me with concern.

“D-Do you need help? Are you ok?”

Before I knew it, I felt arms wrapping around my body and helping me walk.

“She’s Ok, I’m taking her to the doctor’s.”

I wanted to fight against him, by my head was hurting too much to really let me do anything else but hold my head; my eyes shut tight, my forehead wrinkled in pain. His grip was firm as he helped me back to the car. I felt another pair of hands take place of his. He got into the back seat, and helped get me into the car, getting my head to lay in his lap. The dark haired guy got back in the driver's seat and started driving away from the university.

The way he stroked my hair felt so soothing. I kept my eyes closed. And it was almost as if I could see a field of wildflowers. My mind seemed to keep playing tricks on me. I started crying when I saw the oak tree, and then I thought I was seeing double of him. And now this? Seeing him laughing as he had a beautiful girl in his lap.

It felt so good. Seeing him smile was making me happy. And I didn’t question it; I was lying in his lap and he was playing with my hair. I fell asleep comfortable in his hold.
Once again I found myself waking up in my room in the mansion. Only this time, the silver haired
guy was sitting in the chair, which he pulled up to the bed. I blinked my eyes opened, feeling
something cool against my hand. My fingers twitched, and it was then that I realized he was holding
my hand in his.

“What’s happening….?”

He rubbed my hand, and looked at me as if I was invalid, “Baby, you’re finally back home. That’s
what’s happening.”

I closed my eyes and turned my head away from him, “Why? Why do you keep saying I’m home?”
The tears silently fell as I opened my eyes. I moved my whole body to turn away from him, “Why
doesn’t anyone remember me? Why do you keep looking at me like I’m….?”

Like I was the most precious and most desirable thing in the world. His eyes would twitch from
loving, to deadly, to passionate, to murderous. Those eyes flashed in my head.

I wept, “Why did you do this to me? What are you? Who are you?”

He sat back, crossing his leg over the other one, and lacing his fingers over his knee, “No one
remembers you because I had my guys erase their memories of you. Why I did it, was because for
centuries I’ve been so lost. And now after so long I have found you. What I am, is a figment of the
human imagination, something of fairy tales and myth. And who I am…” His voice was sultry and
sinister, “My name is Park Jimin. And I’m your lover.”

A laugh escaped my lips. I was cracking up so bad that my stomach was starting to hurt. Yet the
tears wouldn’t stop coming out.

“You’re crazy.”

“Then why is it that you feel like you know me? That you recognize my scent?”

The mention of scent and I started thinking about it. It was like sunflowers, mint, mahogany, and a
spice I couldn’t seem to put a name too. He wasn’t lying. Even though he was intimidating and
scary, deep down I did feel some sort of attachment to him. I recognized his scent so easily, and it smelt like home.

“Why is that your feet lead you through the house as if you knew the way already? Why were you crying when you looked at our oak tree?"

If I thought about it, this place didn’t seem so open and foreign. And the tree….

The fake one in the library wasn’t even a fraction of how beautiful the real oak tree in the field was. I thought about the tree, its bark, the leaves, and felt like I could see the silver haired guy laughing as he chased a girl around the base. Just like in the car before, I was suddenly able to see a faint memory.

“You said… our oak tree…”

“Yes.”

“You were laughing….” His body stiffened as I continued, “I said I didn’t want to hurt the tree….”

“You…”

“But you said that the pain the tree felt wouldn’t come close to the pain you’d feel when I would leave.”

“I wanted to have something to remember you by.”

I wiped my eyes and sat up slowly, turning my head to look at him, “How is it that these feelings, and this… this image is in my head?”

“Because in my culture, mates are bonded past lifetimes. And the memories are starting to resurface being so close to me after so long.”

“Culture?”
He smiled coyly, his teeth peeking out, “Yes, my culture. I’m a vampire. And we have a long history alongside you humans.”

I stared at him, at a complete loss of words.

He chuckled, “You always react this way. It’s so cute. It makes my blood boil for you to hurry up and remember me.”

“….so what you’re saying is that… I’m your lover from centuries ago?”

“Yes. But for a very very long time, you weren’t being reincarnated into human form. I could do nothing but wait for centuries to pass until I finally found you again.” He stood up and sat on the bed, again, his hand held mine, “But this time, I’m not letting you go. I’m not letting you leave like all the other times. I’m done waiting.” I tried to pull my hand away, but he held it firmly, bringing it up to his cold lips, “It’s against our laws to do what I did; erasing humans memories. But at this point, I don’t care.” He kissed my hand so gently, his voice was so pained, “Please remember me already.”

He looked up at me, past his silver bangs, and I felt my heart skip a beat. Once again I felt surrounded by the familiar scent that was him. I couldn’t understand all that I was feeling; it was all clashing together into a mess.

“I’m just… I’m just me. I’m ordinary. I’m no one. I’m not this reincarnated lover….”

He brought his hand up in a flash to caress my cheek, his cold fingertips sending chills down my body, “It’s ok if you don’t remember us right now. I can wait a little longer for you.”

He stood up and walked to the door, I hurried to stop him, “W-Wait! So does this mean that…” My mind was going a mile a minute, “Am I stuck here?”

He didn’t turn around to face me as he talked, “You’re free to leave if you wish. You’re not a prisoner. But…. you’ll find that you have nowhere else to go, but here.”

“I can leave?”
He sounded so upset, but pushed away his frustrations, “Yes you may.”

I’d be lying if I said I didn’t feel sad at the way he said those words to me. At the way he so calmly left my room, and so gently closed the door.

The next day, I left the room and left the mansion. Standing on the pebbled driveway, I stared at the car that was already waiting for me. The same dark haired guy was opening the backseat door for me.

“How did you-”

“My Lord knew you'd want to leave. I'm here to escort you wherever you wish to go.”

I walked closer, caution in my steps, “I guess, then… Can you take me back to the city? Back to my campus?”

He gestured towards the open door, waiting for me to step in. I reluctantly got in and waited for him to close the door as he got in the driver’s seat.

This was just too hard to understand. All this nonsense about vampires, lovers, erasing memories…. There’s no way any of this could be true. This is stuff I’d read in novels, not something that real life was made of.

“Are you a vampire, Mr….?”
His voice was deeper and more rough than just moments ago, “You can call me Yoongi, Miss. And yes I am.”

I couldn't help but chuckle, “You're just kidding right? All if this is just some elaborate joke right?”

“Denial is a proper response.”

“.....but it's just not possible….”

“Humans tend to only believe what the see with their own eyes. And even then, they still refuse to believe the truth. Your kind is such an infantile and selfish race.”

I felt offended, “It's hard to believe any of this because one day I'm living a normal life, and the next I'm being kidnapped! And then I’m told all this crazy stuff! Of course I don't believe it.”

“......”

“But…” I stared at my hands in my lap, “But I guess I can sort of believe… I mean… The images I've been getting in my head. His smell. His hands are so cold and his skin is so white. Plus… Everyone has forgotten me….”

I kept my mouth shut for the rest of the ride into the city. All I could do was cry.

I got out of the car and started walking around aimlessly on campus. Yoongi made sure to keep his distance, but kept an eye on me. It didn't matter, it's not like I was going to run. I already experienced the looks and confusion from the people closest to me. It didn’t seem like anyone remembered me, I didn’t have any of my things, so there was nowhere I could really go. Plus I had the feeling that even if I managed to get away, they’d easily find me.

“Um… Yoongi?” I turned around and didn’t see him anywhere near me. I hung my head.

“Yes?”
I looked up and he was suddenly standing next to me. I jolted a bit from surprise, but did my best to not show any fear, “Why me?”

“How do you mean?”

“Why did Park Jimin choose me?”

“As I’m sure he already told you, our kind are bonded through lifetimes. He isn’t the one who chose you. Fate did.”

“I’m the same person as all my other past lives?”

“The soul is the same, but that doesn’t mean who you are now is anything like your past lives.”

I thought about his words as we just walked around my campus. I watched as the trees swayed in the wind, leaves starting to litter the ground. Students were making their way to their classes, all of them talking about homework or the most recent party they went too. It was all so normal for them. This was my life not that long ago, and yet here I am, talking about fantastical things like reincarnation.

I bit my lip, “Did he really have to go and erase everyone’s memories of me?”

“It was…. Necessary.”

“I miss them though. I miss this life.”

“In time you’ll find that the life that you knew, compares to nothing of what my Lord is offering you. You’ll remember soon enough.”

“He said that too. That I would remember. What am I supposed to remember anyways?”

“As is with any reincarnation, your soul was bounded to my Lord’s. And even though you are in a
new body, the memories you created with him are embedded into your very soul. It crosses over lifetimes.”

“That’s really confusing,” I was struggling to understand him.

“Think of it as a big tank.”

“Ok?”

“And you’re filling that tank with water. Just because you’re adding more water, doesn’t mean the other water is gone. It just starts filling up that tank.”

“So all the memories I… my past lives created with Park Jimin are somehow buried deep in my soul. And that’s the images I’m seeing? Even though they happened with different people.”

“Yes Miss.”

“And at some point, I’m just going to remember all of it?”

“I don’t know the exact details, but yes.”

I sat on a bench in the courtyard and looked at the small lake that was the highlight of our campus. Yoongi remained standing next to me.

“You can sit down you know. You look awkward just standing there.”

He stood still for a moment, before slowly making his way to sit next to me. And for a while we just sat there in silence. I thought about everything he had just told me and went through a struggle in my head to believe it. But as the sun started setting, I found myself believing in his words more and more.

“Yoongi?” I glanced at him, and he remained still next to me, looking at the lake, “I know this may sound silly. But in all the movies and novels… um… whenever... vampires are involved with
humans, especially with girls, they um, they turn the girls into… vampires.”

“......”

I turned on the bench and faced him, concern in my voice, “Does Park Jimin plan on turning me into a vampire?”

He considered his words for a moment before talking, “My Lord is a very selfish man. He is a very powerful man. A man that I highly respect. But even if he is selfish and powerful, he is selfless and weak to you.”

He turned his head, and it was only then that I could see just how amber his eyes were. The way his dark hair accentuated his pale skin, his pink lips standing out. He was very beautiful.

“He only wants you to be happy.”

I looked away, trying to sort out my feelings of what he just said. My mind boggled by everything, yet accepting his words.

He stood up, and pulled his cellphone out from the inside of his suit blazer. He didn’t say anything before hanging up and putting it back in its place.

“Miss, I’ve been summoned. You can stay if you like. I will have someone else watch over you.”

I stood up, taking one last look at the lake as the sun was finally disappearing, the reflection now gone, taking away the magical feeling I always felt.

“No, it’s ok. I’ll go back.” I sighed as I fully accepted my crazy and mythical fate, “That place is my home now, right?”

He looked at me seriously, yet he didn’t look upset, “Yes.”

“Then please take me back home.”
Another week went by and I hardly left my room. I cried as I missed my parents. I cried as I thought about Yoongi’s words. I had accepted what was happening to me. But it didn’t mean I didn’t miss the life that I had. It was a long week of ups and downs, but I managed to sort out my feelings. The more time passed, the more I’d get memories in my head. The more I believed Yoongi and Park Jimin. And the more I felt comfortable with my fate, being in this mansion. So by the time it had been a week, I was ready to seek out my new life.

Feeling a little stir crazy and hungry, I decided to venture out. Maybe it would do me some good to go back to the stone foyer.

I wore a dark navy skirt and a white blouse, rolling up my sleeves, letting it hang over my skirt. If I didn’t believe it before, all the clothes in the closet did fit me perfectly. A once over in the mirror, slipping on my converse, and I left my room.

I knew I could get to the foyer if I went right. But I didn’t know what was to the left. I turned and started walking down the hallway; I really wanted to find the kitchen. Not as surprised and distracted by the art and the decor that lined the hallways this time, I was able to notice just how many rooms there were. But one in particular caught my eye. It wasn’t a soft blue like the other doors. It was painted a dark black and looked old.

I reached out for the copper door knob, but jolted as I heard someone clear their throat. I quickly turned my head and noticed a tall dark blonde hair guy standing next to me.

“You shouldn’t go wandering, Mistress. You could get hurt.”

I gulped and took a step back, “That sounds like a threat.”

His lips twitched for just a split second, “Not at all. I’m just concerned for your safety Mistress.”

“You don’t have to call me Mistress. My name is y/n.”

“I’ve always called you Mistress. And that’s how it’s going to stay.”
I just stared back at him, a little pissed, “Ok then. What’s your name?”

“Kim Namjoon.”

“Kim Namjoon….”

“You can just call me Namjoon if you wish.”

“Ok…. Namjoon…. I’m just gonna go this way then…..”

“…..”

I turned around and started walking away with some hurry in my steps. I turned back once more and he was already gone. I stopped and just stared down the empty hallway. Now that I thought about it, that night I was walking back to the dorms from the library, the figures moved like he did just now. They moved without sound, it just seemed like they appeared and disappeared out of nowhere.

I found my way into a large living room area, and just past the archway was the kitchen. I slowly looked around, taking my time to look at the paintings. The house was just covered in art. It made me wonder if the owner, or I suppose Park Jimin, had an obsession with art. But either way I loved looking at all of them. Every single piece was so lovely.

I walked into the kitchen and rubbed my stomach feeling hungry. I opened the fridge and decided to make a quick sandwich for myself. It felt weird to just start using the pots and pans if it wasn’t my house. But a sandwich was simple enough that didn’t require much. I took out the french bread and cut out a big enough slice; grabbed some meat, cheese, lettuce, tomatoes, and some mayonnaise. I looked around and noticed the collection of knives sitting magnetically to the wall above the stove. I pulled one off and set it down so I could wash the head of lettuce and the single tomato. Easily enough I found a cutting board and began cutting up the vegetables.

“Hungry?”

I looked up as I was still in the process of slicing the lettuce and sliced the knuckles of my index and middle finger.
“Ahh!!” I cried out in pain, dropping the knife and pulling my fingers into my chest.

In a heartbeat I felt someone grabbing my hands, turning on the sink and putting them under the water. I looked up from my tear struck eyes and saw a flash of yellow blonde hair in my face. I looked down at my fingers, but in a second they were covered with the kitchen towel.

“Keep pressure on the cut and wait here.”

I saw his hands leave the towel. I looked up to see who it was exactly, but no one was in the kitchen with me. I continued to cry and hold the towel to my fingers. My eyes grazed the scene and I noticed blood on the lettuce, blood on my white button up, and specks of it on the counter and the sink.

My head started hurting again at the sight of my blood all over. I wobbled on my feet and leaned up against the fridge to hold my body up. Again flashes of images were running through my mind.

I could hear Park Jimin yelling. I could see him crying above me. He was holding me in his arms. There was blood all over his hands. He begged for me to stay with him, but I went still in his arms. He gently placed me on the brick road and lashed out at the guys at the end of the alleyway.

My attention was brought back to the present as a pair of hands started touching me, making my own hand move so he could remove the towel, inspecting the damage.

“It doesn’t look deep enough to need stitches.”

“W-What?” My head was still pounding.

“Just hold still. This is gonna hurt.”

“Hyung, why does it reek of blood in here….”

I looked up and noticed a brunette boy standing in the large living room looking at us. He had a little bit more of a boyish look to his face than Park Jimin did. But he was taller than Park Jimin and
looked like he had a bigger build to his body. He was very handsome, I had to give him that.

But a stinging, almost burning pain, shot through my fingers all the way to my toes as the blonde hair guy put an alcohol soaked gauze on my cuts. It brought my attention back to the crisis at hand; literally.

“Keep this on the cut until the burning stops.” He looked up to the brunette boy, a worried expression crossing his face, “Jimin is gonna kill me.”

“No doubt hyung. It was nice knowing you.”

“Well if this clumsy girl knew how to cut properly.”

I remained quiet, concentrating on getting through the burning sensation and the throbbing. I kinda wanted to throw up.

“I think… I’m gonna be sick…”

“Shit that’s gross…”

He moved so I could make my way to the sink. I hovered over it a bit, but nothing happened. He just waited off to the side, looking on in worry, knowing as the seconds went by, it’d be only a matter of time before Jimin came.

I turned around and slowly sat down on the kitchen floor. The room was starting to spin, and my head, as well as my fingers, was really hurting. I closed my eyes and whimpered, “Jimin….”

I heard the blonde guy suddenly start yelling, “Listen it was an accident! You gotta believe me! I just wanted to talk to her!”

“Shut the fuck up and get out of my sight!”

My head wobbled, and I felt hot. But there was a cool sensation on my neck and on my cheek. I
slowly opened my eyes and noticed Jimin’s face in front of mine. “Ji… Jimin…”

His jaw tightened as he looked around the kitchen, then looked at the blood soaked gauze, “Let me see.”

He didn’t wait for me to move the gauze, instead moved it slowly for me and noticed the bleeding was slowing. He reached out for the first aid kit on the counter and pulled out some big bandages. He very gently wrapped up my two fingers.

I leaned my head back against the drawer, “It was… an accident.”

He looked at me and growled, “It could have been prevented if that idiot thought twice about coming to talk to you.”

I glanced to my side, but the blonde boy was long gone by now. I drug my eyes to meet Jimin’s, “He helped me though…”

“Of course he did. If he didn’t I’d have killed him. Not like I won’t get close to killing him for all of this in the first place.”

I watched as he gulped, his adam’s apple going up and down. His neck was so pale. In fact his whole face was more pale than I remembered it a week ago. His eyes weren't grey anymore either. They had a lot of red mixed in.

I reached out and touched his cheek. Maybe it was because he looked so angry and pained. Maybe it was because I was a little out of it from the accident. Or maybe it was because I had saw him crying in the vision I had. But I lightly touched his cheek and put my hand in his silver hair.

“I saw you crying. She….she died didn't she. In the alley…”

He put his hand on top of mine, “It was you babe. You died that night.” His voice was starting to have more of a hiss behind it, “They came after you because of me…but I killed them all. I ripped their throats apart.”
“That's….” I was going to make a comment on his remark, but I noticed his fangs for the first time and reached out, only stopping just short of his lips, “You weren't lying… A vampire.. ?”

“Baby…”

“I wanna touch them.”

“Go ahead.”

He opened his mouth and waited patiently as I slowly reached my fingers out, keeping my injured hand in my lap. I touched the point of his fang with my index finger, pricking it. I hissed a bit, bringing my hand back towards me. He reached out and grasped my hand. He pushed the skin around the small wound, causing a small bubble of blood to spill out. I looked back and forth between his lips, his tongue, and my finger. Very slowly he stuck his tongue out and licked at the blood. He brought my hand closer and wrapped his plush lips around the tip and started sucking for more. My breathing quickened. This felt wrong. But it felt good. It felt like something I was already used too.

His tongue circled all around my finger until he started kissing down into my palm, taking a big whiff of my skin. Once again I felt his tongue swirl around and taste me.

“J-Jimin….please…”

My voice seemed to bring him out of his drunken state. He gently placed a kiss on my palm before standing up and helping me up slowly.

“I'm sorry. I think being around the scent of your blood made me a little punch drunk. How are you feeling?”

My head was no longer pounding, and my fingers didn't feel as bad. “I'll live.”

He smirked, “Good.”

I reached out for his arm, “About the blonde hair guy.”
“What about that fool?”

“What about that fool?”

“Please don't hurt him. It was my fault, I shouldn't have been looking away when I was using the knife.”

He looked annoyed, but his eyes softened as he considered my words, “You've always been so easy on Taehyung. Even in this lifetime it seems that hasn't changed.”

“Um. About that.”

He held his hand up, making me stop, “Before anything else. Let's get you changed.”

I looked down and noticed my blood stained white button up, “Oh…”

“Right now it's just more distracting for me.”

“Distracting…? I mean… Nevermind…” I thought about it and decided to not press on it further.

After changing into a new set of clothes - a black dress with white flowers all over it with an open back - I sat on a couch in Jimin’s office. This room wasn't light blue like the rest of the mansion. Instead it looked a lot like a library that was turned into an office. Shelves upon shelves lined with books, some looked old and torn while others looked like first editions. I was so giddy and I wanted to take a peek at his giant collection, but there were more pressing things on my mind.

He sipped on tea as he sat in the identical couch across from me, “I love that dress on you.”

“T-Thanks…”

His eyes looked me over, “So, do you believe me when I say that I'm a vampire?”
“It's really hard to believe it but… Yeah I guess I do.”

“Ask your questions.”

I looked down at my still full cup of tea, “You drink blood?”

He sighed, “Wait, it'll just be easier if I explain and then you can ask me questions after.” He put his tea cup down and crossed his legs again, propping his arm up on the back of the couch, “Yes we drink blood. If we don't, we get, well I suppose we go crazy if we go for long periods without it. No we don't kill humans for their blood, but we do drink human blood. We've just found round about ways of drinking.”

He saw me twitch as I listened, which was to be expected. He kept his eyes on me, reading my body language, “I drink probably every three weeks or so, depending on circumstances. And its different for every vampire. My advisor Yoongi can go two months without a single drop, while the youngest Jungkook can only go a few days.”

I wanted to ask him to elaborate, but felt like I should stay silent.

“Speaking of, I am the head of this coven and I have six immediate brothers under my lead. My coven is made up of probably fifty or so, but only the six are allowed to live with me here in the main house.” He grinned, “You've already seemed to have met some of them.”

I nodded, still keeping quiet.

“Perhaps it's time to meet them all properly.” He kept his voice the same, “All of you come to my office now.”

I was puzzled, but suddenly I was surround by six guys. The blonde one was sitting next to me on the couch, Namjoon and Yoongi stood behind Jimin, the brunette leaned against the door, leaving the other two standing behind me.

Jimin looked so smug, so proud that was was surrounded by his faithful followers.
He gestured with the slightest of nods as he introduced each one, “Yoongi here is my first advisor as well as the first who joined my coven. If I’m ever not available, you come to him.”

I bowed my head a little. I felt like I should show respect.

“The tall guy on my other side is Kim Namjoon, my second advisor. If you need anything, and I mean anything baby, then talk to him and he can get it for you.”

I opened my mouth to say something, but closed it again.

“Do you already have a request?”

I looked at the tall Namoon then to Jimin, “I was wondering what happened to all my things. Um, I guess I won't really need that stuff now… But I'd really like to have my diary with me.”

Jimin turned to look at Namjoon. I made sure to keep my eyes on him, try and witness how they managed to move. But all I could really see was a blur of him. It clicked in my head, they must have super speed or something.

Jimin continued on, “The idiot next to you is Kim Taehyung.” He glared at him before going on, “The two behind you are Kim Seokjin and Jung Hoseok. Seokjin has been the one preparing your meals for you.”

I turned my head and bowed a bit, “Thank you so much. Everything was delicious.”

“Of course My Lady, anything for you,” he said with a dazzling smile.

I frowned and slowly turned back to face Jimin, “Why do they call me stuff like that? Even you…”

“They’re showing you the respect you deserve.”

“But I didn’t do anything.”
“You are my fated mate. That has the highest honor. So it’s only natural they treat you differently.” He smirked and winked, “And it's only natural I call my lover by petnames.”

I got a little embarrassed, my heart was racing. “I see…” I’m still not used to thinking that I was his lover or his mate. It was still beyond me. But I couldn't deny how his looks, and how his words made me feel.

“And that one over there is our youngest, Jungkook. As of today, he’ll be your personal bodyguard.

“Huh?” I turned my head to look at Jungkook, then back at Jimin, “Why do I need a bodyguard?”

He was very serious, “I had said that one of your past lives was attacked because of me. And frankly, that threat still exists. Jungkook is the strongest among us, so it’s his duty to protect you when you’re not in my care.”

I gulped hard and looked down at my bandaged hand. People would try and attack me now? That was more than a little terrifying.

At this point Namjoon had returned to his spot standing next to Yoongi. Jimin reached his hand backwards, still keeping his eyes on me as Namjoon handed him my diary. He stood up, Taehyung moving from his spot to stand next to Jung Hoseok, as Jimin walked around the coffee table to sit next to me.

“Here. Your diary.”

I looked down at it, opened it up, and sure enough it was the same diary. The last entry being two weeks ago. It made me feel a little better, after hearing that grim news.

I smiled fondly at it, lifting my head to look at Jimin, “Thank you.” I turned to look at Namjoon thanking him as well, “I really appreciate it.”

Jimin moved my hair out of my eyes and tucked it behind me ear, “All you have to do is ask, and it’s yours. Anything at all.”
He looked at me so lovingly, like I was the only one in the room. I couldn’t help but blush a little, “I’m a little tired… would it be ok if I went back to my room?”

He nodded, “Just as well, I have a lot a work to attend to.” He stood up, “Jungkook, escort her back to her room.”

It was only then that I realized that everyone else had left and Jungkook was re-entering the room. I guess I’d have to get used to that.

I looked at Jimin as I stood up, holding my diary to my chest, “So…” I got embarrassed at what I was about to say, and honestly a little worried, “If I’m your mate….”

“Yes?”

“Does that mean that you’ll be drinking my blood?”

It almost sounded like a feral growl came from his chest. He did his best to contain his malicious smile, as he reached out his pale fingers to touch my neck, “We’ll talk about that later. I promise.” He let his hand fall from my neck and put it in his pocket, “Now go and rest. I’ll see you later.”

I watched as he walked to his desk and start sorting out some papers. I turned around and walked to Jungkook, who held the door open for me to walk through. It was all so surreal, everything that I had just heard, meeting the rest of the guys.

I had a lot more questions, but with the accident, and already getting more information about their world, it was a little too much at once.

Jimin was a vampire. They all were. They served him and worked together as a coven. They drank human blood, but didn’t kill humans. Not all vampires are the same. Some need more blood and others don’t. But they all seemed to have speed and strength.

I started thinking about all the things I’d have to write in my diary. There was a lot it needed to be caught up on.
I found myself outside in the stone foyer one day just staring at the oak tree. The sky was grey and gloomy, and it seemed like it was going to rain. But again I felt like I needed to be here. It felt like I was in the middle of remembering another memory.

I closed my eyes as I tried to see it more clearly.

I could feel myself crying. I was staring at the field, the oak tree wasn’t as tall, it was still growing. I covered my face. Yet when I did I noticed the arms and hands were very large; like a mans.

“Why do I have to go through this? Just for it to end up with death….”

I listened to myself talk; it was a man’s voice.

“I hate this. I hate this. I hate this.”

Slowly I started making my way to the stone wall. Slowly I stepped up and stood on the ledge. I looked down and saw a far drop to the bottom.

“If I die now… I’ll just be reincarnated into another body. And then I can forget about this disease, and just live happily with hyung.”

I felt myself wobbling as I turned on the small stone ledge and stare at the mansion. I felt my arms raising up, holding them straight out as I cried through my smile.

“I’ll be with him again soon…..”
I felt the panic in my heart as the man, as I, let my body start falling backwards. The dark and gloomy sky the only thing in my site as my body was falling backwards. Just seconds until I’d feel the hard ground.

But my body jolted in a tough grasp that shook me out of the memory. I thrashed around, terrified at what I had just felt. My heart was beating wildly in my chest and I started crying.

“Calm down! You’re ok!”

Jungkook’s voice was right above me. I realized he was holding me in his arms as he jumped down from top of the stone wall. He kept his firm hold on me as I slowly stopped thrashing around.

“What were you trying to do? It looked like….” He slowly put me down on the ground, not finishing his sentence.

“I felt like coming out to the foyer and then… and then I started having this memory in my head. So I thought, well… if I remembered more, then maybe… I could start getting more comfortable with all this….”

“…..”

I stared blankly, the image of the man falling to the ground replaying over and over.

“I… he… he killed himself.”

“One of your past lives?”

I nodded.

He frowned, “I’m sorry My Lady. Are you alright?”
I gulped, a bit of a sweat on my forehead, “Yeah, I think I’ll… be ok.” I looked up at him finally, “Thank you for… for saving me.”

“I’ll need to talk to Jimin Hyung. You’re starting to reenact the memories. And if I wasn’t here, you would have…..”

We both knew what would have happened.

I nodded, “Can you take me to him?”

He did as I asked, escorting me through the house all the way to Jimin’s office. Honestly, I was really freaked out. It was the first time a memory was so vivid. It was the first time that I lost a sense of myself. And it was terrifying. I wanted to be with Jimin. I wanted to be around his scent. It was so comforting. And I needed anything right now to help me calm down.

Jungkook knocked on the door and waited for a moment before entering, letting me in first, holding the door open for me. I walked in a few steps and saw Jimin behind his desk, Yoongi standing next to him. I bit my lip, my fingers playing with themselves; I was nervous, I felt like a burden, I wanted him to comfort me.

“….Jimin….?”

His head snapped up at my faint whisper. And in a heartbeat he was in front of me. His hand was on my cheek, his other was firmly pressed to the small of my back and holding me close.

“Darling, what happened? Are you ok?” He turned to Jungkook, his fangs threatening to come out, “Explain.”

“It’s getting worse Hyung. She described a memory from a past life and….”

He was getting irritated at the youngest vagueness, “Speak!”

He gulped and stood more straight in place, “She was about to throw herself off the foyer.”
Jimin’s jaw tightened as he considered what Jungkook had said. He knew exactly what he was
talking about. He knew the exact person, the exact moment that Jungkook was referring too. He
could remember it as if it was yesterday. He was heartbroken when he found his lover dead and
broken on the ground.

He put his forehead on mine and inhaled deeply, “For now, I’m keeping you by my side. Jungkook,
collect a few of her things and put them in my room.”

“Yes Hyung.”

“Yoongi, go ahead and finish everything for me. I’ll be with her in my room.”

“Yes, My Lord.”

He rubbed the tear off of my cheek, “Come with me. We’ll talk about it.”

He opened the doors to his room and lead me to his bed. I blinked slowly as I looked around his
room; Jimin and Jungkook talking outside the doors.

The room was as fancy as the rest of the mansion, but the only difference was the collage of eyes he
had on a wall. All of them were drawn, sketched, or painted on different kinds of paper and
canvas. Some were framed, some weren’t. I walked slowly to the wall and held my hand to my
chest. It was only when I got closer that I noticed that in the eyes were different drawings of scenery
and objects; a forest in one, an ocean in another, the sky, even flowers and foods and old fashioned
luxuries.

Jimin was suddenly by my side looking at all the eyes with me, “It’s you.”

“All of them…. Are me?”

“All of your lives were so uniquely different from the others, yet all of them were the same beating
heart. I drew what reminded me of each of your lives. Because I love them. I love you.”

I looked down, “Jimin this is too weird. I’m not…” He reached out for me but I hurried to walk away, “This is getting too hard for me!” I spun around to yell at him, “I’m getting all these memories! They won’t stop! And I keep feeling like I have to be somewhere else. As if my body is trying to tell me where to go, or what to do. And just now….”

He ran his hand through his hair slowly, “You tried to kill yourself like you did before.”

“I did…” I cried, “And yet, all I wanted to do was seek you out and be in your arms. But I barely know you. And! And I’m freaking out because I don’t feel like I’m me anymore!” I scraped my nails through my hair and grabbed a hold, my eyes shaking, “I feel like I’m slipping away to all these memories and I’m so scared. I don’t want to disappear!”

He hurried to my side and held me into his chest, “Shh Shhh, it’s ok. Breathe. You’re right here. You’re not going anywhere.”

“But-”

“Stop.”

His voice was very firm, that I could do nothing but listen.

“I know this isn’t easy. But I promise, it won’t be long until it all comes back to you. Until the rebirth is complete.”

I slowly raised my hands to grab at the back of his blazer, “Will I… still be… me?”

“Once it comes back, you’ll have full control of your emotions and the memories.”

“…..I don’t want to die Jimin.”

He rubbed my back and kissed my cheek very very softly, “I won’t let you die.”
I closed my eyes as his cold soft lips touched my skin. His familiar and comforting scent was around me again, and I melted into his arms. All of my worries were disappearing one by one, and I wanted nothing more than to just stay in his grasp.

“Until the rebirth is finally complete, you’ll be staying with me as much as possible.”

I lifted my head to look into his dark eyes, “But Jungkook was-”

“He’ll still be looking after you. But as much as I can manage it, I’m not letting you out of my sight.”

“.....”

“Besides, it’ll probably help to complete the rebirth if you’re next to me. And the sooner the better. The more it drags on the more I’m worried you’ll-”

I frowned, “Afraid I might unknowingly do something harmful to myself.”

“Yes.”

I rested my head on his chest, “Then what now?”

He picked me up as if I was made of feathers and carried me to his king size bed. He got on his knees on the bed, still carrying me in his arms and lay me gently on my side in the middle of the bed. He smiled just enough to pull the corner of his mouth up as he laid down next to me. He moved my hair out of my face, the held my hand.

“I told Yoongi to take care of the rest of my work. So we can do whatever you want. But, I think you need your rest.”

“What work?”
“In Europe I own a few business that needed my attention.”

“So you actually work?”

He chuckled, “Of course I do. Just because I’m a vampire, doesn’t mean things just came to me without hard work and determination. I had to struggle for a long time to get to where I am now.”

“I see.”

He started playing with my hair as he ran his fingers through, “I had my coven that I had to build, as well as allying with the right humans to take care of my secret. Of course with equal benefits.”

I closed my eyes as I continued to ask questions, feeling so at peace. “What do you mean?”

“Like I said before. Vampires have lived alongside humans for a time you probably can’t even fathom. And along the way, there have been some…. Mistakes. But through time and history, we came to understand the limitations of humans. It took me a long time to figure out the perfect formula to have a peaceful, coexisting relationship with humans.”

“You make it sound like humans are bad.”

“Humans are bad.”

I opened my eyes and pouted, “I feel really offended by that.”

He cracked a wicked grin, “Well, except you baby.”

“Hmph…” I continued to pout, closing my eyes once again. “And so? How are we bad?”

“Humans are very greedy and very crafty with their lies. So what I ended up doing is writing up a contract. I’d have the frontman for my businesses, a human I trusted to take care of meetings and negotiations in which I couldn’t attend. And I was contracted to take care of all future generations that came after.”
“.....so they know about you and your coven?”

“The family knows I’m a vampire and that I do have a coven. But they don’t know how many of us are out there.”

“.....I see…."

He scooted closer, done playing with my hair, and held me in his arms, “Enough about work though. That’s all I do. Let’s talk about you.”

“I’m boring though.”

“That’s the last thing you are babe.”

I opened my eyes, nuzzled my head into the soft pillow and stared at his beautiful grey eyes, “But compared to your exciting life, mine is nothing. I’m just… or was, just a normal girl who worked a regular job, went to school, studied, had a few friends. Really, I was just going through my life like anyone else.”

“What about your dreams and aspirations? Or something as simple as your favorite food color, your favorite foods, smells… What were your friends like?”

“Well I didn’t have many friends. But my roommate Eun was such a cute, hard working girl. I really looked up to her. And honestly, she was one of the reasons I could do my best. And she always supported me. Especially of my dream to be a novelist.”

“You want to write?”

I smiled happily, “I love writing. Though, I’m not really good. I sent a few of my stuff to a few publishing companies, but they more or less said I needed a lot of work.” I sighed, “Oh well.”

“Well if I can help you in any way-”
“No no no, that’s ok.”

He propped his body up on his elbow to get a better look at my face, “That’s what mates are supposed to do. Let me help you.”

I turned my head away a little, “Mates…”

He grinned, “You *are* my mate you know. I know you feel it in here.” He tapped the center of my chest referring to my heart, knowing exactly how hard it was beating for him at the current moment.

I bit my lip and glanced his way before turning my attention back to the wall, “I guess… I kinda like you…. Maybe…”

He laughed, “Are you always this stubborn?”

“Not as much as you, I think,” I grinned back, gaining more courage to look at him again.

I stared at his smile, at his face. He looked so cute and innocent. Like as if he was relieved and carefree. Which was so perplexing because whenever he was around any of his brother’s he looked very different. He carried himself with so much pride and confidence; he rarely smiled. But now, in front of me, he looked so relaxed and happy, nothing but smiles and laughter.

“Can I ask more about you.”

“Fine. But so long as it isn’t about work,” he said with a bit of a chuckle, lying back down and pulling me to his side.

It was embarrassing, but I with my guard already down, and just the need to be close to him, I adjusted my head so I could rest it on his chest. I smiled as I could feel his voice vibrate through his body. I leaned my ear closer and listened in. As expected from the myths, there was no heartbeat.

“You aren’t going to hear anything you know. But they say if you concentrate, and listen
carefully….”

“Yes?”

“That you’ll be able to hear the ocean.”

“Oh my God…..”

He started cracking up at his own joke. And it was the first time I had heard such a pure giggle from him; it was the best noise I could have heard. And truthfully, the way he giggled made him look a lot like a little kid. I smiled and started laughing with him.

“Do you always make bad jokes like that?”

“No, never. But I seem to want to when I’m with you,” he said with a smile.

“So… how do you normally act then? Do you smile and laugh?”

“Never.”

“Why not?”

“Because there’s nothing to smile or laugh about.”

I lifted my head from his chest and looked at his lips, reaching out to graze my fingers on them, “But I like it when you smile.”

He stared into my eyes for a long time. He considered kissing me. He considered pushing me onto my back. He considered getting on top of me. He considered a lot more that just laying next to me.

I could see red starting to crawl into his irises, “Jimin?”
“Baby, do me a favor?”

“What?”

“Stay here for a second, and I’ll be right back.”

Before I could even give him my answer, he was out of the bed and gone from his room. I stared at the doors for a while. But minutes passed and he still wasn’t coming back. I sat up and wondered if it was ok to get up and leave. But my instinct told me to keep put. Besides, his bed was just coated with his scent, and I really didn’t feel like leaving in the first place.

I closed my eyes and inhaled, slowly drifting off.

I dreamt of a crystal blue ocean. A white beach. Colorful umbrellas lining the sand. I ran closer to the ocean where I saw Jimin standing. He was just letting the waves hit him. While everyone else in the ocean was getting pushed back and falling over, he was unmoving.

“Honey! Hey!”

He turned around and smiled, waving back at me. But as I started approaching the ocean, I looked down at the water and noticed it was no longer a crystal blue. It was a thick red. I stepped back quickly, falling back on my butt.

My whole body was shaking as I looked up and saw Jimin holding a girl in his arms. He looked at me with such hate and lust as he bit down hard into the girl’s neck. She withered in his arms, yet her hand reached up and tangled its way into his hair.

I could feel pain building up in my chest. There was so much pain.
I thrashed a bit and I woke up. I scanned my surroundings. The room was only lit with one lamp in
the corner. I put my hand on my chest, my heartbeat was out of control as the dream was slowly
replaying itself in my head. I did my best to think of anything else.

I got out bed, realizing Jimin wasn’t there. I needed to get out. I needed to see him.

I walked down the hall, not really caring where I was headed. Just anywhere that would distract me
from that horrible nightmare.

When suddenly my attention was on the same black doors with the copper doorknobs. Only this
time, one of the doors was slightly open. I gulped, I was uneasy. The last time I tried opening the
door, the tall guy named Namjoon stopped me. He said something about me not getting hurt.

But for some reason, I was pushing away all fear, my curiosity was getting the best of me.
Something was telling me that I’d find Jimin here.

I opened the door more and slowly walked in. I was surprised that there were stairs leading down,
rather than it being a room. With each step, I felt my heart racing more and more. It definitely felt like
I shouldn’t be around. I could still turn back and just forget this whole thing all together, but I really
couldn’t do it. I had to keep walking down.

Finally reaching the bottom, I looked farther into the dimly lit room and saw Jimin hunched over a
small bed. I was quiet walking closer. And with each step, I could hear soft moans and sounds that
sounded like slurping.

The same pain that I had felt in that dream was creeping up into my heart.

I stopped just short of the bed, my voice barely audible, “Jimin….”

He froze in place. It was only when I heard the voice of another female that I turned away.

“My Lord, please keep drinking.”

I ran up the stairs as fast as I could manage, slipping only once. I threw the door open, my breathing
the only sound in my ears as I closed my eyes.

_He was drinking from her. He was drinking from her. He was drinking that girl’s blood._

I heard the door close behind me. I didn’t want to be here anymore.

“I told you to stay in the room. You didn’t listen.”

He didn’t sound happy like before. He didn’t sound like the same Jimin who said he loved me. Who played with my hair. Who held me in his arms.

“I’m leaving.”

“You can’t leave.”

I turned around, pain and anger in my eyes, “You’re a fucking bastard! And I can do whatever the hell I want!”

I started walking away, but in the flash of a second he was holding onto my wrist.

“Let go of me!”

“Let’s talk.”

“I don’t want to talk to you! You’re a liar!”

“And exactly what have I lied about?”

I bit my lip hard and stopped moving. I thought about it, and felt betrayed by my own heart. In the time that I’ve gotten to know him, the more that my memories of my past lives have resurfaced, I seemed to have convinced myself that I was the only girl he’d ever get close too. That I’d be the only
girl to give him blood, even though he hasn’t even come close to biting me. The memories had tricked me into thinking that we were a lot closer than we actually were. And somewhere along the way, I was starting to really care about him. I was blinded by anger, pain, and jealousy.

I had really fallen hard for him.

I started crying as I tried tugging my arm away from him, “Let me go. I don’t… I don’t want to see you anymore.”

“Jagiya…”

“Go back to that girl down there and leave me the hell alone! I’m done with you, you monster!”

He looked at me seriously, pain struck eyes; he let go of my wrist, “You don’t mean that.”

“I may be your fated lover or partner or whatever, but this is me -the me of this lifetime- telling you to stay the hell away from me and to never come near me again!”

I turned around and ran down the hallway, my tears flying back. The paintings and statues were just flying past me as I just kept running.

I ran to the foyer, down the stone steps, and into the field at the bottom. I kept running past the oak tree and into the forest outside of the mansion. I could hear my breathing so clearly as I dodged trees, swiped tall grass out of the way. I jumped over a few lifted roots, but my tears made it impossible to dodge the last one. My foot catching on the root, I fell hard on my hands and my face. My head hitting the dirt floor with a crack. Darkness covered my eyes.

My eyes snapped open. I was standing by a tree, and wasn’t on the ground after just falling. I walked around but stopped as a saw a girl bending over and grabbing fallen apples. She was humming to herself as she did it.

A bonnet on her head, a long dress covering her body, a candlestick in her hands; she looked like she was wearing something from my history books. I took a step closer.
The girl straightened up, “I know you're there. Come out.”

I was so nervous. How did she know?

As I was about to take a step out to reveal myself, my eyes caught sight of someone else emerging from the trees.

Jimin.

I stepped back to make sure he wouldn't see me. I watched as he slowly approached the girl.

“So you know your fate then,” he asked the girl.

She turned around to look at Jimin, “I'm not afraid to die. Especially if it's helping someone.”

“Helping me huh,” he asked with a dark grin.

“You're a vampire. Aren't you?” She remained calm, her eyes steady on him.

He continued to slowly approach her, “And yet I smell zero fear from you.”

“You're thirsty.”

“Incredibly so.”

“Does it hurt when you don't have blood?”

He was right next to her, circling her body; a lion circling its prey, “It's excruciating.”
She tilted her head to expose her neck, “I can help you.”

“You're so willing….I’m going to kill you….” he said, as if she wasn't understanding the situation she was in.

He finally stopped circling her and they stood face to face. She smiled, “You've been following me for three days. I think if you wanted to kill me, you would have done it by now.”

“......”

“Keep me alive. Drink only what you need. And I promise to always help you when you're thirsty.”

“Why? Why would you do this for me? A monster who murders people.” He looked so hurt, full of anguish and regret.

She reached out to touch his cheek, “You're not a monster. You don't want to kill anyone do you?”

He put his hand on top of hers, “I hate being a monster.”

“Let me help you.”

She tilted her head once more, taking a step closer to him. He took a step back, worried.

“How do you know I'll stop?”

“I trust you.”

That's all he needed to hear before he closed the distance again and sank his teeth into her supple flesh.
I turned away, leaning up against the tree. I did my best to tune out the noises. But it was too difficult a task. I crouched down, put my head in my arms, squeezing my eyes shut.

“I want to go home….”

I felt hands lightly touching my head. I quickly snapped my head up to see the girl standing in front of me. I panicked and tried standing up but the tree was in my way.

She had such beautiful hazel eyes and golden hair, tucked into the bonnet. Her skin was so fair and her lips rosy. I understood why Jimin fell in love with her.

“Don't be scared y/n. That's such a beautiful name by the way.”

“H-how do you know my name?” I looked around in a panic, “Why are you talking to me?”

“My name is Elizabeth. And I brought you here to help you remember our past.”

I slowly turned my head to look at her, “You're saying….?”

“Yes. I am the original soul. I was the first.” She leaned down and smiled softly, “Do not feel jealous of me, child. We are the same soul.”

I bit my lip and looked down, unable to face that smile of hers, “I guess...you can sense what I'm feeling?”

She grabbed my hand and held it gently, “It's ok to be angry, to be confused. It's not fair that you were suddenly thrown into this world.”

“Why me,” I asked on the verge of panic.

She grabbed both my hands and held them in hers, they were so soft, “The reason why it feels this way is because your feelings are finally aligning with the memories. The reason why I was finally able to show myself to you, is because you're finally accepting this fate, accepting this love.”
“But….he was with that...girl...”

She smiled warmly, “What you saw was his way of trying to protect you. You haven't completed the rebirth so he didn’t want to drink from you until you're absolutely ready. It has nothing to do with feelings for that girl down there. He loves you, I promise.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“It hurt so much in your heart because you've fallen in love with him. I know it. You can't lie to me. And I know you're lying when you say you don't believe me.”

“......”

“And you were lying when you said you wanted him to leave you alone.”

“I was just so jealous…. I didn't realize how quickly I had…” My voice lowered to a whisper, “...how much I had fallen in love with him…”

She smiled as she stood up, pulling me up with her, “Come with me.”

I wiped the few tears that were falling, “Where are we going?”

“We're going to him,” she said as she walked around the tree and headed for the opening where he stood.

I stopped walking, “He can see me?”

“That's just a memory of him. How I knew him. But this is necessary for the rebirth.” She turned around and looked into my eyes, her hazel ones steady, “Are you ready to finally be one with me?”

Her warm smile was so comforting. I could feel love, confidence, and beauty spreading inside of me.
I glanced past her and saw Jimin standing with his hands in his torn brown slacks, his loose white blouse hanging open a bit exposing his chest. He looked so calm and powerful, yet had the sweetest smile on his lips.

I nodded my head as I turned my eyes back to her, “I’m ready.”

She continued to hold my hand as she lead me to him. With each step, the grass crunching beneath my feet, I felt anxious, I felt excited. She pulled on my hand and made me stand in front of him. I couldn't stand my beating heart. I kept my eyes down, staring at my feet.

“Look at me…”

His voice was sultry, commanding, yet gentle. It was hard to describe just how much his voice sent chills down my hole body.

Millimeter by millimeter, I raised my head until my dark brown ones were staring into his grey ones.

He reached out to tenderly grab my hand, lacing them together; slowly wrapping his other hand around my back and taking a step closer to me. Our bodies pressed together, my heart beating wildly against his still chest.

His eyes glanced at my neck, but then back to my eyes, “This is going to hurt. Are you sure you're ready? I don't mind waiting. I'll wait for as long as I need to, for you.”

I turned my head to look for Elizabeth, but she was already gone. I bit my lip. I'd have to make this decision on my own. She could only bring me so far. I closed my eyes and slowly let out my breath.

I kept my eyes closed as I tilted my head to the side, pulling my hair to give him full exposure to my neck. My teeth biting down hard on my bottom lip.

“I'm ready. I….I want you to.”

He put his hand on my chin and lifted my head so I could look at him straight. I opened my eyes and let go of my lip with a pop. He bent down slowly, his lips just barely touching my swollen one, “Let
me kiss you first….”

Our eyes closed together as he pressed his ice cold lips to my hot burning ones. His hands raised up
to cup my face, and tangle themselves in my hair, gently moving my head as he deepened the kiss. His
tongue was hotter than I expected. It was so domineering, and so delicious. I couldn't help trying
my best to match his power. But the way he grunted, the way he continued pressing his body to
mine, I was so ready to give myself to him. I didn't have anymore reservations. I wanted to be his.
Not just because the memories told me that that's what I wanted. But because, me, y/n, wanted him
for myself.

“Jimin…please…”

He bit my lip a little rough, sucking on it to soothe the pain. His chilled lips caressing my cheeks, my
jaw, and down the side of my neck. I grabbed at the front of his white blouse and held on tight as my
body was going through a whirlwind of passion, anticipation, and desire.

I could feel his tongue licking up my neck and stopping just short of my ear. He nibbled on the shell
of it and kissed it sweetly.

“You smell so good….Can I have you now?”

“Please…. Bite me.”

I heard a growl come out from his throat as his fangs felt extra sharp against my skin.

“I love you.”

I closed my eyes, fear completely gone from my whole body, “I love you too Jimin.”

And like a lightening bolt a sharp pain rang through my whole being. I whimpered and cried in his
arms. His lips sucked on my skin, my blood leaving my body. The sensation was so painful, yet it
felt like a soothing feeling was replacing the pain. My grip tighten even more until my knuckles
turned white.
The pain was all gone at this point and I could feel my body starting to relax and starting to go limp. My eyes opened a little but they couldn't focus. Everything was blurring and suddenly I couldn't feel his lips on my neck. I reached out but he was gone. I closed my eyes tight again, trying to figure out where the pain had gone, where he went.

I felt dirt pressed against my face, my eyes starting to focus on my surroundings as I came too. I sat up slowly and looked around. I was in the forest. I had fallen and hit my head. I had that dream.

I took a deep breath and decided to remain sitting, trying to wait out the dizziness.

“How long was I-” talking aloud to myself.

I twitched a bit as I heard Yoongi, “You were unconscious for less than a minute.”

I slowly looked to the side to see Yoongi. Jungkook just a few feet away. I looked back down at the ground, my hands were dirty, my head was pounding, and my whole body covered in dirt.

“Less than a minute…”

“How do you feel Miss?”

I smiled, “I actually feel….good…. I feel whole.”

“You're saying-”

“I met her Yoongi. I met Elizabeth.”

I looked up and saw him staring at me. I smiled as I slowly leaned back and laid down on the ground. I looked up at the stars through the trees and breathed slowly. There was a lot of pain before, but now it just felt calm, peaceful.

“Miss we should head back. Its getting dark out, and you're better off being in the mansion.”
“First you need to do something for me.”

“How can I help you?”

“That girl, or any girls for that matter, are no longer permitted in this house. I’m forbidding it.”

“. . . . Yes Miss. Anything else?”

“No that’s it.” I sat up, quickly getting to my feet, but too fast for my head. I wobbled and almost fell back down until Yoongi was holding my shoulders and keeping me steady.

“Thanks.”

“You're welcome Miss.”

“Can you take me to Jimin? I need to speak with him now.”

“Of course.”

Everything felt different as I walked past our oak tree, inside, and through the house. I was able to remember clearly just how much memories I had in this mansion. Just how much this place was my home.

Once I was inside I was able to walk on my own. I headed to my room first to shower and change, wearing a tight black cocktail dress, which has always been Jimin’s favorite color on me. I put on some red lipstick and eyeliner before making my way through the house. My bare feet felt cool on the wooden floors, soft on the lush rugs. Just the day before I was looking at the same statues and art, but now, I had more of a connection to everything.
I knocked on Jimin’s office door, knowing full well he'd be there. I didn't wait for an answer before opening the doors and walking in. I flipped my hair over my shoulders as I made my way to him.

He looked stunned, breathless; I felt amazing, “Are you going to say sorry first? Or should I?”

I walked around and hopped up on his desk, watching him as he eyed my whole body, “Wow baby. What....wait-” He looked carefully into my eyes, “The rebirth-”

“It's all come back to me sweetheart.”

He put his hands on my legs and started dragging them higher on my thighs but I stuck my foot out and pushed him back.

“Nope. I have a bone to pick with you.”

He grinned, “Is that so?”

“First of all. I'm sorry for calling you a monster. You are not a monster and I don't believe it. So... I'm really sorry.” I bowed my head a bit, before glancing up, “But I'm really upset that you were keeping that girl here. You only drink blood from me. No one else.”

“You've always been so territorial honey. God I love it.”

He tried touching my legs again but I pushed on his chest more with my foot. “So I told Yoongi to take her away and to keep all girls out of here. I get it that you needed to feed while I was away, but you could have been drinking from animals.”

“Babe, it's not as good,” he pouted.

“Does it look like I care? I was really hurt seeing you hunched over that girl.” I crossed my arms and frowned.

For a split second I saw him smirk before he had me pinned to the top of his desk. He pinned my
arms above my head with one hand, as the other grabbed at my thigh.

“You like me hunched over you like this baby?”

“Don’t change the subject Jimin. I’m still upset.”

He kissed my lips, breathing hard against my face as he savagely sucked on my tongue and my lips. It felt so good. Too good. I mewled at his forcefulness, remembering just how much I loved him forcing himself on me. Falling to all his selfish whims.

“…..you shouldn’t have erased their memories…” I finally managed to say.

He knew exactly what I wanted to talk about. He halted on his kissing assault, and slowly lifted up to look down at me, “I don’t want to talk about this right now.”

“Well too bad Park Jimin. We’re talking about this.”

He let me go and got off of me. He angrily walked away and started pacing around, “Do you understand just how much pain I’ve gone through waiting for you!?”

“Jimin you broke vampire law! If anyone from the Council finds out, it means you're coven!”

“I don’t give a shit about those fucking pricks! Why can’t you see I’m doing this for us?!”

I clenched my fist, “Kidnapping me, erasing their memories and…..” I ran my hair through my hair in frustration, “I’m not letting you turn me.”

He looked at me seriously, a deadly glint in his eyes. “Don’t you dare bring this up.”

I didn’t back down, “I’ve been reincarnated a million times over. I can keep doing it. It’s not worth you getting burned. Not for me. I won’t let you.”
He was starting to waver, “Please understand. I love you.”

I was starting to calm down. I walked around the desk and made my way to him, “Jimin, your laws state that turning any human is illegal by death; burning to be exact. And how do you think I’d feel, being left all alone?”

I reached up and curled my fingers in his hair, I knew it made him feel good. He closed his eyes and put his forehead on mine, he looked so pained.

“I just want you as you are. Living by my side for all eternity.”

“And I will be.”

“No… It’s just the same thing over and over. You die. You’re born again. You die. I search the world for you. You die again and again and I’m always waiting.”

“Baby, are you saying…. Are you saying it’s not worth it to wait for me anymore?”

I didn’t want my heart breaking like this.

He pulled away from me, his back towards me, “…..I don’t know what to do anymore.”

I lightly touched his back before I let it fall as I walked away, towards his door, “I didn’t realize our bond was that meaningless for you Jimin. Because I’m always willing to die for you and come back to you. Every death. Every life.”

I didn’t care to turn around to look at him. I closed the door behind me and walked to his room. I unzipped my dress and let it fall to the ground. I tip-toed out of it and walked to his closet, only in my bra and panties. I grabbed one of his button ups and slipped it on. I rolled up the sleeves a little as I got into his bed and slid under the blankets. It was getting late, and the stress of the rebirth was a lot on my body.

The stress of our tragic love, never leaving. Always there reminding me, that I was human. And that he was a vampire. Fated to never be together. Not really.
Days passed into weeks, and I hadn’t seen Jimin.

Namjoon informed me that it was because of business in Europe that he needed to attend to. But really it was just because he was a coward. To everyone else he was Park Jimin; master, lord, threat, strength, and all powerful. Yet to me, he was just weak, helpless, pitiful, and adoring. I’m the only one who truly saw him for who he was. A man who had the deepest complex of being a monster. A man plagued with the goal of perfection, and failing his brothers. A man always seeking to better himself, to attain more power as to build up more walls around him. But all of it was just a mask he carried to get him through his years. Because if you weren’t strong, you’d be eaten alive. So only in my eyes could he ever truly be himself.

A weak being who suffered just like anyone else. And I loved him so much for it. I was in love with the creature that was Park Jimin.

I sighed as I lay on the couch, staring at nothing in particular.

I was used to this. I knew there were times he’d leave for days and I always found something to occupy my time. But I guess this time was different. He left after having that big fight, and hasn’t once tried to contact me.

At first I was angry. And then sad. But now I just couldn’t bring myself to care. I just lay around doing nothing. Trying my hardest not to think about. Not think about how much I missed him. If he missed me. If he was thinking about me at this very moment.

I sat up quickly, “Namjoon-ah, come here. I need to talk to you.”
He appeared before me, sitting in the chair across from the couch, “Yes Mistress?”

“I want you to send Jimin a message for me.”

He looked at me skeptically, “You’re not gonna have me tell him something gross, right?”

“No of course-”

“Because I don’t want to hear any gross details about your sex life or anything like that.”

“Oh my God Namjoon will you shut up!” I covered my face to hide my red cheeks, “I thought you were smarter than to just let your mouth run like that!”

“I’m just warning you. Keep it PG.”

I let my hands fall and sighed hard, “You’re unbelievable.”

“I try,” he smirked.

I just shook my head and leaned back, crossing my leg over the other, “Anyways…. Can you please tell him that if he doesn’t come back within the day, that I plan on seeing the Lee brothers. Because I’m bored, and I have nothing else to do.”

He frowned. “You do realize that you’re playing with fire, right?”

“When have you known me to not take risks, huh?” I crossed my arms and stared back at him. “Just do it.”

He sighed, “Ok Mistress. Is there anything else you’d like me to tell him?”

“Hm… no, that should be it.” I looked at my watch and started the countdown. “He’s got twenty
four hours, or I’m leaving to visit his hyungs.”

I yawned as I stared up at the big gate. Jungkook by my side, nervous out of his mind. I yawned again as I rang the doorbell.

“My Lady, we can still bolt it out of here! Why are we visiting them?”

“Because this is Jimin’s punishment.”

“But my Lord is going to be so angry and he’s gonna ask why I didn’t stop you and-”

I put my hand on Jungkook’s cheek and smiled, “Don’t worry my sweet sweet Jungkookie, he’ll only be mad at me. And that’s what I’m planning on. At least it’ll mean that he’ll be back home.”

“Hello? Who is it?”

Jungkook’s pulse would have stopped if he already didn’t have one. I smiled as I looked towards the camera and smiled, “Oppa! Open up! I brought you goodies!”

I put the basket up in front of the camera and in seconds the gate was opening up. I giggled. They’ve never been one to turn down my food. Even though eating was just a formality for vampires, they still enjoyed the socialization of it all.

I walked confidently up the paved entryway.

While our home was more welcoming, in the sense that there were trees and beautiful flowers; the Lee Household was the complete opposite. They had a modern house that was more cement and glass than anything else. They didn’t have any plantation on their property except a few shrubs. It was very lonely and creepy. I never really liked their sense of style and home.

I walked up to the door as it opened up.
Lee Hyun was a very very handsome man. He had such a sharp jaw, dazzling eyes, a refined nose, and perfect skin. He was always kind and thought highly of me. It wasn’t until my fifth lifetime that I met him and his younger brother Lee Changmin. And ever since then, Hyun has always liked me.

Jimin was going to kill me.

I stepped inside and bowed, “I’m so sorry to barge in like this. I hope I’m not intruding.”

“Of course not… um-”

I smiled, “Call me Y/N, that’s my name for this lifetime.”

“What a beautiful name,” he cooed as he reached out and pulled me into a hug.

I moved the basket out of the way so he could hug me properly.

Jungkook cleared his throat, “Excuse me, My Lady, perhaps-”

Hyun pulled away and grinned, “Why if it isn’t our cute maknae. How is it serving Jimin-ah? Is he still temperamental? I hope he doesn’t beat you too much?”

“My Lord isn’t violent,” he said with a stern face. “He treats us with respect.”

“That’s nice to hear,” Hyun said not really caring for the younger’s response. He turned his back to Jungkook and put his arm around my shoulders, pulling me along, “Why don’t we have a nice meal together? You made all this food.”

“Sounds great. We can catch up.”

Jungkook reluctantly followed behind me. Hoping that his Lord would show up and rescue him from the stuffy, cold mansion.
We were seated at a long table that sat twelve, but the three of us just took the three chairs at the end. Hyun was at the head of the table, and Jungkook and I were sitting across from each other. But Jungkook might as well have not been there. Hyun turned his chair to only face me, his shoulder towards Jungkook; much to Jungkook’s annoyance.

“So tell me, how was the rebirth this time?”

I gracefully put the fork to my lips, “It wasn’t easy this time, like all my past lives. I’m not sure why.”

“Perhaps it had to do with the reincarnation process.”

“How do you suppose?”

“Well legend has it that the soul starts breaking apart after so long. It can’t stand the process of rebirth over and over, a thousand times over.”

I was getting really scared, “You don’t mean…. My soul is breaking?”

“Most likely.”

I looked down at the plate of food. I was feeling scared. I was feeling panicked. I didn’t think something like that was possible. But then again, in the world where vampires, soulmates, and reincarnation exists, anything is possible.

I looked up at him seriously, “Is there any way to find out more about this?”

He smiled coyly, “Relax y/n, all in due time. It’s not like you’re going to disappear right now or anything.” He continued eating, “I want to enjoy this beautiful meal you prepared for me.”

I didn’t argue back. I knew better.
Hyun was a very respectable vampire. He and his brother ran a very large coven and had very strict rules. I knew my place exactly, and didn’t want to push my limits. I was just Jimin’s fated one. Nothing more. And it was only because Hyun favored me that I was even allowed to come close to him. Most of the time Hyun and Changmin had high security around them at all times; regardless of how powerful they were. Which was one reason why I knew when to stop. They built their coven from scratch and did a lot of bad things in order to get where they are, or so Jimin has told me.

Jimin was brought into their coven when he was just a young vampire. But because of how they treated their followers, Jimin left to start his own. Supposedly the bond he shared with his hyungs was strained for a few hundred years. But over time they treated each other as allies. But it was more so a formality on the Lee’s part. Jimin’s coven would probably be wiped out if the Lee Brother’s got serious.

I frowned. I shouldn’t have come here.

“Ok little Maknae, you wait here.”

Jungkook was stopped by Hyun as we were all about to walk into Hyun’s library. Jungkook remained focused, “It’s my Lord’s orders to not leave her side.”

“Well your Lord isn’t here. And you are in my home. So stay here like a good little maknae and wait.”

Hyun put his arm around my shoulder and turned us around to enter the library, closing the doors on Jungkook. His phone ringing as he was left behind.

I frowned, “I don’t like you talking to him like that. He is young, but he still has his orders.”

“He’s only here to protect you from harm. Are you saying you think you’ll come to harm while I’m around?”

They way he said it sent chills down my spine, but I did my best to smile, “No not at all. You’re so fearless and strong. I’m in good hands.”
He inhaled deep and smiled, moving my hair out of my face and revealing my neck. I didn’t miss his glance at the exposed skin, “Ohh you flatter me darling.”

“I try,” I said with a weak smile.

“Jimin doesn’t know how to treat you.”

“How so?”

“Obviously, you two got into a fight and you’re using me to try and make him jealous, are you not?”

I looked away, “What makes you say that. I just wanted to visit my Oppa.”

He grabbed my jaw tightly in his hand, his lips close to mine, “What a crafty little girl you are. I don’t particularly like being used like this….. But I can’t say I don’t enjoy it either.”

I didn’t back down, looking him straight in the eyes, “I never claimed to be a good person. I just so happen to fit with Jimin so well.”

He let go of my jaw as the doorbell rang.

He frowned, “Speak of the devil. Pity. I wanted more time with just us too.”

“Not to mention, I didn’t get to see your brother either.”

“Ah yes, he’s out of country right now on some negotiations.”

“Well be sure to tell him I said hello. And save him some food please.”
He paused as he listened. Then turned his attention to me, “Yes of course.”

He wrapped his arm around me and pulled me in close. I could feel his lips on my neck and his breath hitching in his throat.

“W-What are you doing? Let go of me.”

“You wanted to use me right? Then this should drive Jimin crazy,” he said with a grin, pressing a kiss into my neck. “Your body should be soaked in my scent. God you smell so good. I wish you were my fated one.”

“I said let me go.”

He pulled away as the library door opened; Jimin and Jungkook looking in. I turned quickly, still in Hyun’s arms as I looked at Jimin. I pleaded with my eyes, trying my best to stay calm and just figure out a way to get all of us out without there being a fight.

Though I suppose this is all my fault in the first place.

Jimin let a growl escape as he took a step forward, “Hyung. I’d appreciate it if you’d let her go.”

“Ohhh but I don’t want to. She’s just so cute.” Jimin took another step forward, the air getting really hot in the room. Hyung just put his hand up, “I know you’re smart enough to not try and attack me in my own home, correct?”

“And I know you’re smart enough to not use someone else’s soul mate to try and gain advantage. Because really, how low would you have to be?”

They just stared each other down.

I cleared my throat and pulled away from Hyun, “Ok enough of this. I’m sorry I intruded on you and your home.”
“Oh darling, please feel free to stay if you wish.”

I hurried to walk to Jimin, who quickly put me behind his back, pushing me towards Jungkook, who promptly put his hand on my wrist and started leading me back down the stairs and out the front door.

“I’m sorry for her behaviour, should she have caused any problems hyung,” he said through gritted teeth; formality and respect was something you should always have in their society.

He sped around a few shelves, then sped back to his spot from before, only this time he had a few books in his hands. He tossed them towards Jimin, who caught them easily.

“Here. Do some homework.”

“What?”

“It’s for Y/n’s sake that you read those books.” He cracked his neck, “Now hurry up and leave. I’ve grown tired of these games.”

Jimin didn’t argue, turning on his heel. By the time Jungkook and I were reaching the gate, Jimin was suddenly next to me. He pushed the books to Jungkook and grabbed my arm tightly and dragged me down the street where Yoongi was waiting tensely by the car. He threw me inside and ordered Jungkook to sit in the back with me, Jimin taking the passenger’s seat.

I looked over at the books, curious as to why Jimin had them. But with the way everyone was so quiet, Jimin pissed off beyond belief, my thoughts were distracted from the books. I just gulped and sat nervously in the back.

I was in so much trouble.

I’ve never seen him look so angry before.
We got back to the house. And as soon as the car was stopped Jimin was quick to pull me harshly out of the car and drag me to his room. He threw me inside the room, tossing the books on the floor, and slamming his doors shut.

“Get your ass in the shower, and clean yourself of that stench. Now.”

I did as he commanded. I hurried to strip my dress off as I made my way to the shower. I turned the water as hot as it would go, letting my body burn and turn red. I scrubbed and scrubbed, hoping that the smell of Hyun would be gone by the time the water turned cold.

I tip toed in his bathroom, drying off and putting on his cologne. I wrapped the towel around my body as I walked out. My hair was still a little wet, leaving a few drops of water as I walked to his closet.

“No. You’re not changing.”

I turned my head to see him sitting in the middle of the bed. He stared me down. His grey eyes a slight red. His jaw tight. His muscles pulsing.

I stood a few yards away from him, a little nervous and ashamed, “I’m...I’m sorry I did that. I-”

“Shut the hell up. I don’t want to hear it.”

I stared at the ground and chewed on my bottom lip.

“Take the towel off.”

I lifted my gaze, but only saw anger in his eyes. I looked back down and let the towel slip off of my body. I shivered as I felt the cool air hit my naked body.

“Come here.”

I did as I was told, slowly making my way towards him. I wrapped my arms around my chest to try
and cover up but it only proceeded in making him angrier.

“Don’t try and cover yourself. I’m pissed off. This is how you’re going to repay me.”

I looked up, feeling attacked, “Nothing happened ok?! I shouldn’t have gone over there, but if you hadn’t just run away to Europe, none of this would have happened in the first place!”

He grabbed my hips hard, his nails digging into my skin as he spun me around and pinned me to the bed. He snarled at me, his eyes burning, “Making me jealous… making me angry. You knew exactly what you were doing when you went over there.” He forced his body on top of mine and grinded his crotch into mine, “This is what you wanted, right? You slut.”

I closed my eyes, feeling instant pleasure, “N-No it’s… I just wanted you back…. With me…..”

“And you thought seeing those hyungs was a good idea, huh?!”

He easily picked my body up to toss me higher onto the bed. I opened my eyes at the forceful movement, only to see him stripping off his button up shirt, and undoing the belt from his slacks.

I gulped from anticipation. It’s been so long since I’ve seen him like this. I was getting more and more wet. I wanted him. I rubbed my legs together, staring at him as he crawled on the bed. He grabbed my hands roughly and tied the belt around my wrists.

“Jimin… baby….”

“Shut the fuck up.”

“…..”

“The only thing you’re going to let out of that slutty mouth of yours, is my name, and how fucking good I’m making you feel. That’s it.” He grabbed my face hard, “Do you understand?”

I nodded quickly as he pressed his lips to my own. He wasn’t gentle. He wasn’t kind. He forced his
tongue into my mouth. I whimpered at his teeth biting down on my tongue and on my lips, drawing out a little bit of blood. He sucked hard, getting every last drop. It seemed to put him more in overdrive. He started grinding into me, the fabric of his slacks rubbing me hard.

“J-Jimin…. It hurts.”

“Not my problem,” he growled into my mouth as he continued to dry hump me.

I moaned as I opened my legs wider to try and alleviate the harsh feeling of his slacks against me. It released some of the pain, but it wasn’t much. A few tears came out from the corners of my eyes; his tongue still assaulting mine.

“You’re going to cum for me, just like this.”

“B-But… it hurts….. I can’t….”

He covered my mouth with his hand and glared into my eyes, “What did I say about that slutty mouth of yours? Don’t you fucking dare say you can’t.”

He moved his hand off of my lips and replaced it with his cold ones once again. But ultimately, he stopped thrusting into me and shifted his body so he could put his hand on me. He grabbed my crotch tight in his hand, it was soaked in a second. He couldn’t help the grin spreading on his lips.

“If it hurt so much…. Why are you so fucking wet?”

I hissed at the feel of his cold hand on my hot pussy. “God… Jimin… Please…”

“God isn’t going to help you,” he said as he licked my ear, pushing his fingers deep inside of me. “Now tell me. Who is going to make you cum again and again?”

“Jimin!”

“And who was it that was a bad girl?”
“M-Me!”

Four fingers deep inside, he twisted them and spread me open. I moaned loudly from the pain of it. He lightly bit on my ear, down my neck, and on my collar bone.

“I wanted to rip hyung’s head off for being that close to you. I should have…. No one touches you like that.” He opened his mouth wide as he took my left breast in his mouth, biting down hard.

I cried from the pain, but didn’t want him to stop. I thrust my hips into his digits, trying to find release.

He growled, “What a little whore, trying to fuck yourself on my fingers huh?”

“Y-Yes. I’m y-you’re little whore. Just please… p-please I wanna cum.”

He kept his fingers still, “Then go on, fuck my fingers and make yourself cum.”

I closed my eyes, feeling his tongue swirl around my nipple. It shot straight to my twitching pussy. The electricity, just adding to the build up of my first climax.

My buckled hands came down to wrap around his head, giving me a little bit of leverage so I could fuck up into his fingers easier. With each thrust, his middle finger was pressing up against that one spot that would drive me over the edge.

“Fuck fuck fuck.”

“Cum baby. Cum for me.”

He couldn’t help but start thrusting his fingers in time with my hips. I opened my mouth wide to start moaning, but he quickly sealed it with his lips and tongue. I let his tongue fuck my mouth, doing nothing to stop him as I only concentrated on my insides pulsing and gushing. I rode out my high, still thrusting a little on his fingers, until I was completely spent. He pulled his lips away and sat up
so he could take off his slacks and his boxers.

He crawled back to me, forced my legs as wide as they could go, and hurried to press his mouth to my gushing entrance.

“J-Jimin stop…. Oh God!”

I threw my head back as I felt his tongue dive deep inside of me, swirling around to lick up and eat all of my cum. Still feeling the high from my climax, the feeling of his tongue was unbearable.

“S-Stop….fuck…."

He dug his nails into my thigh as a warning. I bit my bottom lip so hard to keep from saying anymore, that more blood came out. The smell of blood easily filled his nostrils; he assaulted my pussy even more, that much more determined to get me to cum again from his mouth.

I felt his hands spin around to my ass and hold me firmly as he lifted his mouth away a bit so he could concentrate on my clit. He could feel it twitching on his lips. He could feel just how much he was driving me crazy.

I thrashed my head around, feeling like my stomach was being twisted and tugged in every direction. I couldn’t seem to see straight. All I could think about was Jimin’s fucking fat lips on my clit, sucking hard.

“Oh God.. Jimin… again… I’m….”

I could feel his lips curving up into a grin. I could feel his teeth. His fangs. And in just seconds I felt him open his mouth wide and bite down.

“FUCK!”

I squeezed my eyes shut, my senses giving out on me as I came again, just a couple minutes after the first one. My buckled hands were pressed tightly into my chest. I wanted to move, but his grip was so firm on my ass that I couldn’t.
He let my body fall to the bed, releasing my ass and sitting up and wiping his mouth of my cum. He stared down at my wrecked body, too tired from cumming back to back like that. But he wasn’t close to done.

He scraped his nails down my thighs, leaving visible scratch marks. “This is mine.”

“....all yours....”

“Tell me baby…. You wanted this to happen, didn’t you?”

I kept my eyes closed, trying to gain back some sanity, gain my grounding back. “I didn’t plan.... This....”

He sat back and started massaging my feet and my ankles, “But you did want me to be jealous, right?”

I finally had the energy to open my eyes. I had to focus them a little, struggling to look at him straight, but I eventually did. His face was so smug, so proud. I loved it when he looked at me like that.

“I just missed you. You ran away from me.”

He started massaging my legs, over the scratch marks he just gave me, making me hiss a bit from the pain. But it did nothing to halt his movements. His thumb rubbed deep into my muscles, relaxing them and taking away any tenseness I felt. Even if he was forceful with me, and said cruel things, he’d always took care of me. He always spoiled me.

I smiled, a little bit on my high still.

“I’m sorry I ran away. But I was just angry that after the whole time of waiting for you, you suddenly came at me with… with...”
I sat up and wrapped my buckled hands around his head, trapping him close to me, “Baby, I’m sorry about that. And I’m sorry I tried making you jealous.” I kissed his nose, “But you know I’d never agree to something that could possibly mean your death.”

He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me to his body; turning us so that I could be sitting in his lap.

He looked so pained as he pressed his forehead to mine, “But being without you for so long… I might as well have been dead. Gone from this world. It was excruciating. Every day dragged on like an eternity. Color was faded, my sense of smell was impaired. I literally wanted to die every day.”

He lifted his forehead off of mine and stared into my eyes, “Don’t you understand, just how much death I go through when you’re not with me? I can’t do it anymore… It’s not about not wanting to wait for you… it’s just…. I’m too weak….”

I slowly kissed his forehead. I kissed each eyelid. I kissed down to the tip of his nose. His cheeks. His ears. Down his jaw. And to his lips.

“If you die…. I die.”

“Baby?”

I hugged him tight, nuzzling my head into his neck and inhaling his wonderful scent. “This is me promising you…. That should they come and kill you…. I’m killing myself to be with you in the afterlife.”

His eyes were wide, “You mean…”

I smiled as I pressed our foreheads together once more, “I’m saying you can turn me. I’ll become a vampire.”

He stared into my eyes for a long time. Trying to convince himself of the words he just heard. Nothing was more beautiful to him than my complete compliance. Finally after centuries of having the same argument, I was agreeing to spend the rest of my life with him, just as one person.

He lifted me up by my thighs and positioned my still dripping entrance with his dick. He wasn’t forceful. He wasn’t in any rush. But he was hard. Passionate.
I was finally his too keep. True to the word. He’d never have to see me live a life and die. Always dying. Always waiting.

He wrapped his arms around my body, pressed his forehead firm into mine as he fucked me from below. He slowly fell back, bringing my body down with him. He didn’t stop thrusting. He never increased the pace. He only pushed in hard, deep, each and every time.

There was zero resistance, my walls completely slick and wet enough for him to slide in easy. His dick able to wreck my body a thousand times over.

“I love you, I love you, I love you…” he chanted as he kissed my lips over and over.

He flipped us over and sat up a bit. He was in too much of a hurry to release my hands, so simply tore the belt to pieces with his hands.

“Jimin…. I love you.”

I reached out and pulled him down by handfuls of his hair. I tugged hard and clashed my lips with his. All the while he continued pounding into me hard. My body shaking with each thrust. My body craving each thrust.

I felt his lips sloppily leave kiss marks down my neck. I heard his breath in my ears. His sweet scent in my nostrils. I wasn’t going to last much longer.

I dug my nails into his back, feeling his shoulder blades move as he propped his upper body up, putting all his weight on his hands. I dragged my nails as hard as I could down his shoulders and onto his biceps.

“Fuck baby…..”

“I can’t…. This is too slow…..”
I needed it harder. I need it faster.

“Please baby….”

Pure bliss and lust crossed his eyes in a flash as he wrapped his arm around my lower body and pulled me up and slammed me into the headboard. A bolt of pain shot through my back, but his dick was all I could think about as he started fucking me rough against the frame.

He held me up easily with his arms under my thighs, his forehead on the headboard, his eyes squeezed tight, his hips crashing into mine. It was so painful. It was so thrilling. It was so perfect.

Each thrust sent a loud bang through the room, the headboard creaking loudly against the wall. Both of us knowing that the boys could very well hear us. The bed. Our moaning. But nothing else existed to us but each other. Not in this moment of reuniting. This moment of love and perfection.

“I’m cumming… Jagiya…”

“Cum inside….”

“Shit…!”

He could never help himself. He always had to bite me when he came. And he did as he always did. He sank his teeth into the crease of my neck and my shoulder and fucked me full of his cum. Adding more nail marks to his back, I held on tight as I rode through my third orgasm. My body almost limp in his grasp. The only thing keeping me up were his arms.

He fucked me a few more times, milking out all the cum before he stopped completely; lost in the hunger for my blood.

He let go of his hold on my thighs, and my body sank to the bed. But his fangs and his lips remained on my neck, forcing his body to move in tandem with mine.

“Ji….stop….” I was starting to drift into unconsciousness the longer he kept his fangs buried.
He grabbed my arms. I could feel him struggling to pull away. He wanted to pull away. But the thirst was winning over his concern for my safety. The red in his eyes blaring the more my blood coated his throat.

My head fell forward as I blacked out completely.

I woke up slowly, my eyelids refusing to obey my brain’s orders to open. But after a few minutes of my eyes rolling around, I was finally able to get a look at my immediate surroundings.

I wasn’t in Jimin’s room. I wasn’t in my room. Machines were next to the bed I was occupying, one on each side. I saw a bag of blood connected all the way to my arm through a thin IV. I must have been moved to one of the guests rooms.

I heard a door open and close. A few seconds later, it opened and closed once more.

“Baby, you’re awake. How do you feel?”

I rolled my eyes around until I was able to keep them stable on my mate. He looked both worried and relieved. I tried reaching out to grab him, his hand, his arm, anything; but just like my eyelids, my arms weren't responding. I was too spent of energy. Honestly it felt like I had run a 5k marathon and then another one hundred.

“What…. Happened?”

“I drank too much of your blood… you passed out. And,” he ran his hand through his hair out of stress, “You got really low that I thought I had almost killed you.”

“Leave it…. To Jimin… almost killing me… when I just agreed to stay alive forever…."

He cracked a smile, happy that I was able to find some humor in it. But he grabbed my hand and
brought it up to his lips, “I’m so sorry baby. I should have had more control.” He scoffed at himself, “You’d think after all these years I’d have better control.” He kissed my palm.

“You just love me a lot.”

“That sounds like an understatement baby.”

I smiled a bit, but slowly it faded away as I still saw worry in his eyes. “Why does it look like you’re still worried about something? What are you not telling me?”

He gently put my hand down and tucked me in, a complete poker face, “Rest some more baby. I promise…. I’ll talk to you once you’ve recovered.”

“......”

“Don’t look at me like that.”

“Promise?”

“I promise.”

I struggled to hold my hand up, but did; my pinky sticking out more.

His unmoving, dead heart melted at the sight of me. He grabbed my pinky with his and we stamped our thumbs together. I smiled as I closed my eyes once more, doing as I was told and getting more rest.

Yoongi stepped into the room, knowing that the way I was breathing, I was fast asleep. His eyes were steady, “What do you plan on telling her?”

“What would you have me say?”
“The truth.”

He turned and looked desperately at his most trusted advisor, his closest friend, “Those books can’t be right…. Right? There’s no way something like that was documented!”

Yoongi glanced at my sleeping form and then back to his respected leader, “My Lord, at this point, you either lose her for sure after she lives this lifetime and dies. Or you might lose her if you try and turn her.”

“I can guarantee her a long happy life. No worries, no stress. She’ll go on believing that she’ll be reincarnated as usual. Die a blissful death…..”

“Yes.”

“Or…” He sat down defeatedly in a chair by the wall, “I try and turn her now, and the risk of her dying being close to certain.”

“…..Yes.”

He wanted to cry. But he didn’t, “Fate can be so cruel.”

“May I have permission to speak frankly My Lord.”

“Always Yoongi,” Jimin said with a bit of a smile.

“Fate doesn’t give two shits about you, or about her, Jimin. It’s something you need to decide. It’s something you should both decide. If you stay as is, lying and cowering to fear, only then will fate truly win…..My Lord.”

Jimin looked up proud. He expected nothing less from his first brother. “You’re right Yoongi.”

“My Lord.”
“Now go ahead and prepare things with the boys for more blood and start setting up our backup plans for the Council, should things take a turn for the worst.”

“Yes My Lord,” he said as he bowed a bit, turning on his heel to leave.

“Oh and Yoongi,”

“Yes My Lord?”

“Thank you,” he said with a genuine smile, making his eyes disappear within his cheeks.

Yoongi bowed lower than normal, feeling so privileged to see his leader smile at him like that. He closed the door behind him to start working on his orders; a soft smile on his face.

I sat nervously in the living room as I waited for Jimin to return from a small business meeting with another coven. Most of the time the meetings were about establishing land and territory. But basically it came down to just pure muscle and intimidation. That’s why today I was hanging out with Taehyung. Jimin took Jungkook away for the day.

Jimin had promised to talk to me after I had recovered. And since I've been back to full health it's slowly felt like he was avoiding me. My leg wouldn’t stop shaking up and down.

Taehyung whined loudly as I stopped, “What?! You stopped just short of five hundred y/n!!! Ughhhhh!!!!”
I frowned, “Taehyungie, can you please for once not act like a newborn?”

“How else would I entertain myself? You’re about as exciting as a bag of bricks.”

“Well excuse me if I’m worried about my mate.”

“You do realize he took Kookie and Yoongi with him right? Jungkook’s muscles are no joke. And so is Yoongi’s eyes. Like seriously, deadly combo.”

I couldn’t contain my chuckle, and sure enough I was able to relax a bit more, “I guess I’m just a little worried about what he has to tell me.”

He glanced away, “Yeah I get it.”

“Oh my God….”

“What?” His eyes came back to meet mine.

“You know what he wants to talk to me about!”

“N-No I don’t!”

“You stuttered! You do know!” I sat up and leaned forward, “Tell me Taehyung!”

He stood up quickly and looked at me seriously, “He would legit, fucking end my life, if I told you something as important as what he needs to tell you.”

My nerves were suddenly full of anxiety again, “Is it really that bad?”
He sighed as he walked over and sat next to me, “Noona, listen. It’s not my place to tell you. But realize, he’s always thinking about what’s best for you. And what’s best for you both. He loves you very much.”

“What’s best for me…?” It clicked, “It has to do with turning me doesn’t it? I turned to look at him but he quickly whipped his head in another direction, “It is isn’t it!”

I chewed on my bottom lip as I thought about it. The only way something was so taboo to not talk about would have to do something with turning me. But what? If Jimin was worried about talking to me, then it probably had to do with a sudden change in the process.

Evidently, the process to turn a human into a vampire wasn’t as simple as biting a human and that was it. The vampire in question had to be on the brink of pure starvation, suck the human dry until they were close to death, and then have the human drink from the vampire. It was a case of passing blood back and forth; draining and filling. It was a long process, and painful at that. Most of the time it couldn’t be done. Either the human died, or the vampire starved to death; though it was mostly newborn, inexperienced vampires that thought they were good enough to not die. Therefore, the wise elders of the council deemed it illegal to turn any human. And because the Council was made up of stuffy old vampires, they weren’t above killing anyone who disobeyed their laws.

I already knew of the risks by doing it; the one on my life as well as the illegality of Jimin’s crime. But during sex Jimin didn’t seem worried about it. It was only during the time that I was passed out that he might have found out something that could change his mind. Or bring him enough stress and worry to consider not turning me.

But if it really came to that, I could just continue on as a human and be reincarnated.

But suddenly Lee Hyun’s voice was in my head.

*Legend has it that the soul starts breaking apart after so long. It can’t stand the process of rebirth over and over, a thousand times over.*

I shot up from the couch and started running to Jimin’s room where I had remembered he threw the books that Hyun had lent him. Taehyung was next to me in a second, but I ignored him as I sought after what I needed.

I looked around his room but I didn’t see them. I spun around and headed for his office.
“What’s lit a fire under your ass all of a sudden?”

“I need to find some books that Lee Hyun gave Jimin.”

Taehyung was quick to block my way all of a sudden, “NO! You can’t read those books!”

I was about to barge into Jimin’s office, but Taehyung was firm in front of me.

“And why can’t I?! What are you so scared that I’ll learn huh?!” I felt panic creeping up into my body, “Am I… Is there something wrong with my soul?”

He was quiet. He looked away. He was silently giving me all the answers I needed.

“The reincarnation process, the rebirth… something went wrong with it this time, didn’t it?” I could feel the tears coming on, “Didn’t it!?”

“Noona, please calm down… I can’t-”

“Fuck you Taehyung!”

But Jimin was suddenly grabbing my arm, “Baby, I get here and suddenly I hear you crying. What’s happened?”

He turned towards Taehyung, who looked away, his shoulders slouching, showing submission to his leader.

But I grabbed at Jimin’s perfectly ironed blazer, “What happened with the rebirth this time? Is my soul so broken that I can’t… I can’t-”

But the panic was taking over. I suddenly couldn’t breathe. The hallway was starting to spin.
“Y/N calm down. Breathe baby! ..... Fuck…..”

He lifted me up and carried me princess style as he sped through the house and took me outside, hoping the fresh cool air would help me. He held me tight into his chest, seeking shade under our oak tree.

“Listen to me. Concentrate on your breathing. In…. out…."

I did my best to follow his orders. My breath was staggered and unsteady. But with his help, I was able to finally calm down. I curled into his chest, just letting my body rest in his arms. The panic was still there.

“Jimin… am I going to die?”

“I won’t let you.”

“What… what was it that you had to tell me?”

He turned around and sat on the ground, keeping me close and in his lap as he leaned up against the bark of the tree. For a while he just ran his fingers through my hair, rubbed my back, kissed my cheek and my nose. He held me tight and just whispered how much he loved me.

“Jimin, please….”

“Those books that hyung had….. Those books talked about the bonds vampires shared with their mates. It talked about different accounts and legends that surrounded it.”

“But what about me?”

“The rebirth…. There were several accounts of the soul breaking apart and dying after going through too many reincarnations. And that’s why most vampires found mates with over vampires.”
Suddenly Yoongi’s words were floating in my head.

“Think of it as a big tank. And you’re filling that tank with water. Just because you’re adding more water, doesn’t mean the other water is gone. It just starts filling up that tank.”

But just as he words ran through my head, the image of a glass tank shattering was all I could think about. It wasn’t water spilling out. It was blood. It was my blood.

Too much pressure and glass breaks.

And now it seemed it was possible that my soul was made of glass.

I whimpered, “Just change me. Now….”

He did his best to hold it together, “It’s not just the matter of our determination to stay alive and make it through the change together. It’s about how your soul will handle that much stress, getting so close to death and coming back. Doing it over and over until you’re changed.”

My body went limp against his, “So I either die trying to stay alive now…. Or die at the end of my life, not knowing if I’ll be reincarnated….”

“.........”

I didn’t care for my self respect or my image.

I cried my eyes out. I wailed. I complained. I screamed at the top of my lungs and I cursed any deity that gave me this fate.

Jimin just held onto me, not once telling me to stop. He never said I was too much or too loud. If I wasn’t doing it, then he would have been.

The both of us felt stuck and used; entertainment for destiny and fate.
I turned my body sideways in his lap, his legs crossed, making it easier for me to stay cushioned in his legs. I cuddled against him and he tenderly stroked my head.

“Do you regret falling in love with Elizabeth?”

“No.”

“Have you had any regrets falling in love with me?”

“Never.”

“.......I regret not being born a vampire. I regret not being strong enough for you. I regret being weak and so helpless to my fate.”

“I regret not being born a human with you. I regret not being able to take care of you. I regret being so powerless.”

I lifted my head and turned my body more to face him, “Jimin. I don’t want to have regrets.”

“Me either.”

“I want to fight. I don’t want to just give up and leave it to fate.” I grabbed his hands and put them to my chest, my heart going crazy under this cold hands, “Make me a vampire.”

“........”

“If I die.... At least I died knowing I did everything I could to try and be with you to the very end.”

He leaned in and kissed me over and over. He wasn’t rough, never bringing out his tongue like he usually did. He just pressed his lips against mine repeatedly. He kissed my forehead, my cheeks, my ears, my neck. He wanted to cover me in his kisses, in his love, anything to show me how much he
truly cared for me, how much he truly loved me.

A bit out of breath, he pulled away and pressed our foreheads together; something I’ve come to love about our synced body language, “I’ll start preparing for it tonight, and in two weeks I should be ready for it.”

I kissed his nose gently, “These could be our last two weeks together.”

“Jagiya, please don’t talk like that…..” I could feel his forehead creasing against mine, his voice was so quiet.

“I love you Park Jimin. I’m so lucky to be your mate. Your lover. Your best friend.”

“Stop.”

He couldn’t stand hearing me talk like that. As if I already knew I’d be dying and leaving him all alone, for good. His worst fear coming to fruition.

He kissed me again, but his time he allowed his tongue to do all the talking. He pushed my tongue around in my mouth, and nibbled hard on my lips. His hands were so forceful on my hips as he moved his legs out from under me and pushed my body down to the ground. The grass tickled the back of my neck, but the tickling sensation went away as I felt his hand sliding up my blouse and claiming one of my tits.

He massaged me relentlessly, only to get frustrated that I had clothes on. I sat up quickly, knowing full well that if I didn’t take off my shirt and my bra, he rip them off of me. I lay back down as he claimed one of my nipples in his teeth, using his fingers to flick the other. My nipples were so hard and perky, just the wind was getting me off.

He wouldn’t stop biting and sucking on my nipples that eventually they were red and starting to bruise. I couldn’t stand it. “Jimin, baby….”

I grabbed at his shirt and did my best to push him off. It wasn’t often that he gave me control, but I think with the thought that it possibly being our last two weeks together, he was more willing.
I pushed him so that he was lying back against the tree like he was before. I crawled in between his legs and slowly unbuckled his belt. He lifted his ass in the air and helped push his boxers and pants down. I stared at his strained cock in front of me. And still I was breathless at the sight of it. It made me so wet.

I bent my head down and immediately took his whole length into my mouth and dragged my tongue along the protruding vein. I swirled it around until I got to the pink tip, and sucked on it hard. I could feel his hips twitching, his hands leaving his sides. I put my hands on his pelvis, doing my best to signal him to stay still. He seemed to understand and he just whined and moaned at doing nothing but sitting back and letting me tease him and torture him with my lips and my tongue.

“God baby…. Your mouth is so fucking….. Fuck….”

I smirked around his spit covered dick. I kept my mouth around him as I talked, “Does baby… wanna… fuck… my mouth pussy?”

He was done leaving the control to me. He dug his hands into my hair and held on tight as he started fucking my mouth. He pushed my head down in time with his thrusts. His dick pressed hard into the back of my throat, making me gag and choke on my spit.

I kept coughing as he suddenly pulled me up harshly. Some hairs pulling off of my scalp completely. I hissed in pain and coughed as he pushed me back to the grass floor; getting on top of me and not caring to take his pants off. He pushed my skirt up and tore my panties away, leaving them tattered around us. He didn’t pause in his desire. He just shoved his fat cock inside of me, not caring if I was wet already. But that was never a problem. I was so easy for Jimin.

I wrapped my legs comfortable around his waist, my legs pushing his pants farther down the more he fucked into my pussy. And he gave it to me. With every grunt, a powerful thrust. With every snarl, a bite on my lips. Every moan, the tighter he grabbed at the grass around me.

I held on tight to his body as he fucked me hard into the ground. The dirt and grass pricking my ass. But he let his grip go on the grass and put them under me, holding my ass. I could feel his fingers digging into my flesh. His whole weight was now just pressing down on me.

“Baby…. I can’t breathe….“

He kept his hold on me and flipped us over so I was on top. But he remained in control as he fucked
me from below.

“Shit I love you…. I fucking love you…..”

He was giving me control once more as he let go of my ass and relaxed his head on the ground beneath him. He stared up at me with a daze. His lips just slowly licking his bottom lip, I was a visual meal for him to eat up with his eyes.

I straightened up and started rolling my hips on him. I leaned forward a bit, grabbing at his shoulders. My hair falling down around me, my tits hanging down in front of his face. He happily stuck his tongue out and started sucking on my tits. Going back and forth, sucking and squeezing.

I was so turned on, I started bouncing up and down, no longer giving him a chance to suck on my tits. He just put his hands behind his head and watched as my heavy tits bounced up and down in front of him.

“Look at you…. So filthy. Such a cock slut…”

“I only want your cock though…..”

“Thats right…. Ride me baby. Keep fucking my dick.”

I peered down at him just to see him grinning and looking at me with such lust and ego. I was his prize won. I was all his. I’d only show my lewd, slutty self to him. No one else had the pleasure of seeing me so fucking wrecked and wanting. And it just filled his pride that it was because of him that I was so horny and so willing to fuck anywhere he wanted. Even out here where we could so easily be spotted from the mansion.

He removed his hands from under his head and grabbed at my hips. He grabbed so hard that I winced in pain, halting my bouncing. I breathed hard, grabbing at his hands and tried moving them. But he just laughed as he sat up.

He finally growled, moving his hands off of me and pushing his boxers and pants down to his ankles so it gave his legs more room to position under me. I adjusted my leg, my pussy just squeezing around him as I did. He bit on his lip, his eyes half lidded and sultry.
“Are you doing that on purpose or….”

“Heh… maybe?”

His smirk was insatiable and I just had to have his lips. I put my hands on his cheeks and held his face tight as I smothered him in messy kisses. My tongue licking his fangs and swirling around in his hot mouth. It always puzzled me just how hot his mouth was, when the rest of his body was so cold.

His icy hands pinched and squeezed my sides, rubbed up my back and held onto my shoulders. He held me so tight as he started fucking me while I was straddling his lap.

“Oh baby… Jimin… yes! Right there!”

My head just bounced around, I was a ragdoll to his ridiculously fast pace. I wrapped my arms around his neck and did my best to hold on as he recklessly smashed his hips into mine. It wasn’t feeling good anymore as it felt like my pelvis bone was about to break.

“….baby…."

I squeezed my eyes shut, unknowingly making my pussy squeeze around his throbbing dick.

“Oh shit!”

His right hand stayed glued to my left shoulder, as his left hand reached down and squeezed the dip of my back. His fangs came out as he bit down hard on my right shoulder. But instead of feeling him sucking on my skin, he pulled away and started biting down hard on his bottom lip.

The only sensation I could feel was his cum shooting inside of me. The last few thrusts pushing right against my sweet spot. I came hard on his dick, just as he stopped jizzing. Which made him cum a little bit more, the gushing feeling of my pussy driving him even more over the edge.

Our chests pulsed hard against one another as we both did our best to find air. My arms loosened
their hold around his neck; his death grip on my back and my shoulder released as well. I felt the stinging pain on my shoulder where he bit me, seeing two trails of blood dripping down my arm.

“W-Why didn’t you….”

“Remember… I have to starve myself….” he said trying to still catch his breath.

I couldn’t help the pout, “But I like it when you bite me and cum at the same time.”

He huffed a loud laugh, “Fuck baby, why are you so-”

“So amazing?”

He chuckled some more, “Yes baby. Amazing.”

I hugged him tight and smiled against his lips, “I love you.”

He kissed my lips so softly, I was almost unsure if he did it, “I love you too.”

_____

We’ve been having sex nonstop.

Sure, we were horny all the time for each other. But with the thought in our minds that the hours were ticking away faster and faster, we just needed each other. We needed to feel our bodies clashing, our hearts uniting, lose sight of everything but us. Because honestly, we didn’t know what
was going to happen.

I was scared to say the least. I'd start crying but Jimin would always be there to hold me and convince me for a short time that everything was going to be ok. His kissing would blind me to everything else, even if for a small period of time.

Which is another reason why I think we continued to have sex over and over.

It took away the time we had to think about anything. Our fear of losing each other.

We were desperate.

My hard nipples brushed the top of his desk as he firmly held my arms behind my back, my body bent over in front of him as he rammed his thick cock in my pussy. My arms felt like they were about to break, my shoulders were screaming in pain, but then again, I was screaming in ecstasy.

No longer satisfied holding my arms, he let go of his hold and let me fall to the desk. My hands barely had time to whip around and hold me up.

“What the fuck is your-” I started, but stopped as he adjusted my body.

He bent his whole body on top of mine, pushing my my right leg up more on the desk to give him more room to fuck me. My body was smashed against the cool wood.

“I want to bite you so bad. I want to…. I-”

“Y-You can’t!”

He growled, grabbing a fist full of my hair and pressed my head down hard. I whimpered at the pain, but the way his dick filled me up was enough to distract me from the pain.
“....I’m thirsty…..you smell so good…..”

I could feel his nose dig its way into my shoulder blade. He inhaled deep, getting drunk on my scent.

He stuck his tongue out and licked my skin, “Just a little bit…. One drop.”

I felt his hot breath as he opened his mouth, his mind completely drunk on me.

“Park Jimin if you don’t cut this shit out, I’m going to leave this house and not come back until you’re ready to turn me!”

I could hear a deep growl emerged from his throat. His nails scratched his desk as he pulled away and started fucking me, not caring if I was enjoying it or not.

It took everything in him to keep from biting me. So he took his frustrations out on my body. The more and more he withheld from drinking my blood, the more and more my body would pay for it.

He smacked my ass as hard as he could, grabbing at the giant red spot as he slammed his hips into my ass.

“Fuck you…. You fucking slut…. I’m going to wreck this dirty pussy of yours.”

I closed my eyes tight, crying as his hand made it’s way back into my hair and pushed me hard into the wood desk. Everywhere the desk touched my skin, was just one burn after the other; the friction bruising my skin.

I let out a sob, unable to remain silent.

He slowed down, the fog clearing out of his head. He let his hand go from my hair and wasn’t pushing down on me with everything he had.
“I’m… sorry…”

I felt him pulling out of me and heard him fall back into his office chair. My body was shaking, it was bruised and mostly covered in giant red imprints from how hard he was holding me down. I did my best to stop crying, putting my leg down and slowly turning around, sitting back on his desk because there was no way I had the strength to stand up on my own.

He looked at the damage he had done, and what his desk had done. He turned away, not able to face me.

“We should… stop….”

I took a step forward, and as expected, my legs collapsed from under me. But his vampire reflexes held me up, and put me back on the desk.

“I keep hurting you baby. The closer it gets… the more I have to wait for your blood… the more I can’t seem to control myself.”

“I know… I was crying… but I still love you. I love you being rough.”

He wasn’t convinced, “The past few times we’ve had sex, all you did was cry. I hate that.”

I reached my arms out for him. I felt empty and scared as he just stared at me for a while, not getting up and coming to me. But he ultimately stood up and wrapped his arms around me. I slipped my legs around his waist and played with the hair at the nape of his neck.

“Make love to me right now baby. Otherwise I’m going to think…. You don’t want me anymore.”

“That’s-”

I kissed his lips to shut him up. Biting at his lips and licking his chin. I spread kisses across his jaw and to his ear, whispering, “I trust you.”
He passionately kissed me, using a hand to guide his still hard dick into my pussy once again. Only this time he didn’t shove it in me so hard that I thought I was going to break. He knew just the right amount of force to use to make it hurt and feel good at the same time. The fine line of pleasure and pain that I craved. That he knew I was addicted to.

“Fuck my baby… right there…."

“God I’m so needy for you.”

I smiled wide and giggled a bit, “Then stop saying stuff like ‘we should stop.’ D-Don’t look at me like I’m some… broken girl.”

He grounded his hips into mine, “I’m sorry baby…. I just-”

“I know…”

I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him down as I laid back on his desk. I couldn’t hide the pain I felt when his desk pressed up against the already bruising skin, but he did his best to limit just how much his body was pressing down on top of me.

“I’m gonna cum baby….“ he bit his lip and grabbed at his desk, the few papers that were left getting crumbled in his fingers.

“Fill me up. Like always… please…”

Again the overwhelming feeling of dominating me, biting me, and claiming my whole being as his was just too much to handle. He knew he couldn’t bite me, he knew he didn’t have the control to not suck up my blood. So next best thing was to bite himself.

He fucked me one, two, three more times, as he dick pushed right up against my ovaries and spurted out all his cum inside of me. His teeth sank down around his hand, the fat part of his thumb trapped in his mouth.

His breathing was so loud against his hand as he remained unmoving, just getting the biting urge out
of his system before he thought he was ok to move again.

I wasn’t really paying any attention to him as I was going through my own high and orgasm. There really wasn’t anything else in the world that felt as good as him cumming inside of me. Well, besides the combination of him cumming inside and his lips sucking my blood.

This waiting was just as hard on me as it was on him. The both of us just stayed still until we thought we could move again.

Sex was becoming harder and harder for us. But that’s all we could think to do to silence our despairing thoughts.

I walked to the kitchen with a really bad limp a few days later. Jimin was constantly in a bad mood now. And if we saw each other, it automatically meant sex right then and there. He’s given up the thought of privacy.

But luckily, Yoongi had the brilliant idea of me carrying a smile vile of pig’s blood around me for whenever we ultimately went at it like rabbits.

He figured it was hard for Jimin being in such proximity of me, drowning in my scent, and not able to bite me and suck my blood. So it helped quench his thirst a little to prevent any mistakes on his part.

It was awkward to face Yoongi, or any of the boys for that matter. But they were nice enough to pretend like nothing was happening. Like I wasn’t always covered in bruises, or walking with a limp, or layered with hickies all over my body.

I opened the fridge looking for some fruit when Jungkook suddenly appeared, sitting on the counter.

“My Lady, do you need help with anything?” He noticed my arms shaking as I reached out for the
strawberries in the fridge.

Jimin wouldn’t let go of my arms early this morning, and they felt so sore. “No Kookie, I’m ok. Just taking things slow.”

“You’ve been eating a lot recently.”

“I have,” I asked as I pulled the case of strawberries out and walked over to the living room to have a seat and eat in peace. The cushioned leather felt so good on my burning body.

“Yeah. I’m still your bodyguard, so even though you’re in the house, I still try and keep an eye on you.”

I quickly put the thought away of Jungkook watching me and Jimin fuck each other.

“Haha... ha.. Yeah.. Um... maybe it’s just because of all the um, exercise I’ve been getting?”

“Yeah. Exercise.”

I looked down at the strawberries and wish I could crawl into a hole. But I looked up as I suddenly saw his head whip up.

“What’s wrong?”

“Shh.”

I pressed my lips tightly together, as I watched him. A statue. Listening and waiting. But moments later he grabbed my whole body, and threw me over his shoulder. The strawberries flew everywhere and littered the floor.

“What the-”
In just seconds he was tossing me inside of Jimin’s bathroom and looked really serious, “Lock this door and don’t come out until one of us comes and get’s you.”

He slammed the door shut and I hurried to lock it.

I dreamt that I was beneath Jimin’s body. His teeth was barred towards me, blood covering his jaw, dripping out of his mouth and covering my body. I reached out towards him, but he just pushed my arm down and started biting into my neck. Devouring my whole body.

I jumped up in the tub, accidently smacking Jimin’s face.

“H-Huh?” I looked around and felt pain in my hand, “Um, sorry… I hit you….” I rubbed my eyes, a little dizzy, “What happened?”

He pulled me out of the tub and held me in his arms, “We need to leave.”

“Wait, why? Explain.”

I tried pulling away to look at him but he held me to his chest. I felt his voice vibrating through his body, “The guys who slave away for the Council were snooping around the mansion.”

“Why…..”

“I don’t know.” He ran his fingers through my hair and pressed my head into his shoulder. I wrapped my arms around him. “Someone must have tipped them off about you. Maybe….”

“But I’ve been around for centuries. It’s not news.”
“But this time it’s different,” he stressed the word.

And he was right. This time was different. He broke the law and erased human memory. He did all of it to erase me from people’s memories. Because from the very beginning he was always planning on turning me into a vampire.

I tightened my grip on his shirt, “You don’t think they know about-”

“I don’t know. But I think it’s best if we leave.”

He finally let go of me and I was able to pull away to look at his stress ridden face. “But this is my home.”

“I know how you feel baby. But it’s not safe here anymore.”

I looked down at his chest. “If they’re poking their noses around here, what makes you think they won’t try and find us? They will find us.” I started tearing up, “At this rate we won’t be able to… they’ll kill you… they’ll-”

“Shhh, Shhhh, it’s ok….” He held me again and rubbed my back, “Do you want to give up on the idea?”

“No! I want to still try! I want to be with you!”

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, “Pack a few things for us and I’ll make arrangements for us to leave. Can you do that baby?”

I looked into his eyes. They were almost completely consumed in red. He was close. Just a couple more days at most.

I nodded my head and kissed his cheek before we separated. I ran around his room, packing a few of his clothes, and a few of his essentials before I pulled the suitcase along to my room that still had most of my stuff. I packed a few clothes for myself, toiletries, and my dairy.
It was only a couple more days until we’d try and accomplish the nearly impossible task of turning me into a vampire. And I really didn’t know how it’d turn out. I didn’t pack that much.

Half an hour later Jungkook was lugging mine and Jimin’s suitcase and one duffle bag into the trunk of the black family mercade’s. I looked at my home, trying to remember every last detail. I didn’t know if this would be my last time seeing it or not. But I loved it just the same.

Jungkook stepped in front of me and looked sad. I could tell he wanted to cry, but his pride as a vampire wouldn’t let him.

I pulled him into a hug and thanked him for always watching over me.

One by one the others said their goodbyes and showed their support. Jimin helped me into the passenger’s side of the car. He closed the door for me as he talked to his brother’s one last time before waking around. He got into the driver's seat; holding my hand as he pulled out of the graveled driveway and away from our home.

We drove to a private airport that only had small commercial planes for private investors. But planning things out, Jimin already had Yoongi buy off the staff of the plane and the company that ran the small airport. Jimin wasn’t taking any chances. He wanted to try and put as much distance away from the Council as he could manage.

I sat down in the luxury chair made of brown leather and stared out through the window as the plane started humming to life and making it’s way down the air strip. Jimin sat down next to me and took my hand in his.

He didn’t say anything. What would he say?

We remained silent, just doing our best to stay calm and not think about the situation we currently found ourselves in. I tilted my head and maneuvered my body to lean against his shoulder and use his body as a resting place. I closed my eyes as he hummed softly for me.

Any time he knew I was struggling to fall asleep, he’d hum for me. No one knew it but me, but Park
Jimin had the singing voice of an angel. But just as much, he’d only ever sing for me. It’s what made me special. It’s what he did to show his love.

Close to fifteen hours later we were landing in LaGuardia Airport in New York city. As I stretched my body, I could tell Jimin did his best to remain seated. The look in his eyes, the way his strained his muscles; he was thirsty. And every movement from me was like a punch to his face, his throat squeezing tight in anticipation to rip me apart and suck me for all that I was worth.

He had pig’s blood to try and hold his urge down. But all it really did was let him stay sane enough to function in public when he needed too. Otherwise, when it was just us, he was like a statue. He didn’t talk to me, he wouldn’t even look at me.

I didn’t realize just how lonely I’d feel, even though he was sitting right next to me.

He arranged for a car to be waiting for us outside the airport and hurried to get us in and driving to our hideaway. I wish I had the capacity to look at the amazing city that was New York. But my mind was completely consumed with Jimin. I sat in silence, trying my best to be less me, if it were possible. Because every twitch of my muscles, any movement, was just more agony for him.

He told me two weeks, and tomorrow would be the last day. I grabbed the hem of my sleeves out of nervousness. I didn’t think he’d be able to wait one more day.

He pulled into a large garage that was only reserved for us. It was spacious enough for several more cars, but it like with everything else, Jimin made sure we’d be the only ones around. With his super speed, he got out of the car, grabbed our suitcase and duffle bag in one hand, and opened my door. I knew I couldn’t keep up with my eyes, but smiled a bit just thanking him as I got out. He turned to start making his way to the elevators to the side on the garage.

I wanted to hold his hand. Fear was starting to get the best of me, yet I knew touching him would probably be a bad idea. I held in my urge to be close to him and kept my distance.

Keeping my distance in the elevator, taking a few steps to the side to stay away. He gulped, staring at the doors blankly. I fidgeted by the wall, just hoping to get out of the slow rising elevator. And sure enough, as soon as I got out, I felt like I could breathe easier.
But by the time the elevator doors were closing, I doubled checked to make sure we were in the right place. Because the elevator didn’t open up to hallway or to an open area. It immediately brought us to a condo on the top floor of some luxury apartments.

And it was already fully furnished, had food in the fridge, comforter and pillows fluffed and ready for use; literally it was as if someone was living here.

“Jimin. Is this right?”

“Of course it is. I bought this complex a long time ago and had it rebuilt into a hideout. The bottom floors are for my brothers if they ever need a place to go. And this floor is for me only. Well, us now.”

I walked further in and inspected the large apartment. I ran my fingers along the couch, smelled the flowers on the counter, and wiggled my toes on the rug centerpiece. I walked to the windows, my forehead creasing in confusion.

“How come the windows look so funny?”

“They’re two-way mirrors. We can see out, but no one can see in.”

“You’re really serious about this….” I looked down at the small potted plant on the window sill.

He stood in place and looked at me fondly, “Because I’m serious about protecting you and our future.”

I couldn’t help the blush. I turned around, putting my hands on the window sill and looked at him with uncertainty, “About that… how are you doing? I mean… the thirst…”

“I want to tear you to shreds in the very spot you stand.”

“Jimin…” I looked away, the first time I’d ever felt scared being alone with him.
He closed his eyes and frowned, “I’m sorry for being blunt. I’m not trying to be an asshole and scare you. Please don’t be afraid of me….”

I had forgotten that he could smell fear. I felt like such an idiot.

I walked to him and slowly reached out to grab his hand, “I’m… I am scared. But… I just hate it that you’re like this. I feel like it’s my fault.”

“You’re too good for me babe. Of course it’s not your fault. If anything it just proves how much I love you. It’s only your scent that’s causing me to act this way.”

I took a deep breath, slowly letting it out. I felt him tense up in front of me. I looked up and smiled, “I know tomorrow is supposed to be the last day. But would you like to start now?”

He put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me back, “As much as I want too… and I really want too…” he said staring a little too long at my neck, “You need to eat, drink plenty of fluids, and rest. So while you do that I need to take care of a few things.”

“You’ve got work now ?”

“It’s about us… so yes.”

“I guess it can’t be helped then.” I said with a little bit of pouting. I wanted to just be with him, stick to him like glue. But with his thirst, my sudden need to fill my stomach apparently, and his business, it didn’t look like I’d have any time with him before we started the process of changing me.

He struggled as he brought my hand up to kiss it, letting his lips stay on my hand too long. His tongue starting to slide out. But I quickly pulled my hand away before he could taste me.

“Jimin.”

“Oh… I’m sorry. Just… go eat and rest. I’ll see you tomorrow….”
He hurried to walk away and close the door to what looked like an office. I stared at the door, hoping that he didn’t need to be separated from me. That he didn’t need to handle any business. But I knew it was for my own good that he stay away. And if it was about us, then it must be important and have to be handled immediately.

I sighed as I made my way to the kitchen, deciding on what could possibly be my last meal.

I closed my eyes and thought about it. Something simple sounded the best. I got to work to cook my dinner, and prepared to eat alone.

After cooking, unpacking the suitcase, and taking a shower, I realized I was dead tired. The flight really took it’s toll on me. I turned off the room light and slipped into bed with nothing but my panties and one of his oversized sweatshirts. It smelt like him, and helped me stay calm. It helped me stay in bed and not go knocking on his door to see what he was doing. Because if he needed me, he would have come out from that room.

But it didn’t seem like he needed me.

I dreamt about Elizabeth. I dreamt about the man who killed himself. I dreamt about the girl who died in the alleyway. I dreamt about my childhood and my parents. About Eun and Mr. Lee. It was as if my soul knew what was going to happen and made me remember all that came before me. All the memories and lifetimes that have collected over the centuries. It felt like my soul was giving me one last chance to change my mind. Stay human, and die a human.

Trapped in a shark tank with nothing but water filling up. I tried to escape, but the chain on my ankle kept me inside the deep tank. More and more water was spilling in and all I could do was wait to drown. Drown in the memories. My soul trying to protect itself. I accepted this fate. The fear of change was too overwhelming. I curled up in a ball and let myself be consumed by it. But in the chaos that was surrounding me, I suddenly felt a cold hand reaching out to grab my wrist. I twisted and turned, scared of all the memories piling up. In the water I saw silver hair floating around, grey eyes searching for mine, rosy lips screaming my name.
“No, no, no…. I’m scared....”

“Don’t be scared...”

Jimin pulled me out from the tank, the both of us drenched and cold. He put his hands on my face, his lips sought mine. I suddenly felt panic free, no more fear.

“Jimin... Ji....”

My eyes rolled around behind my eyelids as I was coming out of my slumber. Soft scrapes on my legs, light touches on my thighs and up my hips, the fabric of the sweatshirt being lifted off my body. I woke up and searched around to see Jimin above me.

But in the darkness of the room, his bright red eyes glowed.

His breathing was ragged. His hair a mess and in his eyes. His shirt halfway unbuttoned and already pulled out of his slacks. He looked wrecked. He looked crazy.

“Jimin. Are you... still you?”

He continued to breathe heavy, “Barely....”

“Can I trust you?”

“I don’t.... know. I’ve never... It hurts so bad.” His hands shook above my body, his own sanity struggling to hold on. “I want blood. I need blood.”

With my sweatshirt already off of me, I pulled my hair to one side and exposed my neck. He could see my pulse. He could smell my blood below my skin. Everything he needed was just willing in front of him.
“NO! I don’t…..”

I flinched as he yelled, “Baby it’s ok!”

“No I’m not going to kill you. You’re not going to die! I’m not… I can do this! I can…..” His voice was breaking in and out as he talked aloud to himself.

I had never heard him sound so out of his mind.

He slipped off his shirt, letting me marvel at how perfect his muscles moved to the movement. His shuffled his slacks off as well and stood in front of me with hunger in his eyes. But there wasn’t a blood lust like I saw a second ago.

He was fighting himself. I could tell. On one hand he wanted to protect me, take care of me, make me see stars. On the other, he wanted to devour me, suck me dry, let me see nothing by white and death.

“Come here…..”

He started at my feet, kissing my toes and licking my ankles. His nose scraped up thighs and he inhaled my sweet scent that was pooling in between my legs. He pushed his lips out to kiss my pussy, making me squirm underneath him. And just as quickly, he was kissing up my stomach, lightly biting just below my breasts, licking my collar bone. He was on all fours above me, his red eyes staring down into mine.

His tongue slowly licked around his mouth, “I’m going to… You’re mine and I love you. Please… please stay with me.”

He wanted to say such poetic words; spout out lyrics of love and compassion. But he couldn’t. His head was too clouded with sex, blood, and me.

“I’m yours forever Jimin. I love you.”

I reached up and pulled him down, initiating the kiss. But it was him that took complete control. It
was like the floodgates opened and he no longer saw black from white. All he saw was red.

He rubbed his hand down my stomach and hurried to position himself and push his cock inside without warning. I was a little wet, but it wasn’t enough to make it feel good. I cried out in pain from the dry friction, his dick scraping against the dry walls of my pussy.

“I’m not wet enough! Jimin!!”

I threw my head back and scrambled to push his body away. But he just growled and covered my lips with his. I heard sheets ripping as he forced his dick to ram into me over and over. Not stopping even while I begged him to. Begged him, and begged him. But he got irritated at my yelling and used one of his hands to squeeze my neck. There was so much pressure on my neck that I was starting to have problems breathing. My hands no longer trying to push him away, but trying to remove his grip on my fragile neck.

He released his hand and pulled my head back with a snap as he wanted more of my neck exposed. His tongue was so hot against my neck. His teeth scraped against the thin skin.

“J-Jimin… I want… my Jimin back….” I cried and choked out.

I was scared. I was so scared. This wasn’t Jimin. This wasn’t the man I was in love with. He was the true sense of the word; a monster.

“I want Jimin back. Bring him back to me! I’m not going to change when this monster is around! Otherwise you can just kill me now!!!”

He stopped fucking me dry and stared at my fragile body beneath him. He pulled out and sat back. All I could do was curl my body into itself, turn on my side, and hug my legs. I just cried into my knees.

Jimin sat back and got off the bed. I felt him leaving. I peeked out to try and see what he was doing, but I suddenly jumped up and back up against the headboard as he threw the dresser to the ground. He screamed and yelled as he thrashed around the room and destroyed everything.

“JIMIN! STOP! PLEASE?!"
“I can’t do this! I’M JUST GOING TO KILL YOU! I’m not strong enough for this!!! I can just feel this overwhelming desire to break your neck and suck you dry. To see the life drain from your eyes. I want to eat you alive and see you destroyed.” He fell to his knees and cried. His tears fell hard. “I’M JUST A DAMN MONSTER!”

I remained pressed against the headboard, my heart breaking. And he could physically feel my heart beating differently.

He looked up at me with such begging eyes, so pitiful and weak. “Help me… What am I supposed to do….? I don’t want to hurt you… I don’t want you to die by my hands….”

I slowly moved my body, inch by inch, making my way closer to him. My whole body was screaming at me to leave. To run away just like the time when this whole thing began. When I didn’t know that vampires existed. When the only thing that I stressed about was my next exams. Living a life that was never really meant to be, because before I knew it, my life was already written in the stars.

But things were different. I knew he was vampire. I knew the dangers. But I wanted to go to him and comfort him anyways. Because I was in love with him. I loved every part of him. Even the monster that was trying to kill me now; the monster that was in the process of raping me.

I slid off the bed and sat right in front of him. I could feel his body twitch, trying to remain still and create a safe environment for me. But I didn’t want him looking so scared. I didn’t want him crying like this. Drowning in so much pain.

I lightly touched his wet cheek and looked into his panicked eyes, “Do you trust me?”

He nodded.

“Then come to the bed. Please Jimin.”

I pulled on his hand and he followed obediently. I sat him down on the edge of the bed, and stood in front of him. He kept his gaze down, too scared to look at me.
“Look at me.”

“......”

“I want to see your eyes.”

“They’re hideous.”

“They’re beautiful.”

He dragged his red eyes up, tears falling. I smiled down at him and slowly leaned forward kissing his forehead.

“Don’t move unless I tell you too Jimin.”

I got down on my knees on the ground in front of him. I massaged his feet, cracked his toes, and lightly scratched his skin. I leaned forward and kissed his knees, moved my hands around his thighs, massaging out any knots or muscle pain. I sat up more and pressed my lips to his thighs. I circled my tongue around, and slowly in front of me his dick was getting harder and harder.

I looked up and his eyes were frozen on me.

“Do you remember the first time you saw Elizabeth?”

“......”

“Why didn’t you attack her?”

He swallowed hard, his dry throat itching, “Because I loved her.”

“Do you love me?”
“Yes.”

“Then why is it that you want to attack me?”

“I’ve never been so thirsty. Your scent is so different from all your past lives. Somehow…” His voice was so raspy and dry, “Is it possible to love someone too much?”

“I love you too much… That’s why I’m facing you head on, even as you are now. Even if the threat exists that you could kill me at any second. It’s because I’m so in love with you. Do you understand?”

“You love me… even though I was causing you so much pain… even if I was trying to kill you…?”

“Yes Jimin. I’m still so in love with you. You’re not perfect. You mess up. You have complexes. But I love your imperfections. I love all your mistakes, all your complexes. Because those are apart of what makes you, you.” I grabbed his hand and kissed it gently before rubbing my cheek on his palm, “I love you Park Jimin.”

His red eyes were starting to get dimmer and dimmer until his grey was filling around his irises. He was physically pushing away his blood lust. Pushing away the monster that was threatening to tear me to pieces.

“I love you so much… I love you more than any of your previous lives. Just you, Y/N. Only you. I’m all yours. Please be all mine.”

“I always have been,” I said with a smile.

He picked me up and laid me gently on my back.

“I’m starting this over. I’m not going to let that monster control me.”

“You’re back….”
“I’m sorry I ever left,” he said with the softest smile, his eyes crescent moons.

He massaged my legs before he gently spread my legs open and very very slowly started sucking on my hot lips. I closed my eyes and laced my fingers in his hair.

“Oh baby…. Your tongue is-”

And at that moment he pushed it in and swirled it around my pulsing walls. I choked on air as I forgot what I was going to say.

He took his time, doing all he could to make me feel good, trying to make up for fucking me dry earlier. But at this point it was as if it didn’t happen. I was too far gone in the feel of his hot tongue licking me up. I was too addicted to the way his plump lips clamped around my clit.

“Jimin…. Let me suck on you too…..”

He got on the bed, lifted me up and made me turn so my ass was towards his face. I was on all fours above him and he was reaching out to pull my ass down, making sure my pussy was right above his face. He stuck his tongue inside of me again, greedy for my cum.

I moaned loudly as I devoured his dick. I grabbed the base and started pumping him as I sucked on the tip. His lips vibrated as he moaned. Both of us swirling our tongues in time with each other so we could both feel the same ecstasy.

And already I could taste his precum on my lips. I stuck my tongue in the slit and lapped at his dick like a kitten. But the way he was sucking on my clit was distracting me from pleasuring him. He had always been so good at eating pussy. And I was just so obsessed with his lips and his tongue.

“Jimin!”

I fell forward as I came all over his chin and down his neck. My hands were grasping at the sheets to try and stable my shaking body. But my grip loosened as he picked my body up and spun us around so I could lie on my back once again. He grabbed his shirt from the ground and cleaned himself of my cum.
“I’m… I’m sorry….” I said with embarrassment.

“You tasted sweet, it’s ok.”

“Do you want me to,” I didn’t finish my sentence as I looked at his dick.

But he got on top of me and didn’t hesitate to push his fat cock inside of me. I felt my body twitch as his dick hit my G Spot, making me cum again. I bit my lip hard and threw my head back, my hair spreading of around me.

“Fuck baby… again?”

“It’s your f-fault!”

I closed my eyes and ran my hand through my hair, letting my arm fall on the bed above my head.

He laced his left hand with my right, and used the other to caress my cheek. And slowly he started thrusting his hips, pushing his dick in as far as it would go. It almost felt like he was hitting my ovaries. But I must have been feeling oversensitive having cummed twice already.

Slowly he pushed and pushed. It was hard but he was taking his time. His lips found its way to my breast and he sucked on my nipple as if he was infant. He grabbed it with his free hand, making the nipple stick out more, flicking it with his tongue. Smirking as he timed his thrusts with the flick of his tongue.

“…..shit….Jimin… Go harder. Fuck me...harder….”

He kept his hand laced with mine, both of us locking our fingers, making sure to not let go. Because we needed to have that bond. We needed our feelings colliding, tight and wound together.

His other hand pushed my left leg a little higher and pressed it down to keep my pussy wide for him. The new angle felt incredible. I gasped as his cock doubled in pace.
“Ohhh yes baby! ...like that!”

“Jagiya…” his voice was huskier than I had ever heard it before, “I'm going to bite you now.”

“But…” I couldn’t help but feel a little afraid. Not that he’d lose control anymore. But that this could be my last moments on this earth.

“I’m going to fill you… with my cum,” he moaned loudly, voice harsh, “And I’m going to drink your blood.”

“......”

“Do you trust me?”

He leaned down and kissed my neck. He pressed hot kisses against my jaw and on my cheek. He licked my lips and kissed me passionately. I could feel his love seeping into my very being.

If I was going to die, I’d want it to be in his arms like this.

I nodded, a few tears spilling out as he kissed me. As he continued fucking me.

“Oh fuck… fuck! Baby… I love you…!”

His hand finally unclasped from mine as he grabbed the sheets tightly in his hands as he thrust really hard. His eyes were slowly turning red around the edges, and the scent was filling his nostrils.

And in a split second I felt his fangs sinking down into my neck. I scratched hard against his back, this bite feeling completely different from all the other times he had bitten me. This time he didn’t hold back. He used a lot of force and it was excruciating. It was burning so bad.

He moaned so loud in my ears. His hands tearing the sheets apart as he tried to control himself. His
breathing was so hot on my skin. I could feel him just sucking and sucking, addicted, obsessed with my blood. The more he sucked, the harder he started fucking me. The harder he grabbed at the torn bed sheets. I yelled in pain as he turned my head and bit my other side.

It was then that he started cumming inside of me. I wrapped my legs around his waist to trap his body to mine as he fucked me again and again. But there was so much cum inside of me it started spilling out around his dick and onto the bed.

He breathed so heavy, his head dizzy. He was on an unexplainable high that was a combination of his climax, and finally have all of my blood for himself.

“Your blood… your blood…”

Again his breathing was ragged and he started clawing at the sheets to try and keep a steady grip as he sucked on me. And the more my blood was leaving my body, the more of a high I felt. My body twitched, my pussy was pounding around his dick. And I wanted to feel more of him. I thrusted my hips up into him.

I halfway expected him to pull out, but his dick was still hard inside of me. He moaned and growled as I tried fucking myself on him. And the more I could feel his dick inside of me, the more he was messing me up and making me his over and over, a million times over.

“....Jimmm…..”

My eyelids were permanently closed as I was starting to feel light headed. I couldn’t keep my hips moving. They slowly came to a stop and I was getting really tired.

“Just a bit more…..”

His thumb rubbed my cheek. His hips collided with mine. My breathing was slowing down. I felt so dizzy. And all sound was starting to leave my ears.

“.....I love you…..” I said, feeling like I wasn’t going to make it, like my very life was slipping away.
He finally pulled his lips away from my wounds and hurried to bite down hard on his wrist. His blood started pouring out and he shoved his wrist to my lips.

“Drink!”

I choked. It felt like I was drowning. I couldn’t manage to do it.

“Fuck…..”

He grabbed my limp body and made sure to stay inside of me as he sat up and had me straddling his lap. He sucked on his wrist until his whole mouth was filled with his blood. With one hand he held my head in place, and with the other he pulled my chin down so that my mouth would open. He tilted my head back a bit and pressed his lips to mine, force feeding me his blood.

It tasted horrible. It was like metal going down my throat. A harsh poison that was never going to stop. But he relentlessly forced his blood down my throat, kiss after kiss. Our saliva spilling out and stringing out between our lips. Blood trailing down our lips and down our chins, staining the bed.

But after a while I could suddenly feel his kisses getting farther and farther apart. I was able to open my eyes and look at his face. He looked like he was about to pass out. I rolled my hips and felt his body twitch at the movement.

Even during this process he was still hard inside of me. It was as if he couldn’t pull it out until this whole things was over and done with. But with the way he was staring off into space, his head wobbling in place, I couldn’t let it end like this. I was my turn.

“Baby… I’m right here…”

I pushed him down into the bed and moved my blood soaked hair out of the way so my neck was right on his lips.

“Drink. It’s your turn to drink!”

I could feel his tongue slowly lapping at his bite marks, but he was too weak to really get any blood
for himself. I squeezed my eyes shut as I dug my nails hard into the wound, making the bite marks bigger and forcing the blood to spill out. It covered his jaw and spilled over as he couldn’t swallow all of it down at once.

I counted in my head, starting from one and just continued going higher, putting all of my effort into breathing and trying not to think about the pain. But the touch of his lips brought me out of my head. He was starting to suck at the wound on his own.

I smiled lazily, “Jimin… I’m so tired…. How long… “

He sat up and pushed his hand over the wound to keep the blood from spilling out anymore. He stared at my blood covered face, my blood covered neck and chest.

He kept his hand on the wound as he pressed his forehead against mine, our normal bonding ritual. “Just stay with me. Keep fighting for me.”

“I just want to sleep…. “

He thrusted up into me, making me moan unexpectedly. He chuckled, “Baby, if you sleep now, then I might never get to cum inside of you again. Don’t you want more of my cum?”

“You’re the one who… who started biting me… during sex…..” I whimpered, “…..but I do want more….”

He moved his hand away from the wound and continued to suck my blood from my neck. But to try and keep me awake, he grinded his hips into me from below. I moaned softly with each thrust. I cried gently with each second passing and my body getting weaker and weaker once again.

“Just stay with me. Stay with me baby!”

But his voice was starting to echo in my head. It didn’t matter how hard he was fucking me, trying to make me feel good. All I wanted to do was sleep. Close my eyes and keep them closed.

My body was getting so cold.
My chest was hurting so much.

My head was pounding.

And my body was so weak.

I wanted it all to end. My body was hurting so bad.

It sounded like I heard Elizabeth’s voice. It sounded like she was screaming my name. Telling me not to leave her alone. Begging me to open my eyes. She just cried and cried. She begged me to fight and stay alive.

“.....beth….”

But in the darkness of my mind I saw her disappearing. She was fading into nothingness. Her tears just floating away, along with her body. Second after second she was becoming more a figment of my imagination. I reached out for her, the last thing I saw was her smile as she became nothing. Leaving me alone in the dark.

I searched, I spun my head around to look for her. But no one was around. I was completely alone. I hunched down and cried into my knees.

“....in….jim...in…”

In the darkness I heard his voice. I looked up but I couldn’t see him. I reached out to empty space, again, nothing.

“......I’m right here…. Fight baby….. Please!.....”
My body was in so much pain as the darkness started clearing up. My throat was throbbing. My
body was oversensitive. My ears was picking up strange sounds. My bones felt like they were
cracking, my skin getting tighter around my pulsing muscles.

I could feel my head wobbling and falling to the side.

“....baby…..”

Again I heard Jimin’s voice but I couldn't see him. The black was getting replaced with white and it
was so blinding. I reached out again, but this time, I suddenly felt a hand clasping around mine. I
squeezed the hand tight.

The blinding white light was starting to dim down and I was finally able to see Jimin standing in
front of me. He looked so relieved. His face was covered with blood and tears. His forehead
covered in sweat. He looked a mess. Yet he looked so relieved.

He shuffled my body around so his other arm could hold me. He bit into his wrist that was clean, and
put it up to my lips. The liquid touched the soft skin of my lips and it tasted so good. It was like
honey. I stuck my tongue out quickly and drank as much of it as I could. My throat couldn’t get
enough of it.

I was getting more and more energy. My body was feeling so much better. Stronger. Limitless.

I sat up slowly, my eyes closed, my hands grabbing at his arm to keep my lips on the bite marks,
sucking up his blood.

But it clicked. I stopped sucking on him. I opened my eyes slowly and looked down at what was in
my hands. It was his blood stained wrist. It wasn’t honey that I was drinking. It was blood.

“Baby?”

I slowly turned my head and saw him looking at me with amazement, with shock, with admiration,
and with love.
“Am I dead? I s-saw white.....”

He cracked a smile and hurried to kiss me. He pressed his lips hard against mine and slowly used his tongue to open my mouth wider. I stuck my tongue out but accidently pricked it on his fangs. I pulled away quickly.

As I moved my tongue around to alleviate some of the pain, tasting my own blood, my tongue got pricked again.

“What....”

I reached my hand up to my mouth and felt my teeth. I felt my own fangs. My eyes opened wide as I looked back at him.

“Jimin... I’m....”

“I thought you died....”

“Did we... am I?” I closed my eyes to try and replay everything. “The last thing I remember was Elizabeth showing up. She was crying. She begged me to open my eyes. She didn’t want to be alone....”

He grabbed my hand, “Baby... that was me.”

“What?”

“You passed out and I couldn’t wake you. I tried to feel your pulse and you didn’t have one. You died. I thought you died. All I could do was hold you and beg you to come back to me. I just kept feeding you my blood. But you wouldn’t move.” He was reliving the past half hour of his guilt and pain. But he took a deep breath, realizing that I was clearly ok. He smiled, “But you started talking... or at least I think you were. And your hand kept twitching.”
I looked down at my body. I stared at his hand in mine, realizing it didn’t feel cold to me anymore. And now that I thought about it, his lips weren’t cold either.

“My body feels tougher. I feel invincible."

“You are invincible."

“My throat was hurting so much until….”

“It was craving blood.”

I looked down at his wrist, “Your blood tastes like honey and flowers.”

He chuckled, “Your blood tastes like sweet fruit.”

I looked into his very beautiful grey eyes, “My eyes… What color are they?”

He reached out to move my sweaty hair of my forehead and slowly touched my cheek, “They’re still a little red. But underneath, it’s a stunning hazel green. Sunflowers in your eyes.”

“Am I… a vampire now? Did we… succeed?” I tightened my hold on his hand, “Can I be with you forever now?”

He ran his free hand through his silver hair as he smiled the happiest smile I had ever seen, “Yes baby. We can be together forever now.”

I reached out and we both pressed our lips together. Our tongues melted around each other’s. Our hands sought out each other’s bodies. We couldn’t get enough of each other. We were finally on the other side of death. We never had to fear losing each other again.

We were eternal.
Dear Diary.

This is going to be my last entry. I know I had promised myself to always write everyday, even if it was something insignificant. But a lot has happened.

I thought projects, exams, and work were my major problems in life. But they weren’t. Because one day I was getting kidnapped by seven amazingly hot looking guys in the middle of the night and being kept in this crazy beautiful mansion. So yeah, major problems.

And one of them kept saying that I was home and he would always look at me weird. And then I found out that I’m this guy’s reincarnated lover. And that he was a vampire. WHAT?! Needless to say, that freaked me out.

But over time, seeing how serious he was about me, how he treated me, and just the way he took care of me, I started believing him. Plus I kept getting these visions and these crazy feelings in my body. So that was very convincing as well.

The memories were starting to pile up, and it was like I could see and feel all this stuff about him. And eventually I really started liking him. I fell hard for him.

Park Jimin.

That’s his name btw. I guess I should have mentioned that before.
Anyways, he’s this really sexy guy with silver hair, ashy grey eyes, the pinkest lips I’ve ever seen on a guy, a really sharp jaw, and a fucking amazing body. Like seriously, he’s 10/10! And I don’t know how I ended up being this guys reincarnated lover.

But you know what? Eventually it just turned into me being his lover. Or more like, he was just falling in love with me. At least I think so? Regardless, he was always so gentle with me, even though he seemed strict and firm with his brother’s.

And by brother’s I mean his followers. Because he’s the leader of his coven. And he can be really scary when it comes to running his coven and giving orders. But even still, he was always kind to me.

Well, anyways, after a lot of jealousy and a lot of pain, I ended up getting all of my memories back from my other lives. And I was finally whole again. I saw everything differently. And I saw Jimin differently.

But we just fought.

Because I was a human, he wasn’t allowed to change me, and he had been wanting to do that. So that’s what the fight was about. And he ended up running away and I got really mad and lonely. And well, I ended up visiting some other vampires who were like his teachers? Older brothers? It’s a little hard to explain. But either way, the relationship was really strained between them and Jimin. And I got in a lot of trouble with Jimin because I wanted to play with fire.

But ultimately he confessed just how he felt all those years without me. And honestly, I really didn’t want to be without him either.

I decided to become a vampire myself.

The days leading up to it were… well…. Fun. <3 WINK WINK WINK

But with the threat of the Council (basically a bunch of really old vampires who rule the vampire world) watching us, Jimin decided to move us to a secret hideaway.
That’s where I’m at right now as I write this btw.

(I don’t know what’s going to happen if the Council finds out. But Jimin promised me that he’d never leave my side, regardless what the Council decides. It made me really happy hearing that.)

And so, anyways! He was getting really really dangerous. Because in order to change a human into a vampire is basically an exchange of blood over and over. And he had to basically starve himself to do it. And because he had an infinity to my scent, I was basically a giant sign that said “Eat me now.”

I won’t go into details, because there was a lot of pain, a lot of sex, and a lot of confusion on my part about some of it. But ultimately it went well. So yes, I’m a vampire now.

It’s so strange. I feel so strong. Invincible. Alive and so in tuned with everything now. Like my senses are suddenly a hundred times better. It’s exciting and scary at the same time.

So because of this change, with the end of my human life, I decided to write one last entry explaining everything. And even though this entry is all over the place, it’s how I feel.

I’m going to live the rest of my eternal life by Jimin’s side. And who knows, maybe I’ll still get to write a book one day!

I’ll miss you. But know that you were always a good friend to me Diary.

Goodbye Diary.

Goodbye to my old life.

And here’s to the start of something amazing <3
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Being a vampire is harder than I thought.

Chapter Notes

Without further ado~ I present the second and last part to Blood, Sweat, and Tears! Enjoy, my Mochi's!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Being a Vampire is harder than I thought….

I collapsed down on my hands and knees, the ground spinning.

“What are you doing?”

I closed my eyes and put my head to the ground, “It’s too fast! Everything moves too fast!”

Hoseok giggled, “Yeah that’s the point of super speed.”

I groaned on the grass, “No more. It makes me too dizzy.”

Taehyung crossed his arms as he considered my plight, “Hyung, do you think it’s because of the transformation?”
Hoseok jumped up and sat on a large boulder, “Maybe. Because I don’t remember struggling this much.”

“I’m really thirsty…” I moaned as I just decided to lie down on the ground.

Taehyung walked over and handed me a small metal canister. I grabbed it greedily, sitting up, and drinking all of the blood inside. He just frowned as he saw the red disappear from my eyes.

“Feel better?”

“Yes, thank you Tae,” I said, wiping the corner of my mouth with my tongue.

Hoseok tilted his head in thought, “Maybe it has to do with her consumption of blood. My Lady, right now you’re drinking every day right?”

“Yes that’s right. Around twice a day.”

“Let’s try it again. You just had some blood. I’m curious to see if being full will help you improve.”

I groaned on the ground, but ultimately got up and took a deep breath before I started running through the tall grass. It whipped by my face, the same as it did before, but this time, my eyes weren’t trying to keep up with everything flashing by me. They were more focused on staring straight ahead. I stopped just short of entering the small forest next to the empty field. I doubled back and stopped with a smile in front of Hoseok and Taehyung.

“It seemed to help Hyung. But,” he frowned, “It’s not like we have to be full to do any of this.”

“I know. But it seems for now, being full is what helps her.”

“The thirst is always so distracting and… I don’t like it.”

Hoseok laughed, “My Lady, no one likes it.”
We got back to the mansion. The two left me quickly, already plenty used to speeding around. While me on the other hand was prohibited from trying to speed around in the house. After breaking one too many statues and furniture, I was scolded and told to walk slow like I used to. Like when I was human.

I took my time and headed to my room. Even though Jimin and I slept together, or more like just taking the time to lie down together, we’d always be in his room. But this room, my room, was still very special to me. I opened the door and opened up the window to let the nice breeze come through.

Before, I didn’t really have much to decorate my room with. But after asking Namjoon to get a few things for me, it was now decorated with candid pictures of Jimin and the rest of the boys. He was kind enough to let me take a few pictures of him to complete my collection. They were my favorite, but the flowers, as well as the poetry on my wall, tied for a close second.

I sat on my bed, closed my eyes, happy to be living in the moment. It’s already been a month since I was turned. And it hasn’t been easy by any means, but I’ve enjoyed it all.

Except for the cravings.

I opened my eyes as I felt a small itch in my throat. I ran my fingers down my skin.

“Again…?”

I closed my eyes and tried to concentrate on my breathing. Tried to concentrate on anything else. And for once I wished the boys were louder. Now that I had better hearing, I could be across the house and hear something Jungkook was doing in another room. But because they were so good at staying quiet and keeping to themselves, there was nothing to listen in too.

I opened my eyes as the breeze started getting colder, though it didn’t bother me now like it used too. I had to admit, I did miss things like snuggling in a soft sweater, the feeling of coffee warming me up, just normal things like that. But now that my senses and sense of time was changed, things like the weather, and the everyday little things were beyond me now.

I got up and closed my window, the sun already setting.
“How long was I just sitting here?”

Yoongi told me that silence and stillness was common for us. Because while the rest of the world was moving, living and dying, we were plagued with a constant plane of time. While it was really sad for me to think that my parents, my family, and my friends were going to die one day, I was comforted thinking that they were living out their lives to the fullest, even if I wasn’t in it any more.

But what I had was much better.

I walked through the house until I got to Jimin’s office. I knocked lightly and heard his voice as if he was standing right in front of me, “Yes?”

I opened the door and saw him behind his desk, as usual. I smiled, as I watched him. His hair was perfectly styled, flipped up and showing off his forehead. His small cross earrings dangling off his ears, his thick choker rubbing against his pale neck, his pink lips pursed out in concentration, and his doughy grey eyes looking down.

I definitely had it much better.

“Jimin.”

He looked up and saw me leaning back against the armrest of the couch in front of his desk.

“Y/N….”

Even if I was turned, I guess I was still able to feel like I had butterflies in my stomach. I still felt this overwhelming need to be with him. To drown in his love. To breathe Park Jimin. Swear by him. And seek out no one else.

He sat back and collected the papers he was working on, putting them in a nice pile before he flicked his fingers, motioning for me to come closer.
"How was running? Getting any better?"

I walked around to his side of the desk and he pat his lap. I smiled shyly as I sat down, leaning back against his right shoulder. He slowly rubbed circles into my thigh as I talked and described my difficulties.

“So you got better whenever you had blood?”

“Yeah. Which seemed to puzzle Hoseokie and Taehyungie.”

“You’ve got pet names for them?”

“Why shouldn’t I? If they’re your brother’s, and I’m your mate, then doesn’t that make them my brother’s too?”

He pouted a little bit, “I guess that’s right.”

“Are you jealous Jiminnie,” I asked with a giggle, poking his firm six pack hidden under his black and white stripped button up.

“I don’t get jealous. It suggests they have any kind of standing to be on my level. Like they have a chance with you.”

I turned in his lap so that I could straddle him. I wrapped my hands behind his head and played with the hairs hanging behind his neck, “Then does that mean I can’t drink their blood?”

He grabbed my thighs tight and squeezed hard. I would have winced before at the pain, but my tolerance was a lot higher now. I bit down on my lip and leaned forward more so I was closer to his neck and his ear. I inhaled slowly, getting that amazing scent embedded in my brain. His nails dug in deeper the more my lips got closer to his throat.

“Jagiya. You drink from me. And only me.” He pulled me back harshly by my hair, making my chin raise up, exposing my neck to him, “If you try and and tease me like this again, I’ll tear you apart.” I heard the hiss in his voice and it scared me enough to nod my head obediently.
He released his grip on my hair and rubbed my reddening thighs, “That’s a good girl.”

I just stared at him. Lost in his eyes. In his lips. In his adam’s apple. In his skin. His throat.

The burning was becoming so prevalent once again.

I licked my lips as I stared at his neck, “Because… Because I’m a good girl… can I have your blood?”

He smirked, “Oh, you think that’s what you deserve?”

“Y-Yes.”

He noticed my reddening eyes flicking back and forth between his lips and his neck. He knew just how much agony I was going through. Since I’ve been turned, he’s let me suck on him directly only a few times. Because each time, I’d always go too far and not stop when I was supposed to.

“Then what do I get out of this?”

“Your lover’s happiness and gratitude.”

“I don’t need that right now. Try again,” he said, almost bored.

I frowned, “W-whatever you want then….”

He smirked, “Ahhh yes baby… whatever I want, right?”

He grabbed my hips and lifted me up easily off of him and put me down on his desk. He remained sitting in his large chair, crossed his leg over the other, and propped his elbow up on the armrest, his index finger sliding across his bottom lip.
“I want to watch you get yourself off. Do that for me, and I’ll let you have my blood.”

The way his eyes burned into mine was already getting me so wet. I held my breath as I leaned back further on the desk until I was lying down flat. I slowly spread my legs wider and hiked up my red plaid skirt. Knowing that he was watching me made it that much more intense. I was so nervous. And he was so quiet, as if no one was here in the office with me.

But wanting to give him a show I scratched up my thighs slowly, and moaned a little. I thrusted my hips up just barely and raked my hands up my stomach and to my chest. My right hand rubbed gently over the silk of my panties, already wet and sticky.

“Fuck…. You look so fucking sexy right now….”

I couldn’t help the grin, the confidence I was suddenly riding on. I reached into my panties and started rubbing my clit directly.

“Oh God…. Jimin… I wish I could…”

“Wish you could have me?”

“Yes….”

“You better try harder if you want my blood baby,” he said just to antagonize me.

I whined as I sat up and pouted. I wanted to smack his stupid smirk, the smirk that said he still had all the power over me. I wanted to smack it, and kiss it all at the same time. But I wanted his blood. I wanted to make him want me. I slid my panties off, unbuttoned my blouse and crawled into his lap so I was straddling him.

“Oh?” He looked excited.

He uncrossed his legs so that I could straddle him properly and sat back more so that he could watch
me. I lifted off my calves and stuck my fingers inside of my wetness, fucking myself with my fingers as I sat over him. I closed my eyes and rolled my head back, just imagining it was him. I was dripping all over his jeans. The noises so lewd and ringing in our ears.

“Oh… Oh baby… I’m close…”

I curled my fingers in more, stretching myself and getting myself closer. I could feel the walls of my pussy pulsating. But it wasn’t enough to make me cum. I pulled my fingers out and started flicking my clit. While my left hand snaked around my throat, slowly I squeezed my fingers on my neck. I dug my nails into my flesh and felt the familiar sensation of burning and stabbing. It was almost like his fangs were biting right into me.

The thought of Jimin biting me and I was lost to my climax.

I moaned loudly and fell forward against his chest, resting my head on his shoulder. I dropped my hand from my neck and grabbed his arm. It gave him such an amazing angle of my bloodied neck, that he couldn’t help himself. His mouth opened, his saliva stringing down from the top of his mouth to his tongue sticking out; now greedily licking up my blood.

I gasped at the hot sensation, pulling my hand away from my clit and grabbing his other arm. I held on tight to his toned arms as his own hands grabbed at my waist and pulled me forward.

“You… You said I could… Jimin….” My throat was hurting so bad, it was so dry, “Please…”

He licked my wound slowly as he pulled away with one last kiss. He undid the top button of his shirt, and pulled his collar to the side, exposing his gorgeous skin. He looked too good with the choker still on, his flesh just inches away from me. His pink lips sliding into a grin.

“Go on. You deserve it for giving me such a good show.”

Without hesitation I sank my teeth in, my hand grabbing at his shoulder, the other grabbing the other side of his neck. And oh was it delicious. No other blood compared to my lover’s blood. While everything else tasted like water, his was like the sweetest sugar honey. It coated my throat; water cooling the fire.

I could feel him squeezing my thighs. I could hear him slightly moaning. It was almost as good as the
sound of his blood rushing into my mouth. I wanted, I needed more.

I grabbed tighter at his neck and sucked harder.

“Ok. That’s enough.”

I heard him. I knew he was serious. And I wanted to pull away. But I really couldn’t. I craved him so bad. As if it was the first time I was tasting him.

A feral growl came out as he grabbed a handful of my hair and pulled me away with so much force that my fangs ripped his neck even more as I was hauled away. He hissed loudly, pressing his free hand against the wound. He threw me back against the desk, noticing that I was still wiping up my mouth with my fingers, making sure to get every drop. Slowly but surely my bloodlust was going down and the sunflowers were returning to my irises.

He pulled one of his drawers open and grabbed a dark silk handkerchief to press against the wound, waiting for the bleeding to stop.

Finally off the high of his blood, I focused my eyes on him. I lowered my head and felt so ashamed, so guilty.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t pull away again…”

“It’s ok.”

“No it’s not…” I couldn’t look at him.

With his vampiric healing already doing its job, he pulled the handkerchief away tossing it to the side as he stood up and put his hand under my chin. He pulled my face up so that I was forced to look at him. I felt so weak.

“Listen to me. I’m not mad. I’d rather you be taking it from me than someone else. And besides,” he leaned forward, tilting his head with a smug look, “I’m not so weak as to let my girl just have her way with me like that.”
I smiled a bit, “You and your pride. Can’t you let me win once?”

“I let you win, and I could die,” he said letting go of my face and putting his hands in his pockets.

“We can’t let that happen,” I said closing my eyes slowly and reaching out for him.

He stepped forward and let me wrap my arms around him and let me rest my cheek on his chest. Ever so gently he ran his fingers through my hair.

“I’m sorry Jimin.”

“I’m not.”

“You don’t regret changing me… right?”

Somehow even after the month, I was still so worried that this was all a mistake. That maybe he’d throw me away and feed me to the dogs. I’d be lost forever and never be whole ever again. The illogical fear was so prominent in my head, I squeezed him tighter and buried my face into his chest.

“That was the best thing that’s happened to me. Do you really think that I can live without you?” He leaned down and wrapped his arms around me, his hand holding my head gently, “You literally are my life, my air, my water. You are everything to me and I can’t do without you. So don’t ever think that I don’t need you.”

I smiled into his chest. All my silly doubts gone in seconds.
I sat alone outside under our big oak tree. Just taking in the air and thinking.

Yoongi let it slip that while I was still a newborn, I could probably beat Jimin in hand to hand fighting, as far as power goes. But I never planned on testing that out. Just seeing Jimin’s eyes and I cower. I want him to dominate me, control me, and claim me for himself.

Yoongi also told me that because I’m Jimin’s lover, his mate, that my eagerness to abide by him would increase. He said that when vampires join covens, they are ultimately giving themselves up to their leaders. They are bitten and thus bonded into servitude.

“All of us have given up our lives so we can stay by Jimin’s side. He is our Lord and our Master. We’ll follow him to the ends of the earth.”

I took a deep breath and sat back against the tree. The leaves were a pretty bright orange and were still strong enough to hold onto the branches. This was always my favorite part of the evolution of our oak tree; when it looked like fire and it towered over me. I think it’s because it reminds me so much of Jimin. The way he’s so powerful, demanding, and confident. He’s always by my side, taking control and leading me every which way.

Yet, he’s so sweet around the edges. He’s constantly confessing how much he cares for me, how much he loves me. How much he always craves my very existence.

“Jagiya…”

I opened my eyes and sat up. I looked around and noticed I was alone.

“Jagiya, I’m up here.”

I stood up and walked around the tree to see Jimin standing up on the stone foyer. He was so far away from me, but when he talked it sounded like he was standing right next to me. I looked up and waved a little. My hair floated in the cool autumn air, my sunflower eyes shining up to his dark grey ones.
“Come here baby.”

I took a deep breath as I turned towards the stone steps that lead up to the foyer. I took a step at a regular pace and slowly tried going faster. The way my body thrashed forward had me crashing into something really hard. I winced a little from the collision, but noticed Jimin standing in front of me. I realized that I made it up to the foyer though, so either way, it was progress.

“Vous’re getting better at controlling your speed.”

I frowned, “It’s still really hard though. Everything just goes by too quickly and I can’t time it right, when I should stop moving I mean.”

He chuckled as he moved my hair out of my face, looking down into my eyes, “You’ll get it. We all do. But baby?”

“Yes Jimin?”

“What did I tell you about going out by yourself?”

I looked away, “Umm, you said I wasn’t allowed to because…. Because even though we have higher security around the mansion and in the city, it doesn’t mean that the Council won’t send anyone around to investigate.”

“That’s right. And what happens when you don’t listen and disobey?”

I turned my gaze back to his face, who looked smug and condescending. His fangs sticking out from his egotistical smirk.

“I get punished,” I said softly, licking my lips and pressing my body against his.

I inhaled deep, getting drunk off of his very scent. I grabbed his silver blazer in my hands as I got on my tip toes and started licking his neck. I opened my mouth unleashing my fangs to bite down.
“Nope.”

He forcefully pushed me away and shook his index finger in front of my reddening eyes.

“B-But.. You smell… so good… Please?” I leaned forward again, sticking out my tongue in front of his face, close to his lips. “I wanna taste you again. You’re so… delicious…”

He growled low in his chest, his own lips dragging across my cheek and to my ears. His dick starting to get hard in his slacks as he thought about my lips on his throat. His breath was caressing my skin, my whole body craving him, “You had your fill last night. No more or you’ll kill me.”

My hands were already trying to undo the buttons on his shirt, “Then… just a little bit…”

He grabbed my hands firmly, “Stop.”

I seemed to get out of my drunken, lustful state. I looked into his stern eyes and whined, making my body small in front of him, “I’m sorry… I don’t know why it’s always so bad recently.”

“It concerns me too babe.”

“How long is this supposed to last anyways?” My throat was burning.

He kept his hands firm on mine, “Most of the time the bloodlust for newborns doesn’t last all that long. After binging on blood, the cravings normally die down and you start figuring out the span of your thirst.”

“But mine…”

“Yes, yours hasn’t died down…” He finally let me go and laced his hand gently with mine, “Come with me. Let’s get you some blood.”

I pouted, “I just want your blood though.”
“I know baby,” he said with empathy, “But at the rate that you drink from me, I’m not going to last. I can only give you so much.”

He walked with me at a normal human pace through the opened glass doors, down the hallway, through the large living room, and into the kitchen. He lifted me up to sit me on the counter as he got a wine glass and a packet of blood from the fridge. He tore the plastic getting a little drop of it on his finger. He was about to lick it up, but I was quick to hop off the counter and put my lips on his finger. He noticed my eyes a fiery red.

I swirled my tongue around lapping up the drop. I was breathing so heavy as I grabbed the plastic hospital bag full of blood. I sank my teeth into the plastic and started drinking straight from the bag.

“You’re-” He remained quiet as he saw me swallowing, gulp after gulp; the liter of blood gone in seconds.

I wiped my mouth, licking up every last drop from my hands and my fingers.

I peeked up from my long bangs and noticed he was looking at me with concern and shame. I couldn’t stand the way he looked at me with pity, or like I was some sort of child. I quickly bit my wrist in front of him and pulled my blood soaked lips away. I needed him to feel just like me.

“You look thirsty….”

“You manipulative little girl...” he smirked, the concern and worry giving way to lust and passion.

He pushed me hard against the counter, grabbing my wrist and sinking his fangs into the holes from my own teeth. He breathed in deep, so satisfied and so high on my blood. I rolled my head back, my eyes closing, my body feeling so hot for him.

“Jimin… please….”

He let go of my wrist with a pop of his lips as he spun me around so my ass was pressing up against the bulge in his pants. I rubbed as much as I could, leaning forward on the counter, just begging for him to enter me.
“Such a dirty cockslut,” he said as he pushed my dress up and bent down to push my panties down, only now realizing I wasn’t wearing any. “Fuck….” He got on his knees, my ass in his face. He licked his lips and sank his fangs into the plump fatty tissue.

I hissed loudly, only to moan as he pushed a few of his fingers inside of me. “Oh god baby…”

He fucked me with his fingers as he pulled his teeth away, only to sink them into my other ass cheek. I pushed my ass further out, so that I could have more room to start rubbing on my clit. I pressed my forehead hard against the cool marble counter as I lost myself to the pleasure.

“Jemin please… baby… I need you…”

He licked my ass cheek and pulled his fingers out, my wetness soaking his fingers. He sucked on his digits one by one, licking up my taste, moaning at how sweet I was. His dick getting harder and harder in his slacks.

“What do you want baby? Tell me.”

“I want your cock.”

He started unbuckling his belt, the small clinks just getting me wetter, because I knew I was going to get his dick soon. I pushed my ass out some more, moving my hand away from my clit, now using my hands to hold me up against the counter.

“So eager baby,” he smirked. “Do you love cock that much?”

He pushed his slacks and his boxers down and positioned himself at my wet entrance. My breath hitched in my throat, “Y-Yes!”

He forced his cock inside, making me fall forward against the counter. But he didn’t hesitate to start fucking me hard. I threw my head back, I squeezed my tits in my hand. It felt incredible.
Maybe it was because I was a vampire now, but I could handle more pain. The way his nails dug into my hip, scratched down my thigh, it was just sensory overload and I needed more.

I bucked my hips in time with his thrusts to try and get it harder. He seemed to understand what I was wanting without me saying anything. He grabbed a handful of my hair, tugged harsh and he started fucking me harder; our skin smacking loudly against each other’s.

“Oh shit… you’re so fucking tight…”

He grabbed my hips tight in his hands as he fucked me from behind. My ass just bouncing against him. But it wasn’t enough. I wanted his lips.

I stopped pushing back and pulled away from him. He growled in anger at the empty feeling, my hot pussy gone from his dick. I hopped back on the counter and spread my legs wide.

“Oh fuck me… like this….”

He noticed my eyes were red again, even after drinking that liter of blood. But his own lust was clouding his decision process. He needed me just as much I needed him. He licked his fat lips and hurried to put his dick back inside of me and start fucking me on the counter.

He took my lips with his, slithering his tongue around, fighting with mine. Both of us trying to take control, trying to devour the other. But like always, he won. He bit on my lip and sucked at the little bit of blood spilling out.

“I’m going to bite you. Me. Not you. Got that?”

He pulled his head away to look at me. His eyes were serious. He was the law. He was my law. The overwhelming feeling to listen to his order was pulsing through my body. I couldn’t disobey him. I nodded, like a child in trouble. He wrapped his arms around my body and pulled me to his chest, so that I was no longer sitting on the counter. He was holding me in his arms as he fucked me in the air.

I wrapped my arms around his neck as he bounced me up and down easily on his long pulsating cock.
“Ohhh fuck! I’m gonna… Jimin…. Fuck!”

“Fuck fuck fuck….!”

I could hear his mouth opening. And just seconds later his teeth embedded into my exposed neck as he started cumming inside of me. The very second he started sucking on me, I could feel my pussy release and shake as my orgasm hit me hard. Being a vampire made the sensation that much more vibrant and addicting. And I was addicted to the feeling of him sucking my blood.

I breathed intensely against him, his scent radiating around me.

“Jimin.. I need blood… give me your blood….”

He still had his teeth bared and dug into my neck, his own breathing ragged and hot as he lapped up his fill.

I licked my fangs and pulled his collar down to expose his pale skin to my eyes. I saw last night's bite marks still there, still bruised. I leaned forward, wanting to make more bruises on his neck. But he pulled his teeth out of me abruptly. It was so painful I screamed. He pushed me hard against the refrigerator and grabbed my chin firm in his hand.

“What the fuck did I say?!”

I cried, “I’m… I just…”

He thrust his still hard dick in me a few times. I moaned loudly. “I fucking said that I’m going to bite you. Only me.” He sighed loudly, putting his forehead on the fridge, upset that he had to pull his fangs out of my neck like he did. He licked me gently, “Why do you always disobey me?” His tongue was hot against the wound.

I whimpered, “I don’t… mean to….”

He pulled his head away, pulled me off of him gently and smoothly, and put me on the ground. His eyes weren’t as angry as I thought they’d be, by the time I got the courage to look at them. I frowned
and cowered in front of him, submitting to his authority.

He pulled his boxers and slacks back up before he pulled me into a hug, “Baby, don’t think that I
don’t like you biting me. Because I do. I fucking love it. But you have to know that you’ll kill me. Is
that what you want?”

I shook my head furiously against his chest.

“I know it’s difficult to learn control. But you have to try harder.”

“It’s so hard though…. I want you all the time. I want blood. It’s the only thing I can think about.”

He sighed, “I know. I don’t know why either. It shouldn’t be this way.”

“Is there something… wrong with me?” I looked up with concern, “Did something go wrong in
turning me?”

“Not as far as I know baby,” he said, tucking my hair behind my ear. “I’ll do some digging around
and see what I can find ok? Just keep drinking the blood packs for now. We’ll figure something out.”

He kissed my forehead before getting me another blood pack to sip on.

Jimin was talking business with Yoongi and Namjoon in his office, so for the time being I was in his
room, sitting on his bed waiting. In the past week he hasn’t really found much about my bloodlust,
but he said that today we could talk about finding solutions together.
I looked at all the books on his bed around me, and decided to look at the oldest looking book there. The spine of the book was tattered, the cover was fraying around the edges, and the pages were almost yellow. I opened it carefully, feeling the book stretch open underneath my fingers. The title page was simple.

*Vampires: A History*

I lightly touched the words, the handwritten ink curved in old english letters. Page by page, the book was filled with a vast knowledge of family lines, covens, some major incidences with humans, and a few pages on vampire law.

I picked up the book and read aloud from a page that caught my attention.

"Through greed and malice from our kind, seeking out power and land, we have destroyed ourselves and our way of life. There are so few of us now.

In the event that we continue to kill each other off, seek out not the Council, but your fellow brethren. In numbers shall you succeed; protect one another. Use logic, not violence. Protect life, not destroy it.

*Blood is too precious. Life is too precious.*"

I flipped to the last few pages of the book. It looked to be like another diary entry.

"I gave my life to our people. I wrote law after law, believing that I was building a better future for my people, for our way of life and culture. But it seems I was wrong.

Warped was their sense of justice. They manipulated the law to favor them and their agenda. And only when it favored them, did they show mercy.

*They betrayed me. They betrayed my family, my coven.*
My mate already gone from this world, left me a beautiful baby girl. She had her mother’s eyes. Cheonmyeong was my everything.

But the threat of a half human, half vampire having any chance of coming into power was beyond my brother’s in the Council. “Demon” they called her. “Wretch.” “Heathen.” “Vile.” My innocent child, pure from hate and evil, was being accused of such debauchery.

They took her from me. Killed her. And casted me out.

I wish they had killed me in her stead.

But even their warped little minds knew killing me would only bring about inquisition to their power and their right to govern our people.

So before I leave, seeking peace and solace for the rest of my terrible existence, I leave this book of my accounts of building up our way of life. Only to see it get turned on me. I hope for whoever finds this book, use it to further your mind, propel our lives into a better tomorrow. Because our tomorrow is going to last for all eternity.

Open minds bring merciful hearts. Merciful hearts brings about change.

Seek change, but do not become blinded by it.

Good luck.”

I touched the name that was signed at the end of the entry.

Yurye Isageum, the house of Park Hyeokgeose of Silla

I tilted my head to the side, “He’s Park… just like Jimin….”

“Did you need something?”
I looked up, too distracted from the book that I didn’t realize my mate was standing in the doorway looking at me with a smile.

“Did you find something good to read baby?”

I closed the old book and smiled, “Yeah I did. I think it was more so a diary than anything.”

He walked closer and noticed which book I was referring to. “Ah, I’ve read Master Yuri’s diary several hundreds of times.” He pushed the books over and sat down next to me.

I leaned in against him, resting my head on his shoulder, “I feel so sorry for him. He just wanted to try and make the lives of his people easier and peaceful, but... it all seemed to go against him in the end.”

He laced our fingers together, pulling us back so we were lying down, “He was, for a lack of a better word, our emperor. But his advisors convinced the right people that not one man should have power. They overthrew his rule and made the Council, what we know today. Most of my, our, kind only know half of the truth. But because of his diary, we know that the Council really overthrew his rule because of the threat of his daughter.”

“How could they kill an innocent girl like that?”

“Out of fear.”

“Vampires feel fear,” I asked, tilting my head so I could look at his face.

He tilted his head down, stroked his hand across my cheek, “Yes we can. Very much so.”

He leaned forward and pressed his lips to mine. And as if I could feel that fear, I kissed him harder. We both understood the fear of losing each other.

But the moment didn’t last.
Both of us pulled away and froze. I closed my eyes and concentrated on what my ears were trying to tell me. I could see it, grass crunching to the weight of several dozen men. Bones cracking. Men yelling.

My eyes flashed open as Jimin’s hand grabbed my wrist and pulled me off the bed. He put me in his arms, knowing I still wasn’t any good with my speed, and carried me. We ran into Yoongi and Namjoon who looked just as panicked as Jimin, though Jimin seemed to be hiding it better than them.

He put me down, “Take her. Now.”

“My Lord, they are after you. Not us. It’d be better for you two to stay together,” Namjoon said, glancing at me.

My eyes were shaking. I was scared. Not once had I ever felt such a terrifying feeling course through my very core.

And somehow without my noticing, the other boys had showed up, each of them tense and serious.

He growled angrily, “This is my home and I plan on defending it! I’m not going to just run away and let you guys fight alone!”

Yoongi grabbed Jimin’s shoulder hard and growled himself, “The fuck you are! We swore our loyalty to you and this house. So it’s our job to see to your safety and to hers. Do you just plan on leaving her alone?”

Jimin’s angered eyes glanced down to my shaking body. He knew he couldn’t leave me. His body started calming down as he thought about what he was about to do. Run away. Again.

He put his hand on Yoongi’s shoulder, looked at his first advisor, his lips pulling up into a smile, “It seems I’m leaving first then.” He grabbed my hand as he looked at his brothers. They all stood taller, firm, and confident in their abilities and their loyalty to Jimin. He nodded, “Take care. All of you.”

“Yes My Lord,” they said in unison.
Yoongi nodded his head to Jungkook and Jin, “The two of you follow them out back and help them escape. The rest of us will man the front.”

Jimin pat Yoongi’s shoulder one last time as he picked me up and made his way through the house, out the back door and straight through the forest. Jungkook and Jin ran behind us. I glanced back and noticed Jin glancing to his right. He was suddenly baring his fangs and snarling as he jumped right and out of sight. My eyes focused on Jungkook. He looked at me gently, as if he was trying to memorize my features. I wanted to call out to him but he quickly ran past me and Jimin and darted to the left.

I just heard growling, hard breathing, branches breaking, fists hitting flesh, sounds of fighting happening all around me. I closed my eyes and tried blocking out the thought of my brother’s fighting and most likely getting hurt.

“Jimin,” I cried, “What’s happening, why are we…. They’re getting hurt.”

“My brother’s aren’t weak! They’ll face anyone they need to for us. We need to get out of here.”

“But how did it come to this?! I thought we had security!”

“Not enough it seems. Not enough to fight a small army of the Council’s best fighters. But let’s just-”

He stopped in his tracks and put me down in front of him slowly. He whipped his head around and let out a snarl from his throat. I turned quickly to look at his face, it was scrunched up in a threatening motion, his fangs exposed, his eyes murderous and red.

I didn’t want to believe what my ears were telling me.

We were surrounded. And I could no longer hear Jungkook or Jin.

I grabbed his shirt tight in my hands, “Jimin…”
His breathing was more steady than I expected it to be. His eyes still darting around, following the enemy as they got closer, “I’m going to distract them and you’re going to run.”

“N-No!”

He growled, “Why do you always-”

“You promised you’d never leave my side!”

He saw just how scared I was. Just how unwilling I was to let go of him. He closed his eyes and held me tightly against his chest. There’s no way he’d be able to leave me when I was like this.

“Ok. Ok you win. I’ll stay.”

He opened his eyes and saw ten figures circled around us. He only recognized a couple of them, one of them seemingly the one leading the attack.

“I’d say it was nice to see you again Im Jaebum, but I don’t wanna be a liar,” Jimin said, pulling me behind his back so that he was between me and the leader of the assault. The dark haired young man was very intimidating and scary.

Jaebum just grinned, “Cute. But don’t think that silver tongue of yours is going to get you out of this one. The Council leaders have many questions.”

“Then I’ll go see them myself. There’s no need to send the dogs our way.”

“Hmm.. but your coven shouldn’t be taken likely, yes?”

“Leave them out of this!”

Jaebum was getting tired, he crossed his arms, “I’ve had enough talking to you already.” He turned to one of the other vampires by his side, “Let’s just take what we need, and leave.”
Jemin growled, “I told you! I’d come willingly!”

Jaebum just grinned, “And what makes you think that we’re here for you?”

I peeked around Jimin’s back, only to be met with dark, terrifying eyes. Given, I was used to being around the boys by now, and knowing full well that they were vampires. But seeing another vampire who wasn’t my friend was something of a reality check. Egotistical, sadistic, and vile seeping out of his very core; Im Jaebum wasn’t to be messed with. I hid behind Jimin once again, holding onto the back of his shirt, my whole body shaking.

Jemin’s stance changed defensively, his fangs exposed, “You take one step towards her, even so think as to breathe near her, and I’ll rip all of your fucking throats.”

“Easy, easy… Why do you look so scary?” He just laughed, “And besides, it’s not like you could take on all of us.”

I looked around. The ten that were around us was now twenty. I leaned my forehead against Jimin’s back, trying my best to keep my tears back, “Jemin… I love you…”

“Y/N, what are-”

I stepped around Jimin’s back and looked at the so called Im Jaebum, “Take me, but please leave Jemin and his brother’s alone. I’ll go without a fight.”

I heard a loud crack that made me jump. I whipped my head around to see Jimin falling to the ground. I cried as I went to his still body on the ground, “I said I-”

“Will someone please shut her up? I really don’t have time for this,” Jaebum said as he turned and started walking away.

I closed my eyes, covering Jimin’s body with my own. A sudden pain on the back of my head.
Yoongi collapsed to the ground. The last enemy’s throat cut, the body collapsed next to Yoongi. His eyes were stinging in agony, his throat itching for blood. But his instinct told him he didn’t need to be prepared to fight for his life anymore. He sat up slowly, taking in his surroundings.

He got up and listened around for his brothers. Sure enough, he could hear them making their way to the foyer. Before meeting who was left, he ran around the area, checking for any casualties. And there were.

Once Jimin gave the order to protect the main house, most of the coven returned. But it seemed it didn’t matter in the end. He bent down over the corpse closest to him. The body was deteriorating, the head a few feet away. He closed his eyes and said a prayer for his fallen brother’s. Who knew how many of them survived.

He ran to the foyer to meet whoever was left. It was only the six of them, the strongest of the coven.

“Do we know if they got away?”

Jungkook frowned, “I followed their trail, but it stopped. There was evidence that they were surrounded hyung. They were captured.”

“Fuck it all” Namjoon cussed loudly.

Jin grabbed Namjoon’s shoulder, comforting him, “There wasn’t blood, they’re still alive.”
Namjoon scratched his head in irritation, “But being in the Council’s hands is the same thing as being dead hyung.”

Jin knew what Namjoon said to be true. Everyone knew it. If the Council showed any interest in you, it was never a good thing. For the most part, the men running the Council kept to themselves, spare the few incidences that needed their intervention. But most of the time, people were too afraid of their authority, and never dared to even step too close to the line that was the law.

Taehyung stepped forward, “Hyung, you don’t know that for sure. Don’t just assume they’re dead.”

Yoongi nodded, “Taehyung is right. If they really wanted him dead, they would have left his body and killed us along with him. So they’re real goal must be her.”

“What does she have anything to do with-” Hoseok stopped suddenly.

It clicked.

Jungkook’s head lowered, “She’s turned.”

“She’s the first successful case of transformation in hundreds of years. Not to mention Jimin did break the law by erasing human memory.” He crossed his arms and paced slowly, “They must want to use her to their advantage, while interrogating him about what he did.”

“Interrogation means torture,” Jin spoke up.

Jungkook’s fist were wound up so tight that his nails were making his palm bleed, “I’m not just going to let them torture Jimin hyung and My Lady. Hyung,” he said firm to Yoongi, “We need to get them out.”

Yoongi stopped pacing and looked at his brother’s. All of them were determined to break their leader and their sister out from the demented and dangerous hands that was the Council. He sighed loudly, putting his hands on his hips, looking down at the ant trail on the stone floor.

“And I assume everyone knows just how fucking impossible this will be. Not to mention fucking
dangerous.”

Namjoon grinned, “Have you ever known us to give up, even if the odds were stacked against us?”

“No of course not. But we will need help. It won’t be enough with just us.” He eyed each of his brother’s, “Any ideas?”

Jungkook released his tense grip, slowly licking his blood off of his palms, “I’ve got an idea…”

Taehyung whined on the spot, “Why them? They always pick on me!”

“Hush.”

Taehyung quieted as Yoongi growled at him, leading his brother’s up the concrete pathway that lead to the Lee Household.

Jungkook leaned over and whispered, “I know, I feel the same hyung. But Hyun Hyung really likes Y/N, so I think he might help us.”

Taehyung just crossed his arms, still pouting, “I still don’t approve.”

Hoseok laughed, “We don’t need your approval, brat.”

“Hyung!”

“YAH!”

Yoongi turned around with a deadly glint to his eyes as they approached the gate. Everyone quieted down, and lowered their heads, knowing that while Jimin was gone, Yoongi was in charge.
Trying to collect his thoughts, he clicked the buzzer and waited for the speaker to come to life.

“Well, well, well. Look what we have here.”

Yoongi was burning on the inside. He, just as much as his brothers, hated Hyun and Changmin. But for the sake of his Leader, he was willing to seek help from them. He remained fixed in place, keeping to the unspoken rule of etiquette and respect.

He bowed, queuing his brothers to bow as well. “It’s an urgent matter that we speak with you.”

“Let me guess. Jimin and his cute little pet got caught by the Council, and you’re all here to beg for our assistance.”

Yoongi’s jaw tightened before he spoke, “Yes that’s right. It’s imperative that we-”

“We don’t have to do anything. In fact, I see no reason why my brother and I should help you leaderless fools.” They could hear the laugh in Hyun’s voice, “A coven run by a man who would throw away his life for a little human is beyond me. And as far as I’m concerned, you’re all just as bad as him.”

Jungkook couldn’t stand it, “Jimin hyung is a thousand times better than a man who controls his followers through fear and violence!”

“Jungkook!” Yoongi yelled in warning.

Jin and Hoseok grabbed Jungkook to keep him still, silently telling him to shut his mouth, but he was much too powerful and heated to let them keep him in place. He stepped forward and yelled into the camera, facing Hyun head on.

“I’m not scared of you! Do with me what you will! Prove that you only know how to use your fists instead of your words, you coward!” He was so angry he couldn’t see straight, “And as far as Y/N goes… She’s not just some useless human. She’s our sister now! So you treat her with the respect that she deserves!”
His brothers were quiet. Jungkook could have just blown their only chance at getting help. Because in all reality, the Lee Brother’s were the only clan that came close to the Council’s, not in just numbers but in intelligence. And besides, they were the only clan that was close enough to Jimin, that they thought they could sympathize too.

Seconds ticked away to minutes.

Yoongi was about to turn and walk away, already thinking of other ways to try and get his Leader and his sister out. But the loud buzzing of the gate alarmed him. He looked up as the speaker clicked off.

Hoseok cheered a bit, “I can’t believe that worked!”

Yoongi smacked Jungkook hard across the face, leaving his cheek red, leaving his brothers quiet from shock. Yoongi frowned, “How dare you speak out of place. How dare you speak about respect when you show none.”

Jin was quick to stand by Jungkook, trying to shield him from Yoongi’s threatening eyes. “Yoongi, he was just-”

“I know. I know it. I feel the exact same way.” Jin’s shoulders relaxed a bit more, with the way Yoongi stepped back, “But he know’s exactly how we run as a society. And with the position we’re in… you don’t bite the hand that feeds you Jungkook. You do well to remember that.”

“Yes hyung. I’m sorry hyung,” Jungkook bowed respectively, his voice guilt-ridden.

“You stay quiet for the remainder of our visit. Do you understand?”

“Yes hyung.”

Yoongi put his hand on his little maknae’s shoulder, giving it a light squeeze, “Though, if you hadn’t said it, I would have.” He grinned for only the quickest of seconds before he turned on his heel and lead the way to the house.
The boys were confident in their second in command.

The door opened with a maid bowing, “Please follow me.”

The six men did as they were told, following the petite girl through the house and into a large living room that only had two lavish chairs and a small tall coffee table in between. Hyun took the chair to the left, legs crossed, face firm, eyes burning. Changmin was on the the right, legs spread out wide, his arms crossed behind his head, a grin plastered on his face.

Both were opposite in demeanor. But both equally intimidating and deadly.

Yoongi lead his brothers further into the large space, that could clearly cater to over one hundred people. He stopped just yards away from the Lee Brothers and got down to his knees; much to Changmin’s amusement.

With Yoongi sitting back on his heels, Namjoon and the other’s followed suit.

“First let me apologize for Jungkook’s outburst. I’ve already informed him of his wrongdoing.”

Hyun’s eyes glanced at Jungkook’s already swelling cheek, “Yes. Death would have been too easy a punishment. Otherwise, how would he learn?”

“You’re too kind, hyung,” Yoongi managed to say.

Hyun couldn’t help but laugh, “Oh my dear Yoongi, this act does not do you justice. It’s actually quiet repulsive.”

“I wouldn’t dare act any other way.”

“Is that so?” He turned to his brother, “What do you think Changmin? Is it more disrespectful to say
such fake words in order to be polite, or speak honestly in a crude way?”

“Honestly, this goody goody stuff is gross.”

Hyun smiled, “Yoongi, do us a favor and stop putting on airs; galavanting your so called respect for us. Because anyone with a brain knows just how much you despise us. I mean, even little Taehyung can figure that out.” He stretched his neck a bit to look at Taehyung, “Right? Or do we need to rephrase everything in more simple terms?”

Changmin barked out a loud laugh as Taehyung was about to unleash his own spitfire.

“Ok assholes, you’re right. We don’t like you. And you don’t like us,” Yoongi said firmly. “But for my Leader, I’m willing to do whatever it takes, even ask for help from the two of you.”

“Ah yes. Park Jimin.” Hyun uncrossed his legs and leaned forward a bit, his eye suddenly inquisitive, “Jungkookie over there made mention about a certain little vixen becoming his sister. Don’t tell me Jimin managed to change her?”

Yoongi nodded, “He managed.”

“Holy shit are you serious?” Changmin yelled out. “Isn’t that like, the first time in like-”

Hyun sat back once again, his eyes narrowing, “In hundreds of years.” He tapped his index finger against the gold stained armrest, “So her soul didn’t rip to shreds I see. Interesting. And tell me, how has she been responding to the change?”

Yoongi was getting irritable, “We don’t have time to talk about the little details.”

“Oh I think that if you want our help, you’ll answer these questions.”

Yoongi had no choice but to comply, “She’s been slow in her control over her body as well as her craving for blood.”
“How often does she feed?”

“How often does she feed?”

“Every day, a couple times in said day; at least a quart to a gallon every time.”

“That much?!”

Yoongi nodded to the stunned younger brother.

“Damn. Not even the elders in the Council drink that much.”

“In fact, no one does,” Hyun commented, his head already thinking of some possibilities on why that was happening.

“Hyun, do you think she’s-”

Hyun put his hand up to silence his brother, “Yoongi, we don’t normally associate with other clans. Especially with ones that are so far beneath us. And one that had a former member at that.” He got up from his chair and took a step forward, “But consider my interest piqued.”

“So you’ll help us,” Yoongi asked with a bit of hope in his voice.

“Don’t get me wrong, I’m only doing this out of my own benefit. I could care less what they do to Jimin. But I can’t stand it if they hurt her.”

Every one of Jimin’s brothers was ready to fight Hyun on the spot, if it wasn’t for the fact that they needed his help. They all weren’t just pissed that Hyun didn’t care about Jimin, but they were also feeling overprotective of me. No one was going to talk about their sister that way, not when I was already Jimin’s mate.

Yoongi stood up, the boys following his lead. Changmin stood up as well and stepped to stand at his brother’s side.

Yoongi put out his hand, “Then are we in agreement? You’ll help us?”
Changmin looked over at his brother, as Hyun looked at Yoongi’s hand. He slowly reached out and shook his hand.

“Yes, I believe we will help.”

The first big hurdle was accomplished. With the Lee Brothers help, they’d be able to have the resources to learn more about the Council, and have the manpower to plan a break in. All that was left to do, was figure out the best opportunity to rescue us. But with such little time, it would prove all too difficult.

I woke up in a really heavy daze. Almost as if I was on drugs or put under general anesthesia. My body was so tired. My throat was burning. My ankles and wrists had so much pressure on them. My head lolled to the side, my eyes lifted up to see my wrists bound in leather cuffs, connected by a thick chain to a bed. My ankles the same.

I moved my mouth a bit to try and get some saliva down my throat, try and make it suitable to talk.

But my attention was suddenly on someone moaning softly. I’d know that heavenly sound anywhere.

“J-Jimin….” I barely managed to say.

“Mmm… Jagi….Wh…”
I turned my body, the chains just long enough to let me use my hands to help me push my body up into a halfway sitting position. And there I saw Jimin cuffed and bound to his bed right next to mine, the top of our beds connected. I couldn’t seem to see his eyes, his hair blocking my way to his face.

“Jimin… wake up… we’re…” I stopped as I looked around the room.

Our beds were in the middle of a large dark room, only a single spotlight on above us, blinding me to the rest of our surroundings. The only thing I could really make out was a metal cart sitting off to the side of Jimin’s bed that looked like it had medical tools on top of it.

Jimin was coming out of his dazed state and managed to sit up. He took a look for himself before he kept his eyes fixed on me. His eyes were mixed with anger, guilt, pain, sadness, and fear. He was angry he couldn’t protect me. He felt guilty we were being held prisoner. He felt so much pain that I was bound like a criminal. So sad that he really couldn’t help me.

He feared for my life.

I couldn’t help the tears, even though I tried my hardest to keep them back, “Jimin… I’m scared. I… I want to go home…”

“I know baby…."

He did his best to scoot closer to the top of his bed, closer to me. I did the same, but the chains on our ankles only let us get close enough that we could reach out and hold each other’s hands. Mine were shaking in his firm ones. He was firm and steady, because he knew if he broke down, there’d be no point in calling himself a man. There’d be no point in being the man that I believed in.

He took a deep breath and rubbed soft circles into the back of my hand, “Listen to me.”

I nodded my head, biting my lip as the tears silently fell.

“No matter what happens, I’m right here. I’m not going anywhere. I promised to always be by your side, and I meant it. Do you understand?”
I nodded my head again.

“We’ll get through this. I love you Y/N.”

“Jimin... I love you t-”

A door in the darkness opened with an annoyingly long creaking noise. And several footsteps echoed through the room. I tightened my hold on Jimin’s hand, our arms still outstretched towards each other.

“It’s beautiful. The love you two share, I mean.”

Slowly the lights were being turned one, a soft glow illuminating the room. The spotlight turned off above us. My eyes darted around, we weren’t just in any room.

The floor was a light grey tile, dirty with smudges and blood stains. The walls were a terrible off white color. Hanging from the ceiling were all kinds of machines I’ve never seen before. Metal cabinets were filled with medicines and boxes. Monitors atop of medical trolleys. IV stands. Metal bins and bowls. Medical equipment everywhere. Tools ranging from hammers, pliers, and saws lined the walls. Whips. Gags. Rope.

We were in the perfect room to get tortured.

My head was spinning. My heart was racing. I shook my head, squeezed my eyes shut.

“Y/N! Look at me!”

I heard Jimin yelling at me. I snapped my panicked eyes open, my eyeballs just shaking.

“You keep your eyes on me and only me,” he said with such authority; I couldn’t disobey him.
I didn’t want to either. He gave me a focus point; himself. If I dared to look away, I’d just see even more terrible things that surrounded us.

“Ah~ What a perfect mate you have Jimin. She’s so obedient to you.”

As much as Jimin didn’t want to, he peeled his eyes away from mine and glared at the head of the Council, the main voice of their law, Bang Shi-hyuk.

“I should rip your fucking head off!”

He wasn’t amused, his relaxed face still the same, “Such a pity. Have you really lost your pride in our ways? Or did she corrupt you too much while she was a human.”

Jimin bit his tongue.

Bang Shi-hyuk smiled a slimy smile as he stepped forward, Im Jaebum just a foot behind him. “Oh yes, of course we know. It may have taken us a little longer than we would have liked, but yes we found out what you have done.”

“We should have just killed them….” Jaebum commented aloud.

“Oh, but how delightful it is that she actually survived the transformation. Tell me Jimin, how were you able to hold back the need to kill her for her blood?”

“Fuck off.”

The elder frowned, “Again, such a pity. But no mind. I think you’ll soon realize just how weak you are. Just how willing you’ll be to answer all of my questions.” He turned to leave, only stopping right at Jaebum’s shoulder, “Remember, keep them alive.”

“Yes My Master.”

Shi-hyuk left, closing the door behind him, leaving only Jaebum and a couple of other guys in the
room. The soft glow of the room was going dark, and once again we were being blinded by the bright spotlight just above our beds.

My tears fell harder as I felt Jaebum coming closer to me. My voice wavered, close to a shrill, “Jimin!”

“I’LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT!!! JUST LEAVE HER ALONE!!!!”

My hands were being pulled away from Jimin’s. His chains thrashed against the metal bars that made up the bed. My eyes finally moved off of Jimin as I felt my body being pushed down, the chains getting pulled tighter against the bed so that my limbs were spread open and I couldn’t move.

“JIMIN!!!”

“I’LL FUCKING KILL YOU!!! DON’T TOUCH HER!!!! Y/N!!!!”

I cried and screamed, the metal blade of a scalpel blinding my eyes as it got closer to my body. Inch by inch Jaebum brought it to my thighs. He smirked as he lifted my dress higher, sliding the blade up my inner thigh.

“JAEBUM YOU’RE DEAD!!! YOU’RE FUCKING DEAD!!!!”

Jaebum pulled away and whipped his body around to punch Jimin square in the face. “One of you please shut his fucking mouth! My ears are hurting for God’s sake!” He turned his attention back to me, again the scalpel on my thigh.

I closed my eyes as he pressed the blade hard against my flesh, my blood spilling out. But rather than feeling the pain shooting through my body. Rather than my own screams echoing in my ears. All I could feel, all I could hear, was Jimin screaming my name before he was gagged; thrashing around and doing his best to fight the guys off of him.

Cut after cut into my flesh.

Screams turning into choked coughs, turning into silence.
I blacked out.

I don’t know how long I was out for. But I woke up to the deep cries and screams of my lover next to me. The chains were still pulled tight and I couldn’t move. I cried. The clinks of the metal tools hitting the sterilization tray on the cart was terrifying. It was terrifying hearing him suffering and not knowing what was happening.

“Jimin… Jimin… Jimin…” I cried over and over.

Jaebum bent over my bed, his face blocking out the bright light, “Good morning beautiful. I’m glad you’re awake for the best part.”

“I’m… gonna kill you… I’ll kill you….. I’m going to kill you…..” Jimin just chanted when he could, when he wasn’t screaming in agony. When the pliars weren’t breaking his fingers. When the metal stakes weren’t being jabbed into his limbs.

My spit just spilled out of my mouth, “No more… I can’t… Jimin….”

Jaebum forced my eyes opened, he inspected them, putting a flashlight to see how my irises reacted, “You must be dying of thirst huh?”

I thrashed my head suddenly to try and bite his fingers, his hand, his arm. He wasn’t lying. The fact that he spilled my blood just propelled my thirst into overdrive. And with him being in such close proximity, I could just sense how close fresh blood was to me.

“Ohh ohh, close one, huh? You bitch.”

He punched me hard in the face, knocking me out once again.
Jimin’s grey eyes were swollen. Jimin’s chiseled jaw was broken. Jimin’s godly muscles bruised and beaten. His body was torn and for the first time since becoming a vampire, he had wished he was dead.

But the thought of my sunflower eyes, dark wavy hair, pale soft skin, pinkish lips, my very existence pulled him out of the selfish desire to die.

His eyes did their best to open, only his right one able to do so. It seemed the tortured had stopped. And if the torture had stopped, it must have meant that they were close to killing him. And it felt like it. He couldn’t move his body.

“What made you stop your desire to kill her,” Bang Shi-hyuk asked from the darkness.

“.....because I love her…” Jimin moaned out, staring out through his right eye, the light blinding him.

“How come you never tried to change her before?”

“She wouldn’t let me.”

“I see. So you were being controlled by her.”

Jimin licked his cut, dry lips, “I would do anything…. For her….”

“But you’ve been preparing to change her. You broke our laws, manipulated the memories of everyone she’s ever known. Why would you risk something like this for her?”

Jimin couldn’t help the croak of a laugh that escaped his lips, “I pity you and…. And your miserable eternity.” Slowly he turned his head to try and look in the direction Bang Shi-hyuk’s voice was coming from, “I’d risk everything to keep her by my side. She is the very air… I breathe....” He swallowed painfully, his thirst prickling his senses, “And I was done… waiting… and by some
miracle she agreed to officially be mine…. Forever.”

The elder took his time walking closer until he was in the circle of light. He glanced towards my bed, my body still and unconscious for the second time. His eyes back on Jimin who, even with one eye able to work, was looking at him with such murderous intent.

He reached out to the younger vampire, his long nails dragging down his bare bruised chest. Jimin wanted nothing more than to reach out and break every finger, his arm, snap his neck. Chills were spreading across his body as Shi-hyuk’s nails kept sliding down Jimin’s abs. But like lightning, his nails dug into Jimin’s chest, right where his unbeating heart was.

“Ahhhh!!!” Jimin thrashed his head back.

“You say you would do anything for her…. But as far as I see it,” he said, slowly twisting his hand, making Jimin scream louder, “She is no longer your concern.”

“T-The fuck she is!”

He grinned, his eyes opening wide, “SHE WILL BE MY NEW MATE ONCE YOU’RE DEAD.” He pulled his nails out of him, licking at his fingertips, “Because you see, the reason we made it illegal to change humans, was because I failed in doing so.” He looked off into the darkness of the room as he got lost in words, in his memories, “I knew what it took to do it. I was so thirsty. I just wanted blood. And there she was, so willing to hand herself to me.”

He closed his eyes imagining his mate dead by his own hands. He wasn’t able to control the need, and the bloodlust took over. But that was a very long time ago for him.

He opened his eyes and jammed his nails back into Jimin’s chest, earning him a beautiful cry to his old ears. Slowly, ever so slowly, he bent down and grabbed Jimin’s matted grey hair in his hands. He pulled his head back, removed his nails from the beaten body and raked his nails down Jimin face.

“She’s so beautiful… she smells so lovely…. Thank you for changing her for me. I’ll be sure to treat her right.”

Jemin couldn’t open his eyes, he couldn’t register what the elder vampire was saying. His body and
mind was too broken to comprehend anything. With the amount of pain he was feeling, his body was shutting down.

“I’ll… kill you…..”

“You can try,” Bang Shi-hyuk encouraged as the young man passed out.

“How is this possible? There hasn’t been a-

“Since Master Yuri’s time…” Bang Shi-hyuk contemplated as he looked at my unconscious body.

Park Jin-young growled with a evil smile, “Let’s just kill her!”

Yang Hyun-suk spoke softly, “We should consider our future. If we just keep killing, there won’t be anyone for us to rule.”

“I agree with Hyun-suk, though I do feel the need to just kill it,” Lee Soo-man groaned softly. “A heathen.”

“Gentlemen, let’s consider the possibilities.” The oldest, Shi-hyuk said, gaining the attention of his brothers. “The last time something of this magnitude happened, we agreed to destroy it. Life has gone on.” He took a step forward towards my body, and very gently put his hand on my head, stroking my hair, “But now, gentlemen, we have the chance to further populate our species. The key lies with her.”

The other elders of the Council, all circled around my bed in the middle of the room, each glanced at each other; each of them were skeptical.

“How are we to know that she’ll even cooperate with us?”
Soo-man was always fed up with the youngest Jin-young, he scowled, “You idiot we’d just keep her drugged and force her.”

Hyun-suk considered his words before speaking, “Perhaps this isn’t a bad idea.”

“Are you kidding me? We should just kill it again like we did in the past. There’s no way I’ll let a impure…. thing… into this world,” the youngest of the Council spit out.

Han Sung-soo tilted his head and just looked at my body, “How is this even possible? The fetus conceived and survived the transformation with the mother? Or did the fetus come after?”

Bang Shi-hyuk’s nails dragged down my cheek, grazed my neck and chest; slowly he flattened out his palm just below my stomach, “Kill it or keep it. I vote to keep it.” His eyes were glazed over, almost as if he was in a trance, “This baby is our future.”

After so long he was finally feeling excitement. The spark of his inner doctor coming to life. Not only did he have a successful human transformation, but she was pregnant. How rare was this? This was only the second time something like this has happened.

If it were possible for vampires to conceive, then the Council wouldn’t be worried about their dying population. But after countless territorial battles that was out of their hands; jealous and greedy clansmen killing other clansmen, there was only a handful of vampires left in the world. After endless failed transformations, no one ever able to control their thirst, they couldn’t rely on that. Humans dying left and right. Vampires dying left and right.

Before Master Yuri deserted them, he warned them that this would happen. They didn’t listen.

But here in front of him was the key to his future.

He looked at the rest of his Council brothers, “What do you say?”

Jin-young was quick to cross his arms over his chest and look away, “Kill it.”
Sooman nodded, “Kill it.”

Shi-hyuk’s eyes dragged their way to Hyun-suk, “And you?”

“Keep.”

The rest of them looked at the last member, Sung-soo. All of their red eyes unmoving, anticipating his answer.

“.....Keep it.”

Jin-young kicked the metal cart out of his way, causing all the tools to crash to the floor and on top of Jimin’s bed. There was nothing but a huge racket through the room. He just walked away and left the room. Soo-man really had no patience for the younger one, his irritation spiking; he was gone to go feed. And slowly the other two followed along, leaving only Bang Shi-hyuk.

His voice was quiet and possessive, “Your baby will prove to be useful to me. I promise you that.” He leaned down slowly and kissed my unconscious body, my lips unable to fight his. “Now rest. And tomorrow you’ll wake up to a new world, free of Park Jimin, free of having to think, free from the hardships of living for something as fruitless as love.” He stood up and made his way to the door, “Because with the blood of your newborn, and with my science and research, I’ll be the leader of the new world.”

Jimin’s blood boiled.

_Baby. There’s a baby. Bang Shi-hyuk plans on keeping Y/N as a slave and experimenting on her and her baby. Our baby. My child. I’ll be a father. But he wants to kill me and keep her._

“No….No…."

With this new hope, nothing was going to stand in his way. He forced his eyes opened, turned his head and reached out with his mouth to grab one of the scalpels that thankfully fell on top of him in Jin-young’s outburst. His teeth held on tight as he swayed his head back and forth, making the sharp
instrument slowly cut through the leather cufflinks. His neck was throbbing from being outstretched like it was, but nothing compared to the pain he had when he thought about his unborn baby going into the hands of Bang Shi-hyuk and the Council.

The leather finally ripping into two, Jimin was able to pull his arm free. He reached over to his other hand, ripping the chain apart, tearing the leather. And in seconds he sat up and excruciatingly pulled out the two lead stakes in his shins. Biting his torn lips to keep from yelling, he pulled them out and started working on freeing his legs. His body protested. His head was too weak. He needed blood. But out of sure will, he pushed all pain and thoughts of blood out of his head. His only concern was getting me to safety and away from the Council and Bang Shi-hyuk.

He threw his legs off the side of the bed, only to fall upon standing. The lead stakes had taken a huge toll on his limbs. But again, nothing was going to keep him from escaping. He crawled over to me and used the bed as leverage to lift his body up, sitting down next to me and letting his legs start to heal.

He very carefully ripped the leather binds from my wrists and ankles. He smiled down as he put his hand on my stomach. Inside of me would soon be a baby, his baby. The thought brought on new energy and determination. He slowly leaned down and pressed his sweaty forehead to mine.

“Stay with me baby…. I’ll get us out of here…."

But within seconds of saying that, he heard yelling and loud thumps and bangs from outside the room. He grabbed one of the metal stakes that was previously stuck inside of him and had it held up, ready to throw.

He wasn’t going down without a fight.
For the time being, Hyun gave the boys a single room to use as a place to rest. But with the thought of their leader and their sister being tortured, maybe even already dead, none of them could sit still. Yoongi and Namjoon were gone most the time anyways, talking with Hyun or Changmin.

Jungkook wanted nothing more than to participate in planning the break in. But three’s a crowd. And he knew his hyung’s Yoongi and Namjoon were plenty enough to sort everything in order. But he couldn’t help but feel left out.

“Just how many push ups do you plan on doing Kook?”

Jungkook just kept pushing his body up and down, not caring to look up at Taehyung, “Until these nerves go away.”

“Hmph, then go on forever.” Taehyung crossed his arms as he sat in the chair in the corner of the room, his leg bobbing up and down, “I’ll save my energy, thank you very much.”

“How can you sit there so relaxed,” Hoseok asked as he paced back and forth by the door.

“I’m not relaxed. I just know how to minimize how much energy I use.”

Jin remained quiet as he read over one of Hyun’s books about the Council. Hoseok just shook his head and kept pacing. It wasn’t until Jungkook remain still on the floor that anyone did anything.

“I hope Jimin hyung is still alive. I hope they’re both still alive.”

They were speechless. Of course all of them were angry the youngest could say such words, but they couldn’t speak up because they were all thinking the same thing. They all were suffering from the unknown. A coven without its leader was like a ship with a hole in it. Slowly it sinks further and further into despair.

With the click of the door opening, it brought the four out of their ever disheartening thoughts.

Yoongi stepped in with a deep frown on his face, “Hyun’s informative just came back and reported that Jimin and Y/N are being kept and tortured. He doesn’t know how long they plan on torturing
Jungkook shot up and ran to his hyung, “Let’s go now!”

Yoongi hissed, making Jungkook take a step back and press his lips together firm. He cracked his neck, “Namjoon is currently working out a plan to infiltrate. I just wanted to come and tell you guys that we for sure know that they are still alive. However long that lasts… I don’t know.”

Jin walked over calmly, “How soon do you think the Lee clan will be ready? How soon will the plan be put into motion?”

“We’re hoping for as soon as tonight. But the blueprints the Lee’s have on the Council’s home isn’t up to date. We’re trying to plan for irregularities we might face.” He looked into each of his brother’s eyes, “Once we have a final plan, I’ll come get you all. For now, just rest. Jungkook….” He turned to the youngest, “Quit working out. You’ll be too tired by the time we leave.”

“I know my own limits hyung. I’ll be fine.”

Yoongi sighed, “Muscle pig. Fine.”

The mood wasn’t as heavy, due to Yoongi’s lighthearted nickname. The boys watched as Yoongi left, a little bit more calm. They had faith Yoongi and Namjoon could work out the details. And they would do their part to follow through. This was how their teamwork functioned.

Yoongi and Namjoon were the brains. Jungkook and Jin the muscle. Taehyung and Hoseok had the speed and the agility.

All they needed was the heart of their team. Jimin.

Nightfall couldn’t come faster.
The rest of the boys were finally called into Hyun’s office.

Hyun and Changmin were at the head of the long table, Yoongi and Namjoon on either side of them. Several of the Lee’s advisor’s were in the room as well, standing off to the side. Jin and Jungkook stood on Yoongi’s side, the other two with Namjoon. In front of them, on the table, lay a few blueprints.

“Here’s what we know so far,” Hyun started. “The Council has kidnapped Park Jimin and his mate, Y/N. They are holding them here, the central room at the back of second house.”

Changmin started pointing on the maps, “These are the spots where we think the guards will be the heaviest. So trying not to have a full on battle, we wanna try and avoid these areas.”

“How many people are going?”

Hyung looked up at Jungkook, but it was Yoongi’s eyes that had Jungkook a little scared.

“We plan on sending three groups of seven. Group A, will consist of the the six of you, plus me.” Hyun grinned as he saw the boys all hold back their tongues, “Group B will be lead by my brother. And group C will be lead by one of my advisors. Plus, because I’m never one to underestimate, I’ll have the rest of my men waiting outside the compound should we need them. Or in the event that anyone from the Council should try and escape.”

“Our mission is to cause enough of an distraction for you and my brother. Your team will be going into the second house to rescue them.”

The boys looked up at Changmin. Being a distraction was like painting a bullseye on your face.

Changmin just grinned, “Don’t look so sad boys. I’ll come back in one piece.”

“Either way, the plan goes like this. Changmin’s group will head in first. My advisor will be going in through the back to clear the way, and we’ll go in last. Hopefully by the time we get in, there’s no one to stop us. Hoseok and Taehyung are the fastest ones here, so you two are in charge of grabbing them and getting the hell out of there. Jin and Jungkook you two will be guarding them.”
Yoongi interjected, “You’ll be on them like flies. I don’t fucking care if you’re attacked, you stay with them and kill anyone who get’s too close.”

Namjoon glanced at his oldest friend, then back to his brothers, “Once we have them in our hands, we’re headed to one of Hyun’s hideouts.”

They looked at Hyun and Changmin.

Taehyung was skeptical, “We don’t need you to hide them or us. We can handle it from there.”

“I’m afraid after all that hard work, if we manage to pull this off, I wouldn’t want them to just get captured again. So I insist on keeping them hidden away at one of my places. Or does that not satisfy you Taehyungie?”

He clicked his tongue looking away.

Namjoon was quick to talk, “We’d be too vulnerable after all this, and seeing as our home was raided already, I’m sure they know our other hideouts. It’s safer this way.”

“Namjoon is right. This is the best option we have,” Yoongi said clenching his fist, “And besides….”

Jungkook stepped forward, “What is it Hyung?”

Yoongi wouldn’t say anything. Jungkook turned to Namjoon who looked away. Hyun sighed as he crossed his arms.

“Listen, I think I figured out why our little princess is drinking so much.”

“You know why,” Hoseok asked almost excitedly.

“Is she sick or something,” Jungkook was quick to ask.
“She’s pregnant.”

The room went silent. No one really understood the words he was saying. Yoongi and Namjoon just stiffened at the word. Because there hasn’t ever been a case of birth in their world. At least not one since Master Yuri’s daughter.

“You’re…. Joking….” Jin said, his eyes wide.

“It explains the cravings,” Yoongi said, unclenching his fist.

“But… Does she know? The Council?”

Namjoon looked at the confused Taehyung, “Even if they didn’t know, I’m sure they know it by now. And knowing them, they’d try and keep her at all costs.”

Changmin cleared his throat, “So it means security is going to be even more of a pain in the ass. So you assholes better get in and out quick. I don’t wanna have to fight my ass off and end up dying or something.”

Jungkook shook his head, “Pregnant…”

Hyun’s eyes narrowed, “That amount of consumption is illogical. We feed only as much as we need. The baby is growing inside of her, and it needs to constantly feed. And…”

“What else is there,” Taehyung asked, leaning forward.

“We don’t know for sure. But the reason why Master Yuri’s mate died was because of her baby.”

“So does that mean she’ll die?”

The room was silent once again.
Hyun sighed, “We don’t know much about this. But it was said that the reason why Master Yuri’s mate died was because the baby started consuming her mother’s blood.”

“Master Yuri’s mate was human. But Y/N… She’s turned! She’s one of us! There’s no way after all of this that she’ll just die,” Taehyung was starting to get angry.

“None of it will matter if we don’t get going soon.”

Taehyung looked at an emotionless Yoongi. He chewed on the inside of his cheek and kept quiet, afraid of his second in command.

Really, there were too many questions. Too many variables that could go wrong. But they were running out of time. They no longer had the blessing of waiting. It was now or never. Everything else would come later. Their only mission now was to break into the Council’s headquarters, rescue their coven leader and their sister, and somehow make it out alive.

“Make sure you’re ready. We leave in ten minutes,” Hyun said crossing his arms and leaving the office. Changmin and the rest of his advisors leaving Jimin’s coven alone in the room.

The six of them spread out evenly around the table, each of them quiet; thinking.

“She must be so scared…”

“Jimin is with her Jin Hyung,” Namjoon tried to say comfortingly.

“So not only is she the first successful transformation in years, but she’s pregnant too. Just how amazing is this?”

“It’s hard to believe, but it just makes sense,” Namjoon said looking at Hoseok. “And if she is pregnant, we won’t know when the baby will be born. Hyun was telling us that there aren’t any records of when Master Yuri’s mate was pregnant. Apparently he had kept it a secret for as long as he could. So really this is all new territory. Even more reason why we need to rely on Hyun. Keeping her and her baby safe is priority.”
“There’s no way the baby could kill it’s mother,” Jungkook said with disbelief.

“No more of this,” Yoongi ended the conversation with his heavy hand hitting the table. “The only thing on our minds should be the mission ahead of us. Do you understand? This isn’t just any coven. This is the Council. They’ve recruited all the strongest men they could get their filthy hands on. This isn’t going to be easy. So I need all of you to promise me to focus.”

They straightened up and nodded.

Yoongi eyed his brothers, “Let’s go.”

The Council’s headquarters was located on the other side of Chiaksan National Park, near the mountains, secluded from the rest of the world. And they needed that privacy. Their home was two hundred acres of land, which had their main house, second house, their own medical facilities, storage houses, office buildings, and small modern houses for their most loyal followers.

Yoongi spoke into the small mic connected to his earpiece, testing to make sure his brothers could hear him as they got closer. One by one his brothers confirmed as they ran through forest, eventually heading higher. It was getting colder the closer they got.

“We’re about a mile away boys. Remember the plan,” Hyun said through everyone’s earpiece.

No one would admit it, but they were all really nervous. They could feel just how dangerous it was. The quiet night, the rumbling of the tree’s, the coo’s of the owls, the whispers of the wind. It was all prelude to the battle ahead.

The mile going by quicker than they thought.

In front of them, like in the plans, were multiple lasers spread out through the ground. They easily dodged them, knowing they were there. And easily dodged the camera’s on the concrete walls. So far so good. Their blueprints didn’t seem too out of date. That, or the Council were so sure they’d never get raided that they didn’t feel the need to update their systems.
Either way, it was an advantage for Yoongi and his brothers.

They hugged the wall and watched as group C climbed and jumped over. They listened out for any fighting, or even feedback on their mics. But it was quiet. Like it should be. Changmin and his group should be causing enough of a distraction.

Hyun got the word through his earpiece and nodded to the rest of the guys. They jumped over and started running towards the second house. As they made their way inside, they saw several bodies either dead or unconscious on the floor. It looked like group C was demolishing anything in their path. Hyun taught them well.

“Ok, they should be down this hall and in the room to the right….,” Hyun said as he lead the way.

As they got closer, they saw Hyun’s men spread out and keeping watch. Hyun nodded his head, signaling Yoongi that the door in front of him should be the one that held his leader and his sister.

He took a deep breath as he opened the door. His eyes couldn’t believe what he saw.

“Did you really think that your rescue plan would work?”

Before Yoongi could turn around and yell to his brothers and to Hyun and his men, Jaebum was launching forward and grabbing Yoongi by the throat. Namjoon was quick to attack Jaebum, digging his nails into his side as he pulled him away from his brother. He threw him with all his might, making Jaebum crash into the opposite wall.

“We’ll handle him, the rest of you go find Jimin!”

Yoongi cracked his neck. Him and Namjoon blocked the door, keeping Jaebum inside the room.

“But-”

“GO NOW! If we don’t save them now, we’ll never have another chance,” Yoongi growled.
Namjoon smirked, “We’ll finish up quickly and catch up.”

Hyun was quick to talk into the mic and give new orders, “The blueprints were wrong. We’re going on a witch hunt. Plan B guys.”

With Namjoon and Yoongi occupied, it left the four to split up into pairs and start looking from room to room. This was literally the worst case scenario. Not only were they now spread out, making them easier targets, the whole compound knew they were there. Which meant, that the Council and their people could be in the process of moving Jimin and Y/N to another location. Somewhere possibly off the compound.

They were running out of time.

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Jimin held the stake high as the door crashed opened. He gripped it tight as he saw Bang Shi-hyuk come in, and threw it as hard as he could. Shi-hyuk dodged it just enough that the metal stake only grazed his shoulder.

Jimin knew he didn’t have the strength to fight, so did his best to grab some of the tools to use as weapons. It would give him a better chance at beating his captor and getting himself and his unconscious lover out.

“Not bad, considering you were on the verge of death not too long ago,” Shi-hyuk said condescendingly, grabbing his shoulder.

Jimin’s legs were healed enough now that he could stand up, so he did. He held two knives in his hands and kept his eyes steady on the enemy.

“Your friends are here to rescue you. They even got Lee Hyun’s coven involved.”
Jimin wanted to ask more on it, but decided to keep his mouth shut. He’d just lower his guard if he started asking questions. Bang Shi-hyuk looked frustrated that Jimin remained silent.

“Too bad that it’ll all be for nothing. You’re going to die now. And I’m taking her with me off this land and somewhere far away.”

Jimin let out his breath slowly, “Like hell you are.”

He launched himself at the elder, blades held in front of him. He got the jump on Shi-hyuk, cutting his forearm, before Shi-hyuk’s other hand came up to punch Jimin in the side. Jimin doubled over, clutching his stomach. He’d have to do something quick or else he’d go down in just a few more punches.

“Pathetic…”

Jimin lifted his head and spit out some blood from his mouth onto Shi-hyuk’s face. He took the opportunity to stab both knives into the older vampire's gut. The elder stumbled back, feeling the knives digging in deep. But he didn’t fall. His eyes were burning with anger. He lashed out and kicked Jimin so hard that the smaller vampire went flying across the room and into the wall. The force of his body cracked the wall and made the tools come clattering down.

Jimin’s bones were broken, it was hard to move. All he could do was groan in pain, and cough up more blood. Bang Shi-hyuk took his time walking around the beds in the middle and make his way to Jimin on the floor.

He picked up the three foot long saw and pointed it at Jimin, “I’m going to cut off your head you piece of filth. You aren’t worthy of life anymore.”

“How about if I have anything to say about it…!”

Bang Shi-hyuk suddenly turned around as I jabbed a scalpel into his back. He swung his arm hard into my body, making me go flying back into the bed. My body crashed to the ground. I couldn’t get up, even if I wanted too.
The Councilman growled as he reached around for the scalpel and pulled it out from his back. He took a few steps towards me, wanting nothing more than to kill me on the spot. But he knew that if he wanted to have my baby, he’d have to keep me alive.

But he was too distracted by me that he didn’t notice Jimin standing up.

He whipped his head around just in time to see Jimin kick the saw out of his hands and swinging it as hard as he could. Jimin’s chest heaved up and down heavily as he stared at the now headless Bang Shi-hyuk. His head flying to the side of the room, hitting the wall, and bouncing off the cabinets.

I stared wide eyed at the headless corpse falling to the ground, and quickly turned my head to throw up. But with nothing in my stomach, all I managed was some stomach acid and spit. My head was spinning. My body going into shock.

Jimin hurried to kneel in front of me, ignoring the broken bones and the pain, and gesturing for me to get on his back, “Get on and just close your eyes babe. Concentrate on your breathing.”

I did as I was told, holding onto his shoulders and breathing in his scent. Doing my best to block out what I just saw.

He grabbed one of the knives on the wall before making his way to the door. He peeked out and saw no one there. He ran as fast as he could, in just the direction his gut told him too.

“Brace yourself baby!”

I closed my eyes and pushed my body as close to his as I could. A second later I heard a loud crash of glass echo through my ears. I felt a couple pricks on my arms, but nothing compared to the pain I had felt from the torture. We landed with a hard thud on the ground. The cool night air stinging my body.

I peeked past Jimin’s shoulder and saw several bodies on the ground. I shook my head and hurried to bury my face in Jimin’s neck, as if to hide from all the chaos and bloodshed in front of me.

“JIMIN!!!”
Both of us heard Jungkook’s voice yelling out. And we both scanned the vicinity to see where his voice came from. He came running up to us, with Jin in tow.

“Thank God you’re alive!”

“Just barely….” Jimin’s croaked voice could manage.

The sight of his two brother’s was more than enough to give him some peace. He was almost free; him, his lover, and his unborn baby.

Jin was quick to talk over the small mic, “Code green! I repeat. Code green!”

“Come on, let’s get out of here Hyung,” Jungkook said, tugging on his leader’s arm, telling him to follow.

I kept my eyes closed as I felt the wind blow past me, Jimin’s heavy breathing surrounding me, his scent comforting me. Though it was a little painful, smelling the foreign smells of the room on him, like a hospital. But just as well, it would disappear soon, and I’d have the normal honey scent all to myself again.

I closed my eyes, passing out from exhaustion. Dreaming about blood, death, and pain.
I felt my head being stroked, soft fingertips gliding down my cheeks and touching my lips. It felt relaxing. I didn’t want to wake up, if I was indeed dreaming.

“Jimin….” I moaned softly, still dreary from sleep.

“I’m right here…” He leaned in closer and kissed my cheek, “You’re safe.”

I turned my head towards his lips, my eyes slowly peeling open. I smiled lazily as I was greeted with such an amazing view. Jimin’s stunning eyes looking lovingly into mine.

“What happened?”

He reached around and started slowly stroking my face, “We escaped. Yoongi and the other’s got us out.”

I took a deep breath, letting it out carefully, “Is everyone ok?”

“Our brothers are safe. But Hyun lost some of his men.”

“Hyun… like as in-”

His eyes narrowed a little, “Yes, Lee Hyun. Apparently the boys sought out his, and Changmin’s assistance, and they were kind enough to help.”

My body ached, but I forced it to turn towards him. I reached my hand out and put it flat against his chest, “They must have hated asking help from him. But it just goes to show how much you mean to them.”

“We baby. How much we mean to them,” he corrected me with a soft smile.

“We.”
He touched my smile gently, sliding his thumb across my bottom lip, “We’re so lucky they got us out.”

“So what happened with the Council?”

Instantly I could remember the decapitation of the man in front of me. I closed my eyes tight and tried to think of something else. But the memory of the scalpels, the agonizing yells, blood spilling, was all catching up to me.

He held me close to his chest and rubbed my back, “Baby it’s ok. We’re far away from the Council and that hell. I’m alive. You’re alive. We’re safe.”

I curled my body into his and just let him comfort me. And sure enough, his scent, his body, his voice, everything Park Jimin was just what I needed to calm down.

“I love you so much.”

He closed his eyes and held me gently, “I love you to.”

A soft knock on the door had him pulling away and sitting up, “Yes come in.”

Yoongi opened the door but didn’t enter, “I’m sorry to intrude, but the Lee’s wish to speak with you. I’ve put Hyun-ssi on hold on the phone in the office for now.”

“I’m coming.”

Yoongi nodded and bowed before he softly shut the door. I tilted my head to look up at Jimin who was turning to swing his legs over the side of the bed, his silky shirt stretching tight over his shoulder blades. I reached out and slid my hand down his back, ever lost in the valley between his muscles.

“Keep doing that, and I may never leave.”

“Then don’t,” I said more needily than I meant it too.
He turned his head, his grey eyes softening as he reached out to touch my cheek, “I’ll be right back. Just wait here for me. Rest.”

“I understand.”

He flashed me his signature grin, only one side of his lips pulling up, “That’s my girl.”

Crimson went my cheeks as he slid his thumb over my lips before standing up, hands in his pockets, and leaving the room. I closed my eyes, turned on my back, and took a deep breath. He was dangerous to be around. And my fragile self couldn’t take him like that. But I supposed that’s what made him so irresistible. And he knows just what he does to me.

But as irresistible as he may be, his blood was even more so. My eyes opened to the thought of his tender flesh, blood flowing through his neck. My own neck was tightening, the throat constricting from the thirst.

I sat up slowly, and finally took a good look around. I wasn’t in any room I recognized. It was very dulled down, compared to my own home. The walls were a soft teal color, with a large gold trimmed mirror being the accent and main piece of the room. There was the bed I was currently in, and only a couple of small dark wood chairs next to the bed. Other than that, there was nothing else.

I took my time stretching my body, feeling the aches and pain from my muscles and my bones. My legs swung around, my toes lightly touching the Persian rug. I stood up slowly and made my way to the mirror, slowly taking in each scratch, each stab, each wound littered around my chest and my body. I lifted my dress and saw my thighs tapped in giant bandages. The damage must have been bad enough that my new vampiric healing wasn’t enough on it’s own.

But again, the threat of thirst brought my mind to only that. Blood.

I turned to make my way out of the room.

And without knowing the way, I scrunched my nose and let it and his scent lead me to Jimin. My entire being was craving it, even though I had it around me not but a few minutes ago.
I heard raised voices as I got closer to a particular door.

“Of course I’m not planning on giving you up to those creeps. As far as I’m concerned, if I did that, it would just make her sad, and she’d probably go and do something reckless. Or is that not ok?”

Jimin scoffed at Hyun’s image on the large tv screen hung on the wall, “No please, continue with this self indulgent bullshit.”

“Either way, the Council’s dogs have been asking questions and bugging us.”

“Any fighting?”

“Nothing we can’t handle,” Hyun said, crossing his arms on the screen.

Jimin was a very prideful vampire, but he knew when he owed his dues. He bowed his head just slightly, “Thank you for providing this safe house for us. And for hiding us from the Council.”

Hyun smirked, “This moment will last for all eternity in my memories. Thank you for that.”

“Don’t be an asshole hyung.”

The smirk slowly disappeared on Hyun’s face at the sad tone Jimin’s voice took as he called him ‘hyung.’ It had been too long since he heard it, and if he wasn’t so prideful himself, he’d say he had missed it.

Hyun nodded, “Just make sure to rest and take care of her.”

“I already know that.”

“Have you told her yet?” Jimin went quiet, looking away. Hyun was a little irritated, “You already know all the information; every hypothesis, every possible variable that could happen. So there’s no sense in waiting.”
“I’m waiting until she heals up a little bit more. I’ll tell her then.”

“She’s not that weak Jimin. You of all people should know that,” he scolded his dongsaeng.

Jimin was annoyed that Hyun was telling him that, when he already knew his lover was strong, “We’re talking about my mate. I know. But it’s my baby she’s carrying, and I’m doing what I think is best for her and our child.”

My mind tried to register what Jimin had said. Baby? I looked down instinctively at my stomach, running my hand over it, but sure enough it was still the same. There wasn’t a giant bump there.

“Do what you want.” Hyun turned his head to look offscreen, nodded, then turned back to Jimin, “I have to go. I’ll contact you should I find anything else out about the Council’s goals and whereabouts.”

“Sure.”

The screen clicked off, going black, as Jimin remained still. But he finally heard the small clicks of my fingernails hitting each other as I nervously tapped them together; my mind lost to the thoughts of being pregnant. He sighed, leaned his head back and stared at the ceiling. He knew I had heard.

“Why do you always disobey me…..”

My head shot up, and I knew I was busted. Like a dog with its tail between its legs, I slowly walked into the room, my head down, my whole being submissive to him. I glanced up and saw him staring at me with more empathy and compassion than his voice had lead on. I walked closer to him in hopes that he wasn’t upset, and it didn’t seem like he was. He still looked serious, but he wasn’t angry.

“What you said,” I whispered, “Is it true? Am I pregnant?”

“Yes.”
My forehead creased in confusion, in panic, in the fear of the unknown, “But I’m not…. I’m not ready to be a mother! I mean-” I looked away and found myself finding the closest seat near me, a brown chair identical to those that were in the room I had woken up in. “Jimin this can’t be possible.”

He kneeled down on the floor in front of me, “Baby, listen. I know this is hard to take in. But I overheard the Council talking about it. And whenever we were brought here, Hyun did his own test, and sure enough….” He reached up to grab my chin, to make my eyes focus on him, “You’re pregnant.”

The way he looked at me had me melting, feeling more calm than panicked as he seemed to blush; his very being ready to explode from joy and happiness.

He let go of my chin and put his hand on my lower stomach, “My baby is right here.”

I needed more answers, “Is that why I’ve been craving blood nonstop since I was turned?”

He stood up and gestured for me to stand up as well. I did so at his command, and he held my hand and lead me slowly back to the room.

“Y/N, listen. Some of these questions don’t have answers. Because we’ve never had to deal with something like this before. But yes, I think that’s why you’re thirst hasn’t subsided like it’s supposed to.”

“Never have….” I turned to look at him as I kept walking, “Is this not normal?”

“Our kind… Vampires are not born.”

“But how is that possible? Then how are there vampires to begin with?”

He opened the door for us, letting me walk in first before closing it and leading us to the bed. “Just like you, were were all turned.”

“I thought being turned was close to impossible?”
“It is baby. But there was only one vampire that was able to do it without having to do the ritual like I had done with you. He had the power, with one bite, to turn humans into creatures like him. He is the myth, the legend, our father, the first vampire; Hyeokgeose. He was Master Yuri’s father.”

I sat down on the bed and closed my eyes, trying to work out everything in my head, “So let me get this straight. Hyeokgeose, came into being, and was the only vampire in the world. So because he wanted more people like him, he just went around biting humans and turning them? And what, he just left them to figure things out on their own?”

Jimin frowned as he sat next to me, “Ok when you put it like that, it sounds ridiculous, but yes.”

“So…. He just kept traveling around the world, making vampires,” I asked as I turned my body slightly, still a little stiff from the aches of my body.

“Yes. Well, according to legend.” He crossed his arms, “Our father Hyeokgeose continued making vampires until one day, he realized his sons and daughters were doing nothing but killing humans for their thirst. Killing each other for proof of strength and power. So he stopped creating vampires, and let the world take on the course it was going to go in. He left it to fate’s hands.”

“And so that means there are only a certain amount of vampires in the world?”

“Yes. And that’s why Master Yuri, was so against violence. That’s why he did his best to take over and try and set in place law and order for our kind. So that we could coexist with humans, as well as with each other.”

“But the Council took over and the killing hasn’t stopped.”

“Unfortunately no. The older you get, the more the mind rots away in thinking its all powerful. Power struggles. Dominance. It’s all so reckless and unnecessary. That’s why covens started popping up. Vampires following other vampires who they thought would protect them.” He reached out and pulled me into his lap, “That’s why the Council is so dangerous. They’ve been alive so long that they think they can get away with anything. But right below their noses so many vampires were still slaughtering each other.”

“So because you turned me…..”
“You’re special baby. You don’t realize just how special you are.” He rubbed his face into the crook of my neck and inhaled a little, “You’re the first successful transformation in years, and now you’re pregnant.”

“So is it even possible to give birth?” He had me worried as he stopped moving. “Jimin?”

He looked away, “Again, I don’t know that answer.”

“But it does look like you’re worried about something. Tell me.”

“.....”

“Now Jimin.”

For once I felt like I had all the power. It was so elating. I could see why Jimin liked it so much.

He wrapped his arms around my waist, and kept them in my lap, “We don’t know for sure…. But…the reason why Master Yuri’s mate died was supposedly because her baby killed her.”

“.....killed her?”

“From within the womb, the baby was drinking her blood.” He was quick to continue, “But we don’t know for sure! I mean, it’s probably not the case. And besides, you’re a vampire yourself. Master Yuri’s mate was only a human. So….”

“But the possibility that I could die is still valid?”

“.....Yes.”

I felt his arms start to tighten around me. I couldn’t help but smile, “But if I die, at least you’ll still have our baby with you. So I guess, I’m ok if I die like that.”
He suddenly had me pinned to the bed, his body on top of mine, his eyes angry and red around the edges, “Never say that you’re ok with death. That you’re ok with leaving me, because I won’t allow it!”

He was yelling by the time he was done. And I felt so shocked by his greed. I pulled my hands away from his, and cupped his cheeks, “I’m sorry I said I was ok with it. Forgive me baby. Please? I’m so sorry. I wouldn’t ever want to leave you. Never.”

He pressed his lips hard onto mine and devoured all of me. Our breathing was mixing into one and we got lost in each other. And like we needed confirmation that we alive and together, we grabbed at each other. His hands pushing up my dress. My hands unbuckling his slacks. We couldn’t get to each other fast enough.

He pulled his slacks down just far enough to let his cock flop out. He kept his lips on mine as he spread my legs open and pushed the crotch of my panties to the side, making them a little tight around my waist. But it didn’t matter.

Nor did the slight pain from my wounds matter. I just wanted him. I needed him.

I needed to know that we existed here and now.

He circled his arms around my body as he pushed inside of me, setting a hard tempo from the get go. His hips smacked hard into me; rough and needy. It was as if he had to claim me all over again. Like I wasn’t his to begin with.

“Y/N…. Y/N….”

“Jimin, yes baby. I’m… Yes right there.”

His hot breath stained my ear and my neck, “You’re mine. You’re fucking mine….”

“I’m all yours!”
His cock just kept ramming hard into me, making me see stars. Making me see him, my senses so in tuned with him and just lost in the pleasure. Because that’s all I could feel. Just the clicks and buzzes of my body losing control. The coil in my stomach getting tighter and tighter as his cock continued to claim me. It ruled me. And I was it’s slave.

And like a good little slave, I begged for it harder. I needed it harder.

He was all too ready to fuck me into oblivion.

His pelvis slapped my skin. I winced at the pain, and felt tears coming on. But it was still pleasurable enough that it had me chanting his name over and over.

“I’m gonna cum inside of you baby. Get you so pregnant… Have all of my babies….”

I could feel his devilish smile on my neck. He was so high on my pussy, and the thought of fucking me full of his cum that he dug his nails into my back as he got closer to his climax.

I cried out at the pain, making my walls squeeze so tight around him that the only thing left to do was to bite me. And he didn’t hold back. His teeth felt extra sharp as he sank them down right into the thick vein and sucked on me.

And on cue, I was cumming with him, because there wasn’t anything else in the world that felt as pleasurable as Jimin biting me and sucking my blood. But my own thirst was making me bubble over in desire and pure greed. I was hungry for him. So I opened my mouth wide and engulfed his flesh.

Heaven was about the only word I could use to describe Jimin’s blood. Because all I could see was white, flashes of white and gold as I was lost in the pleasure of his cock filling me up and his blood coating my throat.

“Baby… no more….”

I was being pulled out of my trance; his voice was begging. And it was a little scary to say the least, hearing him like that.
I pulled my mouth away, my lips dripping with the hot red, “Jimin?”

His body relaxed on top of mine, his tongue slowly lapping at his teeth marks, “Just making sure… you stopped….”

I licked my lips of his blood and kissed his bruised skin, “I’m sorry if I drank too much.”

He chuckled softly, “Well… you’re eating for two. I guess I can’t be so mad about it.”

There was no way I could stop the blush. Which only seemed to satisfy him to no end. He nipped at my nose, then proceeded to scrunch up his own. He was the embodiment of adorable.

But it suddenly clicked, “You know… I’m already pregnant. So you can’t get me like, super pregnant. I can’t have more babies….”

He started laughing so hard that his body was shaking on top of mine. He threw his head down next to mine on the bed. His giggle was next to my ear, and I did my best to commit it to memory.

His smile accompanied mine, “Yeah baby. You’re right.”

Needless to say, Jimin’s demeanour and attitude changed.
As time went on, as my stomach started growing, he became what I liked to call “Angel Jimin” and “Devil Jimin.”

In the privacy of our quarters, or any time we found ourselves alone, he’d do nothing but smile, kiss my stomach, rub my body softly, be at my very beckon call. If I wanted a book to read, he’d get me ten and say he wanted me to have options. If I wanted blood, he’d already readily have a pint of his blood in a glass for me. I was literally a goddess to him that he seemed to worship. I could do, nor say, anything wrong. Because I was the mother of his child, and he wanted nothing more than for me to be comfortable and happy.

Yet on the other hand, he became very possessive and almost animalistic in his behaviour should anyone come close to me; even our brothers. His body would tense up when another man came into the same room as me, and he’d be on his guard. His eyes glared at them, his fangs threatening, a growl bubbling in his throat. To put it in terms of animals, he was the alpha, and no one was going to get close to his omega. Because I was only his. My baby was growing up inside of me, and no one, not even Yoongi, was allowed to be near.

But I wasn’t just a lowly omega, I wasn’t a damsel in distress. So as time went on, I began to get more and more upset with him.

I sat on the couch behind him as he talked to Hyun on the screen. They were more or less taking about the Council, and considering moving us. But I was too tired to really pay any attention. I curled up in a ball as best as I could, my ever growing stomach getting in the way. I closed my eyes and let Jimin’s voice become background noise.

I felt him suddenly massaging my feet. I peeled my eyes open slowly and he gave me a dazzling smile. I felt my breath hitch in my throat as I tried to remember how to breathe.

“I’m sorry that took so long baby.”

I frowned, “I could have been with Jungkook painting. He has such beautiful art.”

“No,” he said with finality, stopping his hands and sitting back.

It was almost like I could see him boiling. I straightened up and looked at him seriously, “You don’t trust them anymore?”
“No. I mean, yes.”

“Jimin, look at me.” He didn’t at first, but moments later he turned slowly. I grabbed his hand and gave him a begging look, “You’re the father of my child, I understand that you want to protect me. But you’re alienating me and your brothers.”

“I’m not…”

“I haven’t been out of your sight in months, and in that time, I’ve only seen the boys a few times.” I sighed, “Jimin, you can’t keep acting this way.”

“There’s nothing wrong with my behavior. I’m coven leader, they do as I tell them too. And I want them to stay away.”

“That’s so lonely….” I said with a pained heart. “Jimin, I miss my brothers. I miss seeing you smile with them. I miss our coven.” I put my hand on my stomach, looking down at the giant bump, “And if I’m bringing this child into this world, I want him or her to have a good relationship with his or her uncles.”

I couldn’t help the smile on my face as I thought about a future with all of us.

I imagined a little girl running, her silver hair flying in the wind behind her, her sunflower eyes glowing bright as Jungkook and Taehyung chased her in a field of flowers. All of us playing tag after having a large picnic that me and my beautiful daughter had made together. We were all smiling, laughing, and it was the perfect day.

I looked up at Jimin who looked conflicted. On one hand he wanted the same. He wanted his coven to be what it was. All of his brothers working together in tandem, his trust in them up on a pedestal. My smile reflected on all their faces. He wanted that again.

But the fear of losing me. Something happening to me and our baby. He couldn’t stand it if he were to be gone and the worst happened.

After all, we weren’t even in our home. We were hiding from the Council. We were stuck. This wasn’t how it was supposed to be and Jimin understood the dangers that not only I was in, but that they all were in. His possessiveness didn’t just come from the fact that I was the mother of his child,
but by the fear that the Council would show up and torture me again. That he couldn’t protect me, be by my side when I needed him most. The guilt of hearing me scream in agony did nothing but make him more and more paranoid the further I got into my pregnancy.

He was quick to pull me into his lap and suddenly bite my exposed shoulder.

“Ahhh! Jimin!!” I screamed in pain, his teeth bared into the bone.

He held my wrists tight and pushed me back onto the couch, his eyes looking crazed. His breathing was ragged and off beat. His fangs were scary, my blood on his lips. His strength easily overpowering me and holding me down as he continued to just stare into my eyes, to my lips, over my neck and chest, and to my stomach.

“If something were to happen to you… and I could have prevented it… I don’t know what I’d do with myself.”

“Jimin… baby….” I whimpered through tears.

“I’ll never let anyone get close to you again. No one is going to touch you. Hurt you. Not while I’m alive.”

“If this is about the Council, I already told you that it wasn’t your fault!”

He growled and tightened his hands on my wrists, “If I was stronger you would have never gotten hurt! You’ll never be in pain again!”

“BUT YOU’RE THE ONE CAUSING ME PAIN RIGHT NOW JIMIN! LET ME GO!”

“How dare you talk to me like that!”

I glared back at him through tear struck eyes, “I’m not your bitch to control and micromanage! I’m supposed to be your mate! Your partner! But all you’re doing is suffocating me!”
“I’M TRYING TO PROTECT YOU!”

“THEN PROTECT ME FROM YOURSELF!”

He got up and thrashed my body up with his, making my legs hit the coffee table next to the couch. My face scrunched up in pain. He proceeded to force me to walk towards our room, but I flailed my body around trying to get out of his grasp. But without the strength too, I did the next best thing.

“YOONGI! JUNGKOOK! ANYONE! HELP ME!”

He pushed me hard against the wall, my head thrashing back, his fangs bared, “You’re calling for them?!”

And in seconds all six of them were in the hallway. Yoongi, Jungkook, and Jin were quick to have their hands on him and pulling him back. But Jimin kept his grasp on me firm, squeezing tighter, making my wrists feel like they were going to break under his strength.

I cried, “Let me go!”

“Jimin! Let her go! Don’t you see what you’re doing,” Yoongi yelled. “Jungkook! Jin!”

The two strongest gripped Jimin’s arms so tight that he had to let go of my wrists. I pulled them into my chest as I ran to hide behind Namjoon.

“I’m your leader! Let go of me you ungrateful-”

Jimin wasn’t trusted as coven leader for no reason. It was because the boys believed in their leader’s strength. And he could be a threat to anyone who opposed him. And right now, the six of them were a threat.

Jimin whipped around quickly, spinning in place forcing Jin and Jungkook to let go of their hold on his arms. Jungkook hurried to jump on Jimin, but his leader was too swift for him. He snarled as he punched Jungkook as hard as he could in the stomach, making the youngest crash back into the wall. Jin intercepted and put his leader in a headlock. But Jimin just pushed his whole weight back into
Jin, making the taller vampire stumble back into the wall, hitting a piece of art. Jin loosened his hold, giving Jimin enough room to leave the grip. But Jungkook, Taehyung, and Hoseok were quick to latch on and keep them tight in their hold.

“All of you really think this is how you treat your coven leader?!”

“We never agreed to follow an asshole who doesn’t trust us!”

Everyone was quiet in the threat that was Yoongi. Never in the hundreds of years of serving Jimin had he ever yelled at him like that. But it seemed like it was enough to pull Jimin out of his paranoia.

The boys kept their hold on their leader, but Jimin’s body was now limp and defeated.

“Jimin, I get it. We all do. You’re worried about her. But the way you’re treating her is close to that of a prisoner. The way you look at us now is like were those dogs from the Council.”

Namjoon added to Yoongi’s words, keeping sure to stand in front of me, “He’s right. Ever since you’ve been back, you haven’t been the same. You can rely on us more.”

Jimin’s head hung low, his voice on the verge of breaking down, “A leader is supposed to be strong… I’m supposed to be strong… and yet…. I couldn’t protect her. I couldn’t keep us safe. My house is gone. My men are dead.” His tears were falling now and he couldn’t stop it, “They’re going to keep looking for us…. They’ll torture us… over and over… I can’t….”

I couldn’t hold myself back anymore. I stepped to the side, around Namjoon, and ran to my broken lover. The boys let him go as I wrapped my arms around him. I felt him grabbing at my back, scrunching my blouse in his hands. His sobbing was loud in my ear, his hot tears staining my shoulder. And I cried with him. I hadn’t realized he was struggling so much with the pain of losing everything, even his pride.

“Shhh…. It’s ok…. I’m right here….”

“I’m sorry… I’m so sorry. Please forgive me.”
Everyone felt so relieved that he was finally getting to the root of his problems. Jimin wasn’t an all powerful vampire, an all powerful being. He had his flaws and anxieties like anyone else. Who wouldn’t be scared and changed from being tortured and hearing their lover being tortured?

He just continued to cry on my shoulder, holding me as close to his body as he could. Because he’s never felt so weak and powerless in his whole existence. His pride and his manhood was taken away from him, and he was going about it the wrong way, trying to get it back. Pushing away his brothers and keeping me under such tight surveillance that I was being suffocated.

I turned to look at Yoongi, “Yoongi can you do me a favor?”

“What is it my lady?”

“I think Hyun made mention of moving us to another location. Can you go ahead and put that into plan as soon as possible? I think it’ll do us some good to have a change in scenery.”

“Yes my lady.” Yoongi looked at his brothers, telling them with his eyes to leave. And they did. He bowed and left as well.

I turned my head back to Jimin and talked softly in his ear, “Baby, let’s go to the room, ok? I want to be alone with you there.” I felt his hold loosen a little, so I pulled away, grabbed his hand and lead him away.

I sat him down on the bed before going back and closing the door. I took a deep breath as I turned around and looked at him. He looked so broken, so defeated. It hurt so much, seeing him stare off into nothingness. His cheeks stained with tears, his eyes swollen. He looked so vulnerable. And it pained me. He was inherently going through all this, without really confronting it.

I walked slowly to get closer and stood in front of him. I wiped his wet cheeks with my thumbs. I gently ran my fingers through his hair, making the gel break apart. I massaged his shoulders and slowly reached down to grab his hands. I put them carefully on my protruding stomach.

“You baby is growing right here.” I saw his eyes flicker to my stomach. I smiled, “Jimin, our child is kicking right now. They’re trying to talk to you, can you tell?”

“......”
“They’re saying ‘Don’t be sad Daddy~ Don’t cry Daddy~ I love you Daddy~’” I rubbed his hands slowly, “Can’t you hear it?”

He started crying again, but this time, a smile was on his face as he did. He leaned forward and put his lips to my stomach. He wasn’t satisfied with the cloth covered stomach, so very gently raised my blouse up and off of me, standing up as he did. He kissed my lips softly, and tenderly left a trail of kisses down my chin, my neck, down my chest and stopping at my stomach. He sat down again and put his forehead to our baby’s home.

“I’m sorry Daddy scared you…. Daddy is just a weak person who is scared of losing you and Mommy.” He kissed my stomach while keeping his forehead on me, “Daddy never meant to hurt you. Because I was just too busy caught up in the past. Daddy was just very scared about the pain he went through and the pain Mommy went through. I didn’t want anymore harm to come to her.”

“Jimin, remembering the past isn’t a bad thing. Because we wouldn’t ever learn from our mistakes. But don’t try and do everything by yourself. It really sucks knowing that this was ultimately what you were dealing with, and I was just left clueless. I could have helped you baby.”

He kissed my stomach one last time before he stood up and wiped the corners of my eyes, tears threatening to spill out. He kissed me very gently, as if I’d break if he used any strength.

“I didn’t really know that I was…. That I was feeling all that. It just felt like I had to protect you no matter what. From anything and everything.” He put his forehead on mine, and placed his hands on my hips, “I’m sorry it took me so long to realize it. But honestly, it’s only because I love you.”

“I know baby.”

“If anything were to happen to you I’d-”

I put my finger to his lips to silence him, “Jimin. Stop. You have all the strength you need to protect me. And in the times that you might not, our brothers are here to help you. They love you. They look up to you. So love them. And rely on them.”

“Jagiya… this may sound stupid and childish, but…” he looked away with a slight blush to his cheeks, “But my ego and my need to control everything…. It doesn’t scare you right? You still… you still love me right?”
I made his head turn back to look at me, “Jimin, I love your crazy ego and pride. I love you controlling me. I’m surprised you haven’t figured out that I have a very masochistic personality.” I giggled a little, “If I wasn’t ok with it, I wouldn’t be here. I wouldn’t have fallen in love with you.” I kissed his lips, “There’s no other man I want to be with. No other man that I want as the father of my child. Understand?”

He wrapped his arms around me and hugged me tight, tucking his head into my neck, “God I love you so much. I don’t know how I got so lucky.”

“Just promise me that you’ll talk to me more, ok? I’m your other half.”

“I promise baby,” he whispered as he kissed my neck.

“Now would you mind getting me some blood? I’m actually starting to feel uncomfortable with thirst.”

He pulled away and looked down at my belly and then back to my eyes. He pulled his collar to the side and smiled, “You can have it from the source this time.”

My eyes glossed over, I started drooling. Nothing made me happier than drinking his blood directly from his neck. I licked my lips, carefully tracing out my fangs as I reached out for his body.

“You look so sexy….”

He took a step back and sat down on the bed, laying down as I got on top of him. He rubbed my bare back as he tilted his head to the side. I pulled my long skirt up a little as I straddled his body and leaned over him to position myself better. I very gently stroked my fingers over his neck, sending shivers down his body. I licked his neck, and inhaled so deep that I felt high just from his scent.

I wanted there to be as little pain as possible, so I sank my teeth in more slowly than usual. His mouth parted slightly, letting out a moan as he continued to rub my back. But the more I started drinking, the more he was gripping my ass and reaching around to grab my bra covered tits.

“Let me fuck you baby….”
I kept drinking, almost lost to the pleasure of his blood soothing my throat. But he pressed his thumb hard into the dip of my neck that it felt like he was almost choking me. I knew it was his way to tell me to stop though. And I did. I pulled my teeth away, licked up the few blood drops that spilled out before his healing took over.

I was breathing so heavy against his neck, my stomach full, I was satisfied, I was high.

I let out a moan as he grinded his hips up into me, “Oh baby…Mmm…”

He licked his lips as he started slowly pushing my skirt up, finger by finger peeling my panties off and pushing them down. And then his fingers expertly working off my bra. His breath hot on my neck as I rolled my head around, feeling him all around me.

His weight was suddenly on top of me, his hands hurrying to unbuckle his belt and pushing his slacks off just enough. Because he didn’t want to spend the time to take them off entirely. It was just more time to suck hickies into my pale skin. It was more time to grab at my tits, grab at my hips, nails dig into my skin making long red marks over my body. And it felt like fire. Each mark was a spark sent to my needy pussy.

“Fuck me already….”

His lips were over my stomach, leaving such cute little kisses; driving me crazy the longer he dragged things out.

“Baby, I thought you said you were a masochist? Don’t you like all this?”

I pushed him and curved my legs so that I was on top once again, “Yes I did say that. But what you’re doing is just irritating.”

He chuckled as he grabbed his fat cock and waved it a little for me, “Well then, get on top of me.”

I licked my lips, pulling my bottom lip into my mouth as I sucked on it, inching my body closer so that my pussy was just above his wet cock. I spread my lips opened as he held his dick in place as I lowered my body on top of him.
“Oh fuck baby….”

Jimin’s mouth curved up into a devilish smirk, “I love your slutty pussy. You take me so well.”

He dug his nails into my hips and started mercilessly fucking from below. My tits bounced, so much so that it was hurting, he was going too fast. I grabbed them and held them in my hands as he kept ruthlessly slamming my body down in time with his hips.

His hands were suddenly off of my hips and on my back pulling me down so my body was pressed against his. The silk of his shirt rubbing against my hot skin. I felt his lips on my shoulder again, and felt more small stings and snips of my skin. By the time this was over, I was sure to be covered in small black bruising spots, something I always loved seeing on my body.

It was a visual of his possessiveness. I’d know it. And anyone else who happened to get a glimpse would know. I was covered in his marks, I was coated in his scent. I was his property. I was his lover. I was everything. And I loved it. And I wanted more.

“Jimin, bite me! Please!”

“I’ll do it when I feel like it bitch,” he snapped at me, his teeth so close to my skin, but not enough to make me feel good.

I groaned as I just continued to lie on top of him, letting him fuck all his frustrations, his fears, and his complexes away. Because right now, he was fucking me so hard that it wasn’t enjoyable anymore. They way he growled. The way he cussed and yelled, was just him letting everything out.

“Jimin! Jimin! Jimin!”

He inhaled sharply, dragging his nails painfully slow up my back, making more red streaks. He grabbed my hair tight and pulled my head back so my neck was exposed.

“Who do you fucking belong too?”
“You!”

“Who’s the only one who can make you cum like a little whore?”

“It’s you baby!”

“Then cum baby. Cum for Daddy,” he said with such a possessive harsh voice.

“I can’t! …it hurts….”

He growled as he pulled harder on my hair, making my whole upper body lift up off of him. He propped his body up on his elbow as he kept his other hand in my hair. He bared his teeth and sank his fangs onto one of my tits. He sucked hard, swirling his tongue around my swollen nipple. It was waves of pleasure shooting through my whole body. But it still wasn’t enough to get me to cum.

“My neck! Please! Bite my neck!”

He let go of my nipple with a pop of his lips as he sat up more, “You can only cum unless I bite you? What a filthy girl you are.”

“Jimin,” I cried out, going crazy from feeling so close but nothing being enough to finally let me have my release, “Please baby!”

My whole face was wet with tears as he just continued to fuck into me, “What will you do for me huh?”

“You can do whatever you want! I don’t care! Anything!”

His teeth was on my skin, his lips so smooth against my sweaty self, “Then get ready.”

He lifted me off of him and put me on all fours on the bed. I looked back, but he quickly snapped my head to look forward. I didn’t dare move my head again, and just chewed on my lip as I felt so empty without him inside of me.
Getting irritated at the skirt still on me, he ripped it off of me. And he finally took the time to take the rest of his clothes off. He stood there with a smirk on his lips as he reached out and circled my asshole with his finger.

My eyes grew as I realized what he wanted.

But before I could protest, I felt something wet dripping down onto my hole, over his finger and inside. He pushed his finger in deep and wiggled it around. I squirmed, my arms giving out on me, leaving only my ass sticking up in the air for him. I grabbed at the blanket and squeezed my eyes shut at the foreign sensation of his finger inside of my ass.

More of his spit came down as he put in a second finger, scissoring my hole and spreading the muscle apart. I yelped in shock and in pain.

“This is even tighter that your pussy. Make sure to take all of me.”

“Jimin… it hurts…”

“It’s supposed to hurt. I’m stretching you open.”

“I don’t like it.”

“I don’t care if you don’t like it.”

I cried, my voice muffled by the blankets, “You’re so mean….”

He pulled his fingers out harshly and hurried to put them in my pussy. I yelled at the small burning sensation of his fingers ripping out of me. But cooed at the amazing feeling of my pussy being filled again. He bent over so that his whole body enveloped mine. He nipped at my shoulder and licked up my sweat.

“Do you trust me?”
“.....yes.”

“Do you love me?”

“Yes Jimin.”

“I love you too Y/N.”

And suddenly he was thrusting his cock inside of my ass and pushing all the way into the hilt. I felt him shivering on top of me, his whole body lost in nirvana. The muscle was squeezing him so tight, that it was hard for him to pull out. But he did. He ignored my complaints and fucked me hard in the ass.

His fingers kept fucking into my pussy, so the pain wasn’t the only thing I could feel. He expertly found my clit and rolled it around in between his thumb and his finger when he wasn’t fucking me with his fingers. The combination of both of my holes being filled was too much for me to handle.

Even if he wasn’t biting me, I was able to finally reach my climax. I hollered loud into the bed as waves of ecstasy washed over me. I dripped all over his fingers and spilled over onto the bed. But something he had never felt before was how tight my ass was squeezing around his cock.

“Oh shit!”

He pushed his cock so hard inside of me, plus the tiredness of my body after cumming, I wasn’t able to stay on my knees. I collapsed to the bed, his body still on top of me as he fucked my ass a few more times before he came inside of my hole. He opened his mouth as wide as it could go before he bite the crease of my neck and my shoulder. The familiar stinging pain put me higher on cloud nine and I found myself cumming again.

“JIMIN!!!”

His hand gripped mine as he sucked me hard, filled my hole full of his cum, so much of it that it spilled out around his dick. He kept sputtering cum inside of me, as my second wave of pleasure hit, making my muscles tighten around him.
His chest pressed hard against my back as he gasped for air, took the time to try and let his brain come back to reality. The both of us just spent and tired. But he was quick to start kissing every scratch, every bite, every bruise. He pulled out of me and gently rubbed my body. Sweet touches and sweet kisses all over my skin.

“T’m sorry I hurt you.”

He wouldn’t stop kissing me, trying to heal me with his lips. And it was so soothing, that it really did feel like his kissing was helping me. I rolled over slowly, now giving him access to my front. He continued his kissing assault and just felt so sorry that he was so hard this time.

“I’m so sorry baby,” he said as he looked at my bruised body.

“I’m not sorry. If I didn’t want it, you would have known I was serious.” I smiled lazily, “You asked me if I trusted you, and I do. I trust you to know what my body’s breaking point is.”

“Still…”

“I love you Park Jimin.”

“I love you too.”

I giggled a little, “You know the further I get into the pregnancy, the more uncomfortable it’s gonna be to have sex.”

“We’ll figure something out,” he winked.
And sure enough, sex was getting more impossible. But at this point, we were more concerned about the baby than anything. My stomach was so big, that I’d have to sit down after being up for only minutes at a time. And it couldn’t have come at a worse time.

Hyun had finally made arrangements for us to leave and go to another hideout. The whole process took longer than I wanted, but Hyun was being extra cautious. I supposed I couldn’t be angry about that.

I sat on the couch and watched as the boys talked amongst themselves as Jimin talked alone with Hyun in the office.

“I hope we go somewhere hot! Like a beach!”

Hoseok was excited with Taehyung, “Ohhh a beach would be so nice! I haven’t been in such a long time~”

I looked at the pink haired vampire, “Jin, do you think you could get me a drink?” I rubbed my stomach, “He's hungry.”

Jungkook sat next to me as Jin nodded and left, “He? Do you know?”

I smiled, “No I don’t know. But I feel like the way I’ve been consuming blood, it must be a hungry baby boy.”

Namjoon grinned, “Hungry like his Daddy.”

“What are you trying to say Joon?”

He smirked my way, “Nothing.”
“Eww, stop,” Taehyung complained as he plopped down on the recliner next to the couch.

Hoseok just laughed and continued teasing young Taehyung. Yoongi really couldn’t care, distracted by this thoughts about our move. I looked up as Jin came back with a tall mug.

“I got the mug so that the blood would remain cold as you sipped on it.”

“How thoughtful, thanks.”

“Of course My Lady.”

I sipped and sipped until there was no more. And it never seemed to amaze the boys just how much I could drink in one sitting. All of their thirsts was reasonable, and they took extra measures to stay full in case they were attacked or needed to make a quick escape. But thankfully in the past months, they didn’t have too. But now with the move, all of them were full and ready.

Jimin returned, standing at the edge of the room as he cleared his throat.

Yoongi stood up, “What’s the plan.”

“We’ll be headed down to the southeast, near the city of Pohang. And they plan on sending several SUVs… They’re splitting us up.”

I could feel the anxiety in his voice, the anger and frustrations. I kept quiet and let the boys talk it out.

Jungkook, as usual, was quick to speak up, “How is it safe for us to split up?”

“They’re sending two groups of cars. We’ll split up into four. And the first group will leave ahead of the other and we’ll reconvene at the new location.”

“This is a bad idea. We’ll just be easy targets,” Namjoon protested.
“Hyung is right. I’m not leaving unless we all go together,” Taehyung stubbornly argued, crossing his arms.

Jimin rubbed his temples, “I agree, but this is what Hyun suggested we do.”

“Fuck that guy,” Jungkook said under his breath.

I smacked Jungkook on the leg and gave him a pointed look. He looked at me innocently.

“He informed me that the Council has been relentless, and he’s worried that if we’re grouped together, we’d all just get taken out at once.”

“They want me alive… there’s no way they’d try and do something as reckless as kill all of us in one go.”

Everyone looked at me, all of them glancing at my large stomach. Jimin was quick to stand behind me and rub my shoulders.

“She’s right, they wouldn’t just kill us. That’s why I have to agree with Hyun on this plan. If we split up into different cars, it’ll make it harder for them to figure out what car she’ll be in.”

I grabbed Jimin’s hand and squeezed it tight, leaning my head on his forearm.

“Then how are we separating? A pair in each car?”

Jin looked at Hoseok, “It’d be easier that way. More of a disguise.”

Jungkook looked around, “So, Yoongi and Namjoon hyung in a car? Me and Jin hyung, and then Taehyung and Hoseok hyung in another?”

Jimin and I remained quiet as we both thought the same thing. Though, neither one of us really wanted to say it. I took a deep breath and squeezed his hand tighter.
“I think me and Jimin should ride in separate cars.”

“WHAT?” Yoongi and Namjoon were quick to yell.

Jimin squeezed my hand back, “I have to agree. As much as I hate the idea, it gives her the best chance of surviving this.”

“But-”

“Listen, if I was the Council, I’d try and attack me, the coven leader. Why? Because the odds of having her by my side are indisputable.”

“The farther away she is, the safer she’ll be…. ” Yoongi said out loud, more to himself than anyone else.

Jimin stood up more straight, “The first group will consist of me, Namjoon, and Taehyung. I’m going by myself. Namjoon and Taehyung, you’ll take the second SUV. Hoseok and Yoongi, you’ll be in the first car of the second group. Jungkook and Jin will be with Y/N in the last car.”

He looked at his watch and then back to his coven, “Should things take a turn for the worst, I was told that Hyun’s men would be running a half a mile parallel to our cars, so try and seek assistance from them if you need it.” He sighed, “They’ll be arriving with the first set of SUVs in just a moment. Everyone… be ready.”

They all nodded and left to gather in the underground garage, leaving me and my mate. I struggled to stand, but Jimin was lightning fast to help me up and guide me to the garage.

“I’m sorry I said that we should go separately,” I uttered with complete sadness to the event to come.

“I was thinking it too. You’re the one they’re after. And your safety is top priority. And…” he gulped, “And if being separated give us the best chance, then I’m willing to take it.”
We stood at the door, listening in quietly as the boys talked amongst themselves, hyping each other up for the mission ahead.

I turned and pressed my body to his, my stomach getting in the way, “I really don’t want to do this. I’m scared. What if they attack us? What if they figure out our plan?”

He rubbed my back, “Not even Hyun or his men know what order we’re going in. And we kept it that way on purpose. As far as getting attacked… my boys are more than capable.” He tilted my head back, gripping my chin in his thumb, “And after that talking you had with me, I know I can trust them in protecting you and my baby.”

I teared up as I heard the cars pulling up, the boys in the garage going quiet.

He pressed his lips hard on mine, seeking me out desperately. I gasped at his mouth, his tongue, his very presence. And in the few seconds that we were together, it was as if the world around us didn’t matter. We were in complete bliss.

But the soft knock on the door had us pulling away. He pulled my hair behind my ear, kissed my forehead and smiled lovingly at me. He bent down and kissed my tummy a few times.

“Be strong and protect Mommy while Daddy is away, ok? I love you.”

He stood up and gave me one last look over, “I’ll see you at the new house.”

He opened the door and got together with Namjoon and Taehyung. I stepped through the door and watched as they got in their separate cars. I bit my lip and cried silently as their cars left the garage.

Yoongi was by my side, wrapping his arm around my shoulder and letting me cry into him. He knew just how much it hurt seeing Jimin drive away. The sheer terror that he might get hurt, maybe even worse.

But I did my best to remain calm. Convince myself that nothing was going to happen. That he was strong enough to deal with anything that may come his way.
I’d see him in just a little while longer. I just had to believe in that.

“My Lady, we should get going.”

I looked up at Yoongi and followed his gaze to the SUVs. And just like the ones Jimin, Namjoon, and Taehyung took, they were a shiny black, windows completely blacked out with a thick glass, and two of Hyun’s men in the driver’s seat as well as the passenger’s seat.

Yoongi rubbed my back as he lead me to the last car, opening the door for me. I gave him a hopeful, weak smile, before getting in, sitting in between Jungkook and Jin. The back seat was very large, and had a large visor separating the front seats from the back seat; even more protection to keep our identities a secret.

But now that the car was starting to move, I hurried to grab my brother’s hands. They kept their eyes plastered to the window, making sure to catch anything that moved outside the car, but remained holding my hands.

I closed my eyes and concentrated on my breathing. It was going to take several hours by car to get to Pohang, so we were in for a long trip. And it did nothing for my nerves.

An hour turned into two. Which turned into three.

I kept my grip on their hands. I kept counting in my head, starting over when I got distracted. Just praying that we were almost there and that everyone who I loved most would all come back safe and sound.

But I felt Jin’s hand suddenly squeeze mine. I turned my head to look at him, and he did his best to block my eyes, but he was too late. As the car zoomed by, I saw one of the identical black SUV’s toppled over and crashed on the side of the road.

“Stop the car!!! We have to go see if they’re ok!!!”

Jin shook his head and held my face tight in his hands, “We’re not stopping! We have to get you to the hideout at all costs! Y/N… Don’t think about it. They’re fine. They’re strong!”
I cried out, “The car was on fire! It was flipped over upside down!” My tears just poured out, “Jimin…. What if Jimin... “

Jungkook rubbed my back, “Jimin hyung would never die and leave you all alone! Trust him Y/N!”

My wailing silenced at Jungkook’s words, “Ok….”

Jin let go of my face and my body just collapsed, my head resting on Jin’s broad shoulder.

All I could do was go back to counting in my head. But it didn’t work. My thoughts were just plagued with Jimin fighting and losing. Dying at the hands of the Councilman's slaves. I gripped at Jin’s hand and arm and held onto him tight, crying my eyes out into his shoulder.

He kept his eyes outside the car, because he knew if they attacked one car, most likely they would have figured out the plan. If it was Jimin’s car they attacked, they would have known that I wasn’t with him. And thus start attacking the other cars. But so far it was only the one car that was destroyed.

But his gut told him to be ready.

The car swerved violently to the left. Loud car horns went off, screeching tires, loud crashing of metal was just outside of our dark shield of a car.

“What’s happening?!”

The driver yelled, “Hold on tight! They’re trying to keep us from going through! But I’m driving around through the fields!”

Jungkook draped his arm across my chest and pressed it hard against me so that it would provide extra restraint for me. And sure enough, the SUV thrashed around as it left the road and started going through the farming fields.

I gripped on tight to Jungkook’s arm and buried my head in it. I felt like I was shaking, but it was hard to tell when the car was bumping around so much.
And again the car swerved and sped up as it left the fields, several of Hyun’s men stepping in to attack the brainwashed slaves of the Council. It gave our car the opportunity it needed to get back on the road and speed away. But it wasn’t enough as one of the Council’s fighters jumped onto the roof of the car. I heard a loud thump of a noise, a sudden dent in the roof. I gripped Jungkook’s arm tighter.

I closed my eyes as I heard sudden gunshots ringing from inside of the car.

“Jungkook!” Jin yelled as he unbuckled his seatbelt.

Jungkook was practically laying across my whole body as he got out of his seatbelt, and covered my body with his. Again I heard more gunshots, not knowing where they were coming from. But the sudden noise of wind crashing into my ears had me turning my head to the side just in time to see Jin opening the door and crawling on top of the SUV.

“JIN NO!”

Jungkook held me tight in his arms, “STAY QUIET!”

I gripped at Jungkook’s shirt and cried. My body twitched badly at the firing of more shots. And then a loud crash to the roof. I tried not imagining Jin getting shot. I tried not imagining Jin’s body hitting the concrete road, hard and breaking.

The car swerved once more, before the door was being swung open. Jungkook growled and got on the side closest to the opening door to block me from anything that might come through. But he was quick to move out of Jin’s way to get back into the car.

I reached out at Jin and made sure he was ok. He smiled just slightly, but kept his eyes serious on Jungkook, “There’s more of them out there, but I saw Hyun’s men fighting them off. And by the looks of it, we’re getting closer.”

The driver spoke up, “You’re right. It shouldn’t be long now. And the closer we get, the more of us there will be. Those Council dogs won’t be able to keep up.”
“Ow…”

Jungkook and Jin were suddenly looking at me gripping my stomach.

“Ow… Ow!” I bent over grabbing my stomach tight, my eyes squeezed tight from sudden stinging pains.

“What’s wrong My Lady,” Jin asked as he put his hand on top of mine.

“My stomach… it’s hurting so bad all of a sudden…. Oh God…” tears were forming once again in the corners of my eyes.

Realistically, in human pregnancy, I still had three more months left before I was to give birth. But the way I was reacting, it was as if I was having contractions. Jin and Jungkook were panicking on the inside, but remained strong on the outside. They knew close to nothing about pregnancy, and vampire pregnancy at that. They just both wished that we got to the new hideout sooner rather than later.

And like the driver had said, not too much time had passed before we were pulling into a garage and being guided inside. Jin and Jungkook stayed glued to my side. But the pains were becoming too much for me to even walk. Jungkook swept my legs out from under me and carried me princess style to the living room. He placed me gently on the couch so that I was resting against the armrest and my legs were on the couch cushions.

“Jimin! Where’s Jimin,” I yelled out.

Jungkook looked at Hyun’s men who were quick to both pull out their phones and figure out what happened to the other cars. Because technically speaking, we were the last car, and the others should have arrived before us. But we were the only ones who had seemed to make the whole trip.

I gripped my stomach, Jin at my side with a damp towel pressing it up against my forehead and my face.

Jungkook pulled his phone out and started calling Yoongi. But he snapped his head up at the sound of the door crashing open. Both him and Jin were in between me and the door, the same door that we came through from the garage. But their stances relaxed as they saw Yoongi and Hoseok coming in.
Both of them had bad scratches and tears in their clothes. Hoseok was sporting a terrible black eye, and Yoongi was limping a little.

The two strongest were by their sides and helping them come into the living room.

“Is it just you three,” Yoongi asked with some panic in his voice.

“It seems that way hyung. What happened?”

Hoseok collapsed on the floor, leaning back against the couch, “It looked like they were just taking each car out one by one. I’m glad they didn’t seem to get to yours.”

I opened my eyes and tried getting up, but the pains kept me seated, “Jimin! What happened to Jimin! Ahhhh!” I threw my head back against the armrest.

“What’s-”

“Yoongi I think she’s having contractions already.”

Yoongi whipped his head to look at Jin, “Already?! But!” He bit down on his lip hard before he left in a second and then came back with some blankets, pillows, towels, and a giant bowl of water. “Well if she’s having contractions now, it means the baby is ready to be born…..”

“Shit…” Jungkook voiced with pure disbelief.

“Ok here’s the plan,” Yoongi emphasized as he stood up, “We’re moving her to the closest bedroom. We’re making her as comfortable as we can. Jungkook you find some blood for us, and make sure the have a chest or something to keep the blood cool. I want it readily available for her should she need it. Hoseok and Jin, the two of you stay here and wait for anyone else to show up. God forbid the enemy sneaks in.”

Yoongi reached under me and started carrying me down the hallway and into a small room that was mostly taken up by a large bed. He placed me in the middle of it, stuffed a ton of pillows behind my back, draped a thin blanket over my legs and put the bowl of water and towels on the nightstand.
Jungkook came in then with a small mini fridge in his arms.

“I hope you didn’t just break apart the fridge or something for that.”

“Hyung this was separate!” Jungkook put it on the other side of my bed and plugged it in as he put several packets of blood inside.

Their voices were starting to become background noise as I could only seem to concentrate on the pain that was shooting up from my stomach to the rest of my body. The only relief I felt were the times I felt a cool wet rag touching my face. But the relief never seemed to last more than a few minutes.

“Is there any medicine we can give her?”

Yoongi frowned, “I don’t know how the baby will react…. Wait. Jungkook give her some blood, maybe that will help with the pains.”

Jungkook got a packet out and tore the corner of the bag, “Here Y/N. Drink this.”

I gripped the bag and sucked on it as much as I could. But the more blood I got, the easier it got; the more the pains went away, or at least wasn’t as intense. I let my head rest back on the stack of pillows as I breathed in deep.

I weeped quietly, “I want Jimin…”

Yoongi and Jungkook looked at each other and held a quiet conversation with their eyes. Both of them worried for me, as well as their leader. Jungkook left Yoongi to comfort me, sitting next to me. He let me lean my head on his shoulder, his arm wrapped around my shoulder and stroked my arm.

“He’ll be here before you know it Y/N.”

“You promise,” I asked weakly, so tired.
“I promise. My leader is the strongest man I’ve ever known.”

I closed my eyes and started feeling myself lose consciousness, “Tell me… a story…”

He looked at my eyes close, my body relaxing against his and he nodded, “Ok then.” He cleared his throat, “Once upon a time there was a young man who was so lost that he cried himself into oblivion. He tried to end his life many times, but never accomplished to do so. Until one day, another young boy came across him and told him to not despair. He told the sad boy that he was special and that he was meant to do great things. The sad boy began to become happy as he followed the strong boy around the world. And eventually they became close, like brothers. The sad boy was now a happy strong boy. And he has found his purpose like the strong boy said he would.” He knew my body had me passed out in his arms. He smiled softly, “His purpose was to take care of his brother, his leader, and his sister. The end.”

I woke up with the pains stabbing into my lower gut. I screamed myself awake, sitting up to grab my stomach, only to thrash back onto the pillows. Hoseok was running into the room in a panic.

“My Lady!”

“Arrggggghhhhh Give me blood! Now!!”

He grabbed a pack quickly from the small mini refrigerator, and handed me the bag. I tore it open with my teeth and poured it down my throat. But it wasn’t enough.

“Another one!”

He did as he was told and handed me another one, watching as I savagely downed the red thick liquid. The second packet seemed to do the trick, and made the pains subside. My body relaxed a little. I peeked out and saw Hoseok looking at me worriedly, but he came to sit next to my side and comfort me.

“Is Jimin… here?”
Hoseok looked away, “It’s just me right now. But-”

My voice was so raspy, “How long has it been? Is he hurt?”

“Yoongi hyung told me to stay here while he and everyone else went to go look for Leader.”

I turned my head and cried, “He’s dead isn’t he! They captured him again… DIDN’T THEY!”

I lashed out at him, hitting him and shaking him. He just let me take out my fear and frustrations on him. I screamed and wailed in such pain and longing for my mate, the father of my child. Which at the moment, was starting to tear through me it seemed. I grabbed at my stomach again, my breath heavy and ragged.

“Hoseok…. It hurts so much…. My baby… Jimin… What’s going to happen to me? Am I… am I going to die? Is Jimin… is he dead?” I sniffed loudly, bringing my hands up to my face, “I don’t want to be alone!”

Hoseok couldn’t help but cry silently. Seeing me in so much pain was breaking his whole soul. It was worse that he had no answers. He didn’t know if rumor was going to come true, if my baby would ultimately kill me in the end. Or if his leader was dead or alive. He didn’t know anything. And not knowing was just as painful, if not more painful as having the truth.


But hours passed and nothing changed.

Still pain.

No news of Jimin or the others.

I was dying the longer time dragged on. An eternity in each passing second. The unknown taking over my whole being, and I was drowning in despair.
But the despair came to an end. All that I could feel was my body ripping apart. I screamed so loud that my voice cut out. Hoseok was suddenly upright and looking panicked.

“THE BABY!!!!”

“What about the baby?!”

“THE BABY IS COMING!!!!! AARRRGGHNNHHHH!!!!!”

My sweat flung around as I threw my head back, grabbing at the blanket so hard that my knuckles were turning white, going numb. I started pushing as hard as I could.

Hoseok was suddenly kneeling in front of my legs and lifting up the blanket that covered my lower body, “Holy shit…”

“WHAT???”

“The head… the top of a head….” He just stared as I pushed and screamed, “W-W-What do I do?!”

“YOU’RE FUCKING DELIVERING THIS BABY HOSEOK!!!!”

I continued to scream and push as he seemed to scream as well. Though his was more of a whimper of sheer panic as he had no clue what he was supposed to do.

“Jimin… Jimin… Jimin… Jimin… Jimin….”

I just chanted his name as I pushed and pushed.

“AHHHHH! The head is out!!!! W-What now?!”
“F-FACE DOWN OR UP?!”

“It’s down!”

My body was starting to give out on me, it felt like it was going into shock.

Hoseok didn’t want to say it, but there was a lot of blood spilling out of me and he was trying to think of something he could do. He looked up at me and realized my body was going limp.

“Shit shit shit! NO DON’T PASS OUT!” He crawled to be by my side and squeezed my hand. But I didn’t budge. He took a deep breath and slapped me as hard as he could. “YOU HAVE TO KEEP DOING YOUR BEST TO GIVE BIRTH!!!!”

My eyes snapped open and I was once again pushing with all my might.

“That’s it Y/N! Push!!”

“AHHHHH!!!!!” I huffed and huffed, grabbing at the sheets, crying out and cursing Jimin’s name. “You promised to always be by my side you jerk!!! Where are you now huh?! JIMIN YOU STUPID LYING LIAR!!!! HOW DARE YOU LEAVE ME HERE ALONE!!!!”

“I’m gone for a little bit, and already you’re calling me a liar?”

My eyes snapped opened and I saw Jimin looking at me. His face was so dirty with blood stains and smudges of dirt. His clothes were ripped everywhere, and his body looked beaten up. But all that matter to me was that he was smiling and he was alive.

I cried so hard in relief that for a moment I had forgotten I was giving birth. “Jimin…. Ji…min….. Where were you! I missed you! ……I-”

He was by my side and holding my hand, wiping my tears away, and just making me feel complete now that he was here by my side again.
“I’ll explain everything later. Just concentrate on your breathing and push baby.”

Yoongi relieved Hoseok the duty of delivering the baby, and took his spot at my feet. He saw what Hoseok saw, blood everywhere, but kept it to himself. He just ordered everyone else to leave the room and wait.

I squeezed Jimin’s hand so tight that he was wincing in pain, but never once complained. He just stayed by my side, and every now and then, wiping my face with a damp towel.

“How much more?!”

“Just keep pushing.”

I whined like a child, “I don’t wanna! No more! I’m…. I’m….”

“You can do this! I know you can!!” Jimin brought my hand up to his lips and kissed it, “Our baby is trying so hard to be born right now! You can’t give up Jagiya!”

I sobbed over and over. No longer able to form words as I concentrated all my remain strength into pushing.

“That’s it! Just a little bit more Y/N!”

“Push baby! Push!!! This is it!!”

I screamed as loud as I could manage, my upper body lifting up off the pillows and the bed as I gave the last push I needed to get my baby out of me.

And just seconds later it felt like a whole waterfall was pouring out of me. I collapsed back onto the pillows, breathing so hard that my chest was hurting. My throat was stinging from thirst and yelling for hours now.

My mind was going blank and my eyes were permanently closed.
But through the haze of nothing, I could hear a loud crying ringing beautifully through the room. I couldn’t seem to open my eyes to see my baby, but I could hear so clearly.

“Boy…. or girl….”

Yoongi wiped the baby clean, for the most part, before handing the baby over to Jimin. He was shaking a little as he held the tiny crying baby in his arms.

“It’s a boy…. He’s… He’s beautiful Jagiya…..”

“I knew it… I-”

My eyes snapped opened and I looked straight ahead at Yoongi who looked wide eyed down between my legs. I screamed again and pushed my head back as I suddenly felt more excruciating pain.

“There’s… feet….”

Jimin looked up with shock, “F-Feet?”

“She’s having another one…..”

I spoke through gritted teeth, “But feet…. Feet is bad!”

“NAMJOON GET ME THE SHARPEST KNIFE YOU CAN FIND!”

Namjoon was flying into the room with a kitchen knife, “Hyung?!” His eyes traveled down and saw all the blood and excess fluid from the womb. He was getting dizzy.

“Find a candle, anything to make fire! I need to disinfect this knife. Get me some more water too! Alcohol as well! And boiling water!”
The second in command was running around like a crazy person getting everything Yoongi asked for. Jimin stood up and walked over to a nervous Namjoon.

“You take care of him. I need to be with her.”

“No no no no I can’t! I-” but Jimin was already handing over his baby boy to Namjoon. He cradled his arms naturally and held the baby gently.

“Just stay over there,” Jimin nodded with his head, telling Namjoon to go sit in the corner of the room.

Namjoon did as he was told, holding the small life in his arms, as Jimin walked to Yoongi who was holding the knife over the flame of a candle. The blade was going a sizzling red.

“What are you planning?”

Yoongi kept his gaze on the flaming metal, “I need to cut her open as soon as possible. Otherwise the other baby will suffocate inside of her.”

My screaming brought Jimin back to his senses. He rushed over to me, getting back on the bed and holding my hand.

“Listen to me carefully…. Yoongi is going to have to cut you open to get the second baby out.”

I just cried knowing the pain that was to come.

“I’ll be with you the whole time. You can do this.”

I just shook my head over and over.

“Rip her dress, she needs to be cleaned and disinfected.” He took a deep breath before he dipped his
hands into the boiling hot water to disinfect any bacteria he might have had on his hands and his arms.

Jimin did as commanded. He pulled the sheet off of me, ripped my dress to shreds so that my whole body was exposed and naked before the men. But nothing phased me. I was too lost in my head and the pain.

Jimin was quick to rub alcohol all over my stomach and just above my vagina. Anywhere he thought he needed to.

“Ok Jimin, that’s fine.” Yoongi held the knife tightly in his hand as he looked at Jimin and then to me. “I’m going to cut her open and reach in and grab the baby out. Jimin it’ll be your job to keep her alive. She’s already lost too much blood. And this will only send her body into shock.”

Jimin nodded to his first in command.

And for what seemed like too long a time, there was nothing but silence.

But as soon as the tip of the blade stabbed into my flesh, the torment to my body was too much to handle. Like Yoongi had predicted, my body shut down and I was gone.

It was strange, the feeling of sleep.

I hadn’t slept in a long time, yet it felt like I was currently in a deep slumber.

Or maybe like I was stuck in snow. Cold and wet just surrounding me as I sank further into the fluff.

It was hard to describe a sensation I had become lost too.
But the feeling of loss was still the same.

In the darkness I didn’t have Jimin by my side. I didn’t have our brothers. I didn’t have my newborn baby boy. Maybe another boy, or maybe a baby girl. But so long as I was lost to this slumber, it didn’t matter what the sex of the second baby was. I’d never get to know. So long as I stay asleep, trapped in the pit of death, I’d never get to see my loved ones again.

There’s no way I’d just let it end like this.

Not when there was still so much to do and to see.

I listened very carefully, tried to make my senses seek out more than just what was next to me. And slowly enough, I could hear crying. I could hear Jimin yelling at me. I could feel a thick liquid lining my throat. I could feel throbbing in my body.

Everything was slowly coming back to me. And as much as I was scared of the pain. I was even more scared of leaving it all behind.

“....min....”

Jimin sucked hard on his wrist and pressed his lips hard to mine. He forced me his blood relentlessly until my eyelids were peeling opening. He pulled me into a tight embrace, crying into my shoulder as he did.

“I thought I lost you.....”

“It... hurts....”

“I know baby....”

He pulled away to look at my face, my hair matted and nasty from the sweat, my face was red and blemished, my eyes only open half way; I looked terrible. But to him, I was still the most beautiful
creature in the world.

“Baby… how… well?”

“She’s fine.”

“She…… she’s a girl…..” It took a lot of effort, but I swallowed. I asked, “Twins?”

“They’re twins,” Jimin said as he pressed his forehead to mine, “And they’re healthy.”

Yoongi, finished cleaning up as much as he could without moving me, started putting everything to the side and getting me a blanket to cover my naked body. He draped it across me carefully and motioned for Namjoon to come forward. Namjoon, still holding our baby boy, stepped up and held the baby out for Jimin.

“Jagiya… You should see them….”

I tried opening my eyes wider, but could only manage to pull them up just slightly. Jimin was holding our boy in his arms, as Yoongi grabbed our baby girl from the bed and stood next to Jimin.

I reached out to them both. Their tiny little hands inside of mine.

Life truly was perfect.
Park Jimin and Park Elle.

Our twins couldn’t be more different.

Even though they were only a few days old, they were already showing such amazing personality traits.

Our little Park Jimin was named after his father. He has my dark raven hair, but Jimin’s silver eyes. He’s a very calm baby who likes to sleep and the comfort of his Mommy. He doesn’t drink blood, but isn’t opposed to it. He prefers breastfeeding more, which has Jin cooking up all kinds of healthy foods for me to eat, and thus feeding him.

And our little Park Elle couldn’t be more opposite. Named after Elizabeth, the original soul; she takes after more of her father. She has his silver hair, and yet has my sunflower eyes. She’s feisty and cries a lot. If she doesn’t get blood on a regular basis, she’ll let everyone in the house know she’s upset. And the only person who can calm her down, even more so than me, is her Daddy.

I smiled as I rocked baby Jimin in my arms, letting him doze off after a long meal. Elle on the other hand was currently grabbing at her Daddy’s hands and crying. He looked up at me with such a pitiful look. I giggled a little at the sight of such a strong and prideful vampire being brought to his knees by a little baby girl.

“Jagiya, she won’t stop crying.”

“She’s probably hungry.”

“But I already fed her like an hour ago!”

I shrugged, “She has your attitude, so you better do something before she get’s even more upset.”

He looked at me skeptically, “What are you trying to say?”
I fluttered my eyes and looked away, “Nothing baby~”

“I’ll have to teach you a lesson once you’re better.”

I touched little baby Jimin’s nose as he slept, “See~ You’re Daddy is such a grumpy grump.”

“Aish….”

He got up with Elle in his arms as he made his way to the small refrigerator in the room to get a small bottle of blood. He sat back on the bed next to me and started feeding our needy little girl.

I leaned my head on his shoulder as I watched her drink, “So are they both vampires? Or maybe a mix of human and vampire?”

“It’s hard to say. But my gut tells me Elle is more vampire and Jimin is more human.”

I frowned, “I hope it doesn’t cause any complications for them as they’re growing up.”

“We’ll keep a close eye on them.”

I lifted my head as Elle finished her bottle and started falling asleep. I went back to staring at little Jimin in my arms.

“We can’t live like this you know.”

And Jimin knew exactly what I was talking about. We were still in hiding. The Council would be looking for us. And from the chaos that came from changing locations, there was no way I’d put my children through that. Jimin wouldn’t allow it either.

We’d have to stay in the safety of the Lee’s hideout. But how long could that last?
“I’ll talk to Yoongi and Namjoon. We’ll think of something.”

“Talk to Hyung and Changmin.” Jimin just frowned, but I nudged him with my shoulder, “This is for our babies you know.”

“I know I know. I just hate talking to that prick.”

“That prick has helped us over and over again. You should be more…..”

He glared a little, “More what?”

I sighed, “More accepting.”

He rubbed little Elle’s cheek, pulling her tiny hand out of her mouth, and just adoring our little girl. He couldn’t contain his smile as he gazed down at her with such loving eyes.

“I’ll try and be more accepting.”

“Good,” I chirped with a smile.

He leaned over and kissed my cheek, before going back to staring at his little girl.

It was a week later that I finally felt good enough to get out of bed. I didn’t need the assistance of my mate, but he was there nonetheless. He stood by me and had his arm held out just in case I’d need to grab it. But my body was healing up nicely. I walked carefully out of the room and made my way to the living room. I sat down slowly and stretched a little, happy to finally be out of that stuffy old room.

Jungkook was cradling our sleepy baby boy, while Taehyung was playing peek-a-boo with our
hyper baby girl on the couch.

Jin walked over and handed me a bowl full of greens and some buttered french bread, “Here you go My Lady. This is a good first meal.”

I frowned at the sight of it, “I know this is for Jimin, but can’t I have something more delicious?”

“As your dietician, I prohibit such fatty foods first thing in the morning.”

I leaned my head back and pouted, “Jin please~”

“No My Lady. Please understand.”

I sighed and took the bowl and the bread, slowly eating it until it was all gone. Jin smiled happily as he took the bowl back and started humming as he washed the dishes. I couldn’t help but smile with him.

Hoseok came walking in with Jimin. The both of them talking. I tilted my head back and finally realized we were missing two.

I turned to Jungkook, “Hey, where are Yoongi and Namjoon?”

“Hyung sent them on a mission.”

I tilted my head back at Jimin as he got closer, scratching my head a little bit as he passed by, “Baby, where did you send Yoongi and Namjoon.”

“That’s a secret. But don’t worry, they’re taking every careful measure to stay out of the Council’s eyes. Plus I asked Hyun for some help, and he provided what I needed.”

I smiled, happy that he was openly asking his old hyung for help. Something that a while ago he wouldn’t dare to do. I sat back and relaxed, happy that my family was being taken care of right now.
But there was a loud ringing coming from the other room. Jimin rubbed my head a little as he walked by, making his way to the room that acted as his office.

Jungkook smiled at little Jimin, “He really likes sleeping huh?”

“Jimin and I think he’s got more human blood in him.”

“I guess that makes sense.”

“I’m a little worried though how he’ll grow up if he does in fact have more human blood. He’d age differently from his sister.”

Taehyung picked Elle up and sat down in the couch opposite mine, “She’s a wild one. I can see how she would be more vampire.”

I smiled, “I’m just glad they’re healthy.”

Everyone nodded, agreeing that the best thing was their health and happiness.

Jimin closed the door to the office. He knew the only person who’d call him like this would be Hyun. And he prefered to take his calls in private. He got into place, just far enough from the screen that you could see his face and part of his upper body, before he answered the call.

The screen turned on and he saw Hyun on the other side. But immediately, on instinct, something told Jimin that Hyun looked different, acted strange.

Jimin chose his words wisely, “How are you hyung?”

Hyün’s eyes blinked in a strange order as he spoke, “Since when do you care how I’m doing?”
“Oh you know, just trying to be a good person.”

“Never too late I suppose.”

“I suppose.”

Jimin continued to watch as Hyun’s eyes opened and closed in irregular patterns. He committed to memory each blink. He knew well enough that if Hyun was doing something out of the norm, there’d be a purpose for it. Jimin’s hyung was the type of man who wouldn’t let anything slip past him, he was too meticulous, stubborn, and too intelligent for his own good. So something as weird as blinking how he was, definitely had meaning.

Hyun crossed his arms, “How is she doing?”

“She’s fine.”

“Anything to report?”

“Nothing. She’s still slow to move, but other than that-”

“So she hasn’t given birth yet,” Hyun suddenly seemed pressed to know.

Jimin crossed his own arms, “No she hasn’t. I told you I’d let you know.”

“Ok.”

Jimin was speaking, but in his mind he was playing Hyun’s abnormal blinking over and over in his mind. “Find anything else about the Council? They gave us a run for our money.”

“Yes I heard. How are you doing?”
“Their initial attack did catch me off guard. But nothing like a few good snapping of necks that didn’t solve the problem. I’m alive.”

“Good for you.”

“Thanks.”

But it suddenly clicked in Jimin’s mind. He treated the blinks as whites spots flashing over a black background. When he separated it in that manner he was able to put the patterns together easier. It was morse code.


Jimin kept calm, “Are we done here? Or did you not have anything to report?”

“Nothing.” Hyun uncrossed his arms and genuinely smiled to his dongsaeng, “Good luck Jimin.”

The screen went black and Jimin crashed through the door and stopped just short of re-entering the living where his family was.

Everyone was looking at him with confused expressions, confused and anxious.

“They’re coming. We need to leave. Now!”

“What do you mean-”

Jimin cut me off with a harsh voice, “Hyun warned me just now. Jungkook you take Jimin. Jin, you have Elle. I’m carrying her.”

Taehyung gave Elle to Jin who wrapped her up nice and tight in a blanket, “Jimin, you said Hyun-”
“We’re on our own. The Council must have something over Hyun to make him give us up like this.” Jimin put his arms under my body and lifted me up. “Hoseok and Taehyung, you split up and aide Jungkook and Jin. Me and her are on our own.”

“I’m not leaving you,” Jungkook argued.

“I am no longer your priority. My child is who you answer too. Protect him at all costs, and if it comes down to it, leave us and see to it that Jimin and Elle are protected.” Jimin’s hold on me tightened, his voice booming and commanding, “Do you understand?”

His brother’s nodded. Little Jimin and Elle tucked in tight inside of blankets, clueless to the danger they were suddenly under.

“We’re headed to Busan.”

“But the only thing in Busan is…. ” Jungkook’s words drifted off. “Ok. Got it.”

I looked around, my brothers all seeming to understand what it meant to go to Busan. I looked back at Jimin who didn’t spare me a glance. I just held on tight as he suddenly bolted out of the house and into the rest of the world.

I felt an ice piercing wind on my back as he ran, avoiding the main road. But it wasn’t the painful wind that had me tearing up. It was being separated from my children. It was the fear of losing them.

“Jimin! I want my babies! I want our children!”

He just tightened his hold on me, pain shooting through his body just like mine.

Parents at a loss of hope.
An hour later we were coming to a stop in an alleyway outside of the Mangmi-Dong prefecture in Busan. He put me down on my feet, but kept his arm wrapped around my waist, still too paranoid about my strength.

Seconds later, Jin and Taehyung were coming to a stop next to us. Jin could see worry and panic wash away as I reached my arms out for my baby girl. He gladly gave her up, and gently put her in my arms. I peeled the blanket back and saw her sleeping face. It didn’t look like the run bothered her. I hugged her close to my face, happy to have her in my arms again.

I looked up at Jin, “Where’s Jungkook and Hoseok?”

Taehyung spoke up, “They should be here any second. We left before them.”

I looked around anxiously, up and down the alleyway, perking my ears up to listen in to anything that could be Jungkook or Hoseok. But all I could hear was the busy happenings of the locals. Cars driving by. Laughter. Stomps of feet on the concrete. Dogs barking.

But there was nothing of Jungkook, Hoseok, or my baby boy.

I squeezed Elle a little tighter in my arms and leaned into Jimin. He kissed the top of my head as he kept his eyes alert. Jin and Taehyung each taking up post and either end of the alleyway.

“We’ll give them a few more minutes to arrive. We need to leave soon.”

I stood up straight and begged, “No we can’t leave! Jimin is out there!”

My mate growled, “You don’t think I know that?!” I bit my lip to keep myself from crying. He let out a long breath and pulled me into a hug, Elle in between us, “I’m sorry for yelling. But I’m scared too. I’m scared shitless right now babe. But I’m trying to be the leader we need right now.”

I teared up, “I’m sorry. I understand.”

He rubbed my back and counted down in his head until we had to leave.
Only a few more seconds now.

He put his hands on my shoulders, “Give Elle back to Jin. We’re moving.”

I cried, my baby Jimin not with me. Jin, more or less, had to forcefully grab Elle from me. I didn’t want to let her go, knowing that I may not ever see my baby boy again. But I ended up letting go and Jin tucked her in tight. Jimin kissed my lips and hugged me tight before lifting me up once again and leaving the alleyway.

It didn’t take long before we were standing outside a dingy looking house on the beach. I looked around. The house was tucked into a cliffside, away from the public. It was very secluded. But it didn’t change the fact that the house looked like it was abandoned.

The waves crashed against dark rock and beach around us as we stood at the door. Jimin put me down, and put me behind his back as he waited. Taehyung in front of Jin. We just stood there for a moment until the door opened and we were walking inside.

I grabbed Jimin’s hand tightly, pressing my body against his out of anxiety. I was worried something was going to pop out unexpectedly and attack us.

The door closed and the lights to the room started turning on. I peeked around Jimin and in the back of the room I saw Jungkook and Hoseok. I didn’t care about anyone else in the room, because the only being that existed in my eyes was my darling baby boy. I ran to them and hurried to grab my child, hugging him in my arms and crying.

“Jimin… you’re safe Jimin… Mommy missed you…”

The little baby just slept soundly, grabbing at the blanket around him.

“Jimin long time no see man! Where you been? Haha.”

I looked up at the stranger’s voice and saw a couple of vampires I’ve never seen before. The first one was standing next to Jimin and patting his shoulder. He was a really tanned guy with super bright
blonde hair that stuck out in different directions. He looked the same age as Jimin, but who knew how old he really was. But I guess the way he talked to Jimin was a sign of their familiarity. The other vampire was taller than the blonde, but a lot skinner. His hair was a mix of pink and purple, and he had a really wide smile.

“So get this,” the blonde said to his friend, his arm now on Jimin’s shoulder, “I’m out hunting and I see these two guys out of nowhere.” He pointed to Jungkook and Hoseok who stood behind me.

His taller friend smiled wide, “Oh yeah?”

“Yeah! And I knew that if they were in my territory, they’d obviously needed something from me!”

Jimin pushed the blonde’s arm off of his shoulder and looked at him seriously, “Jackson, this is important. Can we talk in private?”

“Anything you have to say to me, you can say in front of everyone else.”

Jimin sighed, knowing that Jackson was the most stubborn vampire he knew, “The Council’s after us. I need to know if you can hide us for a while.”

“Ohhhhh~ Yeah I heard something about that. There was an attack on the Council’s headquarters right?”

“Can you, or can you not hide us?!”

Jackson looked at me holding my baby, and Jin holding the other baby. He thought for a second, the room tense. Because if he decided against it, our coven was suddenly in a lot of danger.

Jungkook and the boys readied their bodies to put up a fight if they needed too. All of them nervous and waiting for Jackson’s word.

Jackson was a very unpredictable vampire who only went with the flow of his gut feelings. If he wanted to do something, he’d stubbornly find any way to accomplish it. But it was the same towards things he didn’t want to do. And he wasn’t opposed to selling out his friends if it meant he could get
ahead. His selfish thinking and carefree attitude was what kept his coven alive and going.

But Busan was the only thing Jimin could think of; relying on someone as reckless as Jackson. Because now that the Council seemed to have a hold on Hyun, there wasn’t anyone left who’d be willing to keep Jimin and his coven out of the Council’s reach. Any vampire in their right mind would sell them out in a heartbeat and be done with it.

So Jackson was their last hope.

Everyone waited on bated breath as Jackson finally came to his answer.

“The Council elders can go suck a dick for all I care! Haha! You’re safe here!” He patted Jimin’s shoulder hard before turning his attention to me, “Besides, I think it’ll be more fun watching the Council scramble around like a chicken with it’s head cut off. Haha.”

Jimin grabbed the now fussy Elle, and walked over to me, “Thank you Jackson.”

“But one question first before I let you in further….”

Jimin turned to face the suddenly serious Jackson, “What is it?”

“Those babies… are they yours?”

“She gave birth to them, yes.”

“Holy shit….”

“The Council’s real goal is to get a hold of her and my children. But they aren’t aware that she’s given birth yet. So it’s imperative that we keep this a secret.”

Jackson smiled wide and laughed, “Yeah no problem man! This just got a lot more interesting! Haha!” He smacked his friend on the shoulder, “BamBam go ahead and take them inside. Set up a couple of rooms for them, cool?”
“Cool boss-man!”

They high-fived before BamBam walked passed us and pressed a number code into the wall, making the shelves shake and rumble, pulling inside of itself to reveal a secret entryway.

“Come with me guys.”

Jungkook and Hoseok took lead, while Taehyung and Jin walked behind us. We all followed behind BamBam who lead us further into their home. It was so cluttered and messy, it was hard to believe that anyone could live in such chaos. But I guess every vampire was different. Because it seemed what they’ve done with their time as immortals, living endlessly, was to start collecting and hoarding.

I took note of all the stolen goods, jewelry, art, and expensive tech. Walls and walls lined with DVDs and CDs and records. Every room seemed to have some kind of good or merchandise in it; it was all so overwhelming. But anything was better than being out in the cold, or even worse, being in the hands of the Council.

BamBam pointed to two rooms right next to each other, but our brothers decided to stay with me and Jimin in one room. No matter what, they couldn’t get rid of their fear of being separated. Something told all of them to stick close.

I sat down exhausted on the bed. My impromptu surgery was healing up just fine it seemed, but it didn’t mean it still wasn’t a nuisance for me. Jungkook took baby Jimin from my arms as I got back to lean against the headboard, my body more comfortable laying down. He handed me Jimin once I was in place.

Elle started crying and wiggling around in her Daddy’s arms. He rocked her a little, but it didn’t seem to help. She must be hungry again. But he didn’t have a bottle on him. He bit on his wrist and put it to his daughter’s lips.

And sure enough, little Jimin started whining as well. I looked around at the boys and they all got a flush to their cheeks as they decided to leave the room and stand guard outside. I giggled a little as I lowered my dress and popped out my breast so my little boy could start feeding.

I closed my eyes and leaned my head back, feeling the aches of my mind, the stress doing nothing good for my body.
“Just try and rest baby,” Jimin suggested as he looked at me tenderly. “We’ll be safe here for now.”

I opened my eyes and smiled gently, “I love you.”

“I love you too Jagiya.”

As days and weeks went by, I stayed inside the room with my babies. And if not one, two of the boys would always be with me. Currently, Hoseok was making baby Jimin rap. He was lifting his tiny arms and swinging them gently back and forth.

He giggled, “Oh my God he’s so cute.” He moved the little arms to the right, “Everybody say Hey Oh~” Hoseok put on a high pitched voice, “Hey oh~”

I laughed as I watched my son smiling up at his silly uncle.

And the days just seemed to roll by like this.

Every now and then Jackson would come and check up on me, but Jimin forbid him to come close to his children or me. Another reason why he always had someone with me, if he wasn’t around.

“Why am I not allowed to see your kids huh?”

“Because they’re my kids. I don’t trust someone as crazy as you near them,” Jimin put it out there bluntly.

“Ouch man. That hurt.”

“Am I lying?”
“Hahah, yeah I guess you’re right,” Jackson said from the doorway.

He just remained quiet for a while as he watched me. The way I smiled as I looked down at my babies. They way I held them tenderly. He saw just how Jimin looked at me and his children. It was something beyond Jackson.

“I’m sorry….”

Jumin was suddenly alert; as were the boys who all stood up.

Jackson stepped to the side, his eyes turning sad as he suddenly regretted his choices, “I’m so sorry…”

And pushed out of the way, Im Jaebum walked in. Jimin was in front of the bed, getting in between the enemy and me. He snarled, his boys standing next to them.

Jaebum, now sporting a permanent eye patch as well as a thick scar traveling from his chin down the side of his neck, just stared wide eyed and crazy.

“Good thing Jackson here is a dumb little fuck. Just put on a smile, talk about the past, and this idiot will do anything for you.”

Jaebum’s men started piling into the room and surrounding us. I remained on the bed, pulling Elle and Jumin into my arms. It caught Jaebum’s eye. He smirked and laughed a wicked laugh.

“Oh how the Elders will praise me for bringing in not only one baby, but two!”

Jumin leapt forward and pinned Jaebum to the wall, but Jaebum’s men were quick to pull Jumin off. The now one eyed vampire straightened out his ruffled button up.

“Bring them in boys. We got a long way back to Seoul.” Jaebum patted Jackson’s shoulder as he left the room, giving him a creepy smile, “It was good to see you again Jackson. Keep doing you.”
Jackson turned his head and clenched his hands tight. As we passed by, each of us in the arms of at least two of the Council’s men, it was more and more of a hit to Jackson’s pride. He fucked up.

I cried out and tried thrashing around as they grabbed my children. Jimin did the same, but they stuck a needle in his neck to knock him out. Threatening to do more, they yelled at the rest of us to remain still and cooperative.

I let them drag me out.

Our coven officially back in the hands of the Council.

We were dragged back into the main house of the Council. We were each kept in separate cells as we waited for the Council to make their next move.

But all I could do was curl up into a ball and cry into my knees. Who knew what they were doing to my babies. I was literally lost without them. And this was the worst torture they could have subjected me too. More than my body being cut apart, more than hearing my lover crying out in excruciating pain next to me, this, this was the worst thing I could ever endure.

I heard Jungkook screaming out from determination, and then screaming from terrible pain. Over and over he tried to escape and break out of the cell, but the bars were electrically charged. He finally gave up after the twentieth time, laying back breathless on the concrete floor.

“I’ll get them back for you…. I swear.”

Jin leaned back against the wall opposite the bars, closed eyes, meditating, “We all will Y/N.”
I remained still on the small cot in the corner of the room, my tears slowly stopped. “Thank you…” I could barely manage to say.

A loud bang of a door alerted all of us. I looked up and saw Jaebum standing outside of my cell. He turned his head and nodded to someone I couldn’t see. There was a booming noise of a buzzer, and he was able to unlock the cell.

“You’re coming with me.”

“N-No! Stay away from me!”

He grinned, “Let’s see how good of a fighter you are then.”

Jungkook and the boys all yelled death threats, but it did nothing to keep Jaebum from stalking me into a corner and grabbing me roughly by my hair, dragging me out of the cell.

He barked out, “YELL ALL YOU WANT MONKEYS! Your stupid brothers couldn’t kill me back then, and none of you will see the light of day to even consider killing me now.”

He tightened his hold on my hair and dragged me.

I screamed an ear-splitting scream as I scratched as his hand, feeling a lot of my hair being ripped out from my scalp. Tears flying everywhere as I stared at each of my brothers grasping at the electrified bars. All of them getting shocked and tortured, but no one pulled away as I passed by each of them until I was gone from their sight.

Jaebum was suddenly grabbing at my arms, holding both my wrists in his large hand as he tossed me into the middle of a grand hall. I curled into myself, feeling my head splitting apart from the rips and tears of my hair.

“Jagiya…”
I looked up and realized Jimin was front and center, chained up to a large pole on his knees and his arms pinned behind him. His shirt torn from what looked like whip marks across his chest and a few cuts on his face.

I scrambled to make my way to him, but my body was suddenly flying back with a swift kick to my stomach. I went flying across the floor, only stopping when my back crashed into the wall. I coughed up blood, instantaneously feeling my scar from my lower stomach rip open a little. My blood slowly pulled out of me, circling my body.

“Fuck she’s so delicate….” Jaebum was at my side in a heartbeat and started patching me up. After all, they wanted me alive.

With a loud bang of a gavel, the lights were suddenly going brighter.

I glanced around and noticed the Councilmen all sitting next to each other on a raised podium. And sitting on either side of their raised seats, were several dozen other vampires; all of who looked well educated, well dressed, and perfect vessels to serve the Council.

“We’ve gathered here today for the punishment of one Park Jimin,” Lee Soo-man blaring voice echoed.

Han Sung-soo cleared his throat, “He has committed countless crimes against our way of life. One, manipulating human memory, two, forcing a transformation of a human, and lastly, the most important and unforgivable crime, the murder of Bang Shi-hyuk.”

“Before we serve out the penalty,” Park Jin-young announced with such vile in his voice, “Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

Jimin slowly lifted up his head, his silver bangs stuck to his forehead with his sweat and blood. His eyes piercing as he looked every single councilman in the eyes.

“You sit there on the blood of your people, claiming you protect our way of life, when in fact all you’ve done is manipulated the system to work for you. Have you told our people how you chased out Master Yuri? Do they know you killed his daughter in cold blood?” He gritted his teeth hard and lashed forward, only to be held back because of the chains, “HAVE YOU TOLD THEM HOW YOU’VE TAKEN MY SON AND DAUGHTER?! HUH?!”
He spit out towards them, anger and the effervescent urge to kill them all, “Do they know how you plan on experimenting on my children!? You’re all garbage who only know how to protect yourselves!” He smiled wide, “I’m glad I killed that bastard! And if I wasn’t being held back by these chains, I’ll kill every single one of you! Because that’s what you deserve after living your pathetic lives!”

Yang Hyun-suk smashed the gavel once more, quieting the people spectating. All of their whispers of doubt and confusion coming to an end.

Jin-young just gave out a snide of a chuckle, “This lunatic is just spitting out nonsense in the presence of death. I hope you rot in hell.”

“Why don’t you come down here and say that too my face you dickless piece of shit!”

The elder stood up in anger, but Soo-man grabbed his arm and forced him back down, “Don’t get so riled up. Sit.” He waited for the youngest councilman to sit down and quit his bickering before continuing, “Well we’ve listened to all that you’ve wanted to say. There’s nothing left but to see to your execution.”

My eyes darted to the man dressed in all black, a dark hoodie covering his face. This big bulk of a guy had a whip latched to his side, and a giant scythe in hand. Jaebum lowered the chains to have Jimin’s arms down further, making his body lean forward more. It made his neck and head jut out, making him an easier target for the executioner.

With Jaebum away from me, I crawled over to Jimin and latched onto his neck, crying and screaming for him.

“Get away baby…..” He expressed with such sorrow and regret. “I’m so sorry I can’t keep my promise to you.”

“N-No! You’re not a man who breaks his promises! Please! Please spare his life!”

“Jagiya-”

“Take my life instead!!!”
The hall was dead silent, only my sobbing could be heard. Everyone looked on, some empathy and sadness in their thoughts as they saw the sight before them. But the fear of going against the Council kept their mouths zipped tight and their bodies glued to the benches.

I looked up at the councilmen, but none of them made even the slightest of movements. I turned back around and grabbed at Jimin shoulders; the realization kicking in that in just a few more moments he was going to be taken away from me.

“You’ve always been my one true love. Forever, even in death, will my heart belong to you.”

“Jimin… Jimin no….” My teary eyes made it so hard to see his face clearly, “Don’t leave me….. I love you…..”

“I love you too Y/N. I love you so much.” He leaned forward pressing his lips to mine, his own tears mixing with mine as our cheeks lightly touched one another’s as we deepened the kiss as much as we could.

With the gavel ringing out, Jaebum quickly grabbed my arms and pulled me away.

“JIMIN!!! NO JIMIN!!!!! LET ME GO!!!!! JIMIN!!!!!!”

He cried out, not caring for his pride, not caring for his appearance. He was scared. He was so scared.

“Y/N!!!! Y/N I LOVE YOU!!!!!”

I reached out for him but Jaebum quickly put a thick cloth in my mouth and tying it hard behind my head, keeping me from yelling anymore. Only loud gagging and coughing could escape my lips now.

Jimin’s body fell forward, but unable to touch the ground. He cried and cried, his whole life flashing through his mind.
Seeing Elizabeth for the first time. Seeing his lover take different shapes and forms. The years of pure bliss and happiness. The years of waiting. The years of pain. But all of it to come down to his sunflowered eyed beauty. The mother of his children.

And God… his children.

Jimin and Elle would grow up subjected to torture and experiments. His mate never to see her children.

He cried not at the death that waited for him, but for the life his lover, his children, and his brother’s would live. All suffering to the hands of the damned councilmen.

He raised his head as he heard the loud thumps of the executioners boots getting closer and closer. He locked his eyes on mine, and together we stared at each other.

His beautiful grey crystal eyes never moved from my blooming sunflower ones.

The scythe was raised high above the burly executioner’s head, and still I kept my eyes locked with Jimin’s. There was no stopping the tears just spilling out and soaking the cloth gag in my mouth.

The gavel tolled one last time, giving the signal to execute Park Jimin.

As the scythed lurched down, I saw Jimin’s lips curve into a smile as he whispered.

“I love you.”

I squeezed my eyes shut as I heard the scythe collide with the concrete floor. Jaebum finally let go of my arms and I fell forward just crying and choking on the spit getting caught in my throat.

I was officially all alone in the world.
“What the hell…..” I heard Jaebum suddenly say.

“WHAT-”

“M-Master?!?”

“No no no! How is this possible!!!!”

“THIS MUST BE A TRICK!”

I heard the councilmen losing their minds, the spectators standing up and all talking amongst themselves loudly.

I finally willed my body to look up and noticed Jimin still alive, the scythe behind him, stuck in the ground, the chains broken to the blade.

Both of us crawled our way to each other.

“No you don’t you bitch!”

But before Jaebum could grab my leg to pull me back, two hooded figures had him pinned up against the wall. One of the figures smashing his bare face into the concrete of the wall, making him go limp in their arms. Not wanting to keep him up, they simply let his body fall to the ground.

I pulled at the gag as Jimin sought out my lips, my face, my being, pulling me into a tight embrace and not letting me go despite the situation we were still in.

The tall executioner stepped into the middle of the room and glared at his dongsaengs; Yurye Isageum of Silla was disappointed and pissed.

“I was content in leaving and living out my pitiful life in solitude, grieving the rest of my existence for my daughter Cheonmyeong. But in light of this perjury befalling my people, I will no longer stand in the dark and watch idly.”
“M-Master Yuri, how could you have known-”

The old master stood tall as he looked over the the hooded figures standing over Jaebum, leaving to go free their brother’s, “Min Yoongi and Kim Namjoon, Park Jimin’s faithful followers, sought me out and explained everything. We’ve been in your base for at least two days now. How pitiful you did not notice three new bodies in your midsts.”

Soo-man glared and bit on his bottom lip hard, “You no longer have any authority here! Why should we listen to anything you have to say!”

The Council’s followers were suddenly confused, angry, and outspoken. They were calling for the truth. They were demanding answers. The fog of ignorance slavery was finally lifting with Master Yuri’s mere presence.

“Shall I tell everyone how you and your fellow men there were scared of my newborn. How you killed her. How you casted me out. Spilling out lie after lie to convince yourself that what you did was right. What you thought was justice, was only delusional acts of crime.”

“No! You would have let that thing take over as ruler! We couldn’t let that happen,” Jin-young yelled with an inept vocabulary.

“From your fear you sought death.” He almost felt pity for his dongsaengs, but what they did was unforgivable. “You should have used the mind, your words, to seek out a solution to your fears. I would have agreed to construct a plan to keep our system as more of a Democracy than a Monarchy. But alas, what’s done is done. The blood that has been spilt, is already faded into memory.”

The Council brothers all felt their positions, their rule, and their lives in trouble.

The mindless slaves of the council no longer afraid and helpless, all yelled for the end of the Council’s rule. They demanded their heads. They cheered for Master Yuri to take over once again.

I squeezed Jimin tight, burying my head in his chest and I just remained as small as I could in his arms. All of this felt beyond me. I didn’t have the capacity, nor did I want the capacity, to raise my own opinion in the matter. So long as my mate and I could leave with our children, I didn’t care what happened.
Master Yuri looked down at the two of us, holding each other, in love, and both in pain for our children.

“While the crimes that Park Jimin have committed are not condoned by my standards, I am only here to witness the change of a new system for our people. But as it stands, should we go back to a more monarchal system…. Park Jimin is in line to take control.”

Jimin pulled away and stood up, grabbing me and helping me up with him. He looked so lost and confused at the master's words. “But how is that possible?”

“First and foremost, allow me to apologize for the whipping and pain I caused you. It was only to keep up the disguise so I could witness the events to come.”

“It's ok…” Jimin uttered quietly, still a little beside himself that he was alive in the first place.

“You are a young one. And do not know of the hunt that our family went through at the hands of the Council.” He glared up at the four gentlemen before returning to look at Jimin with a soft gaze. “I erased your memory when our family was being hunted, in order to protect you. And it worked. So to keep you safe, I stayed away as to not give them a hint of who you really were. But it's ok, I don’t expect you to remember the full line of our family. For my mother was a Park, like her father before her. Park Hyeokgeose.”

“But I thought he was your father.”

“He was my grandfather. That got lost in time and turned into what you know.” He walked closer and put his hand gently on Jimin’s head, “But more importantly, our line is something special. We have the ability to create our kind. And in terms more simple, we are able to impregnate our mates and produce sons and daughters.” He smiled softly, “It was only my grandfather who could bite any human and change them. But when he found his mate, he realized the ability was passed and morphed into what you have now.”

“So…. we’re family?”

“We’re family, my son.” He put his hand on top of my head as well, “And you have done well to create your own family.”
I squeezed Jimin and he squeezed me back.

Master Yuri looked up at his fellow vampires and made one last statement, “My fellow brothers and sisters, hold on not to your hate and pride, but be opened to change and peace. Do we not want to live together, strive together for a better future? What the Council only succeeded in accomplishing, is showing us how to alienate one another and dominate with cruelty and paranoia.” His voice resounded through the hall, “Hear me now! Do away with the Council, do away with small fearful minds. I will help guide you all into a new era of love, peace, and understanding. Things of which we all could use a little bit more of. What say you?”

Everyone was quiet to the powerful old master. But slowly everyone sought out their courage. They cheered, applauded, and smiled.

The Council, now outnumbered, only sat in defeat in their highrise chairs, left to be discarded and ignored. For the rest of their tiny insignificant lives, they would be only contemplating the choices they had made that lead them to this very moment.

I hugged Jimin tight and he kissed my cheek. I wept as I looked into his eyes. We were finally free to live out the rest of our lives in peace. Happy and in love.

“Jimin you brat! I tagged you! You’re it!”

“Don’t call me a brat! And you didn’t touch me!!!”

“I called you a brat because you are one! You’re cheating!”
The young Jimin started tearing up as he ran past the giant oak tree, up the stone stairs, and came running to me over the stone foyer that overlooked our land. His soft dark hair curled around his ears and in his eyes, his grey eyes watering in front of me.

“Umma!!! E-Elle called me a brat! And she said I cheated!”

I pulled my son into my lap and wiped his chubby cheeks, flushed from crying, “Oh Jimin, you know she didn’t mean it. Trust me, you’re not a brat.”

Elle was in front of me in a second, her control over her vampire abilities already top notch, “Umma, I tagged him and he didn’t stop. The rules say you have to stop if you get tagged.”

I reached out to my beautiful girl, “It doesn’t mean you have to call your brother a brat. Do you understand?” I lifted Jimin and put him by his sister, “And you Jimin, use your words before you use your tears.” I touched both their cheeks and smiled, “Now can you play like civilized children and not like a couple of silly gooses? Huh?” I tickled under their chins making them squirm and laugh at the touch.

Elle grabbed her brother’s hand with a smile, making sure to go at a normal pace for him. I put my book down and walked to the edge of the foyer as I watched them go back to playing.

And ever so smoothly, I felt arms snake around my waist, and a body press up against my back. The sweet smell of honey resonating around my being.

“Hi baby.”

“Hello my Love,” I cooed, leaning my head back against Jimin’s shoulder.

“Sorry about suddenly leaving. Something came up with work.”

I continued to watch the twins as I spoke, “Well congressional laws and meetings tend to keep you busy. But I don’t mind it. You’re helping to build a new future, Mr. Park Jimin, heir to the vampire world.”
“Aish… Don’t tease me like that,” he said, lightly biting my shoulder as a warning. “Besides, it’s not just me you know.”

“I know I know. You got all the existing coven’s leaders together and created what we have today.”

“That’s right,” he said with a prideful smile.

I turned around in his arms, “I’m so proud of you Jimin. You’ve accomplished so much for our people and for our family.”

He kissed me deep on the lips, putting his forehead against mine, “They’re growing up so fast baby.” He kept his forehead on mine as he looked into my eyes for a second before closing his eyes again, “How is Jr. coming along?”

“He’s still struggling with his speed and his strength, and is nowhere near as strong and as fast as Elle. But he hasn’t given up on learning. In fact he’s found a love for art and writing. I’m very impressed with his intelligence and his gentle personality.”

“That’s good. And baby girl?”

I sighed with a smile, “She’s too much like her Daddy. So confident, proud, and strong. Nothing can keep her from being number one. But just like her Daddy, she’s very possessive over her brother and her family. I’ve noticed the way she cares for him, looks after him.”

“Perhaps because he isn’t as much as a vampire as her?”

“Maybe. But either way, she cares very deeply for him. It’s cute how he tends to follow her around, even though he’s the older of the two.”

He finally pulled his forehead off of mine and peeked past me at his son down in the field below, “I’ll have to toughen him some.”
“Yah! He can be a gentle soul like his Mommy. No need to get him all riled up and mean!”

“Are you suggesting I’m mean?”

I bit my lip a little, letting my bottom lip pop out as I smiled, “No~ of course not~”

“Do I have to teach you a lesson, hm,” he whispered close to my ear, already his fangs close to my neck and poking at my skin.

“Daddy! Don’t bite Mommy!”

Jimin tugged at his Daddy to pull him away, but of course he was unmoving. He just smiled as he pulled his head away to look down at his son.

“Listen here Jr. I can very well bite my lover whenever I want too.”

I smacked his arm, “Park Jimin I swear!”

Elle’s sunflower eyes looked up at mine as she blushed, “Mommy really loves Daddy right?”

I blushed with a gentle smile, “I sure do baby. Very much.”

The waves of her long silver hair swished to the side as she turned to look at her brother, “See Jimin! If they are in love, it’s ok to bite!”

“Atta girl!” Jimin exclaimed with a giant smile, lifting up his daughter.

Jimin lifted up his arms and I happily picked him up and rubbed my nose with his, “Little Jimin, it’s ok if Daddy bites me.”

“Because he loves you?”
“Yup! Because he loves me.”

He smiled, “Ok then Mommy. I guess it’s ok if Daddy bites you.”

My mate’s eyebrow raised, “Am I correct in thinking that he’s challenging me?”

I giggled, “I guess he’s more like you than we think.”

Jimin couldn’t help but laugh out loud. Elle was doing her best to mimic her Daddy’s laugh, throwing her head back just like him. I giggled at the two getting lost in their own laughs. Little Jimin and I watched on with smiles on our faces.

After such a long time of struggle, life and death repeated, we finally found our answer to happiness and peace. Together with Jimin, our two beautiful children, our ever strong brothers, and through the blood, sweat, and tears shed, we finally had a happy home and a happy future to look forward to.

Fin.

Chapter End Notes

oh mah gerd that took so long XD;; But i’m really happy how it turned out. Aren’t baby Jimin and baby Elle cute?! I couldn’t help but squeal a little as I was writing them into the story. And hopefully everything made sense! lol it was a little hard keeping some things
straight in this made up universe of mine hahaha but i think i pulled it off?
Either way! Tell me what you think! I'd love to hear your opinions! ^^
Thank you so much for everyone who's still with me and supporting me! I love my Mochi's! <3

See you in the next fic (continuing Nothing More, Nothing Less)!!!
Bye Bye Please Be Happy ~Miya

End Notes

i really didn't mean for it to be this long
i just kept writing and writing and then after the change i was like "I'M DONE NO MORE PLEASE" but i still felt like there was more i wanted to explain about the universe and it just felt unfinished. and because i'm so ocd about my work, i can't leave it unfinished like that. so there will be a part two. i don't know how long it'll be, or when i'll get it posted because i haven't even started writing it, but i do know the main parts? (sigh i'm sorry i'm such a terrible writer)
ANYWAYS, i hope you like it. this my first time writing anything with vamps and i hope it went well?
ok then, that's it, bye bye please be happy
see you in part two

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!