**Naughty Readings For Naughty Readers**

by **Supermans_crib**

**Summary**

A series of one-shots comprised of Jungkook taking it up the ass. Enjoy.

**Notes**

One-shot list:

Seokjin/Jungkook: Arranged marriage/Hybrid au – ‘The time has come for Seokjin’s clan to settle its ancient rivalry with the renowned Usagi clan. What better way to unite them, than to marry the beautiful brother of the clan’s leader?’

Yoongi/Jungkook: Vampire au – ‘Jungkook’s gorgeous new master likes to walk around his gardens with a parasol as he reads from his Latin book of poetry. He also enjoys kinky sex and cliché pet names.’

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**Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/5731129.**
Hoseok/Jungkook: Demon au – ‘The next cycle of Head Demons have been announced, and Greed is excited to meet his new colleagues. What Greed doesn’t anticipate, is the magnetizing allure that sweet Lust exudes.’

Namjoon/Jungkook: Werewolf au (A/B/O) – ‘On their clan’s quest for territorial domination, an Omega from a small pack is offered to the Leader’s son as a peace offering.’

Jimin/Jungkook: Forbidden Love au – ‘Maybe if he had married Seokjin out of love, he might have felt guilty for sneaking off to be with Jimin behind his back. Fortunately, that is not the case.’

Taehyung/Jungkook: Extraterrestrial au – ‘Taehyung visits an old trading partner to settle his mother’s debts. Only, he leaves with more than he originally bargained for.’

Seokjin/Jungkook: Mage au – ‘Master Seokjin and his apprentice are sent out on a mission to steal a dragon’s egg. The disaster that ensues finds them stranded in a cave in the middle of a storm. Also, Jungkook thinks his master looks hot without a shirt on.’

Yoongi/Jungkook: Reaper au – ‘In the history of existence, Yoongi may very well be the only Shinigami to have ever known the beauty of companionship.’

Hoseok/Jungkook: Hunter au – ‘They assign him to hunt down and kill a stray Wendigo that has been terrorizing the city. What they don’t tell him is that this particular Wendigo has a distinct taste for virgins.’

Namjoon/Jungkook: Mafia au – ‘A cross-dressing high school student is brought in for investigation as the baby brother of Min Yoongi, Namjoon’s gang rival.’

Jimin/Jungkook: Avatar au – ‘In which Avatar Jimin returns to him from war, and Prince Jungkook of the Northern Water Tribe couldn’t have been more overjoyed to see him.’

Taehyung/Jungkook: Superpowers au – ‘Certain experiments compliment one another – they draw strength from their auras to become more powerful. Not Taehyung though. He wasn’t compatible with any of the other experiments. At least, not until Jungkook came along.’
Title: Soft

Pairing: JinKook

Warnings: Feminization (I guess?), smut, self-lubrication

**Summary:** ‘The time has come for Seokjin’s clan to settle its ancient rivalry with the renowned Usagi clan. What better way to unite them, than to marry the beautiful brother of the clan’s leader?’

Word Count: 11.1k
The burning of incense hangs strongly in the atmosphere. It’s suspended from a small, brass bowl that’s chained to the ceiling just above his head. It banishes the fragrance of melting wax from the candles that are situated around the room to cast out the darkness of the night. The gentle chirping of crickets can be heard from outside, abundant in the beautiful gardens they had admired on their way to the main quarters. For a place his father had painted as so barren and toxic, this tiny speck of paradise is certainly in contradiction to his flawed logic.

Seokjin kneels on a pillow before an elevated wooden platform. His escorting guards kneel on pillows slightly behind him, present as more of a precaution than an aggressive gesture. As strong and mighty as their clan is, they are in unfamiliar territory, and he is the new Head of the clan. His death could lead to an unsystematic brawl for the new role of leadership, as he has no siblings or offspring to take up his position.
That being said, he does not believe the Usagi clan to be the savage barbarians they have been depicted as in the past. Because of the rather unique trait definitive of their people, it has caused some concern from his clan in the past. The feud his clan and the Usagi clan dates back to ancient times, where his ancestors had deemed those who carry the physical hybrid appearance to be lesser humans. They were often stolen and kept as sex slaves, or mutilated to look more ‘normal’ in the eyes of their people. The Usagi clan had responded aggressively to say the least. There were countless wars, countless conflicts, all because of the bad blood that is between them.

Seokjin is here now though, to settle this once and for all. He is here to redeem all the mistakes and bloodshed their clans have caused.

The Head of the Usagi clan is roughly his age, maybe even a little younger. As different as their fathers were, their deaths occurred astoundingly close. His father had been battling an illness for some time, so his death had been anticipated, but not a week later it was announced that Junghyun had become the Head, which could only precede the death of his father.

As a strategist, he saw this as an opportunity. Their minds are fresh and hopeful for a better future, and what way to orchestrate such promise than to propose an allied union? He has been conveying letters with Junghyun since he had pitched the idea to him some months ago, and after negotiation transpired, they came to a most honorable and peaceful conclusion.

The very man sits slightly above him on the elevated platform, kneeling on a silk pillow. His back is straight with his hands resting on his thighs, exuding the confidence of an experienced leader. His father must’ve trained him since birth to have him yield such certainty so early into his rule.

To his right kneels his wife, who carries the physical hybrid trait definitive of their clan. Her long rabbit ears are as black as her long straight hair, complimenting her soft, demure features. She bears the kimono of the Head Wife, an abundance of thick, luxurious materials that remind him of Sakura flowers.

To his left kneels his mother. Looking upon her now confirms a rumor that had circulated among Seokjin’s people – one of the only ones that are apparently true. It was suggested by theorists that the ears and tail of a hybrid would typically match the hue of their natural hair colour. Seokjin himself had only ever gazed upon the ears of obsidian and chocolate brown. However, white ears are said to be almost exclusive to the Head family. One would think it would look mismatched, but he thinks it oddly suits the aged woman.

To the very back of the platform, sitting cross-legged against the wall, are two figures Seokjin could only speculate are the grandmother and the younger brother. It is difficult to deduce the
latter, for he hides his face behind a veil and keeps almost every inch of himself buried under his kimono. What he can see though, are the ears that spring from a muss of silk black hair, more refined and softer than the ones of his grandmother, who has since withered in her old age. The wrinkles and folds of her skin speak of wisdom and experience, and he finds this fascinating. Not many people are lucky enough to make it to such an age, usually falling victim to illness or disease before too long.

“It warms me that we could meet on such celebratory terms, Seokjin-ssi,” Junghyun speaks in a clear tone.

Unlike everyone else in his family, Junghyun appears to be the only one that doesn’t carry the physical hybrid trait. Much like his father, he appears as a regular male human. He only carries the hybrid trait, which could be passed down to his future children.

“Yes,” he clears his throat. “It saddens me that no attempt at an alliance was made sooner. It is time to place aside our violent history, and hope for a peaceful future that our children, and our children’s children can enjoy.”

Junghyun hums in approval. “I agree. We must set aside our differences and hope our people will someday do the same. From your letters I can tell you are a considerate and kind leader who aspires to make revolutionary changes to our society. I’m sure it will resonate in the generations to come. It gives me great satisfaction to hand my younger brother off to you. I believe you will treat him well.”

Seokjin leans forward until his forehead grazes the floorboards, remaining there as he speaks, “I swear on my life, and the honor of my clan, that your brother will be treated with all the love and respect he deserves.”

When he straightens, Junghyun’s mother is regarding him with an approving expression – the first flicker of emotion he has seen from her since his entrance. Junghyun himself looks pleased, lacing his fingers in his lap with a gracious smile.

“Did you bring the scrolls?”

Seokjin nods and looks over his shoulder at one of his guards, gesturing him forward with a small jerk of his head. The armored guard bows before crawling over to his side, producing a large scroll with elaborate rollers and fine paper to separate its crucial importance from the rest. He splays the script out in front of him, presenting the intricate characters that have been written and re-written without fault.
Since he is the very person to word the terms and conditions to his personal scribe, he has no need to read it over carefully before accepting the wooden stamp and inkwell from his escort. The stamp has his family emblem etched into the bottom of it, and he is sure to apply the red ink carefully over its intricate contours and ridges. He presses it firmly at the end of the scripture, leaving an appropriate amount of space at the bottom to include Junghyun’s signature.

It is then presented before the Head of the Usagi clan. Junghyun reads over it critically, despite every bit of its contents discussed previously through letters. Seokjin had been very shrewd in the wording of this script, because he knows that this alliance hangs in the balance between equality and also acknowledgement for his clan’s wrongdoings. It will be hard to win over the popularity of this decision, but it is a matter that can be morphed with time. What counts as the most important factor in this union, is Jeon Junghyun’s signature in the corner of that scroll.

His wife produces the ink well, but no stamp. Seokjin is overcome with brief confusion before he watches Junghyun press his iron ring against the spongy pad of the well. It doesn’t take a genius to tell that he bares a family heirloom with his family’s insignia on it; only he can use it to personally print his approval on the fine rice paper.

“From now on, our clans will co-exist together in harmony. Acts of violence and hate against one another is punishable by our authority, and discrimination will be a thing of the past. Seokjin-ssi, it truly has been an honor to work with you in drawing this bloodless conclusion. We have made history.”

Junghyun wipes his ring with a cloth, presenting him with his first genuine smile, which is not at all forced by common courtesy. It’s an expression of pure relief and happiness, and Seokjin is honestly relieved to see him look less than gravely serious for once. He mirrors the beauty that runs thickly through his family line, the twitch of his upturned lips and the twinkle in his eyes emitting an ethereal glow.

The wife and mother smile too, mimicking the leader’s joy. Seokjin tries his best to reflect as much delight as he can through his expression, bowing in tandem with his escorts.

“Forgive me if it isn’t so prudent of me to ask, Junghyun-ssi.” He clears his throat embarrassedly. “When will it be appropriate to meet my wife-to-be?”

Junghyun beams. “Why, on your wedding day, of course!”

The secrecy seems a little unnecessary, since he’s very much aware that the brother is sitting just at
the back of the room, but he chooses not to inquire any further. It must be some sort of grand tradition where the groom cannot see or interact with the bride before the wedding. So little his clan has bothered to learn about the Usagi culture. He almost feels ashamed.

Still, nothing stops him from allowing his eyes to drift over to the veiled figure. The grandmother is holding his hand and cooing something into his human ear. She seems like a very sweet woman, particularly in how she regards her youngest grandson with so much tenderness and assurance.

It disturbs him greatly, to think that this event may cause any stress to his bride. He wants to go over to him, he wants to comfort him and convince him that he will be a fitting husband for him. Of course such audacity isn’t accepted under such conditions, and he watches with a beat of sadness as the veiled hybrid is ushered out of the room by his grandmother.

He is only given a moment to wallow in remorse before a small cup of sake is urged into his hand by a servant as Junghyun insists they celebrate.

Of course, Seokjin would never deny Junghyun the pleasure, and proceeds with his men into another room, away from the women, to meet his entourage of political figures. He should’ve bothered to learn all their names and positions to make reference to in future collaborations, but whenever his small cup of sake is guzzled, it would quickly be refilled. It lulls him into a haze of laughs and conversation with strangers he never would have had the confidence to conduct if he were stone cold sober.

He leaves with his guards that night with a thought nagging at the back of his mind. None of the political figures he had met that night carried the physical hybrid trait, making him wonder whether there is further discrimination against the gene within the clan’s dynamics. It must be a cultural thing – he isn’t in a position to pass judgment at this point. His next concern lies with his people and the wedding plans.

It is held in a grand temple in the heart of Usagi territory. It’s spring, and the gods have granted them mercy on this historical day. The sun burns vibrantly but mercifully, with the blue expanse of sky streaked with the occasional cloud to drift languidly by. Insects dance in the large pond surrounding the wooden sanctuary, weaving through a picturesque image of lily pads cradling lotus flowers of the faintest pink. They can be seen through the paper doors that open out onto the sightseeing exterior.

Since the foundation of this wedding is no doubt a political move to strengthen the bond of two old enemies, there are many attending who are not biologically related to either of the Head
families involved. As much as Seokjin would have preferred the intimacy of a small wedding, there is no stopping the involvement of clan elders and political strategists and advisors who insist on being there.

It is apparent that even with the treaty signed, some of his men remain distrustful. They sit in rows along the perimeter, each side occupied by either clan. It would have been a little too risky to merge the seating arrangements, so it was decided to keep them on either side to ensure nobody attempts an impromptu assassination.

Seokjin kneels on a pillow at one end of the room, his mother sitting slightly behind him brewing a kettle of tea. A small band of musicians play gentle music quite fitting to the scenery, and he allows the melody to sink into his joints and calm his erratic heartbeat. He had been sidetracked from his nerves when preparing for the ceremony, his mother and a few servants helping him into his ceremonial garb and refining him to the best of their abilities. It had been a nice distraction at the time, but now that he’s kneeling here, in front of all these people, on the day of his wedding, it’s hard not to feel a little nervous.

His mother is probably one of the only people from the clan’s previous generation to actually approve of this matrimony. She has always been a forward-thinking person, even if her husband hadn’t shared the same opinions. Although she holds no political sway in the clan’s dynamics, her thoughts and views resonated quite clearly in Seokjin’s upbringing. She made sure he wasn’t influenced by his father’s archaic attitude, and since she played a more predominant role in his upbringing, her efforts were successful.

Despite all the controversy shrouding this significant ceremony, Seokjin can admit with confidence that he is proud of himself. He is happy that they are finally heading in the right direction – towards peace. Although this marriage won’t necessarily solve all their problems in a day, he’s sure that this move will be a pinnacle to elicit further gestures of peace and harmony between their clans.

The doors to the main entrance begin to open at a deliberate speed, signaling a change in the melody of the music playing. Junghyun’s mother steps through first, clad in an elegant red kimono that drags across the tatami flooring. Her face is powdered in a fine layer of make-up, and a single strip of red has been painted down the middle of her bottom lip. She keeps her head bowed, her face hidden behind her fringe, even as she approaches the end of the aisle, settling onto a pillow to his immediate right.

Second to enter the temple at an equally gradual pace is the grandmother. Her make up is much the same as the mother’s, with the additional small red dots underneath the skin of her eyes. He knows little of the significance of these markings, because they are dissimilar to the traditional make-up worn by brides in his culture, but he embraces it all the same. He bows at her as she
passes, assuming the pillow to his immediate left.

Junghyun and his brother enter last, walking side by side with the bride hanging off one of the older man’s arms. As much as he wanted to acknowledge Junghyun, perhaps crack a polite smile for him or something, his eyes remained solely on the centre of everyone’s current attention.

He found out, through some connections, that his bride’s name is Jungkook. He enjoyed testing the name on the tip of his tongue leading up to the wedding, though it pains him to still see a veil strewn over his face. He’s in a long, overly layered kimono that could put his own ceremonial attire to shame, with the top layer a finely crafted masterpiece of snowy white. The obi keeping it all together has the lightest hue of pink, much like the lotus flowers decorating the temple’s pond. His white bunny ears are tucked away beneath an elaborate headpiece consisting of dangling tassels and a tiny twig branch of blossoms.

When they reach the end of the aisle, Junghyun delicately leads Jungkook to the pillow facing him. He makes sure his brother is comfortable before joining his mother’s side, commencing the beginning of the ceremony.

Seokjin’s mother conducts the ritual. It’s strange to see her recite old passages from ceremonial scrolls. As her only son, this will be the first and only time she will ever narrate these verses. But he can tell by the sparkle in her eye as she speaks with the voice of a storyteller, that she is brimming with pride.

Seokjin can feel his heart swell for so many different reasons. He’s happy that his mother approves. He’s happy that he’s getting married. He’s happy that he’s making a difference in their society. This might just be the best day of his life.

Once the recited verses are concluded, she starts pouring the boiled tea into two small cups. The drinking of the same tea is supposed to represent marital unity, and since the custom is apparently similar for the Usagi clan, Seokjin was permitted to conduct the traditions of his own heritage for this segment.

They sip from their cups, but do not gorge the entirety of its contents, because it is a symbol of selfishness. Once the cups are set aside, they turn to one another, and Seokjin is finally allowed to remove the veil.

He is met with a worried gaze.
Jungkook’s face is smaller than his brother’s, and his eyes are a little bigger. A slash of red paints his bottom lip, with twin red dots sitting parallel to one another on his forehead. His wisps of raven locks fall down over his eyes, creating a demure illusion that most Usagi hybrids carry. His lashes are dark and long, and his lips are small and cherub-like. The large, gaping scar marred over the ridge of his nose is charming and cute, much like the rest of his features.

He realizes he’s been staring too long when he catches Jungkook’s mother squirming uncomfortably out the corner of his eye. It dawns on him then, why Jungkook seems so concerned.

He cups the side of the young boy’s face, as bold as it may be in the eyes of spectators, and smiles blissfully at him.

“You’re beautiful,” he croons softly, just loud enough to reach Jungkook’s ears. A sense of relief washes over his bride’s features then, and the tension in his shoulders slips away.

Seokjin quickly withdraws his hand then, and gracefully rises to his feet. The instruments pick up volume again as Jungkook links their arms together, shyly leaning his weight against him as a tiny gesture of affection. He can feel the muscles in his face stretching into a wide grin, a fluttering in his heart that he’s never felt before.

The guests rise to their feel with them, and waited patiently as the couple is lead out by the relatives present at the ceremony. On their way down, Seokjin and Jungkook were forced to bow in the direction of everybody they pass as an honorable gesture of respect. As much as Seokjin is grateful that people came, the formalities get a little tedious once they’ve reached about halfway.

The banquet, in contrast to the actual ceremony, is far more intimate. It consists of strictly family. Seokjin is introduced to some of Jungkook’s cousins, uncles and aunts, all of whom are just as polite and gracious as his mother and brother. He learns that his new bride is terribly shy towards meeting new people, and doesn’t dare to speak a word to any of Seokjin’s relatives. Of course, he is perfectly polite to them. He smiles and he bows and he giggles behind the sleeve of his kimono when it’s appropriate, but never engages himself in conversation.

Seokjin watches with a swell of pride as Jungkook shuffles around the spacious area to present wines to his new side of the family. He keeps his head bowed and his eyes at his feet with every offering, a demure sense of dignity that was likely hammered into him at a young age. He cannot help but think Jungkook is the single most desirable human being he has ever come across. Dare he say his heart beats faster, when the boy casts his smile towards him?

Junghyun settles down beside him, his legs crosses and his hands resting on his knees, following
the direction of Seokjin’s attention. He smiles pleasantly at the sight of his younger brother. “I want to thank you, for not thinking less of my brother’s beauty.”

Startled by his words, Seokjin slowly turns his head in Junghyun’s direction. He blinks. “Whatever do you mean?”

“My mother and I feared Jungkook would never be wed. Unfortunately, a lot of men find his scar to be… unappealing.” The man makes a face, disgusted by the very word.

Seokjin chuckles softly. “So you tried tricking me into marrying him?”

Junghyun tilts his head in thought. “I wouldn’t say it was trickery. After exchanging messages for so long, I sincerely began to believe you would be smart enough to look past my brother’s physical flaw. And, once I had met you in person, I was confident that you would take care of my brother.”


The clan head smiles at him knowingly. “Nothing was stopping you from calling off the wedding. Nothing was stopping you from demanding to meet Jungkook beforehand. If you had threatened to withdraw the deal, I would have been left with no other choice.”

Seokjin scoffs incredulously. “I am not petty.”

“No, you are not. Which is why I trust you, Seokjin-ssi. I would not be giving my little brother’s hand to you otherwise.”

His eyes find their way back to Jungkook, who is nodding respectfully to his uncle. “Despite what some men may think, I believe Jungkook’s scar to be a charming quality. If anything, it refines his beauty.”

Junghyun smiles. “Yes, I agree.”

The banquet is dragged out for ten courses, all of which are rotated around by the servants. The dishes were primarily vegetarian, in contrast to Seokjin’s clan, which usually served meat and
seafood. This doesn’t surprise him in the least. If he stops to think about it, it honestly makes perfect sense. A rabbit wouldn’t eat meat, so why would a hybrid rabbit?

As time draws closer for Seokjin and his family to take Jungkook back to their lands, the young bride’s anxiety becomes all the more obvious. He often lingered by his mother or his grandmother’s side instead of sitting next to Seokjin at the head of the banquet, clutching at the sleeves of their kimonos like a nervous child. They respond as though they are used to this sort of behavior, so he tries not to be alarmed by it. Instead, he tries his best to lure Jungkook into a private conversation – something he hasn’t attempted until now.

He guides them away from the celebration. Outside there is a patio overlooking a beautiful garden, exuding an ambience of tranquility that no amount of ruckus from his uncle could disrupt. He slides the paper doors closed to block out the chatter of conversation, turning around slowly to watch his new spouse.

Jungkook rests his hands on the wooden rail, gazing out upon the gardens with a twinkle of fondness. A frog leaps into the small pond by the ancestral shrine, creating a rippling affect that disturbs the dragonflies. The setting sun streaks pink and orange across the skies, bathing the scenery in a warm and promising glow. The gentle caress catches on Jungkook’s kimono and bounces off the silky strands of his black hair.

Seokjin steps forward to stand by his side, his hands linking behind him. “Your family is very generous and kind. I feel very honored to have met them.”

The boy doesn’t turn his head, his grip tightening on the rails. “I will miss them dearly.”

“You are more than free to visit them as regularly as you please.” The corners of his lips twitch upward. “Your brother would never allow for you to be completely severed from your heritage.”

“Hyung is a wise man,” Jungkook muses. “The decisions he has made as the clan’s leader resonate a larger impact than anything my father ever achieved. I am proud of him. However,” his eyes flicker towards him, “I have difficulty understanding why you proposed this arrangement.”

“Oh?” Seokjin arches an eyebrow amusedly. “And why is that, my love?”

Jungkook flushes beneath his make-up, quickly averting his gaze back to the gardens. “My clan is small and reserved. Our allies cannot even compare to the empire your clan has established in these lands. I would hardly think your people would benefit from this alliance, especially when we
“Ah, but you misinterpret my intentions.” He leans closer slowly, so that the movement doesn’t startle the boy. He tenderly brushes aside a lock of raven hair, tucking it behind his human ear. “My goal was to reinvent the social attitude of my people. Perhaps your clan cannot benefit me economically, but I think settling the feud as a relic of the past may influence open-mindedness in my clan’s upcoming generations.”

“But —” the hybrid becomes flustered. “Even then, why didn’t you turn me away? You could’ve easily demanded a more appealing spouse.”

Seokjin tilts his head slightly. “Are you unhappy with the arrangement, my dear? Does it upset you that you will be separated from your family?”

“It’s — it’s not that. No, I can handle leaving this place. I am of age. If hyung hadn’t married me off to you, it would have been to another.” He pauses, fiddling with the material of his sleeve. “It just bothers me, how easily you accept me like this. Surely your relatives disapprove — your people do. They will deem me unworthy of you.”

“It is an unavoidable outcome, unfortunately.” He reaches out to brush his knuckles against the side of Jungkook’s face, reveling at the gentle skin. “But if you think for a second you are unworthy of me, then perhaps I might just fight to prove you wrong. Might I kiss your lips to flatter you? Might I disrobe you to worship your beauty?”

Jungkook indulges a tiny smile, turning his head slightly away from him. “You are audacious. I hope you reserve such promises for the privacy of our quarters.”

Seokjin pulls back, his hand falling to sit above Jungkook’s. “Indeed.”

They depart at twilight. Jungkook shares a teary goodbye to his family before he is helped up onto Seokjin’s horse. His arms circle around the man’s waist, resting his cheek on the cloth above his shoulder blade. He finds himself giddy with excitement the whole way home. It isn’t a particularly long journey, since their clan’s main branch resides just at the other end of the valley that divides them.

The breeze is cooler than it had been during the day, making the thick layers of his kimono a lot more bearable than they had been. The rest of the wedding guests from his side had left earlier after the ceremony, so the party they now travel in is considerably smaller. He can spot his mother
“I’m ready to take this make-up off,” Jungkook declares determinedly.

Seokjin chuckles, tightening his grip on the reins so he can steer his horse clear of a protruding shrub. “I’ve been meaning to ask you what the dots on your forehead mean. We don’t mimic the same fashion back at home.”

“There is a belief in our culture that the life is split into two pieces. One dot represents the era of childhood, the other – the era of marriage. When I attended my brother’s marriage, I only had a crescent, because I was not of age and therefore, hadn’t completed my era of childhood.”

“Interesting. But if you are only just now embarking upon your ‘era of marriage,’ shouldn’t it be one dot and one crescent?” Seokjin ponders aloud.

Jungkook shrugs. “Both eras are interpreted differently. While the era of childhood can only be completed when you come of age, the era of marriage is seen as a completed cycle from the beginning.”

“And why is that?”

“In our clan, there is no such thing as a second marriage. You marry once, and once you have, you achieve lifetime fulfillment.”

The man hums. “I suppose now that we’re married, I ought to study more about your culture. I think it will benefit me in the long run.”

“You can always ask my brother for books and records of our history. He would be more than happy to lend them to you.”

“I suppose I shall ask him in my next letter,” he deliberates idly. “Do you know much about my clan’s culture?”

Jungkook burrows up against him shyly. “I’ve… I did a little research when hyung told me you
were discussing a marriage.”

“And what did you find?”

“Well… according to records, the groom deflowers the bride on their wedding night.” His voice is so quiet it’s like a whisper in the wind, but Seokjin hears him all the same.

He chuckles, making light of the topic. “This is true, though it is much the same for all cultures.”

“N-not mine! The groom is to wait at least a week before making any sexual advances!”

“And you really believe that the rule is enforced? Do you have people checking to see if the bride is untainted on the sixth day?”

Jungkook hesitates. “Well… no.”

“Then how could anyone possibly know if they’ve played by the rules or not?”

Jungkook is silent to the question, leading Seokjin to believe he has been cornered. They ride the rest of the way back in relative but comfortable silence. The atmospheric serenity of the valley drawing away the need for conversation, and as keen as Seokjin is to learn more about his new bride, he has come to the recent realization that they have all the time in the world. They are married now. Jungkook is his wife. He’s a married man.

The entrance into Seokjin’s village is presented as a shrine-like archway; it’s red paint slightly withered and discoloured, and its tiled roof collecting patches of mould. There’s a wooden slate above them with the characters of ‘Karasu no Ichizoku’ painted in calligraphy across its surface.

Jungkook never guessed that one day he would be entering into this compound on his own free will. There was always the lingering threat that the Karasu clan would soon one day enslave their people, and it had been a very real threat right up until the death of Seokjin’s father. Once Seokjin started preaching his goals for peace and harmony, the social anxiety in their village started to ease up considerably.

The pebbled streets are ignited with lanterns hanging on the supporting beams on every house’s
patio. As a previous enemy of the Karasu clan, Jungkook hadn’t expected much of a greeting from Seokjin’s people. To his pleasant surprise though, there were villagers out in the streets waiting for their arrival, parting like a sea to allow Seokjin’s horse to casually pass through. Bits of Seokjin’s family broke off from the group with tired farewells, but it was hard to pay them the utmost of his attention when children and adults were gushing at them from every angle of the footpath.

“Do you always get such a welcoming from your people, Seokjin?” Jungkook inquires nervously, all the while holding up his knees to stop a grabby toddler from pulling at his robes.

His husband gives a hearty laugh. “Of course not. They’re here to see you, silly.”

“M-me?” Just as timing would have it, a woman shoves a bouquet of flowers at him, begging him to take it. With a moment of uncertainty, he plucks it from her hands, and watches the joy light up in her face right before she is lost in the crowd of spectators.

He shyly sniffs the beautiful flowers, hiding his face against the sculpted surface of Seokjin’s back. “Many of my people have never set foot outside the compound borders. They aren’t very familiar with outsiders, particularly people from the Usagi clan. Some are here out of curiosity, some are here to genuinely welcome you, others to pay their respects to our marriage.”

“That’s…” The hybrid blushes, “very sweet. At this time the villagers in my town would usually be locked away in their homes. I’m almost embarrassed that my people did not make a bigger deal of your visit.”

The man snorts, shaking his head. “Don’t be ridiculous. You’re people were perfectly amiable.”

“P-perhaps. But it was nothing to this scale.”

Seokjin waves to his people, presenting a proud and charming smile. “Nonsense. Our cultures are different, but neither is better than the other.”

Seokjin’s family complex looks more like an expensive inn than an actual house. It’s a lot more extravagant than Jungkook’s family home anyway. Seokjin’s mother has her own cottage separate from the main building, and it had been built after the death of her husband.

“How come she doesn’t stay in the main complex?” Jungkook asks Seokjin confusedly, watching
“How come she doesn’t stay in the main complex?” Jungkook asks Seokjin confusedly, watching as his new mother-in-law treks down the footpath, leading her horse by the reins. “I mean – there looks to be plenty of room.”

“There is,” his husband agrees, stepping off the stirrup of his horse. He outstretches his arms, his hands gripping Jungkook’s waist to help him down. “Aside from the servant’s quarters, there would be enough room to house my entire extended family too. But my mother doesn’t enjoy the spaciousness. She may or may not move into the main complex once we start our own family, but until then, I think she enjoys the modesty of her own little place.”

Servants are there to greet them by the main entrance. They bow to them, all clad in uniformed yukatas and same length hair. If he didn’t look too closely at their features, he would barely be able to tell them apart.

“I want you to prepare my bride for tonight,” Seokjin informs them firmly. “Bring him to my room in an hour – no later, understood?”

They bow, and suddenly Jungkook has this sinking feeling inside his chest. He instinctively reaches out to clutch Seokjin’s arm, a look of panic dominating his expression. “Y-you’re leaving me with strangers?”

The man turns to him, his features soft and handsome under the moonlight. He smiles reassuringly, reaching out to cup the side of his face. Despite his anxiety, Jungkook finds himself leaning into the warm touch, his heart fluttering inside his chest. He quite likes it when his husband touches him so sweetly; it’s unlike anything he’s ever experienced before. Men were never allowed to touch him in such a way, and being so starved has made him needy, like a cat that has been denied affection.

“It’s only for a short time, my little rabbit. We will be together once again very soon.” Seokjin’s lips brush against his forehead, and he knows then he has no choice but to be compliant. He cannot defy his husband, not now, not ever.

“O-okay,” he nods, stepping away from Seokjin’s grasp. “I will see you soon.”

His husband smiles and nods in approval. He wistfully watches Seokjin disappear towards the stables with his horse before turning to the servants, forcing a smile.

He’s never been particularly good at meeting new people. Some would find this shocking, considering he is the son of a highly esteemed family, but unlike his brother, he always lacked the
skills to communicate properly with others. His family were his comfort, the people he surrounded himself with because they understood him better than anyone. What’s more is they did not judge him. It’s astounding how many people have said that “it’s a shame about his scar, he really would’ve been a heartbreaker otherwise.”

No, the scar certainly didn’t help. In childhood he didn’t have a problem with it that much, but the older he become the more people exaggerated his flaws until eventually; he did have a problem with it. That’s probably why he was never a people person. They’re too critical.

Seokjin appears pleasant enough though – his family too. Nobody mentioned the scar, likely for the fear of offending the bride on his wedding day. The servants too, don’t say a word about his physical flaw. Like most humble servants, the two that guild him through the courtyard keep their heads bowed and do not speak a word. He’d imagine them to be far chattier when their superiors aren’t around, but for now, in the presence of Seokjin’s new spouse, they are as quiet as can be.

Jungkook finds this comforting. It’s been a long day, with too many interactions for him to be pleasant about. He senses there will be more introductions to come, now that he poses as a bridge between two clans, and the thoughts has him feeling queasy already. No – he shouldn’t think of such things right now. He has other matters far sooner to worry about – an hour away, to be exact.

He’s lead over to a private bathhouse on the corner of the complex. It’s lit with lanterns inside, leading Jungkook to believe that they were preparing for his arrival long before Seokjin gave the order. They make quick work of his ceremonial headpiece and the first few layers of his kimono, and he’s demure enough to admit he feels a little exposed without all the heavy layers to support him. He doesn’t miss the glance the servants share at the sight of his rabbit ears, standing ivory and proud. He tugs on them gently. They felt very cramped in that blasted headpiece, and there is tension around his neck and shoulders from balancing it for so long.

One of the girls sits him down on the edge of the bath that has been scaled into the floor, the other teetering over to start fiddling with the faucets. She produces a small basin filled with warm water and a damp cloth, hesitantly reaching over for him.

“I’m – I’m going to remove your make-up now, Jungkook-ssi.” He nods shyly and allows her to cup the side of his face. She smiles pleasantly, gripping the damp cloth in her other hand as she starts rubbing off the paint that has already started to peel around the edges.

She works quickly and efficiently like any professional servant would, somehow managing not to cause any irritation at his expense, even around the sensitive eye area. He glances every now and again at the other girl in his peripheral, interested in the bottle of salts and fragrances she keeps emptying into the bath water.
His face feels significantly lighter without the make-up. It feels easier to smile without grimacing now, and with this in mind he thanks the servant for removing the ghastly concealment.

“The water is ready, Jungkook-ssi,” the other servant informs him, shutting off the faucets. “Since you are male, we are not at liberty to help you bathe. However, we will wait for you outside when you are finished. If you need anything, do not hesitate to shout. Also –” she politely takes the bouquet of flowers from him, “– I’ll find a proper place for these, shall I?”

Neither of the servants blushes as she explains this, and Jungkook feels almost foolish for flushing so openly. He frantically nods and thanks them once again, and they reply with nothing more than a bow. They leave him to disrobe, and as he folds the yukata neatly and shuffles over to the wooden bench, he finds a fresh yukata waiting for him to wear after his bath. He’s relieved at how adeptly prepared the servants had been. At this rate he would be ready to reunite with Seokjin with time to spare.

He eases into the hot bath, and oh – how relieved he is to finally relax. As smoothly as his wedding day had gone, there was no denying the natural stress and anxiety the day would inevitably entail. Even with his mother’s predominate hand in organising the ceremony; he had been haunted by the thought of marrying a complete stranger. As handsome and ambitious as his new husband seemed the first day he witnessed him converse with his older brother, he had every right to doubt his brother’s choice on his behalf.

Why a man from the Karasu clan, of all families? And the former leader’s son, no doubt! He thought him to be a tyrant hell bent on destroying their clan’s peaceful way of life. Of course now he suspects this to be untrue.

He takes his time cleaning himself. An hour is a long time, and considering how well behaved he had been today, he feels he has every right to enjoy this bath. At the end of the day, this is truly the only thing he looked forward. That being said, he cleans thoroughly. He cleans between the toes, under the arms and through every crevice and contour until he is absolutely saturated with perfume. The combination of fragrances proves to be a little too much for his sensitive nose, but he enjoys it all the same. He likes to smell beautiful.

Once Jungkook is done, he towels himself off and slips into the yukata, tightening the sash around his waist before crossing the room to knock on the closed shutters.

“I’m done,” he announces mildly. The shutters immediately open to reveal the duo, one manned with a small towel and the other with a fancy comb.
“Please sit comfortably, Jungkook-ssi, we must dry your hair.”

He sits on his heels with his hands folded in his lap as the ladies make quick work of him. One of them ruffles his hair with more force than he thinks necessary, while the other combs out the knots, carefully avoiding the hindrance of his ears. They repeat this process for an entire five minutes until Jungkook’s hair has been fluffed and styled to their satisfaction.

It does nothing to help the tension in his neck and shoulders.

“Where are we going?” he daringly asks as he’s lead up a flight of wooden stairs, his bare feet thudding against the hollow planks.

“To the master bedroom,” the one behind him answers. He can feel his human ears reddening. “Seokjin-ssi isn’t likely to be there yet, since we finished early, but you will be expected to wait for him there until his appearance.”

“Right.”

The master bedroom is located at the end of the balcony hallway. Behind the sliding twin doors there lies a room that is far larger than any of the rooms in his old home, with enough empty space to dance and kick his feet without disturbing any of the ornaments hanging from the walls or furniture.

That’s where the servants leave him. They bow and they close the twin doors behind them, and Jungkook is left to sit on his heels in the centre of the room, admiring his luxurious surroundings with awe.

Incense burns on the wooden surface of some drawers, tingling his senses with the mildest euphoria. It sits next to the flowers one of the servants had taken from him, placed in a fitting vase. He catches himself mesmerised by the slow burn of the oil lamp that sits safely atop the nightstand beside the large futon, posing as the single light source in the room’s entirety. Jungkook reaches out to finger the doona cover between his fingertips, marvelling over the welcoming invitation. He hasn’t shared a futon since he was a baby and didn’t like to slumber far form his mother’s embrace. The thought of a warm body resting beside him, a source of heat to comfort his frozen toes, has him feeling rather excited at the idea.

Seokjin looks like he would be nice to spoon with, as odd as it is to ponder such a thing. He has the broad shoulders of a soldier, and the wide chest of a gladiator, though his personality isn’t
anything of the sort. As annoying as it is to admit his brother’s decision was justified, he couldn’t have picked a more fitting man to marry.

He hates it when his brother is right.

Call it sibling rivalry, but as two males of the family – hybrid or not – there was some competition there. While Jungkook always excelled in gaining the affections of their mother, Junghyun always snared the praise from their father. It was an inevitable segregation in their household. Junghyun was to be the heir to the clan’s legacy, so he automatically had the privilege to spend more time with their father, whereas Jungkook’s duties as a future wife demanded his mother’s guidance, clean and simple.

He suspected Junghyun was a little jealous of him when they were children though. Jungkook thrived off his mother’s attention, but Junghyun could never quite slip back into her doting affections. At least, not to the extent Jungkook’s carried.

The sound of sliding doors snaps him out of his thoughts. With the slightest flinch, he inclines his head to the side in a flighty manner, only to relax when he sees Seokjin enter. He too, has stripped himself of all the layers of his ceremonial attire, and slipped into the light material of a summer yukata.

His tan skin looks soft under the glow of the lamp, his smile as radiant as the one he wore during the wedding ceremony. His hair it lightly tousled, and his dark pink lips plump and tempting.

“I hope I didn’t keep you waiting,” Seokjin says lightly, closing the door behind him.

Jungkook flushes. “Not at all.”

“You look nervous.” He frowns with a hint of concern, shuffling over to kneel in front of him. He reaches out, his gentle fingers tipping Jungkook’s chin slightly to see his face better. “Why are you nervous.”

Jungkook tries his best not to pout, but in the end he suspects his efforts have become fruitless. “Isn’t it normal for a virgin to be nervous before he is taken?”

Seokjin’s eyebrows creep up past his fringe. It’s clear the man hadn’t anticipated such a response, and his surprise embarrasses Jungkook greatly.
“I will take your virginity when you are well and ready. No one has to know we did not follow through with the tradition.”

Jungkook’s gaze softens under the sweetness of Seokjin’s words. Suddenly, the tension in his shoulders does not appear as overbearing as he had originally perceived it to be. He knows he is in good hands. Seokjin is his husband now, his protector; he will take good care of him.

He places his hand over Seokjin’s, meeting his expectant gaze with a coy smile. “I want to do this with you,” he speaks firmly to let the other know he isn’t messing around. “I want to give myself to you.”

Seokjin’s eyes swim with more emotion than Jungkook has ever seen him express. He’s touched and grateful at the trust his spouse is so willingly placing in the palms of his nurturing hands. Jungkook smiles, bowing his head slightly not out of politeness, but in a sore attempt to hide it obvious blush.

His husband takes his hands into his own, giving them a gentle squeeze. “Then I shall show you my most sacred place.” He stands, tugging Jungkook up with him. “Come, it isn’t far from the compound.”

He wasn’t lying when he said it isn’t far. Just above the shrubs that line the perimeter of the pebble garden, there is a tiny clearing overseeing the trails of a creek. The place is ethereal, bathed in the moonlight; it’s ivory kiss reflecting off the water’s rapid surface. Grass and flowers feel like heaven beneath his bare feet, and that is where they kneel, with nothing but the moon to witness their borderline exhibitionism.

The fireflies that dance lazily near the water mesmerize Jungkook. They burn quietly in the background, not quite outshining the brilliance of the moon, but still charming all the same. Seokjin shifts behind him, wrapping his arms around Jungkook’s waist to pull him close against his chest. Even with the dewy chill of the late spring night, he finds solace in the warmth radiating from Seokjin’s body. He leans his head back against his shoulder, eyes averting to the starry sky above.

Seokjin’s lips brush against neck, breathing deeply. “Do you like it?”

“I do,” Jungkook murmurs, as though he is afraid to disrupt the surreal quiet of their surroundings. “Thank you for bringing me here. You didn’t have to.”
“I wanted to share this place with you,” he admits just as quietly. “I’ve never had someone in my life to share these things with. Now that I have you, I want to share everything I have to offer. We are a team, you and I. I want you to feel as comfortable as possible in my presence. I want to be your confidant, your friend, your lover. I want to be the person you trust most in the this world.”

He pauses, his hand slipping up the front of Jungkook’s torso to sit over the area of his heart. “I know trust cannot be earned in a day, but I hope that in the near future, you will eventually come to trust me unconditionally.”

Jungkook tilts his head to the side, nipping at Seokjin’s earlobe. “I have given you my consent, haven’t I? What are you waiting for?”

Seokjin’s teeth graze the skin of his neck, and Jungkook shivers. Seokjin’s long graceful fingers slot in between the folds of his yukata. They flicker gently over the bare skin of his chest, lightly trailing downwards in a teasing fashion. Jungkook observes the motions calmly, his gut coiling with anticipation.

With a tug at his sash, the material loosens around him. Fabric spills over his shoulders, exposing his collarbones, and Jungkook shyly holds the seams together with what little dignity he can. The alluring sight goads Seokjin’s confidence, placing a hand to the side of Jungkook’s face to guide their lips together. His lovely bride whines with need, pushing against him with surprising boldness, spurring him on.

He pushes Jungkook gingerly onto his back. The younger falls back against the flowerbed, the disorganized folds of his yukata barely concealing much of his modesty. Oh, but he looks so beautiful. He’s a deity to be worshipped under the caress of the moon, his lips slightly parted and his eyes threatening to flutter closed. His collarbones are prominent and seductive, coupled with the timidity of his demeanor, brews a combination for sweet temptation.

Jungkook watches Seokjin closely as he starts to fiddle with the sash of his own yukata. It comes undone, parting the material to bare all his glory. He somewhat expects his lovely dove to coil away at the sight of his manhood, but only appears to exhibit signs of curiosity and hunger.

“Y-you are not fully erect yet,” the hybrid acknowledges with a stutter.

“No,” he confirms passively, shuffling to wedge himself between the boy’s legs. His fingers graze over Jungkook’s tight fists, encouraging him to release the material of his yukata, to expose himself entirely to him. “But I will be. Very soon.”
Jungkook nods, one of his long white ears twiching nervously. He slowly uncoils his fingers, allowing his hands to fall limply at his sides. Seokjin hums with approval, pushing away the fabric to gorge in the stunning beauty that lies beneath.

His skin is pale like the moon. Raised to be a future wife, he imagines Jungkook wouldn’t be allowed outside all that much. He allows his fingers to explore him, canvas the subtle dips and curves of his stomach and torso. There isn’t a hardened muscle beneath his adoring touch. Goose bumps pebble the exposed flesh, Jungkook’s nipple hardening beneath a slight breeze.

Seokjin seizes Jungkook’s hand, coiling his fingers around the base of his erection. The boy’s eyes widen, glancing down with fascination as the flesh hardens beneath his touch. His lover guides him at first, showing him how to properly pleasure him before letting him take control. The skin is warm and smooth – nothing different from what Jungkook has felt from his own privates, but to touch another elicits entirely different emotions. As he grows more confident, he pumps a little faster. Seokjin stops him once his arousal is standing fully against his stomach, throbbing and aching with need.

“You did well, my love. Now spread your legs a little wider for me. I want to see all of you. I want to feel all of you.”

Jungkook flushes, nibbling on his bottom lip. He inches his legs further apart, the material falling away from his abdomen. Seokjin brushes his knuckles along Jungkook’s supple inner thigh, the corners of his lips twitching upwards. “You are already aroused.”

“Th-this is the most anyone has ever touched m-me.” Jungkook is too quick to justify, and Seokjin thinks this to be rather endearing.

“This is my first time too, little rabbit. I have never permitted myself to be this vulnerable in front of any other person.”

Jungkook isn’t sure why he finds this so surprising. The husband is supposed to remain just as virgin for his future wife, so why had he thought differently for Seokjin? Perhaps it was his natural confidence. He seems to know exactly what he’s doing.

Sensing his lover’s doubt, the man chuckles, leaning over Jungkook’s pliant form to knock their noses together. “It is true I have read texts and adopted advice from my married friends, but there is no first-hand experience to boast about. I only wanted to be prepared for this day. So that when
the time came, I would know what to do without hurting you.”

The hybrid bites his inner cheek, banishing the blush that creeps up the column of his neck. “You’re too considerate.”

Seokjin laughs, kissing along Jungkook’s sharp jaw. “Some might think that’s a positive quality.”

Jungkook hesitantly winds his arms around the man’s neck. “I-I – it is! I just… never expected to be so lucky.”

“We’re both lucky.” Jungkook doesn’t argue with him. “Fate had our destinies align. I’ll have to visit our family shrine everyday now to express my endless appreciation.”

The younger scrunches his face cutely. “You can be cheesy too.”

Seokjin grins sheepishly. “We’ll work on it?”

Jungkook nods.

Fingers brush over one of his nipples, and he has to bite back a moan as Seokjin’s fingers latch onto the teat, rolling it experimentally between his digits. Seokjin stares intensely at Jungkook’s face to gorge his expression, testing the waters to see what his new lover likes.

He tugs roughly, and Jungkook’s body arches into the touch. He hums, pleased with the response. He leans over to give the other neglected nipple a tentative lip, and Jungkook’s fingers twist in his hair. Seokjin can tell his lover is holding back on him though, selfishly biting down on his tongue to restrict the moans. He interprets this as a challenge.

He laps over the teat lazily, with the other hand still servicing the other nipple with the occasional squeeze. The blushing skin softens, and when he pulls back to blow cool air on it, the skin bunches and shrinks again.

‘Cute.’
Jungkook lets out a shaky moan. Seokjin can sense Jungkook’s restraint crumbling. “S-Seokjin… I feel wet.”

He reaches down to grab Jungkook’s dick, thumbing the precum from his slit. “Yes. You’re quite aroused.”

“N-no. I mean down there.” The shy expression on his wife’s face is adorable. It could put actual rabbits to shame.

Seokjin licks his lips before slipping his fingers between the cleft of Jungkook’s buttocks. A slick substance coats the tips of his digits as he glides them over the boy’s puckering entrance. His eyebrows spring up in surprise, pulling his hand away to observe the unfamiliar entity.

It’s glossy and translucent, a little thicker than perfume, but not quite as dense as semen. He holds it under his nose and gives an experimental whiff. It smells sweet. Like sugar. He pokes out his tongue to taste it, and Jungkook squirms impatiently underneath him. It tastes like sugar too, with the faintest touch of musk.

“Interesting,” he muses aloud. “I didn’t know hybrids could self-lubricate.”

“Can this wait until later?” Jungkook’s cheeks are flushed and his eyebrows are knitted together, displaying sure signs of desperate need. “Please – please Seokjin. I want it so badly.”

“R-right!” Seokjin nods, reminding himself that no, this isn’t the right to time to express curiosity about his lover’s strange anatomy. He knows already that male hybrids are also capable of carrying children, so the self-lubrication shouldn’t come as much of a surprise to him.

He positions his fingers back at Jungkook’s entrance, pressing a digit against his rim. His other hand slips underneath the boy’s thigh and hikes it up to his waist, spreading his buttocks a little wider. Jungkook clings to him, pressing his lips against Seokjin’s collarbone to muffle his little moans.

Wriggling the first finger in was easy. The self-lubrication paved way for an effortless slide, and with minimal effort, Jungkook was able to take a second finger without problem. Inevitably, the third finger was going to be a little more difficult. As slicked as his walls are, they still need loosening, and the unaccustomed intrusion has Jungkook whining loudly.
“I’m sorry, baby,” Seokjin coos. He presses a kiss between Jungkook’s wide eyes. “Everything might hurt for a little while from here on out. But I promise it’ll get better. I promise you’ll start to enjoy it.”

Jungkook’s lips graze his chin, fisting the back of Seokjin’s hair aggressively. “Keep going. I’m fine. I trust you.”

Seokjin nods before slowly starting to pump his fingers. He delves a little deeper with every subtle flex, venturing to discover Jungkook’s limits. He can feel the tension gradually start to wane, making it easier for his knuckles to slip past. His lover gasps, thighs trembling slightly.

Oh, he’s so delectably precious.

He feels around. It’s wet and velvety inside, a bizarre feeling that is far from unpleasant. He knows what he has to search for in all these delicate folds of muscle, he just hasn’t a clue as to where it may be. He starts spreading his fingers in a scissoring motion, pulling them out ever now and again only to jam them back into Jungkook’s heat. The boy would mewl when that happens, as though the pleasurable sensation that runs up his body takes him off guard every single time.

“S-Seokjin – ah!” A sudden twist of his fingers has Jungkook crying out. His voice cuts through the clearing, and Seokjin feels so satisfied that he’s the only one to hear it.

He gingerly rubs the smooth pads of his fingers against the sensitive area, and it’s the first time Jungkook’s body starts to writhe. It’s enchanting how his body twists and tangles in the fabric of his yukata, frame trembling and aching for more. His bottom lip quivers. His eyes are teary. He gazes up at him almost sulkily, silently begging for what’s to come.

The hand he has at the back of his thigh slips down, searching for the small of Jungkook’s back so he can lift up his lower half slightly. What his fingers brush over startle him, and strangely, it seems to startle Jungkook as well. They blink at each other, and he watches his lover grow red in the face.

Seokjin laughs incredulously. “You have a tail!”

“I-I – no I – oh!” He gives the fluffy little cottontail a firm pull, eliciting a wild twist from Jungkook’s trembling physique.

“Oh – forgive me.” He pulls his hand away, regarding the boy with uncertainty. “I didn’t know it
would be so sensitive.”

“I-it’s fine. I didn’t know it could be that sensitive either.” Jungkook bites his bottom lip.

“May I – may I see it? Please?”

The younger considers his husband for a moment, contemplation in his gaze. He figures the quicker they can get this out of the way, the sooner Seokjin will finally do what he’s been waiting for since the first finger was inside of him.

Jungkook turns gingerly onto his front, exposing the twitching little cottontail. Seokjin bites back a smile at how cute it is. On anyone else perhaps it would’ve looked a little ridiculous, but for Jungkook, the little tail seems quite fitting to both his looks and personality. He dares to lean over and press a brief kiss to the wiggling little rear, causing Jungkook to let out an exaggerated whine. It’s clear he’s more than a little embarrassed about it.

Seokjin turns the boy onto his back again, gripping his lover’s thighs. “Are you ready?”

“Y-yes.” Jungkook’s voice is small, but certain. It gives Seokjin the confidence to push the boy’s legs apart.

Discharge oozes from his vulnerable hole, a tiny, gaping little rim no larger than the currency of their village. He can barely believe his hard, solid cock is expected to make such a tight fitting, but shrugs it off. With a grasp on his arousal, he presses the flushed head of his penis against the entrance. He’s amazed at how the orifice loosens to swallow him, and they moan in unison as he inches the tip inside.

He has to stop halfway to catch his breath, Jungkook panting heavily in an almost identical fashion. This part seems like an effort more than a pleasure to embark on, but that’s maybe because they’re both so new and inexperienced at this.

“Oh – a-ah!” Jungkook’s nails bite into his skin through the fabric of his yukata, his face twisted with pain. “Hu-hurry! I don’t know how much more I can take of this!”

Seokjin inwardly agrees, inching the rest of the way in with some urgency. Small tremors wrack Jungkook’s body, and he tries to cast away the discomfort by peppering kisses along his clavicles. He doesn’t dare to move before he’s certain his sweet lover is calm and ready to continue.
“W-Whenever you’re ready,” Seokjin forces out, still adjusting to the constriction around his arousal.

“I-I’m ready.”

“Jungkook-“

“No. I’m fine. Please I can feel it – I’m so close.” Jungkook’s desperate tone doesn’t leave much room for argument.

He gives an experimental roll of his hips, and Jungkook throws his head back against the flowers, releasing a quiet moan. Seokjin shudders, twisting his fingers into the roots of grass on either side of Jungkook’s head, using it as leverage to help him build strength behind his thrusts. His balls make an obscene noise as they smack against the boy’s ass, but it’s exciting all the same.

He picks up speed with his escalating confidence. It’s like he’s chasing after the warmth that’s building in his abdomen, coaxing out the pleasure that it aggressively promises. He tries to angle his hips as best he can, right towards the spot where his fingers had toyed not moments earlier. It’s a lot harder than he imagined it to be, because Jungkook isn’t responding as freely as he would’ve hoped. He keeps at it though, trying to get a little deeper each time in the hopes of teasing out Jungkook’s ecstasy.

His efforts pay off in the end.

Jungkook’s jaw slackens and his eyes squeeze shut. It’s an expression of pure bliss that saturates his features, and Seokjin is in awe at how attractive Jungkook is in this state – not that he doesn’t possess an allure in general. He is motivated to maintain this expression on his lover’s face, so he eagerly slams his hips to reach his sweet bundle of nerves again.

This time Jungkook does let out a moan – one that he stifles with his lips. As amazing as the sound of Jungkook’s moans are, he’d hate for anyone to investigate the noises they’re making. It pains him to think that they could be interrupted at any moment, so he’d rather minimize the risk rather than let Jungkook scream as loud as he pleases.

He can feel his lust coiling. Like a fire in his belly, his mind urges him to quicken, to hasten his
thrusts. He is close, and he’s sure Jungkook is too.

He rolls his hips with a sense of urgency in his movements, reaching between their bodies to try and pump Jungkook in time with his thrusts. It a hopeless endeavor, he learns. He’s too far gone at this point to concentrate. His strokes are sloppy and downright atrocious, and his thrusts are short, sharp and no longer hitting its original target. Despite this performance, Jungkook still moans and writhes as though he’s actually enjoying it, moving his lips against Seokjin’s eagerly.

He must’ve been doing something right, because Jungkook is the first to come. He cries out, wrenching his lips away to gasp for air as his entire physique shudders. Milky discharge hits his chin and spurts over his chest, his insides tightening as a reflex, and Seokjin can hold out no longer.

He keens into Jungkook’s neck, an orgasm wracking his limbs so violently that he can’t support himself. Seokjin collapses on top of Jungkook, getting a face full of grass.

It’s silent for a while. It’s the pleasant kind of silence, filled with nothing but the sounds of their heavy breathing, and the soothing pace of the ongoing creek nearby. The euphoria of the moment fades as the climax passes, but it opens up to satisfaction and happiness.

Once he conjures the energy to pull out, Jungkook whines at the cum that oozes down his inner thigh. Seokjin chuckles as he props himself up on his elbows. “That was kind of… well, incredible.”

“Yeah,” the hybrid replies breathlessly, his lips stretching into a face-splitting grin. “That was pretty incredible.”

Seokjin brushes away the sweat-slicked strands of Jungkook’s fringe, regarding him fondly. “I hope our children have your eyes.”

Jungkook blinks before shyly poking the tip of Seokjin’s nose. “I hope they are as handsome as you are.” His chest swells, his heart in his throat as he swoops down to press his lips against his wife’s.

Seokjin also secretly hopes that their sweet children will have long white ears and little cottontails (but he keeps this little detail to himself).
Jungkook steps up to the platform, urged by the man in white. His sweaty fingers tangle in the fabric of his tunic. His heart jumps into his throat as he shuffles to the front where strangers can leer at him. Jungkook takes a keen interest in his toes, wriggling them experimentally in a poor attempt to distract himself. There’s sweat dripping from his brow, and his back is damp. His handlers couldn’t have picked a more scorching day to put him up for auction. Maybe they did it on purpose just to spite him. They always saw him as a bit of a nuisance.

The man in black stands by the podium, his hand readjusting the position of his top hat. He rummages through the scrolls of withered paper, clearing his throat with a Cheshire grin.

“Our next item’s name is Jungkook. His handlers have asked me to specifically mention his lack of sexual experience and temperamental behavior.” Embarrassment streaks across his expression, but he hides it well beneath his fringe of hair.
“Now – at first glance,” the man continues whimsically, “you might see these attributes as –” he
coughs into his fist, “– unappealing. However, optimistically speaking he could very well be an
entertaining spectacle. A virgin with zero experience and a fiery temper might need a suitable
master to show him his place, no? I’m sure with the right guidance dear Jungkook can prove to be
the perfect model slave! Additionally, he’s domestically well trained too! He can cook and clean,
an all-round promising servant if you ask me.”

‘Nobody asked you, asshole.’ He peeks up at the crowd, assaulted by the mirage of colors
pervading his vision. All of them are wealthy. No one goes to slave auctions unless they have the
silver pieces to spare, and it screams at him from every corner of the village square. Well-dressed
humans are flapping their fans to cool their flushed faces, and women hide under the shade of their
extravagant bonnets. A man checks his gold watch and the sun reflects off its gleaming exterior,
and a mother hands her grabby little child a bag of coins to go fetch something from the sweet
store.

“Any queries before we start the bidding?” The man with the top hat turns a watchful eye to their
audience. “Yes – you there, with the exceptional mustache!”

“Is there a pricing difference between trained and untrained sex slaves?” A male voice calls out,
but there are so many people with mustaches he can hardly tell whose mouth it came from.

“An understandable question!” Top Hat Man exclaims, tapping his quill against the podium
exterior. “In this instance, we take into account certain qualities that can either devalue or increase
the price of a slave. Since virgins are in high demand this season, an untainted slave’s price
increases while a trained slave’s price decreases. However, the concluding price on any slave is
dependant upon the people who bid for them.”

Jungkook scowls at his feet. He’s no better than an animal to these people.

“Does he have any scars?” Another voice asks, also masculine.

Top Hat Man moves his monocle over the script, pursing his lips. “He has a near indistinguishable
scar on his cheek, and a few on his calves from when he was a child. There’s nothing that
brazenly soils his pretty features.”

All the scars were sustained in early childhood, before he was snatched. After that he wasn’t
allowed to play outside anymore.
“How does he fair in obedience and submission?” An older man asks, perhaps well into his sixties. Jungkook’s stomach does a sickening flip.

“He has a sharp tongue, but an indulgent personality. According to his handlers, he responds well to praise and rewards, but won’t fight back if a punishment were in order.”

Jungkook feels nauseous, like he’s about to throw up his breakfast all over the platform and potentially burn his bridge to freedom. Well – freedom from his handlers anyway. He’d take the perverted old man with the walking stick over his handlers any day of the week. Plus, if he’s sent back, who knows what will happen. He used to be the boy no one was allowed to touch – not in the indecent sense anyhow. However, with nothing but a few domestic skills to bring to the table, and little interest from the public, they just might go back on that rule to try and sell him.

He can’t go back. He just can’t.

Don’t vomit Jungkook. No one will want you.

“Shall we start the bidding at 200 silver pieces?” A pretty fair amount, considering all the negative traits he supposedly has to offer.

“250!”

“250 – can I get 300?”

“300!”

“That’s 300 silver pieces. Anyone for 350?”

“375!”

It continues for a while. The number continues to climb but Jungkook’s interest is lost quickly. The price keeps jumping from one buyer to the next, and Top Hat Man is spitting words a mile a minute and it hurts his head trying to keep up. So he blanks out.
He stares off into the near distance, at the fancy stone fountain in the centre of the square, blending beautifully into the background behind the crowd of aristocrats. He can’t remember the last time he ever went for a swim. It must have been summer with his parents—before he was taken. His brother was probably there too, holding his hand and warning him not to go too far into the deep end of the lake. He’d give anything to jump down off this platform and jump into the water. He doesn’t even care if his tunic gets soaked. He just wants to feel the spray of the water, taste just a little drop of freedom.

“4 gold pieces and 500 silver pieces.” Jungkook snaps his gaze to the crowd, utterly shocked by the declared price. ‘4 gold pieces?!”

“F-four gold p— anyone here willing to top the offered price?” Top Hat Man looks like he’s just gotten the wind knocked out of him. From his perspective, it’s like Christmas has come early.

Jungkook sees the shadow of a figure weave among the throngs of people, a parasol peeking through, as black as obsidian. It’s like a dark smudge amidst a flurry of colour, defiance against the rainbow status quo. It’s inching closer to the front and it reminds Jungkook of a cobra. He has a terrible feeling that he’s the serpent’s prey.

Once the figure has stepped into the shade of the platform’s roof, the parasol tips to sit angled on a shoulder. Jungkook can see the mysterious stranger clearly now, taking the steps up to Top Hat Man’s level to hand over a bag of money. Top Hat Man splutters at the sight of the other, shaking his head vigorously in protest.

“C-Count!” he stutters, and the crowd erupts in a pitter-patter of gasps and whispers. Jungkook frowns, indignant of their exaggerated responses. Did he just step onto the stage of a melodrama? Why are they all making those stupid faces?

“Surely you wouldn’t want to bother yourself with such a boy, Count. We have plenty of other human slaves far more worthy. I—I mean, there’s speculation on whether the boy has even been fed properly. He’d die within a week without the proper attention.” Jungkook shifts his weight onto his other foot awkwardly, frowning down at his small wrists. Well, he may be a little underweight, but it’s not like he could help it. His handlers only ever fed him once a day.

“That's quite alright, Mister Lancaster.” A chill passes through Jungkook, and not the bad kind. “I have confidence that this human will serve me well.”

His voice is low and smooth, almost like velvet to Jungkook’s ears. He’s never heard such a lovely voice before. It’s the kind that could lull him into a pleasant slumber, or perhaps excite him
in the best of ways. He dares to incline his head, to look in the direction of his new master. It’s unsettling to discover that he’s staring straight back at him.

A blush climbs up his neck, but that doesn’t mean he looks away.

He reminds Jungkook of a porcelain doll, draped from head to toe in a fine suit. His attire is black, just like his parasol, with the exception of his pair of white gloves that look as though they were snatched from a magician. Most of his face is covered; his eyes shielded behind a frame of tinted glasses, and his mouth and nose snugly hidden in the folds of a scarf. How he isn’t sweating bullets in this heat, Jungkook could only guess.

Atop his bleached hair sits a tiny black hat tilted demurely to the side. The only patch of skin visible to the naked eye is the bridge of his nose, and it’s paler than the bone of piano keys. The man taps his walking stick against the wood, the golden tip clicking assertively.

“Come,” is the first word his new master ever says to him, and Jungkook feels his fingers twitch agitatedly. He isn’t a dog.

They stare at each other, and Jungkook mentally challenges him to say it again. Top Hat Man (whose name is apparently Mister Lancaster) blanches at the audacity of the slave. He flaps his hands, a look of distress taking over his features. It’s probably the most amusing thing Jungkook has bared witness to in a long time. He doesn’t bother to hide his smirk.

“Jungkook! How dare you be so disgraceful! The Count has just paid a generous sum for you, the least you can do is be a little appreciative!” Top Hat Man’s voice has soared a few notes higher than his commentary tone. Jungkook snorts.

“Why you little-!” Top Hat Man takes a few steps in his direction, his fists clenched and his features twisted. “Reprimand him!” he tells one of the loitering employees. “Punish him for his insolence!”

Jungkook catches the employee advancing out of his peripheral, and his first instinct is to drop to his knees. His hands cover his head. He can hear the footsteps approach him, and his heartbeat thunders loudly in his ears.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” the Count’s voice speaks up, mellow and calm. The footsteps stop a couple of inches away from Jungkook’s coiled form. “I have already handed you my money, no? Which means Jungkook here is my property. I did not authorise the permission for
your employee to touch my slave. If you so much as scratch him, I might just break all of your fingers.” Whoa, his new master is a badass.

“R-right,” Top Hat Man flexes his fingers with a grimace. “The Count is correct, of course. Stand down. Do not touch him.”

“Jungkook.” A shiver runs down his spine as his name leaves his master’s lips. “I will not ask a second time. Do you want me to punish you in front of all these people? Do you want to be humiliated that badly?”

Jungkook shakes his head profusely.

“Good. Now follow me. My patience is wearing thin.” Jungkook scrambles to his feet, teetering around the intimidating employee and the fuming Top Hat Man. His master has already descended the stairs, his walking stick clinking against the stone. He follows quickly in tandem, keeping his head lowered to avoid the judgemental stares being thrown in his direction.

“Hold my parasol for me, will you?” The man offers his parasol to him, and Jungkook skitters over to his side, grasping the parasol up above their heads. “Try to keep me under the shade. The sun doesn’t work favourable against my skin,” he grumbles bitterly.

Jungkook blinks curiously. “O-of course, uhm… Count, was it?”

“You will call me Master.” He slots his freed hand in his pocket, striding like a true aristocrat. “Count is what the village people call me.”

“And what is your uh – your actual name… I-If you don’t mind me asking, Master.”

“Yoongi.”

“Yoongi,” Jungkook echoes, testing the name on his tongue. It’s a shame he’ll never be able to use it properly, but it’s nice to know anyway.

He’s thankful Yoongi isn’t a fast walker. Actually, he’s pretty lethargic in the way he moves. His leather shoes clink against the stone pavement in a rhythmic manner. There’s something about his
new master that he can’t quite pinpoint. He’s shorter than Jungkook, but his aura doesn’t feel as dainty as his physique appears. He’s on edge and he isn’t sure why. It’s like his senses are telling him to bolt, to create as much distance between himself and Yoongi as possible. He just hasn’t figured out why yet.

They stray from the crowd and Jungkook can hear another slave being introduced. He doesn’t look back. He follows Yoongi with caution, balancing the parasol so that its shadow protects every inch of his new master. He wouldn’t have minded the sun beating down on him so much, had it been a nice day. But he’s been outside, stuck in a line with other hopeless slaves that have nothing left to live for, and he’s honestly at his limits. He wants to rest. He wants to curl up in the gutter and sleep. He’s so tired.

Instead of going straight back to his master’s domain like he had hoped, they instead turn into a shaded alleyway. It’s tucked away from the main strip of shops, like some sort of questionable watering hole. They stop in front of a shop with a wooden sign that says “Trinkets and Tailoring: Services for the Midnight Folk.” The curtains are drawn over the display windows, making it impossible to take a curious peek inside.


Yoongi raps his clothed knuckles against the wooden door twice. He doesn’t even bother to wait for a reply before opening the door. Jungkook dutifully pulls down the parasol before slipping in after him.

A young man sits at his desk off to the side, his feet kicked up on the mahogany surface with his fingers laced behind his head. He arches an eyebrow at them almost comically. “Um, we’re closed?”

Yoongi tugs off his scarf, revealing a pair of cupid-bow lips and apple rounds cheeks. “Since when have you ever turned a paying customer away?”

“Yoongi!” The man springs up from his desk with a grin, skirting over hazardously strewn objects to reach them. He throws his arms around Yoongi, encasing him in a friendly hug that the other doesn’t reciprocate. He just stands there, his hands at his sides. The shopkeeper must be used to it though, because he smile never falters.

“Hoseok,” Yoongi greets blandly. “I’m your hyung. Don’t be rude.”
Hoseok scratches the back of his head sheepishly. “Well sorry, hyung! Didn’t mean any disrespect.” He blinks, leaning down to Yoongi’s level to pluck the glasses from his nose. “You shouldn’t be wearing these inside. You’re not cool enough to pull it off, old man.”

Yoongi rolls his eyes, snatching the glasses back and slotting them safely into his pocket. It’s the first time Jungkook gets to see his face fully. His eyes are small and sleepy, which make him look kind of adorable in a way. The colour of his irises isn’t what he expects though. They’re silvery blue, and they remind him of fish scales. It’s ethereal and charming, but also a little creepy. Something tells him Yoongi isn’t your ordinary, slave-owning aristocrat.

Hoseok’s gaze travels over Yoongi shoulder, landing on Jungkook. His eyes take one brief sweep of his attire before averting back to Yoongi, his eyebrows arch in surprise. “Got yourself a slave, did you?”

“I did,” the shorter man replies coolly. “This is my pet, Jungkook.”

Jungkook scowls, a tendon twitching in his jaw. “I’m not your pet!”

“Don’t talk back to your master.”

The slave glowers at the back of Yoongi’s head. Hoseok giggles behind his palm before stepping around his friend, standing before Jungkook with a welcoming smile.

“Let me take a look at you,” he says, cupping the boy’s face in his hands. They’re surprisingly cold, but Jungkook makes no comment. Upon closer look at Hoseok’s features, it’s apparent that he too has a funny eye colour. They’re bronze and shiny, almost like the eyes of a cat. His pupils are sharp as they dart quickly over Jungkook’s appearance, appraising him critically.

“What makes him so special, hyung? You’ve never fancied yourself a human in the past.” Alarms go off in Jungkook’s head and he flinches back, unintentionally dropping the parasol in the process. It clutters on the wooden flooring. His back hits the door they had entered from and he shivers.

Yoongi turns half-heartedly in his direction, his eyes as passive as the rest of his features. “Calm yourself, Jungkook. Don’t do anything stupid.”

“Y-you aren’t humans,” Jungkook squeaks, pulling his fists close to his chest. “I should’ve
“You mean you haven’t told him yet?” Hoseok glances at Yoongi curiously.

“I came straight here after purchasing him.”

“Ah.”

Jungkook reaches behind him, his fingers coiling around the doorknob ready to bolt. “W-what are you? Tell me! I-I’ll run. I’ll tell someone your secret!”

“Secret?” Hoseok snorts. “Where is this kid from?”

“A neighbouring town.” Yoongi takes a step in Jungkook’s direction, his demeanour deliberate and controlled. “The people here co-exist with a small populace of vampires. Running to tell somebody would be useless, and I could easily stop you.”

Jungkook trembles, still not letting go of the doorknob. “Is that why you bought me then? To kill me?”

“Kill you,” Yoongi echoes with a perplexed frown. “Why would I spend a large sum of money on a human I was just going to kill anyway? That would be pointless.”

“Th-then… w-why?”

“Because I was bored?”

“Naw Yoongi-hyung is just teasing!” Hoseok chimes, reaching forward to yank Jungkook away from the door. In such a shaken state he can barely control his own balance, and Yoongi’s hands shoot out to steady him gently. Their eyes meet, and Jungkook quickly looks away before he can get lost in Yoongi’s silver irises.

“Now!” Hoseok claps. “I presume Jungkookie is the reason you’re here, right hyung?”
Yoongi’s attention never falters from Jungkook. “Yes. He needs to be properly clothed. I don’t like the idea of other people looking at his body. Only I should be given that privilege.”

The boy’s face heats up and he can’t resist pouting. “M-Master!”

“A collar too,” Yoongi adds flippantly, sweeping his fingers along Jungkook’s neck.

Hoseok claps excitedly. “Excellent! Come along, Jungkookie. I must take your measurements!”

Jungkook’s fingers graze along the gentle pressure bound around his neck. On the front there’s a large ruby embedded into the leather, framed by white lace, and settled beneath it is a large silver ring that he can easily hook his finger around. He can feel the cool metal press against the nape of his neck, where the keyhole lies, and its sole partner hangs around Yoongi’s neck in the form of a dainty, silver key. This means that his master is the only one with access to his neck – can only ever be vulnerable in Yoongi’s imposing presence.

Regrettably, he’s still in his raggedy tunic. Hoseok had promised he would have an assortment of clothes for him by the end of the week, but for now he will just have to endure. He’s far too tall to fit into anything Yoongi’s wardrobe could offer.

They approach the gate overseeing a large front garden, and ahead of it, an extravagant mansion coddled in the centre of a well-kempt environment. Jungkook hadn’t known what to expect really, especially after learning Yoongi’s actual identity. He had thought he would dwell in some cave of some sort – vampires were rarely ever brought up in conversation among his handlers. Perhaps they doubted the possibility of him one day being bought by one? In the end, he’ll never know.

“Do you live alone, Master?” he asks softly as they dawdle up the stone pathway, the slave casting curious glances at the beautiful, well-groomed shrubbery encasing their path on either side.

“I live with two other servants, one human, the other just like me,” he answers apathetically. “The human – Jimin, tends to the grounds. The other – Joy, maintains the interior of the mansion.”
Jungkook reaches out to brush his hand over a protruding fern, grinning shyly to himself. “Jimin-ssi does an amazing job.”

“He’d be overjoyed to hear you say that,” Yoongi scoffs. “He’s a man who’s easy to please. You will probably get along with him, when you aren’t fulfilling your duties.”

Jungkook pauses, and Yoongi halts just within the parasol’s shadow. He turns back to Jungkook, blinking at him. “What is it?”

“A-about my duties…” Jungkook scratches the back of his head nervously. “You haven’t really specified what that would entail. You said you have a maid to clean your house, and you have a gardener to tend to your grounds so… what purpose have you chosen for me?”

“I was hoping the collar would give you some indication – or even the fact that I don’t like your skin showing in the presence of others. But I’ll spell it out for you then –” Yoongi takes a step in Jungkook’s direction, and it takes a lot of effort not to take a step back. His lips graze Jungkook’s chin, his eyes reflecting a delicate beauty that contrasts to his overbearing disposition. “I’m at a perfect height to have access to your neck – no craning or leaning involved whatsoever. When I’m thirsty, I will remove this collar to drink from you, and you will let me do so willingly. And when you’re not quenching my thirst, you are satiating my desires.”

Rosy pink dusts the plains of Jungkook’s cheeks, and he cannot resist tilting his head slightly away. “D-desires?”

“You’re coy when you want to be.” Yoongi’s voice caresses the edge of Jungkook’s jaw in a tender threat. “I like that.”

Then he’s turning away. Yoongi plucks the parasol from Jungkook’s limp fingers, and continues strolling down the pathway as if nothing else had happened. Jungkook blinks after him, his fingers trembling. He conflicted on whether he’s aroused or frustrated, but maybe he’s somewhere in between. Sensing Yoongi will leave him in the middle of the garden, he jogs quickly to catch up to him, his bare feet clapping against the stone.

They make it to the front doors before long, though it feels as though they passed through a jungle along the way. Yoongi strikes a knuckle against the wooden exterior once, making the most trivial of sounds. A normal person wouldn’t think anything of it, but contrary to this assumption, one of the two doors open from the other side. Yoongi pulls down the parasol and steps in first, and with a little coaxing, Jungkook hesitantly follows. The door is closed behind them, and he’s startled to
find the figure of a young woman there, lingering by Yoongi’s side. Her hands are folded in front of her and her head is bowed submissively, the bunches of her pig-tailed curls hiding most of her porcelain face.

“Welcome back, hyung!” a voice chimes from a direction beyond the foyer. In strides a man with feathery, brunet hair and a crinkled grin. He’s clad in a white shirt, grey trousers and suspenders that look a little worse for wear.

The man pauses mid-step when his eyes land on Jungkook, the width of his smile intensifying. “Oh! So today was a success then? That’s great! I was beginning to think you had given up hope.”

The corners of Yoongi’s lips twitch upward. It’s the first time Jungkook has seen him express some variation of amusement. “Jimin, Joy – this is Jungkook.” He hands the parasol and his scarf to Joy – the housemaid, he presumes, before turning in Jungkook’s direction. “Treat him well, but never touch him. He is never to be touched. Understood?”

He shrinks under the intensity of Yoongi’s gaze, and Jimin coos. “Aigo, he’s so cute! Did you find him in a candy store?”

“Don’t be silly.” Yoongi brushes the gardener off blandly.

“All our names start with ‘J’ too! We’re like, the three musketeers!” Joy does not look pleased with the association, pinning Jimin with a cold look before brushing past him.

“Um. Nice to meet you too?” Jungkook mumbles to himself, a little put-off by the maid’s attitude.

“Don’t mind her,” Jimin waves off. “The only person she likes is Yoongi-hyung.” He inches closer, slightly cupping the corner of his mouth, speaking in little over a whisper. “I think she’s a bit racist.”

Yoongi snorts, but doesn’t really give Jimin’s comment much thought. “Shouldn’t you be outside doing your job?”

Jimin tilts his hands upward with an exaggerated shrug. “I just took time out of my day to come greet you, don’t mind me. I shall go back to tending your rose bushes, your majesty.”
“Good.” Jimin doesn’t seem the least bit offended by Yoongi’s brash nature, departing with a mock salute in the vampire’s direction.

Yoongi turns away and starts walking through the foyer, approaching one of the two sets of curving stairs winding up to the second floor. He pauses in front of them, peering over his shoulder at Jungkook. “Stay close. I have many rooms to introduce you to, and I would much prefer to get them out of the way as quickly as possible.”

Jungkook tenses, realising he’s still lingering stupidly by the entrance. “Y-yes!” He skitters over to Yoongi, and the vampire nods in approval.

“I have a few rules for you,” Yoongi drawls, scaling the stairs at a languid pace, Jungkook following obediently in tandem. “There aren’t a lot of them. But if you break one of them it’ll lead to a punishment of some sort. If you don’t like to play rough, you better listen closely.”

Jungkook gulps, biting down on the inside of his cheek.

“You aren’t allowed outside without my permission. You are welcome to wander the grounds, you are welcome to keep Jimin company, but you must always ask my permission first.”

“Okay.”

“When guests are over, always dress appropriately…”

His whole body aches.

He has been lying in bed for hours, hoping for sleep to have mercy and finally pull him under, but his screaming muscles protest. His body is still getting used to Yoongi’s specific tastes, so to speak. The first week had been the worst, but the second week has finally come to pass, and he thinks he might be gradually sinking into the rhythm of his purpose. His master is by no means kind to him when he’s taken down to the dungeons, where only the limestone walls bare witness to their sinful endeavours. However, he does have a certain way he carries himself that has Jungkook lusting for more. At the end of the day, he finds himself begging on all fours to win praise from his master’s sweet lips, and Yoongi is more than happy to oblige.
He senses they are still currently in the introductory stage. Yoongi is rough and blunt with him, because he wants Jungkook to learn quickly. He wants Jungkook to know what he like, what he doesn’t like, what satisfies him, and what displeases him. It’s been a bizarre yet thrilling experience, and as cruel as Yoongi can sometimes be, Jungkook can’t bring himself to hate anything his master does to him. Because afterwards, he would be gentle.

The pillows feel delightful beneath his cheek, and he snuggles up against the mattress. He sleeps in Yoongi’s bedroom most of the time. There are plenty of spare bedrooms in the mansion to choose from, but Jungkook prefers master’s bedroom, and Yoongi wouldn’t have it any other way. Yoongi doesn’t sleep. He’ll sometimes lie in bed and ponder about things, but he does not sleep – he cannot sleep, it would seem. His insomnia presents itself beneath his sleepy eyes, and it makes Jungkook wonder what Yoongi looked like as a human.

The creaking noise that slices through the silence has Jungkook freezing. It feels as though a cold bucket of water has just been thrown over his head, because the little hairs on his arms stand up straight and goose bumps prickle his neck. The footsteps are slow to approach the bed – on the side he is currently occupying. The footsteps are too light and rhythmic to belong to Yoongi.

He holds his breath, his heart hammering against his chest. He’s conflicted with whether he should open his eyes or not. He gets the sense he is being watched, and before he can chicken out, he snaps his eyes open.

Jungkook chokes on the scream stuck in his throat, coiling slightly into himself in shock. Red eyes smile softly back at him, framed by a thick fringe of blonde hair.

“Did I scare you, Jungkook-ssi?” Joy tilts her hair slightly to the side, her porcelain smile never wavering. “I didn’t mean to disturb you.”

“J-Joy-noona… w-what?” Jungkook clutches the blankets; ready to bury himself further under the material and pretend the maid doesn’t exist. This is the first time they have actually interacted privately, without the company of either Jimin or Yoongi, and Jungkook sorely regrets not locking the door. What’s her problem anyway? Who walks into someone’s room to stare at them while they sleep? Is she psychotic?

“I only wished to check if you were sleeping,” she giggles, and it’s astoundingly fake. “Don’t mind me…” she turns, walking away at a deliberate pace.

He doesn’t know why, but the tap of her heels against the floors sets him on edge. She closes the door behind her as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred, and Jungkook is left to lie there, flat on his back, owlishly staring at the drapery above his head.
He doesn’t end up getting any sleep that night, and when Yoongi questions it he makes up a story about an owl hooting continuously outside the bedroom window.

Yoongi has a favourite tree that he likes to sit under when he reads his books. It’s situated around the side of the mansion, and can be seen from the large arch windows lining the perimeter of the library. Jungkook likes to watch him sometimes, but today his master has invited him to sit with him – more specifically on his lap. Jungkook isn’t complaining. He coils around Yoongi, and in turn Yoongi hugs his waist, pressing his lips against the underside of his jaw where the leather of his collar meets his flesh.

It’s peaceful, and Jungkook couldn’t have been more content with the situation. He listens to the birds in the trees, he inhales the sweet scent of flora in the air, and he closes his eyes and immerses himself in the tranquillity of the moment.

Jungkook had never even pondered the idea of such a situation before. Back when he was under the custody of his handlers, the thought of being sold off had been daunting. There had been an ill-conceived concept of neglectful and cruel men, who took more than they gave, and he would be treated as such. Jungkook hated the thought of being objectified, and being treated like an animal, but there’s something so delicate in the way Yoongi handles him. Perhaps he is misguided; perhaps his handlers had conditioned his young mind to interpret wickedness as a form of affection.

He doesn’t believe Yoongi to be wicked though.

During sex it’s rough, but Yoongi always plays within the boundary limits. He tests Jungkook yes, sometimes to the point of incoherency and desperation, but the situation is always in control. Even when Jungkook is light-headed and dizzy, he feels safe, because his master is there to take care of him. His master would never let anything bad happen to him.

Yoongi’s hand drifts from Jungkook’s waist to his thigh, giving the supple flesh a good squeeze.

“I enjoy your company,” Yoongi tells him softly, “more than I really should.”
Jungkook blinks up at the lush green leaves above, admiring how they sway with the gentle breeze. “Why’s that, Master? Jimin-hyung told me you were searching for ages, so why did you settle for me?”

Yoongi hums contemplatively to himself. “It’s not something that can be easily explained. I was simply drawn to you. It wasn’t necessarily your beauty or your disposition, although it’s not to say they weren’t contributing aspects. When you stood up in front of the buyers, I sensed you were the right one for me – the one that could satisfy not only the role of a slave, but an appropriate companion too.”

The corners of Jungkook’s lips twitch upward, and he tries not to call attention to the blood rushing to his face, although he’s certain Yoongi has noticed. “A companion, Master?”

“I’m old.” Yoongi runs his hand further up Jungkook’s thigh. “Too old, really. I’ve been alone for a very long time. Sure, I have people like Joy and Jimin in my life, but people come and go. I never fancied myself the concept of a permanent companion before – and I never dared to up until recently.”

“How old?” Jungkook asks cautiously, praying he isn’t overstepping any boundaries. He feels the lips leaves his skin, and he inclines his head to find Yoongi staring at him.

Jungkook coughs awkwardly. “I-I mean, if you don’t mind me asking.”

Yoongi makes a small noise to indicate that he isn’t bothered. “Have you ever noticed the colour of my eyes?”

Jungkook blinks at the question, a little taken back. “I have, but I’m not familiar with vampiric biology. My lack of knowledge is embarrassing so… I simply didn’t inquire.”

Yoongi’s pretty bow lips twist with amusement, and Jungkook feels his heart skip a beat.

“You were shy,” he accuses blatantly.

Jungkook ducks his head, hiding behind his rich obsidian locks. “I simply didn’t want to intrude,” he denies weakly.
Yoongi only chuckles, his hand coming up to cup the side of his face. “You shouldn’t restrict your curiosity. I have no qualms answering any questions you have for me.”

It’s evident that the boy is growing increasingly uncomfortable, despite his master’s understanding. He’s never been very talented at handling affection.

“Y-you were talking about your eyes?” he purposely redirects the topic, and Yoongi purses his lips.

“Yes – there are a total of three stages of eye colour during a vampire’s eternity. Youth – recently changed immortals are reborn with red eyes. About two centuries later, the eyes will gradually start to turn into a golden hue.”

“Oh!” Jungkook straightens, his initial embarrassment dissipating. “So Joy is a young vampire still?”

Yoongi nods. “Joy is over a century old, and Hoseok is about three centuries old.”

“And…” Jungkook hesitates. “And you, master? Why are your eyes silvery?”

Yoongi pinches the boy’s chin, tilting his head slightly so that their noses bump against each other. His captivating irises bore into Jungkook, glimmering almost surreally even without the rays of sunlight. “The final colour transition is my eye colour. It’s achieved once a vampire has wandering this earth for over seven centuries.”

Jungkook feels like he just got the wind knocked out of him. His stunned expression and wide eyes are what Yoongi expects, given his passive disposition, but Jungkook could hardly contain his surprise. How else is he supposed to respond when he’s just been informed his master – his sweet, porcelain master, who looks no older than twenty and three – is actually over seven-hundred years old?

Rationally, he should find this disturbing. But Yoongi’s existence hadn’t bothered him before, even with the knowledge that he is an immortal, so why should this fact deter him now?

He senses he should say something before the silence becomes insulting. “You’ve… aged well?”
A snicker escapes Yoongi’s lips, quickly followed by a husky laugh. It’s carefree in the manner Yoongi tilts his head and allows the cackle to escape his lungs. Jungkook has never bared witness to such a sight in short time he has been Yoongi’s slave. He chuckles and he grins, but to see him laugh is something he assumes to be rather uncommon. It’s nice to see his master this way. He appears almost human.

“I felt your heart rate pick up,” Yoongi says once he’s calmed down. He slips a hand into Jungkook’s blazer, pressing his palm against the clothed flesh of his ribcage. “I almost thought you would panic and try to run from me.”

“Run?” Jungkook blinks stupidly. “Where would I go? My home is with you, Master. It has been since the moment you chose me.”

Yoongi looks pleased with his wording, as he had forgone the mention of also being bought as well as chosen. Jungkook doesn’t like to think too deeply on the technicalities though. Yoongi paid a hefty price for him because he believed him to be worth it, but simply being picked by someone as oddly charming as Yoongi was all the excuse Jungkook really needed to surrender his loyalty. Now it’s hard to picture ever defying his master’s wishes. He has the unfathomable urge to please Yoongi in exchange for the subtle affections he offers. It’s pathetic, but Jungkook finds it rewarding.

“The words spoken by a worthy companion,” Yoongi muses. “I knew there was more to you than meets the eye.”

Jungkook brushes their lips together, never daring to take charge, but teasing Yoongi into action. His master easily falls for the light-hearted manipulation, and he’s probably well aware of it too, but Yoongi doesn’t want to resist him. He wants Jungkook just as badly.

He presses their lips together, and Jungkook clings, taking everything that Yoongi offers him. A hand snakes underneath him to cup his buttock, and another fists the hairs at the nape of his neck. He whines, cherry lips parting ever so slightly – just enough to tempt his master. Yoongi eats it up with a predatory gaze, swooping to reconnect their lips, gorging and swallowing the boy’s pretty moans.

Yoongi nips at Jungkook’s bottom lip, just hard enough to tear the skin, to have tiny dots of blood well to the surface. He sucks on it aggressively, and Jungkook whimpers, lashes fluttering against his cheeks. He clings to Yoongi, arms around his neck, fingers buried in his bleached hair. He smells amazing, like grass and spring and spearmint. The scent wafts from him, and Jungkook is drawn in, like a rabbit to a pile of berries carefully situated inside the confines of a trap. Yoongi exudes this intoxicating aroma whenever they get frisky, and he suspects it’s some sort of vampire
trick to lure in potential meals.

A meal isn’t exactly what’s on Yoongi’s mind at the moment though, it would seem. Once he’s finished sucking Jungkook’s bottom lip into a semi-swollen state, he slips his tongue between the boy’s teeth. Jungkook is every bit pliant beneath his loving touches. He wouldn’t dream of resisting. He’s enjoying it way too much.

His master’s hand gropes his buttocks firmly through the material of his pants. His thumbs knead into the muscle, and his nails dig into the skin, and Jungkook is too aroused to care for the mewl he lets loose. They’re out in the open, where anything could happen. Jimin could walk by on his way to a rosebush that needs attending to, or one of Yoongi’s friends might drop by for an unannounced visit. That’s what makes it so dirty, so hot.

They’re fuelled by the risks that could expose them, partly trembling at the idea of getting caught, but secretly wanting it to happen. Jungkook wants other’s to see him this way, a slave to Yoongi’s groping. His master must feel the same, because one of his hands starts to tug the hem of his shirt loose from his pants.

Jungkook gasps against Yoongi lips when he feels cool fingers graze the flesh of his stomach. He automatically leans into the touch, no longer alien to the unnaturally chilly contact. Digits glide further up his torso. He tries to surpass an excited shiver as they graze the bones of his ribcage.


“So feed me,” Jungkook growls, pulling away. “Let me taste you.”

Yoongi pauses, and for a second Jungkook assumes he’s considering the proposition. Then he starts to pulls away from him, and Jungkook is hit with a wave of anxiety. He clings to Yoongi, even though he doesn’t know why his sudden interest is suddenly somewhere over his shoulder. Jungkook feels Yoongi turn rigid in his arms.

He hesitantly inclines his head to read Yoongi’s expression. It’s suddenly passive, but his eyes are as cold and hard as stone. He follows Yoongi’s gaze, and he’s lead to the sight of the arch windows looking through to the library on the second floor. He squints, trying to understand what has prompted this sudden turn of events, but he’s still unable to sense the third entity.

“Master…?” he murmurs softly against the shell of Yoongi’s ear. His voice jumpstarts him out of his reverie, and he immediately averts his attention back to Jungkook.
The glare is gone along with the rigidity in his being, and Jungkook couldn’t have been more relieved to discover he wasn’t the one to prompt such animosity.

“I apologise.” Yoongi’s hand recedes. It takes all Jungkook’s restraint not to whine childishly. “I ruined the moment.”

“We could still keep going?” Jungkook urges determinedly, but his courage wilts away with Yoongi’s chuckle.

“As tempted as I am to ravage you – and make no mistake, I am tempted – perhaps it would be best to wait until later.” He leans forward, sweeping his lips across Jungkook’s cheek. “I don’t fashion to the thought of exposing you so openly. You body is for my admiration only. I’d have to kill whoever dared to see you as anything but modest.”

Jungkook chuckles nervously at Yoongi’s serious tone. As much as he’d like to think his master was above such savagery, he knew better than to delude himself into thinking otherwise.

“He doesn’t love you, you know.”

Jungkook flinches out of his daydreaming at the voice, averting his attention away from the gardens to regard the figure lingering at the door.

It’s Joy. She looks less than thrilled to catch him in the library, admiring her employer who loiters the gardens below. Jungkook hadn’t been able to resist the opportunity to gaze at him from a distance, so he perched himself up on the empty desk situated in front of one of the arch windows, drew his knees to his chest, and simply stared.

Joy of course, is making a point of catching him in the act, even if it isn’t really all that big of a deal.

It’s apparent the maid doesn’t like Jungkook. She’s particularly touchy when it concerns Yoongi, and Jungkook doesn’t know how to conceive this mannerism. It’s quite possible she’s jealous, and
Jungkook wouldn’t be all surprised if she were. Then again, what she is jealous of is more of a mystery he has yet to uncover. A part of him doesn't really want to know.

“Excuse me?” he acknowledges her passively. He couldn’t give her the satisfaction of getting emotional over her bold claims.

Her ruby eyes narrow at him, and suddenly she doesn’t look nearly as dainty as her physique alludes. “I did not mumble, Jungkook-ssi. I said, Master Yoongi does not love you, and he never will. Understand your place, slave. You are around so long as he finds you useful, but once your youth has crippled and your blood no longer satisfies, you will be thrown to the streets to live out the rest of your pitiful human life as a beggar.”

He hates to let Joy’s words get to him, he really does, but it feels as though she’s just reached inside of him and pulled his heart straight from the veins and arteries. He rips his gaze away from the pretty, doll-like woman to set his sights back upon his beloved master. He watches him longingly as he dawdles around, his book of Latin poetry in one hand, his parasol in the other.

Jungkook reaches out to touch the window, his mood taking a solemn dive. He hates to hear the truth spill from that woman’s lipstick laden lips, but he isn’t stupid. Part of him knows she’s right, and that’s why it hurts so much to hear her say it out loud.

“Then if I’m nothing more than a tool, why do you act so threatened?” he challenges brashly, attempting to keep his voice steady. He can’t let her know that he’s crumbling on the inside. He can’t let her know that she won this little exchange long before she even initiated it.

The blonde blanches, looking insulted. “Threatened? There’s nothing to be threatened of. Master Yoongi and I are in love, he’s devoted to me!”

Anger boils in the pit of his stomach. How dare she lie to him! He snaps his head back in her direction, his eyes hooded and his jaw clenched. “If that’s the case, then why did he feel the need to look for a slave in the first place? If you’re all he needs, why did he go searching? Is it that you’re so stiff in bed you can’t even satisfy your own lover?”

Joy’s manicured fingers coil tightly around her feather duster. It looks as though she’s ready to tear his head from his shoulders. “You don’t believe me? Come to the study around midnight tonight – you’ll see just how insignificant you are to Master Yoongi!”

“Fine.”
“Fine.”

Joy twirls around and walks away – she doesn’t storm away like any riled human would do. She still maintains her feminine grace, even in the heat of an argument. Jungkook huffs, pretending he isn’t sulking as he looks back at his master, inwardly fuming at the encounter. He believes Joy to be bluffing – she seems like the type to lie to prove a point, but that doesn’t stop the nagging feeling in the back of his mind, chipping away at his doubt with a nail and pick.

It’s dead quiet.

‘As quiet as the grave,’ his mind whispers.

He’s never wandered around the mansion after going to sleep, so this is a whole new experience entirely. Unlike what he had expected, all the lights, candles and torches are still on, making the atmosphere less eerie than he had anticipated. His feet pad along the carpeted hallway, blinking away the tiredness because he couldn’t really sleep. How could he? The conversation he had with Joy is still bugging him, even after so many hours. He can’t get over her audacity, or her lack of manners for someone who claims to be a housemaid.

Jungkook isn’t a violent person. He gets agitated, sometimes a little aggressive, but never has he ever wanted to hit somebody so badly in his entire life. It wouldn’t have ended well if he had played out his own fantasy, because it would end in either one of two ways. Either, she would easily overpower him with her supernatural skills, snap his neck and claim it was self-defence. Or, she’d let him hit her, and make herself the victim to win over Yoongi’s love and attention. Either way, Jungkook loses and Joy gets her way.

The study is at the very end of the hallway, and his footfalls lessen as he draws nearer. He’s aware of a vampire’s acute senses. If Joy is in there, and she’s concentrating, she probably already knows he’s there.

He approaches the door cautiously, and notices that it has been left significantly ajar. He frowns to himself, and almost reaches for the brass doorknob – almost. He’s stopped by the erotic moan residing from within. He freezes, and knows the voice to be feminine. He listens closely, catching the breathy grunts of a man, and the breathy pants of a woman.
His cheeks flush with embarrassment, and he almost considers turning away. But he doesn’t.

Instead he dares to peek through the convenient gap, to find the room is perfectly lighted with candles. His eyes fall to the two figures at the mahogany desk, and bile jumps to the base of his throat.

He sees Joy leaning over Yoongi in his lap, her golden curls bouncing along with her movements. She sheathed herself on Yoongi’s cock, and he’s sitting in the leather seat with his shirt unbuttoned and his pants undone, panting as he clutches the maid’s hips.

That’s all Jungkook needs to see.

He leaves, he walks slowly back to his room – Yoongi’s room, collapsing onto the sheets and wondering why they feel so cold. It’s hard to breathe, even as he lies on his back, staring up at the ceiling.

‘Slave.’

He slaps a hand over his mouth to muffle the sob that rips from his throat. How could he have been so misguided in his delusions? How could he have let his mind overthink the subtle caresses and gentle kisses as something more than what they were? They were ploys to get into his pants, of course. What else could they have meant? Yoongi had made it perfectly clear what his purpose here is, he shouldn’t be surprised he has a relationship on the side.

But then, why would Yoongi lie to him? Why would he claim that Jungkook is the lifelong companion he has been seeking, when he has Joy?

He feels so stupid.

So used.

That’s the life of a slave though, isn’t it? It’s what he was trained to be – he shouldn’t be crying. Why is he crying dammit! He wipes his eyes furiously, but the tears seem endless. This shouldn’t upset him so much – it shouldn’t.
‘Get a hold of yourself, Jungkook. You’ve been here for three months.’

But his heart still feels heavy, and he still finds it hard to breathe.

There’s a sense of self-satisfaction as Joy teeters around the library, flitting her feather duster along the rows of alphabetised books. She’s here because Jungkook is here, because Jungkook is always here when he isn’t with Yoongi or Jimin. She’s here to rub it in his face, even if she hasn’t actually mentioned last night’s incident verbally. She doesn’t have to, because she knows Jungkook saw them. She can tell by the stiffness in his shoulders and the dark scowl marring his baby features.

Her lips are quirked in a permanent smile, no doubt glowing from the attention she received from Yoongi last night. The image is still burnt into the back of Jungkook’s eyelids. His master had looked as if he was holding her so delicately, so preciously – as if she were some sort of treasure. He might just be sick all over again.

Maybe he should throw up on the carpet, just to wipe that smug look off her face.

Yoongi is in the garden as always, lace parasol delicately held in one gloved hand, his poetry in the other. Jungkook would ordinarily look upon his master with fondness, but today he feels nothing but seething resentment. He seems too content as his eyes sweep across the text he has already read a hundred times over, so happy. It burns him up inside.

“You know,” Joy starts, and Jungkook is so close to falling over the edge he barely catches her whimsical voice. “He was quite tender with me last night. He might like to play with you and his toys, but when we have sex there’s nothing but pure love between us.”

Jungkook doesn't want to hear another word.

As childish as it is for him to march out of the library, he ignores common sense, and makes a point of slamming the door behind him on the way out. Rationally, he should’ve gone straight to his room, or at least looked around to see if Jimin was on break, but he does none of those things. Instead, he decides to break one of the few rules Yoongi had laid out for him.
At this point though, he can’t really find it in himself to care.

Yoongi had lied to him, and that harlot had made him feel like the most insignificant speck of dust in the whole wide universe. He’s hardly in the mood to regard rules – especially the ones set out by his master. He throws open the front doors and steps out just to spite Yoongi, but once he feels the fresh air hit his face, he thinks: ‘why stop here?’

He strides around the side of the mansion, heading directly to the spot he last saw Yoongi before leaving the library. He hasn’t strayed far from his previous place, thankfully. Jungkook wastes no time approaching him, his shoulders squared and his lips stiff with malice.

Yoongi senses his presence before he has even looked up to regard him, snapping his book shut and slotting it gingerly into his blazer pocket. He looks up at Jungkook then, noticing his aggressive stature, and looks evidently displeased.

“You left the mansion without my permission,” he states the obvious, but Jungkook isn’t in the mood to discuss his act of defiance.

He juts out his jaw. “I saw you last night.”

Something in the air changes, and Yoongi doesn’t look nearly as indignant as he had initially been when Jungkook entered the gardens. His eyes soften, a flash of understanding passing through his silvery gaze, and Jungkook isn’t satisfied. He had inwardly wanted Yoongi to yell at him, so that he could yell back, so that he could release all the pent up anger that has been building inside of him for hours. From the looks of it though, it doesn’t appear to be going in that direction.

He forgot Yoongi isn’t the type to get angry.

“I never said we were mutually exclusive,” Yoongi defends, but even to Jungkook he sounded weak.

The slave inhales sharply. “You never told me you were screwing your maid on the side either.”

Yoongi can tell how upset Jungkook is just by the look on his face. His eyes are glassy and he’s trying desperately to stop his lip from quivering. His pretty face is positively coloured with regret and betrayal, and it touches something deep within Yoongi’s blackened soul.
He takes a step forward to close the gap between them, pulling his slave under the shadow of his parasol. He reaches up to gently brush his knuckles across Jungkook’s cheek, revelling at the plush skin that flushes beneath his loving touch. He almost half expects the boy to flinch away, given his current state, but Jungkook can’t resist him. He leans against the touch, even as a single tear cascades down the side of his face, searching and craving for the affection Yoongi so willingly feeds him.

“It upsets you greatly,” he speaks to Jungkook softly.

Jungkook stares at him, teary-eyed and angry. “You said I was your companion – your permanent companion, and I believed you.”

Yoongi catches the lone tear with the pad of his thumb, smearing it away. “I was not bluffing. I would not lie about such personal desires.”

The slave jerks away from him, stepping back into the rays of the warm sun. The warmth casts an ethereal shine on his raven tassels, and makes his watery eyes twinkle so beautifully. Jungkook is so beautiful – so very, very beautiful. He hates to be the cause of his grief, but at the same time can’t deny how handsomely he cries. It’s different from all the times they have tangled together in his bedroom, because it’s a different kind of pain that has been inflicted. It isn’t an arousing sight, but it’s still breath-taking all the same.

“Noona said you were both in love. She said my worth is only as precious as my youth, and that eventually, you will discard of me.”

The tiniest crease forms in between Yoongi’s eyes. He’s disturbed at this revelation. “Joy said that, did she?”

Jungkook digs his front teeth into his bottom lip. “Y-yes.”

He tilts his head to the side, eyes upturning to the sky in wonder. “… And you believed her?”

The boy’s eyes slowly begin to widen, and Yoongi watches as the colour drains from his face. “I…”
“Not only did you undermine my rules, but you favour the words of a maid over your own master?” Yoongi takes another step forward. He can tell Jungkook is trying not to let the panic show on his expression. But his heart is beating fast. Yoongi can feel it. The atmosphere is damp with his escalating anxiety. “How about I make a proposition?”

He takes Jungkook’s silence as an indication to continue. “I will terminate the affair I’ve been having with Joy for the past century, and pledge my loyalty to you and you alone. In return, you must allow me to change you on the eve of your twentieth birthday, so that you too shall always be bound to me.”

Jungkook’s pretty eyes narrow, adorably sceptical of his intentions. “Just like that? You’re going to stop your relationship with noona? That doesn’t make any sense! You’ve only known me for three months.”

“You seem to have grossly misunderstood the nature of my relationship with Joy. It was never anything of the romantic sense, and if she says otherwise, than perhaps she too had misunderstood the situation. I’ll be sure to have a talk to her about it,” Yoongi says flippantly. He trails his fingers along Jungkook’s leather collar, tempted to take it off so he can feel the pulse of his blood beneath his fingertips.

“But,” his eyes trail up from the boy’s neck to his unwavering gaze. “I would like to hear your answer.”

Jungkook doesn’t hold his stare. He looks away, the tendon in his jaw twitching. He isn’t easily swayed by Yoongi’s sweet words. “What point is it to ask my permission? I’m your toy – your thing. You will do with me what you please no matter how I answer.”

“You ought not to be so presumptuous,” Yoongi chides him quietly. “I wouldn’t be so unwise as to taint our eternity with such cruelty. If you do not wish to be with me, then say so. I’ll let you stride out the front gates a free human being, and you’ll never have to see me or my associates ever again.”

“I – “ Jungkook snaps his eyes back to Yoongi. He looks fearful. “N-no. I don’t wish to leave.”

Yoongi arches an eyebrow expectantly. “Then what is your answer…?”

The boy averts his attention to his shoes. “I don’t know,” he says honestly.
“There’s no need for an answer right this moment.” Yoongi shrugs, slotting a hand into the pocket of his blazer. “Your twentieth birthday is over a year away. However, I would expect an answer before then.”

“Of course, Master…” Jungkook hesitantly glances up at him through the thickness of his lashes, as shy as ever. “But… will this mean you will continue your activities with noona?”

“No.”

Jungkook’s head snaps up, staring owlishly at Yoongi with his lips slightly agape.

“I want to prove myself. I realise that I have done little to truly gain your trust. If I stay faithful, perhaps it will help in influencing your decision.”

A mixture of relief and hope floods the boy’s expression, and for the first time since he entered the gardens, Jungkook is somewhat smiling. “That’s very… thoughtful of you, master.”

Yoongi chuckles, his expression abruptly changing. He leans forward, fingers slipping into the ring at the bottom of his collar. He tugs Jungkook down roughly so that his lips are against the boy’s ear. “Don’t be thanking me yet. You broke one of my rules. You know what that means, don’t you, Jungkook?”

Jungkook slumps against Yoongi, his forehead pressing against Yoongi’s shoulder. “I need to be punished,” Jungkook whispers thickly.

Yoongi cards his fingers through Jungkook’s hair, the coil of a smirk pressing against his warm flesh. “You’re learning fast, baby.”

It’s always damp and chilly down in the dungeons. There aren’t any windows to air out the place, and the only way in and out is through a narrow corridor leading to a stone staircase. Yoongi leads Jungkook down the steps, his leather shoes clapping loudly. Jungkook is significantly quieter, a little tentative of what’s to come. He’s aware his master won’t go easy on him – and why should he? It’s the first time Jungkook has broken one of his rules. He’s willing to admit he shouldn’t have acted so rashly in his moment of anger, and consequentially, he deserves to be punished.
Yoongi doesn’t get angry though. He’s the type to get irritated, maybe even a little snappy if his patience has worn thin, but anger is an emotion he has by the reins. Seven centuries is a long time to learn the art of self-control, and Yoongi has it down to a tee. Jimin could probably spend hours upon hours trying to find a crack in the vampire’s near perfect demeanour, but it’s more likely he would break down in frustration when Yoongi out rightly proves just how futile his attempts are. Jungkook isn’t quite as hopeful as the gardener. He prides himself on his shrewd observation of other people. Vampire or not, he knows Yoongi’s centuries worth of wisdom and patience can never be challenged or triumphed over – especially not by a human boy that still has so much to learn about the world.

The torches on the walls flare upon approach, lighting the way for them as they approach the main stomach of the dungeons. There are other corridors and narrow hallways that branch off from the main one, but Yoongi only ever invests his interest in the large chamber at the very end, separated by an unlocked cell door.

Chills shoot up Jungkook’s arms as he steps in after Yoongi, assessing his surroundings with an air of familiarity. He’s been brought down here many times before, of course, sometimes twice on the same day. Torches flare along the perimeter, and the candle chandelier fills in the dark patches in the centre. The room is about the same size as Yoongi’s master bedroom, spacious enough to house a clubhouse of misfits or even a small orphanage.

Unlike Yoongi’s bedroom though, this particular chamber only boasts the material of a mattress, cocooned in fresh new sheets – Joy’s doing, no doubt. It doesn’t matter how many times they soil the sheets, they’re always cleaned and respread by the time they return once again.

He’s struck with dark satisfaction at the thought of how furious Joy must feel whenever she comes down here.

Jungkook shuffles into position with his back facing the mattress, his hands folded one over the other in front of him with his head bowed in demure respect. “What is it that you want me to do, Master?”

He can sense Yoongi’s presence loitering just out of his peripheral, his scent heavy and domineering. It sets his nerves aflame. His stomach coils in anticipation for what’s to come, because no matter how painful the punishment, the reward is always sweet enough to compensate.

Yoongi speaks, his voice raspy and as cold as ever. “Take off your clothes. Put on a show for me.”
Jungkook bites back a whimper, his fingers smoothing across the fine material of his clothes. He starts with the tiny hat sitting on the crown of his head, throwing it aside before mussing his full head of hair. A thrill jumps up his spine when he catches sight of Yoongi, who’s appraising him hungrily. Suddenly the cool atmosphere becomes too stuffy and warm. He wants to tear his clothes from the seams and have them in shreds at his feet.

He knows better than to get impatient though.

Yoongi said he wanted a show, and so Jungkook must indulge him.

He grazes the gems of his choker, just barely tucked away behind the scuff of his attire. As a slave adorning nothing but a name and a tunic, he had thought such luxurious apparel would be quite nice to wear. Upon finally granted the opportunity to indulge in such pleasures though, he withdraws his earlier assumption. The clothes are itchy, and have too many layers unsuitable for the sunny weather they have been having. He almost wishes Yoongi would have him naked around the mansion most of the time – it would prove to be a far more convenient compromise.

Jungkook tugs gently at the stringy black ribbon tucked under the collar, pulling until it slips off completely, falling in a graceful heap on the cold dungeon floor. He pops the buttons of his ebony waistcoat, setting free the loose material of his poets blouse, allowing it to sag over his trousers. He nibbles on his bottom lip as the waistcoat slips from his shoulders to join the ribbon.

He decidedly doesn’t make eye contact with Yoongi as he lifts his blouse over his head. He can feel the blood rush to his face as his torso is exposed, the cool hair hitting his tender skin mercilessly. His nipples harden, and he can’t help but cross his arms over his chest to protect them from the cold.

“I think I should take it from here."

Jungkook snaps his head up, his doe-eyes wide with surprise. “Master…?"

Yoongi takes a step in his direction, pulling out something from the pocket of his blazer. It weighs lightly in his pale hand, long, black and silky – almost like a tie. Jungkook understands immediately, and bows his head slightly for Yoongi’s convenience, his eyes fluttering shut.

Yoongi blindfolds him, ceasing his ability to see through the dimly lit chamber. His heart skips a
beat when he tries to open his eyes, only to be met with complete darkness.

Jungkook reaches out into thin air, relying on his master to be his support. Yoongi wraps an arm around Jungkook’s waist and starts urging him backwards. The boy whines softly, tipping on the balls of his feet in protest. But Yoongi nips at his ear, his tongue playing with the new piercings he had installed.

“Kookie, you trust me, don’t you?”

His slave nods in a manner that is uncertain, but Yoongi accepts it all the same. Jungkook’s heels hit the edge of the mattress, but with his master’s support he is able to maintain his balance. Yoongi slips a leg between Jungkook’s and lowers him carefully onto his back. The boy clings to him desperately throughout the slow movement, nuzzling his face into Yoongi’s neck as he handles him. Only when his back makes contact with the mattress does he finally relax, releasing a breathy sigh against his master’s cool flesh.

Yoongi smiles down at Jungkook fondly, his fingers getting tangled in his ebony locks. “Good boy.”

He pecks the boy’s temple, gently urging Jungkook to release him. Jungkook complies without needing anymore prompting, his bare arms falling limply to his sides in a precious display of submission. Yoongi hums in approval, his fingers trailing down Jungkook’s lightly sun-kissed skin to wrap firmly around his thin wrists.

Jungkook lets out a small whine, obviously aware of Yoongi’s next intention, as he has been in much the same position multiple times before. However, he doesn’t struggle. No, Jungkook never struggles against his master unless Yoongi specifically requests him to. He only tilts his head slightly to the side, his lips thinning in anticipation.

Yoongi slowly raises Jungkook’s wrists above his head, allowing them to lie there motionlessly as he gathers the leather cuffs and chains bolted to the floor. All Jungkook can hear is the sound of clinking, rustling and echoing off the chamber walls and coaxing goose bumps to pepper across his naked skin. He nibbles idly on the bottom of his lip, and Yoongi finds this habitual mannerism to be quite adorable.

The vampire grins pleasantly to himself as he secures the leather bounds, watching as Jungkook gives an experimental tug to test the restriction.
“Tight,” Jungkook whimpers coyly.

Yoongi runs his thumb over one of the boy’s apple-round cheeks, amusement twinkling in his smiling eyes. “You are being punished, my little doe. Have you forgotten already?”

“N-no!” Jungkook immediately denies, and Yoongi imagines the boy’s eyes wide and fearful underneath the silk blindfold.

He kisses Jungkook chastely on the lips. “Good. Now stay put. Master is going to go get his toys.”

Jungkook feels the weight of Yoongi leave him, and he immediately misses the intimacy. Yoongi always does this when he’s in the mood for something a little more daring than plain vanilla sex, and Jungkook honestly never knows where he goes. He suspects his master keeps his ‘toys’ in a separate chamber somewhere in the dungeons, but Jungkook prefers not to know where.

Yoongi doesn’t waste his time. He seems to know exactly what he’s craving, because not two minutes pass before he can hear Yoongi’s heavy footsteps re-enter the room, alluding to no amount of urgency.

The footsteps stop at the foot of the mattress.

“Look at you,” Yoongi’s raspy voice speaks. “I haven’t even fully disrobed you, and you’re already thick with need.”

Jungkook coils, resting his knees against his chest, ashamed at the hardened member pressing against his stomach. He blames it entirely on the anticipation of the moment, the promise of what is soon to come. Yoongi is well aware that Jungkook enjoys the toys just as much – if not more than his master. Or perhaps it is not the toys specifically that he enjoys, but merely the skilful manner in which his master wields them.

He decides to forgo mentioning this. It’s better not to tempt a vampire when he’s already salivating at the fangs. If he teases the devil, he might just get torn apart.

He hears the sound of heavy material hitting the ground. He flinches, but he isn’t scared. He’s excited.
Yoongi climbs up his body on his hands and knees, wedging himself in between Jungkook’s long legs. Jungkook instinctively wrenches at his restraints when he can feel the vampire’s mouth hover just above the vicinity of a blushing teat. He whines in embarrassment, a blush dancing across his cheeks as he rears his head. Yoongi pays him little mind, no doubt getting a kick out of watching him squirm. He knows Jungkook is particularly shy when it comes to his nipples. He likes to assert his awareness frequently during foreplay.

A wet, cold tongue darts out to flick the hardened nub. Jungkook squeaks, his thighs squeezing Yoongi’s petite waist.

“Such a sensitive petal. Do you think if I sucked hard enough on your nipple it will leave a bruise?”

Jungkook shifts uncomfortably, scandalised by the question. “Y-you know for a fact it will.”

“I suppose I do,” Yoongi muses thoughtfully. “But I guess there’s no harm in testing that theory, hm?”

“Ma – ah!” Jungkook isn’t given the luxury to finish before Yoongi’s mouth assaults his chest.

Front teeth dig into the pink flesh of the areola, the tip of his master’s tongue burrowing against the softening bud. Jungkook writhes but he’s absolutely helpless, his torso arching up into Yoongi’s toxic touch. Yoongi rolls Jungkook’s neglected teat between his thumb and forefinger, pinching and squeezing it roughly. He’s addicted to the soft gasps Jungkook makes, shuddering against him like it’s his first time all over again.

He releases Jungkook all too soon. So soon in fact, that Jungkook lets out a surprised moan. Yoongi’s mouth and fingers are no longer on his chest, leaving them to shy beneath the blanket of cool air omnipresent in the chamber.

Instead of questioning, Jungkook waits. Yoongi can probably feel the racing of his heartbeat, flighty and craving for more. He can sense his master pick something up, and the object makes a jingling noise as it’s snatched off the floor. Rubber clips are clamped loosely over his nipples, and the weight of a thin, connecting chain rests against his sternum.

Ah, nipple clamps.
Jungkook inhales sharply as Yoongi slowly starts to increase the pressure of the clamps, no doubt gorging his slave’s facial features for any signs of discomfort. He suspects Yoongi might be using his creepy mind-reading abilities, because he stops just before the pain becomes too unbearable, releasing them entirely. They send small pulses of pleasure through his body, and when Yoongi tugs lightly at the chain connecting them he gives a breathy squeak.

Yoongi’s lips ghost across the plain of his left clavicle. “How do they feel, baby?”

“Good.”

“Excellent.”

Yoongi starts to nibble at Jungkook’s skin as his hands continue to venture, this time a little lower to the apparel of his trousers. He takes off the shoes first, throwing them unceremoniously in random directions, with little care as to where they land. The socks are next, torn from Jungkook’s feet. Lastly it’s his trousers, pulled roughly down by the pant legs and tossed to the side, leaving him in only his cotton bloomers. Yoongi palms Jungkook through the thin material, fingers enclosing around his hard shaft with a delighted hum.

“Always so easily aroused,” Yoongi teases. “There’s nothing like the innocence of inexperience.”

The corners of Jungkook’s mouth twitch upwards in an almost smirk. “I think I’m passed the level of innocence, wouldn’t you agree?”

Yoongi’s grip tightens, and Jungkook releases a heavy gasp. “But you are inexperienced.”

Jungkook huffs impatiently. “Then by all means educate me, Master.”

It’s Yoongi’s turn to smirk. “Oh, I shall.”

He peels the bloomers from Jungkook in one swift and precise movement. It’s so swift that Jungkook is caught a little off guard, his ankles snapping together to cover his nether regions.
He hears Yoongi tsk at him. “No, that won’t do. That won’t do at all.”

Yoongi picks something up off the floor again. Jungkook is stuck basking in the terror of ignorance for mere seconds before his ankles are seized. Buckles are roughly fastened around his ankles, and he becomes acutely aware of the bar between his legs, keeping them wide apart. He experimentally clenches his thighs to try and close them, but the best he can do is have his knees touching. His buttocks are openly on display.

Jungkook chuckles. “I guess all you’re missing now is a ball gag.”

Yoongi snickers, smoothing his hand over Jungkook’s pale stomach. “As charming as that would be, I’m more interested in hearing you scream for me.”

“Make me,” the slave challenges.

“Gladly.”

The tips of Yoongi’s fingers prod against Jungkook’s lips. The boy barely parts them before Yoongi shoves them inside, pressing down against Jungkook’s tongue. He’s barely given enough time to coat the digits before they’re slipping out.

“We can’t have too much lubrication, now can we?”

Right. Punishment. Got it.

Yoongi manoeuvres the spreader bar so that Jungkook’s knees are raised so high they’re practically touching his chin. The slave lets out a small whine, because the position is putting a strain on his barely developed muscles, but Yoongi isn’t too worried. He places a chaste kiss to Jungkook’s puckering entrance just before slipping a finger passed the rim. It’s a light burn that Jungkook can easily handle, but Yoongi flexes and curls the finger inside of him anyway, just for good measure, before continuing with a second.

The discomfort is a little more noticeable, but Jungkook grounds through the scissoring just fine before the third one comes along. There isn’t enough lubrication for smooth access, and Yoongi is clearly met with some resistance as he wiggles the third one inside.
“Tell me, Jungkookie.” Yoongi shoves the finger the rest of the way inside, and a bout of pain shoots up Jungkook’s spine. He gasps. “Why are we here right now?”

“I don’t… I don’t understand the question,” Jungkook forces out hotly, flushing from the brash stimulation.

“Why are you being punished?” Yoongi rephrases.

“Because – ah!” Jungkook gnaws on his lip. “Because I went o-outside.”

Yoongi arches an eyebrow, curling his fingers. “And…?”

“A-and I ignored one of your rules!”

“Yes. Why did you ignore one of my rules? Is it that you don’t respect your master’s wishes?” He spreads his fingers apart, stretching his insides as far as they will allow.

“No!” Jungkook grits his teeth, sweat dripping down the side of his face. “I-I was jealous. I was angry at Master because I thought he didn’t want me.”

“Oh sweetheart, but I do want you. Why else would I have you bound and naked before me?” He leans over so that his lips are against Jungkook’s ear, breathing cool air against his pinkening skin. “I wouldn’t have anyone else this way. Not Hoseok, not Jimin, not Joy – not anyone. You are my human, my slave, my future. Don’t let that pretty little mind of yours wander to matters that don’t concern you. All you need is me, all you should think about is me.”

“Yes – yes Master.”

Yoongi’s fingers close together and start to slowly massage his inner walls. Jungkook’s thighs quiver as they brush up against his sweet spot, but don’t quite assault it. Instead they taunt him. Yoongi knows exactly where his prostate is, but instead of drawing out intense pleasure, he decides to play with Jungkook. The pleasure is within reach – it’s so close that he can almost feel it, but he also knows Yoongi won’t hand it over to him easily.
“Please,” he begs. “You’re so, so close. Please Master – I’ll do anything.”

Yoongi tilts his head to the side mockingly. “I’m afraid I’m not quite sure what you’re asking of me. Can you be a little more specific?”

His fingers stop, the tips grazing the fold of his prostate. Jungkook keens.

“P-please… I need you – I need you inside.”

“Inside where?” Yoongi presses a little harder.

“Me.”

The fingers are removed, the slide a lot smoother than when they first entered him. Jungkook takes the time to catch his breath, focusing shrewdly on his breathing. His flushes at the sensation of emptiness that overcomes him, the rim of his dripping entrance clenching on nothing but cool air, seeking the thickness and satisfaction only Yoongi could give him.

Yoongi looks upon his mess of a slave with surging arousal, grasping at the last threads of his self-control. He plucks the white rose from his silver waistcoat and tucks it behind Jungkook’s ear. Its ivory petals contrast beautifully against the ebony of Jungkook’s hair, and the cherry pink of his gently parted lips. His human is so very pretty, even in the midst of arousal – no, especially in the midst of arousal. He’s sleek with sweat and he trembles as though he has succumbed to a nervous breakdown; barely holding together what little pride and composure he has left. It’s beautiful, simply beautiful.

He rises to his feet and takes a step back, resisting the urge to fall back over Jungkook’s form at the sound of his needy whimper. He tugs at the stings of his cape, allowing the cloak to pool around his heels before making quick work of the rest of his layers. Only in times like these does he regret wearing so much. He generally covers up for protection from the harsh rays of the sun, but when passion is singing in his ear to undress, he could not be more indignant at the tiers of fabric.

He wriggles his toes as he steps out of his shin length boots, and shudders with delight when air hits the skin of his naked form, the key to Jungkook’s collar handing looses between his pectorals. He feels himself, hard and warm against the flat plains of his stomach. It’s one of the only times his body experiences bouts of warmth similar to that of a mortal. It’s certainly a welcoming sensation.
Yoongi ducks his head underneath the steel bar spreading Jungkook’s ankles apart, balancing it safely upon his shoulders. He presses against his lover, his hands planted on either side of his lean torso.

He nudges his nose against Jungkook’s cheek. He deeply inhales his sweet scent. “Would taking you dry be an irrational punishment? I can always get the whip, teach your hind a lesson it’ll never forget?”

Jungkook pouts, and Yoongi strangely doesn’t feel the need to reprimand him like he does with Jimin. He’s just too adorable for his own good. “Don’t delay this any longer Master – please, for the love of god!”

He pecks Jungkook’s on the tip of his nose. “Your wish is my command, though you will tell me to stop if something doesn’t feel right, won’t you?”

It isn’t a question more than it is a statement. Jungkook nods in confirmation anyway, just to reassure Yoongi.

Hands press into Jungkook’s lithe hips as the head of Yoongi’s cock presses passed the rim. Jungkook whimpers into the junction of his master’s neck, his little cries bouncing off the confines of the chamber. He’s comforted by the words Yoongi whispers into his ear, like the quiet murmuring of an angel promising better fortunes ahead. Jungkook trusts Yoongi, so he allows the tendons of his muscles relax into the sheets of the mattress.

Yoongi sees this as a positive sign, and nudges a little further inside.

“I don’t know how much longer I’ll last,” Jungkook confesses honestly, evidently short for breath.

“You’ll just have to hold out for as long as you can,” Yoongi tells him as his fingers coil around the base of Jungkook’s cock. “Wouldn’t want to give me more reason to punish you, now would we?”

The boy giggles, teeth grazing the lobe of Yoongi’s ear. “I don’t know, Master. So far all the ‘punishments’ you’ve given me aren’t as cruel as you make them out to be.”
Yoongi smirks, inching a little further forward and eliciting a tiny gasp. “You seem to have forgotten your first week here, my dear. You cried more times than a grown man does in his entire lifetime.”

“Still.” Jungkook blushes. “Even then you showed me mercy.”

“Indeed. It’s a human trait I never quite outgrew, even as I approach the milestone of a millennium in age.”

“Sometimes I forget how old you are,” the boy hums in amusement. “You’re appearance is deceiving, but your pace certainly isn’t it.”

Yoongi growls playfully, pulling out and sheathing himself halfway back inside. Jungkook moans lowly, his eyelids fluttering closed. “God. Harder.”

“Even with all that training you’re still as much of a brat as the day I chose you,” Yoongi groans, though that doesn’t stop him from listening to his slave’s request.

He rolls his hips at a cautious pace, sinking that little bit further inside Jungkook with each gyration. As carnal and raw as the vampire’s lust may be, he has the restraint and patience of a noble monk. Even the pulsing of Jungkook’s insides, encased snugly around him, does not tempt him to take risks. He will not endanger his slave – his companion.

Yoongi’s thrusts pick up speed once he’s managed to nudge his way fully inside, the distinctive slap of his balls reaching Jungkook’s ears. He squirms to try and get the man to go even deeper, releasing a mantra of tiny cries that spur Yoongi on.

Their entire bodies move together, shaking the mattress, rustling the chains of Jungkook’s restraints, creating music in the silence of the dungeon. The noises are complimented by Jungkook’s moans, and Yoongi’s grunts, and the whole world around them falls away for this blissful moment. They forget the differences in both species and class that divides them. It doesn’t matter anymore that Yoongi is a predator, or that Jungkook is a bed slave – none of it matters, because the fire and the passion between them is a raw as the natural elements.

When they are connected, they are complete.
“Faster,” Jungkook mews.

Yoongi snarls, aggressively setting the pace to the point where it’s almost brutal. He starts aiming for the special place inside of Jungkook that has him seeing stars, and the boy cries out in pure ecstasy.

He can sense the build of Jungkook’s climax; he can feel it in the blood of his veins. He grinds, losing rhythm in his thrusts, but it doesn’t matter to either of them. Yoongi’s fingers start to pump Jungkook, purposefully lazy so he doesn’t release prematurely. The half-hearted effort is fruitless however, because Jungkook experiences the high first, spoiling his torso with a loud cry.

The rose falls from where it was tucked above his ear, but Yoongi is surprised it managed to stay in place for as long as it had, what with Jungkook’s constant thrashing.

He pins Jungkook down, hard enough to bruise, and ploughs with all his might into the boy’s pliant form. The boy is practically boneless, whimpering at the oversensitivity snaring his body. The orgasm hits Yoongi intensely, and he’s sure to burrow balls deep inside of Jungkook’s warm body, just so the release is just as sweet. Jungkook’s lips fall open in a soft cry that harbours no volume, and Yoongi adores every moment of it.

“Your heartbeat is still quite erratic – I can feel it in your veins,” Yoongi comments, his fingers pressed against the supple flesh of Jungkook’s inner thigh. “Perhaps I should take advantage of the occasion?”

Jungkook is still breathing heavily, his face drenched with sweat. He tiredly tilts his chin to the ceiling, baring his choker to the vampire. “Perhaps you should.”

Yoongi smirks to himself, slipping the key from his neck. “That’s my good little pet.”

“And then what happened?”

Jungkook shrugs. “Well, he bit me.”
Jimin’s eyes go wide with wonder. “Like he *bit* you bit you, or just bit you?”

Jungkook scoffs, crossing his arms over his chest. “Do my eyes look red to you?”

The gardener leans over, the springs of the mattress squeaking slightly beneath the dip of his weight. He stares intensely into Jungkook’s, who is more or less maintaining a stoic façade. The moonlight filters through the curtains that have only been half-heartedly shut, gleaming onto Jungkook’s irises and complimenting the rich chocolate hue. Jimin leans back with a fascinated whistle, and perhaps with a touch of disappointment as well.

“Still human,” he states the obvious. Jungkook rolls his eyes. “So what do you think you’re going to tell him? I mean – about the proposition?”

If anyone were to point it out, Jungkook would vehemently deny the coat of blush dusting his cheeks. He admittedly looks away though, inclining his head and pretending he finds a sudden interest in the bookcase in Jimin’s living quarters. He doesn’t come here all that often, given that most of his time is spent with his master (or admiring his master from afar… not that he’d ever own up to that either). However, in his spare time he finds himself often in Jimin’s company. Yoongi had gone down to the village to visit Hoseok for a couple of hours, and since it was nearing midnight with nearly nothing else to do but read books in his master’s chamber, Jungkook had decided to spend it with Jimin.

“I… I think I’m going to tell him yes,” he answers shyly, chewing on his bottom lip. “I never thought I’d want to live for eternity – being a slave and all, but it’d be easy if I got to spend everyday with Master… It’d be nice… just the two of us…”

“Aigo! You’re so cute when you get like this, Jungkookie!” Jimin gushes as he pinches Jungkook’s cheeks.

A giggle plays on Jungkook’s lips, but he feigns a light scowl and shoves Jimin away. Jimin laughs, falling back against the blankets of his bed. “I’m happy Yoongi-hyung found you all those months ago… It was pretty gloomy here before you came along and brightened up the place.”

Jungkook blinks curiously. “Really?”

“Ya-huh.” Jimin folds his hands under his head, staring up at the ceiling. “Hyung was having multiple affairs, but none of it was really fulfilling to him. He didn’t smile or laugh – I think he was losing hope in life itself. But, I guess it’s understandable – being almost a millennium old and
“He’s lying.” Jungkook snaps his head towards the door, and Jimin props himself on his elbows. Jungkook fists the sheets when he sees who it is that has interrupted them, his expression turning cold.

“I suppose Master has told you then?” Jungkook hisses daringly. “He chose me, Joy. He wants to spend eternity with me.”

“A whole century.” The woman steps into the room, her blonde curls still basking in their element of perfection against her chest, her maid’s uniform both classy and alluring all at the same time. But Jungkook sees no beauty. All he sees is a witch with an agenda. “I spent an entire century working to win over Master Yoongi’s heart, and then you come along. A pathetic, dirty slave whose only purpose is to warm somebody’s bed chamber.”

He watches cautiously as Joy approaches, her steps as deliberate and precise as ever. Her fingers are coiling into her sleeve. She’s hiding something.

Her porcelain features twist into a heavy scowl. “You don’t deserve his love. You aren’t worthy.”

Jimin squirms to sit up properly, shooting the woman a heated glare. “You have no right to undermine Jungkookie. You’re just jealous that Master chose him over you.”

Joy stops in front of them, and Jungkook tenses at the look of pure evil glimmering in her ruby irises. “Perhaps. But Master can’t love what isn’t breathing, can he?”

Before either of them processes her words, she lunges forward, revealing a kitchen knife she had hidden under the billowing fabric of her sleeve. Jungkook seems to freeze, the gears of time slowing. He watches the knife being thrust in his direction, but he can’t will his body to react in time. He hears a scream to his right. He doesn’t see Jimin move, but he feels his body being hurling out of the way by the force of the gardener’s strength.

He hits the floor, and time moves normally again. His side stings from the impact, but he’s able to look up to assess the situation. He slaps a hand over his mouth when he realises what happened. The knife is embedded in Jimin’s side, a pool of red beginning to seep through the fabric of his clothes. Joy doesn’t appear to feel anything towards the situation, her pale face unreadable.

“Hyung – you’re injured!” Jungkook protests, moving in their general direction.

Joy huffs, pulling the knife out of Jimin’s flesh. The gardener wheezes, clutching his side with a pained expression. The woman appraises the blood staining her knife, angling it so that the moonlight reflects off the maroon liquid.

“You know,” she starts, glancing at Jungkook. “Yoongi always did compliment the taste of your blood. He said he always felt rejuvenated after feeding from you. It makes me wonder, if I stuck you like a pig and hung you out to drip dry, how long would your blood supply satisfy master for? A year – perhaps, if refrigerated. I’m sure Master will find it in himself to forgive me if he’s granted some benefit in compensation for losing you.”

“You’re insane – no, you’re delusional,” Jungkook growls. “You think you can injure Jimin-hyung, kill me, and get away with it?”

“Oh don’t worry,” her red lips coil into a smirk. “Once I’m done with you, Jimin is next.”

“Don’t do this, Joy!” Jimin cries, slumping against the bed. “Can’t you see that Jungkook makes Yoongi happy? If you truly love him you would let him be with who he wants!”

Joy sneers. “Yoongi wants me, he just doesn’t know it yet. Once I get Mr Spread Legs here out of the way, he’ll come to his senses.”

The maid slowly turns to Jungkook, and he starts backing away. The blood on the knife is as red as her eyes, and he’s never been more terrified in his entire life. He knows he’s at an astounding disadvantage. She has a knife, and her petite frame is also deceptive. Vampires are infinitely stronger than humans, he’s realised this over his time spent with Yoongi.

“Any last words, vermin?” She hisses at him.

Jungkook coils in fingers into fists as his sides, glaring straight at the vile woman. He conjures what little courage he has left in him before he says, “Tell Master that I love him too.”
Joy screeches out a noise that could only ever come from a creature of the undead. It’s a frightful shriek that has him flinching violently, but he isn’t given enough time to respond before Joy dives, landing heavily on top of him. Jungkook yells, wincing at the fingers tangling at the back of his head, refusing to look deep into the eyes of his captor.

“I’ll make sure your death is both slow and painful.”

Jungkook tries twisting away, but Joy has him in a strong hold. She raises the knife above her head, the bloodied steel tip aiming toward the boy’s heart. Jungkook squeezes his eyes shut, anticipating the strike of her knife.

But the lights flicker and go out.

Gusts of wind travel down the hallway, opening all the curtains and doors in its ominous wake. Jungkook peeks his eyes open in time to watch the maniacal grin wilt from Joy’s face. She’s still looking at Jungkook, but her eyes aren’t entirely focused, as though she’s coming to a mental realisation.

Loud, intimidating footsteps walk leisurely through the house, entering from the main doors and approaching the staircase. Joy seems to be frozen, and so does Jimin, and Jungkook second-guesses whether he’s actually breathing.

They listen as the steps get louder and louder. They’re rhythmic, like the arm of a clock ticking off every second that passes. It’s nerve-wracking. It’s harrowing. Jungkook can feel the beat of his own heart drum loudly in his ears.

The footsteps stop in the doorframe, and Jungkook inhales sharply, turning his head towards the door.

He’s never been more relieved to see Yoongi in his entire life.

“I was hoping you would be mature about this, Joy,” Yoongi’s even timbre travels through the darkness of the room. “But I’m disappointed. You let something as plain as jealousy consume you, and look at where you are now. You honestly thought killing my companion would solve all your problems?”

“M-Master… I-”
“Step away from Jungkook, Joy.”

“No! I won’t! I can’t let you waste your time with this scum!” She screams dramatically, plunging the knife at Jungkook’s chest.

The cry gets stuck in Jungkook’s throat, unable to make a sound to the assault, but he’s caught off guard when the knife doesn’t pierce him. He gasps at the sight of Yoongi standing over Joy, clutching the woman’s wrist. He does not look amused.

“Yoongi,” she pleads. “I’m-”

But he doesn’t give her the chance to explain.

Yoongi snaps her wrist, the knife clattering limply next to Jungkook. Her small lips fall to release a scream, but before she can make a sound Yoongi tears her head off. Jungkook shrieks as he’s splattered with dark blood. It’s burgundy – almost black against his skin.

Joy’s body falls to the carpet, and Yoongi drops her decapitated head next to it. Yoongi stares at Jungkook then, his eyes glowing silver, like the moon.

“Are you alright, Jungkook?”

Jungkook blinks. He isn’t sure whether to be aroused or completely terrified of Yoongi at this very moment. “I-I’m fine. But – Jimin-hyung is hurt.”

He watches the vampire’s eyes soften, in what he could only interpret as relief. They flicker over to Jimin, who is sitting up on the bed watching their little exchange with a forced grin.

“Don’t mind me,” says the gardener. “I’m bleeding to death here, but you two can go ahead and kiss or whatever.”

Jungkook can’t resist the urge to chuckle, and surprisingly, Yoongi cracks a smirk. “How about I
kiss my lover and *then* call for the village doctor?"

Jimin shrugs. “Fine by me. Just don’t get too carried away please. I don’t want to vomit on myself.”

Yoongi snickers. “Deal.”

His master leans over him, his bloodied hands cupping both sides of Jungkook’s face. The boy stares up at him through half-lidded eyes, his lips coiling upwards into a smirk.

“Next time, don’t hire a psychopath to be your maid.”

Yoongi chuckles darkly. “Next time? I was just going to have *you* wear the maid’s uniform.”

Jungkook quirks an eyebrow. “That could work too.”

Then Yoongi is kissing Jungkook tenderly, and Jungkook thinks it just might be one of the softest kisses he’s ever received.
Hoseok considers himself to be an outgoing person – demon, whatever. He was popular among his peers down on the lesser floors of the intricate, hollow underworld, popular enough to attract attention and land him as a candidate for the Head position. It was nearing the end of the cycle, an entire millennium of rule passed over to fresher faces, eager to represent their sector at the Table of Heads, wanting to prove themselves in a realm crawling with dreary souls of immortal demons. Most go without purpose, but to be the best of the best had always been apart of Hoseok’s ambitions. He needed that drive to properly exist. He needed that excuse to get up in the morning and go to sleep at night.

Against all odds, Hoseok finds himself at the Table of Heads on his first day, nervously eyeing up the demon at the crown of the table. He’s a little bit of a scaredy-cat by nature, getting easily startled at even the slightest sight of gore or mayhem. One would think that, as a demon, he would be desensitized to the intimidating aura his colleagues exude. Sadly, that is not the case.
The second he walked into the room, he knew there’d be certain demons he would have to look out for. Namely Wrath.

Adjudicator for the Head representatives is hand picked by Asmodeus himself, and from his understanding, varies with each cycle. He is a little miffed to discover that the adjudicator for their cycle is Wrath. It will leave them no choice but to bend to his will every time an argument or disagreement arises, because who in their right mind would challenge Wrath? No one, that’s who.

He’s a well-dressed man, dressed for the occasion in a grey suit and a black tie. His hair is tinsel silver, swept neatly to the side with great, Ibex horns curving out from the pampered strands. He has a sharpness in his eyes, a certain air about him that isn’t to be ignored. His expression is calm, but he could just as easily turn into the violent creature his sector represents.

Hoseok had strategically settled himself in the middle of the table, completely ignoring the perfectly empty seat to Wrath’s left, and settled on the right side between two other demons present.

The one to his left – the only one brave enough to sit near Wrath, apparently, could be easily identified as a Gluttony demon, if chewing on a bag of pretzels said anything about his disposition.

To his right, if he were to take a shot in the dark, he’d guess Pride. Only someone with acute attention to detail could maintain hair such a ridiculous shade of orange – and pull it off, might he add.

Opposite Pride is another. He’s a question mark to Hoseok, because he isn’t doing anything but staring up at the ceiling. He looks extremely bored.

“Why not simply start without them?” Pride suggestions, supporting his cheek delicately against the palm of his hand. “I mean, they obviously thought the meeting wasn’t important enough – or else they would’ve come on time.”

Pride is referring to the two empty seats opposite them.

If he had to guess, one of them would have to be Sloth. But, then again, the one staring at the ceiling appears to be slightly drooling now. Perhaps Sloth defied stereotypes just this once?
“I’m afraid we can’t,” Wrath sighs, tiredly rubbing the creases on his forehead. “This is an introductory meeting. We all have to be present.”

Pride huffs and slumps back in his seat, but no one pays him much attention. The others don’t appear to care all that much. Hoseok considers introducing himself anyway – just to get a head start on everybody’s names, but thinks better of it. It’s likely he’ll be reprimanded for some stupid reason.

It’s another ten minutes before they hear footsteps approaching the entrance, their voices echoing off the marble walls. By this point Wrath has grown increasingly frustrated, causing Gluttony to cautiously inch himself away from his immediate reach. All without putting down his snack, of course.

Hoseok wants to feel irritation towards the latecomers – he really does, but the first one to stride through the doors makes the task seem impossible. He makes eye contact with a smokey pair of irises, accentuated by sinful eyeliner, his cherub, red lips parted in a crooked smirk. He has a silver piercing on his bottom lip, and a whole lot of other piercings decorating his ears, and every aspect of his features exudes alcoholism and Daddy Issues.

But that’s not what has Hoseok almost reeling in his seat.

The walking man-child is wearing nothing but a rhinestone leather jacket and underwear, leaving very little to the curious imagination. A chain that’s threaded through his choker connects the ring piercings on his nipples, and the tiny little ruby piercing his belly button sparkles teasingly as he walks. His combat boots clap against the floor, demanding all eyes to follow him as he approaches one of the empty seats – the one directly opposite Hoseok.

He lacks shame and modesty, and he knows then and there, as their eyes meet for a second time, that the demon opposite him is undoubtedly Lust.

Dragging his feet after Lust is another man, his eyes lazy and small, and his apparel loose and mismatched. His mint green hair is a dishevelled wreck, and his eyelids look about ready to slide closed at any moment. He settles into the last vacant seat between Lust and Wrath, immune to the glare being seared through the side of his temple by the latter.

Pride drags his eyes between the two suspiciously, but Hoseok hardly thinks there needs to be any logic behind what clearly went down why they were all suffering in silence. The answers are written in hickeys all over Lust’s neck and chest.
The one Hoseok now guesses to be Envy straightens, quite unabashedly ogling the spectacle sitting beside him.

“Right,” Wrath clears his throat, forcing away the chagrin straining his features. “Now that everyone is here – “ he gives Lust and Sloth a pointed look, “I suppose introductions are in order. I’ll start. I’m Namjoon, Head demon of Wrath, and I’ll also be the adjudicator for our discussions. I look forward to working with you all.”

He doesn’t sound excited in the least.

Gluttony licks the salt from his fingers, straightening in his seat when he realises the attention is now on him. For a demon renowned for overeating, the Head of Gluttony maintains quite an agile, lean physique. What’s even more astounding is his flawless skin, kissed with a subtle tan devoid of pimples or stretch marks. His horns are bumpy and thin, twisting in an upward fashion characteristic of a Blackbuck.

He takes the time to swallow his food before speaking. “Seokjin – Head demon of Gluttony.”

That’s all that’s needed to be said before Seokjin goes back to eating.

Instead of just going in order of seating arrangements, Pride calls attention to himself by loudly clearing his throat. Hoseok resists the urge to roll his eyes, which cannot be said the same for Lust, who is displeased at Pride’s blatant snub.

“I’m Pride – but since we’re colleagues, I guess you can all call me Jimin.” He flicks his parted fringe to the side, pinning Lust with a smug smile that definitely isn’t overlooked.

Pride and Lust demons rarely get along, stereotypically because Pride demons are snobs and Lust demons are skanks.

Jimin has the winding coils of a Markhor, sturdy and dangerous – and, from the looks of it, have been maintained rather acutely. Most demons, once they reach adulthood, tend to get a little lazy with the maintenance of their horns, especially Sloth demons. But not Pride. His horns have been sharpened and cleaned to prime condition, putting all others to shame. Jimin probably does it for the compliments and the praise – anything to inflate his ego.
The remaining four – Hoseok included, all glance at each other, uncertain of who should go next. It’s probably because the rest of them don’t particularly care, so deciding not to waste everybody’s time, he says, “I suppose I’ll go next then?”

No one makes any objection, and Lust almost seems to lean forward with keen interest – or perhaps it’s just his imagination. He’s trying his best not to glance in Lust’s direction because he won’t be able to conjure the strength to look away again. He’s too mesmerising – too ethereal to disregard.

“My name is Hoseok, and I’m Greed,” he introduces simply. None of the others would be particularly interested in anything else about him anyway – and it’s not like they won’t get to know him better over the next millennium.

When eyes rolls to Sloth, purely on the grounds of being next to Greed, he sighs dramatically, as though the thought of speaking demanded too much effort. He has the wide, smooth horns of a Bharal, the weight of which likely balances atop the man’s head with the least amount of neck strength required.

“Yoongi. Sloth.” And that’s all that is said from him.

Envy rubs the back of his neck, looking to Lust beside him as though wondering if he’ll take the initiative and introduce himself next. When Lust makes no indication of caring, Envy squares his shoulders, trying to push forth a powerful disposition his appearance sorely lacks. His Stag horns however, whisper a different story.

“I’m Taehyung, Head of Envy.” His voice is deeper than Hoseok expected.

This leaves Lust. He leans back in his seat with ease, his arms folding over his chest like he knows something that the rest of them don’t. It’s cocky, bold and a tiny bit infuriating, but Hoseok can’t bring himself to care so much because _hot damn_ is Lust sexy. He has loop horns like a Mouflon sprouting from his shiny, raven locks, framing his small, porcelain countenance. It’s a tragic allure for a tragic sin.

“My name is Jungkook,” his voice is like honey in Hoseok’s ears. Their eyes lock from across the table, and something cheeky twinkles in Jungkook’s dark irises. His stomach churns and carnal desire crawls up his spine. “But you can call me whatever you want.”

He clutches his knees from beneath the table, hiding his thirst as best he can, but Jungkook is
looking at him like he knows something – like he’s aware he already has him wrapped around his little finger. He comes to the slow realisation that even though Wrath might have all the brawn, Envy might have all the trickery, and Pride might have all the audacity, when it comes to power, at this very moment, its Lust who has them all feeding out of the palm of his hand.

And Greed has fallen completely smitten.

“I wouldn’t be so quick to jump him,” Jimin warns as they’re walking together out of the conference chamber.

They had been one of the last to leave after their first meeting was adjourned, Lust practically vanishing from his seat the second Wrath’s conclusion left his lips. As quickly as he had left, Hoseok was still able to catch the back of his jacket with “Daddy’s ‘lil Boy” decorated in rhinestone on the leather. As if that wasn’t enough overkill, there was text on the derriere of his underwear as well, spelling: “Please Insert Here.” Envy had been close to follow, and judging by the look on his handsome features, he was determined to go prove something. Wrath and Gluttony left not long afterwards, looking like the more responsible members of the Head representatives. They most likely had work to straighten out in their own sectors.

Hoseok hadn’t been in a hurry, and neither had Pride. It just so happened that they decided to leave at the same time, leaving behind Sloth who claims he isn’t quite ready to abandon the comfort of his seat at this given time. “Maybe in an hour or so,” he had drawled out lethargically.

“’Him’?” Hoseok feigns ignorance, just to wind Pride up.

The orange-haired demon huffs indignantly. “Oh you know, the Harley Quinn wannabe with a piercing fetish – you know, I bet he has tonnes of tattoos as well. Like, who would ruin their skin like that?”

Hoseok rolls his eyes. Jimin doesn’t see it because well, he’s short and too self-absorbed to really notice. “And why shouldn’t I hit that?”

Mr. High and Mighty looks at him as though the answer is obvious. “I heard rumours about this one – apparently he’s a shape shifter and a telepath. I wasn’t even aware Lust demons could be both.”
“And this changes things because?” If anything, it only makes Jungkook that much more desirable in Hoseok’s eyes.

“Because.” Jimin takes the time to roll his eyes sassily. “Could you imagine how manipulative he is? I mean – it’s almost a tradition for Lust to sleep with the rest of the Head representatives. Not to mention he’s already slept with Yoongi – not that I’d expect a Sloth demon to have standards – but still!”

Hoseok looks to the tunnel ceiling, praying for an excuse to escape this unwanted conversation with Pride. “I still fail to see your point.”

“Ugh!” Jimin throws his hands up. “Fine. I tried to warn you but I couldn’t care less. If your type are whores that look like biker gangs pass them around, then by all means fuck his brains out. I’m just saying at the end of the day – Lust won’t remain loyal to anyone.”

It sounds to Hoseok as though Pride was just looking for someone to share his animosity towards Lust. Considering he singled out a Greed demon, he mustn’t be all that bright.

Because just as sure as Pride will hate Lust, Greed will always be begging for him.

The second meeting is the following day. The first meeting was mostly for introductions into the role of Head demon and getting to know a little bit more about one’s colleagues. This meeting is when they affectively have to make important decisions and engage in heated discussions. Hoseok would love to participate and fight to get his way – he really would, only, Lust is sitting opposite him again and this time, Lust is actually teasing him.

“Hoseok is a nice name,” Jungkook tells him. His lips are moving, and he’s speaking, but the voices of the others start bleeding into the background and Hoseok knows then that Jungkook didn’t actually say it – not out loud, anyway.

Jimin wasn’t lying when he said Lust is a telepath.

“This talk is awfully boring, isn’t it? I can tell you aren’t enjoying yourself. It’s written all over your gorgeous face.”
“Well what would you propose we do then?” He imagines actually trying to speak would call literal attention from everybody else, so he imagines himself saying it instead.

The technique seems to work well, because Jungkook presents him with a smirk, understanding him completely. He slinks out of his chair, and since no one around him reacts, he’s going to assume this is all playing out in his head. The concept is both fascinating and unsettling.

Lust shadows Wrath, leaning over to nip at Namjoon’s earlobe. He doesn’t react, completely immersed in the conversation he’s having with Pride. “You want to know why some of us are telepaths, Hoseok?”

Hoseok doesn’t answer, watching the demon carefully.

“Because we reach into the minds of our... lovers, and read their deepest desires.”

“You mean victims,” he unintentionally thinks before he can stop himself, and Jungkook snickers. He doesn’t seem offended in the least.

“I suppose. It depends on how you look at it.” He circles his arms slowly around Namjoon’s neck, his fingers caressing the gentle curve of his jugular. “I know the tastes of everyone at this table... Wanna know what they are?”

He blinks, and suddenly Jungkook is no longer standing behind Namjoon. He’s back in his seat, settled in a relaxed position. He belatedly realises that the attention is on him.

“Greed? Did you hear what I asked?” Namjoon arches an eyebrow suspiciously.

“I – sorry, can you please repeat the question?” He feels heat rise in his cheeks, as though he’s just been caught out by his class teacher. Which is ludicrous, because they’re all supposedly equals here.

“I said, would it be OK if you meet with Asmodeus to hand in the weekly report?”

Namjoon accepts this answer and continues on talking. Hoseok blinks, almost flinching when he sees Jungkook standing behind Wrath again, regarding him with a playful grin. Hoseok glares.

“So? What’s your answer?” Hoseok quickly tries to recall Jungkook’s query right before it had been interrupted.

He frowns. “I don’t particularly care, but something tells me you’re going to show me either way.”

“Only because you won’t be able to resist looking.” Jungkook winks.

Hoseok can’t argue there.

Then Jungkook’s body starts to morph into something completely different. He loses some height and grows more petite, his attire takes a 180-degree turn into an almost Alice in Wonderland style maid outfit. His chest fills out the front, and his hair stretches down over the perk mounds, but his face remains more or less the same.

Hoseok tries his best to keep his jaw in check.

“Yep! Namjoonie here likes them big-breasted, don’t you?” Jungkook coos, leaning over so that his boobs are resting on the man’s shoulder. It’s almost comical how Namjoon doesn’t even spare the breasts a glance, oblivious to Jungkook’s imaginary presence.

He then skips around the table, bypassing Yoongi. “Let’s skip him. He’ll honestly fuck anything willing to do all the work.” Jungkook rolls his eyes, stopping just behind Jimin with a playful look.

Then suddenly, Jungkook changes. He wanted to hold in the laughter – he really did, but the second Jungkook transformed into an accurate replica of Jimin himself, he exploded into fits of hysterical giggles. Which unfortunately, wasn’t all in his mind. He realises Jungkook is once again back in his seat, staring at him amusedly, while everyone else looks either confused or annoyed.
“Is there something you find funny, Hoseok?” Namjoon glares. Oops.

“Uh.” He coughs awkwardly. “Sorry, I was just… recalling something a friend told me yesterday. My bad. Continue.”

None of the others look terribly impressed with him, but Hoseok can’t honestly find it in himself to care, because when he blinks again, Jungkook is back behind Jimin – though as himself, not Pride.

“So you’re saying Jimin would probably just want to fuck himself?” He smirks.

Jungkook shrugs. “Or something profoundly similar to himself.”

“That’s hilarious.”

“Isn’t it?”

“Do another one.” He’s having more fun than he’d like to admit, but seeing as Jungkook is virtually inside his head at the moment, it’s likely Lust already knows this.

He sashays over to Gluttony, who is sitting to Hoseok’s left, and he watches in fascination as he sheds his clothes. Then some sort of substance starts running down the boy’s tan skin like a second coating of oil, and his pierced nipples are both hidden beneath cupcakes and a cherry is wedged into his navel. Hoseok has to slap a hand over his mouth to hide his amusement.

Jungkook giggles, running a finger up his tummy and sticking it in his mouth. “It’s maple syrup! Though honestly – Seokjin will accept anything that’s sweet.”

“Because he’s gluttony.”

Jungkook beams, a glimmer of perkiness penetrating his façade. “Exactly!”

Hoseok puts across that he’d be laughing if he had the choice, and Jungkook seems pleased by
Lust wavers, his smile wilting. Then suddenly Jungkook is back in his seat opposite, back in his usual attire. However, it’s still all happening in his head, because the background voices aren’t speaking with normal clarity. He frowns; confused at the mildly deflated expression Jungkook wears.

“Why won’t you do me?” He doesn’t mean to sound so offended, but honestly, he is.

“It’s not that I won’t do you,” Jungkook sighs sadly. “It’s that I can’t do you.”

“Why not?”

Jungkook leans against the table, fiddling with one of his nipple piercings. “I have a theory.”

Hoseok tilts forward with interest. “Yes?”

“You’re Greed. It’s not that you don’t have desires – it’s that you have too many desires. You don’t just want me, you want everything I can offer, which is why I can’t accurately pinpoint what you crave.”

Hoseok hums, agreeing somewhat with this theory. “Then I guess we’ll never know until we put it to practice, hm?”

Jungkook quirks his eyebrow. “Is that an invitation to your chambers, Greed?”

“Well, I’ll have to take you to dinner first then, but there’s no telling where I might take you afterwards.”

Lust laughs, and Greed thinks it’s beautiful the way he smiles. “Who knew Greed could be chivalrous?”

“I assure you, baby. I’m simply full of surprises.”
“Stay away from Jungkook.” Hoseok stares at Taehyung, pausing halfway through packing up his things. Everyone else has left except Yoongi, who looks intensely immersed in a daydream.

“Excuse me?” He mentally high-fives himself for not stuttering. This is the first proper interaction he has had with Envy, and the first words out of his mouth are a fucking warning.

Taehyung is only slightly taller than him, so logically he shouldn’t be intimidated. However, Taehyung also has this weird smouldering-thing going on, and it makes him feel ten times smaller. He resists going up on his tippy toes to look down upon Envy (and perhaps mock his sin), because he honestly doesn’t know whether it’ll end with a punch to the jaw. Taehyung does not look above aggression.

“You heard me. I said, stay away from Jungkook.”

Hoseok blinks, wondering whether this is actually happening, or just his mind fucking with him again.

What’s with everyone telling him to stay away from Lust? He’s a grown ass man; he can do whatever the hell he wants.

“Why…?” he asks lamely.

“Because I said so? Listen, I’m not stupid. It’s super obvious you want to bang Jungkook, but we’re dating so back off.”

“Dating?” Hoseok echoes. Against better judgement, he starts to laugh, and then slowly that laugh turns into an uncontrollable cackle. He’s doubling over, clutching his stomach with tears filling the corners of his eyes. “What the hell are you talking about? You met Jungkook yesterday!”

Taehyung’s face is red with embarrassment; annoyed that Hoseok isn’t taking him seriously. “Well we will be dating. I like him and he likes me. I don’t see why I need any other reason.”
“Have you even *talked* to him?” Hoseok is losing interest in the conversation fast, gathering up what’s left of his things before subsequently closing his briefcase.

“No – but we had sex yesterday. I’ve even got the hickeys to prove it!” He pulls down his collar to reveal tiny bruises blemishing his skin, but it’s nothing that sends Hoseok reeling into the next century.

“You could’ve gotten those from any succubus from the Lust sector,” he says plainly. “And even if you *did* have sex with Jungkook yesterday, who cares? He’s a Lust demon, Taehyung. It’s what he does best. If you think he’s going to turn monogamous for you after one fling, you’re batshit insane.”

He turns to leave, his free hand folded into the pocket of his slacks, but he’s left too open and unprepared for Taehyung’s sudden assault. Next thing he knows he’s being pressed up against the wall, a hand fisting the front of his collar and pressing hard against his windpipe.

Taehyung glares at him, looking a lot less pathetic than he had just a second ago, and a lot scarier by comparison.

“I said, stay away from him,” Taehyung hisses lowly. “Jungkook is *mine*.”

Hoseok gazes into Envy’s eyes, and all he sees is madness. Even if Jungkook *did* have sex with Taehyung last night, he’s doubts Lust would want to be tied down so soon – if at all. Envy is clearly in way over his head. He’ll have to bring it up with Jungkook when he sees him later on tonight.

“Fine. I’ll stay away from him,” he lies. He’s not going to stay away from Jungkook just because this schmuck thinks he owns him.

Taehyung lets go, stepping away with a look of satisfaction. Maybe that’s Envy’s problem, maybe it’s because he’s just too easy to fool.

They meet at a restaurant bar Hoseok frequents at, whether to meet up with friends, go on dates, or catch a simple meal before returning home. He nods to the barman as he passes the succubi lounging on the bar stools. They’re arguing over who has the biggest ass among them. It would be
reassuring to inform them that all of their asses are unnecessarily big, but he decided to keep this little treasure of knowledge to himself. Giving any succubi attention just might end in having one hanging off his arm for attention, and that’s the last thing he wants at the moment.

Jungkook has made himself comfortable in a booth off in the corner, strategically facing away from curious eyes. He’d imagine being the Head demon of Lust must attract all sorts of attention, for better or for worse. It pleases him to think that Lust wants to only captivate his attention tonight, instead of entertaining for the general public like any other Lust demon would attempt.

Leaning in close so that his lips lightly brush the shell of Jungkook’s ear, he whispers, “You look awfully lonely, sitting here by yourself.”

A small smile graces the young demon’s lips, his demeanour visibly brightening. “It’s bearable, now that you’ve arrived.”

Hoseok grins, slotting into the seat opposite Jungkook. “I trust you found this place easily? I was worried you wouldn’t be familiar with the Greed sector.”

“I had to disguise myself as a hag to ask for directions here, but yes – easily enough.”

He arches an eyebrow. “A hag?”

“You Greed demons always want something in exchange for basic kindness.” Jungkook tsks, but doesn’t look in the least bit annoyed. “I figured the less desirable I portrayed myself, the less likely I was going to get asked for a blowjob in exchange for their ‘generosity.’”

Hoseok hums, relaxing against the leather of his seat, lacing his fingers over his stomach. “Would you expect anything less of us?”

Jungkook chuckles. “Of course not.”

The waiter approaches them, a familiar face standing out amidst a familiar environment. Hoseok greets him with a friendly smile. The waiter returns it, his notepad at the ready.

“Would you like to order some drinks?”
“Yes. Can we have two Voodoo Vodkas and a bowl of magic beans?”

“Actually,” Jungkook sits up straight. “I’d prefer a Bleeding Pussy.”

Hoseok shoots him a look of surprise, but isn’t at all put off by Jungkook’s choice in poison. The waiter leaves with their orders, sauntering towards the bar to convey the request.

“I never took you as a sugar fan,” Hoseok says with interest. “Don’t you like the taste of Vodka?”

Jungkook shrugs, his collar chain jostling slightly with the movement. “It’s alright. I prefer something that isn’t so bitter though.”

“You’re young though, I suppose,” Hoseok ponders aloud, as though justifying the boy’s preferences. “Asmodeus must have favoured you immensely to give you such a high-ranking position at your age.”

Lust scowls childishly, unknowingly playing right into Greed’s taunting. “I’m only a few centuries younger than you, Greed. Don’t underestimate me.”

“I’m not,” Hoseok shrugs. “Definitely not underestimating you. You were chosen for a reason.”

“I…” Jungkook hesitates. “I often wonder about that.”

“About what?”

“About why I was chosen.”

Hoseok squirms to sit up straighter, regarding Lust with apt attention. “Forgive me, but you don’t seem like the type to doubt yourself. You certainly expressed enough cheek at the meeting today, that’s for sure.”
Jungkook smiles as he rests his cheek against his knuckles. “It’s not that I doubt my own capabilities… per se. I just found it odd that I was chosen, of all demons, to be Head of my sector. I mean – there were hundreds of other applicants, and my scores for the trials weren’t exactly perfect.”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh you know…” Hoseok never thought he’d witness a Lust demon blushing, of all things. “I may or may not have failed one of my tests.”

“Oh?” Hoseok leans forward with intrigue. “You actually failed one of the trials?”

“Shhh! Do you want the whole damn bar to know?” Jungkook snaps grumpily, pulling a delectable pout.

“I –“ the waiter comes back over with the drinks, promptly silencing Hoseok. They exchange pleasant smiles as he places the drinks down on the table, subsequently asking what they wanted for main course. Hoseok orders one of the more expensive meals on the menu, while Jungkook settles for something modest but reasonably filling. When the waiter is gone once again, Greed turns his attention back to Lust.

“So which trial was it?”

Jungkook brings forth an air of nonchalance, slowly sipping his drink as though he hadn’t just expressed coyness minutes before. “The trials are different for every sin.”

“I know that, I’m just curious.”

Lust drags his eyes up to meet his own, looking guarded. “Why do you want to know so badly?”

“Because I failed one of my trials too.”

Jungkook pauses, pretty eyes dilated in surprise. “No way.”

Hoseok grins sheepishly. “Yes way.”
“I – well, I honestly wasn’t aware I could fail a trail, you know? I just presumed the demon who was chosen would be the demon who got the perfect scores.”

“I thought the same thing.” He fiddles with the cocktail umbrella, swirling around the translucent blue substance of his drink. “But I didn’t know what to expect going into the trials. It’s not like anyone is willing to share inside information around here. I figured I’d just wing it and hope for the best.”

Jungkook hums, reaching over to snatch up one of the magic beans, tossing it into his mouth. “So what trial did you fail?”

“Hey! I asked first!”

The younger sighs. “Fine, fine. I’ll tell you – but you have to promise not to tell anyone else because it’s super embarrassing.”


Jungkook glares without malice. “Shut up.”

“Alright.” Hoseok throws his hands up in front of him in surrender. “I won’t tell a soul.” Then he winks.

Jungkook glares at the irony of his words – because no one in Hell has a fucking soul. He nobly resists the urge to give the man a standing ovation. His contribution to comedy is genius.

He bites down on his bottom lip. Hard. Even the thought of talking about it has him flushing unpleasantly. What a disgrace. “The trial I failed was L-Love.”

Hoseok opens his mouth, and then he closes it, shock evidently dominating his features. He doesn’t even bother to try and conceal his surprise. “Holy shit!”
Jungkook nods slowly, his head bowed in shame. He fiddles with the neck of his cocktail glass, spinning his drink from side to side to distract him. “… Yeah.”

“I thought Lust demons weren’t supposed to feel Love? Isn’t that like… the whole point?”

Jungkook shrugs. “Turns out I’m a shitty Lust demon.”

“What… wow. What was your final trial? You must’ve nailed that – or else there’s no way you would’ve been considered!”

“Gee. Thanks.”

Hoseok scratches the back of his head when he realises he’s getting ahead of himself. “Sorry. It just caught me off guard.”

Jungkook nods in understanding. “My final trial was to pleasure Asmodeus sexually. Plain and simple.”

Greed stares. “Well – I wasn’t aware fucking something ten times your size was ‘plain and simple.’”

“He shrank down to a smaller size – but he still towered over me.”

“Wow. You had to get fucked by the original Lust demon. How did that feel?”

Jungkook winces. “Asmodeus is a sadist. Us Lust demons – we all have our preferences, but he… he was just cruel.”

Hoseok’s grin falters, guilt and sadness ebbing away inside his gut. He reaches out, brushing his fingers along Jungkook’s knuckles before taking his hand into his own.

“Sorry for prying,” he says honestly. “If I’d known – I wouldn’t have asked…”
“And you?” Jungkook brushes off easily, like the topic is something he would soon rather forget. “What trial did you fail?”

Greed smiles, drawing patterns with his finger along the heel of Lust’s palm. “Compassion.”

He finds amusement in Jungkook’s stunned reaction.

“Like Lust isn’t supposed to feel love, Greed isn’t supposed to feel Compassion. But I guess we’re both hopelessly lucky, aren’t we?”

Jungkook’s lips twitch upwards in a small smile. “If you say so.”

“My final trial I had to steal something from the original Greed demon.”

Lust blinks, leaning forward slightly. “Mammon?”

Hoseok nods. “I had to break into his vault without him noticing. Some others were given the same task, but I don’t know if they were caught or not.”

“I take it Mammon did not catch you?”

A proud grin takes shape on his features. “Nope.”

“How was Asmodeus able to tell who got away with what, if there were several of you who broke into the vault?”

“Ahh. See – we had to break into the same vault, but our objectives were different treasures inside that vault. It’s quite big – way bigger than the Head demon penthouses I can tell you that.”

Jungkook tilts his head to the side, almost comically enthralled with the story. “So? What did you steal? How did you get away with it?”
Hoseok shrugs. “I think the odds were in my favour. I had to steal an ancient coin. I broke in earlier that week to get a good look at it, so I could then replicate and replace it without Mammon knowing it was stolen in the first place.”

“Genius!” Jungkook laughs, the corners of his eyes creasing adorably. Though he doesn’t tell the boy that, because he will likely stop doing it otherwise.

“The actual coin was returned later on, of course. Asmodeus doesn’t really have interest for material goods.”

“That is the case with most Lust demons.”

“But not all?”

Lust looks at their linked hands thoughtfully, as if pondering something far deeper than their current topic of conversation. “I have a theory about demons in general.”

“You’re full of theories,” Hoseok observes with a hint of amusement, but still applying enough interest to let Jungkook know he’s interested in what he has to say.

“During the Sorting at the end of my academy days, I was told we were born to be categorized into a certain sin. I believed it at the time, but in hindsight, I don’t think it’s that way at all.”

“Oh?”

Jungkook continues. “I think all demons have qualities derivative from all seven sins, we’re just compatible to one more then we are to another. Envy can be violent, Gluttony can be lazy… Greed can be sexually aroused.” Their eyes meet before Jungkook promptly looks away again. “We’re all intertwined. I think that’s why the Head demon court has worked so well from millennium to millennium. If we were all so devoted to just one sin, we’d eventually tear one another apart.”

“Well… I can certainly vouch for that.” Hoseok laces their fingers together, taking a moment to admire how perfect the fit is. “You certainly evoke emotions in me that aren’t entirely Greed in its purest form.”
Jungkook stares at their hands too, looking thoughtful. “I have to warn you, Hoseok. I’m capable of feeling Love – yes, but that doesn’t in any way make me monogamous. I could sleep with you tonight – it could be nothing more than a one-night stand and you’ll still come back for more. Because you’re Greed. You’re going to want more, and although I’m willing to give whatever you want to take, I’m not so sure I could be exclusive to only you.”

“Hm. No wonder you drove Taehyung crazy,” he comments flippantly, not meaning anything by it, but Jungkook frowns, quickly withdrawing his hand from Hoseok’s grasp.

“Taehyung? What’s he got to do with anything?”

“Oh he was just – ugh.” Hoseok runs a hand through his hair in frustration at the recent memory. “He warned me to stay away from you because you two were going to start dating or whatever.”

Jungkook gapes at him in shock, genuinely surprised, leading Hoseok to believe that Taehyung definitely didn’t mention this convenient piece of information to Jungkook at any point in recent time. Hoseok honestly doesn’t know whether he should be amused or concerned.

“Dating,” Jungkook hisses, his eyes flickering around as though the very mention of it is blasphemous. “Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Well. No. I wish I was though?” He smiles weakly. It feels unnaturally forced.

Lust runs his hands through his hair, looking immensely agitated by the news. “I can’t believe this.”

“Did you sleep with him?”

A sigh escapes the younger demon’s lips, a regretful quirk of his mouth wordlessly confirming his query. “It wasn’t my initial intention to seduce him.”

Hoseok pins him with a stale look.
“Well – OK fine. I kind of thought sleeping with the Seven Deadly Sins would be kinda fun, you know? Something to pass the time. Many of my predecessors had done it in the past so I figured I’d carry on tradition.”

“I suspected as such,” Hoseok sighed. “But maybe you should’ve left Envy til last? Now everyone you take interest in is going to be on the brunt end of his stupid jealousy.”

Jungkook screws up his face. “It’d be jealousy if we were together. Since we aren’t, it’s envy.”

Hoseok stares, and Jungkook stares back at him, neither one of them willing to break eye contact. Then Jungkook cracks a small smile, and Hoseok snorts back a laugh. Then they’re both sharing a chuckle that was prompted by a rather unworthy source of amusement, but that doesn’t stop them from embracing the situation for what it is: silly.

“Anyway,” Jungkook continues, wiping the corner of his eye carefully to ensure he doesn’t smudge his meticulously applied eyeliner. “I honestly thought I’d have to work for it a little bit. Yoongi wasn’t as easy to win over as I initially anticipated. I only approached him first because I’d found out about his newly appointed position prematurely.”

“And what about me?” Hoseok quirks a crooked grin. “Was I easy?”

Jungkook pouts. “It’s different.”

“Different?” Hoseok leans forward. “How so?”

Lust blushes and waves it off, completely skimming over his earlier comment as though it never left his delectably plump lips. “As I was saying, Taehyung made it easy – too easy. He came to me – without any means of seduction might I add!”

“Oh really?” Hoseok chuckles. “And ‘you can call me whatever you want’ is just a common phrase you always throw around when introduced to new people?”

Jungkook scoffs. “I was merely planting the seeds. The Art of Seduction is a process that takes delicate time and care. I was merely asserting my open sexuality.”
“A given, considering you’re a Lust demon.”

“You would be surprised. There are some of us who are quite reserved. Kinky – yes, but they’re not as out there about it as most are.”

He takes a sip from his cherry coloured drink.

“So Taehyung came to you,” Hoseok prompts to keep the conversation going.

“Yes. He came to me – I mean it’s not something that’s odd, but I figured it’d take a little longer than my first day to get into his pants.” Jungkook looks suddenly grim. “He expressed subtle signs of clinginess – asking me personal questions as his form of ‘pillow talk.’ It was weird.”

“But not weird enough to be alarming?”

“Not at all,” Jungkook drawls. “A little weirdness is alright in my books. I’ll have to have a little talk to him later about this though. I can’t have him spreading monogamous rumours about me – what sort of Lust demon would I be? Ugh – could you imagine the tabloids?”

Hoseok chortles at the very idea. ‘Inept Lust Demon Gets Tied Down By Envy.’ Now that’s a story I’d enjoy reading.”

Lust has no restraint in eying him dryly. “I suppose you have no intention of helping me out of this?”

“Afraid not. Envy looked close to punching me earlier, and to be honest, I’d much rather avoid getting my pretty face damaged.” He rubs his jaw to emphasise his point.

“I take that back. You’re incredibly unchivalrous.”

“Aw come now Jungkookie – I can’t completely avoid stereotypes now can I?”

Jungkook huffs, crossing his arms over his chest. “You made a pretty good effort trying to up until
Hoseok shrugs, guzzling down what’s left of his drink. “I couldn’t have you walking away in the first five minutes of conversation.”

“Well – “ Jungkook glances at the clock on the wall behind Hoseok. “Half an hour is a valiant effort, I’ll give you that.”

“So you’ll be leaving then?” Hoseok doesn’t seem in the least bit concerned with the possibility.

“And miss the opportunity of Greed buying me dinner?” Jungkook snorts. “I don’t think so.”

Hoseok gives a twisted smile. “Not without a price, my love.”

“And you shall be repaid swimmingly,” Jungkook assures, winking at him over the rim of his cocktail glass.

They decide on Hoseok’s penthouse – not that it matters. The Seven Pillars all face one another in a heptagon fashion; their hollows located at the pinnacle of each representative sin. They all have the same view of one another; they’re all the exact same size, with the exact same glass wall that looks out onto their identical balconies. Hoseok strategically decides not to draw the blinds – because why the hell should he? Nothing would give him greater satisfaction than having Taehyung look over at his penthouse at just the right moment, and realise Hoseok had went ahead and done exactly what he told him not to do. That’d give him the ultimate satisfaction.

He turns his back from the balcony view and is unsurprisingly faced with a naked Jungkook. Lust had discreetly slipped out of his skimpy wardrobe while Greed’s back was turned, standing in the centre of his chambers in all his tempting glory. Hoseok admires Jungkook’s form unabashedly. Granted, he’s seen Lust in the nude previously when Lust was playing mind tricks on him, but nothing compares to seeing Jungkook like this in the flesh. His visions, albeit pleasant, stale in contrast to reality.

Lust is crudely beautiful, and by God – does Jungkook know it.
He slinks across the space between them, every step purposeful and seductive. Jungkook doesn’t stop until he’s pressed up against Hoseok’s clothed form, hands trailing up the column of his neck, into his tuft of brown locks, only to dance along the base of his horns.

“It isn’t common for demons to bare the weight of Eland horns,” Jungkook murmurs with sweet fascination. “They look like deadly spears atop your head.”

Hoseok hums, placing his hands on the gentle curve of Jungkook’s waist, just above the contour of his sharp hipbones. “They’re nice to look at,” he admits flippantly. “But I have accidentally poked out the occasional eye here and there. It also makes removing my clothes a great pain.”

Lust slips a hand down to rest on the side of Hoseok’s face, his gentle fingers swiping over his bottom lip. He smirks.

“Then I suppose I’ll have to help you with that then.”

Then Lust is kissing him, lips searing against his own line an iron slate. It’s simple enough, but the second Hoseok gets a taste, he’s overcome with the unfathomable need for more. As tempted as he is to disrobe, his fantasies toy within his mind, whispering at the infinite possibilities that he could seize in such a pleasing situation. There are so many things he wants to do to Jungkook in this moment it’s almost aggravating, and he pulls away before he does something to drive Lust from his clutches.

Jungkook misinterprets the move for needing air, looking a little flustered himself. Hoseok nudges their noses, their lips a whisper apart.

“Tell me what I want,” because he doesn’t know the answer himself.

Jungkook looks deep into his eyes, an absence in his pools that lets Hoseok know his mind is elsewhere. A tiny frown forms on the boy’s brow, vexation taunting the corner of his lips.

“I still can’t read you.” Jungkook is beyond frustrated. It amuses Hoseok for no reason other than having the upper hand.

“I suppose we’ll just have to improvise then.” It’s a statement, not a question.
Jungkook’s pink lips part with queries, but Hoseok isn’t in the mood for talking anymore. He starts kissing Lust again, seizing the opportunity to slide his tongue into the boy’s mouth. His hand cradles the back of Jungkook’s head, the other on the small of his waist as he’s bent back slightly. Jungkook whimpers in surprise, but the surprise is soon followed by a pleasant moan.

Lust’s hand tangles with his tie, tugging him roughly in encouragement. He stumbles forward slightly, and Jungkook has no choice but to clumsily stumble with him, his back hitting the opposite wall. The coolness of the gold surface has Jungkook’s back arching in surprise, the heat of his flesh tingling against the metallic chill.

He wrenches his lips away from Hoseok’s, turning his face slightly to the side. “What-?”

Before he can understand what is happening, there are multiple hands on his body, touching him, stroking him. It only takes a moment longer for Jungkook to realise Hoseok isn’t touch him at all, and very nearly jumps when he conjures the courage to look down upon his body and sees hands of gold protruding from the wall in all different places. They’re cold and they’re smooth like steel, and he shudders at the feel of their nail-less fingers pawing at his bare skin.

“H-Hoseok…” he mutters hotly, lifting his head to find Greed has taken a step back, watching the scene unfold hungrily. He is uneasy to find his wrists and ankles bound to the wall.

“This wall,” Hoseok finally explains, “is a prison I had installed, trapping the first ten souls I reaped from the living. There’s nothing to be alarmed about – I just want to watch them touch you… just for a little while.”

Understanding Hoseok’s intentions, Jungkook relaxes slightly. However, it does not deter him from squirming. “They’re – they’re cold!”

A hand slips up from between his legs to palm his cock, sending a thrill up his spine. “Ah!”

Hoseok smirks, backing away until his calves hit the bed, willing him to sit on the edge and watch from a small distance as Jungkook gets fondles. He loosens his tie until the knot is released, tossing it haphazardly to the side.

“You say it like it’s a bad thing,” Hoseok teases, slipping his feet out of his shoes.

“It’s not the best,” Jungkook forces out exasperatedly, but his body betrays his words when fingers encase around his hardened nipples, twisting them sharply. He lets out a cry, writhing
against his restraints. His penis twitches against the metallic hand that palms him; it’s coolness doing little to deflate his libido.

“Why won’t you touch me?” Lust whines, a mixture of hurt and indignation vivid in his pretty voice.

“All in good time, pumpkin. For now though, I’d much rather watch my imprisoned souls ravage your dignity.” Hoseok doesn’t sound in the least bit sorry.

“But they hurt,” Jungkook hisses. The hand on his crotch gives him a squeeze. He would have very well doubled-over and hit the floor had hands not been pinning his wrists to the wall.

“Too harsh, are they?” Hoseok mocks concern, leaning back against the support of his palms. “I suppose you’re eager for an alternative then?”

“Y-yes – yes! Anything!” There’s something horrendously eerie about being fondled by harvested souls. There is no feeling or depth behind it, just the metallic coldness of warped gold groping at his sensitive areas.

He misses the smirk on Hoseok’s face as he waves his hand. Just as soon as they had appeared, the golden hands recede, back into the wall as if they had never been summoned to begin with. Jungkook staggers away from the wall with haste, and Hoseok is on his feet ready to catch him. Lust makes a small keening noise against Greed’s neck, pressing his twitching girth against the man’s clothed thigh.

“H-Hoseok – I need to feel you. Please.”

Hoseok pecks him on the forehead in a condescending manner, but Jungkook doesn’t care. He’d pretty much do anything to get what he wants by this point. Greed tells him to lie on the bed, and Jungkook does so, spread out like a starfish in the centre, offering himself up as bait for the notorious demon. Hoseok turns his back on Jungkook and makes his way over to the mirror opposite the bed, plucking his buttons loose one at a time.

Jungkook watches Hoseok’s back with keen observation, his focus distracting him from his surroundings. He doesn’t notice the slither of movement in his peripheral before it’s too late. It’s the slimy coldness that brushes his arm that alerts him. He jerks away, snapping his head to the side, only for his lips to part in a scream. Before sound can even leave his mouth though, a tentacle shoots down his throat to silence him. He tries to move, but other tentacles join the fray,
wrapping around his wrists and ankles. One particularly large appendage snakes around his
tummy, lifting him into the air.

He would continue to struggle, only he catches Hoseok’s reflection in the mirror, realising
belatedly that Hoseok is watching him calmly, completely in control of the situation.

“I do apologise.” Hoseok remarks tonelessly. “My pet gets a little handsy with toys he likes. Don’t
worry though. He’s a lot nicer than my harvested souls.”

Jungkook, once again, relaxes. He finds the tentacles loosen slightly when they sense he won’t
struggle, bringing his wrists around to press together behind his back. He finds it infuriating that
he can’t predict what’s about to happen. He wouldn’t find the situation so unfavourable if he
could sense what would happen before it happened. But Hoseok is a whole other level of
unpredictability. It’s both thrilling and exasperating.

Either way, there’s no stopping more tendrils from wisping out from under the large bed,
wrapping around his thighs or his chest and happily taunting him. One tentacle in particular
whistles out from the foot of the bed, obscuring his vision of Hoseok’s back. It’s thin, but its tip
boasts a head eerily mushroom-like, and its shimmery surface adorns tiny ridges.

Watching with attentiveness, Jungkook tries to crane his neck slightly to find out the harmless
tendril’s intentions, but the tentacle rammed down his throat only plummets with enhanced
aggression, scarcely resembling the behaviour of a penis. However, even if observing the peculiar
tendril becomes near impossible from his angle, he can certain feel it wind around his inner thigh.
Unlike the others that had bound his thighs to stretch them further apart, the pesky little tendril
continued to climb further and further. He moans and tries to arch away when he feels it lick the
underside of his balls, but the other tentacles have him in a strong hold.

Then it’s there, at his entrance, its slimy surface slick and unpleasant against his skin. He shivers,
still trying fruitlessly to pull away, but the tendril gives him little warning before wriggling inside
of him. It’s nothing at first. It’s tiny, thin and barely noticeable aside from its viscous coldness. But
then it starts moving, pulling in and out in an oscillating fashion.

Jungkook hardly sees the point at first, dominated by other sensations fighting for his attention.
There’s the tendril down his throat that doesn’t seem to be letting up, the tendril teasing his
blushing nipples with unsettling fascination, and he doesn’t even want to think about the tendril
tightly coiling around his girth.

It doesn’t take long to find out the smaller tendril’s purpose. With every pulse it grows a little
larger inside of him. He doesn’t feel it at first, but once the ribs start pressing against his inner
walls, he’s hit with realisation. It’s stretching him!

“You’re enjoying this a little too much,” Hoseok comments. Jungkook thinks it’s unfair, since he has no way of defending himself – even if he is enjoying the strange pleasure of Hoseok’s ‘pet’. The tentacles keeping him bound start to manoeuvre him vertically so Hoseok can see all of him. In turn, Jungkook can finally see him too.

It infuriates Jungkook to still see Hoseok relatively clothed, with the small exception of his opened shirt, teasing him with the sight of well-defined muscle. If it weren’t for the tentacle down his throat, he probably would have screamed for Hoseok to hurry the fuck up and get naked dammit!

“Are you stretched enough?” Greed asks, even though he knows Lust is incapable of answering him.

He takes a step towards the bed. The tentacle up Jungkook’s sex pulls out obediently with a tiny ‘pop’, allowing Hoseok’s fingers to take its place. Greed shoves in two, rubbing experimentally against Lust’s insides before adding a third to the velvety canal.

“Excellent,” Hoseok murmurs to himself, but Jungkook hears him anyway.

As if through telepathy, the tentacles slowly recede just as the golden hands had, lowering him onto his knees on the mattress before disappearing under the bed entirely. Jungkook breathes heavily, a hand going to his sore throat and pressing against the tender area. Hoseok moves closer, brushing his fingers against the boy’s flawless cheek.

“How do you feel?” His subtle concern is veiled by a sick sense of amusement.

“Like I need a proper cock inside me,” Jungkook croaks out bluntly, pinning Hoseok with a weak glare.

Hoseok barks out a laugh. “Eloquently put!”

Something catches Jungkook’s eye. He shuffles closer on his knees, reaching up to toy with his necklace. It must’ve been hidden underneath his shirt the whole time. The pendant hanging from the thin chain is a coin, embroidered with patterns that circulate the grotesque face in the centre.
“I thought you said you returned the coin?”

Hoseok smiles at how quickly Jungkook was able to figure out the jewellery’s origin. “I lied.”

“What on earth do you have to gain from lying?” Jungkook frowns cutely.

“You.”

Just when Jungkook starts to wonder whether all that Hoseok has told him has been a ruse to get him into bed, Hoseok is kissing him again. Jungkook discovers then that he doesn’t quite care if Greed pulled such ingenious trickery on him, because he himself has done just that countless times before. He should feel a little put off, but if anything, Hoseok’s clever wickedness turns him on even more.

He kisses back, determined to battle for dominance, but is reduced to submission when fingers are shoved up his entrance again, pumping and thrusting roughly inside of him. Hoseok touches some place special, and that’s when all the fight leaves him altogether. His spine stiffens, pleasure sinking into his limbs like a paralysis serum, and then he’s being thrown back against the mattress. He releases a choked whine, his legs bouncing apart, and Greed has no hesitation crawling in between them.

“You’re so remarkably wet for me,” Hoseok hisses with glee, removing his glistening fingers to wrap them around the head of Jungkook’s cock. He thumbs the slit, smearing enough precum on the pad of his digit before besmirching Jungkook’s bottom lip with the translucent substance.

Lust happily sucks his bottom lip between his teeth, gazing at Greed heatedly. “So? Are you finally going to be a demon and have your way with me? Or am I destined to put on a show for you for eternity?”

“Both are quite appealing.” Hoseok pinches his chin in mock contemplation. “But I’ve waited too long for this moment – I’m not about to waste anymore of our time.”

Jungkook arches an eyebrow up at him. “We met yesterday.”

“Far too long.” Hoseok grins.
Jungkook rolls his eyes, tugging aggressively at Hoseok’s collar. “Take your stupid clothes off!”

The abrupt demand has Hoseok choking back a laugh, but he does as he’s told, easing out of his shirt and pants with the help of Jungkook’s dexterous fingers. Once the briefs are gone, he’s as exposed as the day he was conjured from the depths of the Underworld, and Jungkook likes what he sees.

Greed sees Lust lick his lips.

“Can I suck you off? I’d much rather choke on a cock than a fucking tentacle.”

Hoseok snickers. “Well how can I say no when you ask so modestly?”

Jungkook gets on his hands and knees in front of Hoseok. Greed doesn’t hesitate to coil his fingers around one of his horns and forces his face into his crotch. Lust doesn’t mind, wrapping his hand around the base of Hoseok’s impressive cock and kissing its leaking head. He tongues the slit, lapping up what fluids he can catch before putting the head entirely in his mouth. Hoseok groans, gripping the other horn.

He’s struck with a malicious idea.

Using his grip on Jungkook’s loop horns, he starts fucking up into the younger demon’s mouth. Lust chokes in surprise, his hands immediately going to Greed’s thighs for support. Hoseok doesn’t care. He continues to exploit the advantage, pulling Jungkook’s head down to simultaneously meet his thrusts. He fucks Jungkook in the throat with unrestrained aggression – and what’s better is Jungkook just takes it. He lets Hoseok have his way, submissively relaxing his throat to make the slide easier.

“You like that, don’t you?” Hoseok hisses. “You like being fucked in the throat. I bet you want me to come. You want to taste my semen on your tongue, yeah?”

Jungkook moans in confirmation, his eyes rolling to the back of his throat. He anticipates Hoseok’s climax – wants it, but Hoseok doesn’t give up easily. Instead he removes himself, watching as saliva dribbles down the side of Jungkook’s mouth. He’s coughing cutely, giving Hoseok more incentive to ruin the little slut.

“Hoseok – Daddy. Fuck me! Fuck me like an animal!” Jungkook cries, looking up at him with
teary, doe-like eyes. Hoseok hardens even more at the slip of the dirty little nickname, a blanket of power and responsibility settling nicely upon his shoulders.

But no – fucking Jungkook into the mattress isn’t a grand enough finale. He wants more – needs more.

He snatches up Jungkook’s wrist and drags him off the bed. Lust tries to keep up fruitlessly, his limbs pathetically boneless from stimulation. Greed throws open the glass door and steps out onto the balcony, the stifling air of the Underworld’s ceaseless summer hitting his skin.

A thrill jumps through his limbs as he bends Jungkook over the stone balustrade, looking down upon the spiral of the Underworld. Namjoon notices them from where he’s lounging on his balcony chair, and Jmin and Yoongi are on the balcony adjacent to theirs, also giving them their attention. Jungkook takes note of the unscripted attention too, groaning against his support.

“Look – we have an audience!” Hoseok singsongs, giving Jungkook’s buttocks a hard slap. “Won’t this be a story to talk about in tomorrow’s meeting?”

“Just fuck me already!” Jungkook growls, pressing his buttocks against Hoseok’s twitching member.

“So impatient.” Hoseok tuts.

He guides his cock against the cleft of Jungkook’s ass, his tip teasing Lust’s sweltering sex. Just when Jungkook thinks he can take no more teasing, Hoseok snaps forward, indulging himself all the way to the hilt in one swift movement. Jungkook’s cries echo off the ceiling, a beautiful arch forming on his spine. Hoseok makes sure they have everyone’s attention, and it appears as though none of them have anything better to do than to watch Greed fuck Lust on his balcony.

As cruel as Hoseok wishes he were, he gives Jungkook the time to adjust. His pet had done its part in stretching him well, but the intrusion – he imagines – would initially feel uncomfortable either way.

He isn’t at all stunned to find that Lust adjusts quickly. It feels as though only mere seconds have passed before Jungkook is pressing back against him, whining for him to move. He doesn’t need to be told twice. He grasps Jungkook’s hips, slowly pulling out. He makes the movement excruciatingly deliberate for Lust’s distaste. Because where’s the fun in giving Jungkook exactly what he wants straight off the bat? No. It’s far more entertaining to watch him weep against the
railing for cock.

Jungkook is being overdramatic. It’s adorable.

“Jesus – Hoseok.”

“Naw. You called me ‘Daddy’ before. Why the sudden change?” Hoseok remarks in a comically pouty voice.

“D-Daddy…” Jungkook shudders. “I need it hard – Daddy please!”

“Spoilt little baby,” Hoseok cooks, patting the curve of the demon’s buttocks. “You ask too much of me.”

“Please Daddy – please! I need you!”

Hoseok complies, bottoming out once again, forcing Jungkook to choke back a cry. Another has joined the entertainment – Seokjin sauntering out onto his balcony to see what all the ruckus is about. He’s chewing on a chicken leg – unsurprisingly.

His eyes meet with a burning gaze from across the heptagon – the reason for bringing Jungkook out here standing on his balcony opposite his own, his arms crossed over his chest. Taehyung looks immensely unimpressed, and Hoseok thinks it’s hilarious.

With his stare never wavering from Envy, he grasps Jungkook’s horns and starts thrusting erratically, setting a hard and brutal pace that Jungkook rejoices with the sound of his wonderfully lewd voice. Lust grips the balustrade, eyes rolling to the back of his head as Hoseok seems to be getting deeper and deeper inside of him with every violent plunge. He feels his insides burning, embracing the pulse of Hoseok’s manhood, and he can’t help but relish at how incredible he feels.

The eyes of voyeurs are nothing but an amplifier to the thrill of the moment. To be taken like this, bare before his colleagues, knowing full well that he’ll have to face their judgement sooner or later, does nothing but drive him wild with salacity. He feels dirty and used and deliciously naughty all at the same time, and he can hardly think to keep up with Hoseok as he dictates control over the situation.
“It seems I played too long with you,” Hoseok growls in his ear.

“D-Daddy…”

“Say it louder, sweetheart.”

“Daddy.”

“Louder.”

“Daddy!” He flushes when his voice echoes back in his ears. Everyone watching definitely heard that.

Hoseok thrusts faster, his balls slapping against the supple skin of Jungkook’s behind. “I’m close,” he hisses.

Jungkook cries out, reaching under to grasp his cock, but Hoseok beats him to it. He nearly jumps at the feel of rough fingers grasping the hilt of his cock, squeezing it mercilessly. He cries out, gritting his teeth through the overwhelming pleasure. Hoseok tries to pump in time with his thrusts, but his movements start to jar and become erratic. He soon gives up trying to pleasure Jungkook altogether, his hands assuming Lust’s sides so he can pound into him rigorously.

Despite Hoseok’s lousy efforts, Jungkook still feels the luxury of pleasure as Hoseok repeatedly hits his throbbing sweet spot. He claws at nothing but stone and focuses solely on his ability to maintain balance upon two legs.

Hoseok grunts, thrusting faster – if even possible. Jungkook’s body writhes, his entrance suddenly clenching, violently propelling Greed over the edge of no return. He manages to squeeze in one more dive, burying balls deep inside Jungkook just before he’s granted beautiful release. Jungkook moans, spilling not seconds later, his cum getting on his chest and collarbone.

Greed catches Envy cursing under his breath before stalking back into his domain, slamming the glass door behind him. Hoseok smirks to himself, leaning forward slightly to press his lips against Jungkook’s temple, still comfortably inside him.
“Satisfied, baby?” His breath is hot against Jungkook’s sweaty skin.

Jungkook whines, pressing his cheek against the balustrade. It’s obvious he’s still trying to catch his breath. Hoseok hums in amusement, pulling out of Jungkook shortly after. Jungkook makes an odd whimper as cum starts leaking from his entrance, soiling the underside of his thighs.

“Come now, love,” Greed croons, urging Jungkook off the railing.

Lust falls against Greed, not out of exhaustion, but out of pure laziness. But Hoseok isn’t complaining. He simply lifts Jungkook up and carries him back inside like a chaste princess, nuzzling his nose against the tuft of Lust’s raven hair.

“You honestly don’t think that it’s over, do you?” Hoseok splays Jungkook out on his back on the bed, admiring his flushed physique. He’s dissatisfied with the lack of marking involved in the first round.

“Of course not,” Jungkook purrs, managing to squirm onto his side to face Hoseok, his cheek resting against his palm. “It’s only just the beginning.”

Hoseok smirks. He looks forward to seeing who can outlast the other. He has the terrible feeling Jungkook just might have all the advantages in his hand of cards, but that doesn’t mean he won’t try to win anyway.

Jungkook doesn’t take mind to the eyes that follow him as he enters the meeting room. He’s used to it. He has no shame for what happened the night previously. Why should he, when everything had played out according to plan?

He assumes his seat opposite his next target, watching as Seokjin’s tongue appears to slow around the lollipop in his mouth. Lust knows Gluttony is thinking about what he saw last night, the image of Greed fucking him on the balcony playing out in his mind. It’s interesting to see the scene be presented from a different perspective, but it does not spoil the magic of the memory in the least. As a matter of fact, it excites him greatly.

Hoseok proved to be a worthy fuck buddy. And maybe – after he’s seen all there needs to be seen, and experienced all that needs to be experienced, he just might come right back around to
Greed’s doorstep, with all the possibilities and all the promises ready to be fed out of the palm of his hand.
Title: Weak

Pairing: KookieMonster

Warnings: It's ABO/Werewolf au so... standard knotting, heat, self-lubrication and oh... Daddy kink hehe (because NamDaddy is the best kind of daddy thank you very much XD)

Summary: ‘On their clan’s quest for territorial domination, an Omega from a small pack is offered to the Leader’s son as a peace offering.’

Word Count: 12.3k

Fickle is the direction of the autumn breeze as they trek up the side of a tiresome hill, their destination almost within reach. Winter hasn’t quite graced the lands, but the frost that encapsulates the grass and leaves whispers promises of a frigid season ahead.

They march in a single file, as the path is narrow and dangerous. However, Namjoon thinks it would take a truly graceless person to stumble off the edge of the path and go plummeting into the dead trees below. Such a man is not apart of their current group.

He sees his father and his most trusted men trudging ahead of him, his figure cast in shadows by the flames of the torch he carries. As usual, Namjoon follows in tandem, leading his trusted group of capable Alphas on what could be clarified as more of an educational excursion than anything else. His father didn’t need any sort of assistance, by any means. It has been made quite clear by
the rapid expansion of their clan across the Dusty Plains of the Northern Forest. However, Namjoon – as the first-born – will one day take his father’s place, and consequentially, rule the settlements his father has made across these lands. It is both an honorable and tedious responsibility, as he has no choice but to occasionally attend diplomatic meetings to grasp a thorough understand of the formalities (even if this will be the hundredth one he has attended since the first full moon of the year).

“Namjoon…?”

He looks over his shoulder at whoever had addressed him. The person directly behind him is Yoongi, but when it becomes evidently clear that it wasn’t his cousin to call his attention, he peers past Yoongi to see Minho gazing at him inquisitively. He gives a grunt of acknowledgement, prompting the other to continue.

“Why would your father bother with a tiny tribe on the border into the Blue Valley?”

“It’s important for my father to secure all corners of this territory.” He turns to look ahead of him, confident that Minho will still be able to hear the low timbre of his voice. “Making allies is crucial to what my father plans on achieving.”

“Well – yes, I understand that. I meant why would he bother going personally? Wouldn’t it have been more convenient to have just sent us to represent him instead? Isn’t he still trying to settle rebellion from the tribes in the South?”

Namjoon shrugs; even if it’s unlikely Minho is able to see him past Yoongi. “Apparently the pack has made a peace offering that my father is interested to see in person. I was never told what it was.”

“That’s odd, isn’t it?” Yoongi mutters, more to himself than anyone else, but of course Namjoon catches it.

“Odd in what sense?” He hadn’t meant to sound quite as annoyed as he had, but Yoongi’s opinions always seem to have a strong affect on him.

“Your father has never withheld information from you in the past, that’s all. And – why keep it from you, only to bring you along on this visit anyway?”
To this, Namjoon does not answer. His cousin’s words though, have a greater impact than he would’ve liked. He finds his mind musing this observation, turning it over in his head as they approach the top of the hill. His father and his group had already turned and could no longer be seen, no doubt walking ahead to alert the tribe of their presence.

He sees a figure waiting for them at the peak of the path, a torch in his hand and a toughened expression on his face. He’s older and withered, with the occasional scar seen peeking out from his clothing. He reminds Namjoon of an old hound that has returned from war, wiser and thicker than one could ever hope to comprehend.

The stranger gives them a nod upon their approach, and upon closer observation, Namjoon can immediately spot the differences between them. For reasons beyond his limited knowledge of this small tribe, the man has war paint streaked across his cheeks in deep blue, and a feather plated into a bang, dangling down from the side of his face. His clothes too are different. The skins appear to have been stripped by some sort of antelope, whereas his clan from the North often relies on the skins of moose and mink to remain warm. He does not question it though. It has become ordinary for him to come across cultural differences since his father’s territorial expansion began. Instead, he wordlessly follows the man up the path to where huts could be found, scattered over the edge of a forest landscape.

Namjoon imagines the view of the sunrise to be quite ideal here, seeing as the tiny commune is located at the top of the hill facing east. Looking around there only appears to be six huts in total, including a grand-looking one situated in the centre with an assortment of people working and conversing around it. It doesn’t take any background knowledge to know that the hut must belong to the leader of the tribe, along with his family.

They are lead to the entrance. He avoids eye contact with two Omega women who are off to the side, sending their group side-glances and giggling behind their cupped hands. He enters to find his father and his men already there, standing before another Alpha with a bear headdress protecting his skull from the cold.

“Ah, Namjoon – come,” his father beckons him with a pleasant wave of his hand. He does as he’s told, the rest of his group lingering by the entrance with reserved curiosity. His father gestures towards the man in the headdress. “This is Siwon, leader of the Ember Tribe.”

The leader smiles and extends his hand out for Namjoon to take. He makes sure to shake it firmly. “It’s nice to finally meet you, Namjoon. Your father speaks fondly of you.”

“He’s my pride and joy,” his father state shamelessly, placing a hand on his son’s shoulder. “A fine, strapping young Alpha, isn’t he?”
Siwon politely chuckles, nodding his head in agreement. “Yes. You have a fine successor to your legacy. I’m sure he will take good care of our Omega.”

The mention of an Omega immediately sends off alarm bells in Namjoon’s head. Slowly, he turns to face his father, his blank expression demanding answers. His father wears a thin, sheepish smile. One that Namjoon has become all too familiar with over the years.

His father has a terrible tendency to make arrangements without consulting other people – particularly when it comes to members of the family. He possesses a certain mentality where he plays on the presumption that whatever decisions he makes on someone else’s behalf will automatically be fine with the person in question. This particular mentality, unfortunately, is strongly applied to family members, because surely a family member would understand that he has their best interests at heart…?

“Explain.” Generally, he isn’t in a position to be making demands – especially to his father, but with the weight of uneasy pressure starting to lean against his shoulders, he is in no mood to indulge whatever decisions his father has made.

“You have not informed your son of our agreement?” Siwon inquires confusedly, his eyes darting anxiously between the two Alphas.

“It is nothing,” his father answers flippantly. “The deal has already been made. My son has no say in the matter.”

Namjoon sighs exasperatedly, running a hand through his hair. “At least tell me what’s going on?”

“When your father came upon our tribe, I was not keen on starting any feuds,” Siwon explains in an even tone. “So, as part of our treaty I am to present your clan with an Omega fit for the duties of being your mate. Today marks the day we agreed upon to hand over our Omega.”

A sudden rise of anger overcomes him, a split moment where Namjoon wants nothing more than to tear up everything in the hut and scream angrily at his father. However, the turmoil does not advance further than a few clenches of his fists and a mild twitch in his cheek before he lets the anger seep away. He is, by no means, an aggressive Alpha. He will be – or rather, he has to be when the situation calls for it, but no, it is not in his mannerisms to hurt others.

He had built up quite an expectation for his father’s “good intentions”, so rationally, he shouldn’t find this situation odd at all. It certainly explains why he had been required to accompany his father here without need for initial explanation. He was also acutely aware of his young but proper
age for matrimony with a selected suitor. It was apart of tradition after all. He may not entirely agree with the customs of his culture, but mentally he had prepared himself. It was only a matter of time.

He supposes subconsciously he was hoping for it to be later rather than sooner, but again – just as his father said – he has no say in the matter.

His father clears his throat, brushing off his son’s concerns. “Where is the Omega then? As you’d imagine we are quite anxious to meet him.”

Namjoon rolls his eyes. It’s concerning that his father has yet to meet the tribe’s offered Omega, especially since the deal appears to be already finalized. Though again, he doesn’t find this at all surprising. His father is terribly impulsive. In the past it has lead to some unpleasant situations Namjoon would soon rather forget. He had hoped, naively, that his father would put just a little more care and thought into selecting his future mate – because once they’ve marked one another the attachment is permanent. It makes him wonder if his father truly understands the importance of the situation for what it is: his mate will be by his side when he takes of his father’s legacy. His Omega will be the person to support him and love him until the very end.

It’s irreversible.

“This way,” Siwon says rather awkwardly, painfully aware of the tension between the father and son. “He’s in his own hut, awaiting to meet his new Alpha.”

The rest of their men remain in the leader’s hut while Namjoon and his father follow Siwon down a small dirt path. It weaves like a serpent around the grass area, with smaller paths slitting off from it and leading into the few huts surrounding the centre. The hut they are lead to resides at the very end of the path, closest to the edge of the forest. Two Betas are guarding the entrance, clutching spears that stand pointing towards the night sky.

Siwon gives them a nod upon their approach, and one of the Betas step in to open the door for them.

The interior basks in the warm glow of candles that cast upon the hut a welcoming presence. Predetermined from what Namjoon had seen from the outside, the hut is small – smaller than any of the huts that could be found back at home. A single wooden bed was tucked to one side, with a wardrobe against the opposite wall. There’s a small writing desk beside the bed, and a single chair, its two back legs nudged into the animal skin rug.
Namjoon found this to be strange. In their clan, no one lived by themselves. Their pack is highly communal, so often huts were shared among friends and family. No one lives alone. This single hut for just one-person whispers isolation and loneliness, an outcast pushed to the edge of the tribe, away from trouble, away from attention, away from care.

He smells the sweetness in the air, the presence of an Omega.

But… where is the Omega…?

It is then the gentle thud of the open window calls to his attention, letting in gentle gusts of cool wind that penetrate the warmth.

Siwon tenses, muttering something incoherent under his breath. He quickly turns to the Betas, gripping one of them by the shoulder and pinning him with a stern look.

“Where is he?”

“I…” The Beta hesitates. “He was here when we checked on him – I swear it!”

“When was the last time you checked on him?”

“Ten minutes ago?”

Siwon sighs, releasing the Beta from his grip. His father inclines his head towards the window, looking more curious than peeved. “It appears your Omega decided to escape. I’m guessing he ran into the forest?”

The leader flushes, bowing his head in shame. “It would appear so…”

“He couldn’t have gone far in ten minutes. Not to worry – my son and his men will track him down easily. Won’t you, Namjoon?”

Namjoon looks to his father, honestly a little stunned that the attention had once again been
brought upon him. His father is looking at him expectantly, which means there is no room for argument. Disrespecting his father would be one thing, but to disrespect him in front of another person – a tribe official no less, could cause serious damage to their complex relationship. The last thing he wants to do is cause more tension between them.

So, like the good son that he is, he obliges, nodding his head firmly. “If I can have something that belongs to the Omega, my men and I should be able to find him quickly.”

Siwon moves to snatch something from the bed – something Namjoon hadn’t noticed before. He tosses it, and Namjoon catches it easily, turning the small object over in his hand. It’s a stuffed toy – a small rabbit no larger than the palm of his hand. It’s grey with black button eyes and a pink nose. It looks a little worse for wear, decaying under the gentle affections of a child. He frowns at it, idly pondering the age of the Omega.

He slowly leans down to sniff the toy, the fragrance of vanilla gorging his senses and setting his mouth to water. He gulps, pulling away. It’s definitely not a scent that could easily get carried away with the wind that’s for certain.

The four of his men meet him at the edge of the forest, a gloomy sort of mist swirling around their ankles and creating an eerie atmosphere. The creatures of the night scatter in the tree branches, jumping and climbing and crying out to the moon and the stars. He can hear the tapping of a squirrel as it dashes up into the hollow of a tree, the hoot of an owl as it turns its head west, the clicking of an insect as it settles on a twig. The woods are vibrant with life at the darkest time of the day, and yet, even with his acute hearing he can’t seem to hear the escaped Omega. Either he is inhumanly quick and has leapt out of earshot, or is smart enough to disguise himself.

He hands the toy to Yoongi, who shoots him a skeptical look before taking a small whiff and passing it to Wonshik. It eventually comes back around to Namjoon, who stuffs the toy in his pocket for safekeeping.

“So what does the Omega look like?” Chanyeol asks.

“I don’t know.”

“… Ok. How old is the Omega?”

“I don’t know…”
His team gives him a bland look. He scratches the back of his head awkwardly. “I know what you’re thinking – trust me, I’m thinking the same thing. But we have the Omega’s scent. Our first objective is to find and retrieve him.”

“Are you sure you want to do this, Namjoon?” Yoongi asks, his gaze turned toward the forest. “Pretending the Omega got away could buy you more freedom.”

“It could also give your father a second chance to consider his… choices,” Wonshik adds carefully, not one to openly criticize the clan leader.

Namjoon sighs. “As tempting as it is, it wouldn’t sit well with me knowing an Omega is out in the woods alone at night – and all because of my father, no less. I’d rest easy if we just got this over and done with.”

“Such a noble man.” Minho chuckles and slaps Namjoon on the shoulder. “The Omega is lucky to be promised to a guy like you.”

He smiles tightly. “Yeah, well, the Omega might not agree with you there.”

“Don’t worry,” Yoongi says quietly. “We’ll find him.”

Weaving through the trees, the many footsteps thump lightly against the earth, their movements swift and fleeting. The cool air hits Namjoon in the chest and it feels exhilarating. The wind caresses his hair, tousling the strands and kissing his scalp.

There’s a mild heaviness to his breathing. They’ve been chasing a scent that's doused with deception. Namjoon’s earlier assumption had been correct: the Omega is intelligent. Instead of running in a set direction the second he had tasted freedom, the Omega had pranced around in different directions to disorientate any who dared to follow. It was a large set back for what should’ve been a straightforward search and retrieve mission, and Namjoon starts to second guess whether the scent they are currently tracking will lead them somewhere or to another dead end.
It would be impossible for the Omega to have gotten this far and then turned back during the small window of ten minutes. This has to be the right route – or else Namjoon wouldn’t know where to search next.

He leads the front while the others follow, Yoongi typically at the rear, purposely lagging to apply the least amount of effort possible. A twig snaps and cuts through the atmosphere, Namjoon comes to a sudden halt, his group stopping a few feet behind him. He kneels down to brush his fingers across the dirt, brushing away crisp leaves and sticks. There’s a disturbance in the earth. It’s fresh.

“He’s near,” he murmurs, just loud enough for the others to hear.

They split up to cover more ground. Wherever the Omega is, he’s hiding.

He stalks ahead, listening attentively to his surroundings. Leaves crunch softly under his feet, and the breeze gently rustles the pine trees. On such a still night like this he couldn’t help but think it would be an ideal time to go hunting for food instead of some runaway Omega he’s never met before, but life has a way of making his life difficult.

With the path he’s taking, he’s sure he’s losing momentum in the chase. The Omega didn’t go directly south, so which direction did he take…?

A shriek echoes like a siren in the early hours of dawn. Animals frighten to the disturbance, the branches of the trees rustling violently with sudden movement. Namjoon’s heart gives a leap. He snaps his head in the direction of the noise, comprehending the familiarity of the voice that cries for attention. One of his men is under attack.

He leaps into a sprint, the panicked urge to Change stronger than ever, but he maintains his humanly physique, having learnt the patience to understand a situation first before taking any drastic action.

Thankfully, his brethren hadn’t strayed far. They had been scouting for no more than five minutes – enough time to wonder out of sight, but not long enough to be out of protective range. The others heard the alert too – Minho falling into step beside him as they take the same route towards the commotion.

It’s Chanyeol, on his stomach with his hands behind his head in surrender, bated breathes heavy against the dirt. A figure towers over him, dark beneath the shadow of the moon. Namjoon doesn’t think before tackling the silhouette. The figure hadn’t anticipated spontaneity, and together they fell to the forest floor tangled and disoriented. Luckily, Namjoon has the advantage of
surprise on his side, so it hadn’t taken long to have his hands on the figure’s shoulders, pressing them down against the damp soil.

The shadow gives a shriek, and then the moon graces them at the just the right angle to be able to make out the figure’s face through the darkness. Pale, flawless skin, wide doe-like eyes, small, soft lips all tied together in a vicious snarl. Namjoon has to press all his body weight against who he knows to be a boy now, putting an end to his jerky squirming. The boy stiffens when he realizes the vulnerable position he’s in, his contorted features relaxing into that of reserved caution. It gives Namjoon the opportunity to properly take in what he’s seeing.

Red war paint streaks in twin lines across the boy’s cheeks, a colored feather knotted into a bang that frames the soft edge of his jaw, and a necklace of animal teeth string together around his neck. A spear lays stationary not arm’s width away from them, leading Namjoon to believe the boy had been holding it to Chanyeol before he had recklessly intervened. He had not known the stranger was armed.

He realizes that the boy is no longer struggling, suddenly pliant beneath him. His nose gives a twitch, and Namjoon slowly starts to understand why.

“Namjoon – fuck – do you need help?” He hears Yoongi’s voice call from somewhere over his shoulder. Namjoon doesn’t break eye-contact with the boy.

“Everything is fine. The Omega has been obtained,” he says in a firm tone. The boy gives a shiver.

“Omega? I was tackled by an Omega?!” Chanyeol’s voice exclaims, likely flailing over the ludicrous idea.

Namjoon leans in. The Omega tenses. He nuzzles into the soft skin of the Omega’s neck, breathing in slowly. The boy gives a whimper, and Namjoon chuckles lowly. “Oh, he’s an Omega alright.”

“Aw man. If this gets out the guys back at home will never let it down!”

“Yeah, I’m not promising I’ll keep this to myself,” Wonshik hums, the last to join them – but still not late enough to overhear Namjoon’s announcement.
“What’s your name, Omega?” Namjoon is sure to sound every bit as authoritative as he feels right now, his body thrumming with the adrenaline of being so close to something so gorgeous.

“Jungkook.” It’s clear the boy is struggling to keep his voice from trembling. The conflict is all there in his pretty eyes – the desire to fight back despite his body yelling at him to submit.

“Jungkook.” He lets the name roll off his tongue, testing it on his lips. It’s a fitting name. “Are you, or are you not, the Omega who escaped the Ember Tribe of the West?”

The split hesitation that instills sweet Jungkook’s features has Namjoon’s gripping his shoulders hard. The Omega winces, looking away from him in a mixture of shame and disgust. He breathes a small “yes”, to which Namjoon answers with a curt nod.

“Tell me, Jungkook –“ he enjoys saying the Omega’s name more than he really should “– what respectable Omega runs away from their responsibilities, particularly one as serious as matrimony? Do you understand that your reckless actions may reflect badly on the reputation of your own tribe?”

A dark look passes across the male’s face; he must’ve hit a nerve. “I have no loyalty to the tribe.”

Namjoon smirks, leaning in close to have his lips trail along Jungkook’s sharp jaw line. He may be against the choices his father has made on his behalf, but he’d be damned if Jungkook isn’t the finest smelling Omega he’s ever had the pleasure of stumbling upon. He smells like something disgustingly sugary – like the hard candies his grandmother used to suck obnoxiously on during clan meetings. He recalls the envy he had felt as a child when his mother told him he couldn’t have the candy, but what’s the point of moping now when Jungkook is practically doused in the delicious scent?

“If you have no loyalty to your tribe,” he murmurs, “I suppose you have no issues with me taking you back to my tribe, hm?”

Something akin to realization is evident on the boy’s features, but he schools them quickly. “Nope. No issues at all.”

The Alpha chuckles. “Wonderful.”
They’d been walking for hours. Jungkook had been treading carefully, attempting to protect his feet from the protruding twigs and concealed stones peppering the forest floor. The Alphas had taken him back to the tribe to regroup with the rest of their party, where his wrists had been bound by a piece of rope, with the lead Alpha yielding the end of it. Namjoon – is his name. He had introduced himself shortly after capturing him, and Jungkook wasn’t honestly sure what to think of him. From their short encounter he couldn’t help but presume he is but a classically spoilt heir who evidently takes pride in his own appearance. It is only by his initial display of strength that Jungkook knows well not to defy him – he’s reckless, but he is by no means stupid.

After everything had been sorted, Namjoon and his group had set off back to where they had come from. Their small and humble tribe hadn’t known about the Northern Forest Clan until their troops were standing on their doorstep, threatening violence and mayhem if they did not comply with their demands. As a tribe with but a pitiful population of less than twenty – some of them small children, some of them elders, both incapable of fighting – they hardly stood a chance. So their leader, Siwon – Jungkook’s mentor and father figure – had offered up a compromise – or rather, betrayed him to save his own skin. He had been told it was a noble sacrifice in the name of their tribe, but Jungkook hadn’t been keen on making such a sacrifice on their behalf.

It only occurs to him now that he should’ve left the second he discovered Siwon’s intentions. He doesn’t know what compelled him to linger right up until the night he would be handed over. Perhaps a small part of him had hoped, fruitlessly, that Siwon would somehow go back on his promise and find a more fitting compromise.

But he hadn’t. And now here he is – being tugging along by his bound wrists, manned on every side by dutiful Alphas.

The Alphas weren’t so bad. They bickered amongst one another frequently enough for him to learn all of their names. Some of them even made references to Omegas back at home – Omegas he has a feeling he will meet very soon.

“How do your wrists feel?” The silver-haired man asks him, tearing him from his reverie.

He snaps his head up in surprise. He hadn’t expected any of them to regard him directly in the presence of his mate-to-be.

“I –” he looks down at his bound wrists. “They’re a little tight,” he answers honestly. “I – I think they might be bleeding.”
The Alpha – Yoongi, he thinks his name is – nods in what he thinks is sympathy. It’s hard to tell. He holds the expression of consistent nonchalance. “We are nearing the village. Namjoon will ensure your wounds are tended to right away.”

“Oh you could’ve tied them looser,” Jungkook retorts without thinking. Yoongi’s eyebrows disappear passed his fringe in surprise, and Jungkook is immediately reminded that he’s supposed to be acting subservient. Regardless, he doesn’t take back the statement. He simply bites down on his tongue.

“We could’ve,” Namjoon throws over his shoulder, walking just up ahead. He gives the rope a tug and Jungkook flinches, hissing under his breath. “But after the stunt you pulled earlier, we weren’t going to take any chances.”

“Well, either that or Chanyeol’s so in love that he’s become a huge softy,” Minho chortles, elbowing the other lanky Alpha with a grin.

Chanyeol pouts, unimpressed. “This has nothing to do with Baekhyun, asshole.”

“Sure is doesn’t.”

Jungkook listens quietly, surprised to discover Chanyeol has an interest in someone. From what he could smell from him earlier, he is still an unmarked Alpha, meaning he must be in the process of courting someone. Yoongi too, is unmarked, but Wonshik and Minho are taken. He had observed the different scents Alpha emit when they’re devoted to a single Omega or Beta – they’re almost odorless, and exude none of the overbearing sexual pheromones that horny, unmarked Alphas seem to radiate. He imagines it’s the same when it comes to how marked and unmarked Omegas smell to Alphas, but he’s never been in a situation where he has been at liberty to ask.

“How did you manage to overpower Chanyeol, though?” Wonshik asks suddenly. It takes a moment for Jungkook to realize that once again, he is being regarded directly. He steals a glance at Namjoon to see if he’s bothered by this, but is relieved to find he has made no indication of interest.

“I was trained to be a warrior,” he replies proudly.

A sudden hush falls upon the rest of the group, the Alphas taking abrupt interest in the
conversation. Even Namjoon, who has his back to him, is quite obviously listening. It makes Jungkook a little nervous.

“An Omega warrior?” Minho clarifies, as though he isn’t certain he heard right.

“Yes.” Jungkook is immediately on the defense. “I know it’s unconventional – but our tribe is small. We didn’t have the luxury of assigning Alphas, Betas and Omegas to their predetermined roles.”

“So you were taught how to fight?” Wonshik queries.

“Yes.”

“And how to hunt?” Chanyeol interjects.

“Yes.”

“That’s badass!”

Jungkook blushes, biting back his smile. It’s the nicest thing he’s heard all day. It comes to his attention that none of the Alphas are actually undermining him, they’re simply curious.

“Given the circumstances, it is understandable that Omegas were trained to defend themselves and others back in the Ember Tribe of the West,” Namjoon speaks, his voice firm and domineering. “However, such roles do not exist in our tribe. You best remember that.”

Jungkook glares down at his bounds, resisting the urge to say something he might regret later. It’s probably Namjoon’s way of forewarning him of what to expect when they arrive, but he still resents him a little bit for it.

They exit the forest and come out into a giant clearing – bigger than anything Jungkook has ever seen before. The sight of twinkling lights that fill the darkness of the night enraptures him, reminding him of fireflies. He’s never seen so many huts, so many cobbled pathways, and so many people wandering at such time in the night. His stomach does a nervous flip of excitement he hadn’t expected to feel, but he supposes anything out of the ordinary could give him joy, seeing as he came from such a small and secluded area. He’s immediately struck with the incomprehensible urge to run down the hill they stood upon and go explore.
However, doing so would be highly inappropriate, and would quite possibly have him tackled to the ground with Namjoon’s weight pressing against him once again. That he would like to avoid at all costs.

The exclamation of a voice can be heard as they draw nearer, and from the houses a man comes running towards them. There’s a split second of confusing right before the man throws his arms around Wonshik’s neck, the Alpha’s hands immediately going to his waist as though he had done it a thousand times previously.

“Miss me?” Wonshik teases. The Omega in his arms gives him a twinkly smile.

“Always!” he chirps back.

Jungkook could gag at how sickeningly sweet they are, but Yoongi has the pleasure of doing it on his behalf.

“Jaehwan,” Namjoon calls. The Omega breaks away from his Alpha, regarding the heir serenely.

“Welcome home, chief! Bring me back any presents?” Jaehwan asks cheekily.

Namjoon rolls his eyes. “No. But we did bring back an Omega.”

Jaehwan straightens, looking around before realizing that they had, in fact, brought someone back with them. The Omega’s wide eyes fall upon him, deep brown and tender. “Oh! Hi!”

Jungkook hates that he blushes. He resists the urge to look away out of pure timidity. “Hi.”

“Take him to get cleaned up, will you?” Namjoon says this as though Jaehwan has an option in the matter, offering the rope for the Omega to take.

Jaehwan gives Jungkook’s bounds a onceover before tutting softly to himself. “That’s no way to treat an Omega!”
He marches straight up to Jungkook with confidence he hadn’t been ready for, and now being just a foot away from him, he’s come to realize that the Omega is quite tall—much like his mate.


There’s something about Jaehwan that Jungkook inexplicitly trusts, so he obediently places his bound wrists in the Omega’s awaiting grip. Carefully—very carefully—he starts to tug the restraints loose, and Jungkook releases a sigh he hadn’t realized he had been holding until now.

“Shame on you, Wonshikkie!” Jaehwan chides softly without turning around to regard his Alpha. “How could you allow this? He’s so young!”

“I-It wasn’t my decision!” Wonshik defends weakly, guiltily.

Jaehwan rolls his eyes in amusement. “No I know that. You couldn’t tie a knot to save your life. But you’re supposed to be Namjoon’s advisor.”

“I’m standing right here, Jaehwan,” Namjoon deadpans.

“What on earth compelled you to enforce such cruelty?” Jaehwan ignores Namjoon, shaking his head in disappointment. Once the bounds are entirely removed, he cups the burns and wounds that have irritated Jungkook’s skin. “Aigo. How old are you, child?”

Jungkook’s lips press together before he answers, “I’m eighteen.”

“Aigo! So young!”

His face screws up with distaste. “I’m not that young.”

“Well you are to me!” Jaehwan says brightly, his fingers trailing down to intertwine with his. “Come—let’s get you cleaned up.”
“Take him to Seokjin,” Namjoon orders. “Make sure he’s returned to my cabin once you’re done with him.”

Jaehwan salutes him before tugging Jungkook away, but not before blowing a kiss in Wonshik’s general direction. The Alpha had pulled a love-struck expression, catching the kiss with his fist before pressing his hand against his heart. Jungkook doesn’t find this adorable in the slightest – nope, not even just a little bit. It’s gross, and what’s worse is they probably know it and just don’t care.

He’s taken down to a cabin of modest size. Jaehwan steps up to the little stone step before tapping his fist against the wooden door. It’s quick to swing open, revealing a confused and dazed character with soft brown hair and even softer eyes.

“Jaehwan – do you have any idea what time it is? I was just about getting ready for bed!”

Jaehwan rubs the back of his neck sheepishly. “I know! But like – this is super urgent. I was asked to come get you by Namjoon directly.”

“Oh?” Seokjin opens the door further, crossing his arms over his chest. “What’s he want?”

“Well – this here’s an Omega they brought back from their expedition to the Ember Tribe.” Jaehwan tugs him forward slightly, pulling him fully into sight. “Namjoon asked us to clean him up before delivering him to his cabin.”

“His cabin?” Seokjin chokes. “As in – Namjoon’s cabin?”

Jaehwan huffs impatiently. “That’s what I just said!”

“I know but…” Seokjin blinks, regarding Jungkook curiously. “Pardon my forwardness – but who are you?”

“This is…” Jaehwan frowns, whipping his head around. “Actually, Namjoon didn’t tell me your name.”
“Jungkook,” he provides gently, avoiding their curious gazes. “I was given to Namjoon by my tribe.”

A stunned silence falls upon the Omegas, the other two attempting to process the information. Seokjin steps forward, placing his hands on Jungkook’s shoulders. The stranger gives him a smile that seems to convey a certain level of understanding. It makes him want to suddenly break down, even though he’s able to maintain a strong front.

“Things will be tough at the start,” Seokjin provides honestly. “It’s never easy for us Omegas. But if you ever need someone to talked to, come to me or Jaehwan, ok? We’ll help you.”

Jungkook jerks his head in a nod, feeling awkward. He doesn’t know these people and they’re being really nice to him. He had come here with the expectation of hating every single of the clan’s members.

“Ah – thanks,” he replies stiffly. Seokjin only smiles in understanding and pats him tenderly.

Standing at the cabin door, he finds himself at loss with what to do. Jaehwan and Seokjin had done as ordered; bathing him whilst conversing like two middle-aged women as Jungkook quietly listened, giving no verbal contribution whatsoever. He hadn’t meant to come across rude, his mind had just been elsewhere – more specifically orbiting around this very pivotal moment.

This is Namjoon’s cabin. He had known before Seokjin had even indicated towards it, because it’s one of the largest cabins he’s come across in the entire village. It’s more like a house than anything else, two stories with a balcony overlooking the neighborhood, a chimney and a stable roof. He knew heirs always got the best perks – as did the heir back in his old tribe, but it had been nothing of this caliber. He supposes that’s the difference between tribes and clans. Clans had the wealth, the power and the resources to have these kinds of luxuries, whereas tribes did not.

“How long do you intend on standing out there for?” A voice deep voice speaks from the other side of the door, almost giving Jungkook a heart attack.

His jaw slackens; ready to give some sort of half-witted reply before the door suddenly swings open to reveal Namjoon. He leans his forearm against the doorframe and Jungkook pretends his isn’t bothered by how much taller the other man is. He has this infuriating smirk on his features that he doesn’t appreciate, and definitely doesn’t find attractive in the slightest. What kind of
asshole has *mint green hair* anyway? Would it be weird to ask how he’s able to pull it off?

“Ah – much better.” He gives Jungkook’s appearance a onceover and the Omega has to fight down the blush. “Now you look more like an fertile Omega than a wild child playing with sticks and rocks.”

Jungkook’s jaw twitches. “I wore the attire of my tribe’s warrior garb!”

“Exactly.”

He has the sudden urge to stamp his foot. “You have no right to insult my culture.”

Namjoon gives him a look that makes him feel small and childish. “Perhaps not, but – I have every right to impose my culture upon you. It is your born duty to submit.”

He wants to scream and pull his hair out in frustration, but swallows down his pride. “I belong to no one.”

He expects a slap. He flinches when Namjoon reaches out, but instead of something harsh the Alpha brushes his fingers along Jungkook’s cheek delicately.

Namjoon leans in, his hot breath fanning Jungkook’s neck and sending tingles down his arms and legs. “You belong to me.”

Smacking away the Alpha’s hand, Jungkook marches passed Namjoon into the cabin, furious. He appraises his new surroundings with a critical eye, annoyed to find that the interior is quite warm and homely – the ideal place to be for this coming winter. There are two identical couches to the left, positioned in front of the crackling embers of a healthy fire, and to the right – tables and chairs positioned next to a small stove where the meat is undoubtedly cooked.

Jungkook scoffs. “This place is pretentiously huge for one person.”

He hears the door close behind him, there’s no force behind the noise to indicate Namjoon is in anyway angered by his defiance. “This house was built with the intention of filling it with a large family.”
Something prickles at the back of Jungkook’s neck at the nagging realization. It starts with one – and now there are two, which means in the future – there will be more.

Shit.

“I suppose that’s how it’s going to be then,” Jungkook says hotly, looking back at Namjoon accusingly. “You’re going to take me whether I like it or not – and pump children out of me until I am barren and useless to you. That’s how these arranged marriages work, don’t they? I’m going to be tired and miserable for the rest of my days, right?”

Namjoon, for the first time, actually looks quite annoyed at the presumption, releasing a sharp sigh. “Maybe we should talk about this first? I need to clear a few things up so that we’re on the same page.”

The Alpha gestures towards the couches, but the cushions look a little too inviting for Jungkook’s liking. So, with a huff, he turns and goes straight for the table and chairs, flopping down obnoxiously into one of them. Namjoon runs a hand through his hair in mild irritation, but doesn’t enforce any sort of discipline. Instead, he sits down in the chair opposite Jungkook, lacing his fingers together professionally.

“I want to point out first that I had no hand in this arrangement. As a matter of fact – I wasn’t even aware of the arrangement until I showed up at your tribe. My father… he has a terrible habit of making arrangements without consulting people first and as opposed as I was… I cannot challenge his authority.”

Jungkook surpasses a sneer. “I guess taking what you want runs in the family then.”

“I’m not going to rape you, Jungkook.”

The younger looks away, embarrassed by the blunt statement. “Oh, so you have morals all of a sudden?”

“I do – actually. I will not knot you or mark you until I have your consent.”
“Well then you’ll be waiting awhile.”

“I can do that.”

“Like, a long time.”

“I can be patient.”

“I mean a long, long –”

“I get it.” Namjoon deadpans. “One way or another, I know you’ll come around.”

Jungkook hits him with a bland look. “Keep dreaming.”

Namjoon smirks. “I won’t have to when I have you under me –”

“Ok. I’m grossed out. Just show me to my room so I don’t have to look at your ugly face anymore.”

“You mean our room.”

The Omega stares, gaping. “But you just said –“

“I said I’d never touch you without your permission. I never once said we wouldn’t be sharing a bed.”

“You have got to be kidding me.”

Namjoon leans back in his chair, crossing his arms over his chest as though he had just won a game of chess. “Not even slightly.”
This time Jungkook really does stamp his foot. “But – that’s unfair!”

“Life’s unfair.”

Jungkook throws his hands up in defeat. It’s been a long night, and he’s tired, and he’s pretty sure it’s way passed his usual bedtime. “Fine just – no cuddles.”

“I can’t make that promise, babe.”

Jungkook cries into his hands. “Ugh!”

Jungkook hadn’t honestly meant for it to happen. He had vowed to be strong until the very end – he’s a warrior for crying out loud! But alas, not two weeks into being away from home he had finally started to break down. The days had gone by at a slow pace, and even though little time was spent with Namjoon during the day, the Alpha was always waiting for him when he returned, ready to be the self-righteous asshole he’s always been. He kept to his promise of never touching him without his consent, but that didn’t stop Namjoon from getting to Jungkook in other ways – like his nerves.

But that hadn’t been upsetting. Jack-assery is something he can handle. He got plenty of it back at home from the other Alphas. The kindness was another story entirely.

The people of his tribe hadn’t been kind to him. He had looked up to Siwon – sure, but look how that turned out. Here though, people are actually nice to him and he doesn’t know how to deal with it. Jaehwan and Seokjin have been so nurturing with him – settling him into the domestic life of an ideal Omega, teaching him tricks on how to cook and clean, and in turn, Jungkook would discreetly teach them ways to defend themselves. It was “strictly” prohibited to teach Omegas how to fight, but Jaehwan and Seokjin were all for breaking stupid rules at the expense of learning a life lesson.

He even got acquainted with the Alphas in Namjoon’s inner circle.

He got to know Wonshik a little bit more because he was almost always hanging around Jaehwan
when Namjoon didn’t need him, and their cheesy interactions hadn’t let up one bit. He met Taemin – Minho’s mate, but he generally stuck around a different crowd so he didn’t know him all that well. Chanyeol was goofy and charmingly odd. It was amusing to watch him grow flustered at the mention of Baekhyun – an Omega Jungkook had the pleasure of meeting just recently. They were extremely cute together. As for Yoongi, he was sort of like a wise young uncle that saw more value in laziness than productivity, something Jungkook could never comprehend at his blossoming, hyper-active stage in life.

All in all though, he’s been having a blast.

It reminds him of how miserable his life has been up until this point. He never had any real friends back in his old tribe – no one who looked out for him or cared for him, and this contrast really hit him hard.

So naturally he wakes up one night in a pool of his own tears. He’s sobbing, violently, hysterically sobbing and he can’t seem to breathe properly. He’s so caught up in this hysteria that he doesn’t notice Namjoon’s arm wrapped around his shoulders, or the lips whispering against his temple. Without thinking he starts clawing for warmth, huddling up into a ball against Namjoon’s chest and soaking the front of his shirt with fresh tears.

Namjoon doesn’t seem to mind, rocking him back and forth in a manner so gentle it brings to question whether he’s actually being handled by an Alpha.


His soothing, deep voice lulls him, and then Jungkook falls back to sleep.

When they awaken the next day, Namjoon doesn’t mentioning anything about last night, and they go about their business as though the incident had never occurred in the first place.

“I’m going on an expedition with the others tomorrow,” Namjoon announces one night as Jungkook sits before the fire, sipping on some freshly brewed tea. Jungkook looks up from where he sits on the rug, finding the Alpha sitting on one of the couches, one arm slung over the back with one leg over the other, comfortably watching him.
“For how long?” He tries not to sound disappointed, but the smile Namjoon gives him says that he knows.

“Just three days.”

Jungkook relaxes slightly, looking back toward the fire.

“Will you miss me?”

He has to think about the question for a second. “I might miss the security. This house is too big for only one person.”

“I’ll have Seokjin and Jaehwan stay with you while we’re gone.”

He nods, gnawing on his bottom lip. Silence falls once again, but Jungkook can’t determine whether it’s comfortable or not.

Then, “Let’s have a talk.”

Jungkook looks back at him, feigning ignorance. “But we are talking?”

Namjoon smiles. “No – I mean, talk talk. Get to know one another and what have you.”

The younger opens his mouth to protest – because he’s not really much of a talker, but before he can make any sort of sound, Namjoon is up out of his seat, his cup of tea in his hands, walking towards him. He sits down on the rug beside him, holding out his large hands towards the fire to warm them. The glow of the flames dance off his tan skin, and Jungkook can’t help but admire just how handsome he is – obnoxious mint green hair aside.

“You mentioned you were a warrior back in your tribe. What was that like?”
Jungkook’s eyebrows shoot up in surprise. Of all the topics, he hadn’t expected Namjoon to take interest in that. “It… Well – it sucked, actually. All the Alphas used to make fun of me and the most action I ever got was helping take down a moose.”

“That sucks. I suppose the smaller tribes don’t come across much action, huh?”

Jungkook scoffs. “Your clan showing up at our door was about the most exciting thing to happen since one of the elders coughed up a hairball.”

Namjoon makes a face. “Gross.”

“I know.”

“Something strange I noticed happened with you though… the night I first met you.” Jungkook looks towards the fire, giving it a poke with a stick.

“Yeah? What’s that?”

“You… something about your changed.”

Jungkook still doesn’t look at him. “You’re going to have to be more specific.”

Namjoon pulls a serious face. “You froze.”

“I froze?” Jungkook repeats slowly.

“Yeah – you were standing over Chanyeol one minutes, ready to put up a fight – then you’re rigid and submissive underneath me the next. It was just such a sudden change… I honestly hadn’t been expecting it.”

“Oh… that.” Jungkook glares down at his tea as though its taste was so bitter he couldn’t stomach it. “There’s a reason for that actually.”
“Pheromones?” Namjoon guesses.

“No. Pheromones I can handle. Being with Alphas in close proximity has made me pretty immune.”

“Then what…?”

Jungkook sighs. He can’t believe he’s going to divulge this kind of information to Namjoon of all people. But he can’t think of a better time to get it out in the open. “My parents… they died when I was very young – I was maybe two or three. In my tribe, unmated Omegas can only ever be touched by their direct family members. Since my parents died, no one ever touched me – like, ever. I was practically shoved to the side and ignored. Whenever I fell over and hurt myself, I would have to clean my own wounds and bandage them… When I cried, I cried alone… So when you put your hands on me – when you held me down, I didn’t know what to do.”

Namjoon’s expression is sullen. “I wasn’t aware of your tribe’s customs. Forgive me for my ignorance.”

“Well that’s just it…” Jungkook blushes. He starts picking at the wood of his cup. “I kind of like being touched.”

Namjoon pauses, his eyebrow arching as if to say: “Really?”

“I – I know I reject your advances most of the time. But when you held me that night – when I was crying… It gave me comfort knowing you were looking out for me.”

“I guess, when you’re so used to looking after yourself, you don’t know what to do when someone comes along and starts looking out for you.”

Jungkook nods. “Yes, exactly.”

“I’ll keep that in mind then,” the Alpha hums in his velvet baritone. The hairs on Jungkook’s arms stand on end. He’d never admit the profound affect Namjoon’s voice has on him. “Is there anything else you would like to tell me…? About yourself – I mean.”
“I’m… I’m immature for my age.”

Namjoon laughs, slapping his knee. “Well yeah – I mean, I kind of figured.”

“N-no I mean – like… I’ve never been in Heat before.”

“Oh.”

The crackling of the fire fills the dead air. Jungkook can feel Namjoon’s eyes boring into the side of his face, and he’s starting to hope his face isn’t as red as it feels.

The Alpha clears his throat. “But most Omegas experience their first heat at-”

“Sixteen. Yeah, I know.”

“And… you’re worried?”

Jungkook shakes his head. “Not about being infertile just… They say the first time is the worst, you know? What if my Heat comes at me full force because I’m a little older?”

“What? Like chicken pox?”

“Yes like the chicken pox.”

Namjoon chuckles. “Well then – I’ll be with you to help you through it every step of the way.”

“God I hope not.”

“Hey – before you were saying you liked me touching you.”
“No I never mentioned you specifically.”

“You were referencing a specific incident that directly involved me.”

A hand starts creeping up his thigh and Jungkook glares at it fiercely. His eyes trail back up to Namjoon’s smug expression. He isn’t amused.

“Tell me, Jungkook. Are you ticklish?”

Jungkook shoots him a withering look. “You wouldn’t.”

“I would.”

Jungkook only has time to safely place down his tea before Namjoon is tackling him – much like he had when they first met. He lets out a squeal and tries kicking him where the sun down shine, but the Alpha is quick to trap his arms and legs beneath him before he can pull anything funny. In Jungkook’s defense, he had not anticipated the attack and was therefore unprepared for an effective response. Or so he tells himself as Namjoon’s hovers over him, their faces barely centimeters apart.

He can feel Namjoon’s soft breath fan his face, and he can’t really say he hates it all that much.

“Would you give me permission to kiss you if I asked?” The Alpha murmurs. Jungkook really hates how sexy he sounds. It should be illegal.

“I neither approve nor deny that hypothetical request.”

Namjoon grins like a silly goof and leans down, brushing his lips delicately against Jungkook’s, just as a tiny experiment. Jungkook lifts his head slightly to try and maintain the contact, but the lips are gone just as quickly as they were there. To this, Namjoon smirks. Jungkook squirms to try and kick him again.

Before he can though, the lips are back where they should be, pressed against his own. Despite how he had imagined it, Namjoon is surprisingly soft with him – tentative almost, as if expecting Jungkook to pull away at any moment. Jungkook is fine with this – he wouldn’t know what to
think if Namjoon was being too audacious in the first place.

The Alpha’s tongue swipes his bottom lip, silently asking permission, and he doesn’t stop until Jungkook finally gives up and allows his lips to part from him. He whines at the foreign feeling of a tongue rubbing up against his own, but he can’t say that he truly minds it, even if he had cringed at the concept more than once when he was younger. It makes him feel warm and soothing on the inside, with perhaps a douse of excitement that he can’t even begin to explain.

He chokes on a moan, and that’s when Namjoon is pulling away, looking down upon him with half-lidded eyes. The older has never looked at him in such a way, and suddenly Jungkook feels warm in more places than just his cheeks.

“We should stop.” Namjoon murmurs against Jungkook’s jaw. “If we continue – I won’t be able to stop myself.”

“Maybe… maybe when you get back then we could…” the younger trails off shyly.

The man smiles, and for the first time Jungkook notices that Namjoon has dimples when he grins.

_How handsome._

Jungkook trails behind the other two Omegas, hugging in his arm a whicker basket full of freshly cleaned vegetables. He’s been feeling odd all day – nothing serious, just feeling a bit off. However, he felt no point bringing attention to it so he decides to respectfully keep it to himself. Jaehwan and Seokjin have a terrible habit of fretting over the silliest things – especially when it came to him. If he let it known that he wasn’t feeling all that well, they might just force him to go back and rest – or worse, tell Namjoon. Which is the _last_ thing he wants.

Tonight is a very special night for the Northern Forest Clan. Today is the Feast of the Full Moon, a time when all members of the clan gather together to celebrate the strength and stability of their clan’s progress and heritage. According to Minho, this occasion only happens twice a year during the full moon period, one during the first six months of the year, and one during the last six months of the year. However, tonight’s celebration is particularly special, since the Head had finally managed to quell the rebellions in the South, marking today the day that their clan have finally united the entirety of the Northern Forest and all the tribes and clans that inhabit it.
So, now they’re all working together to prepare for the feast.

Namjoon is off somewhere with his little band of Alphas, bringing in tonight’s meats. They had gone hunting the night previous in preparation, leaving Jungkook once again in an empty and cold bed. Logically, he should be used to sleeping alone, but for some reason Namjoon’s absence on the other side of the bed could be felt, even as he tried to sleep.

A sharp pain hits him and he stumbles forward with a cry. The basket tumbles away, spitting out the vegetables it had been nursing.

“Jungkook!” He hears Seokjin exclaim, right before the other two Omegas come rushing over to help him.

“Oh my god – oh my god!” Jaehwan squawks, flapping his hands around hysterically. “What do we do – what do we do?”

“Shut up,” Seokjin snaps, right before he’s pulling Jungkook up into his arms. The younger can’t seem to find the energy to move, his hand lolling forward to rest on Seokjin’s shoulder. “Jungkookie – what’s wrong?”

“I… I don’t know,” he groans, trembling in Seokjin’s arms.

The older male’s hand comes up to feel his forehead, his expression turning grim. He looks up at Jaehwan. “I think he’s going into Heat, Jae.”

The taller Omega opens his mouth, and then closes it, at loss with how to respond.

“Go find Namjoon and tell him what happened. I’m taking Jungkook back to their cabin.” Seokjin rises with Jungkook in his arms, quietly cooing at him.

Jaehwan nods before taking off without another word. He was never good at dealing with these kinds of situations. Luckily, Seokjin was.
He carries Jungkook back to his cabin, thankful that it wasn’t too far away. He could feel Jungkook’s body becoming progressively warmer in his arms, releasing tiny little whimpers that barely touched Seokjin’s ears. It was almost scary to see the boy in such a state, particularly since he holds himself so passively in the presence of others. He’s heard whispers that Jungkook is a different man in the exclusive presence of Namjoon, but from what he’s observed he could hardly spot the difference.

The master bedroom is as neat and immaculate ever. Jungkook must be taking his Omega duties quite seriously if he’s determined to keep the bedroom in such a state, though it’s a topic he would have to bug him about another time.

Seokjin places him gently down on top of the blankets, his hands trailing across Jungkook’s shoulders.

“How are you feeling, Jungkookie?”

Sweat stains the boy’s forehead now, his eyes hazy and half-lidded. Fingers tangle in his clothes and he gives them a weak tug, his expression turning desperate.

“P-please… so hot… Off – take it off.”

Being an Omega himself Seokjin has gone through his fair share of Heats, but there appears to be an underlining confusing in Jungkook’s eyes that lead him to believe this may or may not be his first experience with it. It isn’t entirely impossible.

With only a moment’s hesitation he starts to quickly disrobe the younger Omega. Jungkook is gentle and pliant all the way, releasing small moans with every article that’s removed. He was just in the process of taking off his pants when a sudden noise from downstairs renders him stiff. It had sounded something akin to a door hitting the wall. What follows is rapid footsteps thumping up the stairs, and before Seokjin knows it, Namjoon is at the door panting like an animal.

“Nam-”

“Get out.”

Seokjin stares. Never has Namjoon ever used that tone of voice with him.
“Get out,” Namjoon snaps, his voice deep and carnal.

He doesn’t have to be told twice. With one last worried glance in Jungkook’s direction he’s out of the room, down the stairs and out the door in record time. He wasn’t about to get between two horny werewolves and their uncontrollable hormones.

Namjoon had been able to smell Jungkook’s pulsing need before he had entered the cabin. It had made his mouth water; his nerves jitter with excitement, and his chest rumble with animalistic arousal. He hadn’t known what to expect when he was handed the news that Jungkook had finally gone into Heat after all these months. He almost couldn’t believe it.

But he most certainly believes it now, standing here in the doorway to the master bedroom, his eyes eating up the sight of Jungkook’s flushed and naked body splayed out on the bed. It’s a sight he had never dared to fantasize about in his dreams, his consciousness whispering at him, reminding him that Jungkook only slept at arm’s length away, vulnerable and unsuspecting of the impure thoughts. Now the fantasies have transcended into reality though, and the sight is far better than anything his imagination could conjure.

Sweat slicks Jungkook’s pale, trembling skin, his erection already pink and flushed against the gentle curve of his stomach. Jungkook’s eyes are fixed on him through the disorientation, watching him, appraising him, as though he were the only he’s ever wanted or needed in life.

It sends a tingle straight to his cock.

“Can I touch you?” he growls, barely able to keep himself from snarling. It’s taking everything not to leap on top of Jungkook and take him right here and now.

Jungkook gasps, gulping down air as he’s drowning in his own heat. “I – I…”

“Words, baby. Use your words.”

The younger keens at his voice, fisting at the blankets in desperation.

“Give me permission to fuck you,” he repeats, this time firmer.
Jungkook flinches before crying out, propping his knees up and spreading them far apart. The sight Namjoon is presented with takes his breath away, and all he can do is stare for a moment as lubricant starts leaking from the boy’s twitching, pink little hole.

“Make it stop – make it go away!” the boy sobs.

Namjoon’s cock twitches. “That’s not good enough, baby. You’re going to have to be a little more specific.”

God how he’s even capable of maintain his cool is beyond him, but he somehow manages.

Jungkook lets out a cry and writhes, feet sliding against the linen. “I need you – Namjoon. I need you so badly.”

“Where do you need me, Jungkook? Come on – I know you can do better than that.” He’s being terribly condescending, but Jungkook is in no mood to care. It’s like he’s drugged, unable to control his own words and actions – possessed by some otherworldly power that has reduced him to nothing but a horny, needy mess.

“I-inside me.”

“Where inside you?”

“Fuck – Namjoon please!”

Namjoon takes a step forward, looming over Jungkook’s quivering frame with a hooded gaze. “Swear like that again and I might have to punish you.”

Something flashes over Jungkook’s eyes, something conscious and coherent. “Then do it,” he challenges.

Namjoon’s fingers curl around an ankle before he’s yanking Jungkook off the bed. The Omega wails in surprise, but the noise is cuts off when he thrown mercilessly over the curve of
Namjoon’s knee, his wet and slicked entrance fully exposed to the domineering Alpha.

The man’s hand smoothes over the luscious mound of Jungkook’s butt cheek, marveling at how pale and flawless it is. He comprehends, faintly, that this is what he has been denying himself this entire time, and he starts to lose sight of why exactly that is. His hand molds around the supple shape, giving it a rough and violent squeeze, hoping to bruise the pretty skin. Jungkook lets out a moan, clawing fruitlessly at the floor for purchase.

“All this time you’ve been acting high and mighty – but today I’m going to render you weak. You’re going to cry and beg for my cock, Jungkook – I’ll spank you and finger you raw until you give me what I want – what I know you want.”

“Give me your best shot,” Jungkook hisses with no real bite behind his words. He’s already feeling weak and pliant, and Namjoon knows this well.

The Alpha smirks arrogantly. “It would be my pleasure.”

Then the hand comes down. Jungkook’s whole body gives a sudden jerk, trying to instinctually get away, but Namjoon’s rough hands hold his hips firmly in place. The older man then coos patronizingly, rubbing his hand along the nasty red mark blooming across Jungkook’s voluptuous buttock.

“Did that hurt, baby?” he uses a voice one would generally use for a toddler.

“N-no,” he whimpers back.

“Will I have to smack you harder then? Is Daddy going to have to teach you lesson?”

Jungkook has to stuff his fist into his mouth to stop himself from moaning. He couldn’t let Namjoon know just how much the term ‘Daddy’ was actually affecting him.

The hand comes down again, this time on the other cheek. Jungkook squeaks. “Daddy asked you a question.”

“N-no. I’ve – I’ve learnt my lesson. I’m s-sorry.”
“Sorry who?”

“S-sorry D-Daddy.”

“Good.” Namjoon maneuvers him on his lap and Jungkook practically drapes himself over him, his arms around the Alpha’s neck and his face buried in his sturdy shoulder.


The Omega starts to slowly spread his legs apart, panting shakily. “In my hole. I want Daddy’s cock – inside my hole.”

Namjoon growls, nipping at Jungkook’s flushed ear. “See? Was that so hard?”

“Yes.”

He chuckles, hands dipping down the arch of Jungkook’s spine to pull the boy’s cheeks apart. “Don’t worry, Daddy’s going to take care of you. Baby doesn’t have to worry about a thing, okay?”

Jungkook’s body seems to slacken in Namjoon’s grip, finally submissive. “P-please. Please…”

Namjoon’s fingers start prodding at his entrance, circling the rim, wetting the tips with Jungkook’s natural juices. He gives a small groan, squeezing the boy’s buttock fiercely. “God you feel so good.”

“Warm, Daddy is warm,” Jungkook mumbles like a child into Namjoon’s pretty, tan skin, pressing down against the fingers at his rim.

The older man hums with gentle approval, contrasting to the pure, raw masculinity that he exudes from every pore of his firm body. He slips one finger in, and the entrance is velvety and dripping
and everything he imagined it to be. The walls close upon him, embracing him, sucking him in, and he chuckles.

“You’re so wet for me. I never realized I had such an affect on you.”

“Unfair,” Jungkook whines, but shifts to try and get Namjoon to go deeper.

Namjoon complies with him, wriggling the digit all the way to the knuckle. He pulls it in and out experimentally until he’s certain Jungkook can take more, slipping in two more fingers so that he’s slowly fucking him open with a grand total of three. The strain can barely be felt, and judging from the moans that fall from Jungkook’s precious lips, he thinks it’s safe to say he’s in no real discomfort. In fact, he is amazed at how well Jungkook is taking it.

“You sure you’re a virgin?” he jokes off-handedly in an attempt to lighten the mood. Jungkook smacks him on the arm.

“You know I am,” the younger mumbles in embarrassment, nuzzling his face against the older man’s neck.

“I know, baby. Daddy’s only joking – you’re just taking his fingers so, so well.”

Jungkook only responds by lifting his body to start bouncing on the fingers. It’s probably the hottest thing Namjoon has ever seen. It encourages him to pump them a little faster, a little harder, curling and flexing them when they’re buried knuckle-deep. With one particular movement he brushes something spongy, and the contact has Jungkook immediately trembling, his lips falling open in a soundless moan.

“There – there!” Jungkook exclaims with urgency, trying to angle his body to get Namjoon to touch his sweet spot again, but much like Jungkook, Namjoon is never one to indulge quite so easily.

Against protest he pulls his fingers out, the movement making an obscene noise. Jungkook whimpers, gripping at Namjoon’s shoulders in objection, but all the Alpha does is plant kisses along the boy’s neck. He lowers Jungkook onto his back on the bed before he starts to strip himself of his clothes. Despite it being winter, the master bedroom has become hot – much too hot. It’s almost stifling, but in the best of ways.
The Omega watches him, his arms thrown above his head in exhaustion. He devours the image of a naked Namjoon standing before him, his upper body hardened by manual labor and his skin deliciously kissed by the sun. Tribal tattoos mark his arm and the side of his torso, as black and as sinister as the look in the man’s eyes. His cock is thick and hard against his stomach, larger than what Jungkook had imagined him to be. He unconsciously draws his knees together, intimidated by the sight.

“Impressed?” Namjoon arches an eyebrow conceitedly.

“Worried would be more accurate.”

He chuckles, climbing up the bed until their faces are aligned. Like always, Jungkook is struck by how handsome Namjoon is. Though he keeps this to himself. It’s quite clear Namjoon is aware of his own attractive appearance, and Jungkook has no intention of inflating such an ego.

“I won’t hurt you,” he murmurs just before dipping down to connect their lips. Jungkook moans against the kiss, tangling his fingers in the man’s hair. He unconsciously lifts his legs to have them straddling Namjoon’s waist.

“Close your eyes,” Namjoon tells Jungkook as the head of his cock prods at the boy’s entrance. “It’s going to hurt.”

Jungkook makes a small whimper, but does as he’s told, clinging to Namjoon with all his strength. The Alpha smiles at how adorable the Omega can be, even if Jungkook doesn’t fancy himself the ‘cute’ type most of the time. He guides his cock through Jungkook’s tight sex; pressing through the constriction even as Jungkook claws at him for purchase.

He only stops when Jungkook lets out a cry, worried that he might have torn something. “Baby?”

The other shakes his head. “I’m fine – I’m fine. Keep moving.”

Namjoon nods, this time pushing forward with a little more caution. He gives a sigh of relief once he’s all the way inside; his balls flush against Jungkook’s buttocks.

“You’re doing so well, baby. I’m so proud of you.”
“M-more,” Jungkook sobs quietly. “Daddy, I need more.”

He regards Jungkook skeptically. “You want Daddy to move? Are you sure?”

“Y-yes. Please.”

“Ok, baby, ok. Daddy’s got you.”

Then he starts to move.

Contrary to how desperate his lover sounded, Namjoon refused to go all in straight away. He’s still acutely aware of the fact that this is Jungkook’s first time – he’s a virgin, and there are certain precautions he has to take. So he thrusts slowly, deeply and languidly into the Omega’s pliant body. He’s so tight it’s incredible – it’s a feeling unlike anything he’s ever felt before.

Jungkook makes little noises. He’s quiet. He isn’t much of a screamer, and it makes the moment all the more intimate. This close Namjoon can count all the lashes that flutter against Jungkook’s cheeks, and admire the red hot flush that stains his porcelain skin. Who knew fate would have such a beauty reserved just for him? He feels the moment quite inappropriate to announce just how lucky he is to have someone like Jungkook in his life, but he reserves it for a later time – when the moment is right.

“F-faster,” the younger exhales.

Namjoon picks up speed a little. He getting rougher though – something he doesn’t have full control over. He can feel it – the knot forming at the base of his throbbing cock. It’s growing bigger with every plunge into Jungkook’s wet heat, and his body seems to be responding to that – preparing to ram that throbbing bulge past Jungkook’s rim and fill him to the brim with seed.

“J-Jungkook,” he growls. “The knot-”

“Please – I’m so close!”

It’s then that Namjoon remembers Jungkook’s neglected cock. He grunts, reaching down between
them to give the swollen shaft some much needed attention. His strokes are sloppily, pathetically attempting to pump in time with his jarred thrusts, but finds he doesn’t have the expert coordination to do so.

Jungkook doesn’t care though. He throws his head back and lets out a belting moan – the loudest he’s made so far. It spurs him to pump faster, to thrust harder, and the irregularity renders Jungkook dizzy with delirium.

But Namjoon’s knot is growing at an alarming rate, and he knows he has to finish this quickly. He’s forced to let go of Jungkook’s dick – much to the squealing Omega’s frustration – and focus all his energy on pushing his knot passed Jungkook’s rim. The younger is panting; sweat dripping down the side of his forehead, obviously feeling the sudden tension stretch his insides to the limit.

Namjoon growls, overwhelmed with the sudden urge to bite Jungkook on the neck and mark him – but he couldn’t do that to Jungkook, not without his permission. So he bites down hard on the blankets instead, wedging his knot just that little bit more until Jungkook’s rim has locked around it, his walls gripping the bulge harshly.

He groans and his entire body shudders as he hits his peak. He spills his seed inside of Jungkook, coating his sensitive walls. The Omega quivers, gripping Namjoon tightly.

It occurs to Namjoon, belatedly, that Jungkook had come at some point as well, staining their chests with milky discharge.

“Th-thank you,” Jungkook wheezes after a still moment.

Namjoon lifts his face from the blanket, looking down upon Jungkook’s blissed-out countenance. “For what?”

Jungkook cups the side of his face, grinning shyly. “For asking permission.”

The Alpha stares at the younger for a second, and realizes the boy has a little mole under his lip.

*How cute*, he thinks, right before he leans down to kiss Jungkook’s breath away.
The word “dictator” is a loaded noun – or at least, in Jungkook’s opinion it is. It has that subtle yet strong undertone of tyrant, villain and savage – all words of which are unflattering and downright criticizing the person’s position of power. It’s not a word to be used lightly – no. But Jungkook’s pretty sure that if any of those words were to be looked up in a dictionary, Kim Seokjin’s name would undoubtedly be there as a primary example.

“I’m going to fuck you good tonight my little pet,” the dictator in question informs him right there, on his throne, in front of the entire court.

Granted, he had murmured it – so not everyone heard, but he’s pretty sure the guards that linger in the background just awkwardly shifted. Jungkook fights down the urge to blush despite the raging heat that begins to slowly creep on the side of his neck, opting on quietly resting his head in
Seokjin’s lap, his hands folded demurely on the man’s thigh.

The dic – king starts running his fingers through Jungkook’s honey brown hair, a luxurious color he made his husband dye for the sake of flaunting opulence. He owns all the money in all the land, and he isn’t afraid to shove it violently down people’s throats. Jungkook’s robes too are of gold and white, draped around his lean frame and held together by nothing but a clip at the back. It is especially designed for easy access – if Seokjin were to snap the clip right here right now, his apparel would come undone and he would be left scrambling at the material in a fruitless attempt to cover his body from the public. It is something that has, unfortunately, happened in the past. Seokjin can be terribly unpredictable when he’s in a mood.

Seokjin’s fingers smooth over the golden, glinting earrings that dangle along the edge of Jungkook’s ear, endearingly gentle. He must be in an exceptional mood. “Yes – I think I will have you on all fours tonight. I think I want to play with the wax candles again and have you crawling across the floor. I’ll have you begging for me – needing me, until it all becomes too much and I shove my fat, pulsing cock inside your tight little behind, hmm? Would that suit your tastes, my pet?”

Jungkook’s stomach coils with disgust, but he forces a small smile and blinks up at Seokjin through his long lashes. “I think that sounds wonderful, my king.”

Someone clears their throat – much to Jungkook’s relief. He no longer has to play along with Seokjin’s humiliation. The king looks up to see his subordinate a few steps below, the servant’s head bowed in submission.

“Apologies for the interruption, sire. But shall I bring in the next complaining citizen?”

Seokjin rests his cheek on his fist, looking suddenly bored. “Yes, you may. I suppose there’s no point delaying them any longer.”

The king continues to card his fingers through Jungkook’s hair, and he closes his eyes, enjoying this uncommon moment of affection before it slips away and is overshadowed by the violent nature of his husband. He has never taken tenderness for granted – not since he became Seokjin’s consort at least.

A withered soul drags his body across the red carpet, dressed in rags that give off the impression he may be from the farming district. He looks poor – very poor, as in so poor he can’t afford shoes. Jungkook can sense the disgust rolling off of Seokjin before the elder has even reached the foot of the steps, shakily bowing to the kingdom’s supreme ruler.
“Speak, peasant.” Seokjin’s voice is sharp and biting, but Jungkook has grown so accustom to it he barely flinches.

“Your royal highness, I come before you as but an old and humble man. My son – he recently died in the war. I’m here in the hopes that I can receive financial compensation for this terrible loss – my family; we’re struggling to make ends meet as it is. With Jongin gone, we’ve lost our man source of income.”

“Shall I bring out the world’s smallest violin?” The old man snaps his head up to look upon the king, eyes wide with surprise. “Hundreds come through here each week asking for financial compensation for dead loved ones. I’ve never granted such requests before, so why on earth should I start now?”

“My – my son… he fought for our kingdom – your kingdom. He’s… he’s a hero.”

“Running blindly into the enemy’s pike does not make you a hero. If you live in this kingdom, you must fight for this kingdom. His death was no less noble that my fathers – and he died peacefully in his sleep.”

“But –”

“Is there anything else you wish to bother me with, or is that all?”

A stunned silence rings throughout the room. The royal guards, advisors and council members present are hardly fazed by Seokjin’s brash attitude, and honestly – neither is Jungkook, which saddens him. When did he become so unaffected by Seokjin’s savage and cruel behavior? Perhaps it was around the time they started having sex – well, Seokjin calls it that, anyway. Jungkook would associate it closely with a different word, but he keeps it respectfully to himself.

When the elder man says nothing, Seokjin speaks again, “Guards, escort this man from the room and bring in the next person. I don’t have time to deal with this nonsense.”

Jungkook swallows, watching in pained silence as the poor farmer is escorted quietly from the room. He can’t stomach another incident like that – and knowing Seokjin, there’s likely going to be many, many more.
“Would you allow me to excuse myself?” he asks softly, coyly—all soft smiles and butterfly lashes. “I’m awfully tired, my king. I wish to nap so that I may be in better spirits for you tonight.”

Seokjin smirks, cupping the side of Jungkook’s face gently. He had slapped him in that very same spot not an hour before breakfast this morning. “Of course, my pet—I have Jimin escort you.”

He beams. “Of course.”

Jungkook ignores the many eyes that follow him as he exits the throne room, barely catching the sound of another poor kingdom citizen carrying themselves into the extravagant domain.

Heavy footfalls shadow him, creating an echo as he turns into a secluded hallway leading to his king’s overcrowded hall.

His eyes fix on the exit at the end of the corridor to make sure no one is there before he swiftly turns to face his follower. His hands seize the fabric of the figure’s cloak, a royal navy blue that feels like velvet beneath his fingertips. Jungkook has no reservations pushing the shadow up against the stone wall, lips connecting with the other’s in a needy passion that strikes him more often than not in the person’s company. He nibbles on the bottom of a plump lip as his hands travel up well-defined biceps to clutch at strong, reliant shoulders. A thrill tickles his loins and he has the inappropriate urge to grind against the solid body he presses himself against, and he would do—had hands not gripped his hips to keep him strictly in place.

“Fair consort,” an edgy tone growls against his lips, “my purpose is to protect your virtue, not spoil it.”

“Jimin… oh Jimin,” he whines, his hands finally daring to wrap around his lover’s thick neck. “Indulge me, would you? Just for a little while.”

Jimin’s hands squeeze him tightly. A hint of conflict passes over Jimin’s wanton expression, one that Jungkook doesn’t appreciate. Oh what he wouldn’t give for the freedom to just have Jimin take him here and now without the risk of getting caught by nosy castle folk.

He truly despises this display of restraint in Jimin. Why can’t he let himself be reckless for once? Why can’t Jimin want him just as passionately as he wants Jimin? It isn’t fair.
“Please,” he finds himself begging. “Take me. I’ve missed your touch for too long.”

The royal guard pins him with a dark look. “I cannot take you here, fair consort. I would surely be caught.”

“Then at least to my chambers.” Jungkook leans forward, lips grazing the edge of Jimin’s sharp jaw line. “Have me there. No one will come to find me until dinner – we have the afternoon all to ourselves.”

Jimin inhales sharply, the tendon in his jaw twitching. “You test me to my limits.”

Jungkook fists the hair at the back of Jimin’s hair roughly. “Only because you never concede defeat so easily, my love.”

The affectionate terms sets something off, because next thing Jungkook knows, his lover is out of his arms and instead marching hastily down the hall, tugging him along by the hand. He doesn’t bother to bite back a smug smile, tailing after Jimin with a happy skip to each step.

His lover looks this way and that before turning every corner, not daring to be seen with his hand clutching the king’s consort’s in such an audacious manner. In all technicality he shouldn’t be laying a finger upon Jungkook at all, but it is to be inevitable with the nature of their relationship. Jimin is the one to assert restraint. He is older and wiser and trained in his profession, hardened by years upon years of vigorous education and discipline. Jungkook, in contrast, is dangerous mix of impulsive and illogical. He has no restraint because he doesn’t know how to contain his own passion in the relationship. His spontaneity, at times, can be thrilling indeed. But it makes Jimin more anxious than anything else.

Somewhere up in the heavens someone is watching over them, because chance would have it that the hallways leading up to Jungkook’s chambers are rather void of any witnesses to their intimacy. Jimin barely has time to have his hand on the doorknob before Jungkook has his arms wrapped around his waist, kissing and nipping at his neck like some sort of starved succubus.

His pulse quickens with excitement. He shoves open the door without a care to the ruckus it makes, turning around to face his famished lover. Their lips meet as he’s stumbling backwards, a hand at the boy’s waist and another in his pretty, pretty hair. Jungkook kicks the door closed behind him, ravaging Jimin’s plump lips, seeking to satisfy the yearning he’s been feeling all day for his man.
Jimin’s hand slips behind Jungkook, fiddling with the intricate clip that keeps his garb in piece. He’s about ready to attempt to remove it, when the sound of someone clearing their throat has the both of them tearing apart. Jungkook quite literally tumbles backwards, his back hitting the door with his eyes blown wide with alarm, and Jimin’s hand goes to the holster of his sword, as though ready to take down any witnesses to their secret.

However, when it becomes apparent that it’s only Taehyung, giggling knowingly as he does, the two of them relax.

“It appears I chose a most inconvenient time to make your bed, my consort,” Jungkook’s servant proclaims, tossing the pillow he has in his hand onto the bed.

Indeed, Jungkook’s bed had been made.

Taehyung skitters around the bed to plunk himself at its foot, clasping his hands together with amusement. “I was under the impression you would be with the king until sundown.”

“No.” Jungkook sighs away the tension in his shoulders, collecting his disposition. “I couldn’t stand to be in his presence for more than a few hours.”

Taehyung nods in understanding, all too knowing of King Seokjin’s boundless cruelty. Lucky for him, he’s only paid to serve Jungkook rather than the king himself, and between them blossomed an inevitable friendship. It led him to becoming aware of the relationship between Jimin and Jungkook, but had sworn on his life to keep it secret. He adores the consort too much to ever consider going back on his word.

“Shall I stand watch outside, my consort? If only to allow you to do as you please without fear of someone catching you.”

Jungkook smiles, drifting over to his friend with a hopeful look in his eyes. “Would you?”

Taehyung takes the consort’s hands into his own, giving them an affectionate squeeze. “Anything for you.”

The servant gives them a quirky salute before taking his leave, but not without throwing a cheeky wink over his shoulder that was receive with spontaneous eye rolls. Then the door is closed, and the knowledge that they have someone guarding the door brings them not only relief, but also great comfort. Jimin turns; lips parted ready to make a comment, but too soon are Jungkook lips
latched onto his own once again. He’s hardly complaining, his hands coming up to rest on the consort’s narrow waist.

Adventurous hands start groping at the curtain-like material of his robes that drape over his muscular frame. Jimin can sense the urgency and the need present in Jungkook’s kiss; a need to be closer, a need to have nothing but skin against flushed skin.

Jungkook takes Jimin’s bottom lip between his teeth and sucks it with all his might, eliciting a groan Jimin had been holding down since their initial contact in the hallway. He can be loud now, as can Jungkook. Taehyung will tease them later for it undoubtedly, but in this moment, neither Jungkook’s shyness nor Jimin’s timidity can hold the both of them back.

He backs Jungkook up to the freshly made bed; the consort immediately falling back onto his bottom the moment the back of his knees hit the mattress. In this position, it is Jungkook looking up at Jimin for once, and the guard holds the consort’s face between his warm palms, his twinkling gaze filled with nothing but pure adoration.

“I love you,” he tells the one boy in the castle he isn’t allowed to love.

Jungkook places a chaste kiss to Jimin’s palm, smiling bashfully up at him. Then his hands are at the guard’s belt, pulling him closer at the same time he attempts to dismantle the buckle. Jimin only watches, admiring his love as the boy pulls his lip between his teeth in anticipation; his doe eyes alight with eagerness.

The belt falls with a heavy thud at Jimin’s feet. His hands explore the porcelain expanse of Jungkook’s face, admiring his soft, peachy skin and flushed little ears.

Jungkook rarely gets to have the freedom to wander outside. Seokjin likes him pale; likes him delicate. The king knows a simple afternoon would leave the boy tan for weeks – and the king isn’t tolerant of such an idea. Jimin thinks Jungkook would look just as beautiful tan as he is beautiful pale though. He has a certain kind of beauty that is to be envied by many, and Jimin feels most lucky to be this close to him, to touch him how he pleases.

His hand slips behind Jungkook to start fiddling with the clip again, but the consort is already frustrated. Jungkook tugs off another layer of garb that sits upon many more, it’s toughened material falling at the guard’s feet.

“Be still,” he croons softly against Jungkook’s temple, “otherwise I cannot hope to remove your
apparel.”

Jungkook fails to quell a whine in the back of his throat before he’s climbing up the bed and away from Jimin’s grasp. The consort lies on his stomach on the mattress, his hands folded in front of him. He peeks back over his shoulder in a demure manner, blinking over at the baffled guard.

“Would this be easier?” the consort asks, feigning ignorance. Jimin doesn’t think Jungkook realizes just how gorgeous he truly is.

Suddenly conscious of the amount of clothing still on his person, Jimin hastily wrestles his way out of majority of his attire, leaving only his undergarments remaining. It makes it easier for him to climb up Jungkook’s long and pliant frame, sitting on the small of the consort’s back with his legs on either side of his torso. At this angle he can see the clip perfectly well in all its metal intricacy. It looks almost like art with the way it was crafted, used for the sole purpose of keeping dear Jungkook’s clothing together.

Removing it this way is a lot easier – just a few winds and latches and the circular clip comes loose. It releases the tufts of material it had been holding captive in its jaws, and the feather-light material comes apart like a flower in morning bloom. He tosses away the clip and starts smoothing his hands over Jungkook’s now exposed back, marveling in his smooth, perfect skin.

The consort gives a shiver. “Your ring…”

Oh. Yes, his ring.

He takes it off and places it on the nightstand in a small bowl resembling the ceramics of a birdbath. It gives a clink upon contact, and that’s about as much diversion Jimin allows before his hands are back on Jungkook’s flesh. He smoothes his thumbs over the protruding shoulder blades before dipping down between them to map out the dimple of his spine.

“So pretty,” he mumbles, and Jungkook gives a whine of impatience.

Too soon the consort is squirming onto his back. They both know Jimin’s admiration for Jungkook’s ethereal beauty could go on for hours, and the consort simply doesn’t have neither the time nor the freedom to spare.

Jimin helps Jungkook strip down, though the way his garb is presented the task is exceptionally
Jimin helps Jungkook strip down, though the way his garb is presented the task is exceptionally easy. The fabric falls off of him and Jungkook is left bare, not a single undergarment to protect him. This comes as no surprise. King Seokjin is a hasty man. If he wants something, he must have it then and there. So he demanded Jungkook forgo the unnecessary baring of undergarments to simply save himself the bother. Jimin finds it terribly classless of the king, but in times like these he is quite thankful for the convenience.

Little goose bumps pebble the boy’s stomach from the exposure, his rosary buds hardening sweetly. Jungkook’s hands come up to start feeling around Jimin’s shoulders; he loves the way Jimin’s muscles ripple so deliciously beneath his every touch. The guard gives a growl and starts mouthing at Jungkook’s neck and collarbones.

Jungkook hits him lightly on the bicep. “You mustn’t leave marks!” he hisses.

“I am not a fool, Jungkookie. I know only to leave my mark on you in my dreams.”

Then the consort is quiet, his hand tangled in Jimin’s hair. They often avoid talking about the obvious restraint in their relationship. Jungkook likes to pretend, and Jimin is willing to play along, but they both imagine a world in which they could be together entirely, with no jealous kings or patriarchal rules to confine them.

What Jimin wouldn’t give to be able to suckle on Jungkook’s skin and leave blemishes in his wake.

He treks his way down Jungkook’s body, only for his lips to glide across a most upsetting bruise. Teeth marks indent the skin just above Jungkook’s tummy. A concerned frown mars his expression, words that shouldn’t be spoken sitting on the tip of his tongue.

But Jungkook is smart. Before Jimin can think to make a comment on the bruise he has their positions flipped, his legs hugging either side of the guard’s ribcage.

“You may not be allowed to leave your mark on me,” Jungkook says, his sweet lips hovering just over the shell of Jimin’s ear, “but I can certainly leave my mark on you.”

Then the consort’s pouty lips pucker against Jimin’s neck, right above his raging pulse. Jungkook laps his tongue over the patch of golden skin before he starts to suckle, making the most shameless of noises. Jimin moans, his hands sliding down the expanse of Jungkook’s back to cups the mounds of his buttocks, kneading and fondling the gentle flesh. The consort hums pleasantly, his hands tugging and pulling languidly at Jimin’s rich brown locks.
Jungkook gives a squeak when something pokes at his entrance, but Jimin hushes him, his hand at the back of Jungkook’s head to keep his lips where they are. “Relax,” the guard says with confidence.

So Jungkook relaxes, his eyelids falling shut as he enjoys the sensation of Jimin’s clothed erection gently rubbing against his parted cheeks. Jimin gyrates his hips in a slow fashion, his stomach muscles drifting in and out of intensity. Jungkook can’t resist placing his palm against the man’s stomach, groaning at every exquisite ripple of strength.

Jimin smacks him lightly on the buttock, his lips at Jungkook’s ear. “Turn around.”

Jungkook releases Jimin’s neck with a distinct ‘pop’, his eyes flitting over the hickey he had left behind with immense satisfaction. Knowing that he’s the only one who gets to be with Jimin in such an intimate setting gives him a tiny taste of power – power in which he rarely ever has as a consort.

He obediently turns around, his buttocks facing Jimin. Jungkook rests on his lover’s belly, idly pondering what the other is up to while eyeing the growing tent in Jimin’s underwear.

Hands starts massaging the muscle of his globes, thumb pressing against sensitive areas that have Jungkook moaning. The treatment feels nice – it feels loving, almost. Then he feels something wet drag over his entrance and he gives a mighty yelp.

“Jimin!” he squeaks. “That’s dirty!”

“The king has you bathe two times a day. I hardly think ‘dirty’ could be a word associated with you, my love.”

“But –”

“Hush. Distract yourself with my cock if you must,” he says right before his mouth is upon Jungkook’s puckering hole.

Jungkook whimpers, unused to the pleasurable sensation he’s feeling. He isn’t going to persist on
his complaints though, not when it feels so incredible to have Jimin’s lips in such a sinful place. So he does as he’s told and turns back to the guard’s arousal, his fingers coiling around the size with familiarity. He starts mouthing at the tip through the cotton fabric, closing his eyes to imagine the flushed head angry and red for him.

Jimin’s teeth graze his rim and his thighs tremble. He starts moving his hand along the length in a pump motion, but the material is making it hard for him to get a proper grasp.

“Ah!” Jungkook mewls, his head snapping back and his spine arching, Jimin’s tongue pushing into him. “J-Jimin – oh gods. It feels so good!”

Jimin squeezes Jungkook’s buttocks roughly – but not rough enough to leave bruises. It’s a combination of both pleasures that has Jungkook’s mouth falling slack, a moan caught in the base of his throat. Jimin sucks and swirls his tongue as though he were an expert, and Jungkook finds it hard to concentrate on cupping the man’s balls with the intense sensation spreading throughout his body. His entire being trembles. He’s so aroused he can feel his own erection start to leak precum onto Jimin’s chest.

“Please – oh god – Jimin. More… more…”

The guard’s tongue is gone and the consort gives a small cry, but the disappointment is short-lived.

“Finger yourself.”

Jungkook nods shakily. “Yes… okay…”

He tumbles boneless over the edge of the bed on his journey to the vanity, wet saliva damp and cool between his legs. He snatches up the special gel he keeps hidden in one of the drawers, stumbling back over to the bed where his lover is waiting. Jimin sits up, arms extended to bring the boy into his lap, and Jungkook falls into his embrace easily. He’s hasty to coat his fingers with the gel, burying his face into Jimin’s neck as he prods around for his entrance. Jimin guides his fingers, watching with apt attention as Jungkook slides two fingers inside himself.

The consort whimpers as Jimin pushes them all the way to the knuckle before pulling the fingers out again, and even though it’s his own fingers fucking him, Jimin remains with all the control. He slides them in and out, in and out, and Jungkook tries curling the tips of his fingers to try and locate his prostate. The angle is awkward though, and as long as his fingers are, he’s struggling to
find the pleasure he so desperately desires.

Jungkook whines pathetically, and Jimin seems to understand his predicament without the consort having to tell him. He gasps, lips light against Jimin’s flesh as the other starts wriggling his fingers in alongside Jungkook’s.

“Do you feel full, baby?” Jimin growls, heated breath fanning the nape of Jungkook’s neck.

There are four fingers inside of him now, two of them his, two of them Jimin’s. He starts panting at the strain its putting on his rim, but ultimately it’s nothing compared to some of the abuse he’s used to. Jimin is gentle with him, carefully moving his fingers, massaging his velvety walls. It encourages Jungkook to do the same with his own digits, scissoring and kneading until the intrusion becomes a little more bearable.

Jimin’s fingers graze delicately over Jungkook’s sweet spot, and the consort moans wantonly. He presses down against the digits inside of him, his eyes glassy and his lips pink and glistening. Jimin kisses him as he prods against Jungkook’s prostate torturously. Jungkook can feel his pride crumbling.

“Please – s-stop… Jimin… I’m gonna – I’m gonna cum if you keep –” and Jimin slips his fingers out. Against Jungkook’s better judgment he whines at the loss.

Jungkook raises himself slightly so that Jimin can take off his underwear, his knees and thighs visibly wobbling. Jimin smears some of the gel onto his arousal as Jungkook drapes his arms around the guard’s neck for support. The handsome guard guides the willing consort to the weeping tip of his cock, rubbing the swollen head against his clenching rim. Jimin places a hand on Jungkook’s hip to steady him, whispering tiny words of encouragement into his ear.

“You’re doing well, my love. Remember to breathe –“ Jungkook sinks himself down on Jimin, faster and more forceful than the man anticipated.

His lips fall open as Jungkook’s tightness embraces him, a feeling he could never grow tired of. Jungkook is whimpering, his face contorting. Sweat trickles down his neck – his beautiful, pale neck, adorning bruises that weren’t given by Jimin but another. All the same it doesn’t deter from his enchantment – his allure.

He kisses his love again, and Jungkook belatedly responds, full of severe lust. The consort loses strength in his legs and falls completely onto Jimin’s dick, letting out a small cry. Jimin clutches
him firmly, murmuring sweet nothings into his ear.

With Jimin’s encouragement, Jungkook slowly starts to move his hips, lifting himself back up before sliding back down again. Jimin groans, guiding Jungkook by the waist, panting against the boy’s sweaty forehead. Jungkook finds it hard to breathe despite Jimin’s reminders, because he can feel the vein that runs up the side of Jimin’s cock, he can feel it pulse and come alive inside of him. The heat is overwhelming, and their closeness even more so.

He wishes he could be like this with Jimin all the time. He wishes he could have him all to himself and in turn, only belong to him. It feels amazing to be like this, to feel Jimin inside of him. He’s slow and gentle and everything Jungkook needs. He isn’t crude or cruel, he’s giving and patient, and Jungkook honestly wouldn’t have known any man to have such traits if he hadn’t met Jimin.

“I love you,” he sobs against Jimin’s bruising kiss. “I love you so much, Jimin.”

Jimin only kisses him harder, because he knows what’s going through Jungkook’s head. A chill passes down his spine and he starts thrusting up to meet Jungkook halfway, starting to pick up the pace a little bit. Jungkook fists his hair, licking at Jimin’s bottom lip, requesting passage. But Jimin pulls away and starts peppering kisses down his neck. Jungkook mewls, twisting in Jimin’s arms as the man tugs his head back by the hair. His lips are at his nipple, toying with it between his teeth.

“D-don’t –”

“I won’t,” he growls. He knows better than to bite or bruise Jungkook’s teats. Seokjin does a perfectly good job of doing it himself.

The thought has him moving his hips more aggressively, rolling his hips up in mighty thrusts to bury deep inside Jungkook. It hits the boy’s bundle of nerves and he gives a loud wail, arching his back. The action has Jimin’s teeth digging into Jungkook’s breast and leaving behind a small mark, the likes of which neither of them notices.

“Jimin – I’m close!” he whines, trying to keep up with the speed of Jimin’s hips.

“Me – me too.” Jimin grunts.

He grabs Jungkook’s hips and starts slamming him down on his dick. The consort shrieks, his
He grabs Jungkook’s hips and starts slamming him down on his dick. The consort shrieks, his prostate being abused, and Jimin continues to plunge himself deep inside of him.

“F-faster!”

Jimin snarls. He feels the climax building. He gives another mighty shove, completely bottoming out as his orgasm hits. He releases a heavy loud, shaking from the intensity. Jungkook holds him, whimpering through the sensation of being filled to the brim with Jimin’s juices.

They pant as Jimin climbs down from his high. Jungkook sits back slightly on Jimin’s cock, smiling lazily. The guard reaches between them and fists Jungkook’s dick. The consort is so sensitive that he cries, easily coming undone in the man’s palm. Cum hits Jungkook’s chest in ropes of white and the boy winces, unintentionally pouting at the stickiness of his release.

Jimin chuckles, licking some of the cum from Jungkook’s collarbone. “We ought to clean up.”

Jungkook groans in protest. “I want to rest.”

“And sully these clean sheets? That’s no way to thank a friend who is currently guarding the door for us.” Jungkook looks at the closed door, than back at Jimin, looking guilty.

“You’re right. We should go bathe first.”

Jimin hums in approval, helping Jungkook off his lap. Cum leaks out from his hole and paints his inner thighs. Jungkook insists that it’s gross, even if Jimin inwardly enjoys the sight.

The next morning Jungkook sits at the dining table, gazing off into space as servants bustle about, serving trays of food cooked with care from the kitchens. Seokjin is sitting at the head of the table, making light conversation with some of the guests that were staying with them from another kingdom. High-ranking officials he had shaken hands with but Jungkook couldn’t remember their names to save his life. All he’s certain – judging by the topic of conversation – is that they’re here on some sort of diplomatic mission.

He eats slowly, munching on his French toast and eggs Benedict but not really processing the flavor. Everything hurts from last night. Seokjin hadn’t been merciful with him, which comes as no shocking surprise. Taehyung hadn’t so much as blinked upon seeing him this morning covered in ugly bruises, but he had cleaned him up with tentative care.
Seokjin had noticed a scrape next to Jungkook’s nipple he doesn’t recall putting there, bringing into question what exactly Jungkook had been doing before the king had come to his chambers. Jungkook, of course, wasn’t going to flat out tell the truth, so instead he had fabricated an embarrassing lie that involved preparing his “yearning body for his king’s unconditional use”. In other words – he lied and said he had accidently nicked his nipple too hard while touching himself.

This led to some manhandling and rough treatment. Seokjin seemed to get off on the thought of Jungkook touching himself. The consort is perfectly fine with it, so long as the king remains ignorant to the truth.

“I find it perfectly unreasonable to send my soldiers west to support your troops, mister ambassador.” Jungkook rolls his eyes at the petulant way Seokjin speaks. The king never ceases to amaze him. “Our men are already busy fighting off bandits along the southern border. I hardly have any to spare you.”

Jungkook lifts his goblet to take a sip of his water, only to notice something peculiar tucked underneath it. It looks to be a small piece of torn parchment, folded meticulously so that it could remain hidden beneath the cup until it was lifted.

Forgetting to drink, Jungkook places the goblet aside and seizes the bit of parchment, glancing at Seokjin to make sure he is distracted.

To my surprise,

You write your own demise.

A cheater of the king,

Who knew you were capable,

Of such a thing?

He frowns at the words, his heart giving a tiny leap. He flips the note into the folds of his clothing while sparing another glance in Seokjin’s direction. He hadn’t noticed anything out of the ordinary.

Suddenly nervous, he reaches up to take a swig of his cup, only to choke at what he finds at the very bottom of the goblet. It glints at him, mockingly. Jungkook rights himself, refusing to come across as suspicious, and continues to simply sip at his goblet until every last drop is consumed.
“Would you care for more water, my consort?” A servant appears out of thin air and Jungkook straightens suddenly, shaking his head.

“N-no. I’m quite alright.” His fingers are locked around the neck of the goblet so the servant doesn’t think to take it from him. The servant is apprehensive, but the look Jungkook shoots her has her scampering away.

Again, Seokjin doesn’t notice this odd behaviour. He’s still talking about something or other – and the guests haven’t noticed him either. Jungkook risks shoving his hand into the goblet to snatch up what’s inside, quickly placing it in his lap.

It’s Jimin’s ring. It’s the one he had worn yesterday. He had taken it off and had forgotten to put it back on afterwards, so how on earth…?

He pulls out the note again, reading over it’s words for a third time. The ring and the note must be connected somehow. Someone had to have been in his room yesterday – there’s no other way the ring could’ve been retrieved. He’ll have to have a word with Jimin and Taehyung about this; they’re the only two who have access to the chambers aside from Jungkook and King Seokjin himself. He’s positive it wasn’t Seokjin – no, the man is all about hyperbole. If Seokjin had even suspected his relationship with Jimin, he would’ve had them both hanged before midnight.

Somebody knows. Somebody knows.

He finds himself glancing around the table, trying to see if anyone was looking his way, but no one sticks out. They’re mostly people he doesn’t know or care about – people who will have moved on by the end of the week and he will likely never see again. The servants are acting in character – as are the chefs, so who had managed to sneak in before breakfast undetected?

Jungkook doesn’t feel hungry anymore. He feels sick.

“This doesn’t look good,” Jimin mumbles, thumbing over the tiny piece of parchment in his hands.

He’s sitting at the foot of Jungkook’s bed as the consort paces, biting his nails viciously.
Taehyung peers over Jimin shoulder to read the message also, his expression grim.

“So – so neither of you did this as some joke, right? Neither of you know about this?” Jungkook stresses, running a hand through his hair for the hundredth time.

“No, whoever wrote this wasn’t joking around, Kookie. I think they’re taunting you.” Jungkook stares at Jimin, and his lover stares right back at him.

“He had the ring too…” Taehyung mumbles, taking the note from Jimin’s fingers to get a better look at the writing. “I always lock the door after I’m done cleaning… this shouldn’t have been possible.”

“Tae if this is one of your pranks I swear –”

“This isn’t one of my pranks!” Taehyung yells, his expression sincere. Jungkook shrinks back, slightly ashamed of accusing his friend of such a thing. “I wouldn’t do this. I know how paranoid you get about your relationship with Jimin – I’d never jeopardise what you have.”

“I – sorry. I’m sorry, Taehyung. I’m just really scared.”

Jimin stands up, opening his arms, and Jungkook automatically nuzzles into his embrace, burying his face in the side of Jimin’s neck. The guard pats his head, his strong arm wrapped securely around the consort’s middle. Jungkook is trembling, and he’s certain Jimin can feel it. But his lover doesn’t comment. He’s quiet and collected, and part of him wants to smack the man repeatedly in the chest and ask why he’s so damn calm.

“Somebody knows, Jimin,” he says after a while, his grip on his lover tightening. “Someone out there knows I’m cheating on the king and I don’t know what to do.”

“It’s going to be OK, Jungkook.”

“But it’s not, Jimin. We tried so hard to keep it a secret and I just don’t understand where it all went wrong!” He sounds close to sobbing, and Jungkook is inwardly ashamed at how easy he crumbles. He should be stronger than this. He’s survived being Seokjin’s consort for this long for crying out loud!
“Hey, hey –” Jimin pulls away slightly to cup Jungkook’s face in his hands, his lips but a thread apart from touching the consort’s. “I’m your royal guard. It’s my job to protect you, and I’d protect you even if that weren’t the case. Hopefully we’ll be about to figure out whoever wrote this before things get out of hand. I promise you – the king will not find out about us.”

Jungkook places his hands over Jimin’s lovingly, producing a weak smile. He wants to tell the man not to make promises he can’t keep, but instead keeps it to himself. He trusts Jimin with his life. If Jimin says he’s going to fix this, then Jungkook has full confidence in him.

He slips the dressing gown over his shoulders, shivering as the silk makes contact with the fresh, harsh welts that canvas his back. He can hears the king in his bathroom, likely washing his face from all the grime and the sweat of today’s endeavours.

The king’s chambers is dark save for the light of the candles on the nightstand, and all Jungkook wants to do is leave this horrid place. Fortunately, Jungkook isn’t obligated to sleep in the king’s bed unless the king specifically asks him to, so pretty soon he’ll be making his way back to his own bed for the night.

In order to do that though, he must wait to be dismissed.

After having his way with Jungkook in one of the most vile ways imaginable, Seokjin had all but given a tired yawn before slipping out of him, dragging his feet towards the bathroom as though exhausted. Yes, it must be exhausting to sit around all day barking orders at servants and treating the kingdom’s people like dirt beneath his shoes. What a devastating strain it must have on him.

Jungkook doesn’t know what had prompted the king to be so rough with him tonight. It was very rare of him to bring out the leather whip from under the bed. To say Jungkook had been displeased would be a drastic understatement.

He doesn’t question the king’s actions though. It hadn’t been the first time he had used the whip, and it certainly wouldn’t be the last. Jungkook’s just glad that it’s over. When Seokjin comes out of the bathroom, he’ll make a rude comment and tell him to leave, and Jungkook will pretend to act like a kicked puppy that had been banished to the outside kennel, when really he couldn’t be more relieved.

“You’re still here,” Seokjin comments mildly from the bathroom doorway.
Jungkook snaps his head up, quickly pulling the material of his dressing gown to cover himself. “I await your next instructions, my king,” he says calmly.

Seokjin snorts and waves his hand lazily towards the exit. “You may leave. Be sure to clean yourself thoroughly before you go to bed.”

Jungkook stands up and bows, internally wincing at the stickiness that seeps down his inner thighs. He ignores it – it’s what he’s used to. The pain that attacks the surface of his skin, the mild headache that starts to take shape in his temple, the sore throat that punishes him for screaming – it’s all routine.

He slips out of the chambers without sparing the king another glance. It’s well lit in the hallway, secluded but not unsafe. He knows that the guards aren’t but a hallway away, doing their rounds around this part of the castle. His room is just down the hallway, within suitable walking distance from the king’s chambers so that he’s present and available for when he is needed.

Jungkook gives a sigh, turning to leave, but something out of place catches his eye. His gaze falls to the carpet, and what he finds is most upsetting.

A piece of parchment stands out against the redness of the carpet floor, folded neatly and purposely placed outside the king’s chamber door for him to find.

Paranoid, he glances around him, as though expecting the perpetrator to suddenly appear. However, he finds no one. He is alone and unsettled. He reaches down and snatches up the parchment, but doesn’t stop to read it until he’s back in the safety of his own chamber, the doors locked behind him and his uncomfortable state forgotten.

Taking a seat on his bed, he holds the parchment up to the candle on his nightstand so that he could read it clearly, his stomach churning with cold dread.

To tell, or not to tell?

The temptation is difficult to quell.

He breathes, unknowingly,

Beneath your deceit.

You ought to be a little,
More discreet.

Jungkook glares. He glares in the hopes that the parchment may burn between his fingers and cease to ever exist, but it doesn’t. It’s there as plain as day, and it had been waiting outside just for him to read. What’s even more frustrating is that if anyone else were to happen upon it, it would’ve meant nothing to them. If Seokjin had found it first, it would have meant nothing. If a servant or a guard had found it first, it would have meant nothing.

But to Jungkook, it means everything.

It means someone is watching him. Someone knows where he is at any given time of the day. It means someone has access to the royal section of the castle, and Jungkook no longer feels safe.

With a small huff of frustration, he tucks away the note beneath the candleholder. He’ll have to show Jimin and Taehyung tomorrow. For now though, he must bathe. If he doesn’t bathe tonight, he will have to bathe tomorrow morning, which will mean he will be late to breakfast, and if he’s late to breakfast, Seokjin will be displeased. If Seokjin is displeased, Jungkook may as well kiss away the next week because God forbid he ever displeases his king.

He finds the third note a week following the second, and one and a half weeks following the first. It had been a rather ordinary day in which Jungkook convinces himself that whoever had been messing with him had grown bored. Jungkook had done little to rouse any attention, and had started to limit himself with his time alone with Jimin. It’s unfortunate, yes, but absolutely necessary.

It had been hidden in the folds of his attire. He generally uses them as pockets – however terrible they are. He had stuffed his hands into the folds in an idle attempt to warm his hands, gazing off into the distance as Seokjin spoke to one of his advisors.

That’s when he felt it, the pointed yet soft edges of paper that had his skin prickling. He makes no indication that anything is wrong, but his heart skips a beat inside his chest.

“May I excuse myself, my king?”

Seokjin leers down at him, annoyed that he had been interrupted mid-sentence. As reckless as it is of him, Jungkook is hardly in the indulgent mood. He needs to get out of here as soon as possible – he needs to read what this stalker has written.
“You ought to hold your tongue when you are required to,” the king snaps.

Jungkook doesn’t waver, his eyes softly and his lip quirking coyly. “I apologise. I only need to go to the bathroom for a moment. I will return quickly.”

The king rolls his eyes and waves him away. “Whatever.”

He doesn’t hesitate. He’s on his feet and pacing out of the room. He can hear Jimin following behind him, and it comforts him to know that his lover is at least there to read it with him this time. He doesn’t think he could open another by himself.

“I think now is hardly the time for a swift fondle, my love,” Jimin says behind him, his voice laced with amusement.

It’s only when Jungkook spins around to face him that his smile wilts, noticing the worry and anxiety marring his lover’s features.

“Jungkook…?”

He produces the parchment from his pocket. Jimin inhales sharply.

“Someone had slipped it into my clothes without me realising,” Jungkook explains shakily. “I couldn’t remain in there without reading it – I must know what it says.”

Jimin nods slowly, coming closer so that he can read the parchment too. Jungkook unfolds it tensely, his shoulders set and his expression grim.

Pretty eyes,

Full of wonder.

My sinful lust,

Grows only fonder.
Lips of lies,

And thighs of honey.

Bend right over,

My sweet bunny.

Jungkook frowns. This note… it’s different from the other two he had received.

“What does it mean?”

He looks up at Jimin, who had grown still and quiet since he had opened the parchment. What he finds is a look of darkness and anger he had seen before on Jimin’s expression. He occasionally wears the same face after Jungkook has just spent a night with Seokjin.

“Jimin…?”

“I think he’s interested in a little more than blackmailing you, Jungkook,” Jimin says finally, taking the note from Jungkook’s placid fingers.

Jungkook blinks. “What do you mean?”

“This description… He’s talking about you.”

He frowns. “Me? But why?”

“I don’t know.” He shakes his head. “But I don’t like it. The way he’s describing you…” Jimin trails off them, clearly too disturbed.

Jungkook shrugs. “Maybe he’s just taunting me again? He seems to be fond of doing that.”

“Yes but… the first two times were about us – our relationship, and the king… This… this is different. It doesn’t seem like he’s just observing you anymore, Jungkook. It sounds like…” Jimin looks away.
Jungkook’s eyes narrow. He reaches up to cup the side of his lover’s face. “Sounds like what, Jimin?”

Jimin shakes his head again. “Never mind. Just be careful. I’ll come around to your chambers tonight to make sure no has been there, OK?”

Jungkook pulls a tight smile, leaning down to kiss the edge of Jimin’s jaw. “I’ll be safe as long as you’re around.”

Despite what Jungkook wants to see – what he needs to see, Jimin doesn’t smile at him reassuringly. He looks genuinely concerned, more so than all the other times, and it scares him. It feels as though more is at stake now than just their relationship, and Jungkook can’t for the life of him understand why. There was just something about the third letter… how it was worded… It seemed off, like the topic of interest is escalating into something more than just infidelity, but to what, Jungkook rather wouldn’t know.

“Jimin has been awfully annoying these past couple of days,” Seokjin comments one morning at breakfast, three days after Jungkook had received the fourth note.

Jungkook says nothing. It’s true that Jimin hovers more often these days, but with good reason that is beyond the king’s knowledge. He hasn’t been getting much sleep either, often staying up at all hours of the night, waiting for the shadow that drops dark promises into his life. It hangs over his person like an omen, waiting for the right moment to strike, and Jungkook is constantly on edge because of it.

*It grows stronger,*

*The hunger.*

*It pulls me,*

*With all it can muster.*

*Hide you fire,*

*Hide your lust,*

*I will have you,*

*In time I trust.*
It had been sent to him last week, attached to the handheld mirror he keeps in the bathroom. Jungkook no longer finds suspicion in the people around him, but rather the creaking he hears late into the night. He has his candles alight throughout, his eyes open and glued to the doorhandle, as though expecting someone to creep in while he slept. So far, nothing out of the ordinary has happened – with the exception of Jimin coming to check on him one time and Jungkook had panicked and hid himself in the bathtub. It had been a brief moment of relieved laughter that had died down into sadness.

“Do you have anything to say about it?” Seokjin asks curiously, as though he actually cared about Jungkook’s thoughts and opinions. The king likely just wants to get to the bottom of Jimin’s odd behaviour.

“He simply wishes to do his job well,” Jungkook replies hollowly. Seokjin shoots him a weird look, but the consort doesn’t so much as spare the king a glance.

He feels tired and hopeless.

“I still can’t figure out how he was able to get in here,” Taehyung says as he starts fixing the bed.

Jungkook sits on a chair beside the vanity, toying with a pearl necklace that once belonged to his dead mother.

It’s been two weeks since he had received the fourth letter – the longest he had gone without discovering one of those harrowing pieces of parchment.

Occasionally, as he ponders it, he worries that perhaps he had missed the next note, but then he’s reminded that no – if his stalker had wanted him to find it, he would’ve found it by now. The stranger is meticulous that way.

“It’s taking its toll on Jimin,” Jungkook worries. “I’m afraid he’s losing sleep over it. I suspect he’s sitting outside my chambers at night to make sure no one can sneak in.”

“Has he?” Taehyung’s lips thin into a line.
“Well – I haven’t checked, but it sounds like something Jimin would do. You know how he is about this kind of thing.”

Taehyung arches an eyebrow at him. “You mean protecting you?”

Jungkook runs a hand through his hair. “Yeah.”

“Well he might as well just sleep in here with you then if that’s the case. If he sleeps out in the hallway he’ll have a sore neck!”

“I’m too nervous to ask.” Jungkook looks back down at the pearls, turning them within his grasp. “Jimin isn’t keen on talking about the notes. I think he’s just more worried than he’s letting on.”

Taehyung nods, fluffing up one of the pillows. “It’s likely. He loves you a lot – he’d do anything for you. He’s probably just stressed that you might get hurt.”

“I haven’t received a note in two weeks,” Jungkook sighs. “Maybe the person has given up?”

To this, the servant says nothing, which is basically Taehyung’s way of disagreeing with him. Jungkook knows too – whoever has been writing these letters won’t give up, not until something happens.

“By the way – Seokjin has requested you for tonight. An hour after a supper I think he said.”

Jungkook places aside the pearls, sighing heavily. “This person shouldn’t intimidate me. I sleep with a monster after all.”

Taehyung places a hand on Jungkook’s shoulder, staring down at him with a wistful smile. “Sometimes it’s the unknown that we fear the most. This could be anybody, my consort. He would be even more evil than the king himself.”

He wonders if that’s possible. After all that Jungkook has been through, he doesn’t think there is a
soul that exists that could be as cruel or as heartless as his husband. Sometimes he looks forward to the day when Seokjin will look for a concubine to bare his heir and Jungkook is left to his own sweet devices, but he knows it won’t be so clear-cut. Once the concubine is with child she’ll likely be shunned to one part of the castle for nine months, and Jungkook will once again be at Seokjin’s mercy.

Jungkook goes straight back to his room after supper, and dismisses Jimin just outside his chamber door.

“Go to bed. Get some rest – please Jimin.” He cups the man’s face, begging him.

Jimin clutches at Jungkook’s wrists, looking uncertain. “I shouldn’t leave your side. It isn’t safe.”

He huffs. “Do you really want to stand outside the king’s chamber listening to what he does to me at night?”

Jimin sports an angry blush and he looks down at his feet. “No.”

“Then please – go sleep, at least for the next couple of hours. Come find me afterwards. Maybe we could share a bath, hmm?”

The guard’s eyes soften at the suggestion, and he presses his lips gently against Jungkook’s. “I’ll take care of you afterwards – I promise.”

Jungkook grins, the corners of his eyes crinkling happily. “I look forward to it.”

Jimin winks, attempting to come across flirty but only brings attention to the dark circles underneath his beautiful eyes. Jungkook’s expression strains and he quickly shoos the guard off before Jungkook can change his mind and convince Jimin to stay. He needs his rest. He can’t be at Jungkook’s beck and call 24-hours a day – it’s impossible. He would rather Jimin took care of himself first before considering Jungkook’s needs.

He enters his room and locks it behind him – a habit he has come to learn since the notes started. He goes to the bathroom to wash his face first and remove his clothes, applying ointment to some of the welts on his skin that had started to blister. Then he snatches up his dressing gown and slips it on, tying the sash loosely around his middle.
Jungkook re-enters his room, his clothes bundled into a ball. As he walks he makes a motion to throw the clothing onto the bed, and as he does so, he catches sight of a piece of paper placed strategically in the centre of his made bed just before it’s buried beneath his clothes.

He gives a small squeak before he leaps onto the bed, frantically pawing his clothes aside to find the paper underneath. He finds it easily, and he sits on his knees on the bed, staring at it for a moment. Should he go get Jimin? No – no he needs his rest. He’ll just read the parchment now, and after Seokjin is done with him tonight, he’ll show it to Jimin before they take a bath.

Yes – that should be fine.

There’s writing on the back of it – ‘Second floor, west wing, room at the very end of the third corridor – 6pm’. Jungkook frowns confusedly before he opens the folds of the parchment.

_Come one,_

_Come now._

_Satisfy the curiosity,_

_I dared to rouse._

_Absence will be your enemy,_

_Do not forget,_

_If you refuse,_

_There lies a penalty._

Jungkook curses under his breath. The stranger wishes to meet him.

He doesn’t know whether to be thrilled or terrified. He could finally put a name and a face to this man that has been terrorising him; he can finally put an end to the torment. He doesn’t know what to expect though – what this person wants from him.

There’s no time to think though. He only has an hour before he has to go to Seokjin’s chamber, and it’s 6pm now. Never mind how the parchment got here in the first place – he has to go, he has to meet this person and settle this once and for all.
It crosses his mind to go get Jimin and tell him about it, but he knows that if he tells Jimin, his lover will insist on going with him.

‘Come one’ – he cannot go with someone else. Whoever this is wants him to go alone, and daunting as that is – Jungkook only trusts himself in this situation. God knows what would happen if he opted to take either Taehyung or Jimin with him – it could end in disaster. He doesn’t want to involve the two people that matter most to him unless he has to, and at this point, he has no choice but to face this head on.

He keeps the parchment for safe keeping, just in case he has the opportunity to show this to Jimin later when this has all blown over. It occurs to him that maybe he should get back into his clothes – but no, there’s no time. He must leave at once. The west wing is on the other side of the castle, it will take him fifteen minutes alone to get there.

So he rushes, barefoot, across the castle, breezing past guards and servants and the occasional political figure without sparing them a glance. Some of them are in a state of confusion to see him in nothing but a dressing gown, while others do not even notice he has passed them.

He follows the instructions at the back of the note, getting more and more confused as he continues forth. He’s never been to this part of the castle before. This is generally where the court officials reside – he has no business with them.

The third corridor of the second floor in the west wing is abandoned – not a soul in sight. There are only two doors, one to the left, and one at the very end of the hallway. Jungkook gulps, his palms clammy. His heart starts thumping, harder and faster as he approaches the door at the end of the long stretch. His fingers tremble on the doorknob, it’s surface bitingly cool.

He opens the door; it’s wooden exterior giving a chilling creak. He enters into what looks to be an ordinary study, with bookcases lining the walls, a couple of rolls of parchment running astray, and at the centre of it all – a desk, and sitting at that desk, a figure with its face shrouded in darkness. All that can be seen from the candlelight is his smooth, pale neck.

“Sit.”

Jungkook blushes at the command. He feels like a dog being told what to do, but it’s not as though he hasn’t grown accustomed to it. He takes a few steps inside, his hands leaving the frame of the door. It swings back on its own, slamming shut with a mighty bang. He flinches, gritting his teeth.
Get a hold of yourself, he thinks. Don’t let him know you’re scared.

Once he’s seated, the voice speaks again.

“I’m glad you came.”

Jungkook isn’t.

“You look beautiful tonight.”

“But,” Jungkook snaps, glaring at the figure. “Enough with your games – what the hell do you want from me?”

The voice tsks him, rough and guttural. “That’s no way to speak to me, Jungkook. You ought to be a little more respectful to your superiors.”

Jungkook’s fingers twitch in his lap. “Superior…?”

The figure leans forward out of the shadows, and Jungkook is met with the young, familiar face of someone he’s passed in the castle corridors hundreds of times before, but not once ever sparing him a glance.

“You –”

“Yes, me.” He smirks. “Your king’s royal advisor, the master who pulls the strings for him.”

The name falls softly from Jungkook’s lips. “Min Yoongi.”

Yoongi smiles smugly. “Surprised you know my name. Your mind always seems to be elsewhere whenever you are in my presence – perhaps with a certain guard?”
“Why have you been sending me notes? Why have you been tormenting me for over a month?” Jungkook demands, his fear being replaced with anger.

Yoongi laces his fingers on the desk, giving a casual shrug. “Boredom, perhaps. The discovery of your affair is about the most interesting source of entertainment I’ve had in all my years as the king’s advisor.”

“It is my business alone,” Jungkook growls.

“Oh – but it isn’t.” Yoongi smiles, annoyingly pleasant. “Your business was never your own, dear Jungkook – not since you were married off to the king. You’re public interest. What's your business is everyone’s business.”

It takes everything for Jungkook not to leap out of his seat and slam his fists down on the desk. He’s had enough of Yoongi’s talking – he grew sick it of from the moment he was told to sit. But he manages to keep himself seated, fisting the silk of his dressing gown and sending the man a dark look.

“What do you want from me?” he grits out, clearly not in the mood to play games.

“At first it was nothing, I simply wanted to tease you – rile you up. I was curious to see how you would handle the situation.” Yoongi speaks so plainly, as though he wasn’t exhibiting signs of a sociopath. Perhaps he already knows and simply doesn't care.

Jungkook gulps. “And – and now? What do you want from me now?”

“Your body.”

Hairs stand on end on Jungkook’s arms. He had a terrible feeling Yoongi would say that – if the last few notes were anything to go by.

“Are you infatuated with me?” he dares to ask, not sounding nearly as confident as he wishes he did.

Yoongi gives an unsettling chuckle, as if he finds Jungkook’s question adorable. “No, I do not.
Infatuation is just another word for obsession, and to be obsessed with you, I’d have to love you in some form or another.”

Jungkook can feel his heart start to sink, his anger and his passion for answers beginning to wilt. Not once had he ever considered that perhaps he did not want to have answers.

“Then why…?” he asks quietly.

Yoongi smiles like an angel. “Because, my dear, I have you right where I want you.”

Jungkook knows this to be true. Yoongi is Seokjin’s trusted advisor. The king trusts Yoongi more than anybody else in the castle – Jungkook included. And Jungkook couldn’t go ratting on Yoongi even if he wanted to, because all Yoongi had to do was turn around and tell Seokjin the undeniable truth that he had been sleeping with Jimin this whole time. Yoongi has all the power; all the right cards in his hand, and all Jungkook can do is perish before him.

Yoongi must have noticed Jungkook had come to this revelation, because he looks very pleased. “Now,” he says, pulling Jungkook back to reality. He produces a dagger from his desk. It’s small, sharp and deadly. “You’ll be good, won’t you?”

A lump climbs into his throat and he feels tears prick at the edges of his eyes, but he nods, whispering, “Yes. I’ll be good.”

An hour later Jungkook finds himself outside Seokjin’s chamber door, barely able to hold himself up properly. Instead of knocking – like he’s usually required to do – he pushes his way inside unannounced, stumbling onto his hands and knees.

“Who dares –” Seokjin starts, ready to give a lashing to whoever had the gull to enter without knocking, but stops short upon seeing Jungkook on the floor. “Get up you clumsy fool. If you happened upon my special wine collection again I swear I-” Again he cuts off, noticing that the consort is trembling. “Jungkook?”

The king uses his foot to turn Jungkook over onto his back, and the boy collapses in his exhaustion, barely able to keep his eyes open. There’s blood pouring out of Jungkook’s mouth and nose – mixed with another substance Seokjin finds suspicious. His dressing gown has been tugged open, baring cuts and bruises that hadn’t been administered by his hand. There’s also a distinctive bite mark on his collarbone, the surface of the skin broken.
“What on earth…?”

“Seokjin… Seokjin…” Jungkook splutters, grabbing at the material of the king’s pants. “I was – he raped me. I was – I was raped.”

Seokjin gives a snarl, tearing his leg from Jungkook’s grip. “Someone dared to touch my property? Everyone in the castle knows that’s forbidden. Who – why did it? Stop crying and tell me –”

But Jungkook shakes his head from side to side, vehemently refusing to answer. Seokjin sighs curtly, disappointed.

“There is a traitor in my castle, and whether you like it or not – Jungkook – I’m going to find him.” Seokjin makes his way towards the door. “I’ll fetch the servants to come clean you up – be ready in half an hour. I’ll be holding a meeting to address this issue.”

Issue, his husband had called it. His rape was an issue.

Jungkook lies there on the floor, listening as Seokjin strides away. He shouldn’t have gone alone – he knows, but what other choice did he have? And what will happen if Seokjin finds out who it is? If Yoongi is taken down, he’ll drag he and Jimin down with him without a second’s hesitation. No – Seokjin can’t know who it is.

He can never know.

Taehyung comes to him, along with a few other familiar servants. His friend pesters him as he’s being bathed, concerned and worried and very much on the verge of tears, but Jungkook can’t understand why this sways his friend so much. Seokjin treats Jungkook with similar brutality, so why was this situation any different?

Despite this way of thinking, he still cries.

Jimin is waiting outside the chamber after he’s been bathed, looking severely upset and confused.

“Jungkook –” he goes to grab Jungkook’s shoulders to get a better a look at him, but the consort
flinches away. “What – people are saying you were raped? I – by who? And why is Seokjin holding a meeting-?”

“Now is not the time,” he says thinly. “Seokjin wants me present – he wants to know who the rapist is.”

Jimin nods in understanding, not willing to push Jungkook any further. “I’ll go with you – we’ll go together.”

Despite Jimin’s close proximity, Jimin doesn’t touch him, likely afraid that he might further upset the boy. Jungkook doesn’t know what to think of this. Part of him never wants to be touched by anybody ever again, but another part of him just wants to hide away in Jimin’s embrace and never leave.

The meeting is held in the war room – a room in the same area as the throne room, but much more closed off and exclusive. Jungkook himself had only ever been in here once a twice before, and that was mostly just to sit on Seokjin’s lap and look pretty while Seokjin and his men discussed battle strategies.

Jungkook eyes immediately fall on Yoongi. Only a couple of hours ago he was a mere familiar face in a familiar crowd, but now he sticks out like a sore thumb. He’s all Jungkook sees, and he thinks he’s going to throw up.

Jungkook moves to take a seat next to Seokjin, who sits at the head of the table, but the king has another idea in mind. Instead he drags him roughly onto his lap, and Jungkook is so shocked by the treatment that he whimpers. Seokjin ignores him, holding him firmly like a child who won’t sit still.

“You all might have heard the news by now,” Seokjin speaks after everyone is settled. Jimin lingers in the back behind the king, blending with other members of the royal guard. “My consort – my property was violated earlier this evening. Only someone of high authority could have had such easy access to him – someone in this room, no doubt.”

“Who would be foolish enough to do such a thing?” one of them splutters.

“A most disrespectful action against your authority,” another clamours.
“Indeed.” Seokjin glances around the room. “It is a challenge to my authority. Whoever did this does not hold me in high respect, as any respectable man would know not to touch what isn’t theirs.”

“Where was the consort’s guard when this all went down?” Someone asks – someone who isn’t worth noting.

Jungkook tenses in Seokjin holds – something Seokjin actually notices. The king casts his a curious look before leaning back in his seat. He makes a gesture with his hand. “Jimin – where is Jimin?”

“Here, your highness.” Jimin steps forward so that Seokjin can properly see him.

“Is it not your job to protect my consort, Jimin?”

Jimin hesitates. “It is, sire.”

“Then why – pray tell – did you allow this happen?”

Jimin suddenly looks angry, quick to lose his cool. “I didn’t allow this to happen – I would never!”

“Then how did this happen?” Seokjin asks sharply.

To this, Jimin has no answer, and Jungkook wants to scream. Jimin couldn’t tell the truth – he couldn’t admit to sleeping while Jungkook, the one person he was sworn to protect, was being raped in another part of the castle. “I… I…”

“Perhaps I could propose a theory, your greatness?” All eyes fall to Yoongi, who sits somewhere in the middle of the table. Jungkook’s lungs compress and he feels dizzy. Jimin looks confused.

Seokjin appears indulgent. “Go on.”
“Forgive me – but perhaps it was Jimin himself who raped poor dear Jungkook.” Jungkook could’ve sprung out of Seokjin’s lap to strangle Yoongi right then and there. “He has free access to Jungkook at all hours of the day and night, and being in such close proximity to your lovely consort could have tempted Jimin into doing the unthinkable.”

“I – I would never!” Jimin cries.

“Silence!” Seokjin raises a hand, and Jimin is quick to bite down on his tongue. “Jungkook – could this be possible? Was it Jimin who raped you?”

Jungkook groans in frustration. “He did no such thing –”

“Forgive me again, for interrupting,” Yoongi says lightly, this time standing on his feet.

Seokjin looks interested. “Yes?”

“Would it be so out of line to suggest some form of brainwashing was involved?”

Seokjin blinks, intrigued, and Jungkook coughs into his hands in shock. “Brainwashing?”

“Jimin is in close contact with Jungkook all the time – and all that time could be very well spent manipulating dear Jungkook to think a certain way. Perhaps Jungkook is denying all of this because he is scared Jimin will hurt him.”

The irony is bitter on the tip of Jungkook’s tongue. His eyes begin to water.

“No – Jimin wouldn’t! Jimin protects me!” He sounds desperate and unstable and there’s no way anyone would take him seriously when compared to Yoongi’s calculated approach.

It’s infuriating though, because he knows exactly what Yoongi is trying to do. He’s trying to remove Jimin from the equation – he’s going to get Jimin executed so that he’ll get to have him to himself and Jungkook just can’t let that happen.
“If you are so keen on clearing Jimin’s name then,” Seokjin hold tightens on Jungkook’s waist painfully, “perhaps you can finally divulge who actually did rape you.”

Jungkook looks at Seokjin, then at Jimin, and then eventually, Yoongi. Yoongi has this malicious look in his eyes, like he’s already won, and Jungkook hates him so, so much. Either way it’s checkmate. He’s going to lose Jimin, and since that’s the case, he may as well try and drag Yoongi down with him.

“It was Yoongi,” he says finally, never breaking eye contact with the man. He hears Jimin gasp beside him, but other than that – no one reacts, not even Seokjin. “Y-Yoongi threatened me with a knife and raped me in his study.”

“Is this true, Yoongi?” Seokjin says lowly.

Yoongi sighs, folding his hands behind his back and circling the table, feigning a wistful expression. “I wish it hadn’t come to this – I really do.” For a hopeful moment, Jungkook thinks he just might confess. “You’ll have to forgive me, your highness. I have been withholding knowledge from you for a long while now. You see – your consort and Jimin have been fornicating behind your back for quite some time. I worried that Jimin here would become progressively more jealous of you as time went on – and it appears he has. He must’ve been terribly rough with Jungkook tonight, and since the dear consort could not easily erase the evidence, decided to make up rape allegations instead.”

Jungkook openly gapes. He can hardly believe the words coming out of Yoongi’s mouth.

“They knew I was aware of their relationship of course – I swore them to secrecy, but given they are trying to quite plainly remove me so that their secret remains, I must come out and be frank with you, your highness.”

Jungkook would’ve liked to point out that it was Yoongi who accused Jimin of rape in the first place and Jungkook had no choice but to confess, but either way he knew it wouldn’t help his case.

“An affair?” the words fall from Seokjin’s lips disbelievingly.

“Yes.” Yoongi has come round by this point, so close he’s practically whispering in Seokjin’s ear. “Think of all the times Jungkook and Jimin have disappeared off together. Think of all the times you found odd marks on Jungkook you hadn’t seen before – it’s all been Jimin. He’s been
touching your property. He’s been disrespecting you.”

“He lies!” Jimin thunders, but the damage has already been done. Jungkook can tell they’ve lost by the way Seokjin’s grips his hips viciously.

Yoongi has won.

“You have humiliated me,” Seokjin hisses in Jungkook’s ear. Jungkook is too afraid to look back at Seokjin, noticing that all eyes around the room are staring at them. “You two-timing little whore.”

“My king-!” Jungkook tries, but is promptly cut off.

“Guards! Take Jimin down to the dungeons and prepare for his execution tomorrow at dawn!” Seokjin snarls.

“No!” Jungkook screams, gripping at Seokjin’s robes. “You can’t –” Seokjin slaps him.

“Jungkook!” Jimin yells, moving towards him, but guards are suddenly flanked at either side of him, gripping his arms and holding him back.

“Jimin!” He screams back, trying to squirm his way out of Seokjin’s lap, but the king won’t let go.

“Pathetic.” Seokjin growls. He grips Jungkook’s hair at the back of his head, pulling him back to bare his neck. “The nerve of you – deceiving me and accusing one of my most trusted men of treachery. You’re a whore, Jungkook – and I’ll make sure you’re condemned to knowing that for the rest of your meaningless life.”

Jungkook watches as one of the guards punches Jimin in the stomach to stop him from struggling. He screams, watching in horror as his lover is dragged out of the room. “You can’t – you mustn’t!”

Through all this, Yoongi is smirking, quietly reminding Jungkook of his defeat.
It’s dead quiet in the dungeons. Jimin sits in the corner on the filthy floor, holding what’s left of a potato sag close to his shivering frame. It’s been hours since they threw him in here, and Jimin hasn’t been able to get a wink of sleep – not that he would want to, with the amount of things going through his head. He doesn’t know where Jungkook is, but he prays, fruitlessly, that he’s OK.

Tomorrow will be his execution, and Jimin’s fine with that. He isn’t scared to die. What he is scared of is Jungkook being kept alive to suffer – and Seokjin will make him suffer.

He hears the jingle of keys and the patter of footsteps, and Jimin idly wonders if his execution has been pushed forward to have at midnight – at least then it would be a private execution. He won’t have to be displayed in front of the public, in front of his friends and family, waiting for the guillotine to drop and end the crippling anticipation.

The frantic footsteps stop in front of his cell door, and with a push of energy Jimin raises his head to see who it is.

“T… Taehyung?” He frowns.

“Shhh.” The servant hisses, unlocking the cell door with a ring full of keys. “We don’t have time – get up.”

“What are you –”

“What the hell does is look like?” Taehyung snaps impatiently, gesturing at him frantically to get up. Jimin does, pushing back the wave of nausea that hits him. “Geez – they did a number on you.”

“A few bruises, nothing I couldn’t take,” he brushes off, tossing aside the potato sack.

“Good – because I need you to be in good shape.”

Jimin frowns. “Why?”
Taehyung looks pained. “Because trust me – Jungkook’s not going to be.”

Jimin follows behind Taehyung quickly. He notices that the person standing guard is sleeping on a barrel, a cup haphazardly on its side on the floor by his feet. Jimin suspects the servant may have drugged the guard, but doesn’t stop to question it as they make their escape.

“What is Jungkook?”

“He’s locked in a room in the watch tower. I managed to snag the keys from Seokjin’s chambers.”

“Why there? If Seokjin was just going to lock Jungkook up – why in the tower?” Jimin pants as they start scaling the stairs.

“The king plans to have Jungkook transported soon,” Taehyung replies thickly.

“Transported? To where?”

“The men at the front lines to the south,” Taehyung breathes. “He intends for Jungkook to be sent there to service the soldiers.”

Jimin’s hit with another wave of nausea and he has to stop. “Oh god.”

“Jimin –” but Jimin is already throwing up his dinner on the stone steps, pressing his hand against the wall for support. “Are you OK?”

Jimin shakes his head and stumbles away from the vomit. “Let’s – let’s just hurry.”

Taehyung knows exactly which room to go to once they reach the tower. He was likely observing everything that was happening from the sidelines before formulating a plan to bust them out.

A guard by the door is in much the same state the guard back in the dungeons was in – knocked
out cold with a cup in his hand. Now he’s convinced Taehyung drugged them.

The cell door is wrenched open and Taehyung’s the first one inside, Jimin a close second. The room is much colder than the dungeons and Jimin gives a shiver before his eyes fall to Jungkook’s beaten and naked form.

“Jungkook – oh geez.” He runs over to gather him up into his arms. He’s unconscious, but he’s breathing. “What happen to him?”

“Seokjin,” Taehyung says bluntly, as if that’s all that’s needed to be explained. And it is – Seokjin probably unleashed his worst before tossing Jungkook away like he meant nothing to him.

Jimin tears off his cloak before wrapping it around Jungkook, tucking him safely into his arms. “Let’s go.”

Taehyung nods. “We need to get to the stables.”

Running down hallways and avoiding people all around, Jimin is glad that it is the middle of the night. The most they have to avoid are guards on duty, and even then they take certain routes around the castle that Jimin has memorised to a T. He’s able to navigate them to the stables without a problem, where a prepared horse is already waiting for them.

“I’ve attached blankets, water and food to the saddle,” Taehyung informs him hurriedly. “Also a satchel full of the money you kept hidden underneath your wardrobe.”

Jimin is curious to know how Taehyung knew about his stash, but he simply writes it off as servant knowledge. “You won’t be coming with us?” he asks as Taehyung helps him and Jungkook onto the horse.

Taehyung shakes his head. “I won’t be suspected, and I have family here in the kingdom I must support. But you must leave – ride as far away from here as possible.”

Jimin nods. “I have a friend from a small town outside the kingdom’s jurisdiction – Namjoon, he’ll take us in.”

Taehyung’s eyes water, gripping Jimin’s hand. “Take care of Jungkook. Protect him.”
Jimin stares back, his expression broken. “Always.”

Taehyung smacks the horse’s backside and the animal gives a powerful shriek, kicking its legs into motion. He watches as the horse leaves, and says a little prayer for their safety.

Then they are gone, disappearing into the shadow of the night.
He relaxes back into the cushioning of his seat, fingers laced loosely behind his head. Captain, his canine companion, gives a yawn from where she sits in the co-pilot’s seat, her great brushy tail coiling against his large body. The ship hums as it carries them at light speed throughout outer space. So far the route has been swift and seamless across the black wilderness. They had entered the Omicron System about an hour ago, so they shouldn’t be too far from their destination now.

His eyes fall to the picture frame he keeps up on the dashboard. Despite this being a company vehicle he’s the only one who flies it, so he had no qualms decorating the place with his things earlier on his delivery career. It’s a picture of his family – at least, what was left of it before his mother passed away. Now it’s just him and his older brother, Seokjin, who makes ends meet by being a member of the town’s council. It doesn’t make much, but combined with Taehyung’s monthly salary they’re able to rake up enough coin to keep their heads above the water. Plus Heechul, his boss, pays him extra if he encounters trouble on one of his runs – which is almost always, so that’s pretty neat too.

“Sir, we are within range of Terra De Murdărie,” the ship’s system informs him.

He nods to himself, leaning forward to turn off the light speed generator. “Thanks Lisa.”
Taehyung christened the ship “Lisa”, taken from its actually name – LISO, which stands for Liable Intelligence System Operator. Lisa sounds nicer though; it gives the computer more of a personality.

The speed of the ship slows. Although the system’s shields are built to prevent whiplash of any kind, Taehyung still feels kind of nauseous switching speeds so drastically. He distracts himself from the illness by downing the rest of the water he has in his water bottle before shoving it back into its cradle. It helps a little bit, and pretty soon the sickness fades and he’s able to look ahead again without wanting the throw up his lunch.

Peering through the windshield, Terre De Murdârie comes into sight – the galactic hub for unlawful endeavours. It’s an unlicensed space station at the very corner of the Omicron System, and a place only the slimiest of the galaxy’s scumbags know about. It’s the not the first time Taehyung has ventured here – much to his dismay. A lot of clients buy their merchandise in bulk, and as the certified delivery boy of the company, he has no choice but to export the order. There is another delivery boy at his work – his good friend Jimin, but he handles smaller, personal orders and travels on zero gravity skates. He wouldn’t know the first thing about operating an actual space ship, and honestly, Taehyung would rather he does these trips to Terra De Murdârie than his friend. Only Jimin could walk into a place like that and somehow manage to get himself into a sticky situation – most likely illegal. Taehyung is much more qualified at talking himself out of trouble.

Alas, this particular trip isn’t work-related for once. He’s here on personal business.

One of the landing workers directs his ship over to a space in the giant parking area. Taehyung lands without a problem, pocketing his keys and telling Captain to guard the ship. She’s a giant German Shepherd so thieves won’t be getting past her anytime soon. Plus, her collar has a barking alert on it. If she barks, Taehyung’s watch will immediately tell him and he can know if there’s trouble lurking.

He presses a button in the storage area and a piece of the floor starts lowering down into parking space. A short and stubby creature waddles speedily over to him, its skin a deep, scaly green and its eyes bug-like and black. It starts patting Taehyung down, and Taehyung lets it, watching the thing closely. It pauses at his gun he has hidden in the underside of his vest; strapped to a leather holster he has wound around his torso.

“You really wanna take it from me?” Taehyung challenges coolly, using his height to his advantage.

The creature gives a pig-like shriek before backing off. For all it could know Taehyung is a
dangerous thug who wouldn’t so much as hesitate to slaughter it, so instead of causing him trouble for the concealed weapon, it quietly submits.

Taehyung tosses him a coin of Ruan. “Keep an eye on the ship – I don’t want juveniles vandalising it.”

It makes a ticking noise, muttering something along the lines of, “Sure, whatever. Asshole,” in its own mother tongue.

He weaves his way around the place, attempting to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. Though the effort is fruitless, considering almost ninety-nine percent of the folk around him are a scatter of different species. Eventually, he makes it to a bar he had been instructed to go to, a foreign language he can’t read etched above the door. He’s assaulted with heavy smoke upon entering. His eyes water, but he quickly adapts to the environment.

A couple of purple-skinned women are arguing about something at the bar as a group of Saturnians play cards in a booth at the other side of the room. Flocks of rugged-looking criminals are sprinkled about, smoking and drinking and conversing. Taehyung shifts through the patrons without drawing attention to himself, eventually sidling up to the bar where a busty, three-breast Vixonian teeters about serving drinks and cleaning glasses.

She gives him a side-glance as she’s collecting empty glasses left on the benches, gradually making her way over to serve him.

“What can I get you?” says the bartender in a professional voice.

“I’m looking for someone.” He gets straight to the point. He certainly isn’t here to drink whatever lethal shit this place is selling.

She regards him expectantly. “Got a name?”

“Hypnos.”

She nods her head towards one of the booths, and Taehyung could recognise that lumpy figure anywhere. “Thanks.”

“Looking as slim as ever, I see,” he says as he slides into the seat opposite Hypnos, his eyes
Looking as slim as ever, I see,” he says as he slides into the seat opposite Hypnos, his eyes naturally falling to the bulging double chins that overlap one another.

Hypnos is a notorious sex trafficker who stands in the heart of galactic slave trade. He’s a greasy space monster with grey skin and fatty flesh, his rounded stomach supported by comically small, stubby legs. His great big eyes slowly open, irises of ruby falling upon him, his pupils sharp like a snake’s. A slave is coiled around him at his left, draped over Hypnos’ grotesque form scantily. It’s clear the poor thing had lost its standards years ago.

“Taehyung!” Hypnos gargles happily, a tiny dab of slobber leaking out the side of its blue lips. “On time as always.”

Taehyung shrugs, indifferent to the slaver trader’s repulsive physique. He had gotten over it after the first few times of meeting up with him. “I didn’t want to give you an excuse to reschedule, to be honest.”

Hypnos takes joy in fucking around, especially when it concerns the matter of his mother’s debt. Taehyung would much rather just get this over with now before the slime ball thinks up another scheme to cheat him out of more money.

The monster chuckles seedily. “So cold, you are! Not a drink and a good conversation before we get down to business?”

“No,” says Taehyung flatly. He fishes into his pocket and produces the wad of cash, tossing it down in front of Hypnos.

Hypnos hums with glee at the sight of money. “Bigger than usual, I see.”

“It’s the rest of the debt my mother owed to you,” Taehyung explains firmly. “And now that you have what you want, stop sending threatening messages to my house.”

The tradesman gives a croaky laugh, swiping up the cash with his baby-like fingers. “Shame, it is. Your mother is not alive to walk a free woman.”

To this, Taehyung says nothing. He gets comfortable in his chair, kicking his feet up on the table and waits as Hypnos counts the money. He and Seokjin had collectively saved up the hard-earned cash over the last few months. After the last threat they received, they couldn’t ignore the debt
their mother owed any longer. Hypnos wasn’t giving in whether their mother was dead or not, which says a lot about his money-driven personality. On occasion Taehyung has also had to do business with him for his work, but these days very rarely. Heechul understands his resentment towards the slave trader so he tries to limit the associate as much as possible.

After counting the paper money he hums again, this time in satisfaction. Taehyung knows it’s the right amount. He must’ve counted over the money fifty times before he left the house just to make sure. Hypnos hands the wad to his slave, who makes an odd purring sound before folding and wedging it between her breasts.

“So.” Taehyung lifts his hands in a gesture. “Are you happy?”

“I will miss your visits, little thing,” Hypnos says in his guttural tone. “I enjoy your company.”

“Yeah well…” he kicks his feet off the table and stands, smoothing over his vest. “Can’t say I feel the same way.”

Hypnos grunts out a chuckle. The slug-like creature isn’t easily offended, for obvious reasons. He knows he’s a disgusting lowlife who resorts to enslaving innocents to make a quick buck, but he doesn’t care. He’s making his way in the underworld just fine. Every good businessman gets what he wants in the end, and Hypnos is no exception. Money is money – nothing personal. You owe it; you pay it. You die; your next of kin pay it.

“Pleasure doing business with you,” Taehyung hears the slave trader say as he’s walking away, but his footsteps do not falter.

He leaves as quickly as he came, only allowing himself to breathe when he’s out in the streets away from the bar’s oppressive atmosphere. Personally he never thought much for tobacco and alcohol, his mother liked to indulge in both and look where that got her.

Shoving his hand into his pocket and pulling out the list Seokjin had left him this morning, he starts heading towards the market. Since it’s an unlicensed area of the galaxy, it opens up a lot of flexibility for merchants to sell banned foods and ingredients that one wouldn’t be able to find in any other system. So, Seokjin had given him a list of things to bring back to spice up the cuisine variety.

The scent of spices draw him to one of the stands, and as he’s looking through labelled jars the stand owner drifts over to him, the clutter of her earrings resting against her lithe shoulders. He
makes small talk with her as he searches, but she seems more interested in what he wishes to purchase rather than what she plans to do over the weekend.

“What’s this?” He picks up one of the jars and shakes it slightly, pretending to be more interested than he actually is.

“It’s Greyganthian bone crushed into powder,” the stand owner answers in a bored tone.

“You mean Greyganthians are actually hunted for powder?” he asks in disbelief.

The woman shrugs. “Rholagins believe it has spiritual purpose.”

Taehyung frowns. “I see.”

He moves on to a few more stalls, ticking items off the list as he goes along.

“No!” a voice cries. “I don’t want to!”

Taehyung looks up from the iron-seeded fruit he was appraising at the sound of a panicked voice, peering through the stall to the other side where a pair are seen arguing. One of them is tall and intimidating, ink black tattoos twisting up his great biceps and his hair a platinum gold. His eyes are dark and malicious – almost evil in the manner he regards his companion, who is only a few inches shorter, but a lot less imposing. All he can see is the back of the young thing’s head, adorning a tuft of gentle pink and light brown hair. He’s skinny too – like he’s been starved, his limbs brittle. The taller one has his grip around the smaller one’s tiny wrist, grasping it in his crushing grip. The latter is arching under the pain, his knees bent and his head craned upwards in a subservient, beseeching manner.

“You’re being stupid, Jungkook,” the blonde says, visibly exasperated.

“It’s going to hurt!” the other whimpers.

Judging by the smaller male’s attire – something similar to a rag than actual clothing – Taehyung would have to assume he’s a slave. Unlike most, this one looks immaculately groomed, at least from what he can see from this angle. He can’t see the boy’s face, but he’s sure it’s as clean as the
rest of his body. It must be a personal slave then – probably belonging to the dangerous-looking character dragging him further into the crowds of people.

No one pays them any mind, and as they move, a few others follow. They look equally as threatening, likely under the employment of the ringleader. Taehyung turns away, left with a bitter taste in his mouth.

He’s no longer motivated to linger any longer. As interesting as Terra De Murdărie is, it’s not a place one would want to explore for too long before leaving. The longer he stays, the more attention he arouses, and Taehyung is not unaware of his good looks. He has been propositioned many times by greasy strangers. It’s an awkward situation he would like to avoid at all costs.

So he gets the rest of the ingredients on Seokjin’s list and returns to his ship. He’s relieved to find it still in tact with none of its parts missing. Runts have been known to scavenge vehicles and re-sell the parts on the black market, which is why its always a risk coming here.

The landing has been lowered, which is strange because he could’ve sworn he sent it back up after he left the ship. Captain is standing in the middle of it though, wagging her tail happily. He grins, wrapping his arms around her neck and giving her a hug in greeting. She licks the sit of his face happily. Taehyung chuckles.

He doesn’t bother appraising the ship before easing into his seat. If someone were on board, Captain would’ve let him know about it. She goes off to nap on the bed – a much more comfortable choice than the co-pilot’s seat.

Lights from the dashboard flicker on as he starts up the engines, the generator humming to life. He doesn’t look back as he leaves the space station, honestly relieved to have finally dealt with the matter. He blows a kiss to the photo frame of his family, directed at his mother in particular.

“You’re finally free, mum,” he tells her, staring upon her smiling face fondly. “You can finally rest in peace.”

He reaches for the switch to start readying the engines for light speed, when suddenly an alert flashes on his dashboard informing him of a third, unauthorised presence on the ship. He groans, his heart giving a leap.

“You have got to be kidding me!” he growls, pulling his gun out of his holster. This hasn’t been the first time he’s had a stowaway on his ship.
“Captain!” he yells, barging into the loft-like bedroom. The canine in question perks up, cocking her head to the side innocently. “Don’t you play dumb with me! Who’s on this ship, Captain? Did they bribe you with Gunga meat again?”

She flattens her ears, knowing exactly what Taehyung is talking about. She looks very guilty, but those puppy-eyes aren’t going to faze him. He’s simply grown too accustom to them. She gives a small whimper before leaping off the bed, trudging passed Taehyung as though she’s just been kicked – which is ridiculous, because Taehyung would never hit her.

“Come on, girl. Where are they?” he mutters, this voice growing quiet.

She leaps down the ladder into the storage area, sniffing around with her nose to the metal floor. Taehyung’s palms start to sweat, the only thing illuminating the storage area being the small red light on the wall in the very corner. Everything is cast in shadow, and Taehyung follows Captain’s silhouette with cautious, feather-light steps.

Captain rounds a corner and starts to bark, and without a moment’s hesitation Taehyung rounds the crate with his gun raised.

“Don’t shoot!” someone cries. Taehyung listens with his finger sitting carefully on the trigger.

His eyes fall to a body coiled into a tiny ball between two large crates, looking exceptionally small. Taehyung pulls out the torch at his hip and shines it on the figure, revealing someone familiar. The pink and brown hair is still fresh in his mind, along with the twig-like limbs and degrading rag attire. Knobby knees where pulled under a quivering chin, black eyes staring back at him owlishly.

“Are you armed?” Taehyung asks cautiously.

“No I swear,” the boy whimpers.

“Stand up and turn around slowly – hands behind your back.”

The stranger pouts. “What are you, a cop?”
“Just do it.”

The boy does as he’s told. Taehyung takes a step forward, feeling around his slender body for any concealed items, though it’d be hard considering how thin the material of his clothing is. When he’s confident the stranger doesn’t have anything threatening on his person, he snatches up his arm and starts guiding him out of the storage area. He tells him to sit on a bench just outside the cockpit, and Taehyung sits opposite him, placing his gun back in his holster.

The slave looks very uncomfortable and embarrassed, sinking into his shoulders with his palms flat against the bench. On any other occasion, Taehyung would’ve found it cute, but it doesn’t excuse the fact that this boy snuck onto his ship hoping to get a free ride out of Terra De Murdărie.

“What’s your name?”

“Jungkook,” he answers in a small voice.

Taehyung nods, satisfied that he hadn’t lied to him. “My name is Taehyung – I pilot this ship.”

Jungkook bites down on his bottom lip, looking very scared.

“I’m not going to hurt you,” he continues calmly. “But I can’t help you if you don’t cooperate, do you understand?”

Jungkook nods tearily, like a child who’s just been caught doing something naughty.

He regards the kid firmly. “Why are you hiding on my ship, Jungkook?”

“I – I wanted to get away from my master.”

Taehyung nods. “Blonde guy with the tattoos?”
Jungkook bobs his head.

“I saw you two before – when I was going through the market place. Your master was trying to take you somewhere?”

“To a branding parlour.” Jungkook looks away. “He wanted to mark me.”

Taehyung winces. “And did he?”

Shaking his head, Jungkook looks down at his hands. “He lost me in the crowd and I ran away.”

His lips thin grimly. “Is there anyway he can track you?”

Jungkook looks up, realisation passing over his delicate complexion – and was that a flicker of grey he just saw in his eyes? The slave’s hand shoots up to his neck, to the silver band fused around his neck.

“Please – I have to get this off – if I don’t get this off –”

The alarms go off and Taehyung jumps to his feet, running into the cockpit to check what’s happening. Captain can be heard barking like crazy from the bedroom.

“What’s wrong?” Jungkook exclaims from the entrance, looking worried.

“Another ship is requesting to come aboard,” Taehyung mutters.

Jungkook gasps. “It’s them – it’s Namjoon – he’s come to get me!”

Taehyung whips his head around, staring at Jungkook in disbelief. “I’m sorry but did you just say Namjoon? As in wanted-in-five-systems-bounty-hunter Kim Namjoon? That’s who your master is?”
“Was,” Jungkook corrects with determination. “I will not be his slave anymore!”

He rolls his eyes. “Oh for the love of – we need to get that necklace off you and have you hidden, and fast!”

He starts pulling out drawers from underneath the control panel, finding a pair of pliers hiding under sheets of stray paper. He nudges Jungkook back and tells him to sit, fiddling with the collar around his neck. He snaps the thinnest part of it easily, throwing it onto the ground and stamping on it repeatedly until it’s nothing but useless rubble.


“Go back down to the storage area – I’ll be there in a moment.”

Taehyung rushes back into the cockpit and approves the request for the crew to come aboard. He won’t engage in a chase across the galaxy unless he absolutely has to. This ship isn’t built to withstand heavy damage, nor is its speed anything to gloat about. Once he’s approved the request, the alarm shuts off, and they’re left with a small window of time to hide Jungkook before the crew physically comes aboard.

He swings down to the storage area where Jungkook is waiting for his next instructions, and Taehyung couldn’t be more anxious.

The man Taehyung had been expecting strides onto his ship not minutes after he had approved their request, every bit as intimidating as he had been back in the market. Kim Namjoon has been wanted by authorities in most systems for a while now, simply because he seems to cause trouble everywhere he goes. He’s ruthless, and not just to the people he hunts, but also to people who aren’t even involved. Anything to get what he wants, they say.

Two of his men are with him, one holding a gun and another holding some sort of device, frowning down at it.

“Is there something I can help you with, gentlemen?” he tries to be hospitable, acting as calmly as possible.
“We have reason to believe you have a stowaway on your ship,” Namjoon informs him. Taehyung tries to act surprised.

“A stowaway?” He frowns. “My ship would’ve informed me if someone was hitching a ride on my ship.”

“It’s odd,” one of the men says, tapping at his device. “He’s no longer coming up on the radar, boss.”

Namjoon averts his gaze sharply. “What?”

“His signal is gone.”

He turns, towering over the other with a menacing glare. The man shrinks back. “You said his signal indicated that he’d left the station.”

“I – I thought it did!” he says quickly, sweating bullets.

Namjoon sighs, frustrated. He turns back to Taehyung, who’s eying the three of them warily. “Would you mind if we take a look around?”

Taehyung shrugs. “Go right ahead. You won’t find anybody.”

He follows Namjoon as he walks around, making sure he doesn’t do anything ridiculous like break his floorboards. Any damage to this ship is coming straight out of his paycheck.

“So who are you looking for, exactly?” Taehyung pretends to be curious, watching as Namjoon bends over to check the bottom cupboards in the kitchen.

“A slave.”
“A slave?” he feigns surprise. “Why are you bothering yourself with a runaway slave?”

Namjoon looks back at him suspiciously. “You ask a lot of questions.”

“You’re the one on my ship. I have the right to ask questions.”

The bounty hunter doesn’t seem fazed by Taehyung’s bold backlash, continuing through the kitchen. “I paid a lot of Ruan for him.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. He’s an exotic slave.”

Taehyung frowns to himself. Aside from Jungkook’s interesting hair colour, there was very little he would call exotic about the slave. He doesn’t question it though. He follows Namjoon to the cockpit, and his heart skips a beat because he remembers he forgot to clean up the collar after stomping on it. His lips part, ready to make up some ridiculous excuse, when his eyes fall to where he last saw the collar – only to find its remnants completely gone.

He acts calm. No point losing his shit now. He’ll have to investigate the mystery later.

“What business were you doing in Terra De Murdărie?” Namjoon asks Taehyung. If he didn’t know better, he would’ve thought the bounty hunter was trying to make conversation with him.

“I’m a delivery boy,” he replies with an edge to his tone. Because really, wanted-in-five-systems-bounty-hunter Namjoon is here searching through his ship, and the guy thinks he has the right to be asking the questions? The cheek of this man!

He follows Namjoon as he exits the cockpit, forgoing the bedroom and bathroom in the loft because that’s where his men have gone to cover. Namjoon nods his head towards the steps that lead down into seeming darkness.

“What’s in there?”
“Storage,” Taehyung explains simply, pretending his stomach didn’t just give a horrible jerk.

Namjoon goes down to the storage area without even asking for permission, and Taehyung is close at his heels, practically breathing down his neck he’s so cautious. Namjoon produces a torch and starts looking around, peering through gaps between crates and looking into the occasional crate that didn’t have its lid bolted shut.

“What do you transport?” Taehyung almost jumps when Namjoon speaks again. He hadn’t expected him to.

“Just merchandise mostly.” It’s a truthful response, so he hadn’t hesitated.

Namjoon places a hand atop a crate, one that’s been wedged underneath a smaller one. Taehyung stares at the hand longer than he really should, and the thoughtful look on the bounty hunter’s face wasn’t helping. He stuffs his hands into his pockets and fists the inside of the material to stop the shaking. It’s damp under his armpits, his heart lodged in his throat and hammering against his eardrums.

Namjoon’s fingers twitch, as though moving to push the smaller crate on top aside, but then a call from above steals the man’s attention. The bounty hunter tilts his head to the floors above, where curses can be heard from his crewmen. Namjoon walks slowly back to the stairs and Taehyung exhales quietly, as if the air had just been knocked out of his lungs. It feels like someone just punched him.

He follows Namjoon up above, seeing his two crewmembers by the exit ready to go back to their ship. One of them is nursing his hand grumpily.

“What happened?” Namjoon sounds exasperated.

“The fucking mutt bit me!” the one nursing his hand exclaims before his companion could respond.

Namjoon rolls his eyes.

“We couldn’t find any evidence that he was here,” the other crewmember answers disappointedly. “The only thing suspicious we found was in the toilet.”
“Ah.” Taehyung lifts a finger knowingly. “See – this green stuff started growing there a few weeks back and now it’s pretty much made itself a home. Nothing I can do about that.”

“There was nothing I could find either. Jungkook must’ve fiddled with the tracking signal and sent us on a goose chase.”

“So then he’s likely still back on Terra De Murdărie?” the one with the injured hand groans.

Namjoon nods curtly. “There’s no point wasting our time here. Let’s move out.”

They’re gone in the next moment. Taehyung is peeved he didn’t so much as receive an apology for the inconvenience – not that he had been expecting much from criminals, but whatever. The first thing that comes to mind the second Namjoon and his crew have left is the disappearance of the tracking device. He knows for a fact it wasn’t in the cockpit or the storage area, because in addition to watching Namjoon closely, he had also wandered on the device’s whereabouts.

The next logical choice would be the bedroom.

Running up the steps and lifting himself up into the loft, he finds Captain to be where he had left her on the bed. She perks up upon seeing him, wagging her tail. He doesn’t expect her to do much else, but upon his approach she gets up, and Taehyung comes to the discovery that Captain had been hiding the pieces under her belly the entire time.

His eyes go to the rubble in disbelief before going back to Captain’s perfectly proud expressing, her tongue hanging out the side of her mouth and her big black eyes alight with ‘I did good, didn’t I?’ Taehyung chuckles, shaking his head as he pats her offered head.

“Captain – love, you’re a genius!”

She barks happily, and Taehyung quickly sweeps up the device’s remains before running back down to the storage area. He goes immediately for the crate that Namjoon had been eying before, shoving off the small crate on top of it and flipping open the lid.

He’s met with wide owlish eyes. He grins, biting back a laugh that will surely invoke
embarrassment from the other. But he can’t help that Jungkook looks so damn hilarious practically swimming in a crate full of dildos.

“Comfortable?” he asks in amusement.

Jungkook wiggles, picking up a rainbow-coloured dildo with pseudo-interest. “Father would be proud of me.”

This time Taehyung can’t help but laugh, offering out his hand to help pull the boy from the sea of artificial dicks. Jungkook gives a content sigh when he’s back on his feet, happy to leave his hiding place behind. Taehyung pulls the lid back on before beckoning Jungkook up the steps and into the cockpit, where he assumes his rightful place in the pilot’s seat. Jungkook awkwardly settles on the co-pilot seat, staring at Taehyung weirdly.

“So… dildos, huh?”

“Yep.” Taehyung makes a popping sound on the ‘p’, mucking around with the buttons on the dashboard to keep himself busy.

“That’s the merchandise you transport?” There’s a sliver of amusement in Jungkook’s tone that quells the tension somewhat.

Taehyung glances at him uncertainly. “Yeah I – I work for a sex shop.”

Jungkook leans forward with a grin – a cute grin – and Taehyung feels the heat climb up his neck. “No way.”

“Yes way.”

“That’s hilarious.”

Taehyung snorts. “Not nearly as hilarious as the sight of you swimming in dildos.”
Jungkook smirks. “That’s just an average Saturday night for me.”

_Oh right – sex slave._

Before Taehyung can get all awkward again Jungkook leans forward, picking up the picture frame from his dashboard. He watches closely at the boy runs his fingers over the surface carefully, a small smile on his lips.

“Who are these people? Your family?” Jungkook looks up at him, and Taehyung blinks before his mouth falls agape.

“Your eyes.”

Jungkook looks momentarily confused. “My what?”

“Your eyes!” Taehyung jumps out of his seat and gets up in Jungkook’s personal space, leaning over him so closely their nose are almost touching. Jungkook goes cross-eyed. “They’re blue! They weren’t – I could’ve sworn –“

“Oh – _oh._” Jungkook chuckles, pushing Taehyung away slightly to give himself some space. “My ability – my eyes change colour depending on how I’m feeling.”

Taehyung’s lips form an ‘o’ shape in understanding. It’s what Namjoon must’ve meant by _exotic_ – you don’t come across that kind of thing just _any day_ in the galaxy. It’s probably why Namjoon spent so much Ruan on Jungkook, and understandably so – not only is he stunning to look at but his eye thing is just _awesome._

He must’ve been staring stupidly for too long, because Jungkook shifts uncomfortably. Taehyung finally snaps out of it, his eyes drifting down to the photo frame in Jungkook’s thin, long fingers. He gently takes it from him, placing it gently back down on the dashboard.

“It’s my brother and mother,” he explains as he relaxes. “I live with him – my brother. My mother passed away last year. She was very sick.”

“Oh.” Jungkook’s eyes darken to a story grey, devoid of its previously vibrant azure. “I’m sorry to
“My mother was a slave like you once, though she struck a deal with her master after she gave birth to me.” Jungkook’s gaze flicked back to the photo sadly. “She wanted a better life for my brother and I, so her master let her leave the business – but at a price.”

Jungkook looks as though he already has an idea of what that price might be.

“The debt she owed followed her to her death. It’s why I was on Terra De Murdârie today – paying off the rest of what she owed.”

Jungkook scoffed in disbelief. “Her master still hassled your family? Even after her passing?”

Taehyung nods. “Dead or not, he wanted the rest of what she owed.”

Flecks of yellow pervade Jungkook’s stormy grey irises, like golden flakes of the sun escaping from angry clouds, and the mix of emotions that jump across the boy’s face is certainly a sight to behold.

“I s’pouse I shouldn’t be surprised,” Jungkook grumbles quietly. “I’ve dealt with enough of them in my lifetime.”

Taehyung purses his lips apprehensively. “So Namjoon wasn’t your first master?”

Jungkook shakes his head. “No, he wasn’t.”

He had suspected as much, given the boy’s age. Although young, sex slaves are usually passed around multiple times throughout childhood and adolescence. They’re treated like trading cards – slave owners would often just swap what they have for a seemingly better one, or maybe persuaded by the right amount of Ruan on offer.

“What happened to your family? You parents?” Taehyung cringes the second the questions spill from his lips. He doesn’t know Jungkook well enough to be so personal with him so quickly.
Jungkook doesn’t seem bothered though. “My mother died giving birth to me, and my father sold me after I had learnt to talk and walk. I don’t really remember what he looks like.”

He regrets asking. His heart starts to sink. “So you have nowhere to go.”

Jungkook shakes his head slowly. “I – I just had to get away from Namjoon. I won’t bother you anymore – you can drop me off wherever.”

Taehyung blanches. “Are you insane? You want me to leave you on some planet with no money and barely any clothes?”

The slave blushes, pulling his ragged clothing further down his thigh, as though only just realising how little it leaves to the imagination. “Well I don’t have a choice, do I? I have nothing to offer you – Taehyung, and you’ve already done so much for me already.”

Taehyung crosses his arms over his chest. “I’m not abandoning you, Jungkook. My mother might have had her problems – but she raised me better than that. If I turn you away, I’d disgrace her.”

Jungkook’s eyes soften, his black irises bleeding into a pale violet. “Your mother was lucky to have a son like you.”

He grins, the corners of his eyes crinkling happily. “Yeah, I am pretty amazing.”

Jungkook giggles into the palm of his hand, and once again Taehyung is struck with how cute he is. Taehyung turns back to the control panel, ignoring the blush dusting his cheeks as he starts preparing the engine to go into light speed.

“You know, you never told me how you got passed Captain,” he continues idly.

Jungkook blinks. “Captain…”?

“My dog.”
“Oh!” he straightens. “I just – I don’t know. I didn’t do anything. I just offered it my hand and it licked me.”

Taehyung snickers. “Unbelievable. I give that mutt one thing to do, and what does she do? Let a complete stranger right onto to my ship. No wonder she was sucking up to me when I returned.”

Jungkook shrugs, leaning back in his chair. “Maybe I was just brimming with so much charm she had to let me in.”

The pilot looks back at him with a flat look. “Right. Whatever you say.”

The slave pouts. “But I am brimming with charm!”

“You’re a regular Casanova.”

“I am!”

“Uh-huh.”

They continue to argue about how Jungkook managed to win Captain over so easily, because Taehyung is convinced the kid drugged his dog while Jungkook insists the dog just let him waltz right onto the ship – something Captain has never done for anybody in her life. As amusing as the topic of conversation is, Taehyung’s just happy he finally has someone to keep him company.

Not that he tells Jungkook that though.

Upon landing in the garage of SexyTime Galactica, Captain was the first off the ship, skittering up the ramp and barking happily. Taehyung files out confidently, tugging a reluctant Jungkook along with him. He had told the other about his boss Heechul and his co-worker Jimin on the trip over, though Jungkook remains shy all the same. He insists that he’s no good at meeting new people, but Taehyung begs to differ.
“You were just fine meeting me,” Taehyung had told Jungkook.

Jungkook had regarded him blandly. “Yeah – but that’s different. It’s not like I was expecting you to find me or anything.”

But Jungkook is going to meet the people he works with, whether Jungkook likes it or not. He leads his stowaway-turned-friend up the ramp into the store, which is structured more like a warehouse than an actual shop. Jungkook looks around him awe at the amount of merchandise they have available. Aisles upon aisles of anything and everything sexual imaginable, from sexy clothes to vibrating dildos – they have the lot. Jungkook isn’t disgusted or embarrassed by this. In fact, it seems to be having the opposite effect on him.

“I guess no one complains about dull sex lives in your town, huh?” Jungkook comments breathlessly.

Taehyung grins. “Nope! This is the go-to place to satisfy your every desire!”

Heechul sits at the counter with his legs kicked up onto its surface, flipping through a magazine with an air of boredom.

“Hey boss!” Taehyung strides over. Jungkook is left contemplating whether he should follow or not. He stays where he is. “I’d like you to meet someone – hey! Jungkook, get over here!”

Heechul lifts his eyes from the desk, eying Taehyung before eventually drifting to the boy at his side. “Made a friend, did you?”

“Well – actually, Jungkook had snuck onto the ship hoping to get a free ride out of Terra De Murdărie. But you know – we got talking and yada yada yada – now he’s staying with me!”

Taehyung’s boss doesn’t look even a little surprised. He just nods, murmuring a small “uh-huh” under his breath.

“Do you know where Jiminnie is? I want to introduce him!”

Heechul points his thumb to the back, and Taehyung gets it. He grabs Jungkook’s hand and starts
leading him down one of the aisles towards the back, a broad grin slapped across his face. Jungkook keeps looking around, like a child on his first time in a candy store.

Eventually they reach the backroom, where the door has been left open. Jimin can be seen inside taping boxes and he lets out a squeal. The shorter employee only gets a few seconds to respond before arms are thrown over him and his bear of a co-worker is squishing him against the wall. Jimin lets out a laugh, shoving Taehyung away and fixing his air.

“Idiot. What are you doing back here?” Jimin asks, oblivious to the figure lingering behind Taehyung’s frame.

Taehyung’s grin never falters. “I want you to meet someone special.”

“Special?” Jimin echoes. “Finally got yourself a girlfriend, did you?”

He shakes his head before stepping aside, revealing Jungkook’s quiet presence. The slave is clutching his arm awkwardly and looking at the ground, his face bright red. Taehyung throws an arm around Jungkook’s shoulders, unrestricted by personal boundaries. He thinks it’s cute how Jungkook nibbles on his bottom lip – something he has caught on to over their limited time together. The kid gets nervous easily.

“Omo – who are you?” Jimin gushes, stepping forward to get a better look at Taehyung’s new friend. “Taehyungie, he’s so cute!”

“I know, right?”

Jungkook buries his face in his hands. “Ugh – cut it out, will you? You’re embarrassing me.”

Taehyung and Jimin giggle, then Jimin introduces himself. “I’m Taehyung’s co-worker and friend. We’ve known each other for years.”

“Too many years too long,” Taehyung jokes.

Jimin pouts. “Why you gotta be so cruel to meh?”
“Because I love you!” Taehyung laughs. When he settles down, he realises Jungkook had been staring. So he stares back, waiting for the slave to say something. But he doesn’t. Instead, he blushes and looks away, as though he had just been caught doing something embarrassing.

“So where are you from, Jungkook?” Jimin inquires conversationally.

Taehyung proceeds to explain Jungkook’s situation, because the boy didn’t seem inclined to divulge it himself. When he’s finished, Jimin regards Jungkook sadly.

“Hey – I’m sorry about what happened to you.”

Jungkook shrugs it off. “Don’t be. I survived, didn’t I?”

Jimin nods. “That’s true. But Tae, have you spoken to Seokjin about this yet? Are you sure he’s cool with Jungkook staying with you?”

Taehyung looks thoughtful, his eyes upturned to the ceiling. He can feel Jungkook’s eyes on him again, and he’s pretty sure he’s trying to communicate something. He has an idea of what that might be, but that doesn’t mean he’s going to acknowledge it. Jungkook is already guilty about this as it is, so he refuses to give the boy more excuses not to stay with him.

“I’ll talk it over with Seokjin as soon as I get home. He’ll be fine with it though. He has a soft heart for people like Jungkookie here.” He ruffles Jungkook’s head of pretty hair to make a point, and the boy sinks into his shoulders coyly.

After talking with Jimin a bit more, Taehyung gives Jungkook a tour of the shop, walking through the aisles and telling him which sections contain what kind of items. “Anything you fancy?” He wiggles his eyebrows teasingly.

Jungkook isn’t fazed. The slave probably knows more about sex than Taehyung does, having lived for it most of his life. It’s odd that Jungkook would get so bashful around strangers, but would talk about sex at the drop of a hat if it came up in conversation. He’s certainly a mystery, and the more Taehyung learns about Jungkook, the more intrigued he becomes.

The pinkette looks around before making his way over to the costumes aisle, Taehyung trailing
close behind him. Instead of taking interest in the masculine sexy wear; Jungkook makes a beeline straight for the slutty dresses – or more specifically, the pretty Lolita ones. He runs his fingers over the white frills of a particular dress, admiring the baby-blue apparel.

“None of my masters let me cross-dress before,” Jungkook says sadly, like a child who has been robbed of opportunities, which is odd because you’d think he’d be more upset about lack of education, freedom, romance, friendship – “They preferred that I didn’t wear much clothing at all. I always wished I could try it once though – you know? I sometimes saw other sex slaves wear them and they looked so pretty…”

Taehyung looks at the dress, then back at Jungkook’s expression, his eyes softening.

They said their goodbyes to Heechul and Jimin later on in the day, when Jungkook was more comfortable and was allowing himself to converse freely with Jimin and, on occasion, Heechul as well. Heechul was perhaps just a little more intimidating than the average person, so it took a little longer for Jungkook to get used to. Gradually, Taehyung started to recognise the boy he had been chatting with the whole way back from Terra De Murdărie. He started to stress less, and became easier to approach.

Jimin adored him – which was to be expected, because Jimin adores everyone. He’s delighted that they get along so well, his best friend and Jungkook. He doesn’t understand why he’s so pleased with this, but he is. Perhaps he had been unconsciously seeking Jimin’s approval – but for what though, he’s drawing up blanks.

They walk to his house, which is only a few streets away. It’s a pretty chill afternoon, and Taehyung is excited to introduce Jungkook to his brother.

“How come Captain isn’t coming with us?” Jungkook asks, looking around as though he had been expecting the canine to follow.

Taehyung shrugs. “She just sticks around the shop most of the time. She might come around tonight though when the shop closes.”

Jungkook smiles kindly. “Your dog is really smart.”

He nods. “She really is. I trained her myself.”
Jungkook looks surprised at this, but doesn’t express any doubt that he had.

They make it back home just before sunset. He notices the vehicle in the driveway and knows Seokjin must be inside preparing dinner at this very moment. He uses his keys to get through the front door, Jungkook appraising his new surroundings with interest and apprehension. Sure enough though, he can smell the delicious fragrance in the air, wafting all the way from the kitchen.

“I’m home!” Taehyung calls as he kicks the door closed behind him.

“I’m in the kitchen!” a voice replies.

Taehyung grins, kicking off his shoes before grabbing Jungkook’s hand again. He keeps doing that – grabbing his hand. He shouldn’t be acting so comfortable so quickly around a stranger he only met seven hours ago, but Jungkook has this strange effect on him. He feels as if he’s known the slave he’s whole life. And, in his defence, Jungkook has said nothing against holding his hand, so that means it’s OK – right?

Seokjin looks up from where he’s stirring a pot on the stove, an apron wrapped around his physique and a homely smile on his complexion. He pauses mid-stir though when he realises that Taehyung isn’t alone.

“Brought a friend for dinner, did you?” Seokjin sounds pleased, which is a good sign. Taehyung basks in Seokjin’s good mood for just a little while longer, because he knows his brother won’t be pleased with him once the cat’s out of the bag.

“Uh – Jungkook, go wait in the living room yeah?” Taehyung says awkwardly, gesturing towards a passage on the other side of the room.

Jungkook obediently does as he’s told, glancing between the brothers uncertainly. Seokjin turns from the stove. A gentle frown of confusion could be seen on his forehead.

“Taehyung…?”

He sighs. “Jungkook will be staying with us for a while.”
Seokjin blinks. He doesn’t look *entirely* against the idea, at least. “Oh yeah? How long?”

“Indefinitely.”


Taehyung throws his hands up, his lips agape. “Yeah – well, I dunno! Jungkook’s in a really tough position and I want to help him.”

Seokjin doesn’t look entirely convinced. “As much as I applaud your effort to help other people, Tae, how long have you known this Jungkook, exactly? I’ve never heard you mention him before – and I know for a fact that he isn’t from here.”

“I met him – today… On Terra De Murdârie.” Taehyung gulps. It sounds worse than it actually is.

“On *Terre De Murdârie*? Seriously Tae? How do I know you didn’t just lead a serial killer into my house?” Seokjin squawks.

“Because he was a sex slave, hyung. Just like mum.”

Seokjin’s shoulders start to sag, looking away. They don’t really like to bring up the fact that their mother was once a sex slave, but for this – Taehyung thinks it’s entirely relevant. There’s no way Seokjin’s going to turn away Jungkook now.

His brother sighs. “Fine. You have to look after him though – I’m sure he feels really out of place right now.”

Taehyung tackles his brother into a hug, peppering his face with kisses. “You’re the best, hyung! I’ll bring him in and introduce you!”

He goes to the living room to find Jungkook sitting in the dark, his fingers laced tensely in his lap. Jungkook looks up at him worriedly when he enters, rising slowly to his feet.
“I didn’t get you in trouble, did I?”

Taehyung waves it off. “Not at all – come! I want to introduce you!”

After Seokjin officially met Jungkook, all doubts about him were vanquished and his brother became wholly embracing of his stay. Actually, it appeared as though he was more concerned about Jungkook’s weight than where he had come from or how long he had known Taehyung for.

“You’re so skinny!” he fusses, stuffing more food onto Jungkook plate. “You look starved!”

After dinner Seokjin went off to do some reading while the two of them were left to clean up. Jungkook offered to wash the dishes and Taehyung naturally consented to drying them. It was a relatively quiet process, but Taehyung was never one to stay silent for long. He makes the effort to converse with Jungkook and make him feel as comfortable as possible, though they’ve been in each other’s company for nearly the entirety of the day; it’s a miracle they have anything to talk about at all really.

Jungkook is good company though. He isn’t shy about most things – well, aside from meeting new people, it would seem. He’s quite open about his life as a slave, probably because he lived it everyday for majority of his life. In turn Taehyung tried to be just as open with him, sharing bits of his life here and there. There’s really very little to tell though. He’s lived a normal life, unlike Jungkook. His conventional lifestyle almost stales in comparison, although he does have his delivery stories to support the flow of chatter.

He supposes, in this case, he is the luckier one between the two of them. As ordinary as he feels his life is, he’s no stranger to the love of a mother or the support of a sibling. He knows the value of friendship, and the responsibility of upholding a job – however mundane it might be. He has a boss who respects him, and a dog that adores him. He has so much to show for the life he has had.

Jungkook has no one though.

Seokjin sets up blankets and a pillow on the floor next to Taehyung’s bed, making sure there is enough cushioning to at least be acceptably comfortable. Jungkook and Taehyung linger by the door, watching him as he works.

“I’m sorry we don’t have something more practical – like a futon or something,” Seokjin tells Jungkook once he’s done making the half-decent sleeping place. “But I’ll be sure to go down to the shops tomorrow and look for something more suitable, yeah?”
Jungkook flushes. “Oh no – you don’t have to. This is just fine.”

Seokjin shakes his head. “Don’t be silly. If you’re going to be staying here for a while, you need something appropriate.”

“This is more than what I’m used to.” Jungkook gestures towards the blankets. “I’ll sleep just fine, Seokjin-ssi.”

Something flashes over Seokjin’s expression. Taehyung thinks it’s something like pity. “My house, my rules. No guest should have to be subjected to sleeping on the floor.”

This, Jungkook cannot argue. He sweeps down to bow at Seokjin like a servant would to his or her king. “You are too kind, Seokjin-ssi.”

The hardness one usually sees in Seokjin’s gaze softens, gazing upon the ex-slave fondly. “Call me hyung, Jungkook.”

Jungkook looks up and his pretty eyes flicker a pale blue. “Thank you, hyung.”

That night both Taehyung and Jungkook lay awake, Taehyung on his back with his eyes cast to the ceiling, and Jungkook on his side facing Taehyung. His violet eyes don’t so much as glow as they do glisten through the darkness, and Taehyung is almost scared to look down into those depths in fear that he might get lost in them.

“Did you ever know your father?” Jungkook’s soft voice whispers through the darkness.

Taehyung thinks for a moment, contemplating whether he’s ready to divulge this personal information to Jungkook or not. He doesn’t liken to the idea of keeping his distance to Jungkook though, not since they’ve been through so much together in the duration of approximately twelve hours. It’s funny how little time has passed, and yet he feels as though it’s been days since he found Jungkook hiding, scared, down in that storage space.

“No,” he answers finally. He hears Jungkook release a breath – was it relief? “My brother and I have different fathers – both of them men my mother slept with during her time as a slave. Her
master – Hypnos – couldn’t impregnate her because he’s a different species altogether, and not that he would want to anyway… I guess there were instances where clients were sloppy when it came to protection – cue my creation.”

“Did she ever talk about them – your fathers?” Jungkook isn’t shy to ask questions, probably because he isn’t shy about answering questions about his slave life either.

“We know what kind of people they were,” Taehyung answers distantly. “Seokjin’s father was a gambler. He won big once and went on a binge, somehow hiring our mother in the process. One night of his greed led to my mother falling pregnant. She never heard from him again.

“As for my father – well, he was a bounty hunter.” He hears rustling, and he sees out the corner of his eye that Jungkook is sitting up now, staring straight at him. Jungkook must know all about bounty hunters. “There was a time when I was a kid where I wanted to be a bounty hunter, actually. I thought they were cool… I told my mum though, and as you’d imagine she wasn’t pleased.”

“What did she say?” Jungkook sounds intrigued.

“She told me about my father. I hadn’t known anything about him previously to that, so I was… put off by the idea.”

“I’m glad you didn’t become a bounty hunter.” Taehyung can hear the smile in Jungkook’s voice. “You wouldn’t have suited it anyway.”

Taehyung chuckles. “Yeah, you’re probably right.”

“You said your mother didn’t leave the business until you were born…”

Taehyung nods, then he wonders if Jungkook could actually see him through the darkness or if his eyes are just deceptively aware. “Yeah, she wanted a better life for us.”

“But she was still a slave after Seokjin was born?”

He sighs wistfully. “Yeah. She didn’t have the means to leave at that point, so she had to give up
responsibility of Seokjin while she figured stuff out.”

“Oh… that must’ve been hard for her.”

Taehyung agrees. “Our aunty looked after him as a baby. She swore she would get things straightened out after that. She wanted to save up and leave for good, but Hypnos had a strong hold on her. It wasn’t until I was born three years later that she finally left…”

“And Hypnos allowed that?” Jungkook inquires sceptically.

“She struck a deal – as you already know. But I think her age was starting to show by that stage too. The more she aged the less value she had to him, so I guess after I was born, the next logical step was to let her leave.”

“That must’ve been really hard for your mother,” Jungkook whispers. “I couldn’t imagine what it would’ve been like – worrying about her two young children in that lifestyle.”

Taehyung turns on his side then to face Jungkook, and notices the boy’s eyes have turned grey again. He’s starting to think they do that when Jungkook feels sympathy or sadness. “You wouldn’t have to worry about pregnancy and stuff like that though – unless you were made to have sex with women…?” Taehyung is doubtful.

Jungkook looks away, his neck craned as though he were staring down at his lap. “That’s not necessarily true.” His voice is trembling.

Alarmed, he sits up, staring at the younger boy. “Jungkook…?”

“The person my dad sold me to as a child wasn’t a slave owner,” the boy mumbles lowly. “He was a scientist.”

His eyebrows shoot up in surprise. He certainly hadn’t been expecting that. “A scientist?”

“Yeah… He experimented on me as a baby. He did things to my abdomen and things to my eyes to make them change colour…” Jungkook fists the blankets, his jaw clenching, as though he were trying to keep himself under control. “After he was done, he sold me for double the money my
father had sold me for.”

“What…” Taehyung chokes. “What did he do to you…?”

“Whenever I’m sold to a new master, they’re always told to wear protection… They don’t always do, but they try to…”

“And you think that… that the scientist…?” Taehyung is almost too afraid to finish the sentence.

Jungkook gets up and sits on the edge of Taehyung’s bed. He doesn’t move until the younger boy is reaching out for his wrist, guiding his hand under the shirt Seokjin had given him to sleep in. Taehyung almost jerks his hand away when his fingers brush against Jungkook’s bare skin, but he wills himself to relax, allowing the ex-slave to guide his fingers. There’s a thin scar just below Jungkook’s belly button. It’s tiny and professionally cut, but it’s undeniably there. His mind is assaulted with the image of a masked figure slicing open a tiny baby’s abdomen with a scalpel knife.

His stomach does an uncomfortable flip, his eyes stinging. “Oh god.”

Jungkook is watching him carefully. “I was once a normal human being you,” he murmurs gently. “But I was altered to be an ideal sex slave.”

Taehyung splutters. “What’s – what’s ideal about a sex slave that can get pregnant? Wouldn’t it be the opposite?”

Jungkook shrugs. “My fertility is used as a selling point alongside my eye condition… Some like the idea of having that power of me.”

His hand falls from Jungkook’s stomach. He feels ill with disgust. “Jungkook… I’m so sorry.”

The ex-slave reaches out to clutch his hand, giving it a small squeeze. “You have nothing to apologise for, Tae. Because of you, I might not have to go through what your mother went through, right?”

Taehyung feels ashamed that he can feel his own eyes start to tear up. He shouldn’t be the one
crying. Jungkook has been so calm and stable talking about his hardships; it’s surreal. He doesn’t answer Jungkook’s question, but instead tugs the boy further up the bed, lifting the blankets so that he can snuggle under the covers beside him.

Jungkook doesn’t protest; he’s entirely obedient. Taehyung tucks him under his chin and drapes his arms around the boy’s skinny form, a simmering sort of rage pooling in the pit of his stomach.

“If Namjoon finds me, will you hand me over to him?” Jungkook asks just before Taehyung’s about to close his eyes.

Taehyung buries his nose in Jungkook’s soft hair, the tendons in his jaw twitching. “Over my cold, dead body.”

The temperature is warm in the bathroom; steam wafting from the water and fogging up the glass. They had opted to share a shower this morning to save water, because if it’s anything that hits Taehyung’s wallet hard, it’s the damn water bill. Jungkook doesn’t know this of course, and Taehyung certainly wouldn’t use it as an excuse to see Jungkook naked – definitely not!

But Jungkook doesn’t seem to mind that they’re naked. In fact, he appears to be ogling Taehyung’s body just as much as Taehyung is to Jungkook’s, which he finds quite flattering.

“Turn around,” he tells Jungkook, and the ex-slave gives him a suspicious look. Taehyung rolls his eyes. “I’m not going to do anything naughty!”

Jungkook trusts him, turning to have his back facing him. Taehyung pours shampoo into his palm and start massaging Jungkook’s scalp gently, humming pleasantly to himself.

“What are you doing?” Jungkook whines, sounding more like his age than he often lets on.

“I’m washing you – what does it look like?” Taehyung answers with a pinch of amusement in his merry tone.

“I’m going to get soap in my eyes!” the kid continues to complain.
“Then just tilt your head back gently – that’s it, like that.” Jungkook has his eyes closed, enjoying the sensation of fingers rubbing tenderly into his skin. Taehyung wonders, idly, if anyone has ever treated Jungkook with affection before.

Jungkook lets out a moan of appreciation, and the corners of Taehyung’s mouth twitch upwards.

After they shower and get dressed – Taehyung’s clothes hanging off Jungkook’s frame in a manner he finds to be illegal – they saunter into the kitchen for breakfast. Seokjin already has it all prepared and waiting for them at the table, the man in question just about to sit down to savour his own meal as the other two enter.

He smiles. “Right on time, boys.”

Taehyung gives a whoop before collapsing gracelessly into his seat. Jungkook does the same, but in a stiff, polite manner.

“So your eyes change,” Seokjin brings up halfway through breakfast.

Jungkook looks up from his bowl, blinking. “Yes – they change depending on how I’m feeling.”

Seokjin leans forward with interest. “How fascinating. Your eyes – they’re blue at the moment.”

Jungkook smiles. “Blue means that I’m happy.”

Taehyung older brother nods. “Good to hear. What do some of the other colours mean?”

Jungkook opens his mouth, perfectly ready to answer Seokjin’s question to the best of his ability, when Taehyung cuts in. “Oh – can I guess?”

Jungkook couldn’t say no to Taehyung’s enthusiasm. He smiles indulgently. “Go ahead.”
“Grey means sadness –“ he pauses and waits to see if Jungkook will correct him. When he doesn't, he continues, “And black is when you’re afraid… I’ve seen yellow and purple too, but I’m not sure what they means.”

Jungkook grins. “Impressive, Tae. You’ve been paying attention.”

Taehyung produces a large, box-shaped grin that makes his eyes twinkle handsomely. Jungkook blushes. “I try.”

“Yellow often shows when I’m angry,” Jungkook divulges. “Violet is sort of a default colour – it leaks through when I’m not feeling any sort of emotion strongly, or I’m just letting my thoughts wander.”

“Interesting.” Seokjin hums, resting his spoon in his bowl. “Are those all the colours?”

“I’ve been told there is another…” Jungkook glances at Taehyung before looking down at his meal, suddenly shy.

“What’s that?”

“Pink.”

“And what is that emotion evoked by?”

Jungkook looks up to meet Seokjin’s steady gaze, his countenance reflecting honesty. “Love.”

“Wouldn’t it be fun to go on an adventure?” he asks Jungkook one night, a couple of weeks after they first met and Taehyung had decided to let Jungkook stay with him. Jungkook turns his head to look at him, wrapped up in Taehyung’s embrace. Taehyung makes a habit of holding the younger at night for reasons he isn’t keen on exploring just yet. But he likes to be this close to Jungkook. It makes him feel warm and safe. Jungkook doesn’t seem to be
bothered by it either, even going as far as to nuzzle deeper into his arms for comfort. They don’t really talk about how effortlessly they fell into this skinship thing – they just did. Seokjin and Jimin never made passing comments on how touchy they were with each other, so it was easy for them to normalise the situation.

“Where would you go?” Jungkook murmurs, already sinking into the grips of sleep.

Taehyung shrugs. “I dunno. I’d take you with me though – maybe Captain and Jimin too. We could just... take off and go vacation somewhere for a while. I here the Gamma System is a holiday hotspot this time of year.”

Jungkook purrs, burying his face into the side of Taehyung’s neck. “Yes, because we need a break after lounging around the house for so long. It’s been tiring.”

He chuckles, sweeping his fingers playfully across the nape of Jungkook’s neck. “Well, I don’t know about you, but I’ve been working. It’s not easy you know – the whole delivery business. Did you know once I was held at gunpoint while space pirates raided our stock? I couldn’t speak their language so I had to try and explain what electronically-stimulated anal beads were through excessive hand gestures.”

If Jungkook wasn’t half-asleep he probably would’ve been on the floor, coiled in laughter, but he settles for a quiet chuckle instead. “Did they end up salvaging the goods?”

“No.” Taehyung frowns. “But they took my lava lamp, which I wasn’t happy about.”

“The nerve of some people.”

“I know.”

“When will you find something for me to do around here, anyway?” Jungkook mumbles. Taehyung has to surpass the feel of lips moving delicately against his skin. “I can’t just bum around your house forever, Tae. I need to pull my weight if Seokjin’s going to continue to be OK with me staying here.”

Jungkook is right, of course. Taehyung just hasn’t been keen on talking about it, using every excuse he can think of to avoid the conversation. Seokjin has brought it up on occasion – Jungkook too, but he’s determined not to make it such a huge deal.
“I could be of use to you and your brother,” Jungkook says quietly, hesitantly. “Neither of you have girlfriends and I’m quite experienced at – “

“No,” he denies flatly. His grip on Jungkook tightens. “You’re not going to subject yourself to that, Jungkook. You left it behind – you’re free. You don’t have to have sex with people to survive anymore.”

“Sex is what I’m good at,” Jungkook counters stubbornly. “I’m not fragile, Tae. I know where my strengths lie and trust me – it’s not in cooking. I already tried that once, remember? Almost burnt down your kitchen?” Jungkook sounds more awake now then he had just a minute ago, leading Taehyung to believe he’s dead serious in his conviction.

Taehyung sighs. “I refuse to let you stay under this roof in exchange for sex. Do you want my mother to resurrect from the dead to come beat my ass?”

He can practically feel Jungkook rolling his eyes. “You’re being ridiculous. Sex is nothing… To me, sex is just a part of everyday life.”

Taehyung is quiet for a moment, something stinging deep inside his chest – but what, he doesn’t know. “That’s that then? Sex is nothing to you.”

“Yes,” Jungkook replies stubbornly.

“Even if it was with me?”

It’s Jungkook who’s quiet this time. He isn’t sure whether the other is just thinking it over or he’s consented to stay quiet to save Taehyung’s feelings. He prays silently for the former.

“I suppose not…” Jungkook says slowly, as if the answer may set off Taehyung. It doesn’t, of course. He’s more content with that answer than Jungkook will ever know.

“I’ll think of something, Jungkook,” he promises. “You can be useful without having to do that kind of stuff…”
They’re silent after that. Taehyung listens as Jungkook’s breathing starts to slow and even out. It’s soothing to listen to, and he could very well fall asleep to the sound of Jungkook breathing softly, but he waits until he’s certain Jungkook has fallen asleep before pressing a kiss to the crown of the boy’s head.

Taehyung doesn’t feel Jungkook smiling against his skin as he immerses gradually into a slumber.

Heechul looks up from his computer, a perfectly shaped eyebrow arched in uncertainty. “You want to hire Jungkook as the official co-pilot for deliveries?”

Taehyung nods confidently, his arms crossed over his chest. “Jungkook needs a job and what better place to work than SexyTime Galactica? It’d be perfect.”

“Yeah – perfect for you.” Taehyung glares, and Heechul meets his glare with a stern look of his own. “Look – I can’t just go hiring every person you want to have sex with, alright? You do just fine on your own and it’s not like you don’t have Captain to keep you company.”

“I do not want you to hire Jungkook because I want to have sex with him,” Taehyung immediately denies. “Jungkook is my friend.”

Heechul begs to differ. “You two have a funny way of living up to that definition.”

Taehyung’s eyebrows draw together. “We don’t fuck, if that’s what you’re getting at.”

“Yet.”

“Come on, boss! You’re being unfair!” Taehyung throws his hands up exasperatedly.

“You haven’t given me one reason to hire him as a co-pilot that will benefit me and the company in any way. It’ll cost me money not only to have a third employee, but also to give him the proper training he needs to co-pilot the delivery ship. I’m not willing to folk it out if it isn’t worth the money, alright?”
“No.” Taehyung slams his hand down on the desk and Heechul leers at it with displeasure. “It’s not alright! Jungkook has been through a lot and needs a job – I promised him I’d get him one. You won’t have to pay for his training – I’ll teach him personally and free of charge. Secondly, my ship will be less vulnerable to pirate raids if I have a second person to back me up! Or do I have to let the safety hazards of my job slip to my brother?”

Heechul scowls. Taehyung knows the last thing his boss wants is for the council to stick their hands in his business. It wouldn’t reflect well on him or the company. “Are you threatening me, Taehyung?”

Taehyung leans over the desk, getting up in Heechul’s face. “You’re damn right I am.”

“All this to get a piece of ass? You got guts, I’ll give you that.”

Taehyung smirks, knowing he’s won this battle. “Never underestimate the gift of booty, boss.”

He returns home later that evening with a broad grin stretched across his features. He’s smiling so much he’s cheeks are beginning to ache. Also, Heechul slapped him pretty hard – “Quit smiling you smug idiot!”

He finds Jungkook in the kitchen cleaning Jilipeon leaves, most likely for the salad that Seokjin’s busy preparing on the other side of the room. Taehyung gives Seokjin a hug in greeting before speeding over to Jungkook. The younger barely has time to respond before arms wrap around his waist and hot breath fans the back of his neck. He flushes, lips open ready to yell when Taehyung abruptly lifts him off the floor with his strength.

Jungkook groans, spinning around to smack Taehyung on the arm the second his feet are back on the linoleum floor. “What the hell was that for?”

Taehyung’s grin never falters. “I got you a job!”

Jungkook’s mouth fall open before he’s throwing himself at Taehyung with a squeal, his arms locked around the older boy’s neck. “You’re kidding me?”
“I had a talk with Heechul earlier today,” he says as Jungkook steps away from him, the excitement ringing clear in his voice. “He gave me permission to have you as my official co-pilot! You’ll get paid and everything!”

The depths of Jungkook’s eyes gleam with rich azure, his smile beautiful and radiant. “Does that mean we get to go on deliveries together? I can keep you company?”

“Ya-huh.”

“Oh wow.” Jungkook bites his bottom lip, barely able to contain his enthusiasm. It’s exactly the type of reaction Taehyung had been hoping for. “Taehyung… I – I don’t know what to say. I’m just – I’m so grateful! Thank you!”

Taehyung laughs, fighting down the blush threatening to bloom on his cheeks. “Ah – don’t mention it.”

Then Jungkook does something Taehyung doesn’t expect. One moment, he’s watching Jungkook jump up and down cutely, and the next moment lips are pressed against his own. He could’ve very well boiled it down to just excitement, but with Jungkook kissing him he wasn’t about to let the opportunity go to waste.

His hands go to Jungkook’s hips, bringing him closer, his tongue poking out to swipe the plush of the other’s bottom lip. Jungkook startles in surprise, as though only just realising what’s happening before he’s melting into Taehyung’s tender touch. His smaller mouth opens for him, and Taehyung slips his tongue passed Jungkook’s teeth to expose his wet cavern.

He can feel Jungkook’s body responding, heat flushing beneath his fingertips, and he chokes on a moan. It’s all very wet and needy – they’ve been holding back for weeks now, and it feels as though all that pent up frustration is being released in one go.

Someone clears their throat from somewhere behind them, and suddenly Taehyung remembers Seokjin is in the kitchen with them. Jungkook comes to the same realisation, pulling away from Taehyung hastily.


Taehyung chuckles, pressing one last kiss to the tip of Jungkook’s nose before turning around to
Taehyung chuckles, pressing one last kiss to the tip of Jungkook's nose before turning around to face his hyung. “Sorry, hyung. Forgot you were here.”

Seokjin regards them both with a bland look. “Yeah – just keep it tame, you two. I want to be able to sleep tonight.”

Taehyung blushes, and he’s sure Jungkook is blushing too. He scratches the back of his head, promising that they would behave.

Around the house, at least.

The ship travels through space on autopilot, gliding along at a regular pace. Captain is left to occupy the co-pilot seat, her head resting on her paws as she drifts in and out of a light slumber.

Jungkook sits at the foot of the bed up in the loft. His fingers graze gently over the material of the dress with a fond smile, Taehyung lingering a few away and watching him attentively. Taehyung himself is dressed in his normal travelling gear – plain white shirt with a brown vest over the top, brown pants, a belt and boots practical for delivery trips. In contrast, Jungkook had insisted on bringing along something a little more impractical for travel, but Taehyung certainly isn’t complaining.

He had bought Jungkook the dress – the one he had been eying all those months ago when he first set foot in Taehyung’s (well, now it’s their) workplace. Jungkook didn’t have much trouble fitting into it, despite it being originally manufactured for the female demographic. He’s certainly a little too tall for the dress – sure, but in terms of mass, his thin frame didn’t have any trouble filling out the raunchy apparel in all the right places. Because he’s tall too, the material of the dress rides up his thighs deliciously and has him looking exquisitely sinful.

Taehyung places his hands on his hips, beaming at the blushing younger boy with hyped enthusiasm. “So? Is it what you were expecting?”

“I feel like a spoilt princess who always gets what she wants,” Jungkook says honestly, but doesn’t speak as though it were a bad thing. Taehyung ponders whether Jungkook has ever been spoiled by somebody in his entire life, and comes to the likely conclusion that no, he probably hasn’t.
“Excellent! It’s fulfilling it’s purpose then,” Taehyung claps his hands together, his smirk dazzlingly handsome. Jungkook looks up, surprised.

“Huh?”

Taehyung gets down on his knees in front of Jungkook, placing his hands in the other boy’s lap. He takes his hands into his own, holding them gently. He looks up at Jungkook with sincerity in his eyes. Jungkook stares back in mild confusion.

“You deserve to be spoiled,” he says earnestly. “People have been stepping all over you your entire life, treating you like a second class citizen. But you deserve so much more than that. I know that – and it’s time you knew that too.”

Jungkook smiles. He reaches out to sweep Taehyung’s fringe out of his eyes affectionately. “That’s the sweetest thing I’ve ever heard.”

Taehyung beams. “That’s because my mum dipped me in sugar when I was a baby!”

The boy in the dress giggles, arching so that he can press his forehead against Taehyung’s, holding his face between his warm palms. “My sweet boyfriend,” he croons softly.

“My spoilt princess,” Taehyung responds giddily. He pushes himself up slightly so that his lips brush against Jungkook’s lightly.

Jungkook drapes his arms around Taehyung’s shoulders and leans in to deepen the kiss. Taehyung hums in appreciation, his hands sneaking up the length of Jungkook’s thighs and marvelling at the smooth skin beneath his fingertips. The material bunches around the younger boy’s hips and gives Taehyung an arousing view of Jungkook’s bare legs. His hands run up and down them, occasionally pausing to squeeze the gentle, palpable flesh.

The younger boy giggles, his hands coiling in Taehyung’s collar and pulling him up to his feet. He now stands over Jungkook, towering him, and Jungkook gazes up at him like he’s the saviour he’s been waiting for his whole life. Suddenly, Taehyung feels important, he feels responsible for Jungkook’s happiness. It gives him a nice, fuzzy feeling inside his stomach.

He brushes his thumb over Jungkook’s cheek; grazing a tiny scar that indents his porcelain skin. “You look stunning, by the way – I mean, you look gorgeous all the time but the dress really does
You look stunning, by the way – I mean, you look gorgeous all the time but the dress really does suit you.”

Jungkook looks pleased. “Well just as well you like it then. Would’ve been a waste of money otherwise.”

Taehyung chuckles, shaking his head in disbelief. “I didn’t doubt you’d look good in the dress for even a second, princess. You’re like, one of those annoyingly attractive people who just look good in everything. Puts us normal people to shame, it does.”

The younger scoffs. “Are you suggesting, Kim Taehyung, that you look like a normal person? Because if you are, I clearly haven’t been spoiling you enough either.”

He pulls one of his characteristic box-grins – the one that Jungkook once told him he adores. “Then I guess we’ll just have to spoil each other now, won’t we?”

Jungkook agrees by wordlessly tugging at Taehyung’s vest. He lets it slip off, watching with curious arousal as Jungkook starts plucking the buttons from his shirt one after the other. Once three of the buttons have been released, he gets on his knees on the bed so he can reach a little higher, his lips and tongue toying with the tanned flesh of his collarbone. Taehyung’s hands slide up the frills beneath Jungkook’s dress to sit comfortably on the flesh of his tiny hips. His thumb massages the warm skin there, purring with approval.

Another button is released, and Jungkook’s lips glide over Taehyung’s chest, pressing kitten kisses against his flesh. Then he moves down to his sternum and drags his tongue down the dip of muscle that resides there. Taehyung begrudgingly admits he’s no muscular hunk. He has some muscle mass from lifting boxes, but that’s about all he can boast. The rest of him is generally lean and – well, not muscular, but for Jungkook, whose height almost proceeds his own but his weight betrays him, the size contrast seems fitting. Jungkook doesn’t even seem to care that he isn’t oozing masculinity like Kim Namjoon would. The way he’s treating Taehyung’s body at the moment, he feels masculine. Maybe that’s just apart of Jungkook’s skill though. He knows how to make a man feel like a man.

A few more buttons are tweaked out of place and then his shirt is falling from his shoulders, pooling in a heap at his boot-clad feet. Jungkook’s fingers caress him lovingly, starting from his clavicles and making their way down his chest. He flicks a teat between his thumb and forefinger and Taehyung shudders, carding his hands through Jungkook’s hair in encouragement.

Jungkook bites back a grin. “There’s no way Namjoon would’ve let me do that.”
Taehyung smirks. “For you baby, I’ll let you do anything. My body is yours.”

Jungkook is pleased to hear it, flashing him a cheeky grin as his digits sink lower to feel around Taehyung’s flat stomach.

“You’re beautiful,” he hears Jungkook tell him.

He makes a face. “That’s my line, sweetheart.”

Jungkook shrugs. “But it’s true.”

He leans down to press his lips to Jungkook’s, his hand resting at the side of the younger boy’s pale neck. When he pulls away, Jungkook sighs contentedly, staring up at him, his vibrant blue eyes flickering a different colour for the briefest second before once against settling back to azure.

Taehyung fiddles with the ribbon at the front of the dress. It holds the corset together. “As much as I hate to say it, there’s nothing I want to do more right now than tear this dress from your body.”

Jungkook pouts. “No – don’t do that! I could wear it again another time.”

He knows his boyfriend has a point, so he promises not to bring harm to the dress – despite it preventing him from what he wishes to see at the moment. Instead, he tugs the front loose and picks at the ribbon through the silver loops its wound around. Jungkook keeps his hands obediently at his sides, watching as eventually the garb comes loose around his frame.

Taehyung takes Jungkook’s hands and tugs him to his feet, and the gravity stabilizer does the rest. It slips down; it’s straps sagging lavishly around Jungkook’s arms. The younger boy grins before doing some wriggling movements to shimmy the fabric down further, until eventually, it too was on the floor along with Taehyung’s shirt and vest.

Jungkook is wearing underwear. Nice, lingerie underwear.

He stares. “I didn’t buy those.”
Jungkook looks smug. “Nope – I did. You like them?”

As if to emphasise, the boy does a slow spin, ensuring Taehyung takes in every obscene angle before once again facing him. It’s black silk with white lacing around the hem – so simple, yet Taehyung finds he couldn’t be more turned on at the sight. In addition to that, he also realise they’re quite familiar.

“They’re from the store.”

Jungkook nods. “I bought them with the money I’ve been making as your co-pilot.”

Taehyung rubs his chin with a smirk. “And you had them hidden under the dress the whole time. Jungkook – you’re sneakier than I thought.”

Jungkook shrugs, as if to say, “What can I say?” before he’s falling to his knees and crawling over to him. Taehyung watches, eyebrows shot up passed his hairline, but Jungkook prowls like a devious cat. The younger doesn’t make eye contact with him as he starts tugging at the straps of Taehyung’s boots.

“Kookie, you don’t have to –”

“Shh.” Jungkook cuts in, still not looking up at him. Then, as if afraid he might’ve been too curt, looks up and says, “I want to.”

It’s enough to have Taehyung remain silent, observing as Jungkook starts taking off his boots in nothing but scanty underwear. As one comes off after the other, they’re tossed to the side lazily along with his socks. Taehyung wriggles his toes against the carpet; happy to have them finally stripped bare.

Jungkook doesn’t stop there though. He squirms onto his knees and removes Taehyung’s black leather belt. He expects Jungkook to toss it aside like the boots, but instead he wraps it delicately around his own neck, pulling it only just enough to fit him comfortably. Taehyung stares, mouth agape. He tries to speak, but he chokes on his own spit.

“This way,” Jungkook murmurs wantonly, “If you’re feeling in the mood for a little bondage, you
can just remove it from my neck.”

Taehyung thinks to remind Jungkook that there are a dozen possibilities of having the belt somewhere close without it coiled around his neck, but then thinks against it. It looks nice on Jungkook pretty neck anyhow.

Jungkook’s fingers fiddle with the button of Taehyung’s trousers. It isn’t long before Jungkook has his dick out of his pants, holding it heatedly in the palm of his hand.

The younger chuckles. “I see you decided to forgo underwear altogether.”

Taehyung blushes. “Well – I was expecting us to have sex and all so…”

Jungkook shakes his head. “I wasn’t complaining, just… making an observation.”

Taehyung snorts, ready to make a snarky comment but is abruptly cut short by the sensation of Jungkook’s lips wrapped tightly around his cock. He groans, a hand immediately at the back of Jungkook’s head, encouraging him to go further down on him. But Jungkook is stubborn. He opts on playing with his tip, using his tongue to dig into the slit and turning his legs to jelly.

“Jungkook – oh lord.”

Jungkook utilizes his hands to hold him properly, keeping his dick firmly straight. Taehyung can feel the heat start to rise in his nether regions, his arousal hardening in Jungkook’s grasp. The younger boy gives the base a small squeeze before slipping one of his hands down to cup Taehyung’s balls. His other hand, the one that isn’t digging into Jungkook’s scalp, grips Jungkook’s shoulder tightly, letting out a low moan.

His sinfully talented boyfriend blinks up at him through his lashes as though oblivious to the effect he has on him. Which is ludicrous, because Jungkook knows exactly what he’s doing, and it’s driving him mental.

“Please… Jungkook.” His breath hitches.

The boy in question removes his lips from the head of Taehyung’s cock with a definitive ‘pop’, as
though he were sucking on a lollipop. His bottom lip glistens tantalizingly as he says, “Please what, Taehyungie?”

“M-more,” he forces out breathlessly.

Jungkook is sure listen, taking him back into his mouth and going even further. He keeps going until Taehyung hits the back of Jungkook’s throat, with no gag-reflex in between. Taehyung’s jaw clenches at the restrictive heat engulfing him, his breathing rugged and turbulent. His fist in Jungkook’s hair tightens. The boy gives no indication of feeling it. He simply continues to bob his head, making lewd slurping noises with his mouth and tongue.

Taehyung’s mouth goes dry.

The pulsing heat is getting too intense in his veins. He’s forced to ease his dick out of Jungkook’s mouth before his boyfriend drives him over the edge completely. The pinkette looks up at him in confusion, his hair a scandalous mess and his lips red and pouty.

“You didn’t like it?” Jungkook asks in a sugar-sweet voice, letting Taehyung know that he isn’t being entirely serious. Jungkook knows exactly how Taehyung’s feeling. And it’s hot as hell.

Taehyung licked his lips before gulping. “I might’ve liked it just a little too much, Kookie. Now – lie down on the bed.”

Jungkook grins, like a child who’s just been offered a toy racecar, getting back onto his feet before jumping onto the bed. Taehyung smiles giddily as he shoves off his trousers, leaving him as bare as the day he was born.

He quickly ducks out of the room to go get something before promptly returning, finding Jungkook splayed out on his back, his arms and legs spread like a bird. He’s still wearing the underwear, much to Taehyung’s delight.

Jungkook props himself up on his elbows to peer curiously over at him. “What you got there?”

Taehyung keeps it hidden behind his back, grinning innocently. “You’ll see – just lie back and close your eyes.
The younger boy shoots him a sceptical look. But Jungkook trusts him, so he does as he’s told. Taehyung is giggling he’s so excited, leaping onto the bed after snatching up the lubricant conveniently placed on the nightstand. Cypronian grape flavoured – sold exclusively at SexyTime Galactica.

Well, there had to be some perks working for a sex shop, right?

Puts the items aside for later use before climbing up Jungkook’s pliant form, kissing him square on the lips. His boyfriend kisses back, but stays true to keeping his eyes firmly shut for him. His hands go up to feel Jungkook’s body, just as Jungkook had done with his body not moments before. He feels the sharpness of his collarbones under the sweep of his thumbs and the juts of his broad but bony shoulders.

‘He’s beautiful,’ he thinks as his hands go to Jungkook’s nipples, rolling them between his long fingers.

Jungkook whimpers, his hands in Taehyung’s beach blonde hair. A small “Taehyung” falls from his lips.

He nips at his boyfriend’s jaw, growling softly, possessively. If it weren’t for the belt around Jungkook’s neck, he would be marking the boy with his teeth and tongue. Since that isn’t the case, he settles for one of the younger boy’s jutting clavicles. He licks and he nips at the thin skin there – but not too roughly, scared the skin will break beneath the brutality.

Jungkook gasps and shudders against him, his back arching slightly off the bed. His lips travel downwards to peck Jungkook’s bellybutton before sitting back on his heels, drinking in the sight laid out before him.

His lover pants slightly, his chest rising and falling in soft movements. A hickey blossoms on the pale skin of his left collarbone, his nubs swollen and blushing. It’s a sight he wishes he could capture forever. He’s simply and utterly speechless. He leans down and snags the corner of Jungkook’s panties with his teeth, slowly tugging them off his form. Jungkook gets the idea and lifts his bottom slightly to make the slide easier.

Once the panties are gone, Jungkook’s erection is free to rest against his stomach. It’s leaking and swollen, a true testament to how aroused Jungkook must be. It gives Taehyung the courage to quickly coat his fingers in the lubricant before prodding at his boyfriend’s entrance. He lifts a leg over his shoulder for better access, pushing the first finger inside. Jungkook takes him easily, letting out a small sigh of contentment.
“Does that feel good?” Taehyung asks in a husky voice, heavy with arousal.

“Y-yeah. It feels great,” Jungkook groans, his fingers starting to curl into the sheets.

He adds another finger, then another, gently pushing against the folds of Jungkook’s insides and twisting them further to the knuckle. His lover lets out a small string of whimpers, face jerking to the side as Taehyung pushes in a fourth finger. He stops, letting Jungkook catch his breath.

“Where is it…?” he whispers to himself. He watches Jungkook’s expression carefully as he moves his fingers, searching for any sign of discomfort.

Any whisper of displeasure is short lived, because the next moment Jungkook is moaning, his head smacking against the pillow abruptly. It takes Taehyung a moment to realise what his fingers just brushed up against.

“Ah, there it is,” he mumbles smugly, poking the sweet bundle of nerves that have Jungkook a writhing, twitching mess.

He toys with Jungkook just long enough to have him sobbing in frustration, but the second he sniffs out a building orgasm, he removes his fingers, and Jungkook is left to whimper unhappily. His eyes remain closed.

That’s when he reaches for what he left to retrieve, lathering it up in lubricant before pressing the tip of it against Jungkook’s entrance. The younger boy starts, his eyes snapping open and his legs falling apart to look at what Taehyung is doing.

“Wh-what – what is that?” All Jungkook can see from this angle is something purple and thick.

“Oh, just SexyTime Galactica’s best-selling dildo – The Apex 3000,” Taehyung says casually, as though he were making a comment on the weather. “Double-ribbed, XXL-sized, equipped with a mushroom tip and an in-built, remote-controlled vibrator with six different levels of intensity ranging from ‘Slow-burn’ to ‘Non-discreet Sadism’.”

Jungkook stares. “And you’re going to put that inside of me…?”
Taehyung smirks. “What’s the matter, darling? Can’t take the heat?”

Something glistens in Jungkook’s eyes – was it determination? The younger boy relaxes back against the mattress, spreading his ankles further apart. Taehyung bites down on his bottom lip to try and suppress his own grin. He fails miserably, of course. He never was good at hiding his enthusiasm.

He nudges the dildo until its mushroom head is completely engulfed by his lover’s quivering rim. Jungkook takes big breaths, barely batting a lash as Taehyung slowly pushes the girth inside of him. The ribs stroke at Jungkook’s insides, and the younger moans in earnest, embracing the strain. Taehyung makes sure to have the dildo angled so that it’s just barely touching Jungkook’s prostate before removing his fingers.

He takes out the small, palm-sized remote, playing with it between his fingers. He gazes down at Jungkook smugly. “Shall we begin?”

Sweat slides down the side of Jungkook’s face, his eyes half-lidded and his lips slightly apart, his eyes glued to Taehyung. He says nothing – only watches as Taehyung turns on the vibrator. The intensity is low at first, allowing Jungkook to get used to the sensation. The younger shifts subtly, his eyes sliding shut to bask in the wonderful sensation. Just as Jungkook gets comfortable, Taehyung turns it up a notch, jumping from 1 to 3. The intensity is a little more ruthless. Jungkook’s eyes snap open, his jaw going completely slack.

“How does it feel baby?” Taehyung says in his most velvety tone.

“It – it feels – oh my god.” His body arches off the bed, a yelp tearing through his throat.

Taehyung’s long piano fingers curl around Jungkook’s erection and starts pumping it rigorously. The younger boy keens, twitching violently just before he spills all over his stomach, dabs of his orgasm hitting his chest as well. Jungkook shudders through it, sobbing into the sheets as his first climax for the evening comes to pass. Taehyung soothes him through it; his other hand in Jungkook’s pretty hair.

“I guess we’ll be keeping The Apex 3000 around for future use, hey?” Taehyung chuckles, swooping down to peck his lover’s cheek.
“T-take it out. Tae – Tae, take it out,” he groans. His whole body is shaking. The dildo is still thrumming violently against his prostate.

Taehyung sighs. He might just be a little bit disappointed. “Alright – but we have to try out ‘Non-discreet Sadism’ at some point, promise?”

“Taehyung.”

“Yeah, yeah.” He removes the dildo in one swift and easy slide. Jungkook’s entrance gapes around nothing, feeling empty and oozing out excess lubricant. “Still up for round two? We can take a break if you need one.”

Jungkook pulls himself into a sitting position, wiping his sweat-slicked forehead with his arm. “Please, Taehyung. That was nothing compared to some of the things I’ve had to endure.”

Taehyung pouts. “But you were acting as though –”

“A dildo is all well and good, Tae. But I’d much rather feel you inside me than something artificial.” The younger boy smirks.

Taehyung blinks. “Are you suggesting you can go to ‘Non-discreet Sadism’ level? Because if so can we at least try –”

“Another time,” Jungkook promises. Taehyung won’t soon forget that promise, either.

With the grace of a languid cat, Jungkook rolls over onto his stomach, propping his lower-half up onto his knees with a teasing wiggle. Taehyung gets the picture, suddenly very aware that he’s still hard. He shuffles over on his knees, reaching for the lubricant when he hesitates. “Wait – should I get a condom?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Jungkook whines childishly.

“But –”
Jungkook whimpers, wiggling his butt again. It draws Taehyung’s attention immediately. “Please Taehyung. I need you.”

Fine. If Jungkook’s going to be that way, who is he to deny him? He smotheres his cock with the fruity lubricant, the intense smell of grape enhancing his senses. He mounts his boyfriend’s hips with just the right amount of pressure to have him moaning wantonly. Then he pushes inside.

Jungkook had had enough preparation from fingers and a dildo to take Taehyung completely without any restraint. Taehyung grinds all the way to the hilt, his balls slightly touching the supple curve of Jungkook’s ass cheeks. Then he’s pulling back to the tip. He repeats this motion a few times at a tauntingly slow pace, almost experimental, and Jungkook snatches up a pillow and buries his cute, blushing face into it.

Taehyung chuckles. He leans over to kiss the nape of the boy’s neck, but Jungkook barely notices. He folds one arm around Jungkook’s stomach to keep him steady, gripping him firmly before he starts gyrating his hips in small, sharp thrusts. Jungkook makes tiny, kitten-like noises, muffled by the pillow he’s still gripping tightly.

He realises, faintly, that he isn’t going to last long, not when he had dragged out the foreplay for so long. He had been ready to release when Jungkook’s lips had been around his cock, but now that he’s inside his lover’s hot, stifling sex he knows there’s no hope for him. So he thrusts a little harder and a little faster, chasing the heat that’s escalating inside of him. He closes his eyes, panting between Jungkook’s shoulder blades.

“Taehyung… Taehyung…” he hears Jungkook cry. He doesn’t notice that Jungkook has one of his hands between his legs, jerking himself in time with Taehyung’s powerful thrusts.

“J-Jungkook!” Then his whole body goes stiff, barely able to thrust that one last time before spilling his load. It coats Jungkook’s walls in strings of white. It’s only a couple of seconds later that Jungkook climaxes himself, for the second time that evening.

Taehyung pulls out slowly, his body so boneless he practically falls face first into the pillow next to Jungkook. The both of them take a moment to recover; their laboured breathes penetrating the air. Then Jungkook turns to face him, and Taehyung opens his eyes. He’s met with lovely, rosy-pink irises – glowing so wonderfully that he’s lost for words.

So instead, he leans over and presses his lips against Jungkook’s forehead. Jungkook rests his hand against Taehyung’s chest, over where his heart beats, steady and strong.
Chapter Notes

Helpful Note: Mages grow twice as slow as humans in this fic. So, if the age seems too high, just halve it and it’ll make more sense. It sometimes says “human years” which is just in reference to their age appearance-wise… Confused? Yeah, me too.

Another Helpful Note: the difference between witches/wizards and mages, to my understanding, is that if someone is born with magical property, they are automatically a witch or a wizard. However, some one can be born with magical property, but isn’t a mage until they have completed their practice/study/training. Mage is a title that is earned, while a witch/wizard is a title for someone born magic… (correct me if this is wrong)

Title: Child

Pairing: JinKook

Warnings: Age-gap (appearance-wise 13 years, but literally 23 years [chill. no pedo.]), professor kink

Summary: ‘Master Seokjin and his apprentice are sent out on a mission to steal a dragon’s egg. The disaster that ensues finds them stranded in a cave in the middle of a storm. Also, Jungkook thinks his master looks hot without a shirt on.’

Word Count: 16.5k

A/N: I want to apologise in advance if this story makes no sense whatsoever. I've been terribly sick lately, so most of this fic was written while I was on medication... I hope it isn't too disappointing :(
The wheels of their automobile come to a wailing halt as Jimin presses his foot down on the breaks. He ducks his head slightly to peer out the window, the overcast weather forcing him to squint uncomfortably. Jimin pulls the automobile into “park”, his hands resting on the steering wheel as he mimics his posture to get a good look at the building. It’s a stone fortress with grand iron gates, an air of coldness about it that sends chills up his arms. Letters on the entrance spell out: “Strandwater Orphanage” He snorts. This is no place for a child to be raised.

“This is where the strange reports have been coming from?” Jimin asks him quietly. He nods in response, his eyes never wavering from the building. “He shouldn’t have been raised here – he should’ve been sent straight to ‘Broony’s House for the Extraordinarily Gifted’, not an orphanage for the non-magical.”

Yoongi purses his lips and nods in agreement, but says nothing more. He feels fingers graze his knuckles, and he finally inclines his head to regard the smiling face of his long-time partner.

“Yoongi,” Jimin says in a soft, sentimental voice. “We’re finally going have a child of our own.”

To this, the faintest quirk of a smile reaches the edges of his mouth. He leans over to press a kiss to Jimin’s cheek, admiring its blushing hue as he pulls back.

“Indeed,” is all he says in reply.

He’s not much of a talker, and Jimin knows this well. If he were ordinary, he would barely be able to contain himself. He is excited, in his own way. He’s just not particularly fond of expressing it properly.

They get out of the automobile – an old and rusty contraption it is. They couldn’t hope to afford anything dearer, not with their academic salaries. Jimin doesn’t even bother to lock it behind them he’s so keen on getting rid of it. He’s always seen automobiles as a form of non-magical transport – God forbid they ever associate with such things. Yoongi doesn’t care whether something is non-magical or not, so long as it’s practical and it works, he’s just fine with it. Jimin, on the other hand, is easily irritated by anything to do with non-magic, whether it be the objects or the people. Yoongi can’t really blame him for being a tad bit prejudice. Non-magical folk haven’t exactly treated them and their ancestors with the utmost of hospitality.

Striding through the shrieking iron gates and up the stone steps with cracks marring its foundation,
they find themselves outside a pair of red double-doors. Jimin uses the metal doorknock, tapping it against the wood a solid four times before pausing to wait. It doesn’t take long for someone to answer, a woman appearing at the other side wearing an outfit most likely picked out by her grandmother. Her squinty eyes appraise him critically. She doesn’t seem fond of Yoongi’s mint green hair.

“What do you folk want?” she snaps. Jimin makes a face.

“We are the Mins, we called you on the telephone earlier?” Yoongi says smoothly, unperturbed by her aggressive disposition.

“Oh – the homos.” Jimin rolls his eyes. “Yes – well, ordinarily I wouldn’t hand over children to your kind, but Jungkook is an exception.”

Yoongi feigns surprise. “But madam, surely you wouldn’t jeopardise the welfare of a child by handing him over to such indecent company?”

The woman sniffs, obviously picking up on Yoongi’s blatant sarcasm. “Jungkook is an omen.” Yoongi and Jimin share a look. “Got him as a baby – I did. I could sense he was a bad-egg from the moment I held him in my arms.”

Jimin looks close to saying something he might regret later, but somehow manages to hold his tongue.

“Whatever do you mean?” Yoongi drawls.

“Seven years he’s been here, and he’s still no bigger than a toddler. Strange, isn’t it?”

Jimin shrugs. “Maybe he’s just a late bloomer?”

The woman sneers, sceptical of Jimin’s theory. “Late bloomer. Just who do you take me for? I’ve been raising children for decades and none of them are as peculiar as Jungkook.”

“Then you must be relieved to have us take him off your hands then.” The woman looks at Yoongi, then at Jimin, as though she were contemplating on slamming the door in their faces. She
doesn’t, however. She steps aside, allowing them passage into the orphanage.

They step onto mouldy tiles, the porcelain white surfaces beaten down by years of stamping children running through the establishment. The entrance is small and cramped, a flight of stairs off to the right that climb high to the towering ceiling. Yoongi feels slightly nauseous peering up at the narrow space above, already feeling the nip of claustrophobia in his chest. Jimin grabs his wrist and gives it a squeeze, smiling at him in encouragement.

The owner of the orphanage glares at Jimin’s hand until he lets it drop to his side. ‘One of you better go up and get Jungkook’s things – I’ll show you the way.”

“I’ll go,” Jimin volunteers. Although he might not be keen to be in the company of the woman, he has the build to carry luggage easily. The quicker he can get his hands on the bags, the quicker they can get the hell out of here.

“Jungkook is in the dining hall.” She nods towards the doorframe at the other side of the room.

Yoongi nods. “I’ll go get him.”

They split up, Jimin climbing up the creaky steps in tandem to the matron, who is quick on her feet. She appears to be just as eager to have them out of here as swiftly as possible. Yoongi watches them go, only leaving for the dining hall when Jimin is out of sight.

As indicated, the dining hall is just through the doorframe from the entrance, and the room is just as cold and empty as everywhere else in this godforsaken place. The children must be outside – or in their rooms. Either way, they hadn’t thought to stick around the dining area, because the place is completely deserted aside from a small head of hair seen peeking over the edge of the table. The child has his back to him, and upon closer approach, he notices the small child’s feet swing from the edge of the bench. Yoongi has to wonder how the small little thing was able to get up on the bench in the first place. Had he climbed up or had someone helped him up?

His footsteps are enough to give the child a warning of his approach. He looks up, a smooth, pale face contrasting starkly to his obsidian tuft of hair. He has large black eyes, like a doe, and small pink lips that quiver with the innocence only an infant could portray. There’s a great dark bruise on the side of his forehead. It’s black and hideous – it doesn’t look as though it belongs there.

Yoongi remains cautious of his approach, even though the child can clearly see him. The last thing he wants to do is startle the poor creature. So he stops a foot away and goes down on one knee to
be eye-level with him. He wants to reach out and hold the child’s chubby little hand, to give him some form of physical comfort, but at the same time he doesn’t want to upset him. He has minimal knowledge of this child and his background. He has no right to be making judgements at the moment.

“Uh, hello there,” he speaks awkwardly. He winces, imagining Jimin smacking him upside the head. He places a hand over his chest and continues, “Jungkook, isn’t it? My name is Min Yoongi. My husband – Jimin – and I are the couple who have decided to adopt you.”

The child looks down at his small hands. They’re hidden inside a pair of woollen mittens, protecting him from the cold. “Are – are you a doctor?” the child asks after a small bout of silence. He has a small voice – a tentative, childish voice that melts Yoongi’s heart.

Yoongi attempts a small smile. “Why would you think that?”

“Ms. Fingle – she says I’m sick, that – that there’s something wrong with me.”

Perhaps it is best Jimin isn’t here to overhear this. The madam of the house convincing magically gifted children that they’re ill would surely set him off. It wouldn’t be the outcome – it would probably blow their chances of adopting Jungkook and ever getting him out of this brooding place.

“No. I am no doctor,” he answers sincerely. “I know you are different though, Jungkook – from the other children. You can do things, can’t you? Things you can’t explain… things that might concern or scare other people…?”

Jungkook bows his head and gives a subtle nod, as though ashamed to admit it. It pulls at Yoongi’s heart. Jungkook should never have been brought here. He doesn’t belong here.

“Well, no need to fear. Jimin and I – we’re different too.” Jungkook looks up then, and a twinkle in his big black eyes reflects absolute surprise, and perhaps a touch of excitement too. Apprehension is there too though – as though he isn’t entirely convinced.

Understanding Jungkook’s inner thirst for proof, Yoongi lays out his hand before him, making sure Jungkook is watching closely. One by one he coils his fingers inwards to the middle of his palm to form a clenched fist, then – he unfurls his fingers and blows, casting a flurry of petals into Jungkook stunned complexion. He gasps, blinking rapidly, his entire little body stiff with confusion until he realises that there’s no immediate danger. Just soft, lightly pinkened petals.
He holds out his tiny hands to let some of the petals fall effortlessly into his palms. He stares down at them, amazed and thrilled at the discovery that he isn’t alone in this world. He isn’t different. He’s special.

“What – what’s going to happen?” Jungkook asks once he has recovered, looking back at Yoongi with newfound respect and awe.

“We’re going to raise you in a safe and loving home. You will attend a school for people who are different like you – the very same school Jimin and I attended when we were young, and you’re going to grow up to be a happy, fully-developed mage.”

“A mage…” Jungkook echoes slowly.

Yoongi nods. “I’ll explain more later, OK?”

Jungkook agrees meekly, but he doesn’t look as though he’s about to run for the hills so he takes this as a good sign. The child tilts his head slightly, and the light streaming through the large arch windows bathes the side of his face in sunlight. It reminds Yoongi of the bruise. He reaches out and cups the side of Jungkook’s head gently, a frown etching his countenance.

“Where did you get this from?” he asks, genuinely concerned.

“The other kids don’t like me much,” is all the tiny child provides, and his answer does little to settle Yoongi’s unease.

“Well, you won’t be seeing them anymore anyway.” He stands up, stretching his tired limbs with a grunt.

He holds out his hands, offering to pick Jungkook up, and the child only takes a moment to understand the gesture before standing up on the bench. He lets Yoongi pick him up into his arms, coiling around his new father with effortless trust. He decides then and there that he will protect and nurture Jungkook to the best of his ability. He can be pretty lousy at times – but for Jungkook, he’ll be the father this boy deserves.
He carries Jungkook to the entrance hall. Jimin and the matron are already there, Jungkook’s luggage – a single suitcase – sitting by the door.

“Is that all of Jungkook’s belongings?” Yoongi asks in confusion.

Jimin smiles up from the document he’s busy signing. “Yes, there wasn’t much – oh, hello there.” He comes closer to get a better look at Jungkook, who has nuzzled further into the crook of Yoongi’s neck to hide himself. “He’s so small!”

The woman – Ms. Fingle, Jungkook had called her – snorts. “I told you! Far too underdeveloped for a seven-year-old!”

“Well I think he’s perfect,” Jimin brushes off easier, patting the back of Jungkook head. “Yoongi – here, you have to sign your signature at the bottom.”

He thinks to hand Jungkook over to Jimin, but the child has a stronghold on him, refusing to budge. So, consequentially, he has to continue cradling Jungkook with one hand whilst signing the document with the other. Once everything has been filled out, Jimin hands the paper back to Ms. Fingle, who snatches it with her nose upturned to the ceiling.

“Good luck with that one,” she sneers, her tone contradicting her words.

“Thank you!” Jimin says in a bright and happy tone, completely ignoring the matron’s scathing look.

Jimin takes the luggage down to the automobile, Yoongi close behind him. He doesn’t bother looking back at the orphanage as he slides into the passenger seat, patting Jungkook’s back soothingly.

“I finally get to leave,” Jungkook whispers in disbelief.

Yoongi smiles, but says nothing.

Jimin gets into the car, turning to face them with a large grin. “Hi there, Jungkookie – I’m Jimin, your new daddy.”
Jungkook waves shyly, distracted by Jimin’s obnoxiously orange hair.

“Yoongi’s probably already explain this to you, but we’re special like you!” As if to exemplify this, Jimin opens his fist – much like Yoongi had when showing off his skills – only this time a butterfly flutters out from his palm, it’s brilliant, bright blue wings shimmering in the sunlight. Jungkook watches attentively as it flutters around the car before eventually landing on his nose. He goes cross-eyed trying to watch it, and flinches when the butterfly suddenly bursts into sparkly, blue dust. The dust filters downwards before disappearing completely.

Jungkook blinks. “Wow!”

Jimin wiggles his eyebrows. “Not bad, huh?”

“Can you teach me how to do that?” Jimin’s eyebrows shoot up in surprise. He hadn’t anticipated the boy’s enthusiasm.

“Of course,” he answers tenderly, his eyes gentle. Jungkook flushes, hiding back in the crook of Yoongi’s neck. “Well – let’s get going then!”

Yoongi nods. “Let’s go home.”

“Home…” Jungkook whispers to himself, so quietly that only Yoongi catches it. His hold tightens on the child. He truly believes they made the right choice to adopt Jungkook.

The merciless downpour that had plagued the evening had toned down to a light drizzle after dark fell over the populated town of Bizzly Braxton. The single window of his room has fogged over with a sheen of condensation, and all that can been distinguished passed it is the warm glow of the street lamp that lurks down below. It would be slightly chilled inside the wooden establishment of the apartment if not for the heating charm Namjoon had cast late this morning. He had conjured it sometime after slipping out of bed, only to be rudely jolted by the coolness of the floorboards.

Candles that illuminate his room flutter as he scurries about his bedroom, snatching clothes from coat hangers and stuffing them into his bottomless suitcase. Seokjin often finds himself stressing
about his appearance, even though his next journey requires the presence of no other companion. What would be the likelihood of coming across a fairy princess on his way to the Crystal Catacombs of the living dead? Well – very little, he hypothesizes, but perhaps a promiscuous vampyre who fancies herself the blood of a fully recognized mage?

Again – it’s unlikely.

How many belts will he need for a three-week trip anyhow…?

A knock at the door startles him. He drops the belt in his hand, its heavy leather slipping through his gloved fingers and the large silver buckle lands on his toes. He hisses under his breath, angrily kicking the offensive accessory away before marching over to the door. It only occurs to him later that he could’ve just opened it with a wave of his hand, but he finds it more confrontational to open the door manually.

How dare someone disturb his packing ritual?

The anger fizzles away when he’s met with Namjoon’s calm disposition. It would be counter productive to pick a fight with the leader of the Society, especially since this apartment technically belongs to him. He wouldn’t want to take advantage of Namjoon’s kind generosity.

He’s a handsome young man, his friend Namjoon. Quite experienced and wise for his age, if only because of the horrors he had experienced as a child. His height has a tendency to intimidate people, and his silver hair and strange tattoos don’t work to save the image, but his personality sings a different tune. As skilled as Namjoon is, Seokjin doesn’t think he’s ever met a clumsier mage in his entire life.

“You’re packing already?” Namjoon asks before Seokjin even has the chance to question why he’s there.

He arches an eyebrow. “I believe I did mention I would be leaving tonight?”

“But the weather is terrible.” Namjoon makes a face, taking a few steps inside. “Besides, Yoongi and Jimin will be here any moment to introduce their kid. It’d mean a lot to them if you’d be there.”

Seokjin nods flippantly. “Yes – which is why I’ll leave a little after they arrive. I mean – how long
can one introduction go for? Not very long, particularly for a twenty-year-old child.”

Namjoon crosses his arms over his chest, not looking very impressed with Seokjin’s attitude, but he couldn’t care less. He has a dangerous journey ahead of him – through no fault of his own – so Namjoon would have to excuse him for having more pressing matters at the forefront of his mind. It was Namjoon, after all, who had assigned him such a task to begin with. If the leader hadn’t had so much “faith” in him, he wouldn’t even be in this mess!

A ripple in the protective barrier Namjoon has in place around the apartment interrupts them. They share a glance, knowing that their fellow members, along with their magically-gifted child, have finally arrived. The clamor of the downstairs pub cannot penetrate the barrier put in place, but once the familiar creaking of the wooden stairs could be heard through thinly plastered walls, Namjoon leaves to fetch the door.

Seokjin sighs. Yoongi and Jimin had intended to introduce their adopted child for sometime. It isn’t news. They’ve been nurturing the kid for thirteen years now, but they’ve wanted to wait until he became the appropriate age to understand what his parents did for a living, and also what he will one day become apart of – if he’s smart enough.

They speak highly of their child, like any proud parent would. There isn’t a doubt in his mind that the child is spoiled, because raising a child of his own is all Jimin talked about for the longest time. Yoongi had been more or less neutral with the idea right up until the adoption, and after that, the man never looked back. He speaks nothing but praise for his son, and Seokjin is starting to suspect the green-haired mage is incredibly biased. Which is odd, considering Yoongi is regarded as a rather unbiased member whenever their meetings burst into a spontaneous debate.

Who knew the addition of a child could change a person so drastically? Perhaps he just isn’t at a stage in his life to understand. The thought of children of his own is very far from his thoughts, and finding a partner even more so.

He hears the filter of new voices travel down the hallway. He turns, waving his hand to quickly shut his suitcase before exiting his domain. The others must already be by the entrance to greet them. Last time he checked, Hoseok and Taehyung had been in the dining area discussing why glow slugs procure different colors. The answer has to do with the climate, but Seokjin had been too busy stuffing vanishing powder into a jar to contribute to the conversation.

“He’s so cute!” Taehyung’s unmistakable baritone is hard to acknowledge without cringing. The excitable boy of thirty and soon-to-be Hoseok’s apprentice knows no boundaries. At times it is admittedly charming, but it’s hardly the best method of making a good first impression.
“Aw Tae – you’re scaring him!” Hoseok’s cackle is also distinguishable. As a fully recognized mage of forty-six, his personality certainly doesn’t fit the part. There are times he tends to act younger than his own future apprentice.

“There’s no need to be shy, Jungkookie,” Jimin’s soft voice follows, and a familiar warmth spreads through Seokjin as he rounds the corner. He had forgotten how much he had missed his friends.

Ever since the adoption Jimin and Yoongi have been rather absent from the Society’s movements other than the occasional drop-in. Hoseok reckoned Jimin would leave the Society altogether to become a full-time parent, but thus far the visits have been spread evenly between both of them. If Jimin wanted to leave the Society, he would have a long time ago.

It’s clear that most of the Society’s members have crowded the newcomers before they’ve stepped through the door. He spies the heads of his old friends over Hoseok and Taehyung’s shoulders; mint green and pumpkin orange glowing beneath the overhead lights.

“Seokjin!” Jimin brightens when he spots him. Yoongi inclines his head to regard him too, a pleasant smile spread across his gentle features.

Yoongi steps forward to hug him first, and Jimin a close second, with what appears to be the shadow of something following him.

“It’s been too long.” Jimin sighs regretfully, as though he could’ve helped it.

Seokjin smiles reassuringly. “It feels as though no time has passed at all, old friend.”

Jimin perks up, beaming delightedly at him. “Indeed!”

“Seokjin here will be leaving for a mission tonight,” Hoseok announces, placing a hand on his shoulder. “He’s been packing all day!”

“Is that so?” says Yoongi. “Where will you be off to? Hopefully nowhere mountainous.”

Seokjin coughs. “Well – the Crystal Catacombs. It isn’t in the mountains but it isn’t the warmest
place to be spending this winter.”

“For how long?” Jimin gasps with intrigue.

“About three weeks – so not that long at all. Though, given the recent downpour this trip ought to be miserable.”

“It is terrible timing.” The orange-haired mage shakes his head, and the rustle of his princely locks has pink dust falling out and dissipating prettily into thin air. Jimin always had a knack for beauty charms.

Seokjin smiles fondly. “Knowledge waits for no one, I’m afraid.”

Yoongi rakes a hand through his minty tassels. “We really should establish that as our union’s motto.”

“I’ll see what I can do,” Namjoon grunts offhandedly from where he stands by the door. They all know the leader won’t be losing sleep over it anytime soon.

Out the corner of Seokjin’s eye he notices curled little fingers that tug gingerly at Jimin’s sleeve. This seems to seize the man’s attention, as he looks down with a smile he’s never seen grace the mage’s countenance before. There’s a twinkle to his eyes that he can’t quite explain; a fondness that Seokjin finds himself unfamiliar with. There’s no denying Jimin is one of the most loving amongst them, but never has he seen such a look grace his soft features. It’s the pride and the love of a true parent, indeed.

“We haven’t forgotten you, dear,” his friend chuckles.

Jimin takes a side step, his hand sweeping behind him to bring forth the small figure that had been shadowing him. Seokjin’s eyes fall upon the appearance of a child – ten-years-old in human years, if what he’s been told is true. He’s a little on the lanky side, which is to be expected of a boy his age, sporting a clean mop of shiny black hair that attracts a halo of light around the crown. He has round cheeks, small lips, and large, intelligent eyes. And Taehyung is right – he is adorable.

He’s dressed in smart attire, though he expects nothing less considering his parents’ standards. Although he lacks the confidence both his parents seem to naturally exude. Instead of standing tall and holding out his hand to introduce himself, he clings to Jimin’s side as though it would
and holding out his hand to introduce himself, he clings to Jimin’s side as though it would somehow hide him away from Seokjin’s stare.

“Seokjin, this is Jungkook. He’s – well, he’s shy around strangers.” Jimin pats his son on the head affectionately. “Once you get to know him though he’ll never stop talking.”

He smiles genuinely. As uninterested as he had been at first to meet their child, there’s no denying his heart melts at the sight of Jungkook. It’s surprising that, given Jungkook’s age, he hasn’t been able to shake the childish disposition he physically portrays. He would consider twenty-years enough time for Jungkook to learn basic people skills, but he supposes not everyone is effortlessly social like himself.

He leans down to Jungkook’s level so that the younger isn’t so intimated, politely extending his hand out to him.

“Hello there, Jungkook. It’s nice to finally meet you,” he uses a warm, high-pitched tone – a habit that’s generally induced when in the company of children.

Instead of taking his hand, as he had expected, Jungkook looks up at Jimin first, as if silently asking for permission.

“Don’t worry, Jungkookie. Seokjin doesn’t bite,” his father reassures.

Seokjin is mildly offended that Jungkook would jump to such an assumption, but then again he doesn’t know the kid personally. It’s clear he has some issues with meeting new people, or else this would’ve gone over a lot smoother.

Jungkook hesitantly takes his hand; it looks so small nestled in his own. Seokjin smiles as he shakes it carefully. The child smiles back demurely, a blush dusting his pale round cheeks.

“N-nice to meet you,” the young boy answers in a small voice.

“I look forward to your contribution to *The Enchanted Research Society*, Jungkook. We’re in need of some new blood around here. Frankly, most of our members are losing touch with the times, if you know what I mean.” He winks. Jungkook presses his lips together, as though holding back a grin.
Hoseok scoffs. “The nerve! It would be in your best interest to know that we are of the same age, Seokjin!”

“And I’m still a teenager, technically!” Taehyung objects.

Seokjin rolls his eyes, letting go of Jungkook’s hand and straightening gracefully. “Technically, Taehyung, you won’t be an official member of the Society until you graduate from McDurlington School for the Marvellous and then subsequently complete your apprenticeship under Hoseok’s tutelage. That’s another fourteen years, boy.”

Taehyung scrunches up his face in a way that elicits a charming giggle from Jungkook. “Pfft – technicalities, that’s all they are!”

Jungkook shuffles down the bustling hallway with his Offensive Spells for the Defensive Kind cradled close to his chest. Taehyung was a skip and a step ahead of him, far too old to still be scouring the halls of McDurlington School for the Marvellous; he graduated almost a decade ago after all. However, that hadn’t stopped his best friend from easing him into the high school experience. He had insisted on coming along to his first day, because how could fifteen-year-old little Jungkookie, soon-to-be maknae of The Enchanted Research Society, possibly find his own way around the very school his own parents met and fell in love in?

“Your first class is Offense, yeah?” Taehyung peers over his shoulder at him.

Jungkook rolls his eyes for probably the hundredth time that morning. “You know it is. I told you five minutes ago!”

Taehyung chuckles as he shakes his head like a classic senior to his naïve little junior. “Little testy, are we? Somebody nervous on their first day of high school?”

His jaw twitches. “I’m not nervous.”

“Well – you are, because you’ve been gnawing at your lip all morning and I’m starting to worry people might get the wrong idea.”
Jungkook shoots his friend a bland look. “And what idea is that?”

“Oh – you know. People might think it’s *inviting.*” Jungkook doesn’t appreciate the way his friend wriggles his eyebrows at him.

“People like you, you mean?”

Taehyung feigns shyness. “*It may* have crossed my mind to push you up against the wall and kiss you senseless, but I have a feeling a certain *professor* wouldn’t appreciate that.”

Jungkook’s whole face goes bright red. Taehyung is talking about Seokjin, of course. Aside from being a member of the Society, he has a full-time job as a Charms professor at his new high school. The man is still just as handsome as the day he met him as a child, and since then he’s learnt many things about Seokjin that have somehow made him even *more* attractive in his eyes. Namely, he is an extremely good cook and knows loads of awesome facts about magical animals. He’s also very compassionate and caring, which is annoying, in a way. If he had had a terrible personality, it would’ve been easier for him to get over the crush he’s been sporting for the past couple of years.

At this rate, it only seems to be getting worse.

“Stop being an idiot, Tae,” he sulks, because Seokjin probably wouldn't care if Taehyung started making out with him in the middle of this crowded hallway.

Seokjin sees Jungkook as Yoongi and Jimin’s precious child and nothing more than that. He dotes on him, and sometimes Jungkook wishes he wasn’t the child of the renowned mages. They are amazing parents – don’t get him wrong. He loves them dearly, but wonders how Seokjin would’ve treated him if they’d met under different terms. If Seokjin had met him not as a child, but as a man, who knows how their relationship would’ve turned out?

Taehyung sighs, slowing down to fall into step by his side, casting a floppy arm over his shoulders in an act of pity. “My poor, sweet Jungkook. Forever trapped in your awkwardness that will soon become your ultimate, cringe-worthy downfall.”

He openly glares at his friend. “So glad to know you have faith in my love-life, Taehyung. Your support is overwhelming.”
The apprentice grins. “Anytime, my dear little tadpole.”

“Jungkook!” His feet come to a screeching halt, as does Taehyung’s, and they both share a look as though confirming they heard right.

He dares to peek over his shoulder to see none other than Professor Seokjin striding over to him, dressed smartly in a suit, completing his look with a grey blazer adorning leather elbow patches. He’s also wearing a stylish scarf that hangs loosely around his collar, and Jungkook is definitely not staring at his Adam’s apple because that would be weird. And Jungkook isn’t weird. Even if he’s best friend is Taehyung.

It takes him a moment to register the fact that it had been Seokjin who had called out his name. He had recognised the voice when it had reached his ears, but a part of him was doubtful. There he is – in all his handsome glory, staring straight at him. Jungkook needs to remind himself to breathe.

Taehyung giggles and he elbows his friend sharply in the ribs. “Shouldn’t you be off taking down notes of Hoseok’s other-worldly wisdom?” he growls under his breath.

“And miss you making a fool of yourself in front of hyung? Are you mad?” Taehyung wiggles his eyebrows. It’s a terrible habit of his that Jungkook doesn’t find charming in the least.

“Listen here you –” The word ass is sitting on the tip of his tongue, but Seokjin is already within hearing range, willing him to quickly snap his mouth shut. Taehyung snickers at his obvious attempt at restraint.

“P-Professor!” he exclaims, as though he hadn’t noticed him. He sees Taehyung trying to stuff his fist into his mouth. God he could kill him!

“I’m glad I caught you before class,” says Seokjin delightedly, hugging his books comfortably against his chest. “You’ll be taking my Charms class, won’t you?”

“Yes sir.” He nods. “My first class will be this afternoon.”

Seokjin smiles handsomely, and Jungkook openly stares. “Splendid. I know your parents are proud how well you’re doing – they told me so at our last meeting.”
His lips thin, an embarrassed blush keen on making its presence known. He fights it down and swallows hard.

“Yeah…” He doesn’t mean to sound so damn awkward, but there’s something that doesn’t sit right with him whenever Seokjin brings up his parents – which is a lot.

Seokjin doesn’t seem to notice. He looks particularly excited about something. “We discussed the matter of your future apprenticeship. Namjoon had put up his hand to be your mentor, but I had to object! I mean – I’ve known Yoongi and Jimin for longer, I feel it’s only natural for me to be their son’s mentor.”

Jungkook hadn’t expected this. Sure – usually apprenticeship applications are considered well before graduating from school, but it honestly hadn’t been something Jungkook had even considered until now. To be Seokjin’s apprentice… to be working in close proximity with him for ten whole years… to be studying under his supervision and learning the arts of magic… it would be like a dream come true!

“Y-you mean…?” He’s almost too scared to believe it. He almost doesn’t want to believe it.

The professor nods merrily. “Namjoon is organising the application as we speak. I mean – if you don’t want me as your mentor, we can organise to find you another one.”

“No! I – of course I want you to be my mentor – I mean – as you said – you do know my parents well a-and you are experienced so…”

Seokjin beams. His heart leaps into his throat, trying to claw its way out of him, but he swallows thickly again, forcing himself to calm down.

“Excellent!” His professor and soon-to-be mentor chirps. “I’ll see you in class this afternoon then, Jungkook… Oh Taehyung – you’re here!”

Taehyung rolls his eyes. “Thanks for noticing, hyung. I’ve only been standing here the whole time.”
Seokjin flushes, scratching the back of his head sheepishly. “So sorry – I was distracted by the exciting news.”

“Oh-huh.” His friend doesn’t sound the least bit convinced, but Seokjin quite easily brushes it off with a smile.

“Anyway, you should go, Jungkook. You wouldn’t want to be late for your first class, hm?”

Jungkook nods shyly. His eyes follow Seokjin as he breezes passed them and down the hallway. A pair of girls stare after him before shoving each other playfully and giggling hysterically. Jungkook, unfortunately, can closely relate to this stupid response.

“Well that was rude.” Taehyung sniffs.

“Huh…?” Jungkook looks at his friend weirdly – not for the first time that day, actually.

“He barely even noticed me!” He shrieks, throwing his arms up in a huff. “I’ve known that asshole for years and then poof – he slighted me in favour of cute jail bait. What a prick- OW!”

Taehyung glares at Jungkook as he rubs his side where the younger had pinched him. He doesn’t care. In his mind, Taehyung definitely had it coming. “Shut up, Tae. You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

The older scoffs. “I know favourable when I see it, Kookie.”

“Whatever. Just – come on, I’m going to be late for class if we continue standing here like idiots.”

They start to walk, and Taehyung starts going out on a tangent about how love-struck fools are the worst kinds of friends to associate with, but Jungkook doesn’t pay him any mind. He’d rather not listen to how Jimin started showing up at the Society less and less after he and Yoongi bought a house for themselves, and how Taehyung had been beside himself with grief for ages – because firstly, he’d heard that story more times than he can count on his fingers, and secondly, he wasn’t just about to ignore the fact that Seokjin is going to be his mentor! Were the Gods finally heeding his prayers? Was there truly someone out there listening to him? Because by god is this one of the best coincidences to ever happen in his life.
He smiles subtly to himself, welcoming the warm, fuzzy feeling that settles in the pit of his gut. He still has a retched six years before he officially graduates from school, but at least he has something to look forward to at the end of it.

Jungkook sits at the large oak table in the presence of all the other members of *The Enchanted Research Society*, dawning the tender age of twenty – well, appearance-wise anyway. He had graduated from *McDurlington School for the Marvellous* four years prior, and everyone at this table attended his graduation ceremony. Upon being called upon to the stage, he had been presented before a hall of Magical Matters (or MagMats, as they’re often called).

He toys with the charm bracelet bound around his wrist, recalling the ritual fondly. He had been told by the Head Master that he could “choose” any of the hundreds upon hundreds of magical items on display, and the one he picks will be forever bound to his magical and natural energy. Though, what the Head Master *doesn’t* explain, is that no one really *chooses* their magical item, but are rather *drawn* towards it by some sort of otherworldly force. It’s a feeling he struggles to define even to this day, but out of all the MagMats he could have selected, the bracelet he now adorns just seemed… *right*. He wouldn’t dream of taking any of the other items, even if he could go back and do it all again. It just doesn’t work that way.

MagMats can be any sort of item infused with magical property, but mostly they’re something common, like jewellery. Yoongi’s is a silver ring with a deep green emerald in the centre of it, and Jimin’s is a long necklace with a tiny pearl pendant hanging from its thin, dainty chain.

It doesn’t always have to be jewellery though. In some cases, like his mentor’s, mages have grand staffs carved from ancient wood. It is said that the most powerful mages always commonly have staffs as their MagMat, but Yoongi often scoffs at the idea. His father believes that a mage’s strength isn’t determined by their magical affinity, but rather their determination and force driving them towards success. But as an apprentice under a mage who owns a staff, Jungkook thinks he’s in a perfect position to come to his own conclusion.

The point of these meetings is to discuss findings on recent research that’s been conducted, and talk about whether the research is significant enough to contribute to the academic sphere for magical scholars. That is after all, the point of the Society. The research is for strict academic purpose; the union formed in Yoongi’s basement one night when they were all drunk and well… it evidently turned into a fully recognised association by scholars all around the globe.

Taehyung had been promised a position for his sheer knack for potions. However, his friend never once brought up how he came to be discovered by the Society as only a mere freshman in high school, only that he had been good friends with Jimin before he had joined. His friend is now a fully-fledged member of the Society *and* a fully realised mage.
The man in question is going over the findings of his latest expedition to the Northern Glaciers. He sits in a pool of envy as his best friend goes over details of his trip with exaggerated passion.

He adores being Seokjin’s apprentice – he really does, but a small part of him had been hoping (just a bit!) that there would be some progress in their relationship. He had presumed, naively, that when he took the appearance of an eighteen-year-old graduate, he would no longer be regarded as a child, but as a man. Sadly, reality is contrary to his expectations. Seokjin still sees him as a kid that never grew passed the day they met, and Jungkook is left to seethe at the unfortunate situation he finds himself in.

Four years on and nothing has changed. To Seokjin, he’s still a kid, and to him, Seokjin is still the epitome of all things hunky and gorgeous. Who on this godforsaken earth permitted Seokjin to have such broad shoulders? And combined with that face? What the hell were the Gods thinking?

Perhaps it was meant to punish him, somehow. He is within reach of such perfection and yet, he’s not allowed to touch it. What unfortunate circumstances indeed.

Namjoon clears his throat and Jungkook snaps out of it. “Thank you for your contribution, Taehyung. So good to know we funded your expedition and it amounted to nothing.”

“Well, not entirely nothing!” Taehyung fires back defensively. “I did find out that a new species of siren has adapted to the frigid temperatures of the northern oceans. How’s that nothing?”

“He’s right, Namjoon.” Hoseok snickers. “He discovered a new species of fish.”

The leader waves them off exasperatedly. “It’s already common knowledge that certain sirens can change body temperature to withstand new environments. What’s to say the sirens you saw had just migrated from the schools in the southern waters?”

Taehyung throws his hands up, his jaw slackening. “Because the sirens in the south have blue or green scales – these ones had red and yellow!”

Namjoon sighs. He still fails to see the significance of this discovery.
“Fine. I’ll send out a warning to those planning to go fishing in the Northern Glaciers,” he says sarcastically. Because no one in their right mind would go to somewhere as cold as the Northern Glaciers for a vacation. It’s practically a desert of snow and hostile winds.

“Speaking of expeditions,” Seokjin pipes in. He has perked up in his seat, smiling warmly over at their leader. “I was thinking it was time Jungkook and I went on an expedition together. It’s been – what? Two years since our last one? Surely it’s high-time we went on our next adventure.”

Jungkook straightens, blinking in surprise. “Wait, seriously?”

Namjoon leans coolly back in his seat, lacing his fingers over his stomach. “What did you have in mind?”

Seokjin shrugs. “You mentioned the other day that Azurith University is interested in purchasing dragon eggs for research, didn’t you?”

The leader regards his colleague thoughtfully. “Yes – and for a substantial amount too.”

“Well surely you would let us go collect some? You’re always complaining about our expenses, what better way to profit than in the name of scholarly research?”

“No,” Jimin interjects flatly. Jungkook turns attention to his father, stunned by the worried frown marring his complexion. “I know which place you have in mind, Seokjin, and I don’t approve. Jungkook is still too young and inexperienced.”

“Dad!” he snaps indignant. “You don’t even – how much more experienced do I have to be before you get off my back? I’m not seven anymore!”

Jimin’s expression softens. He immediately regrets his cutting tone. “Jungkookie… I know more than anyone how strong you’ve become, but… there are still some places on this earth I don’t want you going to.”

“Jimin is right,” Yoongi speaks up. Their gazes collide, and as stern as Yoongi can be, Jungkook isn’t one to back down either. “The Valley of the Lost is a large, desolate land between two volcanos – both of which have been active in the past five years. No mage, experienced or not, is entirely safe there. You’re still an apprentice, Jungkook. There are times where you have to accept the fact that you aren’t as powerful as you think you are.”
Jungkook grits his teeth. He feels tears of frustration collect in his eyes. There are so many things he wants to say to his parents, but he can’t seem to collect himself properly. Safety has always been an issue when it comes to his parents. Seokjin says it’s because they love him, but isn’t it sometimes healthy for them to take a step back and let him find his own strengths and limitations? How can his parents expect him to grow and become stronger if they continue to coddle him this way?

The reason he and Seokjin haven’t been on an expedition in so long is because of his parents. He had to beg them the first time around, and he and his mentor weren’t even travelling too far to begin with. Nothing had gone wrong – everything went off without a hitch, and yet they still worried for his safety.

“Don’t you trust my abilities?” he chokes. His hands ball into fists in his lap. “Thirty-four years I’ve been your son. Aren’t you satisfied yet?”

Jimin looks a bit beside himself with the broken way his son is regarding him, but Yoongi remains as impassive as always. His father goes to speak, but Seokjin is quick to interrupt the family argument. “I understand your concern for your son, Jimin, Yoongi… But surely you trust me enough to protect Jungkook with my life? I would not suggest the expedition if I thought it would put him in the slightest bit of danger. You understand that, don’t you?”

He can see the tendon in Yoongi’s jaw twitch aggressively. “It is not a lack of faith in your ability, Seokjin, but more the versatile environment you will be journeying to. It’s a dangerous place filled with dangerous creatures. You can’t guarantee my son’s safety any more than Taehyung can validate his stupid discovery about the sirens.”

“Hey!”

“Dragons are not innately violent creatures,” Seokjin argues, his smooth voice never wavering. “If we do not disturb them, they will remain indifferent to our company.”

“You’ll be stealing their eggs!” Jimin exclaims. “The reason the university is willing to buy them for such a high sum is because of how suicidal it is to try and get them in the first place!”

“I’m approving the expedition.” All eyes fall to Namjoon, who has been sitting quietly in contemplation throughout the turbulent chaos being thrown around the table.
“What?” Yoongi snaps.

“What?” Jimin screeches.

“Yes!” Jungkook grins, pumping his fists in the air.

“Namjoon you can’t – how could – Jungkook is just a child!” the orange-haired mage hisses indignantly.

“Jungkook is forty years old now, Jimin. He’s an adult, a graduate, and in possession of his own MagMat. The only argument you have brought to the table is that he’s still an apprentice. I can’t help but feel you both have a biased opinion that cannot be overlooked. As Seokjin said, he will be by Jungkook’s side the whole time. It’s not as though he will be going to the valley alone and unprepared.”

Jimin slams his fists against the table, his chair falling back with a snap as he jumps to his feet. “Your opinion is biased because you will be benefiting from this. You’ll have your money and I’ll be a son short by the time this week is out!”

Namjoon crosses his arms over his chest, his expression calm. “I have made my decision.”

Yoongi stands up slowly, the legs of his chair screeching against the wooden floors. All eyes turn to him, and Jungkook watches in cold anticipation as his father turns his gaze to the head of the table where Namjoon sits.

“If Jungkook comes back with so much as a hair out of place, I’ll be handing in my resignation.” Jungkook’s jaw goes slack, and so does Jimin’s. They watch as the mint-haired mage swivels around on his heel and marches away, slamming the door behind him on his way out. Jungkook winces. He is in so much trouble.

Jimin looks between those at the table and the exit, contemplating whether or not to storm out too. He doesn’t look nearly as livid anymore. He looks as though he’s still recovering from what his husband had just announced. Eventually, he sinks back in his seat, more accepting of the situation.

“You will protect Jungkook with your life,” Jimin states, looking squarely at Seokjin. His tone
leaves no room for protest.

“Nothing will happen to him,” Seokjin promises firmly.

It probably wasn’t the best time for Jungkook to be thinking about how sexy Seokjin looks when he’s determined.

Despite the disharmony that divides the Society, Jimin and Yoongi come to wish Seokjin and their son a safe journey. Jimin had been hell-bent on also helping Jungkook pack prior, but with some sweet-talking from Taehyung, Jungkook was able to pack his essentials without any mishaps (that is, if you exclude Taehyung’s ever-distracting-presence as a “mishap”). Namjoon is nowhere to be seen when Jungkook meets Seokjin outside the pub below the apartment, probably because he didn’t want to be on the brunt of some serious glares from both his perturbed parents.

With Seokjin though, they presented themselves as civil. Even though his parents and Seokjin have known one another for so long, there is still unavoidable restraint as they shake hands with him. Jungkook watches the stiff exchange anxiously, waiting for the pin to finally drop.

But, it never does.

Instead of unleashing their malcontent upon Seokjin as he had anticipated, they turn their attention towards him before any sort of resentment can show itself.

Jimin smiles worriedly, both hands on Jungkook’s shoulders. He’s a good head taller than his father now, so to any onlooker the exchange might look a tad bit odd. They’re both used to it though. If he’s ever troublesome, Jimin has no difficulty seizing Jungkook’s ear and giving it a good pull.

“You’ll be good for Seokjin, won’t you? You’ll do everything he asks?” Jungkook nods. Jimin pulls him into a tight hug, sighing against his son’s neck. “I know we can be a little overbearing, but you know it’s only because we love you, right?”

Jungkook nods again, attempting a smile. Jimin pats his cheek proudly before stepping aside to allow Yoongi to have his turn. Yoongi isn’t really the touchy-feely type, so a good-natured pat on the head is about as far as his father goes.

“Don’t do anything stupid.” It’s meant as a warning, but Jungkook knows deep down that’s just
“Don’t do anything stupid.” It’s meant as a warning, but Jungkook knows deep down that’s just his indirect way of showing that he loves him.

“I’ll come back in one piece,” he promises.

After saying last minute goodbyes to Taehyung and Hoseok, Seokjin uncaps the jar he had been hugging under his arm. The familiar powder could be compared to ordinary flour; only it has a shimmering affect that is easily identifiable to any well-educated mage.

Vanishing powder is the go-to means of transport for most mages aside from broomstick flying. Since riding on broomsticks is less than inconspicuous to the naked eye, it can risk exposure to non-magical people, so mages often taken the safer alternative.

It can take someone from one place to another in an instant, but it isn’t without its own problems. Often mages will only use it to cover half the journey and do the rest on foot – like they’re doing. The farther it takes you from point A, the more taxing it can be on the body, so it’s safer not to risk any permanent damage to the internal organs.

“Right – Jungkook, I’m going to need you to hold my staff –” Taehyung giggles and Jungkook openly glares over at him “– and link arms with me. Good – hold onto me tightly –” Taehyung is practically blue he’s holding in his laughter so forcibly.

He rolls his eyes dramatically as Seokjin reaches into the jar and grasps a handful of the vanishing powder. His eyelids flicker closed as Seokjin tosses the powder on the ground, and with a deafening crack he feels himself being pulled and folded, rolled and kneaded – weightless as he is harpooned through nothingness and into a different place entirely.

His legs are practically jelly when his feet are on solid ground again, but luckily he has Seokjin’s staff to keep him balanced. He’s a little disoriented, his vision a little blurred, but then he feels fingers run through his hair and he looks up into Seokjin’s kind face. Suddenly, he doesn’t feel dizzy anymore.

The sun is shining over the hillside, just ahead of the dirt road they’ve found themselves on. Jungkook blinks, breathing in the summer air. It tastes sweet on his tongue, like drops of sunshine had dissolved and mingled with the countryside oxygen. It’s a nice change of scenery, and the excitement of adventure creeps its way back to his disposition.

His parents’ scepticism can’t reach him out here.
“It’ll take us about a week’s trek to reach the Valley of the Lost,” Seokjin comments, peering up at the horizon. “Getting there shouldn’t be an issue – it’s staying there that we have to worry about.”

“Not an ideal place for camping?” Jungkook half-jokes.

Seokjin hums as Jungkook hands him back his staff. “Well, there’s certainly a lot of caves, most of them will be occupied though, so we have to be careful.”

“By dragons?”

His mentor’s lips thin into a line. “Among other things.”

Jungkook decides not to enquire further. He simply nods, understanding that the journey that they’re about to embark on will be dangerous. But what’s an adventure without a little danger…?

He had hoped that the thrill of the adventure would somehow distract him from how hopelessly attracted he is to his mentor. It was wishful thinking really. It’s only on the second day of trekking that the excitement fizzles, making way for the feelings he’s been shoving to the very corner of his mind for most of his adolescence.

Sweat collects on Seokjin’s brow as his skin bakes under the heat of the sun, turning his complexion a shade darker. His pink lips pucker as he sighs, pulling the hood of his cloak over his head in a futile attempt to shade himself.

Everything about Seokjin has remained the same for as long as Jungkook can remember, from the warmth of his mannerisms to the flawlessness of his near perfect countenance. Logically speaking, he should have the appearance of a thirty-three-year-old, but he doesn’t look as though he’s aged passed twenty-five. His chestnut hair has stayed the same shade too, as radiant and stylish as ever.

In comparison, Jungkook feels as though he’s changed so much. He’s grown to be Taehyung’s height – which is something to boast about. No longer can his friend look down on him and mock him for his shortness, because any lacking in his height was overcome when he turned thirty-six. He changed the colour of his hair too. His hair is such a dark shade of purple it could be easily mistaken as black in poor lighting. He had gone with the colour because of his parents. Yellow and blue made green, yellow and red made orange, so Jungkook stuck to family tradition and combined blue and red to make purple. It seemed only fitting.
He feels like he’s grown a lot as a person too, if only his parents would feel the same. Much like Seokjin, his parents act as though he’s a child that needs to be handhold through everything. He can’t look passed his own aggravation to feel any sort of appreciation for the attentive care, really. How can he, when they cause embarrassing drama in front of his friends – and more distressingly his mentor (and long-term crush, but that’s something he keeps mostly to himself).

“You should have your hood up too, Jungkook. Don’t want you fainting of heatstroke on the second day, do we?” Seokjin suggests in light humour.

Jungkook makes a face but does as he’s told. He doesn’t really want to wear his hood, especially with how hot the weather is today, but he’d pretty much do anything Seokjin asks of him without complaint.

“I wish you wouldn’t fuss so much,” Jungkook says bravely, lingering a step behind Seokjin. “You’re too much like my parents.”

Seokjin chuckles at this, taking the comment lightly. “You’re lucky to have parents that care, you know. I’ve never seen two people dedicated to rearing a single child in my life.

“Yeah well, it’s not appreciated,” he grumbles petulantly. “Growing up, I feel like I was always the kid that missed out on things, you know? Like Taehyung would invite me to do something awesome and then they just shut it down without even considering it. If Namjoon hadn’t put his foot down, we wouldn’t even be here right now.”

“I can understand where you’re coming from,” Seokjin muses, “but I also understand where your parents are coming from too. I don’t think you’ll be able to see where they’re coming from – not now at least, not when you’re so young and childless.”

Jungkook pouts freely, knowing Seokjin can’t see it. “I’m not that young. Forty is not young.”

“For a mage, it is. Even reaching a hundred years of age isn’t much of a milestone these days.”

The conversation wanes and they lapse into comfortable silence. Seokjin takes a liking to the sound of birds singing in the trees while Jungkook tries his best not to stare. His mentor’s cloak billows around his legs, his sleek boots crunching against the uneven earth beneath their feet. It may always be a mystery why Seokjin never considered modelling as opposed to a less luxurious life of strenuous academia.
“Have Yoongi and Jimin ever spoken to you about your biological parents…?”

Jungkook blinks. “Huh?”

“You know… what happened to them and all…” Seokjin voice sounds suddenly uncertain.

He frowns down at his feet. “No… I guess they never thought to bring it up.”

Seokjin makes a noise. “How strange…”

“You wouldn’t happen to know anything about them, would you?”

His mentor halts, and Jungkook stops at his side. Seokjin peers at him curiously. “I might, if you are interested?”

“I… Yes, I am interested.” He sort of feels as though he’s going behind Yoongi and Jimin’s backs for wanting to know, but another part of him argues he has the right to know.

Seokjin wipes his sweaty forehead with the sleeve of his arm, nodding. “I suppose we should take a break then?”

“Sure.”

They sit under the shade of one of the trees. Seokjin looks relaxed as he takes a swig from his water, carefully deciding upon how to approach the subject while Jungkook sits quietly next to him.

“Your mother and father were well-known inventors. I didn’t know them personally, but I remember reading about their deaths in the papers. There was a bit of an accident in their laboratory that spontaneously destroyed anything within close range of the explosion. Your parents had unfortunately been in the laboratory at the time. You should’ve gone straight to an orphanage for magically gifted children, but administration stuffed up your profile and you somehow ended up in a non-magical orphanage.”
“I don’t remember much of the orphanage,” he admits honestly. “I remember that I wasn’t happy.”

Seokjin nods sympathetically. “Strange things were happening there because of you – at least, strange to non-magical folk. The reports were soon realised by the magical community, and there was discussion on transferring you to the magical orphanage before Yoongi and Jimin stepped in and offered to adopt you instead.”

“So they adopted me on a whim?” He’s sceptical.

Seokjin shakes his head. “No, they’d been considering adopting for awhile. They just never got around to it until the opportunity presented itself. I’m glad they took it – you and your parents are like a match made in heaven. I’d never seen them so thrilled to have a child to call their own.”

Jungkook feels a stab of guilt, frustrated that he had left on such bitter terms with his parents. He knows how much they love him, he really does. He shouldn’t have acted so dismissive of their concern for him.

“Yoongi and Jimin believed that easing you into your magical heritage was the healthier option. The change would have been too drastic if you were suddenly transferred to a magical orphanage.” Seokjin shakes his head. “Honestly, what was administration thinking? But – your story had a happy ending, I suppose. You’re growing into a strong and promising mage. I’m sure if your biological parents were alive to see you now, they’d be just as proud as Yoongi and Jimin are.”

Jungkook doesn’t know how he feels about that. He was just a baby when his parents died. He never got the chance to know them or be loved by them like a normal child, and as a result, he eventually fell into Yoongi and Jimin’s care. He loves Yoongi and Jimin. To him, they are his real parents, but that doesn’t mean he can just ignore where he came from. Perhaps after this journey is over and they return back to their daily lives, he might ask his parents to take him to where his biological parents were buried. At least then he can pay respects to the mother and father he never got to have.

On the sixth day of travel, they hide out for most of the day inside a giant hollow. “At nightfall we will trek into the Valley of the Lost,” Seokjin had explained. “It’s too hot to venture there during the day – dangerous even, in weather like this. So we’ll rest here for now. I’ll wake you up at twilight.”
It had been a tad too hot to sleep in his sleeping bag during the day. Despite the cool earth easing his body temperature, the summer sun was still a force to be reckoned with. He had slept on a pile of soft sand, dreaming of swimming in a pool of fresh water found deep in a rainforest jungle. He had only heard of such places, but had never been himself.

When Seokjin shakes him awake at twilight as promised, Jungkook couldn’t help but feel a little disappointed that his dream had been so far from reality. To be honest, he’s getting a little sick of the stifling weather. As pleasant as summer is, nothing is enjoyable when he’s practically soaking in sweat.

Seokjin is more or less in the same state, but doesn’t look nearly as unkempt as Jungkook feels. When they crawl out of the hollow and into the quiet field of crackling earth, a cool breeze hits the back of his sticky neck. He nearly sobs with relief.

The temperature is much more bearable now.

Seokjin pulls a small towel out of his satchel. Its material had warped and dried over the journey. Jungkook watches in fascination as Seokjin waves his hand in a graceful gesture, and suddenly the towel is dripping wet with water. His mentor beckons him over harmlessly, and Jungkook is quick to comply.

He doesn’t expect Seokjin to grab his face. He let’s out an embarrassing squeak at the sudden contact, instinctually pulling away, but Seokjin holds his face firm. He starts wiping the soot and dirt on Jungkook’s sweat-slicked cheeks and brow, and Jungkook all but stands there, stunned.

“There,” Seokjin says after a brief moment of silence. “Feel better?”

Jungkook blinks. He forgets how to procure an intelligible response. Yes, he does feel better – much better, even, but the cool moisture from the towel only lasts so long before it makes way for a maddening blush. He veers his head to the side with a small scowl.

“I guess,” he mumbles. He’s unwilling to express just how much Seokjin gets to him.

“Once we enter the valley, I need you to keep a lookout for large caves on the sides of the mountains. That’s generally where dragons dwell,” Seokjin tells him.

Jungkook nods, the awkwardness of the moment draining in the wake of excitement that churns
Jungkook nods, the awkwardness of the moment draining in the wake of excitement that churns deep within him. *Finally* some action to distract him from his thoughts! One more night and he probably would’ve jumped Seokjin out of pure hysterical boredom.

“Will we go straight to egg hunting once we arrive?” he asks lightly once they’re back on the road.

Seokjin hums. “Yes. We won’t be staying long in the valley itself. Your parents are right – the Valley of the Lost is a treacherous place. The longer we stay there, the longer we put ourselves in danger.”

“How come you suggested *this* mission…? I mean – I’m sure there are a bunch of other missions a lot safer than this one that you could’ve chosen.”

“What are you asking?” Seokjin’s deep brown eyes glimmer with amusement. “You aren’t nervous, are you Jungkookie?”

He makes a face at the patronising tone of voice, shoving his hands into his pockets with a mighty huff. “*No*. It’s just – well, you know my parents better than I do. Surely you knew they would protest…? I just would’ve thought… you know, you being responsible and all… that you would choose a less controversial mission?”

Seokjin laughs pleasantly. The hairs on Jungkook’s arms stand on end. *Stupid sexy laugh.*

“I wanted our next trip to be more enjoyable,” his mentor admits honestly. “Our last one… well – not only was it ages ago, but it was terribly uneventful. Can you honestly remember a single thing from that adventure? Because I sure can’t!”

Jungkook remembers one part of the mission when Seokjin had to go collect sea urchins. He wore a tight wetsuit that clung to his body like a second skin, and Jungkook had gawked at the inhumanly glorious sight right up until his mentor had disappeared into the water.

He of course keeps this memory to himself.

“I remember it was cold?” he provides stupidly.
“Yes, yes – very cold, indeed! And I had to go diving – that’s right. What an unpleasant experience that had been! You weren’t even required to go diving with me.”

Jungkook chuckles. “Yeah, I kind of just sat in the boat and waited in silence.”

Seokjin shakes his head in amusement. “So pointless.”

“Agreed.”

“Yes – so I chose this mission because what’s more exciting than dragons? I mean, I’m hoping we can catch some of them asleep when we steal their eggs. Still – you’ll definitely get to see them.”

Jungkook grins. “And it was worth the feud with my parents, was it, professor?”

Seokjin chides him softly. “Now, now, Jungkook. I haven’t been your professor for years! Master will do fine.”

He rolls his eyes. “Yes, master.”

His mentor nods. “Anyway. I knew your parents would come around eventually. I’m sure they’ll be miffed for some time – but once we return and they see you’re in one piece, they’ll come to forgive me.”

“You underestimate Jimin’s ability to hold grudges.” He chuckles.

“No, no – Jimin isn’t one to hold resentment. Well – aside from his prejudice against non-magical folk.”

“Because of what happened with his parents?”

Seokjin nods wistfully, gazing off into the distance. “Indeed.”
Jungkook knows the instant they’ve arrived the moment his feet come into contact with crumbling earth. His father had been right – the valley is nothing but desolate land between two volcanos. It looks as though nothing had grown here for centuries – if ever. Mountains have formed as a blockade of sorts, stopping any sort of larva spillage to come pouring down into the valley. In these towering mountains, hundreds upon hundreds of holes can be seen carved through the stone, some so small they are only big enough to house small lizards, and some so big they could be fit for a family of giants.

They don’t venture too deep into the valley before Seokjin suddenly stops them, pointing to a cave that looks more like a gaping chasm through the darkness of the young night. Light from the orb atop Seokjin’s staff is the only light source that guides them as they scale the thin trail hiking up the side of the mountain. Jungkook is silently fearful of his footing. Every step he takes feels like a risk of falling.

About an hour into hiking it starts to rain. Earlier on in the day Jungkook might’ve cried out with relief, but the rain couldn’t have come at a more inconvenient time. It starts to rain so heavily that Seokjin is forced to cast an enchantment shrouding them under an invisible barrier. Alas, the trail becomes slippery and unpredictable. Jungkook has no choice but to clutch the back of Seokjin’s robes to keep him grounded.

After what feels like hours later, they finally reach the mouth of the cave. Great breathing can be heard within, along with a rush of hot air that rhythmically rolls across his ankles before receding back into the darkness.

“It’s here,” Seokjin whispers. Jungkook’s fingers unconsciously coil tighter around the material of his mentor’s robes.

Seokjin uses his free hand to reach behind him and keep Jungkook close and protected. As foolish as he feels for having to be the protected one, he can’t deny how scared he feels at this very moment.

He’s guided further into the cave. It’s deeper than he had originally thought. The further they get from the entrance, the more nervous he becomes. The patter of the rain grows quieter at a distance, and nothing but the light from Seokjin’s staff aids their vision.

Suddenly, Seokjin stops. Jungkook clumsily falls into his mentor’s back with a quiet “oof!” He’s quick to find his footing and peer curiously over Seokjin’s board shoulder.
Scales shimmer beneath the light of the orb, massive and green. They appear to have encounters a back leg with a grand tail coiled around it, miniature little spikes lining the midsection.

“Conjure some light, Jungkook,” Seokjin orders. “We’re going to split up and look for an egg. You will take the right side and I will take the left. Be as quiet and discreet as possible, do you understand?”

Jungkook whispers a small “yes” in reply, lifting his right hand. Magic pulses through the metal of his charm bracelet and a glowing ball of light takes shape in the palm of his hand. It’s nothing as impressive as Seokjin’s staff, but it’ll serve its purpose well enough.

They separate. Seokjin goes around the left side to check whether or not an egg has been laid near its back legs. Jungkook follows the scales, in awe at how long the body of the dragon is. They’re read and studied about a lot in History and Creatures of the Mystic in high school, but no amount of words could prepare him for encountering one in the flesh. It’s far larger than he had imagined, and its heavy breathing sends a chill down his spine.

The breathing gets more intense the closer he dares to venture to the other end of the body. Its breath is hot – hotter than the air at midday, and he trembles to think of what a dragon could conjure with a rage-filled exhale.

He nearly stumbles when he accidently comes across the head of the dragon. He had been distracted by the front paw, and hadn’t seen that its great, long neck came round to rest its mighty head to the side of its body. He cautiously walks around it, the mass of its head three times larger than his own body. Its ears have coiled back against its head, its closed eyelids camouflaged with the hardened scales of its face. It reminds him of a serpent, only with its scales protruding more prominently than the average reptilian creature.

He holds his hand closer to the dragon to get a better look, when suddenly the giant eyelid slides open to reveal a gleaming yellow eye. He stands there, paralysed with fear, forgetting to even breathe as the monster lifts its head, leering straight at him.

Jungkook takes a few steps back, only to misstep and fall back on his bottom. “Seokjin!” he screams when he finds his voice.

The dragon shrieks, its nostrils flaring venomously. It lifts itself upon its tremendous legs, its tail slithering behind it as it faces the intruders to its domain.
“Jungkook!” he hears faintly, just before the dragon let’s loose an inferno from its mouth.

He rolls to the side and the fires lick at his robe, barely missing him. His heart accelerates dramatically. He barely has time to catch his breath before the dragon is upon him, the thump of its large paw sending tremors throughout the cave. He lifts up his right hand, pumping magic up his arm in an attempt to cast a shield. He isn’t fast enough though.

The dragon exhales fire from its great, big jaws. He knows he hasn’t been able to conjure a strong enough barrier to protect himself yet, so he goes for plan B and rolls out of the way. This time he isn’t quite so lucky though. Embers cinder through the thin material of his cloak and makes harsh contact with the left side of his back. He screams, overwhelmed by the sudden pain that singes his flesh.

He can hear the presence of the dragon drawing nearer, its frightening howls of anger causing his limbs to shake violently. The dragon is close now – so, so close. He tries pushing himself up from where he’s landed on his stomach, his burns hissing in protest. He lets out a small cry.

The familiar, haunting sound of fire reaches his ears. He knows the dragon is going to burn him to a crisp, so he covers his head with his hands and squeezes his eyes tightly shut. The blaze, however, never touches him.

He turns over on his good side with a painful wheeze, finding Seokjin’s figure standing in front of him protectively, a barrier projecting from his grand staff. His mentor is panting and clutching his side. It looks as though he hadn’t been able to conjure a shield fast enough to protect them both entirely. The dragon roars.

“S-Seokjin…” Jungkook coughs.

He crawls forward to clutch at Seokjin’s cloak. The older man turns around to regard him worriedly. He bends down and offers his arm for Jungkook to take.

“This shield won’t last much longer!” he yells over the top of the shrieking creature. “You need to take my arm and hold it tight!”

Jungkook notices that his fist is clenched, grains of powder drizzling out the tiny gaps. Vanishing powder, he thinks. Seokjin must’ve found the time to conjure it from his satchel while he had the dragon distracted. The monster falls back on its hind legs and crashes its paw against the shield, causing Seokjin to wince.
“Jungkook!”

He quickly winds his arms around Seokjin’s bicep, and his mentor doesn’t waste another second before releasing the powder. It hits the floor and they both go careening through a vortex. The tear in dimensions is only a passing second before they’ve landed themselves in another cave; much smaller and compact than the one they were previously in.

Jungkook lets out a small sob, trying desperately to keep himself together in front of Seokjin. His mentor falls to the side on his bottom, panting heavily. It must’ve taken a lot out of him to procure a shield strong enough to withstand the wrath of a fully-grown dragon. Seokjin never ceases to amaze Jungkook, even after being his apprentice for four years. It just goes to show how little his mentor has actually shown him. His powers are likely greater than any of the members of the Society.

Seokjin winces as he pulls off his cloak and shirt, revealing that he had in fact been singed by the dragon’s ravenous breath. It’s about the size of Jungkook’s hand, marring the side of Seokjin’s ribcage.

“You’re hurt,” Jungkook murmurs sadly.

Seokjin looks up at him, smiling tightly. “I think you got the worst of it. Here – let be take a look.”

He inches over to Jungkook’s body, carefully removing what’s left of his cloak to assess the damage. Seokjin sighs, tugging up Jungkook’s shirt to look at his backside.

“I’m going to have to use some antiseptic charms before I apply the healing jelly,” Seokjin tells him clinically. “You’ll have to do the same to me… You remember Soohyeon’s First Aid class, don’t you?”

Jungkook scoffs weakly. “Jimin only made me retake it three times.”

Seokjin nods. “Good. Now – it’s going to hurt. The spell aggravates the wound temporarily so you need to be brave, OK?”
“Just do it,” Jungkook grits out indignantly.

He waves the tip of his staff over Jungkook’s back, mumbling incantations under his breath. The orb glows a pale blue just before sparks of pain shoot through the wound and up Jungkook’s spine. He cries out, his fingers somehow finding the material of his discarded cloak to hold onto. It feels as though the spell is making his wound worse, but he trusts Seokjin. If anyone knows a spell for wounds, it’s him.

“Okay…” Seokjin exhales. “Once it sets in I’ll apply the jelly.”

“Do… do you want me to do yours now?” Jungkook forces out hoarsely.

“Hang on – I can barely see.”

Jungkook stays put as Seokjin goes about setting up a proper camping sight. He starts with a small fire first – magically conjured, since there aren’t any sticks or twigs nearby to build it manually. He pulls out rolled up mats from his satchel that had been shrunken for convenience. He waves his hands with a touch of magic sparking from his fingers, the mattresses popping to full-size and situated neatly by the fire. He tells Jungkook to go lay on his stomach on one of them while he goes and creates a barrier by the entrance.

“How – how did you know to come here?” Jungkook asks once Seokjin has returned, satisfied that they’ll be safe throughout the night.

“We aren’t too far from the dragon’s cave, actually,” Seokjin grunts as he lowers steadily onto the mattress next to Jungkook. “We passed this one on our way up there. I kept it in the back of my mind just in case something bad happened.”

“And the vanishing powder…?”

Seokjin winces. “Didn’t have time to honestly keep the jar handy. You were in trouble – so I quickly conjured it and took a handful out.”

“So the jar…”
His mentor nods gravely. “It’s still in the dragon’s cave. I think… I think we’ll be walking the whole way back instead of just halfway.”

Jungkook’s lips press tightly together. Without the vanishing powder it’ll set their journey back about another week, which means his parents are going to be worried sick. When his parents are worried, it’s never a good sign.

Seokjin flinches, and Jungkook is reminded that his mentor is injured. “Here,” he says softly, “let me cast the antiseptic charm before it gets infected.”

His mentor regards him before relaxing against his elbows, silently giving Jungkook permission to come closer. He experiences a pulse of confidence that dares him to swing his leg around Seokjin’s hips, sitting on the lower end of his abdomen. Seokjin blanches in surprise, but Jungkook is quick to start muttering incantations to stop him from interrupting.

He hovers his right hand over the wound, wispy, light-blue mist escaping from his palm. His charm bracelet glows brilliantly, just as it always does when Jungkook conjures a spell or charm. Seokjin must be feeling the antiseptic, because he coils slightly, the muscles of his stomach rippling uncomfortably. It occurs to Jungkook belatedly that this is the first time he’s actually seen Seokjin without a shirt on, broad, sexy shoulders and well defined muscles and all. It sparks arousal in his tummy and tears at his heartstrings. He’s only ever been this close to his mentor in his wildest of dreams.

Once his hand falls from the wound, Seokjin collapses onto his back. Sweat drips down the side of his face as he tiredly catches his breath.

“Thank you,” he mutters. “If – if you get my satchel I’ll apply the jelly to your wound now.”

The satchel in question is only a few feet away. He doesn’t have to move to coax the bag closer with a flick of his wrist. He wriggles down lower so Seokjin can sit up, somehow finding himself in his mentor’s lap. Seokjin doesn’t seem to notice though, too busy rummaging through the bottomless pit of his satchel to find what he’s look for.

He procures a small jaw of pink and purple gel. It looks as though it had been brewed by a bunch of whimsical fairies.

“Turn around,” Seokjin whispers against Jungkook’s ear.
Tiny pebbles dot the surface of his skin as he turns over in Seokjin’s lap, bending over slightly so his mentor can get a better look at his wound. Seokjin rolls up his shirt before applying it, and the cool, soothing medicine feels like heaven against his skin.

“There. It should be gone by morning,” Seokjin hums contently.

“Let me do you,” Jungkook insists, snatching the jar from Seokjin’s hands and urging him to lie back down.

“Jungkook – I can do it myself,” Seokjin tries weakly, but his young apprentice has already assumed his straddling position over his waist, smiling innocently.

He watches Jungkook apply it carefully to his wound, suddenly very aware of their compromising position.

When Jungkook is done applying the jelly, he screws the jar shut and tosses it over to where the satchel is, but doesn’t remove himself from Seokjin’s waist.

“Uh… Jungkook…?” his mentor gulps.

“Yes, professor…?”

Seokjin blinks, heat rising in his smooth cheeks. “Jungkook, I told you before not to call me that.”

Jungkook cocks his head to the side. “Call you what?”

He grits his teeth. “P-professor.”

“Oh?” the apprentice blinks. “How come? Does it make you angry?”

“N-no – it’s just inappropriate. I’m not your professor anymore.”
Jungkook pouts coyly, sliding his body a little further down. Seokjin chokes, painfully aware that his apprentice is now seated on top of his cock. “But you used to be my professor. I liked calling you that, you know? It just reminds me of simpler times…”

Then Jungkook rolls his hips subtly, and Seokjin knows the younger isn’t playing innocent anymore. He quickly shoots out his hands, gripping the boy’s wrists with a stern expression.

“Jungkook,” he speaks in a warning tone. “Stop it.”

A wicked look passes across the apprentice’s expression before he starts rubbing his buttocks against his mentor’s clothed cock. “I really liked it when you used to tutor me after school… You’d wear nice blazers and cologne and you used to put your arm around me and tell me you were proud.”

“Jungkook…”

“And at my graduation you gave me flowers and you charmed them so they lived longer…” Jungkook grinds his hips with a lecherous shudder, his eyes fluttering closed. “I used to wear shorts that were too small for me in the summer and thin, white shirts during the winter hoping I could tempt you…”

“Jungkook what’s… what’s wrong with you? Why are you…?” Seokjin’s breath hitches. “What’s prompting this?”

Jungkook eyes snap open, gazing down at Seokjin with his plush lips slightly parted. “I could’ve died today… Professor, I’ve been in love with you ever since I was young and I could’ve died without you ever knowing the truth…”

“No…” Seokjin shakes his head. “Jungkook – don’t be like this. You’re too young for me… I knew you as a child I – I taught you as a student… If your parents ever found out –”

“Don’t,” Jungkook snaps, his eyes turning to slits. “Stop it – you always baby me and I’m fed up with it. I’m a big boy, professor. I can take care of you,” he whispers wantonly.

“This is wrong, Jungkook. I can’t – I shouldn’t…” He gasps, his grip on the boy’s wrists
tightening.

Jungkook smirks. “You’re hardening, professor. Is it possible that you found me attractive too?”

“You don’t know what you’re doing,” Seokjin growls, glaring straight up at his apprentice. “Please… you’re too young for me…”

“Did you ever want to fuck me, Seokjin?” They stare at each other. “Was there ever a part of you that wanted me just as badly as I wanted you?”

“I can’t afford to think like that, Jungkook,” he murmurs huskily. “You’re my friends’ beloved son. I was practically a godfather to you.”

The younger slowly tugs his wrists loose before seizing Seokjin’s hands, placing them on his chest. “My nipples are hard, professor. Do you want to see them…? Do you want to feel them?”

“Jung…kook…” The younger starts rubbing Seokjin’s hands against his chest, against his playful nipples, and he finds that he’s lost for words.

“My parents don’t have to know,” the boy whispers.

There’s something so delicate about Jungkook’s voice that tips Seokjin over the edge. He props himself up on his elbows, snaking a hand behind Jungkook’s head to bring the younger down. Their lips collide. Jungkook is only stunned for the briefest second before he’s reciprocating eagerly, his hands getting tangled in Seokjin’s chestnut hair. The kiss turns wet and filthy rather quickly, and Seokjin can instantly tell Jungkook is inexperienced.

However, as inexperienced as Seokjin thinks Jungkook is, that doesn’t stop the younger from slowly moving his hips atop his gradually hardening package. He nips harshly at Jungkook’s bottom lip, coaxing a small whimper from the boy’s plump lips.

“How long… how long have you felt this way about me…?” Seokjin pants, their mouths barely inches apart.

Jungkook gazes at his mentor, his eyes half-lidded. “Since I was twenty-eight.”
Seokjin groans. Jungkook hadn’t even started high school by that stage. “You were barely a teen.”

The apprentice blushes. “It’s not my fault you’re so handsome. You wouldn’t stop fussing over me and… caring for me… If you were at least a jerk I could’ve gotten over my stupid crush and settled for someone my age but…” His finger trails downwards, dipping at Seokjin’s collarbone. “You’re kind and intelligent and you treat me like I’m special… Even back then, in high school – the kids always used to complain that you favoured me.”

Seokjin’s hands squeeze the boy’s narrow hips, but he’s careful to avoid contact with his wound. “I did favour you,” he admits sheepishly.

“Did you ever…?” Jungkook hesitates. “Have you ever…?”

His mentor suddenly looks guilty. “I have.”

“So I wasn’t totally delusional?”

Seokjin shakes his head. “No… I can’t say I looked at you that way at twenty-eight. You were just a child then… I – I’m ashamed to admit it but, I have look at you differently since you were about thirty-four.”

“Is that why when I call you professor-”

“Don’t.”

Jungkook grin. “You like it!”

Seokjin blushed. “It’s – it’s inappropriate! I shouldn’t have looked at you that way, not as your teacher – of all things!”

Jungkook leans over, nuzzling his face into the side of Seokjin’s neck. “Did you ever want to bend me over your desk, professor?”
The older man growls. One of his hands slips down to grope Jungkook’s supple buttock. “When you got an F on your pop quiz that one time, I certainly considered it.”

“I remember that.” Jungkook giggles. “You made me stay behind to rewrite the answers and memorise them.”

“It went an hour into my lunch break, you little brat.”

Jungkook straightens, gazing down at his mentor with a sly smirk. He allows Seokjin’s hands to explore his clothed frame, the man’s fingers coming up to fondle Jungkook’s nipples through the material of his shirt.

“Your slutty school clothes didn’t help either. The principle was so focused on fixing the skirt-length epidemic that he never once considered how naughty boys like you were dressing.” He pinches one of Jungkook’s nipples, eliciting a small gasp. “Your shirt was so thin you might as well have strutted about the school topless. It was all to get my attention, wasn’t it, Jungkookie? Were you hoping I’d fuck you in my office during lunch breaks, or were you trying to make me jealous?”

“P-professor,” Jungkook whimpers.

He twists the nipples between his fingers, fixated by the look of pure bliss passing over Jungkook’s pretty features. “Did you let other teachers touch you? Were they holding you back after class to fondle your pathetic little schoolboy cock while you imagined my hands on you?”

Jungkook shakes his head vigorously. “No never! I saved myself for you.”

“Did you touch yourself at night then?” Seokjin asks darkly. “Did you think of me while your parents were just down the hallway, oblivious to their son fantasising about a man twenty-six years older than him?”

“Y-yes! They never suspected – ahh!”

“You’re a naughty boy, Jungkook. A very naughty boy.” Seokjin chuckles. “I bet you finger yourself when you’re alone, don’t you? You think about my fingers inside you – my cock inside
“Yes… yes oh god – please… please…” The boy looks close to tears.

“Do you want to know what it feels like?” Seokjin whispers, swiping a thumb across Jungkook’s glistening bottom lip. “Do you want to know what my fingers and cock feel like inside of you?”

Jungkook nods tearily. Seokjin instructs him to lift his arms up. Jungkook complies, watching as the man carefully sits up to remove the boy’s shirt. Once it’s gone, he places his hand between Jungkook’s shoulder blades, urging him to arch his back. He lowers his head, lapping his tongue over one of his apprentice’s swollen nipples.

His lips part to whimper, but Seokjin uses the opportunity to shove his fingers passed his teeth. He moans around the man’s fingers, clutching his wrist so that he can suck and lick them properly. He can feel Seokjin’s mouth on his nipple, teeth digging unapologetically into the areola. It sends excited shivers down his spine.

He does his very best to coat Seokjin’s fingers with saliva. His mentor isn’t in any hurry, taking his sweet time with Jungkook’s chest, as though he were paying them some long overdue attention. He flushes at the thought of Seokjin wanting him this way – of thinking about him in this way. He had thought their relationship was one-sided, but perhaps he had been so wrapped up in his infatuation with Seokjin that he hadn’t noticed the man looking straight back at him, undressing him with his eyes.

Seokjin removes his fingers, bringing them around. He feels the wet fingertips brush the small of his back before slipping into his pants and underwear. He shivers, wrapping his arms around Seokjin’s neck and clutching his rich, brown hair. The man releases his teat, tugging at it roughly before allow it to slip passed his teeth. He flinches, but can’t deny the arousal growing in his pants.

His mentor stares at the abused nipple intensely, so intensely that Jungkook wants to shy away. It’s wet and blotchy around the areola, and its usually pinkish hue has turned dark and soft.

He feels a finger brush the rim of his entrance and he bites down on his bottom lip. Seokjin’s hooded gaze becomes gentle when he looks upon Jungkook’s face.

“We can stop this now,” he murmurs tenderly. “We can pretend this never happened.”
Jungkook shakes his head. “No. I want you. Stop treating me like I’m made out of glass.”

Seokjin shrugs. “Suit yourself.”

He presses in the first finger. As tough as Jungkook is trying to portray himself, Seokjin goes slow. He doesn’t want to hurt his apprentice, even if he can be a bit of a brat. He also has to remind himself that Jungkook is a virgin. He sinks the finger in slowly, stopping about halfway to gorge Jungkook’s reaction. As expected, the boy is generally relaxed, which is a good sign. It encourages him to add another digit.

Jungkook gets a little uncomfortable when Seokjin adds the third finger. He starts to shake, resting his forehead on Seokjin’s shoulder.

“Are you OK?” his mentor asks cautiously.

“Yes – yes, keep going,” Jungkook bites out.

“Stop trying to be a tough guy,” the older chides.

Against Jungkook’s wishes, he moves his fingers slowly inside of him; never pushing them further passed the middle joints. Seokjin encourages the younger to relax with small, soothing words. His gentle voice eventually wills the other to slump and relax, his walls and rim finally easing against his fingers.

“That’s a good boy,” he murmurs sweetly.

Eventually, he’s able to push his fingers to the knuckles. Jungkook makes small noises of pleasure. He doesn’t seem to be the vocal type, but then again, Seokjin never pegged him as a loud lover. He likes how quiet Jungkook is. It makes the moment feel more intimate and slow; a filthy little secret that only they know about.

He curls the tips of his fingers and twists sharply, coming into the contact with something that has Jungkook trembling hysterically.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Seokjin chuckles as he teasingly rubs his fingers over Jungkook’s prostate again.

“Please… I don’t… No…” Jungkook whines. “Ngggh!”

He keeps his fingers on Jungkook’s sweet spot for just a tad longer, adoring the way his lover is reduced to nothing but a wanton mess. Jungkook is chaste though. He knows the boy won’t last much longer if he keeps teasing him this way. So he slips his fingers out. Jungkook whines in disappointment.

“Turn around.” It’s a demand, not a suggestion.

Jungkook turns around in Seokjin’s lap, leaning over on his forearms facing the warmth of the fire. His mentor is eager, yanking Jungkook’s pants and underwear down to his knees, but taking them no further. He groans, his ass on display to the man he’s been crushing on since he was a young teen. It’s almost too good to be true.

He listens in anticipation to the sound of Seokjin fiddling with his belt buckle. The man only shoves his clothes down mid-thigh before he’s grasping his rock-hard cock. He spits into his hand and pumps his arousal a few times, mixed the saliva with precum to make a half-decent lubricant.

“Tell me to stop at anytime,” Seokjin reminds.

“How about you just do it already!” Jungkook cries. The anticipation is practically eating him alive.

Seokjin isn’t goaded by Jungkook’s impatience, as usual. He assumes a hand at Jungkook’s hip while the other guides the head of his dick to the apprentice’s entrance. The rim gapes around thin air, and Seokjin pauses to admire how cute it is. He smears precum around the hole, making it shiny and wet. Jungkook digs his nails into the foam of the mattress and closes his eyes, waiting for Seokjin to enter him.

The man goes in slow. He pauses when his head has disappeared passed the rim, and pauses again when he’s halfway inside. He’s breathing heavily, but not nearly as heavily as Jungkook. Sweat has broken out on the boy’s back, coating his skin in a light sheen that glistens under the light of
the fire. Jungkook is struggling – he can tell, but he says nothing and patiently waits for his younger lover to recover.

When the boy’s breathing has evened, Seokjin pulls out and gently rocks back in. Jungkook’s insides twitch, threatening to constrict, but the younger remembers to breathe and remain relaxed.

He wraps his arms around Jungkook’s middle and pulls him so that he’s resting against him, his head on his shoulder. He wipes away the sweat from his forehead and kisses his jaw.

“God you’re tight.” He exhales sharply.

“You’re s-so big.” Jungkook gasps. “You aren’t even fully i-inside.”

“We’re almost there,” Seokjin assures. “Just remember to breathe.”

Jungkook nods tiredly, allowing Seokjin to handle him carefully. He starts moving his hips slowly, inching a little further inside with each short thrust. It isn’t long before he’s finally seated inside Jungkook, but he has to pause to catch his breath.

“I feel so full,” the younger whimpers.

“I know, sweetheart. It’ll start to feel good soon, I promise.”

He keeps one hand pressed against Jungkook’s sternum while the other is on the boy’s stomach, keeping him steady as he deliberately gyrates his hips. It takes a moment for Jungkook to get used to the feeling, but pretty soon he’s moaning against Seokjin’s neck, begging him for more.

“It feels so amazing,” his apprentice sobs. “It’s better than I ever imagined.”

Seokjin smirks. “So good to know I live up to expectations.”

He finds a rhythm and starts angling his hips to bury deep inside Jungkook. The younger feels the head of his mentor’s cock brush up against his prostate and he cries. He attempts to move his hips
to try and get Seokjin to do it again, but the older catches on quickly and decides to tease him. He rolls just out of reach of Jungkook’s prostate. It’s close enough to illicit pleasure but at the same time, leaving the younger grossly dissatisfied.

“S-Seokjin…” he begs.

“What? No more professor?” his mentor mocks.

“Professor,” he says breathily. “Please fuck me th-there… please… I’m so close…”

The older man hums contemplatively. “Well, since you asked nicely…”

He proceeds to fuck Jungkook roughly, thrusting up into the boy’s tight warmth with every carefully angled movement. He starts to abuse his apprentice’s prostate for all that he’s worth, and Jungkook starts to whimper incoherent nonsense that echoes off the cave walls. The gentle flames of the fire dance off Jungkook’s body and make him look oh so pretty. It’s rather romantic – given the circumstances – that they found themselves in such a situation.

Jungkook comes undone when Seokjin isn’t even halfway finished with his job, spilling untouched over his chest and stomach. The boy makes an embarrassed whine and Seokjin chuckles in amusement. It was inevitable, given Jungkook’s inexperience.

He holds Jungkook through the tremors of his orgasm, whispering praise affectionately into his ear. He can tell the boy is exhausted once he’s climbed down from his high, so he gingerly lowers him back onto his stomach and slips out of him. Jungkook protests and insists he should finish inside of him, but Seokjin quickly hushes the boy. He pumps himself to completion a few minutes later, pleasuring himself to the sight of Jungkook’s naked body. He coats Jungkook’s thighs with his white, hot cum. Although it probably would’ve been more gratifying to come inside Jungkook’s tight sex, he takes a moment to admire how gorgeous Jungkook looks with his thighs covered in his cum.

Seokjin ends up removing Jungkook’s underwear and pants. The kid is probably so uncomfortable that he won’t want to wear clothes of any kind anyway. They rest side by side in all their naked glory, Seokjin encouraging Jungkook to rest on his good side facing him. He pulls a blanket over them both, draping an arm over Jungkook’s limp form.

“Your fathers are going to kill me,” he chuckles, only half joking.
“Not unless you tell them,” the younger mumbles, his eyes already sliding shut. “They can’t know about us… If they find out, they’ll never let us be together.”

Seokjin pauses. “You should sleep, Jungkook. You’ve been through a lot tonight.”

“Only… if you promise… not to tell my dads…” he answers tiredly.

“I’ll keep our secret safe,” Seokjin replies honestly, leaning over to place a kiss the middle of Jungkook forehead. “Now sleep.”

“G’night, Seokjin… I love you…”

Seokjin smiles tenderly. “I love you too, sweetheart.”
Title: Price

Pairing: SugaKookie

Warnings: rimming, Yoongi's got a long purple tongue, a ribbed dick and aphrodesiacal precum (I'm not sorry), plus references of murder and noncon (nothing in detail). Also Hoseok and Jimin are antagonists here... if that makes you angry, then you're gonna be really pissed when I tell you Tae will be the next fic's antagonist *runs away*

Summary: ‘In the history of existence, Yoongi may very well be the only Shinigami to have ever known the beauty of companionship.’

Word Count: 20.4k

The crushing blackness of an unknown force steals the very breath from his lungs. He can’t see, he can’t breathe, and he can’t feel anything but the weight of incomprehensible pressure against his body. He doesn’t know where it’s coming from and he doesn’t know how to dispel it. It’s hurting… it’s hurting so much that the need to cry—the need to scream is more prominent than ever. But it’s like his body won’t comply. He can’t even bring animation to the muscles in his face let alone open his mouth. Besides, there is no sound. Even if he could somehow conjure the strength to tear whimpers from his throat it wouldn’t have volume. It’s just a tiny ringing in his ears, reminding him of nothingness. Pure, simple nothingness.
Then slowly, feeling trickles back to him. It’s so gradual and subtle that, had he not been paying attention, he wouldn’t have noticed at all. But it’s like the blood in his veins is starting to move once again, the rigidity of his tired limbs somehow finding the will to have life. He can breathe and he can hear.

His eyelids struggle to open, the flutter of his lashes tickling his cheeks. He finally blinks them open, only to be met with obscure blurriness. A groan rumbles from his throat—he can speak! He blinks a couple more times until his vision clears, met with the light of a single lamp hanging overhead. He tilts his head slightly, noticing how the light spotlights his presence in the darkness of an unknown location. It’s dark all around him—shadows that bring forth an unexplainable chill.

Then it steps out of the darkness.

Large, ebony wings sweep above the figure of what he thinks might be a man. He has a slim build, with ashen grey hair falling effortlessly over the sharp slits of his murky eyes. His flesh is so pale it’s practically transparent, unashamed to hide the blue, spidery veins that pan out beneath its delicate surface. The mysterious figure adorns a long, billowy cloak to match the shade of his wings, and beneath it, ripped jeans and a jacket held together by buckles winding like serpents around his torso. His boots have metal plates for heels, glinting alongside the assortment of necklace chains hanging from his slender neck.

He’s intrigued and maybe a little terrified, unconsciously falling back on his hands. His palm meets something wet. He goes stiff, afraid to look down but unable to stop himself.

*Red.*

He screams, snatching back his hand only to gaze in horror at the blood staining his palm. It’s only then he notices the body lying not far from, still, face down, bare and unrecognisable. He crawls away until his back hits the hard surface of a wooden create. His eyes remain on the body. He can’t look away.

That is, until the figure moves again.

“N—no! Stay away!” he wails, holding his hands up to shield his face. The man doesn’t listen. He continues forward until he’s standing in the shadows with him, barely a foot away. “Don’t hurt me! Please!”
Despite his efforts he’s frozen in place, unable to move any further. The figure squats down in front of him and he coils into himself, too afraid to look into those sinister eyes. He doesn’t expect hands to cup his face so lovingly. He flinches but he can’t move. The man’s palms are cold—but not uncomfortably so. They’re smooth and unblemished, much like his ghostly countenance.

“Look at me.” He refuses, shaking his head. The stranger remains calm. “Please… I promise no harm will come to you.” There’s something about the creature’s voice. It’s rough and quiet, yielding more power than he could’ve ever imagined.

He finally looks into its eyes.

They’re soft and understanding, far too sentimental for someone he does not know.

“Who…”

The creature doesn’t smile, perse, but his lips quirk slightly. “My name is Yoongi,” he introduces gently. “I’m here to protect you.”

“What—what are you?” He doesn’t mean to sound so rude, but it’s a little hard to ignore the giant, arching wings that dwarf the man’s lithe form.

Yoongi seems amused by his curiosity. “We have many names. Officially, though, we are known as reapers.”

The tiny hairs on his arms stand on end at the word. He looks at Yoongi, and then he looks at the body, and then looks back at Yoongi again.

The reaper catches on quickly. He glances at the body over his shoulder, his lips thinning in a grim line. “Before you ask, I didn’t do that.”

“Then who—?”

The reaper frowns, looking back at him suspiciously. “Do you recognise this body…?”
He doesn’t quite understand the reason behind this question. He dares to look at the body one more time, his stomach giving a disgusted lurch, and then promptly looks away. “No. I don’t know who that is.”

He thinks he hears Yoongi mutter “interesting” under his breath, but it’s murmured so softly it’s almost incoherent. “Hey—” Yoongi grasps his chin, willing him to look back at the reaper. “I’m going to ask you something very important, and I want you to answer it honestly, is that clear?”

He hardly sees how he owes anything to this complete stranger, but something in him urges him to comply. He nods softly. Yoongi runs a tongue over his bottom lip, suddenly looking uncertain. “What is your name?”

He pauses, stunned at the simplistic question. He racks his brain for an answer, the beating of his own heart getting louder and louder in ears when he realises he has no answer to deliver. He starts breathing heavily—hysterically, on the brink of a panic attack.

“Hey kid—” Yoongi shakes him firmly by the shoulders “—calm down. What’s wrong? Did you understand what I just asked you?”

His cheeks are wet with tears and he shakes his head vigorously. “I don’t know—I don’t know!” he screams.

Yoongi looks at him as though he’s gone mad.

“I don’t know who I am!”

There’s a split second where Yoongi’s eyes dilate, coming to some sort of revelation that he’s too confused to understand. The reaper cups his face again, this time to wipe away his tears and hush his distraught cries of hysteria. “It’s okay… it’s okay… You might not remember who you are, but I know who you are.”

He quietens, gulping down the urge to sob. He looks Yoongi in the eyes and sees nothing but sincerity. He isn’t just saying it to make him feel better. The reaper genuinely knows who he is.

“Who am I?”
Yoongi contemplates his next answer, choosing his words carefully. “Your name is Jeon Jungkook. You’re half human, half angel, and you died two hours and forty-two minutes ago.”

He gasps, eyes falling back on the body. “Then that’s—!”

“Yes,” Yoongi replies heavily. “That is you.”

“I’m—I’m dead?”

“That is correct.”

Jungkook looks around, suddenly on edge. “Then how am I—where am I—how are you…?” He doesn’t know which question he wants to ask first. His mind is suddenly pounding with queries, thirsty for answers to quell the anxiety building up inside him.

“I can explain everything,” Yoongi says evenly. “But you’re going to have to trust me.”

The man’s expression is so severe and so raw. He knows virtually nothing about this man—this reaper—and already he’s being asked to trust him. How can he be expected to follow this creature so blindly? Particularly under such disorienting circumstances? He considers the thought of saying no. What would become of him then? Would he just be left here to stare upon his own dead body? He knows nothing about himself, and Yoongi shows promise on reintroducing his identity, but only at the cost of trusting him. It’s a loaded request and his future hangs in the balance, but if he declines, there’s a likelihood that there won’t be a future to boast about.

He slowly nods his head. “Okay,” he rasps quietly. “I’ll trust you.”

If Yoongi is pleased, he doesn’t let it show on his face. “Good. Now close your eyes.”

He considers the other for a moment before doing as he’s told. With his vision gone, he feels incredibly vulnerable. Then Yoongi moves faster then he anticipates, pushing his body between Jungkook’s legs to wind his arm around his torso. The other is around his neck, a hand at the back of his head, urging his face into the crook of his neck. He remains pliant through it all, uncomfortable with the intimacy but willing to trust Yoongi on this.
He hears the flap of Yoongi’s large wings right before they’re both engulfed, swallowed up by the darkness. There’s a split second of nothingness again—too hauntingly familiar, but this time it’s only brief. He can once again breathe properly. He practically gasps for air when Yoongi pulls away, keeping his eyes closed as promised.

“You can open them now,” Yoongi commands.

Jungkook snaps them open, only to find their surroundings completely different. It’s as though he’s been taken to the sandy plains of a desolate moon. The greyish earth beneath his hands and feet is cool and soothing, and the violet mountains that can be seen in the distance stand above the sky of smog swirling high in the atmosphere. It’s sombre and quiet, yet somehow peacefully therapeutic, like some sort of otherworldly dimensional paradise.

“Where are we?” he asks breathlessly, amazed at the change of scenery. He mustn’t have seen anything quite like this before, or else he wouldn’t be feeling so bewildered, right?

Yoongi stands, stretching his back as though he just underwent strenuous pressure. “This is the Between.”

Jungkook blinks, cocking his head to the side. “The ‘Between’?”

The reaper nods, looking out onto the sandy plains that seem to stretch on forever and ever. “It’s a dimension that runs parallel to the human world. It’s where reapers are born and reside for eternity.”

“So this is where you live…?”

“In a sense, yes.”

Jungkook frowns, looking down at his lap, only to shriek. Yoongi starts, reaching behind him for something out of instinct, only to pause when he doesn’t see any immediate danger nearby. Jungkook pulls his knees close to chest, hugging them tightly.

“What is it?” Yoongi snaps tersely, trying to hide the fact that he’s startled.
“I’m naked!” Jungkook snaps back, hiding his burning face in his knees.

Yoongi regards him incredulously. “That’s why you screamed? Are you fucking serious?”

“Shut up and get me clothes!” he screeches in panic.

“I—” the reaper falls short, his expression shifting. To Jungkook, it’s unreadable.

“What? What is it?” he asks apprehensively.

Yoongi doesn’t answer. Instead he walks around him, assessing something on Jungkook’s back that distresses him greatly.

“For fuck’s sake Yoongi—answer me!”

“Shh.”

Yoongi kneels down and examines whatever has seized his attention, and Jungkook has no choice but to wait in anticipation. Then Yoongi touches his back—well, something on his back, and Jungkook flinches, jerking his body away from Yoongi and twisting around at the same time to try and see what it is. He reaches behind him to where his shoulder blades should be, only to feel the softness of feathers beneath his fingertips.

He shrieks.

“Oh my god!”

“Jungkook calm the fuck down!”

“But I have—”
“I know.”

“On my back!”

“I know.”

“Were they there before? Before I died? I didn’t see them on the body!” Jungkook panics.

Yoongi sighs, shaking his head. “No, you didn’t have them before.”

“But you said I’m half angel!”

“You are half angel.”

“So what—I just magically grew them when I died? That doesn’t make any fucking sense!”

“Just—calm down and let me have a proper look at them, will you?” Jungkook crosses his arms over his chest with a huff, letting Yoongi start feeling around his back.

“What do they look like?” he asks impatiently.

“Small,” Yoongi says first, “they look more like cupid wings than actual angel wings.”

Jungkook’s face heats up with embarrassment. He glares over his shoulder at Yoongi—who’s rudely ignoring him. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means you can’t fly,” Yoongi provides flatly, kneading his thumbs against the protruding ridges where the wings connect to Jungkook’s spine. “They seem legitimate. They look as though they’re apart of your skeletal structure.”

“Great,” Jungkook mumbles. “Not only can I not remember who I am, but I’m now stuck with
cupid wings that don’t work. Good job universe—” he claps sarcastically “—you fucked up.”

Yoongi tries to stifle a snicker into the palm of his hand. Jungkook hears it, but he pretends he doesn’t.

“Doesn’t this mean I can’t wear clothes?” he sounds just as mournful as he feels.

Yoongi shakes his head. “You can wear clothes. You’ll just have to cut holes in the back of them so your wings can fit through.”

Jungkook snorts. “Did you do that to all your clothes?”

The reaper shrugs. “Just the ones I’m wearing.”

He regards the other thoughtfully for a moment. It wouldn’t make sense for Yoongi to have an entire wardrobe full of clothes, would it? It’s not like his clothes would get dirty or that he sweats or collects bacteria like a human would. He begins to wonder if Yoongi has any sort of traits relating to a human’s—he has certain physical attributes that are human-like, but what about basic human functions like sleeping or eating?

“What are you thinking?” Yoongi asks.

Jungkook blinks, shaking his head. “Just—things, I don’t know anything about reapers so you might have to explain things to me.”

Yoongi cocks an eyebrow in mild amusement. “There are many things you don’t know, it would seem. Our time is limitless. We do not have to discuss everything here.” He eyes Jungkook’s bare shoulders before adding; “You’re also displeased with your current state of undress, so I suppose it would be appropriate to leave for my domain.”

His cheeks burn and he wraps his arms around himself, avoiding Yoongi’s penetrating gaze. “Yeah—right. I forgot for a second. Where—how do we get there?”

Yoongi looks to the mountains, as though it provides him with some sort of bearing. “We’ll have to walk for a bit. Are you up for it?”
Jungkook presses his lips together, still very scandalised by his own nudity. Yoongi, realising that Jungkook won’t budge unless he is somewhat decent, sheds his cloak from his shoulders and offers it to the boy. He looks up at the reaper gratefully, taking the cloak and slipping it over his shoulders. When he’s covered, Yoongi helps him to his feet and gently slots his wings through the holes in the back of the apparel.

“Thank you,” Jungkook mumbles, suddenly shy again.

Yoongi nods before gesturing him to follow. “Let’s go.”

They walk for some time in relative silence. Jungkook keeps his distance a few feet behind Yoongi as his bare feet make imprints in the sand. He would playfully try to step in the prints of Yoongi’s large boots and marvel at how much bigger Yoongi’s feet are to his own. For someone a head shorter than him, the reaper has surprisingly wide feet. He makes sure Yoongi isn’t watching though—he can’t have the reaper seeing such a childish streak so early on in their… whatever they are.

“You claim to know me—the old me,” Jungkook brings up after a little while. His small voice is a lot more prominent when spoken through the silence of this realm. “How…?”

At first, Yoongi doesn’t answer. Jungkook would’ve questioned whether or not the reaper heard him if not for how quiet it is. “It’s complicated,” is the reaper’s final reply. Perhaps it is a question for another time.

Jungkook changes the subject. “What do reapers do, exactly?”

“We maintain the balance of the realms.”

“The realms…?”

A gentle breeze sweeps down a nearby dune and has Yoongi’s fringe sway delicately against his forehead. “There are four of them—if you include the human world. One of them is Above, where the angels reside. Another is Below, inhabited by the demons. Lastly is here, where the reapers exist.”
“How does a reaper maintain balance…?”

Yoongi hums. “You ask a lot questions,” he says without looking back at him.

Jungkook glares. “Well since you know me so well, you probably already saw it coming.”

“I did. I just felt the need to remind you.” There’s a slight touch of humour in his voice that Jungkook doesn’t at all appreciate.

He sighs impatiently. “Are you going to answer my question or not?”

“What was the question again?” Yoongi asks flippantly.

The tendon in Jungkook’s jaw twitches. “How does a reaper—?”

“Ah right—maintain balance. Well, once people die they re-materialise as souls. It’s a reaper’s job to either send them Above or Below.”

“How do you know where to send a soul?”

“Sin counters.” Yoongi brushes the sand from his jacket with mild disgust, only half invested in the conversation.

Jungkook instantly gets frustrated. “You say it like I’m supposed to know what that is!”

Yoongi shrugs. “Yeah, well, with your memory fucked I’m not sure what you know and what you don’t know.”

“Isn’t it normal for a soul to have their memory wiped after re-materialising?” Jungkook huffs.

Yoongi stops. Jungkook almost bumps into the back of him. The reaper peers over his shoulder at
him, his expression serious. “No, it’s not normal.”

Jungkook blinks in disbelief. “Then why?”

“I’m not sure,” Yoongi sighs before starting to walk again. “Souls still remember their past lives so they can understand why they are being sent Above or Below. A sin counter shows on a soul’s forehead when they re-materialised, letting us know how many misdeeds the soul has committed in their past life. Reapers have the ability to read through a soul’s memories and understand the intent behind each and every sin committed. If a reaper determines the soul evil, then they are sent Below. If not, they are sent Above.”

“Is that how you know me then? You can read my memories?” Jungkook asks hopefully.

“No. Like I said—it’s complicated.”

Jungkook face scrunches. It feels as though he’s hitting a wall at every corner of this conversation. “Then—what about souls that aren’t good or evil? Do they stay here? Is that why you haven’t sent me anywhere yet?”

“Souls cannot occupy the Between.”

“Then—”

“Jungkook.” Yoongi uses a sharp and severe tone that has him biting down on his tongue. “That’s enough questions for now. All you need to know is that you should trust me, and no one else. Is that clear?”

He doesn’t answer, but silence seems to be good enough for Yoongi anyway. They don’t talk the rest of the trek. Jungkook is too scared to ask any more questions in case Yoongi snaps at him, and the reaper is too deep in his own thoughts to pay attention to anything else.

Eventually, Jungkook spots a gigantic tower in the vast distance, blending into the background smog as nothing but a looming shadow. It appears to wind up into the sky—higher than the smog anyway, much like the grand height of the distant mountains.
“Is that your domain?” Jungkook asks sceptically.

Yoongi nods. “Along with about a dozen other reapers assigned to this region.”

“You all live together? In that huge tower?”

“Not exactly. The tower has sections belonging to different reapers—burrows, if you will. We rarely interact, and it is quite uncommon for any of us to be here at the same time.”

As they draw closer and closer, the tower only seems to expand in size. Its structure becomes clearer to the naked eye. It’s made of wood, with a wave-like illusion presented by the billowing, tiled roofs that extend after each level. The top cannot be seen it stretches so high, but on the surface of its octagonal exterior there are arching, door-sized gaps that can be seen peeking from the curved roofs. Jungkook gasps; hardly believing that such a sturdy, breathtaking piece of architecture somehow rises from the sands of possibly the most desolate place in existence. If only he had a camera.

“Holy shit.”

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” Yoongi comments fondly. “This tower is as old as time—all of the towers of this realm are, really.”

“How many of these are there?” Jungkook asks in awe.

The reaper shrugs. “Wouldn’t know. The towers manifest in regions parallel to where large populations emerge. The reapers of this particular tower exist to manage the dead of the Korean peninsula.”

“And I’m from there? The Korean peninsula?” Yoongi glances at him.

“A part of it, yes.”

They stop about a hundred metres from the tower. Jungkook cranes his neck to simply gape at how huge it is. “Please tell me you live on the first floor.”
Yoongi chuckles. “Afraid not. There aren’t any stairs for us to take either.”

“Then how do we…?” He turns, only to find that Yoongi is offering his hand to him. He stares at the hand, then levels his gaze to meet the reaper’s expectant one. “You’re joking, right?”

“I assure you, there isn’t any other way to reach my domain.”

Jungkook’s eyebrow twitches in irritation. He places his hand in Yoongi’s nevertheless, allowing the reaper to pull him in close. His silly blush creeps back onto his skin as Yoongi secures his arms around him. He reluctantly snakes his arms around the reaper’s neck, hiding his face in the material of Yoongi’s cloak so the other can’t catch his obvious embarrassment.

Yoongi’s gloriously giant wings create a strong gust as they begin to flap. The reaper’s grip tightens just as they’re lifted off the ground. Jungkook doesn’t have the mind to stop himself from squealing, clinging to Yoongi like a lifeline as they begin to fly. He doesn’t dare to look down to assess their distance from the ground, nor does he look up to see whether they’ve reached the smog-like surface blanketing the sky. He concentrates on Yoongi’s arms. As thin as they seem they’re stronger than he initially thought, keeping him safe and protected.

The second his feet touch wood he let’s out a breath he didn’t know he was holding. Yoongi actually laughs.

“What’s so funny?” Jungkook grumbles in an unamused tone.

“When we were in the air, your wings started to flap—like you were subconsciously trying to fly.”

“Oh ha—ha. Very funny.”

Yoongi shrugs, his gummy smile still in place. Jungkook finds it infuriating. “I thought it was cute.” Jungkook shoots him a withering glare, but the reaper seems impervious.

“How far up are we anyway?” He eyes the railings with chipped red paint. They’re a little above the blanket of smog, it looks like it.
“Near the top.”

“Are we going to have to do that every time we leave and come back?” Jungkook almost doesn’t want to hear the answer.

“Well—unless your chicken wings miraculously grow big enough to carry your weight…”

He throws his hands up in defeat. “Never mind then.”

Yoongi guides him through a gap where a door should be, into a long and dark hallway leading to the core of a grand and somewhat ancient-looking domain. It looks like a combination of both a chamber and an anti-chamber, with luxurious couches sectioned in one area, and a large, king-sized futon aligned with a wall on the other side of the room. Ornaments are positioned here and there, some of which seem to have been taken from different periods of time.

“Everything you see has been taken from the material world,” Yoongi tells him.

“Does a reaper even need any of this stuff?” He couldn’t even fathom the idea of Yoongi trying to sleep without his wings getting in the way.

“Not really,” Yoongi shrugs. “But I’d rather not return to an empty domain. It’s less entertaining.”

Entertaining… Jungkook doesn’t know what to think of Yoongi’s choice of words. Considering how his expression seems almost trapped in a constant, monotonous state, he would hardly think entertainment would be at the forefront of the reaper’s priorities.

“There’s not really much to do around here…” Somehow, when he looks upon the couches and the bed, entertainment isn’t the first thing that comes to mind.

“Which is partly why I don’t come here often.” Yoongi strides over to the couches and sits in the middle of one of them, throwing his arms over the back with his wings extended so he doesn’t crush them. Jungkook watches him dumbly for a few short moments before he realises Yoongi expects him to sit with him. He sits on the other couch adjacent to the one the reaper occupies. It seems like the safest option.
He fidgets with the material of Yoongi’s cloak. The material is so flimsy and thin he starts to wonder why the reaper bothers to wear it. “Are you going to tell me now?”

Yoongi has his eyes closed when Jungkook looks back up at him. He almost appears relaxed, if not for the tiny crease between his eyebrows. “Tell you what?”

Jungkook grits his teeth in agitation. “Why I’m here? Why haven’t you sent me anywhere? How do you know me? Do you need me to write this all down?”

The reaper isn’t too pleased with his sassiness. “Maybe if you asked me a question I could actually answer then maybe I’ll be nice.”

“How am I supposed to know which questions you can and can’t answer?” he bristles.

“Easy. I’ll just tell you.”

Jungkook shoots him a withering glare. “OK—fine, how about—what the hell am I going to do from now on?”

“You’re going to remain by my side,” the other answers plainly.

He pauses, processing this, and then, “Do I have a choice?”

Yoongi considers this question, tilting his head back to stare lazily up at the wooden panels of the roof. “If it were up to me, you would have a choice. But that’s just it—it’s not up to me. You can leave—sure, but there’s nothing for you out there. The Between is a hollow dimension with the occasional reaper—and not all of them are good company. You could wonder the human realm, but even then the most you can do is observe. You cannot be seen by humans, nor heard, smelt or felt by them. In the human realm, you may as well not exist.”

“So you won’t tell me why I can’t go to Above or Below…?”

“Not now—maybe not ever, if I’m being totally honest.”
“Why?” Jungkook growls.

Yoongi glances at him, immune to the boy’s impatience. “It’s complicated.”

*Complicated* is beginning to be Jungkook’s least favourite word.

“What about eating and sleeping and exercising? Is there *anything* a soul brings over into the afterlife or will I just feel fine all night and all day?”

“Good question. I don’t know.”

Jungkook stares. Yoongi stares back. “You don’t… know?”

“I do not.”

“But—”

“I said souls don’t remain in the Between. *You* are the exception. Any knowledge I can give you is pure speculation—not fact, because no soul has ever been permitted to remain in the Between before.”

*But why*?! Jungkook wants to scream at him. Why is *he* the exception? Why is he the only one damned to this realm? Why is he the only soul that can’t remember a measly scrap from his previous life? None of it makes any sense to him. He has so many questions that the very thought of finding all the answers has his head pounding.

He clenches his jaw, leaning over and rubbing his temples to soothe away the dull ache his overstressed mind has created. “Then by all means, *speculate*.”

He feels fingers brush his shoulder and he flinches back, finding Yoongi standing before him—over him, his expression serious. “You’re over thinking things. Relax.”
Jungkook takes a deep breath through his nose, willing away the tension. The cushion dips as Yoongi sits beside him, still at a distance, but close enough to reach out and seize his hand. He watches cautiously as Yoongi turns his hand over to draw patterns along the smooth surface of his palm. He looks as though he’s trying to find the right words to explain things in a way for Jungkook to understand. He then takes the hand to his chest, pressing the palm firmly next to his breastbone.

He frowns, he doesn’t understand what Yoongi is trying to achieve until the reaper says, “Can you feel it? That pulse?”

He does feel it then, because he knows what he’s looking for. Something thuds beneath his palm. It’s slow—very slow, every thud about five second apart from each other.

“What is that?” he asks aloud without even thinking.

“The source of my energy—it helps me function without needing to eat or rest. It isn’t something that needs fuelling, it is simply constant.”

Jungkook slips his other hand through the folds of the cloak to feel for his own energy. He’s surprised when he finds it. It’s faster than Yoongi’s, but only by a couple of seconds.

“The rhythm of our energy is different.” Jungkook frowns.

Yoongi nods, expecting as much. “Because you’re a soul, not a reaper. I suspect you will need to replenish your energy reserves from time to time so you’re able to function properly.”

“But why…?”

“You were once human, and a part of your humanity still remains, even in the afterlife. Reapers are not human—they were never human, so they function differently.”

Jungkook licks his lips, allowing his hands to fall listlessly into his lap. “So I might need to rest?”

“From time to time,” Yoongi drawls. “Perhaps not as frequently as a human would. But this is only what I suspect, and time can only tell. If you start to feel drowsy, you must tell me.”
He sighs, annoyed at the inconvenience, but nods all the same. He’s turning out to be more of a burden than he had initially suspected. He doesn’t like the thought of being dependent on Yoongi—somehow it makes him feel weak. Is this something he brought over from his past life? Did he like to be dependent upon himself more than others? He’ll never truly know, it seems. Even if he is a manifestation of a human that once lived and breathed in the human world, who’s to say that they are the same? He has no recollection of his past life. He doesn’t know how Jeon Jungkook acts or how he talks.

But Yoongi does.

His voice quietens as he asks, “Yoongi I—” he wants to be daring and ask more questions about himself, but knowing the reaper’s current reluctance he changes his mind at the last minute “—I need clothes…”

Yoongi blinks. “Oh right. I forgot. I suppose I’ll have to go back to the human realm and steal some for you—a pair of pyjamas and some jeans and a shirt should do you.”

Jungkook straightens. Yoongi actually getting him some clothes is about the best news he’s heard since he woke up. “Can I also get some cool boots like yours?”

The reaper glances down at his feet with a passing smirk. “Sure, kid. Whatever you want. Humans can’t see us to save their lives.”

Jungkook is delighted with his new apparel. Although it’s nothing eccentric like Yoongi’s attire, he finds his baggy white t-shirt and washed-out jeans to be particularly comfortable. He, of course, couldn’t ignore credit to the Timberlands encasing his feet snugly. Yoongi had given him a look of disgust as he’d swiped it from the shelf, but doesn’t speak a word of protest against his fashion preferences. He did, however, catch the “some things never change” murmured beneath the reaper’s husky breath. His pyjamas are folded over his forearm. Yoongi insisted he got a pair, even though he had flippantly commented that he could sleep in a shirt and boxers. The reaper didn’t seem comfortable with the idea.

“Thanks for taking me shopping, Yoongi!” he chimes merrily.
Yoongi grunts up ahead, only half listening to him. He seems distracted.

“Yoongi…?” Jungkook blinks, speeding up to fall into step with the other. Humans weave through them like ghosts, going about their busy lives without a single suspicion of their presences.

The reaper merely points towards the sky, and Jungkook discovers that the sun hadn’t merely disappeared behind clouds, but rather thick smoke and ash. The people around them, he realises, aren’t running because they are busy, but because they’re scared.

A small townhouse blazes up ahead, large, ravenous flames stretching up to try and lick the ashen sky. There are people in uniforms trying to extinguish the blaze, and others trying to keep the looming crowd at bay. As they draw nearer, he sees a woman scream, stretching out her arms towards the building as though she wants to hurl herself into the inferno. But she’s being held back.

They linger a little bit behind the yellow tape that has been put up to segregate the crowd from the chaotic disaster unfolding. He thinks they’re just going to observe, but then Yoongi steps through the tape and continues towards the blaze. Jungkook yells before hurrying after him.

“Yoongi what are you—!” But Yoongi ignores him. The smoke bursting through the broken windows of the first floor breeze through him as though he is nothing. Despite his apprehension, he follows Yoongi into the heart of the inferno.

Nothing touches him. Not the heat nor the smoke nor the flames. Though, he cannot see. Inside it’s nothing but smoke with the occasional ember or flame seen peeking through the poisonous fumes. He somehow manages to find the stairs, instinct telling him that this is where Yoongi went.

Sure enough he finds him—near the stairwell by a pile of charred furniture. A little girl is crying, dangerously close to the greedy frames. He charges forth, falling to his knees by the crying girl’s side. “Yoongi! We need to get her out of here! We have to save her!”

He looks up when Yoongi doesn’t reply, and through the heat and smoke he can see the pity in the reaper’s eyes as he looks back at him. Tiny goose bumps pebble his arms. Cold realisation washes over him. He looks back at the crying girl to find her ankles chained to the floor. Not far away, under the weight of a fallen bookcase, a tiny hand can be seen peeking out from it.
“Oh.” He can’t seem to find the right words to respond. How do you respond? This child looks no older than eight or nine.

Yoongi kneels down then. The girl wails and tries jerking away from him out of fear, but the chains keep her firmly in place. Yoongi smiles softly, reaching out to cup the child’s tear-stained cheeks. There is a gentleness to the gesture that steals away with Jungkook’s breath, a treatment so tender he almost wishes to be in the girl’s position. Almost.

“Don’t be scared, child,” Yoongi murmurs soothingly. The girl only opens her eyes for a second before she’s dissipating into a flurry of glowing blue petals. Her eyes turn blue, her skin turns blue, even her hair turns blue—and little by little, the particles of her spirit spiral up into the air before vanishing completely behind the smoke surrounding them.

“That was… Yoongi that was…” Jungkook is lost for words. The reaper ignores him, snatching up his wrist before pulling him close against him. His wings encase them just as the roof is about to collapse inward, and when the wings retract, there is nothing but silence. Jungkook blinks. They’re back in the Between.

Yoongi stands up and starts to walk away, his expression completely unreadable. Jungkook gets up too, albeit hastily. “Aren’t you at least going to explain to me what happened back there!?”

The reaper doesn’t turn around or stop for him. “You just witnessed a soul being sent Above. It is something you will get to see quite often.”

Yoongi leaves it at that, and Jungkook decides not to inquire any further.

In the ten years they have been together, Yoongi never once sent anybody Below. Jungkook had asked the reaper once—to which he had been met with silent reception. That’s what happens when he asks questions Yoongi doesn’t want to divulge the answer to, and over time, he’s grown to accept that, just as Yoongi has come to accept his inquisitive nature. They’ve fallen effortlessly into a cohesive, comfortable relationship that’s both simple and complicated. Yoongi still has his secrets, and Jungkook still gets frustrated with his ambiguity, but they’ve found their rhythm.
Jungkook initially pegged Yoongi to be cold and passive. There was even a moment where he was convinced reapers couldn’t feel emotions at all, but he had grossly misunderstood his quiet companion. It took him a long time to realize what might have become of him had Yoongi not been there for him, if he had not been there to guide him and care for him. He still doesn’t know anything about how Yoongi knew him or why he was there when he died, but he thanks the stars everyday that he was.

It’s been ten years since he died—apparently that’s a long time in the human world, but to Jungkook it felt like maybe a little over a year. He’s gotten to know Yoongi well, yet he still has so much more to learn. A part of him thinks maybe the reaper will never fully open up to him.

He stares at Yoongi from the bed. The reaper is lounging over one of the couches, reading a book taken from the material world. Yoongi does that often while he sleeps. He refuses to leave Jungkook by himself, so he passes the time by indulging in mortal hobbies. Even with a languid and effortless posture, he looks painfully graceful and alluring. Silver hair falls over his sleepy eyes, skin as smooth as marble beneath the flicker of nearby candles.

That’s something Jungkook has come to appreciate over time too—Yoongi’s beauty. “Handsome” or “pretty” don’t quite give the reaper justice. If he tried to describe his looks to somebody, he would use “striking” or “majestic.” In contrast he feels vastly insignificant, perhaps even a little ashamed of his own humanly looks. It hurts to think about sometimes, how even though they’re always in the same room—always by each other’s side, they’re worlds apart in so many different ways. Yoongi is unreachable, like the stars.

Yoongi snaps his book shut, and the sudden noise has him flinching out of his revere. “Get up,” Yoongi throws over his shoulder as he reaches for his cloak, “we’re leaving. Now.”

Jungkook stretches like a cat, kicking away the blankets that were covering him. “Now?” he asks groggily. He’s not in the mood to go soul hunting just yet.

He and Yoongi obviously don’t see eye to eye on the timing of their departure. “Yes, now. Don’t make me come over there and drag you off the bed, brat.”

He sighs petulantly. His energy reserves aren’t quite where he would like them to be—another hour or two would have him up and at ‘em without complaint, but when Yoongi says they move, they move. He crawls off the bed and over to where his clothes are haphazardly strewed across the floor. He considers slinking behind the room divider to change, as he does when they aren’t pressed for time, but he thinks against it and starts teasing the buttons of his pajama shirt.

Yoongi gets impatient with him and storms over. Jungkook squeaks, half expecting the reaper to
slap him—which is ludicrous because Yoongi would never hurt him. Instead the other starts popping his buttons loose. When it registers that Yoongi is undressing him, he starts slapping away the reaper’s dexterous hands, his cheeks flushing darkly. “D-don’t! Yoongi what are you—?”

The reaper shoves his shirt past his shoulders. The shirt falls away, leaving his chest exposed. He hugs himself timidly, not meeting Yoongi’s gaze as the reaper shoves his plain white shirt in his face. “Hurry up. I don’t want to have to remove your pants too.”

Then the man turns away to give him a little privacy, and Jungkook remains stunned for only a moment before he scrambles for his clothes.

Once he’s ready, Yoongi immediately pulls him into the human realm. They find themselves on a side walk in a city they’ve visited a couple of times, but if you were to ask him the name, Jungkook wouldn’t be able to recall it to save his life. The streets are relatively quiet, save for the occasional car that breezes by. Most people would be asleep at this time. Yoongi starts to walk and Jungkook wordlessly follows, approaching a quaint little church over the road with its stained glass windows showing no sign of anybody inside. Despite this, Yoongi vanishes through the secured entrance.

Pacing down the nave of the church, passing row after row of empty bench seats, this place of peace and sanctuary almost appears eerie in the dead of the night. The moonlight isn’t strong enough to bleed through the church windows, and the roof is so deliriously high that even the patter of a scurrying mouse could cause an echo.

There is a door slightly ajar at the very back, which Jungkook would only assume is the sacristy. Yoongi pauses a few feet from the door, eyeing the shred of light peeking through the gap.

“Stay out here, Jungkook. I don’t want you coming with me this time.” Jungkook frowns.

He takes a step forward. “But Yoongi—”

“You will do as I say,” the reaper urges in an authoritative tone. Yoongi looks over his shoulder at him, and Jungkook freezes at the beseeching look upon his sharp, frigid countenance. Yoongi isn’t in the mood to tolerate his disobedience.

“If you say so...”
Then Yoongi passes through the door, out of sight.

Jungkook lingers a small distance from the gap, trying to peer through. He cannot hear what the hushed voices from inside are saying, but he does see the soul chained to the floor—a man with deep red hair, no older than perhaps thirty, sitting on his heels with a resigned, accepting expression. Behind him hangs a body, suspended by the rope around its bent neck. He’s wearing black clothes with a white collar—some sort of religious figure, perhaps. He can indentify the agitated growl of Yoongi’s voice, along with the solemn tone the soul responds with. Intrigued, he dares to venture closer, sneaking down on his hands and knees to get as close to the door without being seen.

“—raped and tortured and all you did was watch.” Jungkook pauses. He’s surprised to hear the resentment in Yoongi’s grave voice. “No amount of repentance can save you from where I’m about to send you, Park Jimin.”

“You are quite small for a demon,” the man—Jimin—ignores Yoongi’s words. He seems more fascinated with his appearance more than anything else.

“I am no demon,” Yoongi hisses. He steps closer to the soul, out of the shadows Yoongi brings with him a large, towering scythe standing much taller than himself. Jungkook gapes. He’s never once seen Yoongi procure a scythe before. It somehow makes him twice as intimidating as he already is. “But you will meet plenty of them where you’re going, father.”

“So be it,” the man answers softly, only slightly fazed by the jagged, gleaming weapon in Yoongi’s hand. “I accepted long ago that my immortal soul could not be salvaged, not after what I did.”

Yoongi raises the scythe above his head before bringing it down upon the space next to the soul. The man expresses mild confusion at first, but soon catches on when the scythe tears through the fabric of reality. White arms—about six of them—shoot out from the tear, nails long and as black as coal. They latch onto the soul and he gasps, being pulling in by his neck and his arms. The chains binding his ankles warp and snap, allowing the arms to steal away with the soul. Jungkook stares, haunted by the screams spilling from another dimension, unable to look away from the darkness that could only be found in nightmares.

Then, as Jimin’s foot disappears into the fissure, it knits itself back together and vanishes, as though it had never been there to begin with. Yoongi turns and makes his way back towards the door, and Jungkook is only given a moment to distance himself and look as though he hadn’t been spying. His façade, of course, lasts a grand total of five seconds.
“You saw,” Yoongi accuses exasperatedly.

Jungkook bites down on his bottom lip, pressing the tips of his forefingers together. “I… I…” He looks away. “I wish I hadn’t.”

He hears Yoongi sigh just before the reaper steps in front of him. He reaches out and tilts his chin, forcing him to look straight into the other’s dark, sullen gaze. “You’re a pain, you know that?” his voice is surprisingly soft.

Yoongi grazes his thumb over Jungkook’s swollen bottom lip, and Jungkook lets him, his energy source pounding heavily in his chest. “Yoongi…” he blushes when his voice breaks. He’s still a little frazzled by what he just witnessed.

“I’m going to kiss you now.” Yoongi leans up so that their lips are aligned, breaths mingling with one another.

“Any particular reason why?” He was supposed to sound mocking, but his voice comes out in no louder than a frightened whisper. Yoongi is giving him a look he’s never seen before—something that evokes heat to crawl up the side of his neck.

“It’s complicated,” the reaper mumbles against his pliant lips just before he kisses him. Jungkook gasps, hands coming up to grip Yoongi’s shoulders like a lifeline. He has thought about this moment so many times in his head, but when it’s finally happening he doesn’t know what to do—how to respond.

Yoongi cups Jungkook’s cheeks, rubbing his thumb along his jaw, urging him to loosen it. He does so submissively, allowing Yoongi passage into his mouth. His tongue teases the roof and slides swiftly behind his front teeth. Jungkook moans, leaning in eagerly for more, and Yoongi complies, rubbing his tongue against Jungkook’s, encouraging him to try and kiss back. He’s hesitant at first, but with Yoongi’s careful guidance, he starts rubbing back against the reaper’s tongue, shudders running up and down his sides.

The reaper runs his tongue along Jungkook’s bottom lip before nipping it softly with his teeth. When he pulls back, the boy looks flustered and perhaps even a little bit embarrassed.

“I’m a terrible kisser, aren’t I?” Jungkook sulks.
Yoongi chuckles as he kisses along the boy’s jaw line, rubbing circles into his scalp. “I already knew you would be. You didn’t exactly have a lot of experience as a human.”

Jungkook blushes furiously. “I didn’t?” he choking.

Yoongi shakes his head, looking extremely amused. “I don’t care. I sort of prefer you this way.”

“But…” The boy blinks. “What does this mean? Why did you kiss me? How long have you wanted to kiss me?”

The reaper’s smile fades into a mirthless expression. “Some bad memories came up and I was suddenly reminded of how you died.”

His expression drops. “Oh…”

Yoongi offers him his hand, and Jungkook stares at it for a brief moment. “I’ve wanted to kiss you even before you died, Jungkook. For reasons I can’t divulge, I tried to deny intimacy with you for as long as possible. But I realized, with nothing but immortality before us, it would be stupid to prolong the inevitable.”

“You… you knew we would…?” Jungkook trails off, trying not to sound too hopeful.

“I knew it was bound to happen at some point, yes.” Yoongi looks suddenly amused again. “Two attractive beings destined to remain in close proximity to one another for eternity. Did you really think we would stay platonic?”

Jungkook places his hand in Yoongi’s and entwines their fingers. “You think I’m attractive…?”

The reaper chuckles, and Jungkook cannot help but admire the lovely sound that falls from Yoongi’s lips. “You are as blind as you are human.”

Jungkook takes this as a compliment.
Thirty years on and they find themselves in a retirement home. It’s about as depressing at one could imagine, with some patients barely getting by with each day that passes them, relying on the help of machines and medication to keep them breathing. Some are bedridden, many handicapped, and the few that could walk on their own relied on walking sticks to hold the weight of their own crippled backs. Jungkook sees the price of mortality and wonders what would be worse, spending the last years of his life here in mild agony, or live forever as he is.

Eternity so far isn’t so bad. Yoongi’s company makes it bearable.

“What are we doing here?” he whines. He struggles to keep up with Yoongi’s brisk pace, being tugged along by their interlocked hands.

“Why do you think?” Yoongi rolls his eyes. “It’s a retirement village. If there’s going to be souls ready for reaping, it’s here.”

“But you’ve never bothered coming here before. Why start today?”

“I’m here to pay someone a visit.”

Jungkook makes a face, partially exasperated. “Someone you know?”

“In a sense.” He can practically see the ambiguity coming a mile away, so he doesn’t bother inquiring any further. He finds that observing often produces more answers than Yoongi ever verbally could.

They come to a room that almost appears to be chosen at random in a long, wide corridor. But Yoongi knows this to be the right place. He pulls him through the closed door where a soul stands by an empty crib—a woman with withered features and a reminiscent look in her grey eyes. She looks upon the bed fondly, her hand on the railing, as though recounting memories of her past.
Yoongi leaves Jungkook to linger by the door, staring at the woman and pondering her significance to his lover. The woman turns towards them, looking the reaper up and down with a tiny smile. “You must be Yoongi. I’ve waited quite awhile for you to come.”

Yoongi smiles back politely. “Seokjin told you about me before he left then. Sorry for the wait, Sujin.”

The woman waves him off with a wrinkled hand. “The cancer was going to get me one way or another. I’m lucky I lasted as long as I did.”

Yoongi nods, glancing at the crib. “They already took your body away?”

Sujin hums. “They need to make room for more patients. Can’t have my body stinking up the place forever.”

Her eyes peer over Yoongi’s right wing, looking straight at Jungkook. He feels a little shy under the woman’s gaze. It’s not often souls regard him—their main focus is almost always on Yoongi’s imposing presence. She smiles at him with emotion Jungkook can’t quite understand. Her eyes leave him then, averting back to Yoongi. “Thank you,” she whispers in a quiet, grateful tone.

Yoongi steps forward. She offers him her hand, and as they touch she begins to glow a vibrant blue. Jungkook can’t take his eyes away from the woman that vanishes before them. He could’ve sworn the woman sent him one last smile before disappearing completely, but it’s hard to tell. It must’ve been a trick of the light or something.

“Who was she?” he dares to ask.

Yoongi looks at him, his expression wistful. Jungkook half expects him to say, “it’s complicated,” but he doesn’t. “Maybe someday, I’ll tell you.” Then the reaper takes his hand and places a small kiss to the edge of his mouth.

Jungkook tries to make sense of what he just witnessed, knowing Yoongi would never provide him with a straight answer.
It takes Jungkook forty-five years in the Between with Yoongi before he ever finds closure for his death. For the first time since they’ve been together, he awakens to Yoongi in the process of leaving him without notice. He was taking a nap, nestled against Yoongi’s side as the man sat in bed reading. Even though the reaper doesn’t need to sleep, he indulges Jungkook with a cuddle from time to time, something that the half-angel greatly appreciates. He was so comfortable that slipping into unconsciousness was inevitable, but he expected Yoongi to be exactly where he was when he finally woke up. Only, he isn’t.

He’s in the process of throwing his cloak over himself, pulling up the hood for the first time in a while to hide his face. His back is to Jungkook, so he doesn’t see the boy watching him silently. Jungkook only makes his state of consciousness known when the reaper is about to walk straight out the exit.

“You’re leaving me behind?” He doesn’t bother to hide how dumbfounded he is.

Yoongi turns to Jungkook sitting up in bed, the sheets and blanket pooling around his waist. “Just this once—I won’t be gone for long.”

“But… you never leave me behind.” He can hear the anger and the hurt in his own voice but he doesn’t care.

Yoongi’s jaw clenches. “I said just this once, Jungkook. Trust me—you don’t want to come along with me this time.”

“But I do!” he insists, throwing away the blanket and springing to his feet. “I won’t even change—I’ll just go in my pajamas!”

The reaper sighs, as though Jungkook’s interference is becoming an inconvenience. “Jungkook—”

“No!” he snaps childishly. “I won’t have you leaving me behind now. I’ve been by your side too damn long to let you just go out by yourself!”

Yoongi makes a face. “If I knew you’d become so needy I would’ve left you behind more often.”
Jungkook huffs, padding over to his side in a pair of white socks. He snakes his arms around Yoongi’s, pulling a stubborn expression. “You’re taking me with you, whether you like it or not.”

His lover’s expression becomes grave, and for a dreadful moment Jungkook worries Yoongi might force him to stay behind. “Fine. But you do as I say, OK? If I tell you to leave, you have to leave. If I tell you to hide, you hide. Got it?”

He beams. “Got it!”

He feels the breeze created by Yoongi’s wings just before they’re pulled into another dimension. They fabricate into the human realm, outside a run down apartment complex with so many cracks in its exterior he’s surprised the whole structure hasn’t collapsed in on itself. There’s a woman nearby leaning against the concrete wall, shivering and holding her bare arms, dressing in nothing but a tank top and some shorts. Jungkook openly stares at her before Yoongi is tugging him inside the building with a nasty scowl.

They climb up a myriad of stairs that seem to go on forever. They aren’t anywhere near the top when Yoongi finally ascends down one of the hallways, the overhead light flickering and barely producing enough light for them to see. One would think the estate would be quiet at such a time of night, but with each apartment they pass, some sort of ruckus can be heard permeating the thin walls. People yelling, music blasting, dogs barking, children crying—it's a cacophony of noise all mixed together to create an unpleasant environment. Jungkook feels immediately uncomfortable, leaning into Yoongi’s side and keeping as close to him as possible. His lover seems to sense his distress, using his wing to protect him.

Eventually they come to a door with its silver numbers removed from the surface, but still leaves the stain of number “86” against the pale paint.

“Remember what I told you earlier,” Yoongi reminds him.

Jungkook nods, clinging to Yoongi as they pass through the door. Inside it's dark. The only light emits from the pale glow of a static television screen, illuminating the figure of an aged man that sits in an armchair, his head lolled back, eyes closed, a needle sticking out of his arm. His blue lips and the bruises under his eyes give away that he’s dead. Not far away, a shadow stands stationary behind the television, his eyes glistening through the darkness and staring straight at them.

A nasty grin presents itself, gleaming through the darkness at them, mocking them. “Never thought I’d see your pretty face again, Jungkookie.” His blood runs cold. The voice is aged and
scratchy, his tone dripping with an essence that has his skin crawling. “Though I still see you sometimes when I close my eyes.”

“Shut up!” Yoongi snaps stepping forward. “Not another word or I’ll make your descent Below as painful as fucking possible!”

“Who might you be?” the man sneers. “His babysitter? He never could quite act his age, could he?”

“Who are you?” Jungkook tries to approach the man but Yoongi stops him before he can get close. “How do you know who I am?”

Yoongi grits his teeth. “Jungkook, enough.”

The old man chuckles darkly, the corners of his eyes pinching into wrinkles. “Don’t tell me you’ve forgotten all the time we spent together, doll face. You and I had so much fun.”

“That’s it!” Jungkook stumbles when Yoongi yanks him back by the wrist. He ends up falling on his bottom, watching, stunned, as the reaper pulls out his massive scythe.

“Yoongi!” he cries, reaching out for him desperately, but the other surges forward without sparing him a glance.

The old man is cackling now, his shoulders moving along with the flexing of his bony frame. “Did I hit a nerve, gorgeous? Does Jungkookie’s past make your blood boil with anger?”

Yoongi swings the scythe with a barely restrained yell, tearing through the dimensions just above the older man’s head. The maniacal soul seems to laugh through it all, even as arms shoot out to grab at his neck and shoulders. “Remember the name Jung Hoseok, Jungkook! You’ll always be my greatest work of art!”

The haunting image of the man being pulled Below only lasts a moment, but it seems to take forever for him to finally go away. Once the rift is gone, Yoongi collapses to his knees, his scythe clattering on the ground beside him. Jungkook calls out to him, dashing forward to see if he’s OK.
“Yoongi…?” he whispers uncertainly, dropping to his knees by the reaper’s side, his hand on his shoulder. Yoongi looks up at him, and the glow of the television bounces off his face and reflects the tears falling from his eyes.

“I shouldn’t have let you come,” the reaper chokes. “You should’ve stayed back at our domain, where you are safe.”

Jungkook carefully wipes away Yoongi’s tears, hardly believing them to be there to begin with. He’s never seen Yoongi cry before. “Who was that?”

“It’s—”

“No,” Jungkook says firmly, his grip on Yoongi tightening. “Don’t shut me out like this—not again. I deserve to know. I need to know. I can’t continue to live like this. I need to know, Yoongi. I need to know what happened to me.”

Yoongi’s shoulders sag in defeat. Jungkook knows that he’s finally won, but the victory somehow tastes bittersweet. Yoongi pulls Jungkook against him and pulls him back into the Between, thankfully not far from the tower. It can be seen standing tall and proud in the near distance. “I will tell you,” Yoongi says finally, looking out into the distance, “but only when we’re back at home.”

Knowing that he’s not exactly in a position to be making demands, Jungkook agrees, patiently walking with Yoongi along the sandy plains of the desolate realm in absolute silence. Even in their domain it is quiet—deafeningly so. Jungkook wants to say something to ease the tension but at the same time he’s too afraid to speak first.

Yoongi tears off his cloak and throws it unceremoniously onto the back of one of the couches, scrunching up the sleeves of his shirt. He gives a sigh, bowing his head with his hands pressed together, the line of his shoulders achingly rigid. Never has he seen Yoongi look so conflicted, so distressed to such a profound extent. The reaper is usually so collected and level that to see the weight of the situation chip against his composure has Jungkook thinking twice about all this. He questions why he has to know so badly; to such a degree that he no longer wants it so much as he needs it. Does his thirst for knowledge really justify the severe confliction he’s putting his lover through? Does he really need to know…?

“Yoongi…” Jungkook approaches him carefully. The reaper doesn’t turn around to face him or make any indication that he heard, so Jungkook carefully steps between the gap of his wings, circling his arms around Yoongi’s waist and resting his cheek against the nap of his neck. “You’re over thinking things. Whatever you’re so stressed about, I’m sure it’s not a big deal.”
“You don’t understand,” Yoongi murmurs distantly. “Somehow, I don’t want you to understand.”

Jungkook’s arms fall to his sides and he takes a step back, allowing Yoongi to turn and face him. His tense expression worries him greatly. “Stop frowning,” he chides lightly. He rubs his thumb against creases of the reaper’s forehead. “You’ll get wrinkles.”

Yoongi doesn’t even quirk a smile at the lame joke, unnerving Jungkook to no end. “Jungkook… I—”

“You clearly need something to take your mind off things—just for a while. Then we’ll talk, yeah?” His hand slides down to cup the side of the reaper’s round countenance. Yoongi places his hand over Jungkook’s, caressing it gently.

“What did you have in mind…?” He doesn’t sound ready to go conquer mountains or go exploring some remote location in the human realm, so Jungkook thinks up an alternative that could be both distracting and enjoyable at the same time.

He flashes a cheeky smile, posing as the only warning Yoongi gets before the half-angel backs him up against the wall. Yoongi frowns for the tenth time in an hour. “What are you—?” but Jungkook cuts him off with his lips.

Jungkook presses light kisses against Yoongi’s mouth, his tongue poking out to deliver kitten licks to the curve of his plush bottom lip. His hands tangle in the strands of the reaper’s light, dusty hair, tugging gently to evoke some sort of response. Yoongi remains stationary for only a moment before he starts slowly kissing him back, one hand at the back of Jungkook’s neck and the other teasing at his hip. His lips part to grant Jungkook access, letting him explore the hollow crevices of his damp, hot mouth. Their tongues tangle briefly, and all Jungkook wants to do is kiss Yoongi deeper and harder—anything to take his mind away from the anguish he’s feeling. But he restrains himself, finding the will to take a step back, creating just enough distance for Yoongi to see all of him.

The reaper regards him patiently, only willing to the move as Jungkook commands. He’s happy to see Yoongi’s eyes dark with lust instead of sorrow. It suits him a lot better.

He pops the buttons of his pajama shirt at a deliberate pace, making sure the reaper takes in every flicker of his fingers. The material comes loose and sags over his shoulders, slipping past his biceps before landing in a bundle at his sock clad feet. He pushes the elastic of his pants past his hips before allowing them to simply fall off his shapely thighs, baring himself fully to the reaper’s
piercing gaze. He kicks the pajamas away before slowly lowering himself onto his knees, maintaining eye contact all the while.

He smiles shyly, running his fingers lightly over his naked chest. “Should I put on a show?”

Yoongi gulps. He neither approves nor rejects the proposition, so Jungkook assumes he means yes and falls complacently onto his back. His small wings fold beneath his weight and can barely be felt, but the sensitively has only doubled to his front, trembling beneath the reaper’s keen observation.

He decides not to touch his twitching cock, knowing that if this illusionary distraction is going to work, he has to patiently build the enchantment of his performance. His eyes flutter shut, unable to hold eye contact with Yoongi any longer. He gives into the false security of being alone, of being naughty, as if Yoongi were not there to bear witness to his promiscuity. He gropes at his chest, feeling and experiencing the pressure of his own fingers. He tweaks at a hardened nipple and gasps, massaging around the areola to stimulate the pleasurable tingle encouraging his arousal. He flicks it a second time before pinching the tip between his thumb and forefinger, imagining its rosy tint in his mind, blushing and softening beneath the lewd abuse.

Feeling naughty and a little daring, he slips his fingers into his mouth—three at a time. His tongue swirls around the digits, coating them with his glistening saliva. He pictures Yoongi’s face in his mind. He pictures his penetrating gaze and the arrogant curve of his filthy mouth. He imagines Yoongi watching him like prey, circling him, waiting for the right moment to pounce and devour him.

He pulls his fingers out of his mouth. His other hand slides over to give attention to the opposite nipple, kneading it like dough against his fingertips. He reaches between his legs, spreading them a little wider for access. His arm brushes against his dick and finds he’s more aroused than he should be from simply touching his own chest. But he realizes it’s not his own ministrations that he finds arousing—it’s the knowledge that he has Yoongi as his sole audience. Chancing a peek he finds he has the reaper’s utmost attention, his gaze fixated on the fingers he probes at his quivering entrance. A moan rumbles deep in his chest. He’s seen Yoongi look at him like that countless times before, but its effects never waver in rendering him a wanton mess.

Instead of closing his eyes again, Jungkook watches every flicker of emotion that passes over Yoongi’s pale expression as he sinks a finger inside himself. It feels a little uncomfortable at first, as it always does, but tugging at his nipple helps to offset the discomfort a little bit. He squirms, adjusting to the intrusion. He thinks he spies Yoongi’s fingers twitching, but he must have imagined it.

Even in this state Yoongi continues to keep a relatively solid composure—aside from his eyes, of course. He could never hide the emotion in his eyes. They glint with lust, giving away his desire
to touch Jungkook, to claim him as he has done many times before.

Jungkook pushes a second finger inside, the tension straining his sensitive inner walls. He whimpers, his head tilting back and his eyelids falling. He ceases movement for a breathless moment. His hole clenches around his fingers, the rim burning from the stretch, but Jungkook endures.

“Go slower,” Yoongi rasps out, sounding almost forced. “Don’t hurt yourself.”

“I’m f—fine,” he grits out stubbornly. He dips his fingers deeper inside until his knuckles graze his entrance, but it’s not enough yet. “I’ll be done soon just—” he attempts at a third finger just before Yoongi’s hand comes into view to stop him. Jungkook glares at the fingers coiled around his wrist.

“You’re so impatient,” the reaper hisses without malice. He gently removes Jungkook’s fingers and hooks his hands behind the half-angel’s knees. The boy gasps when his knees are suddenly pushed up to his chest, leaving his behind spread wide and vulnerable for his lover.

“Y—Yoongi!” His hands fall limply on either side of his head, anticipating what the other will do next.

Yoongi smirks, his perfectly shaped lips parting to let his exceptionally long, plum-colored tongue slip out. Jungkook shivers, unconsciously lifting his ass higher because damn if Yoongi’s tongue isn’t the best thing during sex—and Yoongi knows this well. Jungkook has lost count of how many times Yoongi has used that tongue against him, for better or for worse.

The reaper lowers his face, the tip of his tongue teasing Jungkook’s saliva-slicked rim. His entrance trembles at the slick contact; yearning for the toe-curling pleasures Yoongi’s tongue has to offer.

“Please…” His voice is unsurprisingly shaky. “Yoongi, don’t tease.”

The reaper arches an eyebrow. “Oh? Like you haven’t been teasing me?”

He whines childishly. His nose scrunches up, ready to retort when the sudden plunge of Yoongi’s tongue has the words dying on his lips. He gasps, scrambling for purchase in the reaper’s tassels, holding on for dear life. The sensation of his hot appendage flattening against his insides has his
eyes rolling to the back of his head. The wet, hot tongue rubs and pushes against his muscles, reaching a little deeper with every small application of pressure. It’s further than his own digits could ever hope to achieve. It has him wondering why he even bothered fingering himself in the first place.

“Yoongi—ugh! Oh sweet mother of fucking—” A sharp pinch to his thigh evokes a startled squeak. Yoongi pins him with a look as if to reprimand him for swearing, but they both know it was just an excuse to taunt him.

His grip tightens in the reaper’s hair, urging him deeper until his lips pucker against his insatiable sex. Yoongi’s grasp on the back of his legs tightens considerably just before he curls the tip of his tongue. Then the whole solar system bursts open beneath the back of his eyelids, his jaw slackening in a silence ‘o’.

“There—Yoongi—there!” he pants, desperate to chase that wondrous sensation. Yoongi complies half-heartedly, flicking his tongue up to barely graze the underside of his prostate. Jungkook sobs, shoving Yoongi’s face firmly against his ass. The reaper doesn’t appreciate that. He twists the skin of Jungkook’s inner thigh. He shrieks, his grip loosening, and Yoongi takes the chance to finally pull back.

He doesn’t even bother hiding the disappointment on his face, impervious to Yoongi’s unimpressed stare. “Were you trying to suffocate me?” The reaper doesn’t sound anywhere near as annoyed as Jungkook expects him to be. He boils this down to the fact that Yoongi secretly likes to eat him out.

“Puh-lease,” he waves the reaper off, “you don’t even need to breathe to stay alive.”

Yoongi’s eyes flash dangerously. He crawls up the expanse of Jungkook’s supple frame; his giant wings dwarfing Jungkook and making him feel small. “Suddenly an expert on my anatomy, are you, Jungkookie?” he whispers heatedly against the shell of Jungkook’s ear.

The half-angel blushes, but forces a cocky grin. “I’ve had quite a bit of time to become acquainted with your anatomy, Yoongi.”

“Is that so…?” Yoongi’s eyes trail slowly down to Jungkook’s chest, pinching a nipple between his fingers. He winces, biting back a moan. “Then tell me, dear, on a scale of one to ten, how aroused am I currently?” Jungkook is confused by the reaper’s words for only a moment before he’s pressing his clothed cock against the pucker of his damp rim.
The air leaves his lungs. He reaches up to pull at the reaper’s shirt, making small noises teetering somewhere between annoyed and desperate. “Take it off—Yoongi, take it off!”

Yoongi chuckles huskily against his ear, evoking a shudder from the half-angel. “As you wish, brat.”

He stands up, towering over him like an otherworldly deity, his wings eclipsing Jungkook. Yoongi removes the tangles of his overly complicated shirt first, the buckles on its front hitting the floor with deafening clinks. His long, pale piano fingers slip to his front, clutching at his bulge. A shiver runs through his lithe frame, his feathers bristling excitedly.

“Never thought a mere human could ever make me feel so alive,” the reaper grounds out.

Jungkook grins up at him, not even trying to be coy. “I’m only half human, don’t forget.”

Yoongi hums, the corner of his mouth curving into a smirk. “Very true.”

He watches as Yoongi snaps open the front of his jeans and shoves the clingy material down along with this underwear. He wrestles it to halfway down his thighs before giving up. Even Yoongi’s slender legs sometimes struggle against the inconvenience that is his skinny jeans.

“Maybe you should invest in some sweatpants,” Jungkook jokes cheekily, receiving a bland look from his lover.

The reaper scoffs. “I’d rather be seen in a dress.”

“That’s something I can get on board with.”

Yoongi doesn’t even try to stop his eyes from rolling. “Shut up and spread your legs.”

He inches his heels further apart, his eyes dropping from Yoongi’s carnal gaze to his six-ribbed dick—three on each side bulging from the pulsing, red flesh. The mushroom tip oozes beads of dark blue precum. Yoongi runs a thumb over it, smearing the substance over the sensitive head. It has aphrodisiacal properties—reapers do not reproduce, so their bodies are designed purely for the
Yoongi spits on his hand and rubs it over his dick. Jungkook groans, unable to look away from the hardness standing erect against Yoongi’s flat stomach. He reaches out for the reaper, begging him with his eyes to come take him. Yoongi falls gracefully to his knees, grabbing at Jungkook’s thighs and dragging the half-angel closer to him.

He flips him onto his side with a low grunt. Jungkook whimpers, holding himself up by his arms to watch Yoongi lift his leg up and slip his arousal beneath his slicked cheeks. The urge to lash out is strong. He wants nothing more than the reaper to pound into him mercilessly, but Yoongi is never one to be rushed. He knows if he starts to beg he will only prolong the inevitable. So he digs his nails into the floorboards to keep the need at bay.

The reaper presses a chaste kiss to Jungkook’s knee, smirking down at him as if knowing exactly what’s going through his head. He uses his free hand to guide his throbbing shaft against the half-angel’s gaping entrance. The rim clenches eagerly against the tip, already collecting a sample of the precum it’s saturated in. Jungkook nibbles on his bottom lip as a pleasurable heat spreads through him. Yoongi’s eyes gorge the sight of sweat breaking out on the boy’s skin, his thighs quivering and his nipples hardening. Yoongi once told him that the effects of his precum are far more severe on him than any of the reapers he slept with. In a strange way, he doesn’t find this surprising.

“Look at you,” the ethereal reaper croons. “So needy for me. It’s beautiful.”

Jungkook clenches his eyes shut, his jaw twitching. “Y—Yoongi, please… don’t—don’t make me wait any longer. I need it—I need you, so, so badly.”

Yoongi smirks, adoring the visual of his half-angel falling to pieces beneath him. He pushes the mushroom tip past his rim slowly. When it’s apparent that Jungkook doesn’t feel any kind of discomfort, he thrusts further inside, the ribs of Yoongi’s cock stroking at his inner walls and making his sock-clad toes curl. His cock delves halfway inside before Yoongi pulls back again, pulling all the way to the head before deliberately plunging halfway back inside. It’s a tantalising pace that is both incredible and grating at the same time. Jungkook is conflicted on whether he wants to moan or pull his hair out he’s so frustrated.

“Oh god Yoongi—could you just—*fuck* I hate you so much right now,” Jungkook groans, but they both know he doesn’t mean it. Yoongi lifts the boy’s leg a little higher and surges his hips forward, getting a little deeper inside him—but not quite as deep as he wants it to be.

“What do you want me to do?” The amusement resonates mockingly in the reaper’s tone. If
Yoongi’s precum weren’t so overwhelming in its dictation of his senses, he probably would have glared.

“I want you to—to just—”

“Use your words, brat. Come now. It isn’t that hard.”

And like that, his pride and his dignity walk out the door hand in hand. “Oh just fuck me already!”

Yoongi laughs. He sounds as though he’s genuinely enjoying himself. What a prick. But his efforts aren’t in vain. Despite Yoongi’s teasing he starts significantly picking up speed, gyrating his hips in a manner that has the ribs of his cock digging sweetly against his walls. He moans, the strength in his muscles giving way. He collapses, allowing Yoongi to start pounding him into the ground.

“Deeper,” he whimpers, “please!”

The reaper lets out a guttural sound, shoving his cock all the way to the hilt. One of the ribs aligns perfectly with his sweet spot and he cries into his arm. “There! Yoongi—right there!”

Yoongi fucks him faster, ensuring that the ribs of his cock continue to rub right up against Jungkook’s prostate. It’s a position so perfect that he doesn’t even bother to stop the tears welling up in his eyes. He reaches between his legs to pump his dick, feeling the pulse of energy beneath his sweaty palm.

“Yoongi!” he cries. “I’m so close!”

“I know—I know.” Yoongi is panting, the smugness completely wiped from his expression as he focuses on the heat and adrenaline pumping through his veins. “You’re so fucking tight for me baby—so warm.”

“Yoongi… Yoongi…” Jungkook starts to sob from the pleasure. It’s too intense for him to handle. Yoongi senses this and quickens his thrusts to chase down the orgasm that’s lingering just out of reach.
“Almost there—” but Jungkook can’t hold on any longer. With one well-aimed thrust against his tight bundle of nerves he falls apart, releasing discharge all over his stomach and chest. He lets out a strangled cry, his rim constricting tightly and sucking Yoongi in. The reaper curses, orgasming a mere thrust or two later. The substance of Yoongi’s cum coats Jungkook’s insides and he trembles at the delightful tingle that tickles up his spine.

Yoongi’s rocks his hips through the aftershocks before pulling out entirely. He leans on the Halfling to stop himself from collapsing, struggling to catch his breath.

“Go lie down,” Jungkook tells him in a barely audible whisper. “I’ll clean myself up.”

Yoongi is too tired to argue. Usually he’s the chivalrous one that likes to clean Jungkook after making love, but just this one time he’ll let the other take care of things. He lies down on his side, careful of his wings, and watches Jungkook as he struggles to stand on shaky legs. Blue substance leaks of his hole and runs down his inner thigh, making the Halfling wince.

He struggles over to the basin and dunks a cloth into the water. He wrings the cloth of water before lapping up the cum on his thigh and entrance. He knows he’ll have to bath more thoroughly later on, but for now it’ll have to do. Once he has cleaned off most of the release on his body, he stumbles back over to the bed where Yoongi lies watching him. He lies on his side facing the reaper, snuggling against him. Yoongi drapes his arms around him, pressing his lips against his forehead.

“Do you feel more relaxed now?” Jungkook asks hopefully, his eyes wide and glistening.

Yoongi’s face visibly tightens. “So you still want to talk about it then?”

“You know I do…” His gaze drops to Yoongi’s lips before he leans over and kisses him softly. “Please? It would mean a lot to me…”

The air escapes through the reaper’s nose. He runs a hand through Jungkook’s hair, his eyes sliding closed. “I’ll tell you. Just… promise not to hate me by the end of it…”

Jungkook cups the side of Yoongi’s face, willing the reaper to look at him. “I could never hate you,” he whispers seriously. And he means it.

Yoongi brings his lover closer, embracing the warmth emitting from the surface of his skin. He
sighs, allowing the last of his defences to finally slip away. “It all started with a visit from your father…”

The shackles that bound the ankles of a troubled soul echoed off the grimy limestone walls that confined him. He trembled on his knees, his bottom lip quivering with fright. A gleam of moonlight rebounded from the surface of his balding head. Its illuminating presence glimmered hauntingly in his grey irises, reflecting the cold resignation he had come to accept.

This was the sight Yoongi happened upon.

It wasn’t an uncommon sight for a reaper to wander across. He often meandered the plains of some indiscriminate location, uncertain of where his instinct was taking him. It was a pastime most reapers indulged in to pass the limitless time of their realm; an impulse felt in the very core of their hollow bones. He heeded the call that pulled him a direction, sifting through walls of stone to find himself in what appears to be a human prison cell.

The soul’s body lay a few feet from where the soul itself was chained, unmoving and cold. He swept across the cell, his great, ebony wings casting a shadow over the moonlight. Seeing the shadow the man raised his head. His eyes were wide and his lips were chapped. Fear rolled off of him. Yoongi could taste it on the tip of his lilac tongue.

“P-please!” The soul’s voice was hoarse. He must have been wailing before Yoongi had arrived. “I’m not ready to die!”

Yoongi halted in front of the defeated soul, regarding him lazily. The silver chains around his neck dangled against the centre of his chest, glinting like blades through the darkness.

“Death is unforgiving,” he stated plainly. His voice was a husky whisper through the silence. “It is unbiased and fair. By the laws from Above, you have been condemned Below.”

“No!” the souls sniveled. “I repented! I—I prayed for forgiveness everyday!”
The reaper tsked mockingly. “You sinned. A rapist and a murderer cannot gain forgiveness.”

“It was a mistake!”

Yoongi chuckled at this. If only he had a nickel for every person who had used that excuse. “Yes. I’m sure your victims fell on your dick and their necks just happened to snap.”

The bald man sobbed like a baby. What the man didn’t know was that Yoongi was finding this very amusing. Pity was an emotion for the weak-hearted. “The Father told me Heaven believes in second-chances—that—that I would be forgiven if I devoted myself to God!”

Heaven. There’s a word he’d heard before. It was what the souls sometimes call the Above—and Below, Hell. It wasn’t terminology that transcended into the realm of the Between, but something derivative purely from the human realm. He learned through years of observation, that many cults and religions orbited around the concepts of Above and Below, believing that there were righteous paths beyond the scope of life. If you were good, you go to the Above, if you were bad, you go to the Below.

Humans weren’t exactly wrong. It was true that sinning could land someone a one-way ticket straight Below, but the complications some religions preach are complete bullshit. It was a black and white, clear-cut system that all reapers are obligated to follow, set out by the laws established by the High Courts from Above, and the Low Courts from Below.

Angels and demons enforced these laws.

There is no God or Devil, only the immortal creatures that inhabited both realms. The Between was where the reapers resided, carrying out the laws put in place so that balance was maintained. A “sin”, as it was called, was a counter for the acts humans carried out against humanity, and was judged not by the act itself, but by the intent behind it. If the intent was evil, it was a sin.

The man below him had a sin counter of “36” inked on his forehead. Yoongi could see the entirety of the man’s history just by gazing into his discolored eyes. He saw a child scared of his father, and resentful of his mother. He saw him develop into a monster. He saw hatred. He saw fear. He saw evil within him.

There is no such thing as repentance.
The reaper is unforgiving.

Yoongi reached behind him, his graceful fingers coiling around the hilt of his scythe. He yanked it out from the darkness, resting the blunt end of it on the floor so that it could stand at full height. The blade was a giant half-crescent above his head, the inner curve jagged and sharp, hungry for souls.

“Oh God!” the man wailed hysterically. He fell forward on his forearms, his hands clasped together. “Have mercy!”

Yoongi rolled his eyes. The man seemed to be under the impression that Yoongi could somehow change his circumstances. He could not, obviously. If the sinner had been listening, he would know that the situation was about as hopeless as it could get.

Fed up with the man and his blubbering, Yoongi used both his hands to lift his scythe high above him. The soul cried and continued to beg. He wasn’t making much sense at this point.

He gazed upon the soul, his eyes hard and ruthless. He swings, the motion swift and precise.

The reaper watched the rift open before the soul, serenaded by the blood-curdling screams tearing from his throat. The ominous screeches resounding from the rift filled the cell with haunting noises, but Yoongi had heard the cries from Below too often to be fazed. The soul, however, looked absolutely mortified. Great, bone-white arms reached out and dug their black nails into the side of the soul’s neck, pulling him into the fissure. The man screamed and cried, but no amount of struggle or protest could stop the demonic grip from pulling him in.

He retracted his scythe once the soul had expired, chains and all, leaving nothing in its wake to indicate that it was even there to begin with. He allowed the scythe to slip away back into the shadows. He blinked slowly when he felt the presence of something familiar lingering behind him. He had felt it since he entered the cell. It had been waiting for him patiently.

“I am surprised you have come to visit me,” said Yoongi. He slowly turned under the light of the moon to face the darkness behind him. “It has been too long.”

A figure stepped out from the darkness; majestic, ivory wings framing the slim build of an ethereal man. Tear tracks stained his unblemished cheeks, his warm brown eyes red with grief.
“I knew you would be drawn here,” answered the angel shakily. “You’ve always had a compulsion for the damned.”

There was a pause, and then, “I’ve heard the rumors.” Yoongi began slowly, stuffing his hands into the pockets of his jeans. “You didn’t heed my warning, as expected.”

“I hadn’t…” the angel choked. “I hadn’t expected it to get so out of hand…”

The reaper sighed, shaking his head. He feigned a look of disappointment, even though he couldn’t care less for the choices his friend had made. He had warned him, and that’s about as much power as he yielded. He possessed no real authority over the angel, and nor did he desire to. “Surely you didn’t think it was an intelligent move on your part, Seokjin? Transcending to the human world in physical form is a direct violation of the laws enforced by your superiors.”

“I know,” Seokjin whispered. Renewed tears cascaded down the sides of his face, glistening like diamonds beneath the moonlight. They collect at his chin before falling delicately. “I made a mistake.”

Yoongi tilted his head curiously. “But… you didn’t come here to tell me that, did you?”

Seokjin shook his head. He rubbed away his tears, his expression contort with pain. “Transcending to the human realm wasn’t the only law I broke, Yoongi… I—oh god, I really messed up.”

Yoongi’s eyes narrowed suspiciously. “Seokjin… What did you do…?”

He watched as the angel fell apart, burying his face in his hands to stifle the sob ripping from his throat. “I—I just wanted to meet her… Just talk to her… I was going to g—go straight back afterwards I swear but everything I admired about her from a distance just became so much more when I talked to her and I just can’t believe I let it go as far as it did.”

Ah yes, Yoongi knew about her. A human woman. Seokjin had come across her some time ago whilst gazing down from Above, and his distant admiration for her beauty and her purity had quickly developed into an obsession. Yoongi hadn’t involved himself, of course. What Seokjin does in his spare time is his business, even if he felt it had no logic or reason behind it. The angel talked about her often when he came to visit him. Yoongi had listened patiently, and gave very little feedback. Sometimes he felt Seokjin wasn’t asking for his opinion, but rather just to listen and allow him to rave.
One day Seokjin had spoke of going down to the human realm, disguised as a mortal, to speak with her. It wasn’t encouraged that angels go down to the human realm unless it was necessary, and it was considered highly unlawful to interact with mortals. It was seen as a tampering of fate. So, like the wise man that he was, Yoongi had advised Seokjin against it.

“I slept with her.”

Yoongi’s eyebrows shot up past his fringe. “What.”

The angel whimpered, holding himself shakily. “One time—just once. I hadn’t been thinking… It just happened and—and now…”

Yoongi predicted his next words before they had even left his friend’s mouth.

“She is with child.”

The reaper sighed. “You’ve really outdone yourself this time, Seokjin. Of all the laws you could’ve broken—I can’t believe you took it this far… It’s one thing to involve another mortal but now a half-breed too? Are you out of your mind?”

“They know.” Yoongi’s chest sank. “The High Court—they discussed a ruling, deciding the fate of my unborn son.”

It had been a long time since Yoongi honestly felt the sting of sympathy, but in that moment it made itself known within him. A half-breed of any two realms was seen as an abomination. The High Court didn’t look too fondly upon them, and were quite quickly exterminated before they could pose any threat to the balance of the realms.

“They wanted to kill him in her womb,” Seokjin continues hysterically. “Th—they were going to make him stillborn, but I couldn’t—my own son… I begged for mercy, to grant him a few decades of life on this earth before death could have him.”

Yoongi licked his lips nervously. “And what was their verdict…?”
The angel shook his head violently. “Two decades of life and—and an eternity here, in the Between.”

“Souls cannot remain here, Seokjin. It is forbidden,” he said hollowly.

“"Mortal souls… But they—they believe his existence cannot belong in neither Above or Below, and his soul should roam endlessly in the Between…” Seokjin sniffed, slowly raising his head from his hands to regard him once again. “That’s why I have come here. Yoongi…I need your help.”

“You want me to collect him.” It wasn’t a question.

The angel nodded. “P—please, take care of him… Guide him… His mortal death alone is punishment enough. He shouldn’t have to suffer at the expense of my mistakes.”

Yoongi was silent for a moment, thinking it over. Seokjin cried quietly through the drawn-out silence, his frame trembling with dread. Then Yoongi murmured, “You do realize what you are asking of me…”

The taller man nodded again. This was probably the first time Yoongi had ever seen Seokjin look less than impeccable. It was humanizing, in a way. The angel had definitely spent too much time down here.

“I know you wander alone—you like to be alone, it’s just… my boy… my son… He shouldn’t be condemned to an eternity of loneliness. It’s too cruel.”

Yoongi scoffed. “The child hasn’t even been born yet and you’ve already formed an attachment. That’s quite pathetic, Seokjin, even by your standards.”

The angel sobbed, falling to his knees by Yoongi’s feet. He gazed up at the reaper with glassy eyes, brimming with so much sorrow that it somehow stole away the elegance he normally exudes. “Yoongi… Yoongi, please.”

It was tempting to decline. He was a solitary figure—all reapers were. He weaved through the realms of Mankind and the Between, carrying out the deeds entrusted to him since his conception. He enjoyed being alone, and looked down upon humans for their need for socialization and co-
operation in order to function and survive as a species. Relationships seemed complicated, and he had only indulged in the occasional connection—some of them reapers, others angels or demons. Being acquainted with Seokjin was proof that all relationships were troublesome, no matter how loose the attachment was.

But then he saw how utterly pathetic the angel looked. It was considered a disgrace for angels to present themselves as anything less than immaculate. For Seokjin to fall apart, for him to fall at his feet and beg like a poverty-stricken human violated the ethereal image angels worked so hard to maintain. Yoongi pondered, idly, what he should be feeling when seeing Seokjin in such a state. Should he feel honored or disgusted? Sympathetic or cynical? His brain whispered the latter, but his heart crooned for the former.

Seokjin had never come to him for favors in the past. Perhaps he should indulge him just this once—as a testament to their friendship.

He sighed. He knew he was going to regret this. “I’ll do my best.”

His friend snapped his gaze up to him, his eyes wide with shock. “Oh Yoongi…”

“So not come to me for favors again, Seokjin,” he warned darkly. “I am not one to be taken advantage of.”

Seokjin smiled despite Yoongi’s brash words. Hope seemed to alight within his eyes again. “It wouldn’t matter,” he replied bitter-sweetly. “I’m not even supposed to be here. They’ve restricted my freedom to transcend realms… When I return, my powers will likely be taken from me permanently.”

Saddened at the thought of never seeing his friend again, he offered Seokjin his hand. The angel took it, stumbling to his feet. He’s a lot taller than him, a majestic height for a majestic man. He faintly wondered if his son would be anything like his father.

“Then you ought to leave,” he advised. “The longer you’re away the harsher your punishment might be.”

Seokjin chuckled a discordant sound. It had Yoongi’s chest constricting. “What could be worse? I can no longer be with the love of my life, and my child… my unborn child has already been condemned.”
Yoongi regarded him gently. “I am sorry, Seokjin.”

His friend shook his head, rubbing his swollen eyes. “Just—do what you can to protect my son.”

Yoongi’s gaze didn’t waver, his disposition completely and utterly sincere. “I will.”

OOO

Locating Sujin—the woman Seokjin is so captivated with—had been relatively easy. He already knew what she looked like and whereabouts she lived, and weeks after speaking with Seokjin he endeavored to go visit her. Not with her knowledge, of course. As far as he knows Sujin doesn’t know him, nor is she conscious of the existence of reapers and what they’re obligated to do. So instead of frightening her with his presence and potentially causing a miscarriage, he visited her under a gauze of invisibility. Most beings, except those from the human realm, can choose to be seen by mortals or remain undetected. It’s how reapers carry out their jobs in the human realm most of the time. Being seen by a human is considered a breach of practice.

She was later into her pregnancy than he was expecting. He found her at a fruit stand some time after dark, looking over the food with appraising eyes. The bulge of her stomach peeked out from her jacket—already into her third trimester. He could feel it, even when standing at a distance, the peculiar energy pulsing from the being inside her, much weaker than a fully-fledged angel, but far too strong for a pure human.

He decided to come back a few months later, after the birth of the child.

As prophesied, the child was a boy. He heard the name “Jungkook” cooed from the lips of his mother as she set his sleeping form down in a cot. She left to go rest, haggard from the responsibility of motherhood. Yoongi stepped out from the corner he was lurking in, looking around the room to regard the childish innocence of early human life. The walls were painted a delicate sky blue, with fluffy white clouds stuck to the exterior. A big teddy bear and extra blankets were sorted neatly into one corner by the cot, and a diaper station to the right for when the baby needed changing. As unexpected as the pregnancy was for both Seokjin and Sujin, the mother had prepared herself well. She was ready to be a mother; she was prepared to tackle her responsibility alone.

He knew Sujin would treat Seokjin’s son with all the love she had to offer. As misguided as
Seokjin had been in his love for Sujin, Yoongi is willing to admit she had certain qualities that could evoke desire—her unwavering compassion being one of them.

Yoongi approached the cot with cautious steps. The mobile hanging over the cot was distracting, and he had the mean-spirited urge to smack it out of the way. But he didn’t. The soft gurgle of the baby had his attention averted. His long, boney fingers coil around the rails of the cot as he leaned over the sleeping child. Something inside of Yoongi clenched.

So small, so unassuming. The child was clothed in a white one-piece, the same shade as the clouds stuck to the walls. His skin was olive and pale, his cheeks cute and bulging, with tiny dimples at the corners of his tiny mouth. The thin hairs on his head were black like his mother’s, but other than that it was hard to draw resemblance from his parents at this stage.

The young infant had no idea what awaited him. His certain, brutal death was less than twenty short years away now, and the only thing Yoongi could do was stand back and watch this disaster unfold. He knew he shouldn’t complain—Seokjin would likely still be watching from Above, anxiously dreading his son’s twentieth birthday, and his mother no doubt hoped to live in ignorance to the fate of her own child. She would not dare to tell her son—Yoongi knew this much. She would likely try to make the most of her son’s life while she could in the hopes that it was at least a life lived well in the end.

“Sleep well, little one,” he murmured—to himself, because no one else could hear him. His gaze lingered a little longer on the peaceful face of the baby before he turned and left.

Little had he known then that an attachment had already been made.

He watched the child grow. The development of human growth was quite fascinating to observe. He never once endeavored to observe in the past, but since looking over Jungkook had become somewhat of a secondary occupation for him, it was only natural for him to notice his growth and progress.

He was there to witness Jungkook taking his first steps as he waddled into his mother’s encouraging arms. Every time Jungkook fell Yoongi felt the most baffling urge to go to him, to pick him up into his arms and comfort him. He, of course, would not and did not attempt such a
thing—it would be irresponsible for him to make contact with Jungkook before his death.

Still, the urge to interfere was there—particularly when Jungkook hurt himself while attempting to climb out of his crib. He had hit the floor hard—not hard enough to cause any serious damage, but enough to have him screaming at the top of his lungs. His mother hadn’t been in the immediate vicinity to help him at the time. It would have been so easy for Yoongi to phase into sight and comfort the boy for a little while, and the damage would have been so miniscule the High and Low Courts wouldn’t have caught wind of it. But Yoongi was no rule breaker. So he was forced to linger in the background as Jungkook screamed for his mother, fat tears rolling down his flawlessly round cheeks.

He was there when Jungkook started to speak in broken words. He would point to things and then look at his mother questioningly, she would smile and tell him what it was, and he would repeat it with his inexperienced tongue in baby language.

He remembered Sujin holding up an apple once and pointing to it. “Repeat after me. Sagwa.”

Jungkook blew bubbles with his saliva-slicked lips and banged his tiny fists on the plastic table of his high chair. “Saja!”

Sujin laughed and shook her head. “No sweetie, Sa—gwa”

“Gyaja!”

Sujin smiled and praised him for his efforts, even if his pronunciation butchered the word clumsily. The interaction was so disgustingly sweet that Yoongi hardly knew what to think of it. Still, on the off chance Jungkook pronounced words correctly, he would nod to himself, inwardly satisfied.

It wasn’t obvious that Jungkook was a half-breed until he was about seven. He wouldn’t quite lose the roundness of his baby cheeks until about eighteen, but his demi-angel qualities started to take shape when he was much younger. His skin glowed slightly under sunlight and moonlight—not enough to be obvious but enough to stand out from the crowd. Sujin would often get nervous if his skin showed too much on sunny days. It was cruel to clothe him in long-sleeve shirts and jeans to properly protect him, but in her mind she probably thought she had no other choice. Revealing Jungkook’s lineage could cause a bit of trouble, perhaps worsen the circumstances.

Of course Jungkook hadn’t quite understood why his mother acted the way she did—he would
yell at her, even when he was older, about how absurd her logic was. She still never told him he was a half-breed.

The absence of a father started to take its toll on Jungkook. On the brink of adolescence he gathered the courage to ask about his father, and as a result received cold reception from his mother. Yoongi wondered whether or not Sujin was actually resentful towards Seokjin for the grief and drama imposed upon her simple life. If Seokjin had followed the law and stayed away, Sujin might’ve been married to a respectable human man and she could live with the hope that her children would live long and happy lives. She did not have that with Jungkook though.

Her terse regard towards Jungkook’s father started to ebb away at the boy. Yoongi could see it just by the look on his face whenever Sujin brushes it aside. Jungkook didn’t feel whole. Having a mother wasn’t enough for him—he wanted his father too, or at the very least an explanation for his absence. But he was given nothing. Not even a name or a picture.

But true trouble didn’t show itself in Jungkook’s young life until his first day of high school.

Yoongi knew the boy was anticipating the new school year all through summer, so when the first semester came around, with a new school, new teachers and new students, Jungkook was practically green with anxiety. Yoongi had sat in the back seat as Jungkook and Sujin argued in the front. Jungkook had specifically asked his mother to get him a new lunch box—one that didn’t have Iron Man stickers all over it. He was already a freshmen, he didn’t want to be seen as immature too.

Sujin had forgotten this and packed his Iron Man lunchbox like she had done for him all throughout middle school, so when she had parked out the front of the school and Jungkook had quickly checked his bag to ensure he had everything, he wasn’t pleased with what he found.

“If you’re so embarrassed about it, why don’t you just take the food out of the lunchbox at lunchtime?” Sujin tried to keep the volume of her voice under control, but it was clear her composure was slipping.

“Well I wouldn’t have to if you’d just bought me another lunchbox over the holidays like I told you to,” Jungkook growled. He was at a stage in his life where he was practically brimming with temperamental attitude. Yoongi felt bad for Sujin. He really did.

“For Christ’s sake, Kook. Get out of the car,” she urged impatiently. “We’ll go get you a new lunchbox after school.”
Jungkook got out of the car with a huff, slamming the door behind him. Yoongi drifted out of the car too, floating just above the ground. His black cloak billowed around him, but he has no shadow in the human realm. He followed Jungkook into school; the students that walked around him breezed right through Yoongi unknowingly—not that he cared. He might as well not exist to these humans.

The kid already had his timetable printed out, so he found his homeroom with relative ease. He liked that about Jungkook. Always prepared.

He sat at the back of the class, and Yoongi lingered behind him, surveying the surroundings with a bored look. The classroom was very bland—and he was from the Between, the blandest realm in existence. He could already tell Jungkook wasn’t going to find this environment all that appealing. He still had to go to school though. He was going to be dead in five years—but he was positioned to believe he had a future anyhow. Was it cruel to give him such hope? Such expectation?

Yoongi wouldn’t know. He wouldn’t know the first thing about raising a child.

Soon they were told to go pick lockers—which were out in the hallway. Of all the lockers in the whole goddamn school though, Jungkook had wound up with a locker near the older year level lockers. The older year levels were a little further down the hallway so interaction was inevitable, but the point was—the older kids should’ve been in class. Instead two of them just so happened to be slacking off by the lockers within reach of poor Jungkook.

Park Jimin was a junior, his locker only a few down from Jungkook’s. The senior section was on the other side of the school, but wherever Park Jimin was, Jung Hoseok wasn’t far behind.

They were trouble. Yoongi knew the second he saw them.

That urge was back—telling him to reach out and hold Jungkook back, to beg him to ask the teacher for a different locker. But he hadn’t. He let Jungkook go over to his brand new locker, a smile on his innocent face. Jimin and Hoseok were goofing off not far away, and of course, they had noticed Jungkook. He was a fresh-faced freshman with pretty eyes and small pink lips. He’s the replication of his mother if she were an angel. All half-breeds were beautiful. They defy organic nature, and Jungkook was a magnet for disaster from the very beginning.

“Hey gorgeous!” Hoseok grinned, leaning over Jungkook in an ambiguous manner. Was he trying to be menacing or charming?
Jungkook looked up, blinking owlishly. When he processed what Hoseok said, he blushed. “O—oh. Hey…”

Jimin giggled, invading Jungkook’s personal space like it was his right too. “Aw. So cute.”

“You’re new here?” Hoseok speculated, eyeing the other students organizing their new lockers.

Jungkook nodded, replying with a quiet, “Yeah.”

“Would you like a tour? We’ll take real good care of you.” Hoseok winked. Yoongi’s gut churned uncomfortably.

“I have to go straight back to class soon,” Jungkook said shyly.

“Don’t worry about it! We’ll just give you one at lunchtime!” Hoseok beamed, regarding Jungkook in a way that was hard for the younger to say no. Why would he? His first day and two handsome, older students were taking interest in him. It’d be ludicrous to reject their hospitality.

“Oh—yeah okay, I don’t see why not.” Jungkook frowned down at his bag. “But I don’t even know your names…”

Jimin’s slapped his forehead. “Ah that was stupid. Should’ve told you our names at the start. I’m Jimin—this is Hoseok, but you can just call me hyung.”

Hoseok smirked. “Me too.”

Jungkook presented a small smile, nodding his head obediently. Jungkook never had older figures to look up to until now, and from his perspective—it was probably a dream come true. For Yoongi though, it was Jungkook’s prophecy kicking into motion. These boys gave him a terrible feeling, and as a being dependent upon instinct, he knew something terrible was going to come out of all this. The angels have turned their full attention on Jungkook now. They were threading fate—bending it to their will.

Soon, Jungkook’s prophecy would be fulfilled.
Rebellion sparked as nothing but a small flame in the beginning. Hoseok and Jimin were delinquents who only gave a damn about each other, and somehow they started roping Jungkook into their juvenile dynamic. He started to skip classes to hang with his older friends. He felt this compulsion to impress them—to make them proud. Whatever he did, he would always look to Hoseok or Jimin first. If they approved, he would give his all, if they were flippant, Jungkook would revert into cool indifference. It was like watching a monkey being trained to turn tricks for money. They were manipulating his every move, and Yoongi could hardly believe the behavior of Jimin and Hoseok. He had been watching Jungkook for so long, he had started to forget that some humans are riddled with evil.

He and his mother fought more and more. Yoongi stood back and watched their close relationship start to fall apart as Jungkook got older and older—ascending dangerously to the age of no return. His mother knew this, and she tried—she tried so hard to savor what little time she had left with her son, but Jungkook just kept pushing her further and further away from him until he was completely out of her reach.

Sujin started to pray more. Yoongi didn’t pay attention to her very often. His sole objective was to be acquainted with Jungkook before they actually met face to face. But if he bothered to peek through the gap of Sujin’s bedroom, he would see her kneeling by the bed and praying to the stars. He didn’t understand what she hoped to achieve by doing this—every time she prayed she would start to cry.

“Please God,” she said. “Don’t take him away from me. He’s so young—he’s just a baby… Please don’t take my son away from me…”

Seokjin probably listened to her when she prayed. It was probably tearing him up inside, to see her so depressed and desperate.

After listening to her, he would go to see Jungkook. The kid would either be fast asleep or not in bed at all. He snuck out a lot to be with his older friends. He told his mother they understood him better than she did, that they were the people who truly made him happy. Yoongi didn’t believe it for a second. How could Jungkook say that to Sujin after so many years spent together? It’s like he had completely forgotten about his happy childhood and how much Sujin adored him.
Yoongi never followed Jungkook when he went to hang with his friends. He did at first, paranoid of what might happen, but after awhile he just couldn’t watch over them anymore. Jungkook never saw the way Jimin and Hoseok looked at him—especially Hoseok. They made passing comments with less than innocent connotations in Jungkook’s company, and the kid would either blush or tilt his head in confusion. Then the older boys would laugh.

“You’re so damn cute, Jungkookie!” Jimin would gush in an annoyingly pitched voice. He would grab Jungkook and start tickling him, and Jungkook never suspected a thing. He never saw Hoseok’s predatory gaze. He never saw Jimin snicker in amusement.

He saw nothing.

So Yoongi would go do some work. He needed to distract himself—take his mind off of things. He always saw the look in Hoseok’s eyes when he came across souls condemned for Below. The hunger, the evil and the malice… All of it lingered beneath the surface, waiting for a time, waiting for a place, waiting for an opportune moment to feed the temptation snarling into his ear.

He was going to be the one to hurt Jungkook—he knew this.

Namjoon and Taehyung—two fellow reapers who show up now and again to annoy him—thought differently.

“They have his money on a house fire—he reckons the kid’s electric blanket’s gonna short circuit and kill him,” Namjoon had chortled, balancing his body on a grimy bolder. His large scythe followed the arch of his spine.

“I reckon he’ll drown. He never learnt how to swim, did he?” It’s a question Yoongi didn’t answer, instead glaring up at the grin of the other reaper. “You’d think with a mama so paranoid she’d at least take him to do lessons.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes. “Why do you bother, anyway? The kid’s my business, not yours.”

Namjoon shrugged. “Because I get bored. The life of reaper is about as eventful as a cat on its death bed.”
He scoffed. “All the time in the universe and that’s the best analogy you could come up with?”

The other waved him off. “Give me another decade. I’ll think of something better.”

Yoongi didn’t care. He left without another word, irritated that Namjoon and Taehyung had decided to entertain themselves with an abysmal situation. Well—to them it wasn’t abysmal. Death is what they did. It was the natural order of things, so Jungkook’s death was nothing more than an upcoming event for them. If Yoongi weren’t personally involved, his attitude, although perhaps slightly more respectful, would not have regarded the situation as anything more than the standard.

A week before Jungkook’s twentieth birthday, he went missing.

His mother had called the police in a panic, begging them to find her son before the week was up. She knew her son could still be alive—would still be alive, if they found him before the 1st of September. She still had hope for Jungkook.

Yoongi did not.

It had been a long day at university for Jungkook. He had attended back-to-back lectures and classes with minimal breaks in between. Yoongi could see the concentration drain from the boy’s ethereal countenance, his patience weighing thin. He was only at university because his mother forced him to go, so the effort he contributed was small at best. He received a call from Hoseok an hour before he was meant to finish, and Yoongi had listened over Jungkook’s shoulder with a suspicious frown.

Hoseok wanted to go out drinking, saying he would swing by and pick Jungkook up after his classes were finished. Jungkook lied and told him he was already done, packing up his things and marching out of the lecture before it had even started.

“Where are we going?” Jungkook had asked as he slid into the backseat. Jimin was in the passenger seat, Hoseok in the driver’s. Yoongi sat next to Jungkook, glaring at Hoseok through the rear-view mirror. Hoseok couldn’t see him, but that doesn’t mean he was going to restrain his displeasure.

“Out of town,” Jimin replies, tapping his fingers against the door along to the rhythm of the music playing from the radio.
Jungkook frowned. “Is it far?”

Hoseok and Jimin shared a glance. “A little far—about an hour out of the city?”

Jungkook nodded. He wasn’t suspicious. “Alright then.”

“Is your mother expecting you home early?” Hoseok asked casually.

“Nah, she thinks I’m staying back late to study.” Jungkook made a face at the thought. He never was studious.

Hoseok nodded. “Oh—that’s good then. Won’t be getting any angry calls from her then.”

Jungkook shrugged. “Probably not.”

They drove for a long time. Yoongi would argue that it was a lot longer than an hour, but that was probably because he dreaded what was to come at the end of the trip. He hoped in vain that it wasn’t what he suspected. He hoped the angels of the High Court would be lenient and give Jungkook at least one more week of peace before his birthday. But the further they travelled from civilisation, the less Yoongi clung to the delusion that this was just some run of the mill joy ride.

They eventually arrived at some sort of warehouse. Hoseok mentioned something about how it belonged to his uncle as he pulled the keys out of his pocket. When Jungkook asked where the alcohol was, Jimin had told him that they already had an esky inside waiting for them.

Jungkook believed him.

“Yoongi…” Jungkook pauses. “You’re crying…”
The reaper blinks. “I am…?”

He touches his face and, sure enough, he’s met with the wetness of his own tears. He stares at the glisten on his fingertips in silent wonder, Jungkook watching all the while with a concerned expression. “I don’t think I should tell you the rest of this story, Jungkook,” Yoongi says honestly. “I don’t think either of us could take it.”

“But…” His lips thin in a grim line. “You’re so close. Please, don’t stop now.”

Yoongi looks at him and he’s stunned to see the anguish and pain that reflects from the depths of his gaze. “Do you really want to know how you died, Jungkook? Do you really want me to tell you how I stood by and watched someone you trusted torture you for a week? Do you really want to live with the knowledge that a man with a twisted, fucked-up psyche stole your virginity from you on the cold, concrete floor of a warehouse? Do you—” he sobs “—do you want me to tell you how badly I wanted to hold your hand through it all? Or that you cried for your mother as your friends stood by and laughed? You bled for days, Jungkook. The angels of the High Court wanted your death to be long and painful. They wanted you to suffer because to them your existence was nothing more than an abomination, and if it were within my power I would hunt down every last angel involved in your execution and condemn them to the searing iron shackles Below.”

Yoongi sits up, pulling his knees to his chest. He hugs his knees tightly as he rubs furiously at his tears, trying to eradicate them from existence. “Sometimes knowledge is a burden. I didn’t want to tell you what happened because I didn’t want you to know how much pain was involved. I didn’t want to tell you that you had a mother who loved and adored you. I didn’t want to tell you that you had a father who watched you from Above. I especially didn’t want to talk about your so-called ‘friends’. If the angels hadn’t been involved, perhaps they would have been decent people. But they took every precaution necessary to ensure you would suffer. They corrupted everyone around you—everyone you held dear. Somehow, I think that’s worse than the physical pain you endured.

“I felt guilty—guilty that I didn’t take the situation more seriously, guilty that I couldn’t do anything to stop it. I was there the whole time you suffered and I didn’t do anything, I couldn’t do anything. If I defied laws—if I tried everything in my power to save you, not only would I be banished, but I would be unable to be there for you and I’m sorry, Jungkook. I know this is forty-five years too late but I’m sorry…”

Jungkook moves to sit in front of Yoongi, placing his hands on the reaper’s knees. Yoongi looks up to find Jungkook crying too, but he doesn’t look sad. The Halfling nudges himself between his legs and drapes his arms around his neck, nuzzling against the reaper’s jaw.
“You shouldn’t be sorry,” Jungkook murmurs, his voice soothing like a lullaby. “Never apologise for something you couldn’t prevent. Yoongi—this doesn’t change anything. You might be able to remember this, but to me it’s like a bad bedtime story. I don’t remember the pain or the suffering, and I don’t remember the people who once loved me when I was alive. My mind—it’s filled with memories of you, only you—and they’re all happy memories. You were there for me when I was scared and confused; you were there for me when I felt lost and angry… You might never be able to forget what happened to human Jungkook,” his hand slides down to sit lightly over Yoongi’s chest, just above his energy source, “but never let that overshadow what we have now.”

Yoongi places a hand over Jungkook’s. He uses his other hand to wipe away the Halfling’s tears. “I’ll always protect you, Jungkook,” he promises. “Now and for the rest of eternity.

Jungkook presses his lips gently against Yoongi’s, pulling with a loving smile. “I know you will.”
Storm (JungHope)

Chapter Notes

I know I'm a day late but Happy Birthday Kookie~!

Probably going to find a few mistakes, 'cuz it's late here and I'm tired af. Dw I'm going back to proof-read all the stories after it's completed, m'kay?

Title: Storm

Pairing: JungHope

Warnings: a bit of blood and gore, violence, Tae's the bad guy, nipple-play, thigh-fucking

Summary: ‘They assign him to hunt down and kill a stray Wendigo that has been terrorizing the city. What they don’t tell him is that this particular Wendigo has a distinct taste for virgins.’

Word Count: 17.8K

Storm

Tears of anger pummel on the city of winding roofs and vine-laden balconies. The sullen overcast shrouds the night in overbearing darkness, with not a single star or a sliver of moonlight to be seen. Rain hits the earth without mercy; so loud and so unforgiving that Jungkook can barely think. His hooded raincoat is about as useful as a declawed chimera—that is so say, not very useful at all. A single stream of water pools down the side of his hood and leaks into the tiny gap of fabric beneath his chin, soaking the collar of the sweater he’s wearing underneath. He’s shivering terribly. What a night to be out on a mission—and tonight, of all nights. It helps to fantasize about the evening that could have been, sitting near crackling fire in the arms of his
boyfriend, maybe even sipping a cup of hot chocolate to complete the cozy depiction.

“Kook, are you there?” a voice buzzes in his ear, sounding slightly worn. His heart gives a leap.

“Yeah,” he breathes, his voice trembling from the overbearing cold. “What’s the update?”

“It’s heading your way.” He hears the sound of feet sprinting in the background, paired with hasty intakes of breath. “Get ready.”

His fingers slip to his holster, coming into contact with the iron of his gun. A distant snarl resonates to his right. He turns sharply, spying the flash of a shadow running down the slope of a rooftop building and heading in his direction. He spies Hoseok hot on the shadow’s tail, his slender figure barely seen through the relentless downpour. Jungkook takes a few careful steps forward, balancing precariously on the ridge of the tired roof. His loafers aren’t fairing too well in this weather. He cringes at the thought of having to throw away yet another pair of beloved shoes after this.

He leans over the edge to get a better look at what’s happening in the next roof over, only to be blindsided by the shadow pouncing straight at him. He gasps, ducking just in time to miss the claws of the creature as it jumps over him. It gives a snarl, turning back towards him with its tail licking the air. Lightening crackles behind clouds and illuminates its muscular form for a split second, revealing its sets of teeth and menacing eyes.

Snapping his revolver out of his raincoat, he unthinkingly pulls the trigger, the glint of a silver bullet cutting through the night. The Cerberus hisses when it grazes the corner of its leg, but other than that the creature looks immensely unthreatened by Jungkook’s attack.

“Poor aim, boy scout,” it snarls through the mouth of the middle head before it jerks forward, bearing three sets of teeth. He makes the mistake of stepping back, only to have the support of nothing but air. He yells and falls off the side of the roof. His hand scrambles for his grapple hook, only for his efforts to be vain when a figure slams into his side and scoops him out of the freefall.

Hoseok grins down at him, his other arm wrapped around the rope of his own grapple hook that’s wedged safely on the corner of a chimney. “Thought I’d swing by and give you a hand,” Hoseok shouts through the rain. Jungkook pins him with a glare, but grips his boyfriend’s shoulders nonetheless.

He feels weightless as they swing through the rain, but the second their feet hit the solid surface of
an adjacent roof the impact shudders up his ankles and forces his knees to buckle slightly. Hoseok’s landing is only marginally more graceful since he has the angular advantage. His hand remains around Jungkook’s waist, even after making a safe landing.

“Are you OK, Gorgeous?” Hoseok appraises his appearance as though he could somehow see through the thickness of his raincoat.

“I’m fine.” He rubs his side where the impact of their bodies collided, knowing there will be a bruise there tomorrow. “I think I dropped my gun somewhere though.”

Hoseok smiles and pulls out his revolver. Since they’re mass-produced by the company, it’s an exact replica of the one he was using before. “Take mine—your aim has always been better than mine anyway.”

“But you’ll be left defenseless.” He frowns, refusing to acknowledge the worry in his own voice.

His boyfriend shrugs offhandedly. “I’m faster. I’ll distract it while you take the shot.”

He feels uncertain in his own abilities, but Hoseok seems to have complete faith in him. Hoseok leaves the gun in Jungkook’s hands before making a dash towards the building the Cerberus stands proudly upon. It’s been watching them attentively, likely searching for visible weaknesses to exploit. Hoseok climbs up the side of the establishment with the rope of his grapple hook, going towards the danger while Jungkook remains in the background. He contemplates just how sharp his shooting will be in this weather—what if he misses, or worse, accidentally hits Hoseok? He would never forgive himself if that happened.

Hoseok hops up onto the spine of the roof and one of the heads of the Cerberus howls. It immediately charges forth to try and drive him off the edge as it had done with Jungkook, but Hoseok is exceptionally light on his feet. He teeters around the three-headed canine without slipping on the tiles to stand effortlessly behind it. The Cerberus is thrown off by his seamless movements and tries to turn its body around, only for its paws to slip clumsily and send it toppling over the side of the roof.

“Now Kook!” his boyfriend shouts. Jungkook aims the revolver at one of the creature’s legs. Since their employers would much rather have the occult alive rather than dead, their objective would be to seriously maim their target at most. They’re only allowed to kill it if they have no other choice.
The Cerberus’s body is rolling though, so it’s hard. He waits for when it finally finds it’s footing and tries climbing back up the side of the roof, and then shoots it right through the thigh of its back leg. It gives a mighty howl before losing its balance once again, this time falling entirely off the roof and sent hurtling down to the dingy streets below. He can see Hoseok grinning at him from the opposite building, putting two thumbs up for his effort. Jungkook chuckles and shakes his head, attaching his grapple hook to the gutter and scaling down the side of the building.

He lands steadily on two feet, turning his head from one side to the other. The Cerberus is nowhere to be found, but the dark splatter of blood can still be seen, even as the merciless rain dilutes the evidence. He cautiously follows the trail into an alley. It’s dark, but he can still make out the hunched figure whimpering behind an industrial dumpster, its thin tail trembling between its legs.

He carefully reaches under the fabric of his raincoat, the tips of his wet fingers brushing over the gems imbedded into his sash. His footsteps become lighter as he draws nearer, sliding through puddles rather than stepping in them. His efforts are in vain when the heads of the occult perk up. He freezes. His heart slams against his ribcage, his breath caught in his throat. The Cerberus must have sensed him, because it turns on him so fast that it’s almost a blur. But Jungkook is prepared. He levels Hoseok’s gun, not with the intention of pulling the trigger, but rather to threaten it into submission.

It’s not the smartest mutt of the litter, it would seem. Even with his weapon exposed the Cerberus can’t take a hint to save its life. It takes a step forward, and on instinct, Jungkook takes a step back.

“Don’t make me do it.” Despite his warning, the creature persists in moving forward. Jungkook keeps moving back until he’s been pushed almost entirely out of the alley. “I’ll shoot—I swear I’ll pull the fucking trigger if you get any closer!”

His words aren’t a deterrent. On the contrary, the Cerberus only appears angrier, baring its many teeth, three pairs of glowing, yellow eyes piercing through the night. Even with a noticeable limp it looks intimidating, but he schools his expression. He’s fought much more terrifying creatures in his lifetime.

In a split second decision the Cerberus leaps at him. His quick reflexes are both a gift and curse. He pulls the trigger without minding his aim and rolls out of the way, the mutt’s severe cries cutting through the constant thunder of the rain. He doesn’t falter. He springs back to his feet in moments, gun at the ready to shoot again, but the Cerberus has already ceded defeat. Its heads are bowed and its legs are bent, its ears pulled back in submission. He notices one of the outer heads is limp, a profound amount of blood gushing from its forehead.

He shot one of the heads. “Shit.”
Encasing his trembling fingers around one of the gems of his sash, he tears it from its holder and presents it in the occult’s direction. The stone begins to glow a vibrant sapphire, reaching levels of near blinding brightness. He’s forced to look away. One of the heads gives out a mighty howl, and it is the last thing that can be heard before a great flash overwhelms the area. Then, there is nothing. Jungkook opens his eyes, once again surrounded by darkness, but the gem maintains a dull glow, trapping the entity of the Cerberus in its magic-ensnared boundaries. He looks down at with a hard frown. The people back at Mystics won’t be happy with him.

He hears Hoseok before he sees him, the man’s boots tearing through puddles in his jog towards him. He turns to face his boyfriend, not bothering to hide his frustration.

“Did you get it?” His boyfriend places a hand on his shoulder, the grin slowly slipping from his face. He can read Jungkook better than anybody, so it’s no surprise that he can sense the other’s displeasure with just a look.

Jungkook grips the gem until his fingers turn white, but his anger quickly settles. His slips the gem back under the protection of his raincoat and presses it into its slot. “I blew one of the heads off. Seokjin-hyung’s gonna give me the lecture of a life time.”

Hoseok scoffs. “Don’t be ridiculous. He’ll understand if you had no other choice. You know better than to just shoot a mystic in the face. I mean—it’s not like you’re a rookie anymore.”

“But I should’ve known better!” He snaps his head up, meeting with the surprised look on his boyfriend’s face. “You’re right—I’m not a rookie anymore. I should’ve been able to take it down without seriously injuring it.”

The older man releases a sigh, shrugging his shoulders. “You’re always so hard on yourself, Kook. You know Seokjin-hyung’s not gonna be that angry at you, and neither is anyone else in the department either. We all make mistakes. It’s just part of being human.”

Jungkook lowers his head, his voice coming out in little over a whisper that gets lost in the rain, “But I should’ve known better…”

Hoseok reaches out to take back his gun, the weapon falling easily from Jungkook’s slack hold. He slides it back into his holster, smiling at the younger in an effort to lighten the mood. He entwines their fingers, tugging the other along. “Let’s get back to HQ before the thing bleeds to death, yeah? They’ll probably have to amputate the head, but I’m sure it’ll pull through just fine.”
To this, Jungkook doesn’t answer, already lost in a labyrinth of his own self-loathing, with each turn another insult to his capabilities as a boy scout. Hoseok sighs again. He knows no amount of encouragement is going to improve the younger boy’s mood, at least not until they’ve handed the Cerberus off to Mystics and can finally leave the whole ordeal behind them. He’s absolutely certain Seokjin won’t mind the missing head, so long as the rest of the creature is still functioning fine. With the weird and questionable experiments they do on captured occults, he wouldn’t be surprised if the Cerberus only has one head by the end of the month.

The walk back to HQ is quiet—well, as quiet as it can get with the relentless downpour. Neither of them minded getting drenched to the bone though. They expected it the moment they received the last minute mission to go out and hunt the occult down. Jungkook had shrugged off their cancelled plans as though it couldn’t be helped, feigning indifference. Of course, Hoseok knew better than to take it that way. There was no ignoring the defeated slump of his boyfriend’s shoulders or the faint resentment brewing in his dark eyes. Hoseok was admittedly a little upset too—and he had no trouble voicing his dismay to their superiors, but they both knew there was no avoiding it. They were under binding contracts. If trouble arises, they have to be equipped and ready to take care of it, regardless of circumstances.

Maybe that’s why Jungkook is a little harsher on himself…? He glances at Jungkook from under the cover of his hood. He can’t see much of the younger boy’s face as he gazes straight ahead of them, but he spies the soft curve of his chin and the downturn of his plush lips. There’s a definitive redness to his bottom lip where teeth have gnawed at the flesh. Hoseok frowns. Jungkook always bites his lip when he’s nervous or agitated.

The younger boy senses his stare, slowly inclining his head to look at him. He looks confused.

“Hobi?” the nickname rolls effortlessly off his tongue. Hoseok smiles. It’s the closest Jungkook could ever get to a pet name for him. He’s so severely shy when it comes to being coupley, so the younger only even drops the endearment when they’re alone. He also doesn’t mind the fact that Hobi sounds almost similar to hubby, but of course he refrains from sharing this piece of information with his boyfriend. If he did, Jungkook would no doubt swear off calling him by that nickname ever again. Still, it’s an amusing thought that he keeps tucked away in the corner of his mind.

Hoseok shakes his head and squeezes Jungkook’s hand. “Nothing, nothing. Just… thinking about things.”

“Uh—oh.” Amusement flashes across his pretty, chestnut eyes. “That can’t be good.”

He chuckles, looking out ahead of them, though it’s useless. Little can be seen through such dense
rain. “Don’t worry about it. I’m just—well, a little disappointment, that’s all.”

Jungkook’s face falls slightly, and Hoseok almost wishes he hadn’t said anything. “Yeah?”

He nods. “Yeah…”

Jungkook sighs. “I know what you mean… Tonight isn’t exactly how I wanted our second anniversary to go either. Fuck—and I had our reservation down for months beforehand because I was so sure the restaurant would be fully booked tonight… I felt like an idiot when I had to call and cancel.”

Hoseok forces a smile. “Just think—some other lucky bastard was probably on the waiting list, thinking he’d never get a table then bam—we cancel, and he’s sitting at our table, eating our food and enjoyed our hot date. Like, how dare we make that man’s night?”

Despite the vexing thought, Jungkook laughs, easily playing along. “He probably got lucky too, getting a table at such an exclusive place. You reckon they went all the way?”

He whistles. “To the moon and back, Gorgeous. To the moon and back.”

“At least someone was able to enjoy our reservation then.” Jungkook shrugs. He seems genuinely uplifted. “I mean—it’d be a shame if the table just remained empty for the whole night, yeah?”

Hoseok beams, showing off his straight pair of teeth. “Exactly! I guess that’s one way to look at it. Besides—it’s not the end of the world. Celebrating anniversaries on the exact dates seems silly, doesn’t it? We could easily celebrate another day this week. It’s not like there are any fixed rules to stop us.”

“I guess it is a little silly…” Jungkook stares at nothing in particular, his expression only mildly wistful. “People are just sentimental that way though… There’s only one day of the year where we can say to people, ‘Oh, it’s our anniversary!’ and get that warm feeling of accomplishment when people congratulate us…”

A small smirk coils at the corner of Hoseok’s mouth. “Are you one of those sentimental people, Gorgeous?”
He watches his boyfriend’s cute face scrunch up in disgust and he can’t help but laugh. “You wish. Anniversaries don’t matter to me. As far as I’m concerned, you don’t need an excuse to spoil me—and visa versa.” He tacks the last of sentence on as more of a quick after thought, as though remembering they’re supposed to be in a mutual relationship where they’re both equals. But in all honesty, Jungkook is the spoilt one out of the two of them; he just never likes to admit it.

“My thoughts exactly.” Hoseok brings Jungkook’s hand up to his lips, hovering over the soaked skin. He plants a kiss to the back of his hand, and Jungkook smiles at him. His boyfriend’s skin is so cold. He hopes he won’t get sick after this, and if he does—he’s going to have a word with Seokjin about it. Their superior must be a true sadist to send them out in this kind of weather.

They take detours down narrow side streets to try and avoid the rain as much as possible. By the time they reach the back entrance into HQ, it’s nearing 11pm. Their second-year anniversary is almost over.

Jungkook enters the passcode with trembling fingers, groaning heavily once the door gives way and they’re allowed passage through. They bring in puddles of rainwater that scatter haphazardly on the marble floors. Jungkook doesn’t really care. People can slip and break their necks for all he cares—at least they didn’t have to go out on a mission tonight. He sheds his raincoat and tosses it over a hat rack, trudging in the direction of Seokjin’s office with Hoseok in close tandem.

“Don’t forget to smile, Gorgeous!” Hoseok practically singsongs, his nasally pitch bouncing off the high ceiling. “You might hate him but he’s still our boss!”

The younger boy scoffs petulantly. “I’m his youngest elite. And for your information—Seokjin-hyung loves me.”

“Do I now?” Both of them snap their heads straight to see the man himself standing at the other end of the hallway waiting for them, his arms crossed over his chest and his ward assistant by his side. They falter for only a moment before Jungkook grins sheepishly, not even slightly apologetic.

“Of course you do.” The younger smirks, running a hand through his sopping wet tassels. “Why else would you have given me a position in your elite forces?”

“Oh I don’t know. It might have something to do with you scoring the highest in your training squad, or it might just be because I find you too damn charming.” The sarcasm is heavy in their boss’s tone. He’s always been a little sassy underneath his authoritative disposition, which isn’t entirely unwelcome. It definitely spices up the office environment that’s for sure.
They stop in front of their boss and bow politely to him. “I take it the mission was a success then?” Seokjin eyes the single glowing gem on Jungkook’s boy scout sash, all the other gems devoid of any life. “You managed to catch the occult without killing it?”

Jungkook detaches it from his sash, looking understandably hesitant. Hoseok places a hand on his boyfriend’s shoulder supportively. “Well, the occult is alive—yes, but we ran into some altercations.”

Seokjin’s eyebrow arches. “Is that so?”

“I…” Jungkook stares down at the gem in his hand. “It was my fault. I should’ve been more careful—kept my distance, but I didn’t. It lashed out of me and I just… pulled the trigger.”

Before Seokjin can speculate what happened, Hoseok interjects, “He shot one of the heads of the Cerberus. The other heads are in tact, but one of them needs to be amputated.”

“I’m sorry hyung.” He looks down, his other hand coiling into a tight fist. “I promise it won’t happen again. If it does, I won’t blame you if you revoke my sash and place me on probation.”

Seokjin rolls his eyes. Although he doesn’t look entirely pleased, he doesn’t look angry either. To Hoseok, that’s a good sign. “Don’t be dramatic, Jungkook. Mistakes happen. Just don’t make a habit it of it, OK? It’s not everyday a Cerberus pops up on the radar, so I’d appreciate it if the next one has all its head in tact.”

Jungkook nods, handing the gem over to Seokjin, who then promptly hands it to his assistant. She scurries off to the medical ward where their medics will do their best to handle the situation. Jungkook probably won’t get that gem back until the Cerberus is transferred safely behind bars in the prison ward. It’s not that having one less badge hinders his job in anyway, but Jungkook is a stickler when it comes to having the complete set on his sash. When there’s one missing, it doesn’t have quite the same charm as when he has all seven of them secured in place.

Their boss yawns. “Well, good job on capturing the occult on such short notice. I’m sorry your plans were compromised. I wouldn’t have called the both of you in if I didn’t think it was essential.” Seokjin pauses, taking in their drenched clothes and tired eyes. “Hoseok—have a report finished and on my desk by the end of the week, and make sure both of your signatures are signed down the bottom this time. A report is no good to me if it isn’t signed off by the agents involved in the mission.”
Hoseok salutes lazily. “Yes sir.”

Seokjin nods. “Good. The two of you are dismissed. You both have tomorrow off, so use your free time wisely.”

Hoseok and Jungkook bow before turning to leave, their hands automatically finding one another’s. “Oh, and guys?” They both pause, peering back at their boss questioningly. Seokjin simpers, “Happy Second Anniversary.”

“Thanks hyung!” Hoseok yells over his shoulder before hurrying over to the exit, tugging Jungkook along eagerly. “I’m starving—let’s go to that 24/7 diner near the pizza shop you like. Namjoon told me their breakfast menu is to die for.”

Jungkook smirks. “Breakfast at midnight, Hobi? Really?”

The older boy checks his watch, rubbing away the rivulets of water on the glass with the pad of his thumb. “It’s not quite midnight yet, Gorgeous. There’s still time to celebrate our anniversary.”

“What happened to celebrating another day, hm? Or is it that you’re the sentimental type that likes to celebrate on the exact day?” The corners of his eyes crinkle happily, baring the front of his teeth in a cute grin that has Hoseok’s heart skipping a beat. He loves it when Jungkook smiles like that. It reminds him of the day he knew he was falling for the younger.

“Guilty as charged.” He isn’t even going to deny it. “This day, two years ago, I asked you to be mine and you said ‘yes.’ As much as you’d like to deny it, today is a special day for the both of us. It marks the day you and I became us, when we started introducing one another as boyfriends, when I could kiss you and hold your hand and take you out on dates and buy you nice things—”

Jungkook laughs. “You’re such a sap, Hobi. But, I guess if it means so much to you, we’ll go to the diner for pre-celebrations. Don’t think you can get off on just buying me a ten dollar breakfast for our anniversary.”

“Don’t be silly.” The older boy waves him off. “You’re the one who’s paying tonight.”

He tries his best to glare at his boyfriend, but Hoseok’s toothy grin is enough to rock his
composure and send him into a fit of giggles. “Fine, fine. I pay tonight, you pay for when we actually go and celebrate. Deal?”

“Trying to rob me of the better deal, are we, Gorgeous?”

The smirk in which graces Jungkook’s pouty lips is both devious and attractive. “Would I be your Jungkook if I wasn’t?”

Hoseok chuckles. “Certainly not.”

His car is parked a few streets away from HQ. Usually Hoseok would’ve parked the car in the company garage, but they had been called in with such urgency that he’d slotted his car into the nearest parking space he could find before jumping out, Jungkook hot on his tail. He lives to regret this decision, because now they’re under the cover of rain again, wearing raincoats that aren’t doing what they are essentially made for, and their drenched bodies are going to ruin the leather of his seats. Good job, Hoseok. That’s what you get for taking the easy way out.

Jungkook curses, thinking along the same lines as him once the car comes into view. “We don’t have any towel or blankets in the boot, do we?”

“I’m afraid not,” he says mournfully.

“We could swing by home first? We could change into some dry clothes and towel down the seats?” Jungkook suggests, believing there is still hope.

Hoseok shakes his head, tapping at the glass of his watch. “No time. If we take a detour there’s no way we’ll get to the diner before midnight.”

Jungkook bites his bottom lip. “Well, if it means that much to you…”

Hoseok nods. “Yeah, it does. So let’s not waste time worrying about it and just get there as fast as we can, yeah?”

Jungkook agrees, but only because Hoseok is so adamant about celebrating the last half hour of their anniversary. If it means so much to his boyfriend, then there’s no point trying to sway him.
Hoseok unlocks the car and Jungkook slips into the passenger seat as swiftly as possible, mindful of the rain that could get inside. But then he realizes there’s no real point to his efforts, since the car seat is wet either way.

Hoseok gets into the driver’s seat, wincing when there’s a definitive squelch beneath his weight. Jungkook covers his mouth to hide the smile, but Hoseok sees it anyway and fails to hold back his own smile.

“I guess you can’t complain that this anniversary wasn’t memorable, huh?” Jungkook teases as Hoseok starts the car, the engine roaring to life. Hoseok chuckles as he starts fiddling with the heating, blasting hot air through the vents.

The older boy shakes his head. “Nope, that I definitely can’t complain about, that’s for sure.”

It doesn’t take them long to get to the diner. It’s located about halfway between HQ and home, which is essentially how they discovered the pizza place, and by extension, the diner Namjoon frequents at. It’s a quiet, little place; nothing that really calls attention to it other than the neon sign at the front that says ‘Open 24 hours’. Since it’s the middle of the night, there aren’t any cars around, so finding a perfect park out the front of the diner is easy.

Hoseok gets out of the car first, jogging around the front to open the door for Jungkook. He offers a hand to the younger to help him out, and Jungkook wriggles his eyebrows. “And who said chivalry is dead?”

The older boy grins, locking the car before tugging Jungkook inside the diner. It would’ve been dead quiet if not for the music playing in the background. The only other customer is an old man who sits by the jukebox, sipping a cup of coffee and reading a newspaper under the lens of his half-moon glasses. They scuttle over to a booth with red leather seating, peeling their coats and outer layers from their skins and stuffing them in a dripping pile in the corner, out of sight from the waitress that comes sauntering over to them.

Hoseok throws an arm over Jungkook’s shoulders as he presents his award-worthy smile to the young woman. She smiles back, but its tired and undoubtedly forced. Jungkook feels her pain.

They look over the menu and order standard meals—Jungkook asks for a grilled-cheese sandwich and a milkshake, and Hoseok asks for breakfast meal set no. 2 (dubbed “Two of Everything,” which includes two pieces of toast, two strips of bacon, two sausages and scrambled eggs) and a coffee. The waitress assures them that their orders won’t take long. It’s not like they’re busy catering to other patrons at this ungodly hour.
“I can’t believe this,” Jungkook chuckles, leaning into Hoseok’s side with his head semi-resting on his shoulder.

Hoseok inclines his head, pecking Jungkook’s damp forehead. “What can’t you believe, Gorgeous?”

“That we’re here, at a diner, in the middle of the night, drenched to the bone… on our anniversary, of all days. It just feels surreal.” He places his hand on his boyfriend’s thigh, squeezing it gently. “It’s not how I planned this night to go but…” He looks up, meeting Hoseok warm, expectant gaze. “I’m kind of happy we’re here, you know? I mean—it’s not as romantic as I wish it were. My underwear is halfway up my butt crack and I’m so cold I’m bound to wake up with pneumonia tomorrow. But… you’re here, with me…”

The older boy doesn’t say anything at first, and Jungkook realizes how long they’ve been gazing into each other’s eyes and forces himself to look away, his cheeks blooming with colour. “God, Jungkookie,” Hoseok laughs. “You make me crazy, you know that?”

He smiles, staring at his hand on Hoseok’s thigh. “Yeah, but in my defense you were crazy to begin with.”

Hoseok chuckles before pressing a light kiss to Jungkook’s temple. His hot breath against his cool skin sends tingles down his arms. “Happy Anniversary, Gorgeous,” he mumbles in a husky voice.

Jungkook turns his head to peck the other on the lips. “Happy Anniversary, Hobi.”

After their late dinner (and sort-of-early breakfast, if Jungkook is being honest), they finally head back home. The rain has only let up just a little bit since they entered the diner, lighter but by no means ideal. Hoseok parks the car in the underground garage and they make their way up to their apartment. It’s pretty peaceful. No one is awake to make much racket, and from the inside of the building the rain sounds like a distant lullaby.

Hoseok unlocks their apartment door with Jungkook clinging to his waist. They stumble inside, giggling like schoolgirls who are up to no good. Jungkook plants sloppy kisses to the back of Hoseok’s neck, kicking the door closed once they’ve shuffled their way inside. Hoseok turns in his arms and pushes him back against the wall, his fingers in Jungkook’s hair as he guides him in for an open-mouthed kiss. The older boy’s tongue wiggles past his teeth to press down against Jungkook’s, coaxing him to kiss back. The younger boy holds Hoseok’s cold face in his equally cold hands, but neither of them are effected by the chill. No—if anything a warmth kindles inside

“Shut up and kiss me.”

They continue to kiss each other for some time, with their hands being less than appropriate. Jungkook’s hands remains mostly at Hoseok’s front, running up and down the hard muscle that can be felt through the thin, wet material of his shirt. Whereas Hoseok’s hands groped at the back of Jungkook’s thighs or ran up and down the arch of his spine. At some point Jungkook hooks his leg around Hoseok’s waist as the older supports him, lost to the alluring touches of his experienced boyfriend.

But then the illusion shatters when one of Hoseok’s hands slip under his shirt, the back of the hand grazing the plains of Jungkook’s flat stomach. A shudder runs through him and his first response is to push the older boy away. He makes sure to be gentle with the other, knowing that Hoseok is by no means in the wrong. He inclines his head to the side with a hint of shame, the guilt weighing heavily on his conscience. “Hoseok I…”

Hoseok let’s his hands fall away, knowing immediately what’s wrong. He instead moves them up to cup Jungkook’s face, safely away from any of the boy’s erogenous zones. “I know, I know. I’m sorry—I shouldn’t have gotten ahead of myself. Don’t frown—I hate it when you frown.”

“I know it’s just…” His leg slips away from Hoseok’s hip and instead of leaning into his boyfriend, he leans mostly against the wall now, clutching his arm uncomfortably. “I should be ready now, you know? I wanted to be ready, especially since it’s our anniversary and all…”

“Oh, so that’s how you planned our night to go then,” Hoseok wiggles his eyebrows comically in an attempt to get Jungkook to smile, but the younger boy just frowns even further.

“Well we’ve been together two years now, I should be comfortable with it! I should be able to trust you by now… I do—god I can trust you with my life but not with this? What’s wrong with me?” He grabs at his hair, tugging at the black tufts harshly.

“Hey now—don’t be like that.” Hoseok leans forward and peppers kisses all over Jungkook’s cute little face. The boy’s countenance scrunches with a mixture of annoyance and perhaps just a hint of affection, but the younger was never good at expressing affection well. “If you don’t feel
like you’re ready, then you’re not ready. It’s all about trust, you know. It’s about how you feel, and if you don’t feel ready, then don’t rush yourself.”

Jungkook sighs, inclining his head to the side. Hoseok hates how ashamed he looks. “What healthy, twenty-three-year-old man doesn’t want to get rid of his virginity as quickly as possible? Honestly—it’s more of a burden than it is something to brag about.”

Hoseok snorts. “Who brags about still being a virgin?”

He shrugs. “I dunno, nuns? Nerds who live in their mothers’ basements?”

The older boy laughs, his shoulders shaking. “Well, you got me there. How about you go have a shower, Gorgeous? Just forget about the whole thing—you should go to sleep tonight feeling happy, nor annoyed—and especially not annoyed at yourself. I still need to go back down to the car and towel off the seats, you know, salvage what’s left of the leather. So don’t wait up for me if you’re feeling tired.”

Jungkook smiles apologetically, swaying forward to gently press their lips together. “I promise the wait will be worth it in the end. When I’m ready, you won’t be able to stop me from jumping on that glorious dick of yours.”

Hoseok’s cheeks flush. He’ll never get used to Jungkook’s audacity. “Hey now—watch your mouth! You still have your virginal integrity to keep pure.”

He chuckles before turning to walk down the hallway, throwing over his shoulder, “Whatever you say, Hobi. But virgin or not you know there’s no saving my vulgar language.”

Hoseok runs his hands through his hair, shaking his head as he watches his boyfriend disappear around a corner, definitely not admiring the way he sways his hips because Hoseok is a gentleman. He would never impeach his boyfriend’s dignity by staring at his well-toned ass—no, definitely not.

He almost forgets what he’s supposed to be doing. Right. The car. Towels. Dear god Jungkook is going to be the death of him one day. He just knows it. Stupid magical hips and firm ass cheeks. What the hell are you doing to me?

It’s another forty-five minutes before he’s cleaned up the car, taken a shower, brushed his teeth
and finally ready for bed, and by this time, Jungkook is unfortunately fast asleep. He doesn’t mind all that much though. He smiles, crawling quietly into bed alongside his boyfriend and slowly wraps an arm around him. The younger’s body seems to move on its own, curling into his warmth, and Hoseok smiles down at him adoringly.

He presses a delicate kiss to Jungkook’s forehead, brushing away the damp strands of his fringe. “Sweet dreams, Gorgeous.”

“Hello 119, what is your emergency?”

“H—hello? Operator?”

“I can hear you hun, now what’s your emergency?”

“It—it’s in my house—downstairs… I—I can h—hear it.”

“What can you hear?”

“It. It’s moving.”

“What is it, sweetheart?”

“It’s coming up the stairs…”

“What’s your name?”

“Eunji.”
“I have your location up on my computer, Eunji. Would you like me to send police over to check on you?”

“Oh god—oh god it’s in my sister’s room! It’s hurting my sister! P—please hurry oh god please… please…”

“Honey I need you to stay on the phone help is coming I promise.”

“I’m next… I’m next… Oh god Yuri… Yuri no…”

“Who is Yuri, sweetie? Is she your sister?”

“Yes… yes she’s screaming I—I Jesus fuck it’s hurting her so badly please tell them to hurry oh my god…”

“Where are you?”

“Under… under my bed…”

“That’s good, hun. Is your door locked?”

“My room doesn’t have a lock.”

“Can you block it with anything? Like a nightstand or a bookcase? Anything to keep it at bay until the police come?”

“I—I don’t wanna move… it’ll get me…”

“OK but stay on the phone with me, yeah? How old are you?”

“S—seventeen.”
“And how old is your sister?”

“Thirteen…”

“Do you know where your parents are?”

“I…”

“Hello? Are you still there, sweetie?”

“Oh god…”

“What’s happening? What do you see?”

“Oh please—don’t—please don’t—NO! LET GO! LET GO OF ME!”

“Hello? Eunji?! Are you still there? Hello…?”

Seokjin stands in front of the white board, the dark circles under his eyes growing with every passing minute. He glares at the abundance of paper stuck to the board, some of them post-mortem shots of victims, others of potential occults that could be involved in the serial murders of three families—four now, as of 3am last night. All with the same markings, same MO, and same targets. The occult profilers are narrowing the possibilities with every case but it still isn’t enough to make an exact identification. They know the occult has sharp claws that can tear through human skin, inhuman strength to break apart a torso, and sharp teeth that can take out chunks of flesh, but that could still be any number of creatures. What’s odd is—very few occults are so bold and unhinged in their attacks, and so consistent too. He gets the harrowingly feeling that this isn’t just any run of the mill werewolf that they’re dealing with here. This occult is methodical and unstable. Not a good combo.

“Sir!” his assistant comes running into the briefing room—well, running as best as she can in her heels, waving a sheet of paper in her hand. “We’ve got a break through on the case!”
Seokjin whips around so fast that the side of his neck blooms with pain. He winces and rubs his sore neck. “You’re joking.”

“I’m not.” She grins, slapping a magnet over the piece paper, situating it in the middle of the board. “Our perpetrator was careless this time—he was caught coming out of the apartment complex drenched in blood.”

He feels his stomach start to sink into his loins, the face of a demon smirking straight at the camera mid-walk through the apartment lobby. No, he wasn’t caught red-handed. It’s very clear that their perpetrator got caught on surveillance intentionally. He wants their attention.

“So, you’ve finally returned…” he mutters aloud. His assistant looks back at him, evidently confused.

“You know who that is?”

Seokjin sighs, nodding his head slowly in confirmation. “It happened three years ago—before you were here. That is the sole occult to have ever escaped the confines of our prison ward. I imagine he ran off to somewhere down south, but I guess he couldn’t resist coming back to his old hunting grounds.”

“Escaped our prison ward?” She looks gob smacked. “I didn’t think that was possible!”

“Neither did we,” he shakes his head, “but somehow he managed it. He left a bloodbath in his wake—as you’d imagine. He was the hardest occult to capture and the hardest to maintain. This time though, we won’t be bringing him back alive. He needs to be stopped—needs to be killed before he kills anymore innocent families.”

“Who… who is he, sir?”

Seokjin doesn’t look away from the haunting, black and white image of the “man” caked in blood, his eyes discolored and devoid of life, and his expression so morbidly evil that is sends chills down his spine. “His name is Kim Taehyung, the only Wendigo our city has ever birthed.”

His assistant’s face goes pale with fear. “I thought the only way to become a Wendigo…”
Seokjin’s lips thin gravely. “Through cannibalism—yes. Taehyung was a cannibal. He managed to keep his secret under the radar through his transformation, but once the Wendigo overcame him he became nothing but a ravenous animal. The intelligence is still there, as history has proven, but whatever spec of humanity Taehyung had is long gone by now. He cannot be saved or reasoned with, which is why I need to comprise a small, two-man team to take him down.”

“Do you have anyone in mind, sir? Surely one of the seniors of our elite?”

“No—I already have two in mind. Go tell the people down at autopsy who we’re dealing with, I’ll go make the proper arrangements.”

“Will they know who Kim Taehyung is…?”

Seokjin’s hands clench, the muscles in his jaw twitching. “Everyone in Mystics knows who Kim Taehyung is.”

Namjoon enters the briefing room early in the afternoon, his fingers coiled around a coffee cup he’s been sipping to nurse his mammoth of a hangover. Yes, he had been under the deception that his weekend would be completely free. So the decision to go out clubbing the night before with a couple of friends had seemed like a no-brainer at the time. Had he known he would be called in to work on Saturday, he probably would’ve refrained from going, or at the very least, not drank himself half blind. There’s just no guarantee of a break in the life of a boy scout—no sir. Weekend, public holiday, family emergency—nothing is safe from the painful grip of duty when it sounds its unwelcome ring.

There had been no room for excuses when he struggled to answer the phone that morning. Seokjin told him to haul his ass down to HQ or suffer the brunt of his wrath on Monday. Having been employed under the man for several years now, he finds that a headache from a hangover is far more merciful in comparison to the headache Seokjin’s screeching can cause.

So here he is, resurrected from the comatose-inducing cocoon of his humble bed to endure the florescent lights of the briefing room. If Seokjin notices his bloodshot eyes or the downright brutal state that he’s in, he doesn’t show it. He simply gestures for him to sit down in a chair. He does so gratefully, looking around only to discover they’re the only two people in the room.
“You said something about an emergency mission briefing…?” he tries prompting when he realizes Seokjin won’t be the first to speak. The man is standing in front of the whiteboard of material, his thumb wedged between his teeth. Upon further observation, his boss isn’t in the prim and proper state he usually presents himself in. Rather, he looks worn, like he hasn’t slept all night. It makes him feel marginally better about his own appearance.

“I’m sending you and another scout on an emergency mission—tonight. We can’t afford to waste any more nights with this guy on the loose. He needs to be stopped before he kills another family.”

“By ‘this guy’ you mean the creature that’s been slaughtering all those families?” he presumes, since it’s been quite a hot topic spoken around the office by Mystics’ desk employees. Not to mention it’s been all over the news.

Seokjin turns and Namjoon would almost say it’s dramatic, if not for the ungraceful way the man leans over the table, worn and wary. “It’s not just any creature… We identified the perpetrator this morning after he was seen leaving the building of the fourth family he killed.”


His boss speaks in a low whisper, but given that they’re the only two people in the room, it’s easy to catch the utterance of the word: “Wendigo.”

He stares. He stares for so long at Seokjin without blinking that his eyes start to water. “But… our city hasn’t had a Wendigo incident in—”

“Three years,” Seokjin finishes hollowly. “I know. It’s the same Wendigo.”

Namjoon’s eyes dart to the board then, his gaze immediately drawn to the black and white image in the center of all the evidence and the clues to their investigation. He stands up to get a better look, not trusting his own bloodshot eyes. “You’re telling me Kim Taehyung—the Kim Taehyung, came back? Why the hell would he return here, of all damn places?”

“Old habits die hard I guess,” Seokjin mutters as he leans against the table, staring at the photo as well. “Still up to his same old tricks as well.”

He frowns, looking back at his boss. “But Taehyung never targeted entire families before, just….”
He frowns, looking back at his boss. “But Taehyung never targeted entire families before, just…you know, the virgins.”

Seokjin shrugs. “He’s gotten more blood-thirsty that’s for sure, but he tends to spend less time on the victims that aren’t virgins and more on the ones that are. The non-virgins—usually the parents and the older siblings—get their throats torn out, if they’re lucky. They’re also taken out first. I presume it’s because he doesn’t want others interfering when he’s dealing with his main targets.”

“So does he still…” he rubs the back of his neck uncomfortably, “you know…”

“Tear open their ribcages and feasts on their organs? Yes—though he’s teetering into overkill with his recent victims. He didn’t have much time with the last family because one of them woke up and called the police before she was killed, but look here—” he approaches the board, pointing at one of the pictures taken of a victim from the third family that was slaughtered “—he completely carved out the boy’s insides and shred the fat and muscle from his thighs. He never did that to his victims three years ago.”

Namjoon winces. “Sounds like he’s angry.”

Seokjin nods slowly. “I think so too. I think coming back here has brought up some unwanted memories, and he’s taking them out on his victims. It’s not just about sating his hunger anymore—this is outright murder for the sake of revenge. I think that’s why he walked out in plain sight this morning. He wants us to try and track him down. He wants a confrontation. He never really could let go of the fact that we confined him—he probably felt we stripped him of his dignity.”

“Well, in his defense, most of the inmates feel that way,” Namjoon points out as a matter-of-factly.

“Well Namjoon, if they’re gonna act like animals, we’re gonna treat them like animals.”

Namjoon puts his hands up in defense, not going anywhere near the issue. “Hey, I’m just saying.”

“So, back to the mission.” Namjoon assumes his seat once again, getting comfortable. “We’re on close watch for Taehyung through the city’s surveillance cameras tonight, and when he shows himself, you will be informed of his location and will go take him down.”

“But, how can you be sure he will strike tonight? It’s not in his MO to attack consecutively.”
“We’ll be sending out bait—your partner for the mission.”

His eyebrows shoot up in surprise. “You’re going to use one of your scouts as bait? Isn’t that a little risky?”

Seokjin leans over Namjoon to the point where he’s practically shrinking in his seat. “We need to take down Taehyung by all means necessary. We can’t afford to play it safe, and as one of my elite you will do as I say and follow my orders as distributed to you. Got it?”

When his boss finally leans away, Namjoon straightens, smoothing over his clothes with a sigh. “Fine, you’re the boss. So who will you be using as bait?”

The smirk that coils onto Seokjin’s soft expression is almost eerie. “Why, the only virgin in our elite, of course.”

Jungkook glares down at the text he received from Seokjin, asking him to come into work immediately or else. “Or else” usually meant either desk duty or patrol, both of which he wouldn’t want to waste his time with, mostly because it’ll mean spending time away from Hoseok and the rest of his co-workers. Plus, Jungkook isn’t much of a desk kind of guy. He enjoys being out in the open, even if the elements are on their menstrual cycles. The thrill of the chase, the excitement of the capture—it’s everything he’s been working towards his whole life. Now that he’s tasted such sweet freedom in the workforce, he would do everything in his power to avoid administrative work, even if that means leaving the comfort of his boyfriend’s arms.

They’d been cuddling on the couch for the past hour, the gas heater running and the television turned on to some drama that neither of them are paying attention to. It wasn’t long before Hoseok fell asleep. Jungkook could hardly blame him. They’d had quite a late night, so Jungkook had simply closed his eyes to try and get some shut-eye too, but his light slumber only lasted the better half of an hour before his phone rudely interrupted him. He regrets not leaving it in his room.

Hoseok’s still snoring away, and as much as it pains Jungkook, he slips out from under his arm and gets up off the couch. He looks back at his boyfriend with a fond grin. He takes a picture of his boyfriend for safekeeping. He might even make it his screensaver when he has the time. He gets a blanket from the linen closet to throw over his body before placing a kiss to his forehead. Hoseok barely stirs.
He shuffles into the bedroom to change out of his sweats and into something more suitable for a mission. He writes a small note and leaves it on the coffee table, in plain sight for when Hoseok wakes up. Leaving with nothing but his sash and empty gun holster, he locks the door behind him and quickly makes his way toward the elevator. It’s cold and surprisingly deserted in the parking lot—surprisingly because it’s a Saturday evening. Shouldn’t people be going out around this time? He brushes it off as a meaningless detail, making his way over to his car. It’s a little smaller than Hoseok’s baby, but it’s a lot smoother and easier to drive in his own, unbiased opinion.

Light rain starts spitting against the windshield on his drive over to HQ. He glares up at the murky sky, feeling betrayed. He left his raincoat in Hoseok’s car last night. Looks like he’ll be drying yet another outfit in front of the heater later tonight—just his luck. The clouds never seem to let up in this city.

He’s greeted with Seokjin and Namjoon in the lobby, the latter looking just about ready to leave. “What’s the emergency, hyung?” It’s logically the first thing that flies out of his mouth. Because he would rather be anywhere right now than at work on a Saturday night. He sacrificed cuddles for this bullshit!

“Urgent enough to send you on your way—now.” He searches for any part of Seokjin’s expression that might allude to some sort of jest, but his boss looks dead serious. He passes him a standard-issue revolver and an earpiece before he says; “You’ll be hunting down a very dangerous and violent occult tonight, Kook. I need you to be on high alert.”

“Naturally,” he drawls. “What will we be hunting?”

“A Wendigo.”

Jungkook is a little surprised to hear this. “A Wendigo, huh? Been a while since we had one of those to deal with.” He doesn’t miss the look his boss and Namjoon share, but decides not to question it. “What’s the plan?”

“You and Namjoon will split up to canvas the city. Once we catch the Wendigo on surveillance we’ll tell you its location and you’ll take it down.”

“So you don’t want it alive?” he clarifies sceptically. It isn’t often that they’re sent out to actually kill an occult.
“No, we won’t be making the same mistake twice. You will maim it enough to be left incapacitated, and we’ll burn the body in the incinerator to destroy it once and for all.” Jungkook isn’t sure how he should feel about this. The serious tone in Seokjin’s voice and the severe expression contorting his handsome features is enough to unsettle him. He hasn’t seen him look so grave in a long time. It almost makes him feel reminiscent of when they last had a Wendigo loose in the city. It was dark times, back then. None of the elite were quite the same after that particular incident. “Jungkook, take the east side of town. Namjoon, you take the west. Move in an anticlockwise motion throughout the streets until we get a lock on the target.”

Namjoon and Jungkook bow. Seokjin nods to them both. “Be careful out there,” he says in a softer tone, one Jungkook wasn’t been expecting. He shoots his boss one last, confused look before following Namjoon out the door, out into the storm that’s been brewing all day.

Wind whips past them and wisps down the street, carrying stray litter and rain along with it. A rumble resounds from deep within the pit of dark clouds above. Jungkook looks up at the morbid sky, pulling his sleeves further down his arms. He regrets not dressing in warmer clothing.

He nearly jumps out of his skin when Namjoon places a hand on his shoulder. He regards the older man, taking in his thinned lips and worried frown. “Take care of yourself. I’ll be connected to the earpiece too, so when you come across the occult I want you to inform me of your location as soon as possible. Is that understood?”

Jungkook smiles reassuredly, nudging his senior boy scout in the side. “You mean if I come across the occult. It’s a big city, hyung. Who knows? We might get lucky and not encounter it at all tonight.”

Namjoon presents a papery smile that’s in no way encouraging. His expression almost look bitter, but he decides that whatever conflict his hyung is feeling is his business alone. He knows better than to go poking into the other people’s thoughts, especially people like Namjoon who contemplate the existence of the universe more than enough times to warrant a degree in philosophy. If he asks his hyung what’s wrong, the guy might not shut up and they’ll be standing outside the damn building for another hour or two.

“We’ll keep in touch. Try to stay dry, OK hyung?” He pats the man on the shoulder before jogging out into the rain. He doesn’t bother to look back at his hyung when he shouts something back at him, merely putting his thumb up in the air as if he heard him. Of course he didn’t though. It’d be a miracle to hear anything at a distance in this sort of weather. He’s sure it isn’t anything important.

He sticks to mostly side streets in his expedition, where less rain can get through and there’s enough cover to keep him relatively dry. He ducks through a few shopping centres too, mingling
amongst the nightlife that’s sorely lacking for such an opportune hour. A lot of restaurants and shops are closed, which is weird. And the ones that are open occupy few patrons for the expectation of a Saturday. Is he missing something here? Is there some sort of grand event happening somewhere in the city that’s attracted enough publicity to drain life from all the other hot spots? Or is it really because of the weather?

He moves in an anticlockwise motion through the city as instructed, nearing the northern point when Seokjin’s voice starts hissing into his earpiece. “We’ve got a lock on him! Namjoon? Jungkook? Can you hear me?”

“Loud and clear, boss.”

Jungkook straightens. Finally, some action. “What’s its location?”

“He was just seen entering an apartment complex north-east of the city centre.”

“I’ll check it out. I’m definitely closer.”

Namjoon’s deep voice snaps from some indiscriminate location, “No, Jungkook. Wait until I get there. I’m only half an hour away.”

“Give me the address, Seokjin.” He drops the ‘hyung’ because he isn’t fucking around here. He doesn’t have half an hour to spare, and they all know it. If the Wendigo is as dangerous as Seokjin says he is, then there will be lives at stake.

Seokjin mutters off an address and Jungkook kicks into motion. “I should be there in less than five minutes.”

“Jungkook it’s too fucking dangerous for you to go alone—fucking hell!”

He ignores Namjoon. Seokjin hasn’t given him orders not to pursue the target, so he doesn’t see any reason to wait. Besides, he can handle it. This time, he doesn’t have to worry about accidentally shooting the occult’s face off.
Hoseok wakes up alone. He doesn’t question the blanket thrown over his body, shoving it aside so that he can sit up. He rubs his eyes, surprised at himself. He doesn’t usually fall asleep on the couch—especially so early into the evening, but he'd just been so **comfortable** and **warm** and he had Jungkook in his arms. How could he not seize a well-deserved nap when it’s dished out to him on a silver platter?

The TV is still on, airing the evening news. His eyes fall to the note on the coffee table, the name “Hobi~” scribbled onto the front in messy, familiar writing. He picks it up and flips it open, scratching his belly lazily.

_Got called in to work for an emergency mission. Hyung sounded really urgent so I couldn’t get out of it._

_Order some pizza and put on a movie or something, yeah? Don’t wait up for me ‘cuz I’ll probably get in late tonight._

—*Your no. 1 hoe*

He chuckles, shaking his head. He tosses the note back onto the table, looking up just in time to spot the headline: **Massacre on Main Street** just below the news anchor. He reaches for the remote to turn up the volume, squirming to get a little more comfortable against the cushions.

“—*are saying that the suspect is serial mass murderer, Kim Taehyung.*” Hoseok perks up so fast that his spine gives a sickening crack. A photo shows up on the screen next to the anchor and Hoseok is somewhere between fainting and throwing up. “*Kim Taehyung is a wanted occult who escaped the prison ward of Mystics Incorporated almost three years ago, wreaking havoc on innocent civilians and unleashing unspeakable violence on the public. Mystics believed the occult went missing as attacks came to a halt, but it seems old habits die hard. We’ll go over to Jessica Jung now for the full story…*”

He springs up from the couch, turning off the TV and throwing the remote haphazardly onto the table. He sprints into the bedroom for his coat, muttering a string of curses under his breath. “I swear to god if Seokjin sent Jungkook out to catch Kim Taehyung I’m going to fucking **wring his pretty neck!**”
Hoseok bursts into Mystics with a presence more fierce than the storm outside. The receptionist babbles something to him that he doesn’t care to hear, breezing past security without a second glance and marching straight towards the briefing room. He shoves open the door, finding it full of workers in headsets in front of computers as Seokjin stands in front of some sort of monitor. His eyes are immediately drawn to it, finding that it is in fact live footage of a street surveillance camera, showing the outside of an affluent apartment complex.

Heads turn upon his dramatic entrance—Seokjin not being one of them. He ignores everyone else and stomps straight towards his superior. “Tell me you didn’t just send my boyfriend out on your Taehyung hunting expedition!”

“You can’t let your feelings get in the way of work, Hoseok. We went through this when we were discussing the terms of your office romance.” Seokjin sounds as though he’s been expecting him, which explains why he hasn’t so much as turned to acknowledge him yet. This only proves to vex him even further.

“The only reason you’ve sent Jungkook out on this mission is because you know it’ll bait Taehyung into coming out! Are you insane, Seokjin? How could you put Jungkook in that kind of position?” Seokjin turns then, his expression cold.

“We don’t have any other choice. Four families have been savagely slaughtered—perhaps a fifth tonight. The people are scared. It’s our duty to keep these streets safe by any means necessary.”

“You’re just trying to save your own ass from bad publicity—”

“Watch yourself, Jung. Remember who’s in charge here—”

“Sir!” an employee exclaims. “Jeon has reached the building.”

They both snap their heads up to the monitor to see Jungkook approaching the building, striding with the confidence he always upholds in the face of danger. Hoseok steps forward, fisting the front of Seokjin’s shirt. “Tell me that building’s address!”

Seokjin rolls his eyes. “Fine, if it’ll get you out of my hair. Remember though—Taehyung must not get away. Not this time. If he does, it’ll be on you.”

Hoseok readily accepts these terms, Jungkook’s safety at the forefront of his mind. Once Seokjin
tells him the address he’s already sprinting out of the room and toward the exit. “Don’t worry, Jungkookie,” he pants under his breath. “I’m coming for you.”

North-east has always been a wealthier district of the city, and the centre of much envy for the poverty-stricken districts down south. Upon entering the building nothing seems to be amiss. Light music plays from the speakers. The reception desk is empty, but that’s to be expected at this time of night. He rounds a fountain running fluidly in the centre of the foyer before making his way to the stairs. He knows there’s no point in taking the elevator because a) they’re too slow, and b) he probably needs a key card to use it.

He finds the stairs at the back of the building and falls into a mad dash. He checks the first floor for any signs or sounds of disturbance, and when he finds none, he goes immediately to the second floor, repeating the process for the first five floors until he reaches the sixth. A door at the very end of the hallway has been kicked in. His fingers immediately go to his gun, slowly pulling it out and shuffling quietly forward. He presses against the wall, adrenaline pumping in his ears. Once he gets to the door, he peeks inside to see if there’s any sign of the occult. He sees nothing but darkness, much to his own trepidation.

Maybe he should wait for Namjoon…?

No—someone might be in trouble. He schools his features and tiptoes his way inside the apartment. He flips the switch on, ready to open fire at the first sight of movement, but is met with nothing but a completely empty kitchen/lounge room. He frowns. Nothing seems to be awry other than the door…

He moves cautiously down the hallway, checking the bathroom first—empty, and then a small bedroom—also empty. The only room left is the one at the end of the hallway, the door slightly ajar. He stalks towards it, sweat collecting in his palms. His hand is slightly shaking, but he tries to steal himself as best as he can. When he pushes the door further open it makes a screeching noise that has him cringing. He can’t see anything in the darkness to suggest life.

Reaching tensely for the light switch, he reluctantly switches it on. And all he sees is red. Red on the walls… red on the floors… red on the curtains—everywhere. His dilated pupils fall to the disembowelled body on the mattress and he feels bile climb up his throat. The figure is so mangled and torn it’s hard to tell if the body was once human, the only indication being the head of a woman that has gone surprisingly untouched. There’s a leg on the other side of the room, but the other one it missing. The acrid the smell of blood and organs has his eyes watering. It’s been too
long since he’s been exposed to such raw horror. Even the most vile of occults have never gone to such lengths to desecrate a human body before.

He’s so distracted by the savage sight that he doesn’t see the figure that lingers behind the door. He unthinkingly takes a few steps further into the room, but by that stage his fate has already been sealed.

An incomprehensible force knocks him onto his back, the weight of his gun slipping through his fingers and falling inches out of his grasp. He yells, pinned down by a figure that looms over him, the maniacal grin of a hauntingly familiar face leering back at him. He knows that face. He knows that smile. It takes him back to his trainee days—simpler, lonelier times before he met Hoseok and everyone else on the elite force.

“T—Taehyung?!” he chokes in disbelief. The Wendigo’s smile only stretches with glee at the immediate recognition.

“The one and only!” he chimes merrily, as though he weren’t covered in a torrent of sticky blood. He’s so satiated in it that his ghoulish skin can’t even be seen anymore. “Look at you—all grown up and apart of the boy scouts now! When I first saw your tight little body, you were nothing more than a rookie!”

This is unfortunately not their first encounter. An excursion to the prison ward was something they always did for trainees, to let them know where occults go after being hunted and captured by the boy scouts. Jungkook remembers it looked just like any other prison, only instead of bars to hold the captives; there were solid, semi-transparent barriers. Jungkook had gotten too close to Taehyung’s cell, amazed at how almost human the occult had looked. The Wendigo had thought it’d be a swell idea to scare him half to death, and when Jungkook was on the floor nearly in tears, Taehyung had cackled evilly and said in a cruel tone, “What a sweet little rookie.”

Jungkook never went back to the prison ward after that.

“Why the fuck did you come back?” he snarls, struggling under Taehyung’s hold. It’s no use though. Wendigo possess unfathomable strength.

“Aw, didn’t my old pals back at Mystics miss me? I’m sure the city was becoming far too safe and boring while I was gone.” Jungkook ignores him and continues to struggle. Taehyung gets a little annoyed at his squirming and strikes him across the face. He gasps, pain blooming from reddening cheek. “Don’t be so upset, sweetheart,” Taehyung drags his blood-laden tongue up Jungkook’s face. “You should be overjoyed! You were hand picked by Seokjinnie himself to be a martyr.”
“Get off me you freak!” he hisses, arching his back in an attempt to buck the creature off him. Taehyung only tuts at him in mock disappointment.

“Poor little baby, all hurt and confused. I bet you thought you were chosen to come find me because you’re capable. But let me ask you this—shh, stop squirming.” Taehyung grabs his face in his hand, squeezing tightly at his jaw. Jungkook whimpers. “Did they tell you who you were hunting, dear? Did they tell you it was me?”

Jungkook doesn’t answer. Instead of ignoring him like he should’ve, he actually starts to think about the question. Tears start to gather in his eyes when he realises neither Seokjin nor Namjoon told him it was Taehyung. It explains why Namjoon was so concerned about his safety—he was set up. Seokjin is using him as bait. How could he have been so blind? He should’ve asked more questions about the mission; he should’ve made sure he knew exactly what he was going up against. If he had asked, would Seokjin have told him? Or would his own boss, whom he’s known for years, lie straight to his face?

“That’s right, sweetheart. You were set up. You poor, innocent little thing—” the Wendigo leans over, inhaling sharply against Jungkook’s vulnerable neck “—all sweet and chaste and unspoiled. It’s why I like virgins. They smell better… they taste better; it’s like sinking my teeth into cotton candy. And I’m going to enjoy tearing you apart, slowly… very slowly… I’m going to send a message to those pricks back at Mystics. I’m going to go down in history as the occult they couldn’t tame.”

He uses his freed hand to punch Taehyung across the face. The Wendigo’s head snaps back with a sickening crack, but Jungkook still can’t wriggle himself free. Taehyung starts to laugh his unbelievably cruel laugh. “No wonder you’re still a virgin,” the Wendigo sneers, slithering his hand under Jungkook’s shirt to dig his sharp nails into his belly, “you don’t get dick with that attitude.”

Jungkook screams and writhes, managing to turn on his side and kick Taehyung away. The Wendigo grunts, falling onto his back. Jungkook uses this small window of time to dive for his gun, but the second his fingers graze its metal exterior, Taehyung’s already upon him, pressing him down against the floor again, only this time on his bleeding tummy.

“Sneaky, sneaky. You boy scouts never did play fair.” Taehyung wenchens the gun from Jungkook’s grasp and proceeds to take it apart, throwing hunks of metal in random directions until there was nothing left of it to destroy. “There. Now it’s fair.”

“You’re a sociopath,” Jungkook gasps out, struggling for air with Taehyung pressing down against his ribcage. “They’re coming here as we speak—they’re going to get you again,
“Then let them come. You think I got caught on that camera by mistake? I want them to come get me, and once I’m through with you, they’ll know who the real hunter is in this city. Just think—it’ll be the boy scouts running scared instead of the occults. I’ll hunt them all down one by one—oh how fun that’d be!”

“You’ll never beat the boy scouts.”

Taehyung presses down harder. “Shut up! For a kid who’s about to be killed you sure are snarky. Don’t they teach you manners in boy scout training school?”

“I only respect those who deserve my respect.”

“Well then, I suppose I’ll have to give you a reason to respect me then, won’t I?” The Wendigo grasps the collar of Jungkook’s shirt and tears at it roughly, breaking away the fabric until it’s stretched enough to sag limply over one side of his shoulder. Jungkook thrashes violently to try and throw the occult off of him, but it’s no use. Taehyung’s too strong. Then he feels the press of sharp teeth—like daggers—against his skin. He screams. He howls because oh god it hurts so, so badly make it stop make it STOP!

“Back the fuck up Taehyung!” A voice yells, and suddenly the teeth are gone and Jungkook is being heaved into a sitting position. Taehyung’s arms are around his neck, breathing in his ear, facing the door where a figure stands with a gun aimed straight at them.

“H—Hoseok!” he cries with relief. He doesn’t know how the hell his boyfriend got here or why, but none of that seems to matter because he’s here—oh thank god he’s here!

But then hands are gripping his chin and head. “Uh, uh, uh—one step closer and I’ll snap his neck.”

“You don’t want to do that, Taehyung,” Hoseok hisses, but keeps his feet firmly in place just in case. “None of the terrible things you’ve done will even compare to what I’ll do to you if you hurt him.”

The occult tilts his head to the side curiously, glancing between Jungkook and Hoseok. “Do my eyes deceive me? Or did you two fall in love while I was gone? Hoseok—you dog. This one’s
“Let me go and I’ll show just how much of a baby I really am,” Jungkook growls through clenched teeth. Taehyung snickers. He drops the hand from Jungkook’s chin to dig his nails into the oozing bite mark on his shoulder. He screams, jerking so suddenly that he slips down Taehyung’s body, leaving his face exposed.

Hoseok doesn’t hesitate. He pulls the trigger.

Taehyung’s head snaps back and Jungkook leaps away from him, running straight into Hoseok’s arms. The older boy cradles him tightly, but he never keeps his aim away from Taehyung’s still form. “Give me that gun,” Jungkook snaps right before he’s snatching it out of Hoseok’s hand. He blinks in surprise, but doesn’t stop his younger boyfriend as he strides back over to Taehyung’s body and starts shooting him repeatedly in the face and chest. “That’s for calling me sweetheart you sick fuck!”

“Uh… Gorgeous?” Jungkook turns and hands him back his gun. Hoseok glances at the weapon, and then glances at Taehyung’s body. “Thanks?”

“Sorry, I just needed to do that.” Jungkook winces, leaning into Hoseok’s side. Hoseok wraps an arm around the younger boy’s waist, kissing him on the temple.

“I’m glad you’re safe,” he says gently. Jungkook looks at him, smiling weakly.

“Thanks to you I am.” Hoseok squeezes his waist and a burst of warmth can be felt inside his chest.

Footsteps thunder down the hallway, and they look behind them to see Namjoon stumbling, completely pale and out of breath. He must’ve run all the way from the other side of town. He tumbles gracelessly into the room, onto the bloody scene that is entirely Taehyung’s creation. “Holy shit.”

Jungkook croaks. “You can say that again.”

“Namjoon, we have to deal with Taehyung’s body before those wounds regenerate.” Hoseok is using his Work Voice, his tone authoritative and professional. Namjoon blinks.
“Hoseok…? How did you…? Wait, what?”

“Never mind that. Help me carry Taehyung’s body down to the car. You’re going to drop us off at the hospital and then go straight to HQ to hand him over, OK?”

“The hospital? Who’s hurt?”

Jungkook winces, remembering that he has wounds on his shoulder and stomach. “That’d be me.”

The moment Namjoon realises that he’s actually hurt and he needs to go to the hospital, he finally springs into motion, lumbering over to Taehyung’s body. Hoseok quickly follows. Namjoon starts conveying information through his earpiece to Seokjin on the other end, informing him that the police need to be contacted to deal with the crime scene and the victim. Jungkook leads the way down to the ground floor, out the automatic doors and into the rain that continues to fall. Hoseok directs him over to where he parked and Jungkook hurriedly opens the boot. They toss Taehyung’s body into it before Hoseok and Jungkook file into the back seat while Namjoon jumps into the driver’s side.

“Let me take a look at it,” Hoseok says gently as Namjoon cruises through the empty streets, peeling back the fabric of Jungkook’s ruined shirt. The young boy winces, not daring to look down at the indents of teeth breaking the surface of his flesh. “It’s deep,” he hears his boyfriend murmur gravely.

He half-shrugs. He doesn’t want to make it out to be a bigger deal than it is. The damage could’ve been a lot worse if Hoseok hadn’t been there to save the day. “It’s not so bad…”

“Where else did he hurt you?” Hoseok ignores his comment.

Jungkook lifts his shirt; this time daring to see the nail marks in his stomach. They aren’t nearly as deep as his bite mark, but they sting all the same. “Fucking hell—I should’ve gotten there sooner, Kook. I’m sorry.”

He shakes his head profusely. “You’re being stupid. You got to me as fast as you could.”

Hoseok sighs, leaning back in his seat. “I did but it still wasn’t fast enough. Taehyung could’ve
killed you tonight. Do you realise that?”

“I do,” he mutters quietly.

“I just—I can’t believe Seokjin did this. He’s pulled crap like this before, I just didn’t think he would be so petty as to set you of all people up as bait.”

“I didn’t know he was using me as bait.” Jungkook sighs dejectedly. “He didn’t even tell me our target was Taehyung…”

Hoseok exhales sharply out the nose, gripping the door handle so tightly that Jungkook can see his knuckles slowly turning white. Usually he’d comfort his boyfriend, reassure him that it’s OK, but not this time. This time Jungkook feels just as angry, just as slighted by Seokjin, so he’s hardly in the position to calm the other down.

They sit in silence for the rest of the trip until they finally reach the hospital. Hoseok tells Namjoon to park his car outside Mystics and leave the keys with reception as he’s helping Jungkook out of the car. “Looks like I’ll need to get it washed. No way I’ll be able to get Wendigo blood out of the boot with just household products.”

Namjoon smiles sympathetically. “Sorry dude.”

Hoseok shrugs. There’s nothing more to say. They wave goodbye to Namjoon before entering the hospital. It isn’t too busy, so they’re able to get Jungkook some service within the hour. When the nurse sees the sash draped over Jungkook’s hunched form, she doesn’t bother to question how he receive the bite wound on his shoulder or the claw mark on his stomach. She simply goes about cleaning off the dried blood as Jungkook sits on the edge of the bed, Hoseok standing next to him with their fingers entwined.

“Hoseok…” Jungkook doesn’t meet his boyfriend’s gaze, just stares down at his feet with mild a soft frown. “I… I think I’m going to resign from the boy scouts.”

Hoseok squeezes his hand, but doesn’t look too surprised. “Yeah?”

“… Yeah.”

“Me too.” He looks up to meet Hoseok’s gaze.
“Really?”

The older boy brushes away Jungkook’s fringe, his touch loving and affectionate. “I don’t want to be apart of a corporation that doesn’t value its employees. I’ve let a lot of things slide with Mystics… Turned my back on many unethical things, but this—putting you in so much danger… I can’t forget that… I can’t forgive that.”

Jungkook pecks the palm of Hoseok’s hand, then chuckles, almost as an after thought. “I wonder how many jobs are out there that are in need of ex-boy scouts.”

Hoseok shrugs. “There’s bound to be a few? Maybe they’ll like our risk-taking attitudes?”

He rolls his eyes. “Yeah, as we tackle the errands of day-to-day progress reports and charm the pants off company investors. Whoa—such heroes!”

“Not every hero wears a sash, Gorgeous. Sometimes, it’s the everyday man that helps the world go round.” They share silly grins, but the happy moment is gone when the nurse starts applying disinfectant.

The doctor comes in soon after to do the stitches, and Hoseok holds his hand through the painful process. In total there are more than thirty stitches to his shoulder, but only a few to his stomach. The bite mark is later patched up and the doctor tells them to continue applying disinfectant to the wounds. They book an appointment to come back in two weeks time to get the stitches removed before going straight home.

The sun is just about rising, and the clouds from last night’s storm have almost completely dispersed, making way for a bright and sunny day. Hoseok yawns as they get onto the bus to go home, coiling his arm around Jungkook’s waist. The younger leans into him, resting his head on his collarbone. They’ll go back to HQ to hand in their resignations tomorrow. Right now, all that’s at the forefront of their minds is sleep.

“Oh, and when I get these stitches out, we’re fucking,” Jungkook murmurs sleepily against Hoseok’s neck. The older boy chuckles.

“I’ll hold you to that promise,” he warns amusedly.

“You better be ready,” Jungkook yawns cutely. “Once I get started they’re’ll be no stoppin’ me.”
“Whatever you say, Gorgeous. Whatever you say.”

Heated kisses pepper the surface of Hoseok’s lightly tanned skin, starting from his elbow before mapping up the swell of his bicep. He places his hands on Jungkook’s hips, watching fondly as the boy above him tries his best to be as indulgent as possible. There’s a tiny crease between his eyebrows that’s oh so very cute. He’s thinking of ways to try and get him in the mood, but what Jungkook doesn’t know is that Hoseok is nothing more than a simple man with simple needs. If he had a nickel for every time Jungkook accidentally got him in the mood they wouldn’t have to worry about finding new jobs that’s for sure. There’s already a small pool of warmth in the pit of his belly. It’s been there since he woke up to a half naked boy straddling him.

“Tell me what you like,” Jungkook murmurs as he runs his lips over Hoseok’s collarbone. “Any sensitive places? Any erogenous zones?”

Hoseok chuckles at his boyfriend’s curious nature, but doesn’t give him the answer he seeks. “Why don’t you do a little exploration and find out then?”

Jungkook scrunches up his face. “Why are you making me do all the work? Shouldn’t you be taking control? I mean—I’m inexperienced so technically you should—” Hoseok doesn’t let him finish his sentence before he’s sitting up, his back against the headboard. Jungkook would’ve fallen onto his back if not for the hands keeping him in place.

“I’m more than happy to take control, Gorgeous,” he hums lowly in Jungkook’s ear, eliciting a shiver. “But I’m just not so sure you’ll like not having that control.”

Jungkook smirks, pecking Hoseok’s cheek. “You know me too well, Hobi. Though—I like this new angle. Makes it a little easier for me.” He starts mouthing at Hoseok’s body again, lips sliding down to his pulse point to start sucking a hicky into the flesh. He nibbles and he sucks until the skin pinkens. Hoseok groans, his hand going up to bury in the raven locks at the back of Jungkook’s head.

The younger boy dares to tweak one of Hoseok’s nipples, and when he doesn’t get a visible reaction, he tries tweaking it harder. “Ow—Kookie! Cut it out!”
Jungkook pouts up at him, a little frustrated. “What? Don’t you like being touched there?”

Hoseok frowns. “No, not particularly.”

“Oh…”

“Do you…?” Jungkook’s face flushes and he looks away.

“No.”

But the damage has already been done. Hoseok’s hands glide gently up Jungkook’s sides, enjoying the subtle warmth emitting from his lover’s body. The younger boy nibbles shyly on his bottom lip as Hoseok slips his thumbs to the front, brushing them tentatively across Jungkook’s erect, little nubs. Jungkook lowers his head and tries to stifle a whine, his expression reluctant but his body responsive, arching into his thumbs.

Hoseok tilts his head to the side with a pleased smile. He adores the subtle movement of Jungkook’s hips and the very delicate way he leans into the touch. He’s trying to hide what he wants, but at the same time he can’t seem to resist responding with such keen enthusiasm. Hoseok rubs his thumbs a little harder into the teats, rolling them in a circular motion to goad the nipples to soften into cushiony, supple flesh. Jungkook moves forward, shifting until he’s straddling Hoseok’s thick, athletic thigh. He’s clinging to Hoseok’s neck with desperation, his lips barely grazing his boyfriend’s as he whimpers and he shakes. Hair-raising arousal spikes his senses and has his loins pooling with stifling heat, confined within the material of thin, silk boxers.

“Does that feel good, Gorgeous?” Hoseok purrs against Jungkook’s parted mouth. He runs his tongue down the underside of his plush lips just to have them slicked and glossy. “You never told me you were so sensitive.”

“I didn’t want you know so—so soon,” Jungkook stutters, his cheeks rosy with gentle embarrassment. “It’s… It’s silly, isn’t it? How easy it is to make me feel—” he gasps “—feel this way.”

“It’s adorable,” Hoseok admits unabashedly, right before he stops the circular motions to press the tips of thumbs against the swollen peaks. Jungkook cries out in surprise. His hand slips up to get tangling in Hoseok’s short, honey-brown locks, tugging roughly. “I wonder if I could make you
come just like this—with just your nipples.”

“It’d be too easy,” the younger boy pants. “There’d be no challenge in that. Can’t you feel me?” He grinds down on Hoseok’s thigh. “I’m already half-hard.”

Hoseok presses a kiss to the corner of Jungkook’s open mouth with a bright smile. “Then I won’t do it for the challenge, I’ll do it for the pleasure of watching you come undone.”

His lips sweep down the side of Jungkook’s craned neck, his movements slow and deliberate. He can feel the drum of his boyfriend’s pulse and the subtle taste of salty sweat on his skin. He gets to the junction between Jungkook’s neck and shoulder, grazing over the ugliness of the scar Taehyung had left there. It’s healed over now, nothing more than a patch of puffy, pinkened skin that’ll eventually turn into a silvery blemish on Jungkook’s shoulder. It doesn’t distract from Jungkook’s beauty. It’s somehow charming, in a strange way, breathing history onto the canvas of Jungkook’s body. He kisses it tenderly.

“It looks terrible, doesn’t it?” Jungkook whispers. He sounds scared, as if he doesn’t want to know the answer to his question.

Hoseok presses a hand to Jungkook’s back to bring the younger closer, his lips pressing tightly against the mark. “Nothing could look terrible on you.”

Jungkook’s body shakes as he laughs. “You’ve always been a smooth talker.”

“Hey, I charmed you, didn’t I? Never underestimate my charisma, Gorgeous.” Jungkook pecks him on the crown of the head, and he hums in appreciation before moving on from the scar down to Jungkook’s prominently camber collarbones. His front teeth nip at the skin and create delightful little red blotches against Jungkook’s pale skin. It looks fitting, but only because it’s his odd way of marking territory. He inwardly hopes Jungkook will endeavour to wear one of his low-cut t-shirts for the rest of the day.

Then he finally gets to the destination he was aiming for, planting wet kisses over the light curves of Jungkook’s pecs. He finally, finally wraps his mouth around one of Jungkook’s teats, and Hoseok has to hold onto Jungkook tightly as the boy squirms. “Stay still.”

“But—” Jungkook’s voice dissolves into a whimper before arching up into Hoseok’s mouth, completely ignoring his order. Hoseok doesn’t seem to mind all that much. Jungkook never listens to him anyway.
He sucks fervently on the nipple, pulling it in between his sharp incisors and digging his tongue into the tender peak. He feels Jungkook stiffen in his hold, pressing his lower half tightly against him to quell the need in his loins. He flicks the bud with his tongue and teases it until he has Jungkook jutting up against him, needing that friction to satisfy his now fully-grown erection.

“You’re so sensitive for me,” he moans, pulling Jungkook in even tighter until he’s sure he’ll leave bruises. Jungkook doesn’t seem to mind though, his bottom lip quivering and his big, brown eyes glassy with desire.

“Hobi… H—Hobi…” Jungkook is teetering dangerously into incoherency, and honestly, Hoseok adores it.

“Yes, Gorgeous? Is there something you want me to do?” He’s proud of himself. He’s still able to talk without sounding completely taken by Jungkook’s impressionable appeal.

“I wanna fuck your thigh—please! Let me—while you touch me—please it feels so good.” As if to exemplify this, Jungkook starts rutting against him, using the solid bulge of Hoseok’s thigh to gain pleasurable friction.

Hoseok giggles, leaning up to press gentle kisses against Jungkook’s jaw. “You and I both know you’ll do it whether I say so or not. You know I won’t stop you.”

“I need you to say it though,” Jungkook chokes out. His face is delectably red. “I want you to tell me to fuck your thigh.”

He fists the back of Jungkook’s head and pulls him down, pressing his lips against the shell of Jungkook’s ear. The young gasps, clinging to him with ample anticipation, his entire, delicate physique trembling exquisitely. “Fuck my thigh, Gorgeous. I want to see you bounce on my thigh like a good boy.”

Jungkook moans. Hoseok let’s Jungkook’s head loll backwards as the younger starts to rock his hips. He hums with approval, leaning forward to start mouthing at the boy’s other teat. It’s soft and pliant at first; supple from the attention his fingers had delivered earlier. Once he has it slicked with saliva he pulls back, blowing cool air to make the skin coil and tighten. Jungkook mutters Hoseok’s name before jerking faster. He can sense that his inexperienced little darling is close, so he decides to play a little rougher, clutching at Jungkook, his nails digging into Jungkook’s back as his teeth sink into his delicate areola.
Tremors wrack his boyfriend’s form, cries tearing from his throat in irregular bouts of delicious sound. His body bounces and the muscles of his stomach and thighs strain, his fluffy black hair bouncing along with the movement. Hoseok’s fingers slip to cup Jungkook’s neglected breast, giving the hard muscle a tight squeeze. Jungkook whimpers desperately into Hoseok’s ear, gyrating faster, and faster.

Hoseok bites him harder at the same time he gropes the other teat, and then Jungkook’s whole form seizes up, his spine semi-arched and his mouth hanging agape. Wetness seeps from the front of Jungkook’s boxers. Slowly, very slowly, he drops his hands to Jungkook’s hips and guides him through the aftershocks, reminding Jungkook to rock gently up against him until the pleasure subsides.

Jungkook rests his forehead against Hoseok’s shoulder, holding onto his older boyfriend limply. “You’re amazing, Hobi,” he says. “God—I love you so much. So good to me…”

He chuckles, smoothing his hand down Jungkook’s back. “I know I am.”

The younger boy lifts his head to smile dreamily at him, swaying forward to kiss him gently on the lips. Jungkook accidentally applies pressure to Hoseok’s crotch and he groans, a hard and leaking arousal reminding him that it needs attention. He nudges Jungkook away slightly to relieve the weight, the younger looking down at the culprit with a flash of guilt in his eyes. “I’m sorry I didn’t realise—”

“No, no,” he chuckles, “don’t be sorry. How about you go shower and I’ll just, you know, take care of it, m’kay?”

“Don’t be stupid!” Jungkook shakes his head. “I’m not leaving you high and dry like that. You deserve to be pleasured too.”

Hoseok smirks, nuzzling their noses together. “Yeah? You wanna blow me?”

Jungkook giggles, sweeping his fingers lightly along the ridge of his shoulder. “Or I could try riding you? Though—actually, my legs are a little sore now. Maybe you could bend me over something instead…?”

He regards Jungkook sceptically. “Jungkook…”
“What? I told you once I got the stitches out we’d finally do this, didn’t I?” Jungkook probably
doesn’t mean to sound so whiny, but his childish petulance is borderline cringe-worthy, which he
knows for a fact is Jungkook’s number one way of getting what he wants. It makes Hoseok feel
like some sort of hopeless Sugar Daddy that can’t control his own brat of a boyfriend—which he
can’t. Because trying to control Jungkook is like trying to convince a mule to move when it
doesn’t want to.

He sighs, gripping at Jungkook’s shoulders affectionately. His eyes are immediately drawn to his
scar. He sweeps his thumb over it with a pinch of remorse. “I know, Gorgeous. It’s just that taking
it up there isn’t something you can just spontaneously do, you know? There has to be a lot of care
and time that goes into preparation. I’d never forgive myself if something went wrong and you
somehow got hurt.”

“I know, silly.” Jungkook giggles, cupping Hoseok’s face in his nurturing hold. “I have been
preparing. While I was recovering and you were out looking for a job I got bored so I’ve been
fingering myself.”

Incredulity takes over Hoseok’s expression. “You’re kidding, right?”

“Nope! I mean, if you do it now you might have to do a little fingering, but I’m ready for this—I
know what I’m getting into.” Jungkook looks so sweetly confident that it’s hard to dispute with
him.

“But… what about lube? And condoms?” he tries weakly, but the Cheshire grin that overcomes
Jungkook’s pretty face lets him know he’s fighting a losing battle.

His boyfriend, without removing his legs from around Hoseok’s thigh, crawls over the bed and
pulls out the nightstand drawer, plucking items from inside before repositioning himself in
Hoseok’s lap. He waves the stick of lubricant and strip of condoms in Hoseok’s face, looking
particularly smug with himself.

Hoseok sighs exaggeratedly, as though fucking Jungkook is the biggest burden to ever grace his
existence. Jungkook smacks him on the chest and laughs, and Hoseok immediately breaks
counters and joins in. “Fine. You want hyung to fuck you? You really want hyung’s dick?”

It’s Jungkook’s turn to smirk. Instead of answering verbally he grinds down hard on Hoseok’s
aching length, causing the older boy to choke. “Please hyung—please fuck me with your big, fat
cock.”
A laugh bubbles from the back of his throat before he suddenly shoves Jungkook back by the shoulders. The younger boy squeaks cutely, landing on his back with his eyes comically wide. Hoseok doesn’t wait for permission as he roughly tugs down Jungkook’s sticky boxers, using the silky material to wipe some of the excess cum on his inner thigh before tossing it to the side.

“You’re such a filthy little slut—fingering yourself without my knowledge,” Hoseok chides in a condescending tone as he spreads Jungkook’s knees apart. “What would you have done if I walked in on you, hm? Out all day, looking tirelessly for a job to put food on our table, and you’re here with your fingers deep inside you… God—the things I would’ve done to you…”

“You have me now, don’t you?” Jungkook taunts lightly. “I’m all yours, Hobi. Everything…” he reaches down to slowly run his hand up his thigh, pausing teasingly at his small hips, “it all belongs to you.”

Hoseok chuckles as he pops open the cap. “And you think I’m the sweet talker.”

Jungkook doesn’t miss a beat, “Well, I learnt from the best.”

He wiggles his eyebrows playfully as he starts lubricating his fingers with the clear substance, emphasising how long and slender they are. Jungkook watches with sharp attention, his eyes a lot more alert and focused than they were only moments before. Shifting to get comfortable between Jungkook’s legs, he hovers watchfully over his boyfriend, reading for any signs of discomfort or regret. But Jungkook looks completely relaxed. He looks ready, and that’s all the reassurance Hoseok needs before pressing a finger against Jungkook’s entrance. He almost can’t believe he has the tip of his digit at Jungkook’s clenching rim. They’ve been together for so long without being intimate like this he was almost convinced it was never going to happen. Well, up until recently, that is.

He pushes the first finger in as slowly as possible, but soon realises Jungkook wasn’t lying. His boyfriend is too loose to not have been playing around down there at some point recently, and it allows him to slip another finger in without incident. Jungkook hums, throwing his arms over Hoseok’s shoulders and leaning up to kiss him.

“Go ahead, hyung. It doesn’t hurt, I promise.” Hoseok nods before slowly pumping his fingers in and out of the younger, the excess of lubricant against Jungkook’s hole making the most obscene noises.

Rubbing and fingering against the walls he gets a little deeper, his knuckles at the rim now.
Jungkook’s walls hug at his digits, sucking them further inside, and it’s so warm and velvety that Hoseok holds his breath through it all. It’s taken more than two years for them to get here, and honestly, it was definitely worth the wait. His chest feels tight with emotion. Jungkook’s kissing him and coaxing his mouth open with his tongue, and at the same time his fingers scissor Jungkook’s walls to have them pliant for his pulsing arousal.

He’s surprised at how easy it is to slip his third finger in alongside the other two. Jungkook shifts slightly to accommodate the extra space, smiling as he pecks the tip of Hoseok’s chin. “You really did prepare for this didn’t you, Gorgeous?”

“Of course!” Jungkook pipes. Hoseok flexes his fingers and Jungkook pushes down against them with a small groan. “I wasn’t going to give you a reason to back out of it this time!”

Hoseok snorts. “Seriously? When was the last time I backed out of sex?”

“You know, that time you sprained your ankle and you were bored so I suggested I should entertain you and all you did was complain about the fact that you couldn’t move your foot—which is super un-sexy by the way.”

“But my foot was hurting—”

“Can you stop it already it wasn’t even that—” then Hoseok coils his fingers and Jungkook immediately shuts up. He teases the spongy surface of the younger boy’s prostate, tickling it with the tips of his fingers. It gives him great satisfaction to watch Jungkook’s cock pulse back to life. “Oh my—you found it—I can’t believe you found it.”

He chuckles quietly to himself. “What? Couldn’t you find it?”

Jungkook’s face flushes and he nuzzles his face into Hoseok’s neck, pinching at the flesh with his teeth. “Shut up.”

“How very interesting,” he muses, jabbing at his sweet spot to elicit a tiny shriek of surprise. “So theoretically, I’m the first person to ever touch here, hm?”

“Satisfied?” Jungkook asks dryly.
“Oh yes—very.” But then he’s pulling his fingers out, and Jungkook stuffs a fist into his mouth to stop himself from whining pathetically. Hoseok reaches for the condoms and Jungkook perks up, sitting on his knees.

“Allow me—” he snatches the strip from Hoseok’s fingers and tears one from the chain. He throws it in the general direction of the nightstand. It ends up strung over the lampshade. “What position do you want to do it in?” Jungkook starts rolling the condom onto Hoseok’s erection, giving it a teasing squeeze at the base before retracting.

Hoseok places his hands on Jungkook’s hips, appraising his naked form wantonly. “It’s your first time, so you choose.”

Jungkook thinks for only half a second before rolling off to the side. He rolls to the side of the bed and swings his legs over the edge, his stomach flat against the mattress. His boyfriend stares at him expectantly. “Well? Don’t just sit there—come over here and fuck me already!”

He can’t help it. He laughs. He clutches his stomach as tears build up in his eyes. So much for the blushing virgin—Jungkook’s looking at him like he’s about to tear his head off if he doesn’t get a good ploughing, and soon.

“Sorry Gorgeous,” he apologises, shifting to get behind Jungkook. “I was laughing at how cute you are.”

“I’ll forgive you if you hurry up.”

Hoseok smiles, caressing his fingers down the sensual dip of Jungkook’s spine before mounting his hands at the boy’s hips. Then he gets an idea. “Hang on baby—lift up one of your legs.” He taps the back of Jungkook’s thigh and the younger catches on, lifting and folding his leg up on the mattress to spread his cheeks further apart. “That’s it. Good boy.”

Jungkook nuzzles his face into the sheets, his fingers tangling in the fabric with building anticipation. Hoseok leans over to press a chaste kiss to the nape of his neck just before sinking slowly inside him. The younger boy takes deep breaths, listening to Hoseok’s voice as he murmurs sweetly into his ear. Hoseok reaches out to place his hands on top of Jungkook’s, threading his fingers between his boyfriend’s fingers in a loving gesture.

He gets to about half way inside before he stops. He stays still for a moment before pulling out
and then slowly rocking back in. Repeating this motion for a few times helps Jungkook get used to the feeling, his walls eventually relaxing to make the slide more smooth and welcomed.

“God so tight baby.” Hoseok gasps, gripping Jungkook’s waist to pull him in to meet with the roll of his hips. Jungkook groans into the mattress.

“I didn’t realise how big you are.” He squeezes Jungkook’s hands and pauses for a moment, giving the younger time to collect himself. “It feels—it feels…”

“How does it feel, Gorgeous? Are you comfortable?”

Jungkook jerks his head in a nodding motion, grinding back against him. “Good—so good. Please, don’t stop.”

His boyfriend’s encouragement gives him the confidence to thrust harder into Jungkook’s tight body, plunging deeper until he’s all the way inside, his pubic bone flush against Jungkook’s sculpted globes. He moulds his hands around them and he squeezes him firmly. Jungkook’s back curves at the treatment, a guttural moan rumbling from deep inside his chest.

Hoseok angles his hips in different directions, exploring the profound tightness he hasn’t felt in a very long time. And the fact that it’s Jungkook underneath him amplifies the experience to new levels of pleasure. This isn’t his first time, but it’s his first time with Jungkook, which makes things special—makes everything special. He feels the strong desire to please, the desire to live up to the expectations Jungkook must’ve concocted in his mind about this moment. By the sounds of his stifled whimpers and strangled moans, Hoseok is motivated to move faster, deeper, harder—he grinds with vigour, searching for the sweet spot that’ll have Jungkook’s toes curling.

“There!” Jungkook mewls, his whole body jerking back against him. “There Hobi please—again!”

A most animalistic growl tears from his vocal chords and he starts thrusting with all his might at the place that has Jungkook screaming. The younger boy claws at the sheets with so much violence that it’s a wonder the material doesn’t tear. Jungkook’s cock is trapped against the mattress, with every push and pull creating delicious friction under its throbbing underside. But Jungkook isn’t a patient man. He has to reach underneath him to stroke himself in time with the snap of Hoseok’s hips because he can feel it—that second orgasm, coiling in the crevice of his stomach.
“Oh god,” Jungkook sobs, tears collecting at the corners of his eyes. “I’m close—hyung I’m close.”

“Jesus fuck—me too.” Hoseok’s balls slap against Jungkook’s ass and the squelching noises made with every rigorous thrust would have a demon pink and flustered.

Jungkook balls tighten and so do the walls of his sex, a particularly harsh tug hauling him straight into his climax. He cries, his entire body going rigid. The sudden strain pushes Hoseok close enough that he follows only a few short thrusts later, spilling his load into the condom.

They stay there, like that, for a still moment. Jungkook catches his breath, relaxing pliantly against the mattress as Hoseok lies on top of him, his knees bent and his limbs sluggish.

“That was the best sex I ever had,” Hoseok sighs against Jungkook’s shoulder. Jungkook peers over at him, his expression adorably uncertain.

“Yeah…?”

Hoseok simpers, “Yeah.”

When they finally gather the strength to move, Hoseok ties and disposes of the condom while Jungkook cleans the cum from his body with a couple of tissues.

Hoseok falls sluggishly onto the bed, facedown and exhausted. “God, I could really go for a nap.”

“It’s nine in the morning, Hobi,” Jungkook giggles; pulling on the dressing gown he keeps hanging behind the bedroom door. “Actually—that reminds me. Stay there.”

Hoseok lifts his head to question Jungkook, but his boyfriend has already disappeared. He groans, dragging his body up to sit propped against the headboard, lazily pulling the dirtied sheets over his naked lower half. Jungkook comes padding back in less than a minute later, two cans of beer in his hands.

He arches an eyebrow at Jungkook sceptically. “Beer at nine in the morning?”
Jungkook falls between his legs, handing him a beer, which Hoseok takes without any hesitation. The younger boy rests against Hoseok’s chest, cracking open his beer before raising it. “We need to make a toast—here’s to the end of my virginity!”

Hoseok grins, clinking his can against Jungkook’s. “Here’s to the end of my blue balls!”

They laughs and waste the morning away sipping on beer and talking about pointless, random things that probably aren’t relevant to anything important at all, the beauty of the future laid out ahead of them, undetermined, frightening and possibly disastrous.

But all of that doesn’t matter, so long as they have each other to fall back on.
Ten minutes into the hearing and already the judge starts checking his watch. The air in the room is stifling—hasn’t anyone had the decency to crack open a window in this courtroom in the past hundred years? Namjoon doesn't think so.

He smoothes his hands over his suit for the fourth time since he sat down, the simmer of smug satisfaction kindling in his gut as the breathing from the other table grows louder and heavier. The prosecutor is sweating bullets in his fifty-dollar suit, and it’s mid-fucking-November. If Namjoon had the gall he would’ve smuggled in a camera to record the look on the schmuck’s face. Hoseok snickers beside him, his fake, two-dollar glasses sitting perched on the bridge of his nose. He says it makes him look smarter. Whatever that means.

“Your Honor,” Hoseok readjusts his tie, “with all due respect, how long does the prosecution
intend to keep us waiting? It’s become very clear that his so-called witness is a no show, and Mr. Kim here has plans to go visit his poor sick mother in hospital.”

“Quit the sweet talk, Jung,” the judge grumbles with an old man’s gruff. “As much as it pains me to say it, Kang, he’s right. We don’t have all day.”

“He’s coming,” the prosecutor cards a hand through what little strands of hair he has left on his balding head. “Perhaps there was a mix up in schedules down at the penitentiary? Would it be inappropriate to call a quick recess while I contact the front desk to see what’s going on?”

The bushy brows of the judge knit together with contempt. “Yes it would be inappropriate. I shouldn’t have to indulge in a recess for a hearing, Kang. Save it for the jury.”

“I—” just as the prosecution tries to buy time for their absent witness, a guard comes marching through the doors and weaves between the benches to get to his table. His eyes are alight with uncertain surprise as the guard starts whispering grave news into his ear, but Hoseok and Namjoon remain stoic from their table, relaxed—almost too casual in their demeanors. Kang pinches the bridge of his nose as the guard leaves. “For fuck’s sake!”

“Got a problem, councilor?” One of the judge’s great, ashen eyebrows arches inquisitively.

“The witness was found dead in his cell a few hours ago,” the prosecution reiterates with a sense of bitter defeat. “He was shanked by his cellmate.”

Judge Oh doesn’t look in the least bit surprised to hear this news. His tired eyes flicker to the table of the defense with a sense of knowing. Hoseok and Namjoon stare straight back at him, their faces portraying nothing, their body language portraying nothing. He turns his attention back to the prosecution table. “I was informed that your entire case rests heavily upon the testimony of your witness, and given that your witness is quite plainly unfit to presume, is it fair to say you no longer have a case against Mr. Kim?”

Kang sighs, his face red with embarrassment. “We don’t, Your Honor. The only thing that puts Mr. Kim at the scene of the crime was the witness testimony alone. Other than that, excluding the evidence that was collected through the witness himself, we cannot proceed any further.”

“Right, well, until the prosecution has gathered sufficient evidence that I can find reliable enough to present to a jury, this case is dismissed. Mr. Kim you are free to leave.” The judge looks more than happy to sound his wooden hammer and climb down from his chair, an early lunch likely at
Hoseok and Namjoon stand up, shaking hands with pleasant smiles, depicting an innocence that earns them a glare from the prosecution. “You get away again this time, Namjoon-ssi, but one of these days you’ll slip up and I’ll have you behind bars faster than your supposedly ethical methods of murder. Justice will be served—you’ll see.”

“Oh, just who do you think you’re talking to?” Hoseok’s eyes narrow into slits, slamming his briefcase down on the table and facing the other lawyer. “You think you have the goddamn right to threaten my client?”

“I think you two are a little more than just lawyer and client, Jung. Or did your miserable salary honestly pay for the 200k Audi you drive around town?”

“Fellas,” Namjoon steps forward, placing a gentle hand on Hoseok’s shoulder to quell his associate’s anger. “The hearing’s over. There’s no reason to argue.”

“I can’t stand by and take this shit,” Hoseok immediately defends.

“What are you going to do? Shank me too?” Kang mocks. It’s very plain to see that he’s vexing Hoseok into a sticky position that could compromise his image.

The hand on Hoseok’s shoulder tightens. “Come on, Hoseok. Let’s get out of here before you do something stupid, yeah?”

Hoseok shrugs off Namjoon’s hand. He doesn’t spare the prosecution a second glance as he seizes his briefcase and breezes out of the courtroom. Namjoon smiles politely at Kang, the subtleness of dimples contouring his cheeks. He gives a bow and strolls out of the courtroom to go find his associate, leaving the prosecution to glower after him.

It’s crowded and busy out in the halls of the courthouse, but he’s glad to find Hoseok waiting outside for him, standing next to Seokjin, who has made himself comfortable on a bench next to a decorative plant. He approaches them casually, his hands stuffed into his silk pockets. The clap of his shoes against marble is lost in the hum of people that bustle about them, ignoring the three of them completely. Hoseok looks like he needs a cigarette. It’s obvious by the way his fingers twitch and fidget over the gleaming surface of his cufflinks. Seokjin greets him with a smirk that makes their victory all the more sweeter. His older associate was nothing more than another face among the citizens present at the hearing, a familiar face to law enforcement perhaps, but a
handsome stranger to the public. He was on standby just in case things didn’t go according to plan and Namjoon needed him to take care of it.

“Shall we go out for a celebratory drink, boys?” Namjoon smiles in earnest, in a good mood. And why wouldn’t he be? He’s practically walking away from a myriad of charges held against him by a no-good rat. Now, not only does he not have to worry about the charges, he doesn’t have to worry about the filthy little traitor either—not that he had anything to do with his untimely demise. Certainly not. Namjoon is a businessman. Not a killer.

“Anywhere is better than here,” Seokjin says, standing up while eying somewhere over Namjoon’s shoulder. He follows the man’s line of sight, spotting a detective and an attorney near the elevators watching them attentively. They’re talking in hushed whispers, no doubt vengeful. “They’ve been watching us since the hearing started. I suggest we bail before they decide to lay down more charges against you.”

Hoseok scoffs petulantly. “They got nothing.”

Seokjin frowns. “Even so, they’ll stop at nothing to see Namjoon behind bars.”

“Yeah I guess you’re right. Let’s get out of here.”

They take the stairs instead of the elevator. Unlike the elevators the stairs aren’t in plain view of the entrance, allowing their exit to be swift and discreet. Their car is parked a street away, in front of a fire hydrant. There are no tickets decorating the windshield. Hoseok smooths his hand lovingly over the sleek black Cadillac, almost as though he were greeting an old lover. He slips into the passenger seat and Seokjin climbs into the driver’s side. Namjoon sidles into the back, relaxing against the well-polished leather.

“Where we heading, boss?” Seokjin calls from the front, glancing at Namjoon through the rearview mirror.

Namjoon shrugs, rubbing his hand over a freshly shaven cheek. “Surprise me. A bar with good service and a good atmosphere is all I could really ask for.”

Seokjin nods. Hoseok leans over to mutter a suggestion in the driver’s ear as he pulls away from the curb. Namjoon gazes out upon the streets through the bleak lens of a tinted window. Work is at the forefront of his mind. It almost always is, with a certain exception who penetrates his senses from time to time, a reminder that he has a life worth living beyond the scope of evading the law
and ripping off the people foolish enough to waste away at his casinos.

These streets—he owns these streets. Everything north of the city is his. He has a record of every family bordering to the south side all the way to the Silverbell River that acts as a cut-off point into suburbia. He knows about every shipment coming in and out of the city, he knows about every new immigrant who sets foot on his soil in search for a better life. Hell—sometimes immigrants are his best recruits. A fresh face with no job and eager to please is someone who never second guesses or questions the actions of the Kim family business. They do as they're told with meek demeanors, heads bowed, waiting and praying for the money they toiled for.

He slides his hand into his pocket, fingers brushing across something cool. That’s right. He forgot to turn his phone back on after the hearing. No wonder the car feels unusually quiet. He pulls it out and turns it back on, allowing it to fall effortlessly into his lap as he waits for it to boot. He’s expecting a slew of texts and missed calls awaiting him. Part of him dreads it, but he knows there’s no avoiding it. Business is business after all. And being the head of a criminal empire means having an abundance of perks and nuisances.

The texts come one after another, buzzing in his lap a couple of times as his phone tries to catch up on all the missed communications it had been sleeping on. Namjoon scrolls through them, some of them texts of confirmations from associates and others to do with complications that demand his attention. The tiredness settles into his bones. It looks as though he’s going to be replying to all these calls and messages for the rest of the day.

His thumb pauses on an image attachment from Taehyung. He almost missed it amongst all the other names on the screen. There’s a text that follows it, and Namjoon only hesitates for a second before he unlocks his phone to see what his associate has sent him.

The image was sent no more than ten minutes ago—perhaps just before he left the courthouse. A familiar heat tingles down his arms and pools in the pit of his stomach. He’s met with a photo of Jungkook—his Jungkook, the flash of the phone’s camera whitening his soft features as he looks up at the lens through his thick lashes. The background, as a result, is nearly blackened and hard to distinguish, but he can make out Jungkook’s handcuffed wrists. His pretty, doe-like eyes are framed by thin streaks of black eyeliner, and his lips have been dipped with tears of red lip-gloss. Namjoon’s heart thuds against his ribcage. He has to give credit to Taehyung’s brilliant photography, but no amount of camera tricks could offset Jungkook’s natural beauty.

A text sits teasingly beneath the image.

‘Your little bunny came hopping into my club looking for you.’
“We’re going to Taehyung’s strip club,” Namjoon declares loudly. Seokjin spares him a surprised glance through the rearview mirror, and Hoseok turns to look over his shoulder at him, his expression smug.

“Little early for a lap dance, isn’t it?” His friend teases.

“Jungkook is there.” Namjoon doesn’t feel the need to explain any further.

Seokjin laughs with incredulity. “Should I even bother asking how your child of a boyfriend found himself in Taehyung’s greasy strip club at noon on a Wednesday?”

“Yeah, Joonie. Shouldn’t he be in school?” Hoseok snickers. He’s always been amused at the idea of their ruthless, underdog mafia boss having a tender romance with a seventeen-year-old senior student from the East Side.

Namjoon scoffs, smirking down at phone. “The kid’s impossible to control. Telling him to go to school is like telling him to walk through a pile of shit.”

The driver sighs wistfully, delicately brushing away his fringe from his eyes. “Of all the choices in the city you had to pick the wild card. Why couldn’t you have settled down with a nice stripper like Taehyung did? I mean, as dodgy as the guy is at least he knows his own boundaries. He chose to fish for people from the same pond. But you—no, you had to go fishing in someone else’s pond.”

“I wouldn’t say he settled down with someone like Park Jimin, hyung,” Hoseok howls with great amusement. “It’s more like they boned a few times before Taehyung was like, ‘hey, wanna be my main hoe?’ and Jimin was all like, ‘yeah but we can still fuck other people yeah?’ It’s a love story to stand the test of time, really. Fifty years from now there’s going to be a famous play about it: The Pimp and His Hoe.”

Namjoon starts to tune out after that. Hoseok and Seokjin are notorious banterers. Hoseok is a chatterbox and Seokjin is a worrywart and together they are a clamorous duo who create nothing but background noise to Namjoon’s train of thought. He still has the image open on his phone. He runs a thumb over the screen, as though he were actually running it over Jungkook’s smooth cheek. He ignores the texts that continue to fill his inbox to the brim, ignores the responsibilities passed down to him by his father. Just for a little while. His princess will always be a worthy distraction.
They pull up to Taehyung’s strip club in the dingy part of town. It’s not a part of town Namjoon frequents, although a lot of his businesses do operate around here. He often sends his subordinates out here to do his dirty work so his hands can remain clean. Contrary to this however, this is not his first time at Taehyung’s strip club.

It looks a little shabby out the front, and the neon silhouette of a naked woman flickers precariously. He makes a mental note to give Taehyung some cash to clean it up a bit. The poor presentation is bad for business.

Inside is a little cleaner—and by cleaner he means orderly. The guards spot him and recognize him instantly, straightening their stances and brightening their features as they greet him.

“He has been expecting you, Mr. Pink,” one of them says.

Namjoon cards his fingers through the strands of his pink and blonde hair. Taehyung no doubt told the guards to call him that, as in here, only Taehyung is known as Mr. Kim. He doesn’t mind being referred to by his alias. As something he originally despised, he somehow came to accept it at some point in his criminal career. After he was first coined the name in a newspaper article some years ago (he was referred to as “The ever handsome and ever gentlemanly Mr. Pink”), people from all over the city have been using it ever since. Especially his cousin, who would jump at any opportunity to make fun of him.

They’re lead through the dimly lit establishment. The carpet is black so it’s impossible to spot suspicious stains or alcohol spillage, and a thin layer of smoke sits in the atmosphere, almost like a filter to enhance the illusion the female dancers are selling. It’s off-putting to see the lowlifes who come here in the middle of a Wednesday, some of them unemployed, some of them on the verge of losing their jobs, and others who have given up on caring. There isn’t a single clean face to be seen.

One of the dancers winks at him as he passes. Other dancers who aren’t on the podium flock to try and get their attention. Hoseok twists away from manicured hands like he’s about to get spirited away, while Seokjin bows to the women with every politely spoken rejection he delivers. Namjoon very blatantly ignores them. There is only one face, one body his body yearns for, and it is for none of the women in this room.

They’re taken to the back room, where the smoke is less palpable and the mood is less depressing. They’re met with the sight of Taehyung and Jimin on the couch intensely making out. The prostitute is in nothing but a singlet and jeans as tight as sin, and his cousin has his long, lanky limbs draped around him. He’s humping the air and it looks more like some sort of weird reflex than an actual search for friction. How someone as blindingly hot as Jimin can find Taehyung desirable, Namjoon will never know.
“Oi—break it up. I didn’t come here to see you two make out,” Namjoon snaps.

“Speak for yourself,” Hoseok purrs, watching the couple on the couch with a predatory glint.

Jimin and Taehyung separate, but aren’t embarrassed. They’ve walked in on much worse, after all. Taehyung wipes his mouth with the back of his hand before shooing away his guards. “Get back to the front you asses! What the hell do I fucking pay you for?”

“Well, well, look at you, Mr. Pink,” Jimin speaks in a velvet tone, raking his lustful gaze up and down Namjoon’s tall frame. “You’re looking damn fine in that suit. You should wear it more often.”

Namjoon raises his eyebrows. “Noted.”

“Hyung!” Taehyung whines, springing from the couch and flailing over to them. Namjoon is unresponsive as his cousin tackles him into a hug, nuzzling his face into the side of his neck. “You smell nice, hyung. You sure put in the effort when you go to see those bitches down at the courthouse.”


Seokjin rolls his eyes. “Yes, I’m sure pampering your client to look good for the jury is part of the training at whatever university that spat you out.”

Hoseok huffs. “You only need a basic understanding of the human condition to know this kind of stuff, hyung. But I guess the human condition isn’t exactly your forte. You know, being an automaton and all.”

“Oh, fuck you.”

“Where’s Jungkook?” Namjoon demands, shrugging Taehyung off of him. He may have been a pinch too forceful with his cousin, but in all honesty, the only way to handle someone as fast and unpredictable as Taehyung is to be firm and to the point.
“Oh, right!” Taehyung’s eyes alight as though he only just remembered.

He saunters over to what appears to be a loop of golden rope beside the small, private stage. As Taehyung tugs at the rope, the red curtain covering the stage pulls away to reveal the single pole at the forefront of its structure. Chained to this pole is none other than his Jungkook, his princess, who’s resting on his knees and toying with the handcuffs that trap him to the stripper pole. He doesn’t appear hurt in any way, just agitated. But oh, does he look gorgeous.

“Ta-da!” Taehyung makes a sweeping gesture with his hands, his lips pulling into a toothy grin. “Don’t he look pretty?”

“Taehyung I swear to fucking Satan—” Jungkook cuts off when he spots Namjoon by the entrance, his expression completely changing. “Daddy!”

It’s a sin for Jungkook to be calling him that in a girl’s school uniform. It’s no wonder the kid isn’t in school. He was probably kicked off the premises the second the principal caught him violating school rules. Well, fucking school rules would be a more appropriate term. He’s made some alterations to the length of the blue, plaid skirt to have it sitting halfway up his thighs. It’s so short that, if Jungkook were to bend over, he’d get a nice view of the panties he’s no doubt wearing. The classic, thigh-high white socks—which definitely breach the school dress code—pull over his long, long legs, and shape so prettily over his strong, thick thighs. He has a plain white shirt tucked into the skirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, a loose tie he didn’t even try to knot properly sitting sloppily around his neck.

“Oh good Lord,” Seokjin groans. “We’re all going to jail now. That’s it. We’re doomed. Doomed.”

“I think jail is the least of our worries right now. What would Min Yoongi do to us if he found out Taehyung lured his baby brother into his strip club and chained him to a stripper pole? Let’s face it, Yoongi’s going to tear our faces off and sew them onto the mannequins he keeps in his basement.” Hoseok resigns to this hypothetical fate as he collapses onto the couch beside Jimin, who gives him a sloppy kiss on the cheek in greeting.

Taehyung flails his arms around dramatically. “Will you all chillax? No one has to know Kookie was here but us... and the guards who brought him in... and the strippers and the patrons who spotted him... Look—it’s probably going to be all right. Calm the fuck down.”

Namjoon groans. “God, I need drink.”
He breezes past the couch and the stage and heads straight towards the bar. Jungkook whines as he passes him, “Daddy…”

“You’re going to sit there and you’re going to be patient,” he orders over his shoulder. Jungkook pouts, pressing his cheek against the pole. “You should be in school, on the East Side, not in a fucking strip club on the North Side. What do you think Yoongi’ll do to you when he gets a call from the school?”

“Hyung doesn’t care—hyung _never_ cares,” Jungkook complains. Namjoon ignores him, going behind the bar to pour himself a small portion of cognac into a snifter.

“How _did_ you end up here, Jungkook?” Seokjin asks, leering suspiciously at Taehyung. His cousin lingers by the stage, innocently grinning as though butter wouldn’t melt in his mouth.

Jungkook’s lips part to answer when Taehyung cuts in, “My guards found him spray painting the wall in the back alley. Can you believe it? He said he was looking for Namjoon but the guards wouldn’t let him inside so he _vandalizes_ my property!”

“Well, it got him inside, didn’t it?” Taehyung glares at Hoseok.

“That’s not the point!”

“I agree, with Taehyung,” says Namjoon as he screws the lid back on the bottle of cognac, setting it back where he found it. “That was very irresponsible of you, Princess. You know better than to vandalize another person’s property.”

“But Daddy!” Jungkook protests.

Again, Namjoon ignores him, taking his glass as he rounds the bar and sits on one of the stools, facing the stage. He swirls the dark liquid in his glass, looking down at it contemplatively. “It was also foolish of you to come over to the North Side—and without my permission, might I add. Have I lost all authority with you, Princess? Do you not value my rules and conditions any longer?”
“It’s not that,” Jungkook sniffs. “Hyung and I—we had a fight this morning. I wanted to wear the girl’s uniform today but hyung told me I looked ridiculous so I grabbed my bag and stormed out on him. I went to school but they wouldn’t let me in dressed like this and I didn’t know where to go so I came looking for you…”

Namjoon doesn’t look impressed. “You should’ve gone back home.”

“But hyung—”

“Regardless of whatever spat you two had, you are far safer in his territory than you are in mine. You know this, Princess. We’ve been through it a hundred times.”

“I know,” Jungkook’s voice becomes quiet. He looks down at his lap, guilty. “I just wanted you to hold me.”

Seokjin hums thoughtfully as he sits down on the stool next to his boss, his lips pulled into a lazy smile. “Isn’t that cute, Namjoonie? He wanted you to hold him.”

“Awww,” Hoseok taunts in a whiny tone, burying his fingers in Jimin’s hair to massage at his scalp. “Looks like Princess is so jacked up on estrogen he forgot to stuff tampons up his pussy.”

“Fuck you, Hoseok,” Jungkook snaps, his pout twisting into a snarl. Though there’s no hiding the redness flushing his cheeks at the vulgar comment. Jimin makes a keening noise in the back of his throat, somehow similar to the noises women make when they come across obscenely adorable animals. Next thing any of them know, Jimin has leapt out of his chair, away from Hoseok’s wandering grip, and made it halfway across the room in a half a second flat.

Jungkook watches him approach the stage warily, but Namjoon remains curious to the stripper’s intentions. Taehyung grins with an air of knowing, resuming his place on the couch with one leg thrown over the other and his arms tossed around the back.

Jimin crawls onto the stage on his hands and knees, his eyes so predatory Jungkook feels his barriers weakening. He dares to peek under the gap in the man’s singlet to get a glimpse of a tight, chiseled chest and evenly bronzed skin. Jimin stalks like an animal hunting his prey, every movement a testament to his experience, his profession, his skill. Jungkook’s mouth goes dry. Urges conflict within him, his heart wanting to veer away but his body wanting to lean in. His wide eyes snap to Namjoon’s direction. The man is still watching him intensely, his long, long legs spread in a lewdly comfortable fashion. It’s the position he regularly assumes when Jungkook crawls between them to wrap his lips around his manhood.
“You wouldn’t mind, would you, Namjoon?” Jimin purrs once he has his paws on either side of Jungkook, chest to back, lips to the antelope’s neck. Jungkook lets Jimin touch him—encourages it even, leaning back to have his head resting on a sturdy shoulder. “I figure you’ll be punishing Kookie one way or another, so why not here, in front of everyone? I hear he likes a bit of humiliation.”

“You don’t strike me as the kind of person who needs an excuse to touch someone else’s things, Jimin.” Namjoon chuckles under the brim of his glass, his eyes crinkling with amusement.

“That’s because I don’t. I was just being polite.” Jimin runs his hands down Jungkook’s sides, and the younger gives an excited shiver.

“Put on a show for us then, Jimin. I’ll step in when I’m ready.” The gangster’s casual voice is layered with a dangerous undertone that they all understand. It’s a warning almost, telling Jimin to show restraint, to not take things too far. Jungkook is Namjoon’s, and it would be damn foolish of Jimin to try and test the boundaries of their relationship.

Jimin is a smart stripper though. He knows how to teeter on the line without ever stepping over it. “Jungkookie, let’s dance a little, hm?”

The hands at his hips are warm and comforting. He looks out at their audience, looks out at the hungry gazes, but somehow he feels so safe, so oddly unexposed. It’s not because he trusts Jimin—or at least, he doesn’t think so. Out of all of Namjoon’s associates, Jimin is the one he sees the least, mostly because he’s an associate by extension of Taehyung. If their ambiguous relationship were to fizzle out of existence he doubts he’ll ever get the chance to see Jimin again. But the stripper is behind him, holding him like a lover, like they’ve known each other for years, and Jungkook would be worried if it weren’t for Namjoon right there, watching their every move. No, he doesn’t trust Jimin, but he trusts Namjoon.

He’s guided up to his feet, his body weight relying on the heels of his black Mary Janes. His fingers coil around the stripper pole, gripping it tightly as Jimin’s hands begin to wander. He listens to the older man’s soft breathing in his ear, hitching when the hands reach the flesh of his thighs. Jungkook bites down on his bottom lip and arches his back, pressing against Jimin’s crotch area. The stripper chuckles, his voice dipping low and gravelly.

The background music, which had been playing faintly, is suddenly loud and encouraging. Taehyung must have been the culprit, but Jungkook’s so enthralled by the explorative touches to bother looking. Jimin’s lips graze his neck, peppering kisses so light they can barely be felt. Jungkook’s eyes flutter as he reaches behind him to tangle his fingers in Jimin’s hair, allowing a playful moan to fall from his lips.
Namjoon watches this erotic display, this artistic performance of pure, adulterated lust, and feels a hunger boil deep within his core. If it were any other person—god—heads would be rolling, but knowing Jimin, knowing his emotional detachment, Namjoon can’t bring himself to resent what he’s seeing. Two beautiful bodies, one dolled up and feminine, another sinfully masculine, rolling against one another, muscles flexing, hips swinging, lips parting to gasp—then Jungkook starts to tease. He swings away from Jimin, around to the other side of the pole, and drops his body in a tantalizing arch in sync with the music. The arch causes the back of his skirt to hike up and flash a glimpse of white cotton panties. There’s a twitch at the front of Namjoon’s jeans. Hoseok and Taehyung howl for Jungkook’s efforts, and the boy drinks up the attention with a teasing smirk.

Jimin decides to follow Jungkook’s lead, allowing Jungkook to be front and center. The teen isn’t afraid to flaunt his body. Despite the audience and despite the restraints, he’s able to move in a way that almost mimics the sashay of a dancer. His legs and hips embrace the music with familiarity, every step and every roll done with purpose and executed with practice. He’s confident—almost cocky to a degree, and Namjoon would expect nothing less of his princess.

“He’s awfully good,” he hears Seokjin say. If it weren’t for the fact that he is sitting right next to the older man, Namjoon never would have been able to hear him over the music. Seokjin’s eyes are alight with mischief, regarding Namjoon with mocking suspicion. “Does he practice in private?”

Namjoon smirks down at his drink. “Not entirely private.”

Jungkook grips the pole and wraps his legs around it, grinding his hips as though the pole itself were an actual person. Jimin laughs and snakes his arms around Jungkook’s stomach, nuzzling into his shoulder blade as the younger continues to pretend he’s getting his brains fucking out. Hoseok claps and shrieks for more as Taehyung reaches for the cash cannon. He points it at the stage and it makes it rain all over the intertwined, sweaty bodies. Jungkook squeals with delight and starts snatching some of it from the air. He looks back at Namjoon just before he lifts up his skirt and starts threading notes into the elastic of his panties, his tongue darting over his bottom lip.

There’s a noticeable bulge at the front of Namjoon’s slacks now, and he knows he won’t be able to ignore it for much longer. The only thing holding him back from going up there is Jungkook playful grin. He’s having fun, probably more fun than he anticipated, and Namjoon’s more than happy to indulge his princess for just a little while longer. Then it’s Daddy’s turn to have fun.

Jimin’s dexterous fingers start toying with the buttons of Jungkook’s school shirt. He pops them open one after the other, revealing more and more flushed skin. Jungkook rests most of his weight against Jimin’s hold, pecking at the corner of the stripper’s jaw. Jimin stops halfway though, not daring to go any further. Instead he inclines his head to meet with Jungkook’s lips, locking them in a heatedly harmless kiss that has Jungkook’s toes curling. It’s wet and open-mouthed and mind-
numbingly filthy and it has Jungkook’s whole body burning with need.

It’s probably the hottest thing Namjoon has ever seen. Two beautiful beings, one of them his Jungkook, tangling their tongues and pressed hard against each other, hanging from the support of a pole surrounded by a floor of money. Jungkook’s body arches into the kiss, and it’s eager, needy, and submissive—and Namjoon knows he can’t take it anymore.

He leaves his glass on the counter and strides over to the couch. He gets the key to the handcuffs from Taehyung before making his way over to the stage. Jimin and Jungkook are still making out when Namjoon steps behind them, immersed in their own little world. It’s even hotter up close, and Namjoon almost feels guilty for interrupting. He pulls Jimin off Jungkook, their mouths wet and glistening with shared saliva. There’s only a moment of confusion before Jimin quickly catches on, happy to step aside for the Alpha to take his place.

Jungkook is bleary-eyed and a little disoriented, his mind only coming back into focus when he finds Namjoon fiddling with his handcuffs. His lungs fill with the scent of Namjoon’s cologne, a heavy musk that teases him tantalizingly. The height jump from Jimin to Namjoon is extensive, and he suddenly feels dwarfed by his daddy’s presence.

The grip of his restraints click free, but the freedom is only short-lived before he’s being turned over to have his back against the poll, the cuffs clicking back into place. Jungkook gasps, gaping up at Namjoon with a look of betrayal. But Namjoon is smiling, revealing straight white teeth and killer dimples and Jungkook is so weak. So, so weak. Someone catcalls, another makes a lewd comment, but it’s all lost to Jungkook now. The audience is washing away, replaced by the echo of his heart and everything delectably Namjoon.

“Daddy,” he moans, pressing their chests flush against each other. Namjoon hums, leaning down to kiss him. Namjoon and Jimin taste the same and yet Namjoon is somehow better. His entire body seizes up with desire, responding to the familiarity of Namjoon’s large hands cupping the mounds of his ass. Namjoon gently squeezes at the supple flesh and Jungkook moans, the deep, sinful sound getting swallowed up by Namjoon’s lips.

The hands move itinerantly upwards, above Jungkook’s narrow waist to the boy’s shirt. Namjoon makes quick work of unbuttoning the last few remaining, pulling the shirt apart to have majority of his chest exposed. The tie still remains; loose and splayed haphazardly down the middle of Jungkook’s bare torso.

“God… Touch me, Daddy. Please touch me,” he whimpers, struggling with the urge to touch Namjoon but unable to do so.
“Grab onto the pole.” It’s an order Jungkook follows willingly, only understanding why when Namjoon hoists his legs up around his waist. His back presses into the pole and Jungkook grips it to keep himself steady. Namjoon is between his legs, solid, warm and reassuring.

Namjoon’s fingers graze over Jungkook’s neck, down his sweaty collarbones to his damp chest. He leans forward, into Jungkook’s soft warmth, his lips at Jungkook’s pulse and his fingers at his nipples. They harden and blush beneath his touch, starved of attention, needing it so badly. Namjoon is rough with them, merciless even, pinching them hard and rolling them with carnal aggression. At the same time his teeth are nipping at his neck, grazing the skin, marring it with lovebites. Jungkook cries out. He’s been waiting so long to be like this with Namjoon again. It feels like an eternity has past since they’ve been intimate, and the filthiness of the situation, the audience of ravenous eyes that watch him only enhances the sexual delirium.

Jungkook’s nipples are sensitive. They’ve always been sensitive, and Namjoon never holds back on exploiting such a sinful weakness. The pain hurts so good, sending shocks of pleasure through his pliant body. The pleasure settles in his loins, the heat climbing and climbing. His pretty cotton panties no longer hug his form comfortably, but stifle it, stretching and pinching into his skin to accommodate for the girth filling out the front.

A stab of pain blooms at the side of his neck, his whole body writhing in response. “Ah—ah shit! Oh god.”

Namjoon bit him. It wasn’t a playful nip like all the others, but a marking of territory. He can feel his boyfriend’s tongue start lapping up the wound apologetically. “Sorry, Princess. I got ahead of myself.”

“It’s fine… it’s fine…” Jungkook sighs. He doesn’t mind much. He likes it when Namjoon is rough with him. There’s a particular thrill that dominates Jungkook when he’s at the mercy of Namjoon. It serves as a reminder that Namjoon is a dangerous man. A killer. A schemer. A fiend.

And damn if Jungkook doesn’t love him with every fiber of his being.

Jungkook kisses at Namjoon’s chin, dragging his lips teasingly along the sharp edge of his jaw before settling under his ear. He licks at the patch of skin, slow, methodical, almost demure, but Namjoon knows Jungkook is not one to be demure. “Don’t apologize to me in front of your friends, Namjoon. They might think you’re getting soft,” he whispers, his breath fanning his lover’s earlobe. “You know what happens if they start thinking such pretty, little thoughts, don’t you, hm? They don’t like their leaders to have hearts, to have compassion. So please… never apologize to me.”
“What would you have me do then, hm?” Namjoon sounds amused more than anything, but Jungkook knows he understands. They both know how to play the game of gangsters and dames. “Smack you around? Be a brute for our audience?”

Their voices can’t be heard over the blare of the music. It somehow makes their conversation private, more intimate. Namjoon keeps their eyes trained on the hand he has on Jungkook’s ass, kneading it and teasing it, threatening to dip his hand past the fabric at any moment.

“Treat me different… Treat me like a thing… Treat me as though I mean nothing to you, that I’m just a passing distraction… Don’t let them see.” He kisses Namjoon’s neck tenderly, conveying all the love and affection he has to offer. “Don’t let them see how much I mean to you.”

Namjoon understands. He understands perfectly well. His eyes look out among the people he knows, his associates, his “friends”. In this business, there’s no such thing as real friends, only friends that will wait long enough to get their paycheck before selling you out to some rival on the other side of town. They’re watching them not just for the pleasure, not just for the show, but observing, searching for a weakness to use as leverage somewhere further down the track.

He can’t protect Jungkook under the current circumstances, not when he’s constantly bouncing back and forth between the North and the East. They could snatch Jungkook up—any one of the people in this room, hold a gun to Jungkook’s head and suck the money out of Namjoon’s bank account. It’s a miracle neither Jimin nor Taehyung did anything to Jungkook while he was absent. He wouldn’t put it past someone as mean-spirited as Jimin to pass on some STI, or Taehyung to —god, he doesn’t even want to think about the horrible things Taehyung could’ve done to Jungkook. There’s a reason that asshole is involved in this kind of business. He’s good at yielding a certain type of power over others.

Having any trust in Hoseok and Seokjin would be foolish too, even though he’s known them for years. They’re both watching him, analyzing him. One misstep could be seen as weakness. And a weak leader means thin loyalty from the subordinates.

Taking in the dangerous situation for what it is, he decides to heed Jungkook’s wise advice. Namjoon squeezes Jungkook’s cheek hard in warning. He brings Jungkook’s body down to meet the harsh grind of his hips. Jungkook gasps, feeling the brutal hardness of Namjoon’s cock through the fabric of his slacks. And Namjoon adores Jungkook’s sensitivity, the way his body responds to him; the way his glossy lips part in inaudible gasps, and his dark lashes flutter in pure euphoria.

He wants to so badly run his knuckles over the swell of Jungkook’s cheek and kiss him lovingly. But he can’t. Not here. Not in public. “You like that?” he snaps loudly—loud enough to be heard. “You like the feeling of my cock against your ass, don’t you? You like being a little bitch for my dick.”
“Yes, yes—” Jungkook spews out words like a slut, and Namjoon feigns a sneer.

Namjoon tears the tie from Jungkook’s neck and bunches it into a ball. He grips Jungkook’s jaw, forcing his mouth open, and shoves the fabric inside. Jungkook muffles a cry, the muscles in his jaw stretching to accommodate the bunch. But he obediently keeps it there. If they were in private, Jungkook might have spat it out just to spite him. But the tie represents Namjoon’s control. Jungkook wouldn’t dare spit it out because Namjoon is the person who put it there. And if Namjoon can control his bitch then he can control any of them, right?

“I don’t want to hear your whiny little voice,” Namjoon growls, shoving the tie so far into Jungkook’s mouth that the teen is struggling not to choke. “Good sluts keep their mouths shut and their legs open.”

“You tell him!” Taehyung barks from the couch. “Show ‘em who’s boss!”

“Shut up, Taehyung.”

Namjoon tugs at the elastic of Jungkook’s panties experimentally. He’s trying to figure out a way to get them off without untangling Jungkook’s legs from his waist, but then he thinks, fuck it, and tears the fabric clear off Jungkook’s body. Jimin and Hoseok cheer like mindless idiots as Namjoon throws the tattered remains on the stage floor. Jungkook looks down at his panties with a hot flush and crocodile tears. It makes Jungkook seem so innocent, so impressionable.

With Jungkook’s panties gone and his nether regions exposed, Namjoon has the urge to sink between Jungkook’s lovely thighs. He wants to suck Jungkook off and listen and feel his struggle to control himself, to bring him to the brink of desperation before pulling him back. He wants to litter Jungkook’s supple thighs—ruin them with lovebites, but Namjoon knows he can’t be seen with his head between Jungkook’s legs. He can’t be seen as someone generous or tender.

He fists Jungkook’s cock roughly from under his skirt. Jungkook twists at the firm pleasure, his eyes rolling. “Look at you, hard as a fucking rock. Is that all it takes to get you needy? A few kisses and a nipple twist and you’re wetter than a monsoon?” He smears his thumb over the head of Jungkook’s dick. Jungkook shudders. “They say some people are born to take it. Are you one of those people, huh? Were you born to take my cock, Princess?”

Jungkook gazes up at him tearily, nodding as though confessing to a crime. Namjoon leans in to sink his teeth into Jungkook’s bottom lip. He tugs until the skin tears and starts to bleed shallowly,
and when Namjoon pulls back to appraise his work of art, he smirks.

His Princess looks pretty, really pretty. Like a country boy who’s new to town, who has wide eyes and clear skin and a wonder about the world, just waiting to be corrupted, waiting to be smeared with the grime of reality. They both know Jungkook is no church-boy saint who’s never been kissed. He was born into corruption, breathes in it, thrives in it, but that doesn’t stop him from playing the part.

Namjoon shoves his hand between the cleft of Jungkook’s cheeks, surprised to feel the slippery remnants of lubricant he himself had not put there. His features harden, his grip tensing on the boy until Jungkook is practically doubled over in pleasurable pain. “What’s this I’m feeling, Princess? This better not mean what I think it means, otherwise you’re going to be in big trouble.”

His teenage delinquent whimpers at the warning, laden with guilt. Namjoon’s finger’s slide to his Jungkook’s puckering entrance, finding it slick and cushiony. He growls, shoving a finger inside without warning. Jungkook cries and starts to struggle, but his efforts are in vain. There’s no stopping the exposure to Jungkook’s dirty little secret, and when Namjoon’s finger comes into contact with it, he almost, almost moans.

“You sneaky little slut,” he hisses menacingly. “You think I honestly wouldn’t find out?”

Jungkook shakes his head frantically, trying to convey some denial or apology, but Namjoon ignores him. Instead he inserts a second finger and his thumb. He encloses his grip on the smooth surface of the object. He doesn’t hesitate to try and pull it out, but Jungkook’s walls seem to react on instinct, tightening to keep it in place.

His eyes narrow in suspicion. “How far up did you push them?” It’s a rhetorical question Jungkook wisely doesn’t answer.

“What’s he got up there?” Hoseok grins. Namjoon almost forgot they had an audience. “A dildo? I bet it’s a dildo—bet he likes the extra large ones to fill his little boycunt.”

“Nah, it’s a plug,” Jimin argues. “It’s gotta be a plug.”

Namjoon pulls it out harshly and Jungkook sobs. He holds the lube-slicked anal beads to Jungkook’s face with an unimpressed stare, exposed for all eyes to see. Taehyung roars in the background in his over-zealous fashion, almost shoving Hoseok off the couch in the process. Jungkook looks on the verge of spouting excuses, his eyes begging for him to listen, but they both
know he can’t listen—shouldn’t listen. Mr. Kim doesn’t take excuses.

The back of his hand whips the side of Jungkook’s face, the teen’s neck snapping at a sudden angle. The impact is loud. It cuts through the music and somehow the bass isn’t loud enough to stifle it. With pain spreading from his cheek, it’s easy for Jungkook to procure tears.

“What did I tell you about touching yourself when I’m not around?” Such a conversation never took place. But the audience doesn’t know that. “You had to have prepared yourself beforehand, huh? Shoved a few fingers up there? You even used lube. You didn’t even bother to cover up the evidence. You knew I’d find out, but you did it anyway. Jesus fucking Christ—you’ve always been a disobedient little bitch.”

Jungkook tries avoiding his gaze, but Namjoon grips his jaw and forces him to look up into his burning gaze. “When did you find the time to even put them there, huh? What—in the alley before the guards caught you?”

The teen shakes his head. “Then where?”

Jungkook shakes his head again and Namjoon growls. He throws the beads down before he grips Jungkook’s thighs hard. Namjoon pressing into Jungkook, presses him into the pole until he’s whining because it hurts. “This body,” he snarls so harshly Jungkook flinches, “is mine. It doesn’t belong to you. You only get to touch it if I say so.”

The tears collect at Jungkook’s chin and there’s a handprint blossoming on the side of his cheek and his lip is bleeding and he’s oh so pretty. His mascara has smudged and his eyes are droopy and blown with lust.

Namjoon reaches down to unzip his slacks and pulls his throbbing cock from the confines of his expensive suit. Jungkook feels itpoke his ass, hot and oozing and harder than muscle. “I’m not going to prep you. I’m not even going to use lube. Only good sluts deserve to be treated nicely.”

Thank god Jungkook had the foresight to prep himself. There’s not a chance on earth Namjoon would have made such an assertion had it not been for Jungkook already thoroughly stretched and lubricated. Prepping Jungkook wouldn’t have been well received by their audience. What ruthless ringleader has the generosity to prep a whore? Not Mr. Kim. Not the man who can take a life without batting an eye.

He smears the head of his leaking cock along Jungkook’s damp crack. Their eyes are locked in a
silent conversation that no one else can understand. Jungkook’s expression is artificial, his kicked-puppy look a skill he has perfected. But in his eyes Namjoon can see that Jungkook isn’t scared. They’re wide and encouraging, with a sheen of anticipation glimmering heavily in the depths of his dark brown irises. Namjoon prods Jungkook’s entrance with his dick. The rim clenches like a flower and Namjoon inhales sharply.

Nerves prickle at the back of his neck. He’s suddenly worried something will go wrong, and Jungkook will tear and cry and he’ll have to ignore it—act like he doesn’t give a damn when his heart is breaking inside his chest. But then Jungkook smiles subtly in encouragement. It’s what Namjoon needs to see. It assures him that Jungkook is okay, that he isn’t in any sort of pain or heartache, and that’s enough for now. His persona blankets his demeanor once again, his eyes turning dark and his features tensing to look more intimidating. Like a mirror Jungkook does the same, playing a hurt victim who’s scared of his bully. Their audience erupts in shouts, egging Namjoon on, telling him to breed the bitch, and Namjoon is inwardly resentful. If he had it his way, he would’ve shot anybody who dared to degrade his princess, but he can’t. Because that would mean he cares.

With a snarl he shoves his hard, throbbing cock up into Jungkook’s tight heat. The tie in his mouth muffles Jungkook’s screams, but he can still be heard all the same. Hoseok hollers something nasty and Taehyung laughs. Namjoon’s stomach does an unsettling flip as more tears streak down Jungkook’s cheeks, but he ignores the sickening feeling, thrusting up until his dick is fully inside of Jungkook.

“How does it feel to have my fat cock inside you, huh? Better than your little pussy-ass fingers.” Namjoon thanks the skies that his voice doesn’t quiver. He still sounds stern, still sounds in control.

“Yeah, bet it’s better than any of the teachers that fuck ‘im at school too!” Taehyung shouts. Jimin giggles and smacks Taehyung playfully on the shoulder.

Namjoon ignores the others. Their comments will only serve to make him angrier.

He tangles his fingers in the back of Jungkook’s hair and yanks his head back, his other hand sitting on the arch of spine to keep their bodies pressed tightly together. Jungkook’s thighs clench around him, trembling slightly from the strain. Namjoon’s grip clenches as he starts to move, jabbing upwards in quick, short thrusts. Jungkook’s body winces with every snap of Namjoon’s hips, panting through his nose and struggling to breathe.

Jungkook’s neck glistens with wet kisses and bite marks. Namjoon continues his relentless assault
without a single falter, every plunge deep and sharp, stretching Jungkook’s tender insides. To Jungkook, Namjoon smells so masculine, so *musk*, intensifying with the sweat that breaks out on his tanned brow. He loves it. He loves it so much, and he wants nothing more than to tell Namjoon that, but he can’t. He has to buckle and whine like a bitch in heat and pretend it hurts, that the strong, loving man that holds him is abusive and merciless.

It gets to the point where Jungkook isn’t strong enough to hold on any longer. His legs loosen and he begins to slide further down the pole, struggling to hold himself steady with his sweaty hands.


Namjoon finally, *finally* removes the handcuffs from Jungkook’s wrists. Jungkook moans and happily lets his arms drop to his sides, but the happiness is short lived. Namjoon pushes him down on the stage and yanks the tie out of Jungkook’s mouth. Saliva dribbles down Jungkook’s chin and he wipes it away with the back of his hand. Then Namjoon is pushing him onto his stomach and using the tie to bind his wrists, and Jungkook can’t help but release a genuine cry of disdain.

“No Daddy—my arms hurt so bad—please no… no…” His babbling goes ignored. Jungkook is turned to face the front, Namjoon sidling in behind him with a hand at the back of Jungkook’s head. He’s bent to have his ass propped up and his face smothering against the paper money littering the floor, his skirt pushing up to present his goodies for the taking.

Namjoon pushes in again, but this time doesn’t bother to pause. He immediately falls into a fierce rhythm. Jungkook has the freedom to mewl and whimper now, every noise of pleasure heard throughout the obscenely lit room. He can see everyone now—forced to face their vulgar voyeurism in the midst of getting his mind fucked sideways by his boyfriend. Most of the place is dark except for the stage, bathed in a glowing spotlight that exaggerates every shadow and every expression that crosses their clammy faces.

Seokjin is a shadow in the background, yet somehow the first face Jungkook’s eyes jump to. He’s by the bar, sitting on a stool with a martini in his hand, his face is blank but his eyes give him away. He’s intrigued, transfixed on the performance.

The three monkeys on the couch are the same and yet, different. They’re all loud and obnoxious, but their positions vary. Hoseok has one leg folded over the other, leaning on the armrest with his lips pulling into a horsey grin; his eyes alight with lewd anticipation. Jimin is biting his lip, his legs spread apart, and Taehyung is next to him with his hand down the front of Jimin’s pants. Taehyung is whispering something in Jimin’s ear, but their gazes remain locked on the stage, locked on Jungkook getting pounded by their boss.
The profanity of the situation is odd. Jungkook should feel shame and humiliation—and a part of him does—but at the same time, it’s hot. He’s always found Namjoon’s friends to be attractive. Not more so than his boyfriend, because no one is hotter than Namjoon, but good-looking nonetheless. To have them watch him like this, at his most vulnerable, it’s unlike anything he’s ever experienced before.

“Faster… faster, Daddy!” Jungkook whines impatiently, arching his back and shifting to meet Namjoon’s thrusts. “I need to—I want to—please!”

“S-shut up,” Namjoon growls, but picks up the pace anyway. Jungkook’s tight walls clench around him and the throbbing of his arousal intensifies. Namjoon slips an arm around Jungkook’s tummy and starts rutting into him from a different angle.

Jungkook feels it then, that special place inside of him. “There—Daddy—their!”

It’s the wrong thing to say. Namjoon starts purposely angling his hips to graze the measly periphery of his prostate, teasing Jungkook with the promise of pleasure, but not delivering on that promise. Jungkook sobs in frustration, his cheek squished against the floorboards, against the dirty money Taehyung had splayed all over the place.

“Daddy is mean—mean,” he cries petulantly, sounding closer to a bratty child than a sound teenager. Namjoon spanks him hard on the buttock for his troubles and Jungkook’s body writhes.

“ Wouldn’t be mean to you if you weren’t such a brat.” Namjoon grunts, gripping Jungkook’s hips to fuck him deeply and thoroughly. His balls make an obscene slapping noise against the soft curve of Jungkook’s cheeks. “I’m teaching you a lesson so learn carefully. Next time you feel like touching yourself you better call me. I don’t give a shit whether your brother’s there or not, I’ll fuck you anywhere. Don’t you forget that.”

“I w-won’t.” Jungkook trembles. “I won’t forget. I’ll never touch myself again unless you tell me to. Please—just please I need you to—I fucking need it, Daddy.”

“Need what, Princess?” Namjoon sounds as though he’s talking him down and it makes Jungkook hot and bothered.

“Fuck me—just—hard, there, as hard as you can. You know where—my, my special place.”
Their company howls and Jungkook moans and they all want Namjoon to fuck Jungkook like an animal, and Namjoon can’t find a reason to deny them. He yanks Jungkook back by the hair to have his body resting against him, Jungkook’s cock is so hard it’s lifting the front of his skirt and giving the others a good view of his balls. Namjoon grabs a handful of cash off the floor, sorting it into a nice, thin pile with shaky fingers and coiling it into a roll. Jungkook watches from where his head rests on Namjoon’s broad shoulder, his eyes half-lidded with lust.

“What are you—” but then Namjoon is shoving the roll of cash past Jungkook’s teeth and the boy chokes in surprise.

“Curl your tongue around it,” Namjoon orders. “You better not spit it out, kid, or I’ll be having your ass for dinner tonight.”

Jungkook’s jaw slackens. He does as he’s told, coiling his tongue around the roll and keeping it carefully in place. It makes Jungkook feel like such a whore. A slut dictated by the power of money and authority. He might’ve come right there if not for the underlining threat in Namjoon’s dark, heated eyes.

Namjoon slides out of Jungkook for a moment to switch position, flipping Jungkook onto his back and throwing his legs over his shoulders. Jungkook squeals in surprise, his eyes dilating as Namjoon takes him roughly again. The new position has Namjoon’s cock hitting Jungkook’s prostate easily, the swell of his head slamming against the spongy surface with unrestrained vigor. It takes everything in Jungkook not to open his mouth to moan. He settles for a growl in the base of his throat and lets his expression twist with pleasure. Namjoon fucks him fast and hard. Jungkook’s skirt lifts to billow around his stomach and his open shirt does little to hide his flushed teats. At this angle practically all of Jungkook is on display. He can’t say he hates it.

The climax is building. He can feel it crawl across his skin and build in his abdomen with every rut against his sweet spot. Jungkook starts twisting his hands, his face sweaty and desperate. “Daddy please, I need to touch myself,” he pleads with half a mouth full of cash.

“Not a chance,” Namjoon immediately denies.

“But how am I going to come? Please… I’m so close, you don’t understand.” Jungkook’s voice is so flimsy he sounds as though he’s on the verge of crying. Which he is, in a sense. If he doesn’t get what he wants soon he just might throw a tantrum.

“You’re going to come untouched.” Namjoon’s tone of voice leaves no room for argument. “And
you’re going to wait until I’m finished, you hear me? If you come before me, Princess, there’s going to be hell to pay.”

Jungkook was afraid Namjoon would say that. “But Daddy!”

“Shut up and take it,” Namjoon responds cruelly. He thrusts particularly hard into Jungkook just to punctuate his point. Jungkook nearly swallows the money.

Dribble runs down the side of Jungkook’s mouth, his raw lips parted just wide enough for the roll of money to be seen lodged between his teeth. The sight alone has heat shooting down his body and Namjoon knows he won’t last much longer. He grips Jungkook’s sock-clad knees and pounds him with all his might. He chases the coiling heat that settles in the pit of his gut, growing stronger and more pleasurable with every severe plunge. He’s close—very close, and by the look on Jungkook’s face he can tell the younger boy is too.

Their breaths mingle and become turbulent, as though no amount of air is enough. Then with one angled jab Namjoon is thrown over the edge. He comes with a low groan in the core of his chest, a guttural, masculine noise that is more animalistic than human. His cum fills up Jungkook’s insides as he rocks shallowly through the aftershocks. Jungkook makes little whimpering noises Namjoon might have cooed over under different circumstances.

Instead he pulls out and quickly tucks himself in. Jungkook’s legs fall open, cum leaking out of his asshole, his chest heaving up and down to catch his breath. Their eyes meet and Namjoon wants to kiss him. He looks so beautifully debauched. He almost leans over, almost gives in, but then Jimin moans and he remembers that they aren’t alone.

Namjoon glances up just in time to see Jimin come undone at the hands of Taehyung. They’re still the centre of attention, still in the limelight. Namjoon can’t finish Jungkook off here, not when there are witnesses judging his every move.

He unties Jungkook and gets up, wiping the sweat from his brow and smoothing his hands over the creases of his suit. He walks off stage with a swagger in his step, returning to the bar to finish off the rest of his drink. Jungkook sits up with a pout, pulling his shirt together and closing his knees in a pointless attempt to cover himself. Seokjin smirks at Namjoon, amused and perhaps a touch aroused.

“Enjoy yourself?” Namjoon asks flatly.
“Thoroughly,” Seokjin answers, never missing a beat.

“Good. Go bring the car around, I gotta go visit Midsummer’s to straighten out the hustler situation going on.”

Seokjin glances at the stage. “What about Jungkook?”

Namjoon shrugs. “I’ll bring him along. Can’t leave Tae to babysit him, can I?”

His driver sees the logic in this and quickly finishes off the rest of his drink. He leaves out the back door as Namjoon assumes his position on the stool again, leaning lazily against the bar. “Go clean up,” he calls to Jungkook. The teen looks up, wide-eyed and flushed. “I don’t want cum on my leather seats.”

Jungkook perks up. “We’re leaving?”

“Yes, now hurry up.” Jungkook doesn’t linger any longer on the platform. He swings his legs over the edge of the stage and bounces past the couch, avoiding the hungry eyes that follow him to the bathroom.

“That was amazing,” Hoseok groans, rubbing his face furiously. “You’ve officially ruined porn for me.”

“Look like you got a bit of a problem there,” Taehyung observes with a sultry smile, eyes on the bulge in Hoseok’s pants. “Want me to fetch someone to take care of that? On the house?”

Hoseok waves him off, getting up off the couch awkwardly. “I’ll go grab someone—Tiffany’s working today, right?”

Taehyung puckers his lips in thought, eyes flickering to the clock on the wall. “Should be, though she usually comes in later.”

The older man sighs. “Whatever—I saw Choa before, she’ll do.”
“Alright dude, see you in what? Five minutes?”

“Fuck you.”

“Love you too, Hobi!”

Jungkook looks mildly presentable when he returns, though he must’ve thrown away his tie. He hands Taehyung the wad of cash, because it’s his money after all. Taehyung doesn’t bat a lash before accepting the saliva-slicked money, but not before seizing Jungkook’s wrist and planting a soft kiss to the inner side of his wrist. “Anytime you wanna make a quick buck, kid, don’t hesitate to come to me, yeah? I could make you a local celebrity if you want.”

Jimin rolls his eyes and shoves Taehyung aside. “Leave Jungkookie alone, you perv. Namjoon won’t have it and you know it!”

Taehyung grins cheekily, sneaking a wink in Jungkook’s direction. “Worth a shot, right?”

Jungkook blushes and shuffles away, his fingers at the hem of his skirt, tugging it further down his thighs. He stands between Namjoon’s open legs, looking up at the older man with a cute frown. “Namjoon,” he whispers harshly, “I need underwear. Now.”

Namjoon blinks. “Didn’t you bring a spare in your bag or something?”

He nods. “Yes, but my bag is still in the alleyway outside. Can you please go get it for me? Please?”

Namjoon chances a glance at the couple on the couch to find that they’re completely enraptured with each other. Namjoon nods, placing his hand gently on Jungkook’s waist and guiding him to the side so he can stand up. He brings back the bag—Jungkook’s schoolbag—and dumps it on the bar, zipping it open and searching through it for the extra pair of panties. Jungkook must’ve been telling the truth when he said he intended to go to school today, the bag is full of mostly textbooks and stray pencils. He finds the panties in the side pocket.

They’re silk, a peachy pink with the seams pulled to give a wave-like effect. There’s a teasing little bow on the back of it, where it’d no doubt sit on Jungkook’s tailbone. “I like this one. Where did you buy it? And did you use the credit card I gave you?”
Jungkook sniffs, snatching the underwear out of Namjoon’s hands and quickly pulling them on. “I like them too—so don’t go ruining them like you have with all my other ones!”

“Where did you buy them?” Namjoon repeats, insistent.

“The lingerie store on the South Side, the one with the cute bunny stickers on the window. And—yes, I did use your card.”

A frown forms on Namjoon’s brow. “South Side?”

Jungkook rolls his eyes, patting his boyfriend on the shoulder. “Come off it, Namjoonie. If I restrict myself to one area I won’t be allowed to leave my own house. I’m not in danger in the South Side and you know it.”

“I know, it’s just, I’ve heard some things. Word is Minho’s on the brink of a war with the West. You’ll wanna stay far away from the South if that ever hits.”

“Psh—Minho and Key setting aside their differences, that’ll be the day. Those two bicker like an elderly couple at a drive-thru joint.”

Namjoon chuckles. “So true.”

They leave before Hoseok gets back, which is a blessing, because they were Hoseok’s ride home and he would’ve insisted on coming along. Namjoon drags him into the back seat. Seokjin barely gives them a glance as he pulls away from the curb, and doesn’t seem surprised when Namjoon presses a button to roll up the partition separating the front from the back.

Once the black screen is in place and they’re finally, finally alone, Namjoon plucks Jungkook out of his seat and settles him gently in his lap. His large hands cup Jungkook’s small face, his plush lips against Jungkook’s small lips. “I’m sorry,” Namjoon breathes against Jungkook’s skin. “Princess I’m so, so sorry. Are you okay? Did I hurt you anywhere? How’s your cheek? You know I didn’t mean any of the shit I said it was all just a show I swear.”

Jungkook giggles, his eyes crinkling happily as he snakes his arms around Namjoon’s neck. “I
“I know but that doesn’t mean I’m okay with it.” Namjoon runs his thumb over where he had slapped Jungkook, his lips pressing together in a thin line. “I’ll make it up to you. Do you want me to suck you off? I can make it quick—should be done before we get to Midsummer’s—”

The boy lets out a squeal when Namjoon tries lifting his skirt up. “Don’t! It’s gone down anyway. I’ll be fine, don’t worry.”

Namjoon palms him firmly and Jungkook lets out a choked moan. “Liar.”

“Okay—okay, maybe not completely but I’m just not sure we have the time—” Jungkook’s breath hitches when he’s suddenly splayed out over the backseat, Namjoon nudging in between his legs. Jungkook gasps, locking his knees together and trying to pull his skirt down his thighs but Namjoon is a lot stronger. “D-Daddy…”

“Shh, Princess, don’t be shy. Let Daddy take care of you. You’ve been so good for me.” Namjoon pushes the skirt up to bunch around Jungkook’s hips, nuzzling into Jungkook’s crotch.

Jungkook gasps. “F-fine. At least take off my panties. I don’t want you ruining the only spare I have.”

The older man complies, tugging Jungkook’s panties off and throwing them under the seat. He licks and sucks at the flesh of the boy’s supple thighs, his long, graceful fingers coiled around Jungkook’s hard erection. He sucks Jungkook off for most of the short trip to the casino, playing with his balls and teasing at the head until he comes undone, spilling into Namjoon’s mouth. Namjoon swallows every last drop, planting a lingering kiss to Jungkook’s inner thigh before pawing under the seat for the discarded panties.

Seokjin puts the car into park just as Jungkook is slipping his underwear back on, looking a lot more surreal and relaxed than he had back at the strip club. Seokjin opens the door for them and they step out.

“Can I try one of the slot machines?” Jungkook asks excitedly as they ascend the steps up to the entrance. Namjoon places a hand at the small of Jungkook’s back, smiling at him tenderly.

“Of course you can, Princess.”
“They won’t kick me out for being underage?” Jungkook looks skeptical.

Namjoon smirks. “Not in my casino, they won’t.”

The Midsummer’s Casino is only one of the three major casinos Kim Namjoon owns on the North Side, but just like the other two, Midsummer’s is immensely successful. It’s position is somewhere between the restaurants and the theatres, on an affluent strip of entertainment catering to the city’s nightlife. During the day it isn’t too bad either, although it’s almost exclusively full of retirees and the unemployed.

The second Jungkook spots the flashy lights of the slot machines he’s off like a bolt of lightning. Namjoon glances at Seokjin, suddenly serious. “Keep an eye on him.”

Seokjin nods and follows Jungkook into the crowd. The concierge approaches Namjoon with a smile and a hug, knowing exactly why he has come to visit the casino. He guides Namjoon to the control room, away from all the excitement and the action and into the quiet, serious side of the casino, hushed away into restricted areas at the very back of the building complex.

He’s taken to the head of security, who hands him photos taken from the surveillance cameras of the hustlers trying to one-up the system. Unfamiliar faces, forgettable faces. No wonder they took to low crime. He asks for copies of the photos and slots them in a folder. He can have Taehyung track down these idiots and teach them a lesson or two about playing fair.

“Call me immediately if they show up again,” he orders his security, even though he knows they won’t. Once he’s through with them, they’ll never think to step foot in a casino ever again.

The matter is discussed and sorted in under half an hour. He could’ve sent Hoseok out to do it if he really wanted to, but honestly he just needed an excuse to get he and Jungkook out of the club. Namjoon doesn’t appreciate Jungkook being in the presence of the others for too long, it puts him on edge. Logically speaking he shouldn’t have been so reckless as to have his way with Jungkook in front of the others, but he can excuse it as a heat of the moment. He definitely won’t be attempting it again any time soon. It’s too risky.

Namjoon goes looking for his boyfriend and his friend, but Seokjin, surprisingly, finds him first. He barely rejoined the masses before his driver is there, as though anxiously awaiting his returned.
“Namjoon thank goodness I found you.” Seokjin holds onto Namjoon’s shoulders, seemingly out of breath. His expression is disconcerting.

“What is it? What’s wrong?” Panic spikes in his chest, he assumes the worst. He always has to in this line of business.

“There was a man—by the bar.” Seokjin gestures to one side of the room, where a few men can be seen drowning their sorrows. “I saw him taking pictures of Jungkook before he fucked off. I think he might’ve been Yoongi’s associate.”

Namjoon curses under his breath. “Where’s Jungkook now?”

“Still at the slot machines,” Seokjin informs, “but I didn’t warn him because I didn’t want to scare him.”

Namjoon nods. “Go wait at the car. I’ll go get Jungkook.”

He doesn’t run. He can’t let anybody know that he’s in a rush or else they might jump to conclusions. Namjoon smoothes a hand over the side sweep of his hair. He stands tall and composed as he walks briskly toward to the slot machines, revealing nothing to give off the impression anything is wrong. Finding Jungkook is relatively easy. Jungkook’s voice shrieks above the hum of noise that simmers in the atmosphere, guiding Namjoon to where Jungkook stands, bickering with an elderly woman sitting at one of the machines.

“That was my quarter, you old bitch!” Jungkook sneers, attempting to snatch a quarter from the woman’s bucket of change.

“Fuck off you little pansy, you drop the quarter it’s free pickings. Everybody knows that,” the elderly woman grouches, shoving Jungkook away with surprising force. Jungkook stumbles before finding his footing. He looks about ready to deck the woman and steal the whole bucket. Luckily Namjoon shows up in time to intervene.

“Enough dicking around, Kook, we gotta get out of here.” Namjoon snatches up Jungkook’s wrist and starts tugging him away.

“Hey!” Jungkook exclaims, struggling but not really trying to fend him off. “What’s going on?
Namjoon weaves through the throngs of people coolly, his eyes fixed on the exit. “Seokjin reckons someone was eyeing you up by the bar. One of Yoongi’s men.”

“You’re kidding me? You mean to tell me Yoongi would plant his own men in your territory? Are you sure?”

“It isn’t unheard of. I have eyes in Yoongi’s territory too. It’s out of precaution more than anything else. Either that or the guy was off duty and just so happened to be at the right casino at the right time—or the wrong time, depending on how you look at it.” Jungkook squeezes Namjoon’s hand. He looks back at Jungkook to find his pretty face tense with fear. Namjoon forces a smile. “I could be wrong?”

Jungkook scowls. “No, sending men to spy in your casinos seems like something my brother would do. He’s cunning like that.”

“You might be able to get back home before the word gets to Yoongi where you were.”

“I doubt it.”

The car is parked just where they left it, Seokjin leaning against the hood with a cigarette between his fingers. “Don’t just stand there,” Namjoon growls. “Get in the car!”

“And what? Drive straight into Min territory? Don’t be an idiot, Namjoon. You’re better than that.” Seokjin tosses away the cigarette. “He’ll have to taxi back. If either of us show our faces in the East we’ll be sitting ducks.”

Namjoon pinches the bridge of his nose, sighing heavily. “Seokjin is right, Jungkook, you’ll have to taxi back.”

Jungkook places a hand on Namjoon’s shoulders, smiling up at him subtly. “I understand.”

It isn’t too hard to hail a taxi outside the front of a busy casino, and when Jungkook hops into the backseat he rolls down the window so Namjoon can lean in and give him a quick kiss. Seokjin is
by the driver’s window picking out notes of cash to hand over to the driver—much more than what’s needed, but perhaps necessary.

“I’ll call you later,” Jungkook says softly, running his fingers over the scar on Namjoon’s cheek. “If I don’t, hyung probably would’ve killed me.”

Namjoon rolls his eyes, the corners of his lips coiled into a soft smirk. “That’s a bit farfetched, isn’t it?”

“Well, maybe not *killed* me. He might take away my laptop though—that’ll be a bigger punishment than any bullet to the temple.”

“Oh *too cruel*.”

Jungkook simpers, “He’ll be known as the most ruthless mafia boss to ever yield the East Side.”

“I shall avenge you, my princess.” Namjoon leans in to kiss Jungkook again, unable to restrain himself, even with Seokjin only a few feet away.

“In all serious though, I will call you. If word gets out hyung will be furious with me.”

Namjoon scoffs. “Seeing Yoongi show any emotion at all seems impossible.”

“Yeah, well, you aren’t the one related to him.”

“That is true.”

Jungkook kisses him, his hand cradling the edge of Namjoon’s jaw. “Be safe.”

Namjoon’s lips linger. “You too.”
Namjoon watches as the taxi speeds off, a tight anxiety in his chest. He gets into the back of his car and Seokjin gets into the front, winding down the partition so they can converse freely. “Are you sure it is safe to send Jungkook back?” Seokjin looks at Namjoon through the rearview mirror. “We don’t know how Yoongi might react to this you know. He’s always been a bit of an enigma, especially when it comes to the treatment of his baby brother.”

Leaning back into his seat, Namjoon tries to ignore the unease that settles into his shoulders. “Jungkook didn’t seem too afraid.”

“Jungkook is a good liar,” Seokjin counteracts effortlessly. “Most Mins are. Do you honestly think Jungkook would’ve told you if something were really wrong?”

Namjoon meets Seokjin’s heavy gaze in the mirror. “I trust Jungkook.”

“I know. That’s why I’m worried.”

He sighs. He knows this is a pointless argument. It'll only prove to go round and round until one of them finally gives in. Seokjin has always been suspicious of Jungkook, and rightly so, he’s the baby brother of their rival. The Kims and the Mins have never been on good terms, not for generations, but he sees something in Jungkook that’s different. He has the distinct feeling Jungkook has never been acknowledged as a true member of the family, but for what reasons, Namjoon still does not know. Even his best spies could find little on the family history, only that Yoongi is incredibly cautious.

“He’ll be fine,” he reassures himself. “Jungkook knows his brother better than anyone.”

Jungkook dumps his bag by the door and slips out of his Mary Janes. “Fucking shoes,” he hisses, rubbing the sore blisters that have taken shape on his poor, poor feet. The sacrifices he makes in the name of fashion. He positions them on his side of the shoe rack alongside his actual school shoes, an old pair of sneakers, the red Converse Namjoon likes him to wear, and his beloved Timberlands.

He can sense the figure by the hallway entrance. He doesn’t have to look to know that it’s
Jaebum, Yoongi’s right-hand man. Jungkook sighs. It’s going to be a long afternoon. He can feel it.

“He wants to see you in his office,” is what Jaebum tells him. Jungkook nibbles on his bottom lip, nodding as he rises slowly to his feet. He follows Jaebum through the house even though he’s lived here since he was child. He could navigate in pitch black and blindfolded and he’d probably still be able to walk around without bumping into anything. Jaebum likes to feel important though, like his only job isn’t just to stand outside Yoongi’s office and look intimidating, so Jungkook indulges him for the time being.

Jaebum knocks twice on the wooden door to Yoongi’s office before opening it. Jungkook steps inside. The door is closed behind him. His eyes immediately fall to his brother, who sits at his desk twirling a pen between his dexterous fingers, his eyes hidden behind the frames of his glasses.

Yoongi won’t speak until he’s ready. Jungkook knows this well. He bravely crosses the room and sits down in the seat opposite the grand, mahogany desk. His hands go to his sides, searching nervously for pockets to hide them in, only to remember that he isn’t wearing pants, he’s wearing a skirt. Jungkook scowls. He probably should’ve changed beforehand. He knows Yoongi hates it when he wears girl’s clothing, like it’s some big fucking crime against the family.

An antique clock sits on the desk, facing Jungkook, ticking away. It’s the only thing that fills the silence other than the scratching of Yoongi’s pen. It’s nearing three o’clock. Technically, he should still be in school.

“I got a call from the school today,” Yoongi states, placing down his pen carefully. Yoongi finally looks up to regard him. He looks unimpressed. Well, more so than usual. “The principal says you were sent home to change but you never returned.”

Jungkook crosses his arms over his chest, glaring. “I told you this morning I wasn’t going to change. I shouldn’t have to change. This is the school uniform, isn’t it?”

“Spare me your whining, Jungkook. Half of what you’re wearing isn’t even part of the uniform code, and secondly, you’re a boy. You wear a boy’s uniform, or do I have to put you back in preschool to relearn this shit?”

Jungkook winces. “Why would you have me conform to this bullshit? I should be able to wear a girl’s uniform if I damn well please. It shouldn’t matter what other people think.”
“Don’t turn this into social justice. You and I both know you wear that to get a rise out of people, not to make some sort of social statement about gender expectations.”

“What? It’s funny. Old men get angry over the stupidest things.”

“It is not stupid to them.”

“Well it’s stupid to me!”

Yoongi rolls his eyes, leaning back in his leather chair. “Jungkook…”

“Hyung.”

Yoongi sighs. “You can’t live here anymore.”

Jungkook’s jaw drops. “What?”

“I said you can’t live here anymore,” Yoongi reiterates, not even wavering.

“Why would you—?”

His older brother pulls out a drawer from his desk and throws down a pile of photos in front of Jungkook. He looks down at them, mortified to see himself, sitting at a slot machine with a large grin. Seokjin had been right. The man spying on them had been an associate of Yoongi’s.

“You said you would stay away from the North Side. You promised me you would stay away from Kim Namjoon, and yet here’s damning evidence placing you at one of his casinos.” Jungkook opens his mouth, but Yoongi cuts in, “Don’t you dare try to convince me that you weren’t there with him, Jungkook. My spy informed me that his car was parked outside the complex.”

Jungkook bows his head, eyes fixed on the creases of his skirt. “You would have me thrown out?” he asks in a small voice. “You would have me leave because of him?”
“He is a Kim. You are a Min. Your relationship won’t be tolerated.”

He bites down on his bottom lip, willing away the desperate tears welling in the corners of his eyes. “I don’t tell him anything about your business, hyung. I would never—he doesn’t even ask. If you think he’s using me—”

“I know he isn’t using you,” Yoongi fires back coolly.

“There’s why? Why can’t we be together?” he bursts out, looking up into the hardened gaze of his brother.

“It will tarnish our family’s reputation. I’m sorry, Jungkook. My job, as leader of this family business, is to put the family and its reputation before anything else. That includes you too.” Yoongi’s words are spoken with finality. Jungkook would hardly believe these words are leaving his brother’s mouth if it weren’t for the fact that he sees Yoongi’s lips move.

His fingers coil in the fabric of his skirt, his hands shaking. “Yeah, well, I guess it wouldn’t be the first time you put the family before me.”

“Jungkook—”

“Fuck off.” Anger builds up inside of him and he suddenly isn’t in the mood for whatever excuses Yoongi has for him. He stands up, fists clenches at his sides. “I’ll go pack my things.”

Yoongi pauses, frowning down at his desk. “Where will you go?”

“Do you even care?”

“You know I do.”

“Whatever. I’m going to call Namjoon, see if he wants me. If not—maybe I’ll go to Uncle’s house.” To this, Yoongi says nothing, only toys with the plastic end of his pen with a look of quiet contemplation.
He dares his brother to stop him with his eyes. A part of Jungkook wants Yoongi to try and stop him—anything to show that he has any shred of love left for him. But, as expected, Yoongi does nothing. He doesn’t even look at Jungkook. He doesn’t even bother to say any words of farewell.

Jungkook steels himself and marches out of the room. He’s hurt, well and truly hurt. Usually he can take Yoongi’s cruelty in stride, maybe even gather up the courage to fight on certain, brave occasions, but this… this isn’t cruelty. No, this is abandonment. Yoongi would rather him cast out to the streets then let him be with the man he loves. He would rather have his own baby brother vulnerable and starving than let his actions besmirch the Min reputation. He’s never felt so slighted.

He goes to his room and packs what is necessary, working on autopilot, not a tear shed. He avoids the glint of picture frames on the walls and on his dresser; the sentimental memories won’t help him now. His fingers snatch up the arm of a toy rabbit he holds dear, bringing it close to his chest as he settles on the edge of the bed, his phone to his ear.

The dial rings.

…

…

“Princess?”

“Namjoon… I need you… Hyung, he’s… I-I need somewhere to stay.”

They’ve been awake for some time, listening to the fall of the rain outside the giant picture window of Namjoon’s master bedroom. Their bodies are warm, pressed up against one another, with Jungkook on his stomach, his head resting against Namjoon’s chest. Namjoon’s are arms around Jungkook, their naked limbs falling haphazardly out from the thin, white sheet that covers them. It’s quiet in the apartment. The only noise to nullify the silence is the autumn rain.
Namjoon draws patterns on the surface of Jungkook’s skin. He admires the curve of the younger boy’s spine, how it’s slightly arched to define a line down the centre of his body, ending at the flat plains of his tailbone.

“Do you feel like talking now?” Namjoon asks, his voice a soothing timbre. Jungkook grips Namjoon’s torso with a small pout. He was hoping to enjoy the silence for just a little bit longer, but he does owe Namjoon an explanation.

So far, the only thing his boyfriend is aware of is that Yoongi kicked him out. That’s about it. The second Jungkook walked in the door of Namjoon’s penthouse apartment, he was on Namjoon likes a jaguar to a goat, tearing at his clothes and kissing him like it’s his last day on earth. Namjoon had been surprised, even went as far as to try and pry Jungkook away so they could talk first, but Jungkook wasn’t in the mood for talking. Namjoon could tell by the anger and hurt in Jungkook’s dark eyes, how he rolled his hips with vengeance rather than love, as though fucking Namjoon were Jungkook’s way of getting back at his brother. Instead of resisting, eventually Namjoon simply steered into the skid. If he wanted answers, he had to quell whatever anger was plaguing Jungkook.

And here they are, in bed, naked, and full of questions. The bag Jungkook brought with him is still by the front door, untouched.

“When me and my brother….” Jungkook starts, sliding his eyes closed and taking an exaggerated breath. “We’re so complicated. It didn’t have to be complicated. We could’ve loved each other like normal brothers… fought like normal brothers… forgave each other like normal brothers, but life decided our relationship couldn’t be that simple. I never talked about my brother with you—not really, because… because well—it felt like betrayal, in some way.”

Namjoon remains quiet, patiently waiting for Jungkook to continue.

“We got a taste of what it was like to be normal once… before I turned nine… My dad… he never liked me that much. He wanted a girl to be his second child, he thought having a girl would complete our family, but he got me instead. Because of that he was always harsher with me. He never laid a hand on me but he was harsh… He used to yell at me if I so much as glanced at anything pink. I used to like soft toys, and every time he saw me playing with one he used to take it from me and tear it up… all because I wasn’t a girl. Can you believe it? It’s usually the other way round, especially in family businesses. But, he already had Yoongi to take care of his legacy. He didn’t need a second boy…”

Jungkook doesn’t realize he’s trailed off into his own thoughts until Namjoon asks, “What
happened when you turned nine?"

He blinks, his voice dropping to a whisper. “Hyung turned thirteen.”

Yoongi was becoming a man.

“One day my father ordered us into his office and locked the door, and told my brother it was time he learnt how to be a real man, what being a real man meant… Then he told hyung to hit me.”

Namjoon inhales, holding Jungkook tighter against him. He doesn’t dare say a word as Jungkook continues, “At first hyung said ‘no’, he didn’t want to hurt me, but… but my dad said that if Yoongi didn’t hit me, he would. So… hyung hit me. Hyung was going to be a leader, he was going to single-handedly take over the family business, he needed to know how to be heartless, how to be cruel. So, for the next couple of years my father would call us into his office and order hyung to beat me, and he would. It got easier for him each time. It—it got to the point where Dad didn’t even have to ask anymore, Yoongi would just tackle me to the floor and beat me…”

“Did it ever stop?”

Jungkook nods. “When my dad finally died. I was fourteen, and hyung was eighteen… Hyung never touched me again. He didn’t even look at me up until recently. I just—I can’t believe that after all this time, he would just—… It doesn’t seem fair.”

“Hoseok came looking for me after you left.” Jungkook looks up, meeting Namjoon’s steady gaze. “He came to tell me that there’s a price over your head.”

“What?” He perks up, balancing on the support of his elbows. “There’s a price over my head? Who the hell would want me dead?”

Namjoon shrugs, his fingers dancing down the curve of Jungkook’s neck. “Rumor has it—and I do need to emphasize that it is just a rumor—but they say it was sanctioned by an office in the East.”

“In my family’s territory?” Jungkook’s eyebrows scrunch together in confusion. “Why would my brother…?”
“I don’t think it came from your brother, Princess.” Namjoon brushes the hair out of Jungkook’s eyes, regarding him affectionately. “If I had to guess, it probably came from your extended family—an uncle perhaps? Or a disgruntled cousin?”

“But… but why would they…? I haven’t done anything to dishonor the family.”

“You are in bed with your brother’s rival.”

“But…”

“Jungkook… Princess, please just, *think* about it.” Namjoon slides his hands to Jungkook’s shoulders, squeezing him lightly. “Rumors about our relationship have been circulating for months, an associate of your brother just produced damning evidence against you, and you called me to come get you this evening out of anyone else in the family… Are you seriously leading me to believe that there isn’t distrust in your own family? That there isn’t a single member in the family that isn’t spiteful towards you.”

Jungkook looks at Namjoon for a long time. Silence fills the air. “Hyung didn’t ask me to leave the East Side because of our relationship.”

Namjoon nods slowly. “I think he did it to protect you. With a price on your head the North Side is the safest place for you to be.”

“And he knew I’d go to you first out of everybody.”

Namjoon’s smile is sad, almost apologetic. “He also knew I’d take care of you.”

Jungkook settles back down against Namjoon’s chest, suddenly very quiet. Namjoon says nothing, only listens to the rain, feeling the tickle of wet tears fall onto his chest, wetting his skin, cooling his skin. He lets Jungkook weep quietly for the brother he’ll never see again, weep for the family that’ll never love him back. Namjoon isn’t worried though. He isn’t worried because he knows he’ll be there for Jungkook, he’ll be the man in Jungkook’s life that he’s always deserved.

He’ll provide the support of a brother. He’ll provide the guidance of a father. And he’ll provide the tenderness of a lover.
“Let’s… let’s take a bath, Daddy.” Jungkook sniffles, finally lifting his face from Namjoon’s chest and wiping away the tears from his face.

Namjoon wraps his strong arms around Jungkook, gathering him up against his sturdy frame. “Anything for you, Princess. Anything.”
“It’s getting colder,” Yoongi grousches as the arctic winds of the far north whip past his frostbitten cheeks. He conjures up a tiny flame from his fingers, but the life of the flame dies quickly under the pressure of the wind. Hoseok’s flying bison, Mopi, is giving his all into flying them across northern waters. He probably isn’t in the mood for swimming in near freezing temperatures, something Yoongi can respect, but the speed of the wind isn’t helping Yoongi’s shivering.
“We’re like, round the corner from home, I swear,” Taehyung chimes in. His body is hanging over the side of the saddle, admiring the glaciers that reach out above sea level in long, jagged pieces of ice. It’s a pretty sight, sure, but does Yoongi really care? No, he does not. Yoongi is a firebender. Which means water and cool temperatures don’t agree with him.

“You said that yesterday.” Yoongi gazes lazily up at the sky, now covered in a thick layer of clouds. Snow sprinkles from the clouds as though the spirits were up there with a sifter, coating these ancient lands with blankets of winter.

“Well, I thought we were close then, I’m certain we’re close now. The glaciers act as a fortress around the Northern City to keep invaders from trying to attack, which means the Northern Water Tribe has gotta be nearby.”

“I’m quite aware of the north’s geography, thanks. Years of pointless education saw to that.”

“It’s impenetrable,” Taehyung continues with a proud grin. “No invader from the west or the east has ever successfully navigated ships through the northern sea without taking serious damage. Us northerners, on the other hand, know these waters better than badger-moles know their earthbending.”

Yoongi rolls his eyes. “I bet waterbending helps.”

Taehyung scratches the back of his head sheepishly. “Well—kinda, but dodging glaciers is considered an art form in our culture. You can ask Jimin if you don’t believe me.”

Yoongi turns his head to the side, looking straight at Jimin. The Avatar in question glances between Taehyung and Yoongi before he shrugs, resuming his nap at the very back of the saddle. Taehyung pouts, poking his best friend in the side. Jimin winces and glares, rubbing his ribcage and secretly plotting his revenge.

“Will you leave me in peace? I want to get some sleep before we get there.”

Cackles from Mopi’s head get carried away with the wind. Hoseok had been so quiet today that Yoongi almost forgot he was the one steering the bison. “Bet he wants to be in top shape when we’re greeted by a certain prince, ay?”
Jimin blanches, his mouth agape and his cheeks suspiciously scarlet. “Jungkook is *not* the reason I want to take nap!”

“Jungkook?” Hoseok gasps dramatically. “I didn’t even mention him and he’s the first name that comes to mind? How adorable, Jiminnie! Be sure to make your hyung proud tonight when you two have your private reunion.”

Taehyung’s face twists with an elixir of horror and disgust. “Ew Hobi, that’s my *twin* you’re talking about!”

Hoseok shrugs, unperturbed by Taehyung’s distaste. “Hey, you can either sit there ignorantly and convince yourself that your best friend and your younger brother don’t want to rip each other’s clothes off, *or* you could join in the teasing and make their lives a living hell.”

“You are *evil*,” Jimin hisses with an air of betrayal. He rolls over on his blanket with attitude to make sure he has his back to Hoseok. Yoongi thinks this method would’ve been more effective if Hoseok didn’t already have his back to all of them in the first place.

“You’re right, teasing them *would* be more fun.” Taehyung smirks down at Jimin’s coiled form with disturbing hunger. He’s had a taste for Jimin’s humiliation and he likes it very, very much. Yoongi would be worried for Jimin, but it’s technically Jimin’s fault that they’re on their way to the Northern Water Tribe to begin with so… no, he doesn’t care. He’ll allow Taehyung to send Jimin plunging into a watery grave and be done with the matter. Maybe then he could convince Hoseok to turn Mopi around and go vacation somewhere warmer. Preferably the Fire Nation.

“Leave me alone,” Jimin growls, glaring at Taehyung like a tiger ready to pounce and shove him off the edge of the saddle. “If you know what’s good for you, Kim Taehyung, you’ll steer clear of this subject.”

Taehyung cocks an eyebrow at him, gaze flashing with challenge. “Oh really? And what if I *don’t*?”

“I’ll challenge you to an Agni Kai and whoop your ass.”

Taehyung snickers, jabbing a finger into the swell of Jimin’s round cheek. “First off, Agni Kai is a *firebending* duel, secondly, you most certainly would *not* whoop my ass. If anything, I’d whoop yours. Or do I have to remind you who was your waterbending master?”
“Hello? I’m the Avatar. You know, master of all four elements? The bridge between here and the spirit realm? How many times do I have to bury you in sand before you get the picture?”

“If we’re being fair, your grip on the elements are mediocre at best—aside from your earthbending, which—might I remind you—is useless here. My waterbending skills, on the other hand, just might be powerful enough to send your little ass hundreds of feet below the ice. Maybe there you might be able to find some earth to bend, hm?”

“I have some rocks in my bag.”

“Yes, I’m sure that’ll turn the tides in your favor.”

“You wanna go?”

“You wanna try?”

“Guys! Shut up!” Hoseok squawks, his back perking up attentively. “I can see it! I can see the Northern Water Tribe!”

“What?” Jimin and Taehyung practically shout in sync, snapping their heads up with excitement. Yoongi looks up and gives the distant tribe a passing glance before lulling his head back comfortably, his eyelids sliding closed. It’s going to be a long day ahead, with unpacking and likely a few tours and celebrations. He should’ve squeezed in a few more naps.

If they were on a boat, looking at the grand tribe horizontally, very little of the action would’ve been seen. A wall emerges from the ocean, acting as a barrier protecting the famed fortress of the north from ever granting outsiders passage inside. Beyond this wall hides a city, far larger and more populated than their southern sister. It’s worlds more beautiful too, and from the skies it’s like a huge dome carved from the icy tundra, with waterways running through the streets that help transport small boats, messages and goods throughout. Contrary to Yoongi’s distaste, Jimin has always admired the beauty of the Northern Water Tribe.

“Feels good to be back,” Taehyung sighs happily, his tan face stretched into a grin. “I’ve missed the weather, I’ve missed the snow and the food and the nice people. Feels like it hasn’t been that long since we left but… three years is a long time, isn’t it?”
“Fairly long,” Hoseok chimes. “But it’s hard to say. When was the last time we received a letter from the Water Tribe?”

“From Seokjin, about six months ago.”

“Did he have much to say?”

“Not really. It was mostly the usual—Dad is stressed and busy being Head of the tribe, Mum made a new quilt, Jungkook’s getting taller everyday blah blah blah, you know, boring stuff.” Taehyung, alongside being a skilled waterbending master with the privilege to train the current Avatar, is also a prince of the Northern Water Tribe. His father is the Chief, burdened with the responsibility of the whole tribe. His legacy will one day be passed down to Seokjin, Taehyung’s older brother.

“Boring news is good news,” Jimin states, a glimmer of his Avatar worldly wisdom showing itself.

“That’s true. No bandit raids happening in the north that’s for sure!” Hoseok pipes.

Both Hoseok and Taehyung have had the blissful privilege of being raised up here in the north, Hoseok from the Northern Air Temple and Taehyung of course from the Northern Water Tribe. The north has remained untouched by the tensions that escalated between the Fire Nation and the Earth Kingdom, tensions Avatar Jimin and his crew have been trying to quell all these years. They’ve had peaceful upbringings that escape the grazes of war, and it’s something they both bond over. Bandit raids almost never happen in the north. The Northern Air Nomads and the Northern Water Tribesmen boast tightly-knit communities where everyone knows everyone. Crime is a near nonexistent phenomenon.

Unfortunately, Jimin and Yoongi’s upbringings, coming from nations that have toyed with conflict for decades, weren’t as untainted. It took months for Jimin to even convince Yoongi to be his firebending master. Their nations are technically at war, so naturally Yoongi couldn’t trust Jimin forthright like Taehyung or Hoseok had.

They land safely by the stables where a band of men are waiting for them. Taehyung is recognized instantly, even if he has grown a few inches taller than when he left this tribe. One of them runs off, likely to go inform Taehyung’s father, as the rest of the men help them unload their belongings and lead Mopi over to a mountain of hay. Mopi groans cheerfully before stuffing his face. Hoseok strikes up conversation with the stable boy who looks upon Mopi as though he just discovered the most fascinating creature ever. Jimin imagines flying bison wouldn’t come through
the tribe all that often.

“Your dad better have extra coats,” Yoongi says as he’s fitting his backpack over his shoulders. “If I don’t have layers on soon I’m seriously going to freeze to death.”

Taehyung laughs. “Don’t worry. There’ll be plenty of warm clothes for everyone. It won’t be as cold once we’re inside though.”

Yoongi rolls his eyes. “Your houses are made out of snow and ice. Somehow I doubt being inside frigid igloos will make all the difference.”

They’re lead to one of the canals where a boat and a waterbender are waiting for them. It’s hard to distinguish between the faces of the locals, as most of the laborers cover themselves with furry hoods with pieces of cloth pulled up to cover their noses and mouths. They all have strikingly blue eyes though, much like Taehyung and the rest of his family.

The streets are alive, and the canals are a perfect method of transport, taking them right through the heart of all the action. Citizens wander over bridges from building to building, with children running along the edges of the canal throwing snowballs at each other. The non-benders don’t stand a chance against their waterbending counterparts, but they all seem to be having fun regardless. Jimin spies a merchant on a buffalo yak with his baskets of goods strapped to either side of the animal’s torso. An elderly woman and her adult daughter exchange gossip, and as the daughter turns her back he sees the bundle of a baby attached to her back.

People start to recognize the famous smile of Prince Taehyung, and the distinguishable features of the men that are with him. Their services over the past three years have gained a lot of public attention, so much so that they’re practically celebrities throughout all four nations. This can sometimes get them negative attention, especially from suspicious locals from foreign towns, but thanks to Taehyung’s birth status they’ll always receive a warm welcome in the north.

When the palace is within their sights, a welcoming party is already outside waiting for them. Among the animal skin clad people, a familiar figure steps forth, the billow of fancy material skimming at his snow boots. Taehyung shrieks with unrestrained glee. His brother Seokjin smiles handsomely, outstretching his long arms for his younger brother to come barreling into his embrace. Jimin can’t help but grin at the touching reunion. He has spent a great deal of time here in the Northern Water Tribe. Jimin, along with Yoongi and Hoseok, had the pleasure of getting to know Taehyung and his family intimately before they were forced to leave to deal with the conflict in the Earth Kingdom. Coming back after all this time stirs up some buried emotions.

“Hyung! You’re still just as ugly as I remember!” Taehyung cries melodramatically, hanging off
his older brother’s form like a heavy leech. As much as Taehyung likes to tease his friends, there is no greater victim to his mischievousness than his older brother. But only because Seokjin lets his younger brothers get away with almost everything.

Seokjin scoffs, shoving his brother playfully. “You wish. If anything my handsomeness increases every year. The grand healer tells me so.”

“Sounds like the grand healer wants to get in your pants.” Taehyung does that suggestive thing with his eyebrows and Seokjin makes a face.

“I doubt the seventy-year-old elderly man would be interested in such a thing. But since you’re so concerned I’ll be sure to keep an eye out.” Prince Seokjin’s tone is about as dry as the tundra he stands upon. Jimin thinks this is an appropriate time to step forth.

“You once said to me that no one could resist your charms. I didn’t realize no one excluded the elderly,” he simpers, unable to maintain a serious façade. Seokjin turns his attention to Jimin then, his playful scowl softening into a pleasant smile.

“Well, well, if it isn’t the world’s fully-recognized Avatar, Park Jimin.” Seokjin takes a few steps forward, closing the distance between them. Jimin returns the hug whole-heartedly, genuinely happy to see the prince after three long years. “You’ve gotten sturdier! Last time I saw you; you were nothing but a twink with a six-pack and chubby cheeks! I guess it’s true what they say about the Earth Kingdom, you go there as boys and you come back as men.”

“Technically, I was born in the Earth Kingdom. So I guess you could say I was born a man then.” Jimin pulls an arrogant expression. It doesn’t stay there long. Seokjin and Taehyung pause to share a look before bursting into laughter, and somewhere behind them, Hoseok’s distinct cackle can also be heard.

“Assholes,” Jimin mutters, fighting down the blush rising in his cheeks. He patiently waits for everyone to calm down before asking, “Where is he?”

Seokjin cocks his head to the side, feigning ignorance. “Where’s who?”

“You know who,” Jimin growls.

“My dad?”
“No.”

“The grand healer?”

“No.”

“My grandfather?”

He throws the prince a stale look. Taehyung looks particularly smug. “Jungkook.”

“Ohhhh.” Seokjin smacks his forehead as though just coming to the realization, even though Jimin knows perfectly well that Seokjin knew. “You mean my cute baby brother? The one you confessed your undying love to just before going off to war and leaving him broken hearted?”

Well that got awkward quickly.

Jimin rubs the back of his neck sheepishly. Seokjin doesn’t seem to have any hard feelings though. In fact he’s still smiling kindly at him. “Don’t sweat it, little Avatar. If Jungkook seriously hoped you would stay behind to be with him instead of doing your duty, then he is the foolish one, not you. Besides, he had me there to help him through it. I’m sure he’s moved on and found it in himself to forgive you.”

He bites on his bottom lip, suddenly feeling uncertain. “Did he tell you he has forgiven me?”

Seokjin shrugs. “I never asked. I honestly thought that there was nothing to forgive in the first place. Though I guess the only way to find out is to ask him yourself.”

“So you do know where he is then?”

“He’s meditating at the Spirit Oasis,” Seokjin finally provides.
“Jungkook meditating?” Taehyung sounds incredulous, and rightly so. Jimin is a little surprised to hear it himself. The last time they saw Jungkook, he was a sixteen-year-old hardheaded daredevil with a thirst for adventure and resentment towards responsibility. The very notion that he would succumb to the tranquil practices of *meditation* almost seems ludicrous. Jimin would hardly believe it if it weren’t coming from Jungkook’s older brother.

The heir of the Northern Water Tribe turns to face his younger brother, his smile gentle and knowing. “A lot has changed since you left, little brother. Jungkook has grown up to be quite the young man. I dare say he’s become more responsible than you have. Though that’s not really saying much.”

Taehyung bristles, regarding Seokjin with a comically disgusted look. “Jungkook more responsible than me, ha! I was the one who left to fight and train with the *Avatar*, if that’s not being responsible, then I don’t know what is!”

“Well maybe it’s a verdict you have to come to on your own? If you don’t believe me, go see for yourself.”

Before seeing Jungkook however, their group has to unavoidably exchange pleasantries with the rest of the Kim family, including the chief and his wife. They seem pleased to see his return along with their beloved son, so the greetings are light and brief. Jimin doesn’t mean to come across as impatient in the presence of the Head family, but he must’ve come off as such, because the wife brings up Jungkook’s health and growth over the course of their absence. Even then Jimin only half listens, determined to see how Jungkook is for himself.

“Do you guys *have* to come with me?” Jimin grouches as the rest of their group follow along towards the back of the ice palace. “I sorta have a few things I need to straighten out with Jungkook first—can’t you just, I dunno, wait outside for a bit?”

“He’s my brother.” Taehyung throws an arm over Jimin’s shoulders unapologetically. “You aren’t the only one who missed him over the years. I know you love him and blah blah blah, but we love him too. You can straighten up whatever’s between you two later.”

Jimin can’t argue with that. Logic tells him that reconciliation can wait for when they’re alone. Jungkook is friends with everyone in the group, and it’d be selfish of Jimin to hog all the reunion to himself, even if a bold part of him wants to. Although his farewell to Jungkook wasn’t entirely a disaster, it still tasted bittersweet to the tongue. Everyone else, on the other hand, left the Northern Water Tribe in high spirits, determined to tackle their next big adventure. Perhaps that is what he found so bittersweet though. They were pursuing the next chapter of their grand journey, and Jungkook wasn’t apart of it.
“Are you nervous?” Hoseok asks, clapping him on the shoulder. They’re in front of the entrance now, standing before the circular wooden door leading to the Spirit Oasis.

“A little.”

Taehyung grins cheekily. “I’d say Jungkook doesn’t hold grudges but, this one time our cousin stole his favorite toy when we were kids and he still hates her.”


“Yeah, but she’s always been a bitch.”

“Again, very reassuring.”

“You’re getting worked up over nothing,” says Yoongi, stepping forward to place his hand on the door handle. “Enough time has passed for Jungkook to get over what happened. If he hasn’t grown balls the past three years then he never will.”

Before Jimin can say anything, Yoongi is already yanking open the door. The rest of them stand there, waiting patiently for Jimin to make a decision. With a deep breath, he steps forward, ducking through the door and into the sacred grounds of the Spirit Oasis. It’s a place Jimin regards with fond nostalgia. In his time in the north, he often came here to meditate, clear his mind and occasionally cross over into the spirit world. It is the centre of all spiritual life in the North Pole. Despite its polar location, the air is humid and pleasant. A large, contained waterfall flows down from the peak of the terrain above, replenishing the water surrounding the lone patch of grass in the near distance.

It’s hard to see from so far away, but Jimin can easily make out the figure by the tiny pond. It’s where the Koi fish circle one another in perfect synchronization; the Moon and the Ocean spirits pushing and pulling the tides that stabilize the Water Tribe civilization.

They walk along the icy edges before reaching one of the twin bridges, the oasis now in clear view. Jimin has the fortune, or misfortune, of being at the forefront of the group, being the first to see the figure of Jungkook by the pond. The second their feet touch the grass Jungkook straightens, as though shocked out of a trance, lifting his head from the cover of his hood.
Despite all the suspense, Jimin doesn’t feel fear in that moment. Jungkook’s eyes are as wide and as beautiful as he remembers them to be, his lashes long and his irises deep blue. Jimin’s heart lurches painfully. He knows he missed Jungkook, but it isn’t until this very moment that he realizes just how painful the separation had been. Jungkook expression changes, like he’s been spooked, springing hastily to his feet. The momentum has his hood falling back to reveal his dark hair and a set, structured jaw line that definitely hadn’t been there three years ago. He’s also much taller, but Jimin isn’t shocked. Everyone in Jungkook’s family is tall.

“You—!” Jungkook blinks, utterly speechless in an adorable sort of way. Jimin can’t help but smile. “I wasn’t—when did you get here? Hyung didn’t mention you were coming, I would’ve—I might’ve—I mean, whatever. Welcome back!”

Jungkook runs straight at them with a silly grin and Jimin barely has time to breathe before Jungkook has his arms wrapped around him in a tight hug. All the anxiety leading up to this point starts to seep away from Jimin’s body. He’s too stunned to move, but his heart and his mind are too busy rejoicing to really care. Jungkook is hugging him, actually hugging him. It’s the last thing Jimin expected. Out of all the outcomes that played out in his brain, this wasn’t one of them.

“I’m so glad you’re here,” Jungkook says in a quieter tone, for Jimin’s ears only. Then Jungkook pulls back, his hands at Jimin’s shoulders and his eyes glistening with sincerity. “You got bigger!”

Jimin takes a moment to process what Jungkook just said before grinning. “Didn’t get much taller though, did I?” He’s only half-joking. He secretly wishes Jungkook will say something about his improved height, but Jungkook only snickers, gesturing with his hand how much taller he is now.

“Not much of a hyung when I’m twice your size now, huh?”

He rolls his eyes. “Please. Don’t flatter yourself. You’re a few inches taller at the most.”

Jungkook laughs and it’s so beautiful to hear again. Jungkook’s lips pull back in a smile that still stands the test of time, just as adorable and just as innocent as it had been the day Jimin left the north. Jimin is overwhelmed by so many emotions that he just stands there, gawking at a matured, gorgeous Jungkook. He wants to say more, he begs his mouth to come up with something charming or witty, but before his brain to mouth filter can grasp at some coherency, Taehyung jumps on Jungkook and the moment is lost.

“Psh—what the hell was hyung going on about? You haven’t changed at all!” Taehyung teases, rubbing his knuckles against the crown of his twin’s head. Jungkook elbows Taehyung in the ribs and the older twin yelps, flinching away from him.
“Same could be said for you. You still smell worse than a turtle seal carcass,” Jungkook fires back with vengeance.

The twins glare at each other heatedly for all but five seconds before they both simultaneously burst into laughter. Taehyung pulls his little brother into a hug, and Jungkook returns the embrace with a big smile. Their relationship is something to be envied. Jimin grew up an only child, so he never understood or experienced the love of a sibling, but Taehyung and Jungkook are on some sort of otherworldly level of intimacy. They’re the kind of twins that had their own secret language as kids. The kind that shared the same bed, the same toys, the same clothes, the same lives.

The only difference is that Taehyung was born a waterbender, and Jungkook was not.

This dissimilarity eventually led them on different paths. Taehyung’s destiny called for him to join the Avatar on his quest for international peace, and Jungkook to pursue other avenues. Jimin regrets to admit that this was the reason he left Jungkook behind three years ago. Jungkook hadn’t been trained in any sort of combat, his childhood sheltered and innocent. As bratty and determined as Jungkook had been to come along with them, Jimin knew it wouldn’t be appropriate. There was too much familiarity, too much intimacy between them. Their relationship could’ve compromised their ambitions and ultimately worsen the situation they’ve been fighting so hard to eliminate.

“I’m glad to see you’re all still in one piece,” Jungkook simpers after exchanging hugs with Yoongi and Hoseok. “Come—sit by the oasis with me. There’s so much I want to talk about.”

The enthusiasm in Jungkook’s tone is hard to deny. They all sit down cross-legged by the pond. Jimin sits so close to Jungkook that their knees are almost touching. If Jungkook notices the proximity, he doesn’t mention it.

“Tell me about the situation in the Earth Kingdom. Have you brought stability to the rural country towns, or are the bandits still causing trouble?”

Hours pass before a servant eventually comes to fetch them. Their conversation had flowed as
seamlessly as the waterfall that acts as a backdrop to the serene location. It’s almost as though three years had done nothing to hinge on Jungkook’s relationship with the group. He still laughed at Hoseok’s jokes and always spared an ear to Yoongi’s occasionally lost input. He and Taehyung would pretend to bicker before the façade breaks and they’re left in fits of unrestrained laughter. Jungkook would steal glances and small smiles with Jimin, and Jimin swears his heart inflates with every subtle form of contact.

The years had been kind to Jungkook in more ways than one. He finally got his father’s permission to train in the military ranks, something he’s wanted to do since he was a child. He’s still a warrior in training, but with hard work and determination, his mentor tells him he’ll one day become a fine protector of their tribe.

“Our leader has organized a celebration in your honor, Avatar Jimin,” the servant informs him with a respectful bow. “I have been sent to advise Prince Jungkook and Prince Taehyung, the Avatar and his companions to return to the palace and prepare for the celebration that is to come.”

“Very well. Inform your superior that we will return to the palace shortly,” Jungkook replies without fault, speaking like a true prince.

The servant bows. “I will organize for servants to escort Avatar Jimin and his companions to their allocated rooms.”

“Don’t worry, I will escort them myself.”

“As you wish, Prince Jungkook.”

“You haven’t been in my room since I’ve been gone, have you?” Taehyung asks as Jungkook guides them through the palace. They must’ve been through this place more than a hundred times previous, bringing back many nostalgic memories.

Jungkook rolls his eyes. “Why would I? Our rooms are exactly the same.”

“Yeah, but my room is better.”

“Oh please. Mine has a view of the Spirit Oasis. Yours has a fantastic view of the icy tundra wall. I mean, can you even tell when it’s nighttime and daytime in your room, or do you rely on the candles to tell you the time?”
They bicker all the way to Taehyung’s room before Jungkook shoves his brother inside and slams the door. Jimin thinks he might’ve heard a curse leave Taehyung’s lips, but with the walls muffling his voice he couldn’t be certain. Jungkook continues along with a chipper presence, having a light conversation about the upcoming solstice with Hoseok as Jimin and Yoongi follow behind quietly.

“Wipe that grin off your face,” Yoongi mumbles below the volume of the conversation up ahead. “You look like an idiot.”

Jimin isn’t even aware that he’s smiling. When he lets his face relax the muscles groan from the unexpected strain, a testament to how happy he feels. “I can’t help myself. I’m just so happy to see him again. He’s really grown.”

“So I’ve noticed.” Yoongi doesn’t sound quite as ecstatic, but still pleased nonetheless. “Don’t fuck up this time around. You have to tell him how long we intend to stay here in advance, or else you’ll end up hurting him again.”

“I know. I’m not going to screw it up. I don’t think Taehyung would forgive me if I did.”

Yoongi and Hoseok are shown to their rooms, and once Yoongi closes the door to his domain, Jimin becomes very aware of the fact that they are now all alone in the hallway. At first, Jungkook doesn’t turn around. He simply proceeds down the corridor to a room Jimin is quite familiar with. It’s the same room he stayed in when he was last here.

Jimin keeps his distance, aware of the sudden lull in conversation. He thinks to strike up a light conversation, but he holds himself back. He feels almost afraid to break the silence.

When Jungkook reaches for the doorknob, Jimin holds his breath. Jungkook’s hand is on the doorknob and suddenly Jimin is worried Jungkook won’t say anything at all; he’ll simply show him to his room and leave without another word. It’d be easier if Jimin could see Jungkook’s expression, but he can’t. Maybe Yoongi was wrong. Maybe Jungkook is still bitter about how he left things. If so, Jimin doesn’t know how he’ll be able to make up for three whole years of emotional damage. His skills in conflict resolution are mostly politically related situations, with the occasional discord here and there among folks he meets on his travels. Dealing with a romantic relationship that’s been on the backburner for some time seems beyond his expertise.

Jungkook opens the door, but instead of stepping aside to let Jimin through, he waltzes straight in,
expecting Jimin to follow. He releases a breath of relief, only for a different kind of anxiety to crawl forth and nest in the centre of his stomach. Nerves tingle down his spine, but he thinks it’s the good kind of nerves. Jungkook is willing to talk to him. This, at the very least, is a good sign—a sure improvement from his initial expectations.

Jimin enters the familiar room and is immediately stirred by the rush of nostalgia that comes flooding back to him. Everything is just how it was when he left. Animal skin splays out on the floor, a luxury to combat the harshness of the cool floors. The vanity is off to the side, something he barely ever used but still admired as he’d dress for the day. The bed too, is covered in animal skins, heavy and immensely warm. There were times he would simply slip into bed just to keep warm, though the firebending helped from time to time too. The fireplace is off to the side, reminding him of the many evenings he spent in front of it with a blanket and a hot cup of milk.

He watches as Jungkook sits on the edge of the bed, looking down at his glove-clad hands with a small smile. This was Jungkook’s plan all along, Jimin realizes. The whole reason Jungkook left Jimin’s room last was so they could be alone. Blushing at this sudden awareness, he slowly closes the door behind him, praying to the spirits that the others don’t decide to go looking for them too soon.

“I can’t believe it’s been three years,” Jungkook murmurs softly. “You said goodbye to me here, in this very room.”

Jimin says nothing.

Then Jungkook looks up at him, and Jimin is surprised to find how gentle and reminiscent Jungkook appears. “You didn’t see me cry that day. I didn’t want you to think I was weak.”

“I never thought you were weak.”

“But I thought I was weak. I thought you left me behind because I wasn’t good enough, that I wasn’t strong enough. And I felt weak. Somehow, when the tears started to fall, I thought to myself, ‘This is why Jimin left.’”

The very notion of Jungkook feeling so torn up and blaming himself ignites severe anguish in his heart. He carries his feet across the room and sits by Jungkook, wanting so badly to reach out and hold the other’s hand, but instead keeps them sandwiched between his legs. They’re sitting so close and yet, Jimin feels the invisible barrier that separates them.
“If that is how I made you feel, then I have been a terrible friend,” Jimin responds just as quietly. There’s a silent ambience in the air, and Jimin is terrified he’ll shatter it if he were to speak any louder than a whisper. “I didn’t leave you behind because I thought you were too weak, Kookie. Actually it was quite the opposite. I thought I was too weak. When I kept receiving report after report on what was happening in the Earth Kingdom—my own home, I kept thinking about how unprepared I was. I was forced to learn the other elements so quickly that I wasn’t confident in myself. I feared this insecurity would somehow increase if I were to let you come with us, and as a result, compromise the entire mission.”

Jungkook looks at Jimin, conflicted with how to take this news. Jimin, stupidly, hadn’t indulged his true reasons for leaving Jungkook behind at the time, so he could completely understand where the misunderstanding came from.

“When you told me I couldn’t come with you, it broke my heart.”

Jimin sighs dejectedly. “I know. I’m sorry.”

“No, you were right to leave me behind. It was… mature of you.” Jimin stares at the younger boy, genuinely surprised. “I was young and I was stupid. I couldn’t bend and I wasn’t trained in any sort of combat. I had no skills to benefit your group, and above all else I was immature. As much of a goof as Taehyung is, he’s also perceptive and insightful—too progressive for his age, in my opinion. He was useful and I was not. I came to terms with that.”

“But my feelings for you haven’t changed.” Jungkook smiles at Jimin affectionately, and Jimin returns it. “Actually, I think they’re strong now.”

Jungkook is daring enough to take off his glove and reach for Jimin’s hand, tugging it out from between Jimin’s thighs and lacing their fingers together. A small giggle escapes Jungkook, and Jimin’s heart soars. “I almost forgot how small your hands are.”

He squeezes Jungkook’s hand. “You certainly haven’t forgotten your manners, brat.”

Then they laugh, and it’s a wondrous sound to Jimin’s ears. Jungkook’s laugh is still boyish and cute. He’s glad that hasn’t changed, at least. “Have your feelings changed since I left?” he asks timidly once the laughter has died down, just a hint of uncertainty in his voice.

Jungkook grins deviously. “I hated you for awhile after you left—hence why I never sent you any letters, but after I started training and learned discipline, I understood the validity of your
decision.”

“So, no…?”

The younger laughs. “No, not at all.”

“So then we…” Jimin gestures between them. “We’re still a possibility then?”

Jungkook blushes, looking down at the intertwined fingers. “More than a possibility, I think.”

“Well then, I suppose we have a lot of catching up to do then, yeah?”

“I suppose we do.”

“Perhaps we should go on a little stroll then? I’d love to hear about all the different ways you hated me while I was gone,” Jimin jokes lamely. Jungkook blushes and shoves him, causing Jimin to go tumbling onto the bed in a fit of giggles.

“You’re still an idiot.”

“Old habits die hard, as they say.”

They sneak past Taehyung and Hoseok’s doors like church mice. If either of them knew they were heading out, they’d most definitely want to come along. As much as Jimin adores his friends, they’ve been stuck on a flying bison’s saddle together for weeks. A break is needed—neigh, necessary for the sake of his sanity. One more day of Taehyung hanging off him and Hoseok making snide jokes just might do more harm than good to what they have.

Besides, he needs this time alone with Jungkook—craves it, even. They leave the palace without much drama, thankfully avoiding the curious glances of Jungkook’s family and servants.

“They’re off preparing for the feast tonight,” Jungkook tells Jimin as they descend the palace steps. “It’ll be similar to the feast we had in your honor the first time you came here. You know,
Jimin snorts. “For your information, I’d already mastered the other three elements before coming here. So technically, I was already three-quarters of an Avatar by the time we met.”

Jungkook’s expression is comically skeptical. Jimin pokes Jungkook in the arm, hard. “Don’t be a brat.”

The younger boy laughs sheepishly, boldly unapologetic. Jimin doesn’t mind though. How could he when Jungkook’s laugh has his insides melting into putty? The kid’s too adorable for his own good—well, he’s a man now, all broad shoulders and toned muscles, something Jimin still finds hard to fathom. He changed in the best of ways too, but for some odd reason he had it in his head that nothing about Jungkook would change. He imagined returning to the Water Tribe to see Jungkook still lanky-armed and chubby-cheeked, but the reality is quite contrary.

His legs are longer and his thighs are thicker, his jaw chiseled and his grin handsome. It’s almost bizarre to see Jungkook in such a light—his dongsaeng, his friend. A crazy part of him wants to push up Jungkook’s jumper to see the muscles with his own eyes, to confirm that his vision isn’t deceiving him.

“I never got around to asking you why you came back to visit,” Jungkook mentions as they stroll throughout the marketplace. Street vendors selling all things fish, from soup to fried shrimp to boiled squid create an atmospheric centre for Water Tribe. And Hoseok’s literal nightmare. This is probably the last place to find any vegetarian airbender. “Taehyung was saying before that the uprisings haven’t settled yet, and you still have a long way to go before achieving peace between the Fire Nation and the Earth Kingdom.”

Jimin smiles and waves at a group of kids that stare at him in childlike awe. “How about I make a deal with you?”

Jungkook stares. “Am I going to regret it?”

He chuckles. “No, I promise you won’t. But if you wait patiently until after the feast, I’ll tell you the real reason we came back to the Water Tribe.”

“So I gather it’s not because Taehyung was homesick?”
“Nah. Taehyung started to get homesick a day after leaving the North Pole, and he’s been complaining ever since. He’s pretty easy to ignore after three years of living with him.”

Jungkook grins deviously. “He is a bit of a baby.”

“Well, you both are.” That wipes the smile from Jungkook’s face. Now it’s Jimin’s turn to grin, shrugging as though he couldn’t help himself.

“You’re mean, hyung.”

Jimin splutters dramatically. “I’m mean? You called me midget the day we met. What sort of prince insults a humble guest on the very first day? Was your etiquette teacher a platypus bear?”

Jungkook laughs fondly at the memory. “I remember that. I was expecting the Avatar to be this huge, muscular forty-year-old with a beard—because well, that’s how all Water Tribe citizens picture people from the Earth Kingdom—and then you show up at our doorstep, barely five-foot-six and skinnier than a twig.”

“Great. That makes me feel so much better about being called a midget!” He squawks sarcastically. The younger boy only grins, again, unapologetic. But when has Jungkook ever been sorry about anything?

“We became friends though, so it’s alright.”

Jimin rolls his eyes, pretending to be annoyed even though he’s unable to stop his own smile. “Sure it is.”

“I stopped calling you that eventually, anyway.”

“Only after your mother overheard you say it.”

Jungkook winces. “Don’t remind me. She wasn’t above spanking me, even at sixteen.”
“You deserved it.”

The prince doesn’t argue there, which is generally Jungkook’s way of agreeing with him. They go through the market looking at handmade jewelry and authentic pots. Jungkook speaks kindly with the locals, who treat him as some sort of otherworldly being—more so than how Jimin gets treated in his own kingdom. It’s surreal to watch Jungkook mingle amongst his own people. He smiles gently and is always patient with them, laughing when he’s expected to laugh and bowing when he’s expected to bow. It’s a practiced ritual, a persona Jungkook partakes in to maintain his image.

It’s times like these that remind Jimin that Jungkook is a prince. It’s something easily forgotten when it’s just the two of them, but it’s a completely different scenario when they’re out in public. It’s strange though. Taehyung never acts so civil and polite, even in his own tribe. He has a carefree spirit and a warm personality that doesn’t change whether private or public. It’s amazing how a pair of twins can be so different from one another—almost opposite in personalities, yet still be equally adored by their people.

Maybe it’s because Jungkook is the youngest of the three princes, a position often condemned by the public as ‘the reckless one’. True, Jungkook was reckless at sixteen, but now it’s plain to see how much he’s grown since then. He’s more responsible, more hospitable, more a prince than he’s ever been before. And if it were possible for Jimin’s heart to tear from his chest and soar, it’d be well above the clouds by now.

They visit Mopi at the stables, and the second Jungkook takes a step into the pen the flying bison knocks him over and starts licking his face. The prince squeals and struggles fruitlessly under the great beast’s weight. Booming laughter tears from Jimin throat as he remains by the periphery of the pen, allowing the scene to unfold without offering his much needed assistance.

“Still as friendly as I remember him,” Jungkook chuckles weakly, now dripping in bison saliva. Jimin tries to keep a straight face, he really does, but seeing Jungkook’s immaculate hair now springing at awkward angles and his princely attire stained with mud, he couldn’t help but burst into a renewed fit of giggles. Jungkook does not look amused.

“I think it’s a bit of an improvement, don’t you think?” Jungkook strikes a pose that’s so uncharacteristically flamboyant that Jimin can’t help but be amused.

“You’re servants are going to have a heart attack when they see you.”

Jungkook’s face falls slightly. He releases a heavy sigh. “Man, I don’t even want to think about what they’ll say when they see me like this. I bet one of them will tell my father I’ve been out wandering the village again—stupid weasel snakes!”
“Aw I’m sure it won’t be that bad.” Jimin slaps Jungkook on the shoulder. “You’re dad’s pretty chill anyway.”

“That. That was a very stupid pun.”

“As a Water Tribe prince I’m sure ice puns are hard to come by around here.”

Jungkook rolls his eyes. He’s trying desperately to look annoyed, Jimin can tell, but he can’t quite stop the corners of his mouth from twitching. “Careful there, hyung. I just might be tempted to give you the cold shoulder.”

Jimin’s jaw goes slack. He points at the younger boy, who is gazing back at him with a sheepish grin. “Did you just—”

“Yes, yes. I made a pun. Everybody laugh. Stop being overdramatic.”

“But—but you never make puns!” he blanches.

Jungkook shrugs. “Well, a person can change a lot in three years, can’t they?”

“Well yeah, but to such a severe degree—”

“Okay, now I know you’re being dramatic. Quit while you’re ahead, Avatar.”

Their leisurely stroll comes to an unfortunate end when Jungkook suggests they head back to the palace. Jimin could hardly blame the prince, because as entertaining as watching Jungkook get violated by Mopi is, he can’t deny the boy a much needed bath. They take the back streets this time, because Jungkook still has his pride. No amount of gold or glory on earth would persuade him to march through the streets in such a disheveled state. Jimin boils this mannerism down to upbringing again. Where Jimin was raised in a small, tightly-knit community where image meant little, Jungkook was raised in a palace where image meant everything.
They’ve all but taken three paces into the foyer before servants have flanked either side of Jungkook, all of them looking equally distressed.

“Prince Jungkook!”

“You weren’t in your chambers when we came to fetch you!”

“Why do you look so unkempt?”

“Oh Spirits! Were you mugged?”

Jungkook looks immediately remorseful for entering through the front door. He feels bad for the young prince. Perhaps they should’ve ridden Mopi back and climbed through one of the upper-floor windows. He had been under the impression that the surveillance on Jungkook had let up after all these years, especially considering he’s now well and truly an adult, but it doesn’t appear to have changed at all.

“I only went out for a moment and slipped on some ice,” Jungkook lies easily. He’s been lying to the servants since he learnt to talk. “Escort me to the baths, will you? I have to prepare for tonight’s ceremony.” Jungkook turns to Jimin then, his expression guarded and devoid of its usual twinkle. He bows. “I’ll see you later, Avatar Jimin.”

As much as Jimin dislikes the sudden distance in Jungkook’s speech, he understands entirely. He used to do that a lot too, back before Jungkook was a warrior and Jimin, a fully recognized Avatar. There is a lot of scrutiny when it comes to the princes and their relationships. For a time, Jimin was constantly hounded because half the palace was convinced he and Taehyung were an item. Which they weren’t, of course, but he could see now why they might have assumed such a thing. He was relieved, in way. Because whilst everybody had their eyes on him when he was with Taehyung, nobody bothered to spare him a glance when he was stealing kisses with Jungkook.

He’ll finally let these rumors to rest soon though. When the time is right.
The ceremony begins at dusk, and luck must be on Jimin’s side. He and Taehyung are asked to sit to the right of the chief alongside Jungkook, instead of on the left with Yoongi, Hoseok and Seokjin. Jungkook looks beautiful tonight, dressed in his finest clothes with his hair styled and neat, the wisps of his dark hair falling over his gorgeously painted eyes. Taehyung is much the same, though doesn’t hold quite the same effect. He’s too enraptured by Jungkook’s presence to really notice anybody else.

“We’re gathered here to celebrate the return of an old friend of ours—the Avatar!” Jungkook’s father announces to the guests of the celebration. There’s a small cheer that Jimin drinks up with a beaming grin and a happy wave. “He speaks of progress in his mission to quell the conflict in the Earth Kingdom and the Fire Nation. May peace be brought to our brothers and sisters soon. I also want to celebrate the return of my second oldest son, Taehyung, who has brought back many exciting stories of his adventures with the Avatar.”

Taehyung winks and waves at the crowd and Jimin thinks he might’ve heard a few people swoon. Jungkook rolls his eyes and elbows Taehyung roughly in the ribs. His brother only grins at him, knocking their foreheads together as a sign of affection.

Jungkook’s father talks for a little while longer before eventually announcing their entertainment for the night. As always, the waterbending masters step up to introduce themselves, and as the chief sits back down, everyone starts to eat and cheer. Taehyung howls at the waterbenders with a mouth full of shrimp, calling out to some of the entertainers he trained with in his early youth. Jungkook is more or less subdued, eating small portions and clapping every now and then along with the rest of the audience. Just when Jimin suspects something is distracting Jungkook from enjoying the evening, a shared glance brings him to the conclusion that he is the distraction. Jungkook keeps glancing at him—but why? For what reason?

He tries not to think about it, going as far as to avoid Jungkook’s stolen glances. Jungkook still doesn’t seem to understand the weight of his own actions. He doesn’t understand that Jimin’s heart practically slams against his chest whenever Jungkook’s looking his way. He doesn’t understand that Jimin thought about him almost everyday he was gone. He’s scared that if he looks back at Jungkook, he won’t be able to look away.

It’s only when the ceremony is finally winding down that he dares to turn to the young prince. “Come to my room later tonight?”

Jungkook blinks. It must be a trick of the moonlight, because Jimin swears he sees the younger boy blush. “Depends on the implications of that request.”

Then Jimin is blushing, spluttering over his words. “It isn’t whatever you’re thinking about! I just—I have something very important to ask you. You know—it’s about the reason why we came
back here. I’ve been waiting for the right moment and I just think—well—tonight would be the best time.”

“You sound nervous.” Jungkook cocks his head to the side curiously, looking mildly amused. “Are you sure it’s not the thing that I thought you were implying?”

“No.”

Jungkook laughs his cute, bell-like laugh. “Okay, okay. I promise I’ll come. You might have to wait a little bit though. I promised I’d stay behind for a private drink with the family.”

“A private drink?” Jimin arches an eyebrow. He’d never heard of this custom.

Jungkook nods. “Yeah, it’s just a small reunion-type-thingy where we honor the safe return of a family member—in this case, Taehyung.”

“Okay well, don’t get too drunk. I want you to be in the right mind when you come see me.”

“I won’t, don’t worry. Besides, it’s Taehyung who can’t handle his alcohol. I’m relatively fine.”

Jimin forces a smile, but he suddenly feels so nervous that his face awkwardly twitches. “Right—I’ll be going then. I think Yoongi mentioned a game of Pai Sho so I’ll just hang with him.”

Jungkook smiles back softly. Jimin’s heart stutters. “Sounds fun.”

Jimin retreats before he can make a fool of himself—well, more so than he already has. As expected he finds Yoongi setting up his old Pai Sho table in his room with Hoseok rolling around on the bed. He’s not very good at Pai Sho. If he’s being honest the game is a little too slow for him, but Yoongi is quite skilled in the ancient art and tries to play at least once a day. Hoseok is just good enough to be passable, so he’s often roped into playing. Jimin lies on the bed, peering over the edge at the board game with idle interest as his two friends play. Hoseok comes on strong, but everyone knows who the eventual victor will be, even if it’s not entirely obvious in the beginning.

Yoongi has always been like that. A silent killer. He’ll let Hoseok think he’s winning just before
striking the final blow.

Hours pass without much action. Hoseok wins one game out of the five they’ve played, and Jimin is no closer to understanding the game than he was at the beginning. He seriously considers taking a nap just before there’s a quiet knock at the door. It’d been so quiet in the room that everyone jumped, including Yoongi.

“Come in!” Hoseok calls over his shoulder.

“Still playing Pai Sho?” a teasingly familiar voice sounds. Jimin’s neck snaps in the direction of the door to find Jungkook there, still as handsome and as sweet as when he last saw him.

“Kookie!” Hoseok sings, beckoning him over with an energetic wave of his hand. “You’ve just in time to see me deck the old man.”

“You’re arrogance will be the death of you,” Yoongi replies flatly. He doesn’t sound or look in the least bit afraid. Not a good sign for Hoseok.

“Oh I’d stick around but—” Jungkook glances at Jimin on the bed, his face glowing, “I came for Jimin-hyung. You weren’t in your room so I figured you’d be here.”

Jimin straightens. “Oh, right, yeah—stupid of me. I just wasn’t expecting your family reunion party to be so short.”

“It’s still going, technically,” Jungkook admits sheepishly. “Taehyung and Seokjin are still with my family, but I got bored. So, I snuck away early to see you.”

Jimin expects a hoot from Hoseok that never comes. It’s unexpected enough for him to glance at his friend, but he finds Hoseok’s uncharacteristically focused on the game. Almost too focused. He coughs. “Right—well, better go somewhere private then. See you guys around. Tell me if Hoseok wins!”

“It’ll be a cold day in Hell,” says Yoongi.

“Have fun!” Hoseok chimes.
It’s a lot darker in Jimin’s room—a lot colder too. He quickly runs around the room lighting all the candles with a flame conjured at the tip of his finger. Jungkook doesn’t seem to mind, quietly strolling over to the fireplace to fix up something cozy. It’s a solid five minutes to get the fire going. It’s times like these that Jimin is glad to be able to firebend. He doesn’t know if he would’ve enjoyed the North Pole quite as much if he couldn’t.

Once lighting the room is no longer a pressing issue to distract them, they both sit on the edge of Jimin’s bed. Jimin stares awkwardly at the fireplace as it slowly comes to life. He is acutely aware of Jungkook fidgeting with his gloves. He’s met with a profound dilemma: to reach over and hold Jungkook’s hand or play it safe?

The cowardly part of him triumphs over his heart, and he remains still, his hands in his lap.

“So,” Jungkook tries, sounding a little nervous, “what was it that you wanted to ask me? From how you sounded it has to be something important, right?”

Jimin bites down aggressively on his bottom lip, the heat of embarrassment crawling up the side of his neck. Perhaps making a fire was a bad idea. He can’t fathom the chances of this ice palace somehow being so hot he can barely breathe. He takes a labored breath, then another, before giving up and pulling off his jumper. He tosses it haphazardly to the side, very nearly knocking over the candles on his bedside. “You’re going to say ‘no’,” he mutters louder than he intends.

Jungkook tilts his head, blinking curiously. “Well, how about you actually ask me first, and then we’ll see if my answer is ‘no’ or not.”

“Oh Gods. This went over much smoother in my head. What was I thinking? Asking you on the night of my return. I think—this was a mistake—at least, the timing is a mistake—not the question—you should go join your family. This was a dumb idea—” he cuts short when gloved hands cover his own. Jimin snaps his head up to see Jungkook grinning sheepishly.

“Just ask me, you idiot.”

“Hey now—I’m still your hyung!”

“Well then act like my hyung!” Then Jungkook laughs, and the tension slowly melts from Jimin’s shoulders. He blinks; mystified by the effect Jungkook has over him.
Clearing his throat, he readjusts his position on the bed so that he’s facing Jungkook, one leg folded and the other dangling off the edge. He keeps Jungkook’s hands in his own, giving them a squeeze. “Jungkook, you—you should know that, all those years ago… It was hard for me too. I understand that you were devastated—I mean, all those times we used to talk about going on adventures together… It was wrong of me to build your hopes up and then tear them down. If I could go back and change things, I would. But, I see now that leaving you behind allowed you to grow and mature in ways I couldn’t even imagine in my wildest dreams. I mean look at you—you’re—” Jimin was going to say something along the lines of gorgeous, but chickens out again. The healthy glow of Jungkook’s cheeks is enough.

“When I was gone I couldn’t stop thinking about you, about the way I left things. I felt like the biggest jerk on the planet.”

Jungkook chuckles. “Don’t worry. I felt the same.”

That lightens the mood somewhat, and Jimin smiles. “I made something for you while I was away, and I’ve been thinking of giving it to you for months but… it never felt like the right time. The uprisings have been relentless, but thankfully the lull in crime and violence allowed us to slip away to come here—just for a little while.”

“So you really came all the way here just to give me something?”

Jimin nods slowly, not trusting his voice to speak.

“Well then? What is it you want to give me?” Jungkook asks in a teasing tone.

He takes a big breath before stumbling off the bed, shuffling clumsily over to his backpack. It doesn’t him long to find the object. He’s kept it in the same pocket for God knows how long, and when the smooth stone sits in the palm of his hand he has to surpass a shiver. He has his back to Jungkook, so the young prince can’t see anything. “You have to promise not to freak out, okay? You have every right to say ‘no’ to me because of what I did, but I needed to try this anyway because… well, because…”

Jungkook huffs cutely, crossing his arms over his chest. “Because what, Jimin? Come on you’re making me nervous.”
Jimin turns; still crouched on his knees, revealing the betrothal necklace he carved especially for Jungkook. “Because I love you, Jungkook, and I swore the day that I left three years ago that I’d one day come back for you, and when I did, we’d never be apart again.”

The prince’s jaw goes slack. Jimin is very tempted to throw the necklace under the bed and play it off as a joke, but he doesn’t. He fixes his position and doesn’t move, doesn’t blink until Jungkook can find the coherency to speak. But Jungkook doesn’t speak. There is no sweet “absolutely” where his beloved bursts into tears, but Jungkook does respond.

With a shaky hand, Jungkook reaches for the necklace, picking it up by the large turquoise stone. Jungkook presses the stone against his jugular and turns to have his back facing Jimin. “Well? Don’t just sit there. Help me put it on.” Jimin can tell Jungkook is trying to sound annoyed, but the waver of his voice gives him away. Jungkook sounds genuinely excited.

It takes a moment to register Jungkook’s words, the fact that he hadn’t rejected him in the coldest way possible—pun not intended. Jungkook is patient though, and Jimin finally finds the will to stand up and approach the prince. His twitchy fingers grip both ends of the necklace before carefully pulling them together at the nape of Jungkook’s neck, clasping it in place. Then he steps away, and Jungkook turns to face him, his cute little face red with embarrassment. “How—how do I look?”

“Like you just ate something really spicy.”

Jungkook glares. “Don’t ruin the moment.”

“Sorry—sorry! I was only joking. You look exquisite.”

“Shut up.”

“Devine.”

“Hey.”

“Absolutely, positively ravishing.”
Jungkook stands up and grasps the front of Jimin’s shirt, his expression twisted with determination. “Shut up and kiss me, asshole.”

Jimin grins. “Don’t mind if I do.”

Then they’re kissing and it’s almost as if Jimin has stepped back in time. The lips that press against his own, soft and sweet and familiar, it’s almost as if three years hadn’t just swept by them. It’s as if nothing has changed at all—well, except for the fact that Jungkook somehow grew even taller, forcing him to crane his neck, but as his arms wrap around Jungkook’s waist to pull the younger boy closer, he finds that he doesn’t mind at all. Their bodies fit together like two missing pieces to a puzzle, like it was always meant to be.

Jungkook’s front teeth nibble shyly on Jimin’s bottom lip, tentatively asking for more. Jimin’s lips part, his tongue sliding out to meet Jungkook’s. He can feel his prince’s long fingers tangle in the hair at the back of his head, coaxing and encouraging him to deepen the kiss.

He can feel the air leave his lungs, his heart fluttering in his ribcage and making him feel delirious. It’s as though he’s being slowly being submerged into a pool of temptation. The taste of Jungkook’s sweetness on the tip of his tongue, the floral smell that wafts mildly from his eager body, it has his head spinning and his thoughts reeling. All the things Jimin wants to say, all the things Jimin wants to do pervades his mind, pushing him towards action, towards greed.

But Jimin is a man of self-restraint. The second he feels that tingle of fire inside his belly, he pulls back, away from Jungkook’s lips, away from his tempting touches. The action is so abrupt that Jungkook can’t seem to comprehend it, gazing back at Jimin with hint of concern. It isn’t Jimin’s intention to make Jungkook feel so uneasy, so he maintains the close distance, pressing his body slightly against Jungkook’s—subtly though. He reaches out to cup the side of Jungkook’s small face, admiring how soft his pale skin looks in the candlelight.

“We shouldn’t go any further,” Jimin says, his voice gruff. “I can’t—you’re too pretty for your own good, you know that?”

Jungkook catches on quickly to what Jimin is implying. But aside from a touch of blush that heats up his cheeks, the younger boy looks questionably at ease. Just when Jimin is about to pull away for good, to either show Jungkook back to his room or go join his friends in Yoongi’s room, Jungkook rests his hand on the side of his neck, just above his steady pulse. He’s smiling, much to Jimin’s confusion. He expected disappointment.

“You’re a fool, Park Jimin, if you think I’m going to let you go that easily.” Jimin blinks, his lips parting to say something—anything, but no words come to mind. Jungkook kisses him again, this
time harder, as though he were trying to convey his determination. Jimin remains still. When Jungkook pulls back he says, “Let’s be reckless tonight.”

“But Kook—I only got back today—and we just got engaged—don’t you want to go announce the good news to everybody? Or—or at least take a walk so we can talk about things—”

Jungkook rolls his eyes. “Jimin. We’ve been talking all day. Besides, I think my parents can afford to be in the dark for one afternoon—Taehyung too. I don’t want to be anywhere else right now but right here with you…” Jungkook reaches for Jimin’s wrist, slipping his hand below the dip of his pelvis to sit lightly on the curve of the boy’s ass. Jimin stares at his hand. He can barely believe this is happening right now. Jungkook tilts Jimin’s chin so that the older boy looks up at him, meeting his level, unwavering gaze. “Let’s celebrate the night of our engagement. Just the two of us.”

Even after all these years of knowing each other, Jungkook never fails to have a way with his words. Jimin can barely surpass a shiver before he gives in, driving headfirst into the deep end of no return. He kisses Jungkook again, this time without holding back, and Jungkook sighs happily. The prince throws his arms around Jimin’s neck as he’s backed up against the wall. He accidently knocks the bedside table and a candle rolls off and hits the floor, burning out on the cold surface.

Jimin’s lips are at Jungkook’s neck, making him gasp, making him whine. His fingers slip under the hem of Jungkook’s jumper and starts caressing the smooth skin of his tummy. Jungkook giggles against Jimin’s lips, ever the ticklish one.

“Too much clothes—too many,” Jungkook mumbles impatiently, tugging Jimin’s shirt. Jimin chuckles, pausing in his exploration of uncharted territory to shimmy out of the thicker layers of clothing. Jungkook does the same, only with hastier movements. He practically throws down his gloves with mild distaste, and the second he’s free from his jumper Jungkook is on Jimin again.

“If I knew you wanted me this bad, I would’ve invited you up to my room ages ago,” Jimin throws in his two cents for a snarky comment, but it comes out stammered and breathless, taking away much of its intended effect.

Jungkook smirks against Jimin’s mouth, leaning over to brush his lips against his ear. “You have me now, don’t you? So what are you going to do about it?”

Jimin growls and shoves Jungkook against the wall hard. Jungkook is startled, but still a little smug. He wedges himself between Jungkook’s legs, his hands gripping the boy’s tiny waist and his teeth nipping at Jungkook’s jaw. “I’m going to make you mine, gonna make you feel good—my little prince, my pretty, pretty turtledove.”
A low moan resounds from Jungkook’s throat just before he dives for Jimin’s neck, nipping and sucking and biting him hard. Jimin’s into it. The boy’s lips leave tingling blemishes in his wake and it teases something hot and burning inside Jimin’s gut, like the coil of a dragon awakening from its slumber. His hands slip down Jungkook’s lean body until they’re at the drawstrings of Jungkook’s pants. His fingers fiddle with the knot teasingly, hesitatingly, until Jungkook takes control and undoes the knot in one single tug. The string comes loose and the pants fall seamlessly around Jungkook’s ankles.

“Oh Spirits help me,” Jimin mutters as he dares to look down. Jungkook giggles nervously, because this is the first time Jimin has seen him this way, but he doesn’t seem nearly as shy as Jimin feels. Jungkook takes this moment to discard of his shirt too, leaving him bare—so very, very bare. Jimin’s mouth goes dry.

“You’re going to be the death of me, Kookie,” he groans dramatically.

Jungkook snickers, tugging at Jimin’s shirt. “Come on, you too. I shouldn’t have to be the only one freezing my balls off.”

Jimin laughs, partly because he finds the situation amusing, and partly because he’s nervous as hell. He lets Jungkook help him out of his shirt and pants, eventually leading to both of them being stark naked. Jungkook stares down at Jimin’s body, and Jimin stares at Jungkook’s. Jungkook is grinning excitedly and Jimin is in speechless awe. Apparently Jungkook popped out a six-pack at some point whilst Jimin was away.

“I can’t believe how lucky I am to have you,” he breathes, sounding slightly winded.

“Me neither,” Jungkook replies cheekily.

Jungkook leans down to pepper cute kisses down Jimin’s blemished neck to his clavicles, being careful and deliberate. Jimin slides a hand down the arch of Jungkook’s spine, reaching down, down, down until he cups the shapely mound of Jungkook’s supple backside. He dares to squeeze the tantalizing flesh, and Jungkook gives a small whine of appreciation.

“Should we… should we move this to the bed?” Jimin suggests as an afterthought, his eyes glazed and his mind muddled.

Instead of giving him an answer Jungkook kisses his shoulder lovingly before turning to have his back face Jimin, pressing his front against the cold wall and spreading his legs apart. “Wouldn’t
“you rather me like this,” Jungkook says in a sugary voice.

Jimin has to catch himself from falling over. Jungkook is looking over his shoulder him, an expression a cross between sweet and sexy. Somehow Jungkook has twisted it to be about what Jimin wants, but Jungkook knows well that Jimin would have him in any way that’s comfortable. So really, this is Jungkook’s way of saying, “Please fuck me up against the wall.”

“You’re shameless,” Jimin chokes. He runs a sweaty hand through his messy locks. “Where— how am I supposed to—”

“There’s cream in the drawer of my nightstand.” Jimin’s eyes fall to the aforementioned drawer, staring it down as though it held all the secrets of the universe.

“On it.”

Roughly pulling open the drawer, he goes about searching for the cream. He can’t look over at Jungkook, because if he did, he’d be reminded of the fact that Jungkook is pressed up against the wall waiting to be fucked. And that’s not a thought that’s as easy to comprehend as one might think.

Fingers shakily coil around the small container he’s been searching for, practically tearing it from the drawer with more force than necessary. He’s in such a hurry he doesn’t even think to close the drawer.

“Why do you have this in your drawer anyway?” he asks as he takes off the lid to find the smooth, white substance inside.

Jungkook licks his lips, his fingers twitching against the wall. “I have to relieve stress somehow, don’t I?”

Jimin pauses this two fingers embedded in the cream. He looks up, meeting Jungkook’s timid gaze. Fuck. “Did you… did you ever think of me?”

“You mean… while I was…?”
“Yeah…”

The prince smiles a small, handsome smile. “Yes, I did.”

Jimin nods to himself. “Good.”

He gets down on his knees, his face aligned with Jungkook’s behind. “Your butt is so cute and small!”

“Not as cute at yours.”

“Well, that’s true.”

“So modest.”

Jimin chuckles and leans over to place a chaste kiss to Jungkook’s buttock. He brings his lubricated fingers to the top of Jungkook’s crevice before slowly drawing them down between the fleshy mounds. Jungkook shudders, leaning against the fingers, encouraging him to continue.

“I’ve never done this before,” Jimin feels the need to announce, even though it’s clear as day that they’re both virgins, “but I know it’s going to hurt. First time always hurts, right?”

Jungkook draws imaginary swirls against the wall, smiling shyly. “So they say.”

“What if I hurt you?” His voice is laced with uncertainty.

“I know you won’t.” Jungkook’s voice drips with confidence.

He rubs the pads of his two fingers against the clenching orifice, still a little concerned. For once though, Jungkook is patient with him, waiting for when Jimin feels ready to take the next step. Jimin appreciates this quiet moment more than Jungkook will ever know, but he places another kiss to Jungkook’s buttock anyway. Then he slides the first finger in.
Jimin goes slowly, excruciatingly slow, waiting for the slightest resistance to have him pulling out, but Jungkook is still and relaxed, still confident Jimin won’t hurt him. Jungkook’s faith in him helps a little bit. He pushes his finger halfway before stopping, then slowly pumping it in and out.

“How does it feel?”

“Different. But good different, I think.”

It isn’t negative or positive, so Jimin continues with the curiosity of wondering where this will lead. He dares to go further, slowly, tenderly, serenaded by Jungkook’s steady breathing. He goes to the knuckle, and Jungkook doesn’t express pain. He wriggles his finger a bit, and Jungkook doesn’t tell him to stop. So he keeps going. He continues to test the boundaries, adding a second finger to the mix and waiting for Jungkook to cry, but the younger boy moans instead.

“A little faster,” Jungkook moans, gently pressing against Jimin’s fingers. It’s the single most sexiest thing he’s ever heard Jungkook say. His voice is breathy and delicate, as though even the slightest volume would somehow shatter the moment. Never in his wildest dreams would he have thought Jungkook were capable of such a sinful tone.

Jimin moves his fingers faster inside of Jungkook. The walls clench around his digits as he pushes to the knuckle, rubbing against the velvet muscles and gently flexing his fingers in a scissoring motion. Jungkook relaxes easily, as though he’s been waiting for his moment his entire life, already eager, already anticipating every push and pull.

It’s a little harder to add the third finger, harder than Jimin is expecting, anyway. Jungkook suddenly tenses in surprise when Jimin wriggles the tip of the third finger inside, the response punctuated by a sharp gasp. Jimin immediately stops. He reaches up to massage Jungkook’s tailbone, looking up at the younger boy with concern. Jungkook isn’t looking back at him though. He has his forehead pressed against the wall with his face scrunched in discomfort. The sight alone has Jimin wanting to back out and suggest trying another time, but he gets the feeling Jungkook will adamantly protest.

“How are you feeling, Kook?” He grips Jungkook’s hipbone, giving him a gentle squeeze.

“Fine—fine. Keep going. I can handle it.” Jungkook still somehow sounds determined even when he’s stuttering.
“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

So he cautiously pushes the third finger further inside. Jungkook breathes heavily, his thighs clenching and quivering from the pressure. Jimin has the mind to reach between Jungkook’s legs to fumble with his balls.


Jungkook whines but actually listens to Jimin for once. He slips one of his hands down the wall to grasp the erection standing hard and pink against his stomach. Jimin waits patiently, listening to Jungkook’s breathing, appraising his body language. When Jungkook starts to moan and press back against his fingers, Jimin finally starts to move them. He pumps them languidly, carefully, unwilling to pick up the pace just yet.

Jungkook gets impatient though. He always does eventually. Jimin notices his hand pumping himself faster and faster, his breath quickening, and it’s then Jimin reaches to stop Jungkook from touching himself. “You’re going to come if you keep that up.”

“That’s kind of the point,” Jungkook half growls, half whines.

Despite the enthusiasm, Jungkook obediently places his hand back on the wall, leaving his cock to be neglected and oozing with precum. Jimin finally has the courage to take his fingers all the way to the knuckle this time, the tips of his fingers brushing against a place inside of Jungkook that has his knees buckling.

“There!” Jungkook moans, immediately pressing back against Jimin’s fingers. “Oh Gods that was—keep going. Keep going!”

Jimin tickles at Jungkook’s prostate, both amused and fascinated by the intense reaction of Jungkook’s body. It twists and writhes and shudders with every poke and every jab, a thin sheen of sweat breaking out on his back and making every jerk and every arch so beautifully profound.

“You’re so…” Jimin is lost for words—not for the first time this evening.
“Jimin… Jiminnie… S-stop—if you keep—ah! Jimin, I’m gonna come!”

Fingers are removed and Jungkook cutely pushes back on nothing but air, crying in disappointment. Jimin watches Jungkook clench on nothing but air, his rim damp and glistening from the lubricant. He presses the pad of his thumb against the gaping orifice, fascinated by how the muscles mould around touch.

“Cute,” he mumbles to himself. Thankfully Jungkook is too far gone to even hear him, or else the younger boy might’ve kicked him out of embarrassment.

He places his hands on Jungkook’s hips and slowly rises to his feet, kissing along the curve of the prince’s spine as he does so. His sweat is salty on the tip of his tongue but he somehow finds it strangely arousing. Knowing he’s the reason Jungkook is this way, knowing he’s the reason Jungkook is whining and panting is enough to have precum beading at the tip of his arousal. Once his lips graze the nape of Jungkook’s neck, just below the clasp of his betrothal necklace, he reaches for the boy’s hand, guiding it behind him to have him feel his cock.

“See what you’ve done to me?” Jimin moans into Jungkook’s shoulder. He encloses the boy’s fingers around the base of his pulsing erection. Jungkook groans softly. “Just seeing you like this has me hard.”

“Then what are you waiting for?” Jungkook challenges in a weak voice. “I wanna feel you inside of me. I wanna know how much you want me.”

“Fuck.” Jimin can’t prolong this anymore. He lubes up his dick with the cream and tosses the substance somewhere—he hears it hit the floor but doesn’t bother to check whether he’s made a mess or not.

Jungkook arches his whole body, his front pressing flat against the wall and his bottom pressing against Jimin’s cock. Jimin chokes on a moan as he spreads Jungkook’s cheeks, the head of his dick rubbing along the crack. Gasps are taken in unison as Jimin sinks slowly into Jungkook. It’s tight, really tight. It makes his average-sized dick feel like some colossal spectacle being threaded through a tiny keyhole. Jungkook whimpers and trembles. Jimin gets worried and stops again, only for Jungkook to leer over his shoulder at him.

He continues under the threat of Jungkook potentially smacking him, but keeps the pace slow and deliberate. When his balls hit the round surface of Jungkook’s behind, he pauses, panting against the back of Jungkook’s neck. This time Jungkook doesn’t get angry. He seems to understand that Jimin hasn’t stopped for Jungkook, but rather for himself. He just needs a moment to process this feeling. This incredible, unfamiliar feeling.
Jungkook places his hands over Jimin’s where they rest on his hips, caressing at them lovingly. “It doesn’t hurt,” he reassures softly. “Little uncomfortable. But I know you’ll make me feel good.”

Jimin aspires to live up to that promise. He kisses Jungkook’s shoulder before he moves, rocking his hips gently, barely pulling out before sinking back in. It’s an easy pace they can both agree with for now. Jungkook moves to roll back on Jimin’s length, eliciting the rough and steady friction that has them both moaning breathlessly.

“A little harder,” Jungkook mewls.

He snaps his hips forward with one swift thrust, making Jungkook whimper. The sound is like the chime of a bell in Jimin’s ears. It motivates him to move faster and a little harder, jerking his hips up, up, up into Jungkook’s warmth. He groans as Jungkook clenches around him, wet and tight and deliriously amazing.

“I know you can do better than that.”

A laugh, of all things, springs from Jimin’s lips, but it’s quickly followed by a grunt as he accepts his lover’s taunting challenge. The thought of hurting Jungkook seems an unlikely possibility at this point, seeing as the younger encourages him with every breathy moan that leaves his saliva-slicked lips. Jimin plunges all the way to the hilt inside Jungkook before pulling all the way back out to the tip, repeating this long and heavy movement a few times. Then he thrusts harder and faster, slamming up against Jungkook’s sweet spot and making him cry out.

The young prince gasps in embarrassment, slapping a hand over his mouth as though his own voice has betrayed him. Jimin doesn’t stop though. He immediately abuses his prostate, slamming against it with every sharp, intense push. Jungkook gives up trying to stifle his pleasure quickly, his cheek pressed against the wall with moans rolling seamlessly off his tongue.

Jimin’s arm snakes around Jungkook’s waist to hold him firmly as his other hands slips down the front to palm Jungkook’s erection. He holds it steady, teasing at the swollen base but not handling it with the kind of ferocity Jungkook so badly needs. Jungkook snatches Jimin’s wrist, squeezing it impatiently.

“Please… please, Jiminnie. I need it. I need you to—ah—ah—oh god!” Jimin pounds Jungkook hard, shoving him against the wall. Jungkook keens and writhes but stays right where he needs to be. Jimin can feel the pulse of Jungkook’s walls around him, the arousal that practically leaks from
every crevice of Jungkook’s tight body. It’s intoxicating.

“Jimin—I—I’m not going to last much longer,” Jungkook voices out. “Jimin… hyung.”

Jimin isn’t well off either; he can feel it in the pit of his stomach. He properly fists Jungkook and pumps his dick, trying his best to do in tandem with his jarring thrusts. Jungkook bounces his ass to meet every grind of Jimin’s sturdy hips. It’s a mess of sound, of panting and moaning and whimpering, complimented by the lewd noise of skin slapping against sweaty skin.

The heat rises. His dick swells to the point where he feels like he’s going to explode. His thrusts are choppier and less consistent, his movement erratic and carnal. His balls tighten and he cries out, but Jungkook comes first when a particular thrust hits his prostate. He falls apart with a loud groan, his entire body seizing as he spills strings of semen on the wall and into Jimin’s fist.

The sudden tightness that engulfs him has him hitting his orgasm seconds later, lodging his dick up into Jungkook’s sex before unloading his seed inside of him. Jungkook cries softly, mumbling something incoherent under his breath. Jimin rocks back and forth gently, milking himself dry before pulling out completely. Jungkook continues to lean against the wall even as Jimin steps away, his eyes blown wide and his hair adorably mattered. Cum leaks down Jungkook’s thigh but the younger boy doesn’t even seem to notice, too focused on gaining some clarity.

Jimin collapses onto the bed. He wants to sit up, but even the thought has him groaning tiredly. It’s been a very long day. A good day to be sure, but by now he’s totally spent.

“Gross.” Jungkook must’ve noticed the cum dribbling down his leg. Jimin cranes his neck to see Jungkook wiping it away with a rag, his face twisted in mild disgust.

Jungkook doesn’t even bother with cleaning the wall, tossing away the rag before stumbling over to the bed. He crawls shakily up the mattress before settling beside Jimin. He smiles, throwing an arm over Jungkook’s waist and placing a kiss to his sweaty forehead.

“You’re amazing,” he tells his fiancé. Jungkook yawns and blinks sleepily, the corners of his mouth twitching upwards.

“And don’t you forget it.”

Jimin chuckles, his heart swelling with adoration.
The dining hall is busy in the morning when Jimin and Jungkook finally sum up the energy (and the courage) to finally leave the warmth of the bed and go downstairs. The excitable babble of familiar voices can be heard even before they reach the room, Taehyung and Hoseok’s voices more distinguishable than the rest. Jungkook gnaws down on his bottom lip without consciously realising it, making Jimin smile. He reaches out to intertwine their fingers just as they’re about to turn the corner. Jungkook looks down at their conjoined hands apprehensively, but when he meets Jimin’s gaze all that doubt seems to melt away from his expression.

They don’t exchange words, because nothing needs to be said.

They enter subtly, their presence going unnoticed right up until they sit down at the table. Jungkook’s mother and father aren’t present, which isn’t much of a surprise. They tend to eat earlier so they aren’t in a rush to conduct daily errands and deal with national affairs. This works to their advantage. Jungkook made it clear before they left the bedroom that their engagement would be announced to their parents in private. Although there’s little doubt his parents will openly accept the match (because who wouldn’t want their own child to marry the Avatar?), Jungkook just thinks it’d be more appropriate to tell them separately—which Jimin is totally fine with.

However, the moment they sit down Taehyung is keening like he’s in physical pain. “Oh my gosh —oh my gosh, oh my gosh, ohmygosh—the necklace! You guys are engaged!” Taehyung tackles Jungkook out of his chair, rolling around with him on the floor. Jungkook giggles and pinches his brother in the side, but Taehyung doesn’t care. He plants a big, fat kiss to his little brother’s cheek. “And here I thought my baby brother would die an old maid with nothing to his name except for being related to the ultra-rich bachelor Kim Taehyung!”

“Ah shove it, Tae. You’re gonna crush my pancreas.”

Jimin smiles at the sweet interaction, only half paying attention to Yoongi and Hoseok congratulating him, although the occasion isn’t quite as exciting since his whole crew knew he was going to pop the question at some point. However, his attention falters when a shadow passes over him. He looks up to find Kim Seokjin towering over him, the shadows on his handsome face dark and intimidating.

“If you hurt my little brother I will end your existence,” Seokjin says flatly, but then his face softens and he cracks a big smile. “But congratulations! I couldn’t have picked a more suitable match for Jungkookie.”
He tries to smile to offset his uneasiness, acutely aware of how protective Seokjin is of his brothers. “I’ll live out the rest of my days making Jungkook happy, hyung. I’ll make sure of it.”

“See that you do,” Seokjin replies seriously.

“Stop scaring him, hyung,” Jungkook cuts in, throwing an arm around Jimin’s neck. He places a chaste kiss to Jimin’s cheek. “After all, he’s going to be your new brother-in-law.”

Jimin blushes, warming to the idea just before he’s dragged off his chair and wrestled to the ground by an overzealous Taehyung. “We’re gonna be bros, Jiminnie! How awesome is that?”

He groans and shoves Taehyung off of him with a playful scowl. Everyone laughs—even Yoongi cracks a smile—and Jimin knows for sure that everything will work out. Because now he has Jungkook. Now his life is complete.
Final (TaeKook)

Title: Final

Pairing: TaeKook

Warnings: Exhibitionism

Summary: ‘Certain experiments compliment one another – they draw strength from their auras to become more powerful. Not Taehyung though. He wasn’t compatible with any of the other experiments. At least, not until Jungkook came along.’

Word Count: 29.6K

Don't forget to read the author's note at the end~ :)

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Final

Daily schedules function like clockwork in Namdong Seom Institute. The blinding lights that emit from some undisclosed location ignite his entire room in the morning—or what he presumes to be morning. The rude disturbance demands that he get out of bed, and he does, rubbing at his swollen eyes with the heel of his palm. The ceiling is white. The walls are white. The floor is white. His pillow and his sheets are white. It hurts to even open his eyes the room is so cruelly bright. The person who designed this facility must’ve been some vulgar sadist.

He wipes the crust from his eyes, internally groaning. Another day. Another routine. Another
schedule. It’s like he’s a hamster on a wheel going nowhere. Every day is more or less the same and he’s reaching a point where he’s tired, so very tired. It’s getting harder and harder to get up in the morning. His mind can no longer grasp the point of it all.

Shifting to sit up, the thin, stiff material of the sheets fall and pool around his waist. His head hisses at him angrily, demanding him to lie back down and rest, but there’s no point avoiding the inevitable. When the lights come on he has about twenty minutes to shower and brush his teeth before the food hall opens.

He can’t help but notice the lack of movement from the bed opposite his. His new roommate was assigned to this room about a week ago, the third roommate he’s had since he was transferred to the adult ward. He doesn’t know much about him, only that his name is Minhyuk. But Minhyuk isn’t in the other bed. The sheets are folded at the foot of the thin futon, which could only mean one thing: Minhyuk isn’t coming back.

This happens often in Taehyung’s case. Unlike the rest of his friends, the roommate change over in his quarters happens regularly. It has nothing to do with Taehyung personally, only that the position of being his roommate seems to be cursed. They go out for tests or fetched by guards and never come back. Nobody talks about what happens to the subjects that randomly vanish, not even his friends. They all seem to see it as a foreboding possibility that perhaps one day, one of them won’t come back, and no one will see or hear of them ever again. It’s a haunting reality they try not to think about. Obsessing over something so bleak has turned subjects insane in the past, and once a subject’s mind goes, they go.

Taehyung finally gets out of bed. He can’t even look at the bare bed that’s empty more times than it isn’t. It’s a reminder not to get close to people here. Outside his group of friends he barely talks to anybody. He tried to be friends with his first roommate when he first moved in, still under the childish impression that making connections would somehow make life easier. It does at first, but when his first roommate disappears he learns a hard lesson about how things work around here. It isn’t like the children’s ward where the subjects are nurtured to their full potential. Here, it’s a game of chance. Roll the dice, see who stays, see who leaves.

The shower water is lukewarm. Taehyung has no control over the water temperature system; everything in the subject quarters is carefully monitored. Water only runs for a limit of ten minutes (five minutes each if you have a roommate) before it automatically shuts off, unable to be used again over a 20-hour period. The sink has a motion sensor and there’s no water in the toilet. Jimin said it’s so subjects can’t drown themselves, but it’s hard to know the difference between fact and rumor around here. The scientists are secretive and don’t tell them very much. They prefer to keep all the subjects under tight surveillance.

When he’s done brushing his teeth and fixing his hair, he sits on the edge of his bed, staring blankly up at the ceiling. He’s back in the clothes he wore to bed, because they get given fresh clothes twice a week (excluding underwear, of course).
He doesn’t enjoy the silence that blankets him when he realizes he has nothing better to do than wait until the alarm sounds. He’s reminded of the fact that he’s alone. It always seems to be this way in the end. Hoseok sometimes tells him how lucky he is that he doesn’t have a roommate, but that’s only because Hoseok isn’t very close with his roommate. It can be an awkward affair to be in such close proximity but barely exchange words to one another, but then Taehyung thinks of his other friends. Seokjin and Namjoon are roommates as well as loosely compatible (along with 70% of the rest of the rest of the adult subjects), and Yoongi and Jimin share the same room too. It must’ve been pure, dumb luck that they became friends with one another in the end. Taehyung isn’t one to envy—but he does, in his own small way. He wants to be able to turn to face the opposite bed at the end of the day and say, “Goodnight!”

It would be worlds better to room with his compatible. He thumbs at his hip where his tattoo is, the Orlanthi symbol for ‘Harmony.’ Those who share the same symbol are considered to be “compatible,” meaning their emotional and physical connection is bound by a genetic strain inserted into them as test tube fetuses. The scientists tattoo subjects when they’re “born” with a specific symbol that categorizes them into compatible groups.

Taehyung isn’t compatible with anyone. No one in the entire adult ward has the Harmony symbol, which leads him to believe he’s destined to be alone. Maybe it’s for the best. He couldn’t imagine what it’d be like to lose a compatible, especially someone you’re close to.

Namjoon and Seokjin are compatible. They prefer to keep their relationship platonic, but it’s obvious by the way they communicate that they’re on a different wavelength to everyone else. They’re intimate friends. Sometimes Seokjin knows what Namjoon is thinking even before he’s thinking it himself, which is odd when you think about it. Because Seokjin isn’t the telepath, Namjoon is. For some reason though, neither of them seem to question this strange anomaly. Namjoon has the intellectual mind of a genius. Pondering philosophy and reading books from the library is his favourite past time, but never does he stop to question what he shares with Seokjin. It’s strangely sweet, in a way.

Having a connection like that would be nice. Yoongi, the only mutant in their group, doesn’t believe in the compatible system. He thinks the feelings they experience for compatibles are artificial and nothing more than a fabricated connection made by scientists who like to play God.

Taehyung doesn’t agree or disagree with his hyung. All he knows is that if he were to see the world from Yoongi’s perspective all the time he just might try to commit suicide. It’s better to look at things on the positive side—that is, if there is a positive side, and for Taehyung, he thinks that there is some value in the connection of compatibles.

Unlike Yoongi, Hoseok and Jimin are quite fond of compatibles. Jimin told him you get fuzzy feelings when you touch, and the attraction is almost instantaneous. Hoseok says it’s like tasting
ice cream for the first time, every time. Having said this though, none of them have ever admitted to loving any of the compatibles they’ve been with. The interaction is generally a short affair, monitored by scientists watching them from behind a one-way mirror. They make small talk, do what’s instructed to them, and then go about the rest of their routines like they hadn’t just fucked complete strangers. Jimin once told him he wants to be in love but doesn’t have that feeling with any of the compatible subjects he’s been with. Hoseok just loves sex. He doesn’t really care for a meaningful connection. And Yoongi, well, he thought he felt love once for someone he was compatible with, but she couldn’t stand the thought of being with a mutant.

It broke his heart.

The alarm sounds and Taehyung’s hand flies to his chest in fright. The door at the other end of the room slides open to reveal a white hallway. Taehyung gives a sigh. He stands to his feet and joins the file of other subjects dragging their feet toward the dining area. A hand lands on his shoulder and turns to see Seokjin and Namjoon behind him, wearing friendly smiles.

“Did you sleep well?” Seokjin asks, throwing an arm over Taehyung’s shoulders.

“Sort of. They took Minhyuk away last night.”

Namjoon hums. “I noticed. Your thoughts are particularly bleak this morning.”

“Quit reading my mind! I told you I didn’t like that shit!”

“Minhyuk?” Seokjin blinks. He peers down at Taehyung curiously. “You mean the roommate you only knew for like, a week?” Taehyung nods. “But I thought you didn’t know him very well. Or—was that the other one? I don’t know. I can’t keep up with the amount of roommates they keep giving you.”

Namjoon ruffles Taehyung’s head of golden locks. “He isn’t sad about Minhyuk. He’s sad that he’s alone.”

He can’t help but scowl at the older boy. “Seriously. Stop with the mind reading.”

Namjoon doesn’t look very apologetic. “You know it’s not something I can just switch off.”
“I know for a fact you’ve been trained to cancel out voices, so be a darl and cancel out mine!” One of these days Namjoon’s powers will make him schizophrenic.

“Actually the word you’re looking for is ‘paranoid’, schizophrenic is when you hear voices in your head.”

“Hyung.”

“Sorry.”

The food hall is filled with an endless sea of stainless steel tables all meticulously positioned in straight columned lines. The canteen is off to the side, dishing out some sort of unidentifiable stodge onto stainless steel plates. The plates are then placed onto a conveyor belt and wheeled out into the food hall. They never see the chef or the kitchen hands, just the plates and the god-awful food.

Taehyung spots Jimin, Yoongi and Hoseok in the line and shuffles to join them. Nobody really cares that they push in. The line moves relatively quickly anyway.

“I hope I have arts and crafts for my extra-curricular period today. I fucking hate wood shop,” Jimin whines as he rests his chin on Hoseok’s shoulder. Yoongi is in front of both of them, pretending he doesn’t know them, which happens more often than not.

“I wish I signed up for arts and crafts. Dodge ball was a bad choice.” Hoseok shudders.

“It’s not fun?”

“It’d be fun if everyone played fair. But no, it’s a fucking battlefield out there on the court and I’m a moving target.”

“It could be worse,” Taehyung cuts in, letting his presence be known, “you could be in the knitting class.”

“Knitting is an underrated art form,” Seokjin defends, only because he’s the one who runs the
The extra-curriculum periods go for three hours each day. At the start of the new year, subjects are allowed to choose two classes from a list and attend either one or the other everyday as predetermined by their distributed schedules. Other subjects run these classes. Seokjin says it’s method of bonding, but Yoongi reckons it’s to save money. Knowing the institute all his life, Taehyung thinks they’re both probably right.


“Suck up,” Jimin mutters under his breath, only to realise belatedly that his efforts were in vain. Namjoon could still hear his mind, after all.

“I’m excited for racquetball. There’s this chick who’s a year older than me and she beats me every fucking time. Well not this time, bitch. Tae’s in da house and he’s gonna raise dis roof.” He makes a sweeping gesture with his hands before striking a pose. Jimin giggles and shoves him.

“You’re an idiot.”

“Yeah but I’m lovable, so that makes it OK.”

“Fuck me.” All their heads turn to Yoongi, who’s about a person away from reaching the conveyor belt.

Seokjin steps forward with concern. “Yoongi…?”

“Shut up. It’s Seohyun. Everybody act natural,” Yoongi growls just before the person in front of him turns around with her plate of food, coming face to face with Yoongi. It’s hard to tell from the back since all the female subjects have similar hairstyles, but facing them it’s as clear as day who she is.

“Goddammit,” Seokjin mutters under his breath. Taehyung oldest hyung steps forward to place a hand on Yoongi’s shoulder, presenting a very polite but very fake smile. “Seohyun! How are you? I hope you’ll be joining my knitting class today.”
The young woman blinks before smiling an equally strained smile; pointedly avoiding the gaze Yoongi burns into the space between her big eyes. “I’m well, Seokjin-ssi. And yes, I will be joining your knitting class this morning! I’d like to go over some patterns that I’m not quite familiar with—if that’s OK?”

“Of course, of course.”

“I’ll see you then.” Her eyes flicker to Yoongi and she makes a deliberate effort to smile, even if it isn’t genuine. Yoongi doesn’t smile back; he just watches her walk over to the table where her friends are waiting for her.

“Yoongi? Are you OK?” Jimin asks tentatively.

Yoongi shrugs off Seokjin’s hand and storms off, leaving them all to stare after him solemnly. Seokjin sighs. “He really shouldn’t skip meals.”

“Don’t worry, hyung. I’ll make sure he joins us for lunch,” Jimin reassures.

Seokjin still doesn’t seem pleased, but he grabs a plate and walks off to go find an empty table for them to sit at.

“You know Yoongi-hyung probably won’t be joining us for the rest of the day, right?” Namjoon says as he picks a plate of food for himself.

Jimin smiles stiffly. “I know.”

Aside from the hiccup with Yoongi and Seohyun, breakfast went on to be a mundane affair. Afterwards they all file back to their rooms where their schedules are filled out and waiting for them in the pocket slip attached to the end of their beds. He clears his throat as he snatches it up, falling listlessly onto his bed. He scans over the timetable with nonchalance. Schedules are more or less the same everyday. After breakfast they have about five to ten minutes before their morning routine tests start, running for approximately two hours. Extra-curricular activities are after that, then lunch, then trials, dinner, then free time until lights out (individual tests occasionally run during this time as well).

He skims over the table briefly, finding nothing particularly out of the ordinary until he sees that ‘trials’ has been replaced with ‘I.D.’—individual development. Frowning to himself, he reads over
the table again just to make sure. I.D. can on rare occasions be placed in the last slot to fill in the free time, but never to replace trials.

Trials are where they get to exercise their powers, a dangerous but generally thrilling part of the daily routine. Sometimes they get to fight against androids, sometimes against themselves, and other times they have to complete tasks that test the limits of their abilities. It’s when most of the action happens. A part of Taehyung feels morally conflicted with admitting that he enjoys battling against his brothers and sisters for the sake of science, but truthfully he has too much fun to care. Subjects very rarely get injured or killed. Taehyung doesn’t mind though, he makes it his personal business to be the top-ranking subject of the Offense Faction—the best of the burgundy uniforms.

This has to be a mistake. Trials are compulsory—no exceptions. It’s not an extra-curricular subject you can just skip to hang out around the food hall with friends. He should go find one of the scientists and tell them.

He tears the paper from the clipboard and folds it into his pocket. He hears the sound of the alarm. ‘I’ll just inform one of them during morning tests,’ he thinks to himself as he leaves his room.

The factions split off from one another during routine tests. Since they’re all created with powers that follow a categorized structure, they naturally have to perform different tests. Taehyung goes along with all the other offensive subjects in burgundy shirts and shorts. He sees the tufts of Seokjin’s fairy-pink hair sticking out amongst the surface of heads, dressed in white and following the other healers. The medical ward is right next to where Taehyung has his routine tests, since offensive subjects tend to be the most high-risk. The beige-coloured uniforms of the shapeshifters veer off to the right, and that’s where Jimin and Hoseok vanish from sight. The grey-clad psychics and the blue-clad defensive subjects veer off to the left, and Namjoon is gone. This leaves the current of subjects to be dominated by burgundy, white and black, but Taehyung doesn’t see Yoongi anywhere. He’ll probably avoid them for the rest of the day, unless Jimin snaps him out of his funk.

Healers and offenders go up a staircase to the right, and the black-clothed mutants go up a staircase to the left, once again narrowing the variety.

‘I’ll see you at lunch!’ Seokjin waves when it’s finally time for the healers to split off from the group. Taehyung returns the gesture.

They’re ushered into a room he visits almost everyday—excluding weekends—the scientists with their coats and their clipboards all lined up against one wall, just like they are every working day, ready to call out names. Taehyung sighs and goes and finds a seat. His name won’t likely be called until at least half an hour, so he might as well relax. Most of the people around him have much the same idea.
It’s only fifteen minutes before his name is called, which has to be some sort of record. He can’t recall the last time he was called up this early. Striding up the aisle to the front, he finds that it’s Dr. Cho who called his name. He’s acquainted with most of the scientists, or at least familiar with them, but he and Dr. Cho are sort of like old foes. They don’t outright announce that they dislike each other, but the feeling is felt all the same. Taehyung’s convinced Dr. Cho has had it out for him since the moment he was transferred to the adult ward. He’s cruel, and maybe even a little sadistic, and he always taunts Taehyung in the most grating of ways.

“Dr. Cho,” he greets the balding, middle-aged man with an air of distaste.

Dr. Cho looks up from his half-moon spectacles, regarding Taehyung as though he is surprised to see him. Seeing as he just called his name, he is evidently not. “Kim Taehyung. It’s a shame what happened to your last roommate. We were sad to see him go.”

The scientist doesn’t sound sorry in the least. Taehyung doesn’t falter. “Yes, such a shame.”

“Rest assured,” he re-adjusts his spectacles, “we have already found you a suitable replacement.”

Taehyung is alarmed to hear this. Usually it takes about three to five months for them to find another roommate, as availability only crops up one of two ways in the adult ward. Either, a subject has come of age and has been transferred from the children’s ward to the adult ward, or another subject has lost their roommate and are then paired with another subject without one. The fact that they were able to find a replace in less than twenty-four hours is either extremely suspicious or extremely coincidental. Namjoon says nothing that happens here is coincidental.

“Is that… so,” he replies carefully.

Dr. Cho smiles his greasy smile and it unsettles him greatly. “He has just come of age. You will be meeting him sometime later today.”

“Oh, that reminds me—” Taehyung takes out the table he’d tucked into his pocket, unfolding it and shoving it in the scientist’s face. “You guys stuffed up my schedule. You replaced trails with I.D.”

Dr. Cho scoffs, as though offended at the idea. “It is not a mistake, Taehyung. It is perfectly correct. Your trials for today have been swapped. It is essential that you attend I.D. early this
“But—but that’s—!”

“No exceptions, Taehyung. Now go—off to your routine tests. You’re holding everybody up by wasting time!”

Taehyung grumbles under his breath, stuffing his schedule aggressively back into his pocket and giving Dr. Cho the evil eye. Yeah, that’ll teach him. The Coat gives him a smug smile and Taehyung promises to send a searing hot bolt of light the man’s way during trials tomorrow. Bitch’ll never see it coming.

“You have I.D. during trials?” Jimin asks as they sit down for lunch.

Nothing out of the ordinary had happened during CPR class, though that’s to be expected. Nothing ever happens during CPR class. That’s what Taehyung gets for signed up for the activity anyway. He figured he’d do one sports activity and one skill-building activity, you know, to have some variety. What he isn’t cool with though is giving mouth to mouth to other people and pretending to drown in a kiddie pool dramatically. It wouldn’t be half as bad if one of his friends were in the class, but sadly, that is not the case. He really should’ve just gone with Seokjin’s knitting class.

“Weird, right?” Taehyung slaps his traitorous schedule on the table for all eyes to see. Except for Yoongi, because as predicted, he didn’t show up for lunch either.

Namjoon frowns down at the schedule. Taehyung leans in, staring the older boy down from across the table. “So? Why do you think they changed it? Have you caught wind of it from one of the scientists?”

Namjoon is the go-to guy for information around here. The scientists wear cloaking devices that protect their minds from being read by telepaths, but the only problem is: the devices take the form of easily forgettable objects. Dr. Cho’s spectacles is his cloaking device, but the second he puts them down on his desk to rub his eyes or wash his face, his mind is completely vulnerable. The sheer amount of times scientists have breached protocol and forgotten to wear their cloaking devices alone is enough for Namjoon to penetrate their minds and steal top secret information.

The telepath shrugs. “Not that I know of. The scientists are on guard when they run the morning tests for psychics, so I didn’t catch anything there. I probably won’t be able to find out until trials,
and by then you’ll be finding out yourself so…”

Taehyung makes a noise of dissatisfaction before scrunching up the table and tossing it in the bin. He’s already familiar with the room he has to go to after lunch so there’s no point keeping it.

“Look on the bright side though, at least you won’t have to deal with the humiliation of getting your ass whooped by me.” Jimin chuckles and slaps him on the back. Taehyung rolls his eyes and tries to look annoyed, but he can’t help the corners of his lips from twitching upwards.

He shoves Jimin out of his chair. “Yeah right, Dog Boy. You can go ahead and keep dreaming about beating me for once in your sad little life.”

Jimin gapes at him comically, though they both know he isn’t truly offended. “Taehyung, I’m heart-broken! How could you say such a nasty thing to your best friend in the whole wide world?”

“Uhm, excuse me? I’m pretty sure I’m his best friend in the whole wide world.” Hoseok gets in on the fun and they start to playfully argue and shove each other until the alarm rings. Lunch is over.

“Good luck,” Jimin calls to him as he leaves. The others are behind Jimin waving or giving him the thumbs up for support.

Taehyung waves them off, comically flailing his arm. He accidentally whacks a security guard in the shoulder and has to bow and apologize. Still worth it though.

It’s a bit of a trek to the room. He has to go down three hallways, up two flights of stairs, go down another hallway where he’ll find a number of rooms used for individual experimentation. The word ‘development’ in I.D. is used loosely. It’s more like ‘let’s jab the subject with a pointy stick to see what happens’ kind of ordeal. What’s worse is that you never truly know what’s going to happen. It could be painless, brief and casual, or strenuous, exhausting and painful. Personally, Taehyung would rather not go at all, but seeing as it’s “essential,” it looks like he has no choice. If he tries to hide somewhere, security will find him and end up dragging him there anyway. Only difference is he might get tasered.

He eventually reaches the room, a capital letter and a forgettable number painted under the window of the door. He knocks, waits, hears a curt “enter” and opens the door, only to be greeted by Dr. Cho and a slew of other scientists he’s vaguely familiar with. Dr. Cho looks pleased, which
is never a good sign.

“Good afternoon, Taehyung. Enjoy CPR?” Dr. Cho tries to make small talk and by god if it isn’t painful. He has half the mind to hit the floor and fake a heart attack to deflect the situation.

Instead of doing what comes to mind first, he steps in and closes the door behind him. It takes him a moment to realise that there’s a one-way mirror behind them looking into another room. He tries to peer past them but can’t see much. All he can confirm is that the room is white. What a shocking surprise.

“Fine. CPR was fine.” It was not fine, but he wouldn’t dream of giving Dr. Cho the satisfaction of knowing that. The bastard.

One of the other scientists nods at something, but Taehyung looks at the woman as if she’s lost her mind. That is, until hands are grabbing him roughly by the arms and a blindfold is being bound over his eyes. “Hey what the—what’s going on?”

He tries to struggle but he’s held firmly, meaning there must’ve been security guards flanking the door when he entered. He just hadn’t seen them. Familiar, warm tingles creep up his arms and heat collects at the palms of his hands. He’s ready to fight his way out of this situation if he has to. There’s no way he’s going to end up like his previous roommates. He’s a fighter. If he goes down, he’s taking as many scientists and security guards down with him.

“Calm yourself, Taehyung,” he hears Dr. Cho say. “No harm will come to you whilst participating in this experiment, I can assure you that.”

“Why the blindfold then? Huh? Why the secrecy? You’re gonna knock me off, aren’t you? I’ve gotten too powerful and now you’ve brought me here to eliminate me!”

Dr. Cho laughs dryly. “A wild imagination you have there, but no. That is far from the case. This will be a sensory test where you will be utilising your other senses. You will be put into the conjoined room and observed from a distance. You mustn’t breathe a word during this experiment, as it will disrupt the purpose of this observation. Is that understood?”

“Well, no. It’s not fucking understood you decrepit old man! I will not walk blindly into a death trap—and if you think I’m stupid enough to trust you, then you’re out of your goddamn mind!”
“Hm. Seems you have been hanging around Min Yoongi far too long. Note that your defiance is not tolerated, Taehyung. If you want this to go smoothly you will do as instructed to you, or suffer the consequences.”

The ambiguity of said consequences shuts him up. As much as he hates the sudden situation he’s been placed in, consequences for defiance have been known to be a number of things—all of them as unappealing as the next. Subjects aren’t exactly treated with much respect. The scientists aren’t above mutilation or torture to punish them, and they make sure to remind them when they step out of line.

“Good.” This is the last thing Dr. Cho says before Taehyung hears a door opening. He’s suddenly shoved from behind, the force sparing no expense. He falls on his side hard, but only manages a gasp before biting down on his tongue. No talking.

The door slams behind him and then it’s quiet. He assumes that the scientists want him to actually do something instead of just sitting there, so he starts to crawl, feeling around the floor for any sudden deadly traps. Surprisingly, he’s met with nothing but smooth linoleum floors. Huh, maybe Dr. Cho wasn’t lying after all.

He keeps thinking he’s going to bash his head against the wall at the other side of the room. He reaches out with his hand but keeps touching nothing but plain, thin air. There’s nothing distinguishable about this room. There’s nothing memorable or significant about it, which makes him all the more paranoid. Are they expecting him to shoot blindly or is he supposed to be doing something else? How is he supposed to know if they don’t fucking tell him. “No talking” is the only instruction that gave him, and it’s a damn useless one too. Why does he need to talk when he’s the only one—

His hand brushes something and he immediately withdraws in shock. A small gasp reaches his ears, so soft and so quiet, and it didn’t come from him. The tips of his fingers that made contact with the unknown tingle like they’ve just been shot with tiny bolts of electricity. He’s never felt anything like it before. It confounded him in the best of ways but at the same time created immense fear and confusion. He’s drawn in, wanting to feel it once again.

He’s compelled to reach out, this time with a little more confidence. Fingers graze something warm and he keeps his fingers there, amazed at the sensation pulsing through his veins. Then it moves. He should be surprised to feel fingers brush against his own, but deep down he knew it had to be another person. The fingers are a little shorter than his own, threading between the gaps, linking them together. Their palms press flat against each other and the sensation grows. His heart picks up speed like he’s been hit with a shot of sweet adrenaline and he wants more, needs more.

Tugging at their locked hands, Taehyung coaxes the other person to move closer. There’s a shift and a rustle of clothing. He feels gentle puffs of breath against his collarbone to let him know just
how close they are, and he moves to eradicate that distance. With a hand pressing against the small of their back he brings them closer, chest to chest. They gasp. The unknown specimen doesn’t have breasts so they must be a boy.

A tentative hand sits on Taehyung’s shoulder and he can’t help but smile to himself. Taehyung lets his free hand wander up the curve of the other’s spine, wondering idly how amazing it would feel if their clothes weren’t in the way. His hand travels to the side of a face, sweeping his thumb and fingers delicately along a canvas that he finds to also be blindfolded. He can feel tiny little speckles of acne scars dotted along high cheekbones. He has a sharp jaw line like a man, but tiny, plush lips like a doll. His nose is narrow at the bridge but slowly dips and widens around the nostrils. Taehyung pokes it playfully, and he hears a giggle. It’s the sweetest thing he’s ever heard.

Taehyung wants to take off his blindfold. He wants to rip it off to see what he’s missing, to see the face with his own two eyes. But he doesn’t—he won’t, because the fear that he’ll be snatched from this moment if he does looms over him.

A hand is on his face now, almost copying the exact movements Taehyung had performed, starting with his cheeks and ending with a light tap to the tip of his nose. It feels amazing, to touch, to be touched. It’s exhilarating and overwhelming and breathtaking all at the same time. He hadn’t known such a feeling existed.

He gathers the other up in his arms, nuzzling his face into the side of a warm neck. Another gasp caresses his ears, so soft and precious. Fingers tangle in his hair, another hand between his shoulder blades. Taehyung can’t believe this is happening. He can’t believe he’s brushing his lips against another living, breathing creature and allowing such unhinged intimacy. He’s never been this willingly intimate with anyone before, not even with his friends. It’s a touch of comfort and tenderness that feels like something made from dreams.

A speaker sounds from somewhere in the room and Taehyung is rudely shocked out of the moment. “Now sit back to back and verbally introduce yourselves.”

Taehyung remorsefully untangles from the embrace, and judging by the reluctant body language he can tell the other doesn’t want to move either. But they have to. They do as they’re told, tentatively pressing their backs together. Taehyung can feel the ridges of a spine dig against his own, a testament to their malnourished diets.

At first he waits patiently for his companion to take the first step and speak first, but he doesn’t. He stays as quiet as ever. He must be shy.

“My name is Kim Taehyung,” he states confidently. He waits, but the voice doesn’t answer. So he
asks, “What’s yours?”

Another pause, then, “Jungkook... J-Jeon Jungkook.” The voice is small and quiet, masculine but buttery soft. Taehyung can feel his heart start to melt.

“Taehyung, Jungkook,” Dr. Cho speaks, “you two are compatible—the only subjects in this entire facility monogamously compatible, which is why your connection is the strongest and most intense.”

“My compatible...” he hears Jungkook murmur softly to himself, sounding almost in awe. Taehyung feels much the same.

He’s speechless. All this time he’s been led to believe that there wasn’t a single person he was compatible with in the entire facility, and then today—just like any other day—he’s finally told the truth. He isn’t alone. He was never alone. They had his compatible this whole time, waiting for the opportunity to introduce them, to test them, to observe them like lab rats in a cage.

He should be angry. He should lash out at Dr. Cho for withholding this information from him, but instead, he starts to cry. His shoulders shake violently in an attempt to keep his sobbing to a minimum, the front of his blindfold dampening with tears.

“All this time,” he forces out shakily. “All this time I thought...”

A hand is placed on top of his own. He can tell just by this simple contact that it’s Jungkook’s, because Jungkook is his compatible, his other half. Tingles of comfort and reassurance throb like a second heartbeat through his body, but it only makes him cry harder, reminding him of what he’s been missing all these years. They had him this whole time. This whole fucking time. They had the opportunity to give him happiness and they chose to let him suffer instead.

“Please understand, Taehyung. We had our reasons for not introducing you to Jungkook earlier. However, he is of age from today and will be your new roommate. You both now have the freedom to enjoy each other’s company,” a sympathetic, female voice says. But Taehyung won’t have it. He doesn’t want their excuses.

“You’re all fucking monsters in white coats, you know that?” he hisses weakly. He’s met with silence. Good. Let them know what they truly are.
“I’m afraid this experiment has ended,” Dr. Cho informs clinically, as though nothing Taehyung’s says could ever dint his perfectly professional demeanour. “You will both be escorted back to your rooms.”

Rooms?

Anxiety hits Taehyung hard, his spine stiffening in panic. “You said Jungkook is my new roommate! Why are you separating us?”

“Soon. For now though, you will remain separate.”

Taehyung snatches up the hand that had been sitting on top of his, clutching it hard. “No—you can’t take him away from me again. I won’t let you!”

He holds up his other hand, concentrating energy to the palm until it’s burning.

But then there’s a prick of pain in his neck and then—nothing.

Taehyung would know those blinding lights anywhere. The moment he’s conscious he’s forcing his eyes open, squinting up at the offensive ceiling glaring back at him. He recognises the hard pillow, stiff sheets and thin as crackers futon. He’s back in his room. Ordinarily this would provide some sort of relief. His room is a sanctuary compared to the shit he faces on a day-to-day basis outside these narrow walls. This time though, he’s filled with nothing but emptiness. There’s a hollow crater in his stomach he hadn’t known was there until now, reminding him of his last moments before everything went black. It’s a little surprising that he isn’t more uncomfortable. He should at least have a sore neck—or maybe a headache, but he feels dozy.

It takes a belated moment for him to realise that someone is running fingers through his hair. Taehyung blinks blearily up at the figure sitting on the edge of the bed beside his body, recognising the familiar face of Seokjin.

“Hyung,” he groans in a rough voice. He attempts to sit up, and Seokjin helps him with a hand to
his back for support. “What—what happened?”

“I’m not too sure myself.” Seokjin sounds annoyingly chipper. “I was pulled from trials early and was brought here to watch over you. They didn’t tell me much—only that you were given a sedative. I suspect they might have run some routine tests on you while you were knocked out though. One of the scientists had a vial of extracted blood and another was taking down your heart rate.”

Taehyung scowls. “I’m not surprised.”

“I am.” Taehyung looks up to see Seokjin looking straight back at him, his expression serious. “I did a full examination of your body while you were out. I could feel your energy reserves humming.”

“Yeah…? So?”

“You met your compatible, didn’t you?”

They stare at each other, silence stretching out between them. Taehyung gulps and nods slowly, still a little confused as to how Seokjin knows this.

“So you had sex then?”

Taehyung blanches, his jaw dropping. “What? No! I didn’t even get to see his face we just… you know, hugged and held hands and stuff. That’s it.”

Seokjin frowns and reaches out, placing the flat of his palm against Taehyung’s chest, right above his heartbeat. He waits, watching his friend’s expression carefully. “This is strange. Energy usually only behaves this way when two compatibles have engages in sexual intercourse, not just from physical contact. Are you sure that’s all you did?”

Taehyung shrugs. “Positive.”

His eldest hyung mutters something under his breath that Taehyung doesn’t catch. “Come on, we better get going. Dinner started ten minutes ago.”
“Dinner?” How long was he out?

“Yeah, the others went ahead. I promised I’d stay with you until you woke up.”

Taehyung scratches the back of his head sheepishly. “Thanks hyung.”

“Don’t mention it,” Seokjin simpers. “Now let’s go. I’m starving.”

Yoongi isn’t at dinner, but Taehyung decides not to bring it up as he slides in next to Jimin. The boy in question is poking his food with a lack of enthusiasm, looking a little bummed out. He throws an arm around his best friend and blows a raspberry against his cheek. Jimin’s whole demeanour changes dramatically, twisting in a mixture of happiness and disgust as he shoves Taehyung away. They laugh it off, and Jimin looks a lot less depressed because of it.

He notices Namjoon sitting opposite him, a little distracted by something until Taehyung snaps his fingers in front of the older boy, demanding his attention. The genius’s eyes flicker to him, and Taehyung pulls a straight face, gazing intensely into his soul while recollecting the events that took place in I.D. Visually there’s very little to show, but he can recall the feelings, the smells, the touches and the voices with profound ease. Namjoon stares back at him, eyes glazed, reading his thoughts.

“Dude, that’s intense,” Namjoon says, leaning back slightly in a daze.

Hoseok and Jimin look up, exchange confused glances. “What’s intense?”

Namjoon arches an eyebrow at Taehyung. “Do you want to tell them?”

Taehyung takes a big breath, the corners of his mouth twitching upwards in excitement. “I met my compatible today.”

Hoseok chokes on his food and starts flailing his arms. Seokjin slams the palm of his hand against Hoseok’s back to help him. At first, all Jimin does is stare, but after a moment his lips stretch into a creepy grin that’s a mixture of excitement and perverseness.
“Oh really?” Jimin wiggles his eyebrows and Taehyung rolls his eyes.

“Okay whatever you’re thinking, it definitely didn’t happen.”

“Yeah but it could like, in the future.”

Namjoon makes a face. “Jimin please. I’m trying to eat here.”

Jimin waves him off flippantly. “I’m sure you’re used to people having indecent thoughts. Stop acting like this is going to corrupt your mind.”

“Oh no. My innocence died when you and Yoongi decided to start exploring your preferences.”

“Guys shut up this is serious!” Hoseok exclaims once he’s finally stopped choking. “Taehyung has a compatible. That’s like—fucking awesome! Are they a boy or a girl? What faction are they in? What do they look like? Are they younger or older than you? Did the Coats tell you why you were never introduced earlier?”

“We were both blindfolded, so the only things I can confirm are that he’s a boy and his name is Jungkook.”

“Jungkook,” Jimin plays the name on his tongue. “Jungkookie, Jungkook-ah, Jungkook-hyung.”

“Not hyung,” Taehyung corrects. “They said he came of age today, so he must be no older than nineteen.”

“Aw, he’s just a baby then,” Seokjin gushes in a tone so whiney he probably grew ovaries.

“When do you get to see him?” asks Hoseok.

“They told me we’d be roommates. I should be meeting him officially later tonight.”
“This is so exciting!” Jimin squeals and it sort of reminds Taehyung of a hamster. “I wonder what he’s like? You reckon he’s handsome?”

“It wouldn’t matter either way. Compatibles always find each other attractive, even if non-compatibles subjectively disagree.”

Taehyung fiddles with his hands, the ghost of a smile playing on his lips. It’s perfectly natural for him to wonder what his compatible looks like, but even from touching his face he can already tell he’s attractive. He can’t quite picture what he might look like, but if it’s a face to perfectly match his soft pitch then Taehyung counts himself lucky.

The rest of dinner is more or less filled with queries and theories behind the mystery that is Taehyung’s compatible. He tells them all he knows about the situation and what Dr. Cho informed him, and let their minds run rampant with possibilities. Taehyung gladly played along for majority of it. Jimin and Hoseok never fail to think up the wildest ideas to have him a giggling mess, and Namjoon throws in his own two cents on theories that were thought provoking. Seokjin is quieter than usual, a little distracted. Taehyung knows he’s thinking about the behaviour of his energy reserves. It’s something Namjoon has already likely picked up on and will probably discuss with Seokjin in private tonight, but the telepath is so used to maintaining face that it’s hard to tell.

Free time is the most relaxed period of the day. Occasionally certain subjects are called in for I.D. after dinner, but majority of them get to roam liberally around accessible areas and do what they please. Taehyung follows Jimin back to his room to check up on Yoongi before they head to the recreational room.

Jimin and Yoongi’s room is a little different from most of the others in that half of it contains a pool of water. It’s one of about five other rooms that are half water to accommodate for mutants such as Yoongi. Since he’s amphibious, he has to sustain a substantial about of moisture on his skin to keep hydrated. Since Jimin can shapeshift into any animal—aquatic creatures included—he doesn’t mind the wet floors or the temperature-monitored humidity. When Taehyung takes a step into the room however, his nose immediately scrunches with distaste. The contrast to the humidity of Jimin’s room to the room-temperature-monitored spaces throughout the facility is drastic. It’s something he could never get used to.

“He still hasn’t come out of the pool yet,” Jimin sulks, eyes looking forlornly at the water at the other end of the room.

“He’ll come out eventually,” Taehyung reassures, patting his best friend on the back. “You never know—maybe he’ll resurface sometime later tonight?”
Jimin stands there, gazing upon the surface of the water as though willing it to ripple—anything to signal that Yoongi is there. But it doesn’t, and the situation is getting a little too depressing for Taehyung to handle. So he tugs gently at Jimin’s wrist, not forcing him to leave if he doesn’t truly want to, but at least offering a temporary escape from all the drama in their lives. Jimin eventually caves and leaves with Taehyung, but not before casting one last, lingering glance at the pool.

A few hours later the alarm goes off to warn everyone that it’s ten minutes before lights out. Taehyung and Jimin say goodnight to one another when they reach a fork in the hallway, forcing them to part ways.

“Make sure Yoongi is at breakfast tomorrow. He can’t afford to skip another meal.” The unspoken warning is there. If subjects refuse to attend meals a consecutive amount of times they’re brought in for I.D. and force-fed. It’s never a good thing to be scrutinized by the scientists. Their interest in a certain subject can inspire brutal experiments that more often than not kill said subject.

“Don’t worry. He’ll be there, even if I have to drag him to the canteen myself,” Jimin promises.

When Taehyung returns to his room, he’s mildly disappointed to find that it’s still empty, but not entirely surprised. A small part of him had hoped he’d return to find his compatible there waiting for him, but as the hours stretch further and further from their first meeting, he begins to wonder whether the Coats will be generous enough to let him see his compatible again. If Seokjin was perplexed by his bodily reaction, then the scientists must be mystified.

A heavy sigh pushes past his lips as he falls on his bed. His face hits the pillow harder than expected and he winces. “Fucking ow!” he rubs his nose, glaring at his treacherous pillow. It truly is the worse pillow in existence.

The whoosh sound of his door sliding open has him springing up from his bed. “Hey! Don’t you know it’s almost—” he falls short when he sees Dr. Cho at the door flanked by two security guards. His hands appear to be resting on nothing but thin air.

“Good evening, Taehyung.” Taehyung has seen Dr. Cho way too many times today. Did he step into some sort of nightmare simulator?

“Yes, exactly what I’m thinking.” He throws his hands up in one exaggerated sweep. Dr. Cho rolls his eyes before pushing at something—Taehyung suspects it’s still thin air. Has the Coat finally lost his touch?
But then something solid hits the floor and flickers visible. Sickly thin arms and legs come into sight along with a navy blue shirt and shorts—the colour of the Defensive Faction. It’s a boy, his head of chestnut brown hair lowered, covering his face.

“No sexual intercourse,” Dr. Cho says sternly. “If we catch you on the cameras coming anywhere close to sex, we’ll separate you permanently. Is that clear?”


“I’ll be seeing the both of your at trials tomorrow,” is all Dr. Cho says before turning and striding away, the security guards following. The door to his room slides closed, and Taehyung just stands there and gapes at the door with utter confusion.

Then he remembers the boy on the floor. “Hey—um, you OK there?”

He reaches to place a hand on the boy’s shoulder, only for the other to snap his head up to look at him, their eyes meeting. Taehyung’s hand freezes midway, his heart slamming into his throat and leaving him breathless. The boy has big, azure blue eyes, just like his own. He has a creamy pale face with small, rose coloured lips, dark lashes, a sharp jaw line and… a nose that’s narrow at the bridge but widens at the nostrils…

“Jungkook.” The names falls like a petal from a dying tulip, easily, naturally. “Your name is Jungkook.”

The boy blinks, his cheeks glowing and his skin turning semi-transparent. That’s when Taehyung figures it out: Jungkook can turn invisible. He’s a defensive subject. Quiet, discreet, timid… the exact opposite of Taehyung. “You… you bear the Harmony symbol, don’t you?”

Jungkook slowly nods.

“Oh God—I thought they wouldn’t let me see you again!” Taehyung laughs happily, reaching the rest of the way to touch Jungkook’s face. But Jungkook doesn’t respond the way Taehyung expects. He flinches away, vanishing entirely, and Taehyung stands there stunned at the extreme response. He straightens, looking around for where Jungkook might have gone. “I’m sorry! Don’t disappear on me! I was just excited; I didn’t mean to scare you! I’m Taehyung—you’ve met me before, remember? Early today? We were blindfolded…?”
A flicker of colour on the room’s white canvas appears in the corner, Jungkook becoming semi-visible again. He’s curled up in a meek ball, his arms hugging his knees and he looks guarded. Very guarded.


“That’s right!” Taehyung grins, striking his “good guy” pose with exaggerated movement.

Jungkook smiles behind his arms before the colour of his skin, hair and eyes bleed back into full colour with his clothes. Taehyung sees this as a good sign, approaching Jungkook for a second time, only this time with less zealous aggression. He holds out his hand for Jungkook to take, presenting his cheesiest smile that not even someone as frosty as Yoongi could resist. Jungkook looks at Taehyung’s hand, then gazes up at Taehyung’s face, and he tries his very best not to melt into a puddle of goo at how pretty Jungkook’s eyes are. They’re like twin pools of crystal water, sparkly and gorgeous.

Very tentatively, Jungkook places his hand in Taehyung’s. Jungkook’s hands are not quite as small as Jimin’s, but definitely smaller than his. They’re soft and well proportioned, especially when compared to Taehyung’s toughed calluses. He helps Jungkook up to his feet, and finds they’re almost the same height—Jungkook being that tiny bit shorter than him.

“So you—uh… you just turned nineteen, right? You’ve never been to the adult ward before?” Taehyung attempts conversation to try and distract from the fact that holding hands is way more enjoyable than it should logically be.

Jungkook shakes his head. “It’s… it’s different,” he admits honestly.

Taehyung nods his head in understanding. The children’s ward is very different from the adult ward. When subjects are young, the main focus is on healthy growth and development. They usually sleep in shared rooms of up to twelve other kids, they get to learn and play for most of the day, with routine tests kept to a minimum, and are constantly surrounded by colours, picture books and toys. It gets a little old when subjects hit adolescence sure, but once you’re thrown into the adult ward you’d do anything to have all that colour and freedom back in your life. Because once you’re an adult, playtime ends, and all that matters are results.

“I’m not going to lie to you, Kookie—can I call you Kookie?” Jungkook nods shyly and Taehyung continues, “This place sucks. Hard. On sour lollipops. I hope you like the colour white
because that’s all you’ll see from now on. Oh—also, that door leads to the bathroom.”

“At… least we have more bathroom privacy?” Jungkook tries with a dash of optimism. Taehyung grins and nods.

“Yep! You don’t have to worry about kiddies trying to get into the bathroom while you’re in there that’s for sure!”

Jungkook giggles into the palm of his hand. “That was a little annoying.”

“Couple days here and you’ll start to miss the children’s ward. Trust me—I’d give anything to be a kid again in this hell hole.” Jungkook’s expression stiffens with worry and Taehyung decides he doesn’t like that expression. “Don’t worry though! It’s easier when you have friends!”

“Friends?”

He nods rapidly. “Uh-huh. I have a whole group of friends who are dying to meet you! I mean—I’m pretty sure they were convinced I didn’t have a compatible and that I’d die alone on some lab table. But now—now I have you! I don’t have to be alone anymore!”

“We don’t have to be alone anymore,” Jungkook corrects. Taehyung pauses, stares, and then grins so wide his face starts to hurt.

“That’s right!”

Jungkook smiles and blushes and it’s cute. Really fucking cute. The corners of his eyes crinkle and his lashes tickle at his cheeks and not for the first time today Taehyung is speechless. He’s so caught up in just how real Jungkook is that he doesn’t notice the lights flickering until they go out completely. Jungkook’s hand tightens in Taehyung’s hold. He can feel the other step closer to him, his other hand bunching into the material at the back of Taehyung’s shirt.

“What just happened?”

Taehyung groans. “It’s lights out. I completely forgot.”
“I—I haven’t brushed my teeth yet.”

“Hang on.” He holds out his free hand and focuses energy into his palm, producing a ball of green light that easily lights up the contained space of the bedroom.

Jungkook gasps, his features soft against the glow of energy. “That’s—that’ amazing, Tae—can I call you Tae?”

Taehyung laughs, squeezing Jungkook’s hand. “Of course.”

He guides Jungkook into the bathroom. “I don’t think they’ve brought over an extra toothbrush yet,” he says, looking at the plastic cup on the sink only containing a single toothbrush.

“Do you… do you mind if I use yours?” Jungkook asks as though expecting flat-out rejection.

Taehyung nods. “Yeah sure—toothpaste is here,” he gestures to the plastic holder and Jungkook nods.

It’s strange, Taehyung thinks as Jungkook starts brushing his teeth. Never had he imagined that one day he’d be sharing his toothbrush with someone he barely even knows. It doesn’t fill him with disgust as it probably would if any other person in the world were using it. It sort of gives him a weird, fuzzy feeling.

He decides not to explore this feeling before it gets too weird. Jungkook finishes, washing his mouth out with the water and then Taehyung guides him back into the main room.

“This is your bed.” Jungkook presses his palm against the futon and makes a face. Taehyung laughs. “Yeah it’s nothing special. You’ll get used to it though.”

It doesn’t take long to fix up the bed, and once Jungkook is under the covers Taehyung makes his way over to his own. He kills the energy and the light goes out, engulfing the room in darkness. As Taehyung lies down, pulling the sheets up to his chin, he hears Jungkook murmur, “Goodnight, Tae.”
Taehyung’s heart skips a beat, his eyes brimming with emotion. “Goodnight, Kookie.”

“I don’t know about this, Tae,” Jungkook utters nervously as his eyes dart around the food hall. Morning has finally come, and Taehyung, for the first time in a long time, found a legitimate reason to get out of bed this morning.

Jungkook had looked adorably confused when the light had abruptly come on, sitting up with his hair ruffled messily and his eyes swollen. Taehyung had let Jungkook shower first, eager to be an absolute gentleman. Once they were both groomed and ready the alarm went off for breakfast.

“It’ll be fine, Kookie. My friends are really nice.” They hold hands as they weave their way over to the breakfast line. It’d taken a while to convince Jungkook to come to breakfast so Taehyung assumes all his friends are already sitting down at one of the tables.

A chuckle escapes Taehyung’s lips when Jungkook gets to the front of the line, gazing down upon the claylike substance like it is the most disgusting thing he’s ever seen. He drapes an arm across Jungkook’s shoulders, grinning. “Exquisite, isn’t it?”

“What is this?” Jungkook picks up a plate and a spoon and pokes at the questionable bits of gelatine sticking out of it.

“That, my dear, is what happens when you throw in a bunch of nutrients and minerals and forget to add artificial flavouring. I hope you like it, because you’ll be having it for breakfast, lunch and dinner for the rest of your life,” Taehyung informs cheerfully, grabbing a plate for himself.

“Maybe I’ll just skip out on breakfast today…”

“No can do, Kookie. You’re skinnier than a popsicle stick, you need to eat more.” Taehyung stops Jungkook from trying to put the plate back on the conveyor belt and quickly ushers him away.
“I—I’m skinny? What about you?”

“Hey, I don’t skip my meals. I can’t help it if I’m naturally lean.”

“Well maybe I’m naturally lean too?”

“I wouldn’t mistake lean for gaunt.”

Jungkook pouts but doesn’t argue further. Taehyung spots the tangy orange of Hoseok’s hair and the glinting silver of Jimin’s and quickly steers them in that direction. He holds Jungkook’s hand just to make sure he doesn’t try and disappear on him.

Seokjin sees him first, waving him over with a smile. Taehyung grins when he sees Yoongi’s jet-black hair. Looks like Jungkook will get to meet the whole gang in one go—that makes things easy!

Taking a dramatic step before his table of friends, he presents them with his award-worthy smile. “Gooooooodmorning my fellow chaps! It is with great pleasure that I introduce to you my one and only compatible, Jungkookie!”

He’s met with unexpected silence and confused expression and his face falls. He inclines his head to find Jungkook has turned completely invisible, making it look as though he’s grabbing at air.

“Oh God, Jungkook is a figure of Taehyung’s imagination, isn’t he?” Hoseok squawks.

Jimin leans into his ear, eying Taehyung weirdly. “Dude I think his crushing loneliness has finally driven him mad.”

“No—guys, he’s here, he’s just invisible,” Taehyung assures quickly. “Come on, Kookie. I told you they’re nice. You don’t have any reason to be shy.”

Seokjin looks worried. “Uh, Taehyung?”
“I’m telling you, he’s standing right next to me!” Taehyung insists impatiently.

“Taehyung is right.” All eyes fall to Namjoon, who gazes at the seemingly empty space beside Taehyung. The boy stands up from his seat and makes his way around the table, standing a foot away from where Jungkook supposedly is. He simpers kindly, “There’s no reason to be afraid, little one. You are Taehyung’s compatible, so we’re already inclined to like you.”

The others at the table stare in awe as Namjoon reaches out, his fingers brushing Jungkook’s arm. There’s a flicker of pigment that disrupts the space beside Taehyung, and then slowly, Jungkook reveals himself before the eyes of his friends. He bows his head shyly. His cheeks delicately pink. Taehyung squeezes Jungkook’s hand and the boy casts him a side-glance. He watches as the fear on Jungkook’s face slowly washes away, replaced with something else that Taehyung can’t quite identify.

“Nice to meet you, Jungkook. My name is Namjoon.” Namjoon holds out his hand to the younger boy.

“Oh, um…” Jungkook tries to figure out how to shake Namjoon’s hand when both of his hands are occupied and Taehyung laughs.

“Here, give me your plate.” Taehyung lets go of Jungkook’s hand to take his plate, placing both his and Jungkook’s plates on the table side by side.

Jungkook attempts a smile, shaking Namjoon’s hand. “N-nice to meet you too—um, hyung?”

Namjoon nods. “Yes, I’m your hyung. In fact—everyone here is your hyung.”

Jungkook realizes this fact to be quite obvious, seeing as he was only transferred to the adult ward yesterday, and retracts his hand in embarrassment.

Jimin makes a keening noise as Taehyung guides Jungkook to sit down beside Yoongi, his hands at his cheeks and his bottom lip pulled between his teeth. “Taehyungie! He’s fucking adorable!”

Taehyung sits to Jungkook’s left, placing a supportive hand on Jungkook’s knee. “Isn’t he? Jungkookie’s shy though so don’t be too weird.”
Hoseok gasps. “Are you asking us not to be *ourselves*? Taehyung, how could you?”

“Okay, so Pumpkin Head over there is Hoseok, and the one making weird gurgling noises is Jimin. Don’t let their weirdness put you off though. Once you get to know them they’re tolerable.”

“Hey! I’m loveable,” Hoseok sniffs, sticking his nose in the hair with a sour look on his face.

Jimin doesn’t seem to be even listening to Taehyung as he reaches across the table to try and grab Jungkook’s hand. Jungkook let’s Jimin pat his hand, albeit feeling a little awkward about it. It’s clear he wants to leave a good impression on Taehyung’s friends, and Taehyung appreciates that.

“You’ve already met Namjoon—” the telepath waves as he sits back down in his seat “—and the man next to him is Seokjin-hyung. He’s the oldest in the group.”

Seokjin smiles kindly. ‘Taehyung talked about you nonstop at dinner last night. You’ve made quite the impression on him.”

“Y-yeah?” Jungkook glances coyly at Taehyung and he grins, shrugging as if to say he couldn’t help himself. Which he couldn’t. Because having Jungkook as his compatible is the best thing ever.

“Of course, my widdle Jellybean!” Jungkook’s whole face lights up at the nickname. Half the table is either gushing or incredibly disgusted.

“Nawww, *Jellybean!”* Jimin squeals and Hoseok screams and throws his arms around Jimin like a monkey.

“Vulgar.” They both incline their heads to the less than amiable mutant sitting beside Jungkook.

Taehyung grins, throwing his arm around Jungkook. “This is Yoongi. He’s a bit of grouch, but he’s a lovable grouch, so it’s OK.”

Jungkook blinks and leans forward slightly with a look of utter fascination. Yoongi pulls a face, leaning further back to get as much distance between himself and the kid as possible. “Um, what
are you doing?"

Belatedly his compatible realizes what he’s doing and quickly backs away, looking a little sheepish. “Sorry. It’s just—I’ve never sat so close to a mutant before.”

The whole table tenses, Taehyung included. Yoongi face stiffens. “So what? You enjoying the freak show or should I fucking move?”

Jungkook, surprisingly, ignores the bite in Yoongi’s words, his eyes falling to the gills on the sides of Yoongi’s neck. “You can breathe underwater.”

Yoongi is a little thrown off by this, his lips pulled tight in confusion. “Yeah?”

“You must be a good swimmer then too.”

“What’s your point, kid?”

Jungkook shrugs, turning back to his food, moving it around on his plate. “Nothing, I just think it’s cool, that’s all. I can’t swim. It must be a nice skill to have.”

Yoongi stares at Jungkook like the boy just grew an extra head. “You think I’m cool?”

The angry and reproachful tone is gone, replaced by incredulity. Mutants don’t have it easy, neither in childhood nor adulthood. As if being a subject weren’t bad enough, mutants are often the victims of bullying, discrimination and ostracization amongst other subjects. Yoongi has become very accustom to disgust and hatred over the years, so for someone he barely knows to look upon him with admiration is something he’s unfamiliar with.

“Mutants are cool. I-I mean,” Jungkook blushes, “cooler than the rest of us anyway. We’re all special on the inside, but mutants are special on the inside and the outside.”

“There’s nothing cool or special about being a mutant,” Yoongi mumbles distastefully under his breath.
“My nursemaid once told me that if you believe you’re special, then you are special.”

Yoongi pauses. “Do you believe you’re special, kid?”

“I believe everyone is special in their own right,” Jungkook murmurs softly, gently, as though understand the underlining pain in Yoongi’s voice.

Yoongi looks at Jungkook and then back at his food. He scoops some up onto his spoon and puts it in his mouth. Judging by the amount of food on his plate, it must be the first bite he’s taken this morning. “You’re alright, kid.”

Jungkook rubs his inflamed cheeks as though willing them to cool down. Taehyung gazes upon Jungkook in absolute awe, and the others around the table share matching grins. Jimin leans over the table and whispers, “I like him,” into Taehyung’s ear.

“So what can all of you do?” Jungkook attempts to change the subject, still looking very embarrassed.

“Oh right!” Taehyung shakes his head. “Completely forgot. Jimin can turn into animals and Hoseok-hyung into other people. Namjoon-hyung is telepathic—which is how he knew you were standing beside me. Seokjin-hyung is a level 5 healer—best in his faction—and well, Yoongi is amphibious.”

Jungkook giggles. “We have at least one person from each faction at our table.”

They all glance at one another’s uniforms before coming to the realization. The only missing faction was the Defensive Faction, but now that Jungkook is here, they have every faction covered—Psychics, Shapeshifters, Mutants, Healers, Offensive and Defensive. They’ve hit faction bingo!

“Woah, that’s awesome!” Taehyung grins.

“Is invisibility a defensive move?” Hoseok scratches his chin. “I would’ve thought you’d suit better in our faction.”
“Invisibility… isn’t my only ability,” Jungkook admits tentatively, fearing the unwanted attention it may bring. The table makes a chorus of impression “ooh’s” and Jungkook sinks further into his shoulders.

“So you’re just like Taehyung, then,” Namjoon comments.

Jungkook turns to Taehyung. “You have a second ability too?”

Taehyung nods, picking up his spoon and clearing his throat. “Observe.”

Using the pad of his thumb he applies a tiny amount of pressure to the neck of his spoon, willing it to bend as seamlessly as wet clay. Jungkook blinks in surprise before plucking it from Taehyung’s fingers, testing the spoon for himself to see if it would somehow bend to his will. It doesn’t, of course, and Jungkook gets a feel for how powerful Taehyung truly is.

“So you have super strength and the light thingy you showed me last night?” Jungkook looks close to pouting at how unfair life is. It makes Taehyung chuckle.

“I can throw spheres of searing hot light that can cut through steel and also shoot it from my eyes too, but you know—it’s not a big deal.”

Hoseok rolls his eyes. “Here he goes again.”

“You know it’s only going to get worse now that Jungkookie’s around,” says Jimin.

“Guys, shhh! I want to know Jungkook’s second ability.” Seokjin pinches Hoseok’s ear and the orange-haired boy whines.

“It’s nothing to brag about.” Jungkook shrugs. “I can conjure shields around myself to protect me from physical attacks.”

“Um, that’s sounds like something you should absolutely brag about,” Jimin deadpans.

“Interesting,” Namjoon murmurs to himself. Namjoon is prone to muttering things under his breath though, so he goes ignored by the rest of the table.
After breakfast Jungkook and Taehyung go back to their room to check their schedules. An extra towel and a new toothbrush have also been placed at the foot of Jungkook’s bed.

“See? I told you my friends are nice!” Taehyung singsongs as he scans through his daily schedule. “So what extra-curricular activities did you choose?”

“I chose dodge ball and CPR classes,” Jungkook’s voice echoes from the bathroom.

“Oh cool, I’m in CPR. Maybe we could be partners, hey?” Taehyung says in a suggestive voice. Jungkook’s light giggle travels across the room and Taehyung can’t help but grin giddily at the harmonious sound.

Taehyung’s eyes pause on trials. “Huh.”

Jungkook re-enters the room after putting his toothbrush and towel away, coming up behind Taehyung to look over his shoulder. “What is it?”

“The room where my trials are being held—I’ve never been there before.”

“It’s not a room I know either.” Jungkook checks his own schedule. “Hey—mine’s being held at the same place!”

“No way.” Jungkook shows Taehyung his timetable and, sure enough, the same room is printed under trials.

“What do you think this means, Tae?”

“I’m not too sure, but it can’t mean anything good.”
They don’t tell the others that they won’t be going to the usual place for trials. When Jimin asks, Taehyung simply shrugs and says they’ll about it later. Jungkook tries to distract himself by getting to know the other members. He still acts a little shy, but at least he isn’t stuttering or blushing as much as he had been during breakfast. Jungkook learns that Namjoon and Seokjin are compatible, both bearing the Spirit symbol. Jimin talks about having the Beast symbol and explains Hoseok’s Illusion and Yoongi’s Disorder symbol too. Jungkook listens and learns with rapt attention, genuinely interested in what his friends are telling him. It makes Taehyung relax a little. He didn’t doubt that Jungkook would get along with his friends, but seeing him blend so easily with them is a sight that warms his heart.

Walking down the long stretch of a bare, white hallway towards trials unsettles him. There aren’t any other subjects around other than he and Jungkook, meaning they’ll likely be the only two subjects to be assigned to this room today. Jungkook slips his hand into Taehyung’s, lacing their fingers together as if he’s been doing it for years. That’s the thing about being compatible with Jungkook though. It feels like they’ve been together for years. The comfort and joy Taehyung feels when Jungkook looks at him, when Jungkook touches him is something deeper than romance or friendship. It’s an unbreakable connection.

“Whatever happens, we have each other now,” he tells Jungkook as they approach the door, more as a way to reassure himself than his companion. Jungkook squeezes his hand.

Taehyung opens the door and enters a room about half the size of the gymnasium where normal trials are held. It’s still large, large enough to cause an echo as they enter. The walls and the ceiling are padded and the floors are polished wood, with a large window and a door off to the side that no doubt leads to an observation room.

A Coat enters from the other door and Taehyung isn’t surprised to see Dr. Cho. He pretty much expects it now. “Good afternoon, Taehyung, Jungkook. You have both shown outstanding results since your first interaction with one another yesterday, which brings me to why you were both assigned to this room today. Room NW13 is a room where we run private trials for subjects we are interested in focusing more thoroughly on. Tomorrow, your trials will continue as normal, but for today, we would like you to do something a little different.”

Taehyung shares a worries look with Jungkook.

“Today the both of you will be pitted against each other to test your skills and abilities. You’re both genetically designed to complement one another—our most powerful offensive subject and our stealthiest defensive subject. Today’s objective will be to beat the other in combat with nothing but your powers. If our predictions are correct, neither of you will be capable of beating the other.”
“Wait, you want me to fight Jungkook?” Taehyung blanches. He can hardly believe his own ears. “You can’t be serious.”

“Very serious. Refusal will end in punishment. You don’t want me separating the both of you again, do you? We’ve done it before, we can certainly do it again.” The tone in Dr. Cho’s voice is enough to extinguish Taehyung’s will to protest. He can’t lose Jungkook, not now that he finally has him in his life. “You shouldn’t be afraid of hurting your compatible, Taehyung. You’ve never faced an opponent like Jungkook before, and Jungkook in turn has never faced an opponent like you.”

“When do we start?”

“The second I’m back behind this door.” Dr. Cho knocks the back of his knuckles against it just to punctuate this point. Then he turns, placing his hand on the doorknob. “You will only stop when we say so, understood?”

The Coat doesn’t even wait for their answer before disappearing. The door closes, and the both of them are alone. Jungkook slips his hand out from Taehyung’s and he turns to the younger boy in surprise.

Jungkook smiles apologetically. “Taehyung… I don’t want to fight you, but if it means losing you then we have no other choice.”

Taehyung swallows and agrees, albeit reluctantly. He usually enjoys fighting, but the thought of potentially hurting Jungkook is almost too much for him to bear. Jungkook walks to one side of the room, and Taehyung assumes the other, naturally falling into a fighting stance.

“Don’t hold back,” Jungkook calls out sternly.

“You too,” Taehyung yells back. They smile at each other, and Taehyung thinks maybe it won’t be so bad.

Then Jungkook disappears. Taehyung blinks rapidly and pouts. “No fair!”

He hears Jungkook laughs. “It’s not meant to be fair, Tae.”
Taehyung tsks and gathers energy into the palm of his hand, throwing a sphere in the direction where he thinks Jungkook’s voice is coming from. He hears Jungkook curse, but the sphere ends up hitting the back wall and leaving incineration marks on the padding.

Jungkook seems to have learnt his lesson quickly and decides not to make any further comments that may potentially give away his location. Taehyung remains still, listening carefully, but Jungkook is so quiet. Jungkook’s powers oddly complement his powers effortlessly, much like Taehyung’s powers complement his own. He tries to imagine which angle Jungkook would come from—would he come from the right or the left? He doesn’t think Jungkook would come from the centre, but he might be patient enough to try and get him from behind.

He figures there’s only one way to truly reveal Jungkook’s location, and that’s by shooting spheres from both sides of the room at rapid speeds. The action creates smoke, disturbing his vision, but when it clears all he can see are the scorch marks he’s left behind. Jungkook isn’t in front of him.

Quickly barreling to the side he sends a sphere in the vicinity behind him. It hits something that ripples blue light. A shield. He throws himself in that direction, only for his arms to meet with nothing more thin air. Taehyung looks around in confusion before he feels a tap to his shoulder. He spins around; arms up and ready with a sphere of light hot and glowing in his palms, but his eyes are met with nothing but emptiness.

Taehyung smirks. “I never pegged you as a tease, Kookie.”

“Maybe you should get to know me better than,” a voice whispers to his right.

His limbs move automatically, shooting in the direction of the voice. He’s struck with a moment’s regret, worrying that perhaps Jungkook was too close to deflect the attack, but is proven wrong when Jungkook’s shield shows its full form as a large, blue semi-dome around where he stands, now completely visible. Taehyung’s spheres have little to no effect on Jungkook’s shield. It ripples, but stabilizes ten times faster than Taehyung can shoot.

Jungkook crosses his arms over his chest, grinning proudly. “You’re going to have to try better than that.”

They go at it for hours, dodging, ducking, shooting, punching, kicking, diving—they manage to land a few hits here and there, sure, but nothing serious enough to warrant a victory or a defeat. Taehyung isn’t able to hit Jungkook once with his light spheres. It appears Jungkook’s shield is a
response that reacts automatically rather than conjured consciously, which makes it a lot harder to
get to him. It’s impossible to break or overpower, and with Jungkook’s invisibility adding icing to
the cake he’s almost impossible to get to. The only method Taehyung can admit to actually
working is the element of surprise. If Jungkook can’t anticipate his next move, Taehyung has the
advantage.

However, Jungkook reads his moves too, catching on quickly. It becomes obvious that Taehyung
is not very good at defense, which would be expected for an offensive subject with no
predetermined defensive skills or abilities, and Jungkook works this to his advantage. His shield
doesn’t just act as a protective barrier. If Taehyung’s close enough, it can knock him straight off
his feet, sometimes sending him a few feet away if he isn’t careful.

Eventually, it’s pure exhaustion that gets the better of them. Four hours. The Coats made them
fight for *four hours straight*. By the end of it Jungkook is leaning against the wall, drenched in
sweat and panting for air. Taehyung is on his butt a few meters away, his legs cross and his back
hunched.

As Dr. Cho predicted, neither of them could beat the other. They’re too evenly matched.

The next morning Taehyung and Jungkook drag themselves to the food hall. It’s been a long time
since either of them have worked so hard. Taehyung’s just glad that things will be back to normal
today, because at least during normal trials they get to have bathroom and water breaks between
sessions.

Despite how much he loathed what happened yesterday afternoon, he’s at least glad to have a feel
for Jungkook’s abilities now. If *he* can’t penetrate Jungkook’s shields then no one else in the entire
facility can, so he won’t have to worry about Jungkook going up against other subjects this
afternoon. He can just stand on the sidelines and be supportive (and maybe cheat so that Jungkook
can win easily). He also can’t wait for the others to see Jungkook’s abilities in action. They’ll be
really impressed.

“Woah. You two look awful,” Hoseok comments as Jungkook and Taehyung sit down at the
table.

Jungkook groans and lets his head fall forward onto the table, barely missing his meal in the
“Everything hurts.”

“What the Hell did they make you do during trials yesterday?”

Taehyung tries to lift his spoon with two hands, sniffing. “They pit us against one another and we had to fight for hours without a break. I can’t remember the last time my muscles hurt this much.”

“Wait, wait, Jungkook put up a fight against you?” Jimin asks disbelievingly, dropping his spoon back into his breakfast. “But—Tae! I thought no one could best you in combat!”

Sharing a glance with a blushing Jungkook has Taehyung smiling giddily. “Yeah, I guess you could say I finally met my match.”

Yoongi, Hoseok and Jimin collectively groan in disgust, but Seokjin and Namjoon remain awkwardly silent. Taehyung notices it immediately. The pair is sitting opposite ends of the table, which almost never happens, unless…

“Seokjin-hyung?” The boy in question looks up from his food, his expression tight. “Is everything OK?”

“Fine, fine.” Seokjin looks back at his food distantly. Taehyung’s lips thin into a grim line.

“It happened again, didn’t it?”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“But hyung—”

Namjoon stands up suddenly and walks away, taking his plate with him over to the trash. Seokjin sighs, resting his cheek against his fist. Jungkook looks around the table in confusion, a slew of questions flitting across his big, round eyes. Taehyung squeezes his thigh, leaning in.

“We’ll talk about it later.”
Jungkook nods and obediently stays quiet. Hoseok and Jimin attempt to continue conversation, but the vibe has long since died. Breakfast finishes prematurely and they all split off, shuffling awkwardly back to their own rooms.

“What was that all about?” Jungkook sits on the bed. His expression is adorably concerned, and it brings a smile to Taehyung’s face. Jungkook barely knows his friends but still finds it in himself to sincerely care for them.

Taehyung sits on his bed facing Jungkook, thumbing the edge of his schedule. “Well, I suppose you should know about our group a little more. You’ll be spending a lot of time with them in the future, so it’s best you hear it from me than have to face unexpected moments of awkwardness.”

Jungkook bobs his head, his fringe bouncing just above his eyes. “Of course.”

“As you know, Namjoon and Seokjin-hyung are compatible, but they aren’t exactly romantically involved with one another. They like to keep their relationship platonic, and that would be all well and fine if the scientists let it be that way. But they don’t. Since Seokjin and Namjoon have this connection they often exploit it and well—sometimes, they’re forced to have sex.”

“Oh…” Jungkook looks down at his hands, turning slightly rigid.

“I’m telling you this because it’s important for you to know. The tests and experiments they run here aren’t like the ones conducted in the children’s ward. Here you’ll be forced to participate in things you might not agree to or might make you uncomfortable, but you won’t have a choice in the matter. But you understand that, don’t you?”

Jungkook makes a noise of agreement, as soft and uncertain as ever. Taehyung softens and he stands, placing his schedule aside to take Jungkook’s hands in his own. Jungkook looks up at him with a disheartened expression, and Taehyung can feel it. He can feel what Jungkook is feeling. Logically this should surprise him, but it doesn’t.

“It’s OK. If we’re together, everything should work out in the end.”

“Have you ever been forced to have sex with another person?” Taehyung stares at Jungkook, stunned by the question.
“I…” He considers, for a brief moment, to lie. It would be so easy for him to fabricate the truth. Maybe if he could convince Jungkook that he’s never had to have sex with another person against his will, he could convince himself that it didn’t happen too. But looking into Jungkook’s sweet, round eyes Taehyung knows he can’t lie. No matter how badly he wants to. It wouldn’t be fair. “A couple of times, yes.”

Jungkook’s lips pull together. Hesitantly, he threads their fingers together and Taehyung looks down at their linked hands, marveling at the perfectly laced digits. “I’m so sorry.”

“I was the only subject in the adult ward without a compatible. I guess they were hoping for some results if I did it with subjects from other genetic groups.”

“Taehyung does this mean…” Jungkook gulps. “Does this mean we might have to…”

He squeezes his eyes closed, his jaw clenching. “Jungkook you know we’ll have to do it eventually—under their terms, not ours. I’m sorry—I’m really, really sorry. But there’s nothing I can say or do that’ll change their minds. Eventually, they’ll want to see what happens and we’ll have no choice but to submit.”

Jungkook allows the silence to linger for a thoughtful moment before poking the tip of Taehyung’s nose. Taehyung blinks, his eyebrows arched in surprise. Jungkook smiles sweetly at him. “It’ll be OK. As long as it’s with you, I know it’ll be OK.”

Taehyung pokes Jungkook’s nose, grinning. “I think so too.”

After routine morning tests Taehyung has CPR. Ordinarily this would ruin his day, but knowing Jungkook’s going to be there changes his outlook drastically. He’s not going to admit to looking forward to CPR lessons, because that would be admitting to being masochistic and Taehyung definitely isn’t a masochist. But he is looking forward to seeing Jungkook, spending time with him, being by his side. It isn’t just about the chemical reaction he feels when their fingers brush, it’s also about how Jungkook looks at him and how he smiles and how he speaks. He wants to be with Jungkook and it’s strange and addictive and—if he’s being honest, a little scary too.

Taehyung spots Jungkook standing off to the side of the pool once he arrives. He’s watching the other subjects taking the class swim around and splash each other, dunking each other under and being over all silly. He brushes their fingers together, grinning when Jungkook looks up at him with a knowing smile.
“Why aren’t you joining the others?” he asks as he sits down on the bench behind them. Jungkook sits down with him, looking a little embarrassed.

“I can’t swim.”

“Oh shit—that’s right. Forgot about that. Well, knowing how to swim isn’t a prerequisite for this class. Subjects just do it as an excuse to have fun mostly.”

“You can go and swim for a little bit if you want to. I don’t mind.”

“Are you kidding? If I get wet I’ll be forced to smell like chlorine until tomorrow morning. I’d much rather stay here with you.”

Jungkook blushes and looks away, but not before Taehyung can catch the smile that touches his lips.

“OK, enough stuffing around guys,” Woohyun orders, thumbing at the whistle around his neck as though to remind everybody of his position as class leader.

Those that are in the pool whine and make a fuss as they pull themselves out, but Woohyun more or less ignores them as he ushers them into a circle on a tiled area a few feet from the pool. “Now, before we start practice, we’re going to go through some routine trivia. So, who can tell me the most common cause of cardiac arrest in adults?”

“Heart disease,” someone says blandly, because God knows they’ve had this knowledge hammered into them for months now.

“And what percentage is that?”

“70%”

“Good. Now who can tell me the acronym for the basic steps of CPR?”
“DRSABCD,” another nameless face answers.

“That’s seems like a complicated acronym,” Jungkook whispers to Taehyung worriedly.

Taehyung chuckles quietly, resting his chin on Jungkook’s shoulder. “It’s not if you’ve gone over it one-hundred-thousand times.”

“You have not gone over it one-hundred-thousand times.”

“Oh yeah? Watch me answer the next question then.”

“And what does DRSABCD stand for?” Woohyun asks the group.

Taehyung puts his hand up, directing the attention over to him. “Dangers, Response, Send for help, Open airway, Normal breathing, Start CPR and Attach defibrillator.”

“Very good.”

Taehyung flashes a smug smirk in Jungkook’s direction and Jungkook rolls his eyes. A few more questions are answered before Woohyun goes through the steps again in more detail. Taehyung toys with the hair at the back of Jungkook’s head as the younger boy listens closely to the instructions, seeing as it is his first time taking CPR lessons.

“Now everyone get into partners.”

Taehyung place a hand at Jungkook waist, pulling him close to his side and eyeing all the other subjects warily. Jungkook’s face turns a beautiful scarlet that Taehyung decides not to comment on. Bringing attention would probably only embarrass Jungkook further.

“We’re going to line up in a straight line—yes, just like that, good—I’m going to go through the steps with each partner to make sure you’re all following the steps correctly. After you’ve had your turn I want you to go to the back of the line and switch positions with your partner, yeah?”
The line goes quickly. They’ve all done this so many times that they could do it on muscle reflex alone. “I’ll go first so that you know what to do, and then we’ll switch positions, OK?”

Jungkook nibbles on his bottom lip and nods. Taehyung grasps Jungkook’s chin, tilting his head so he’s look at him. “Hey, you’ll be fine. No one’s going to judge you here.”

“Oh—okay.” Jungkook’s eyes are darting to all the people surrounding them. Taehyung gets the sense that Jungkook doesn’t like to be around large crowds of people. Standing here alone is making him fidget and become nervous. He doesn’t say anything though. If they talk about Jungkook just might get more nervous and have an anxiety attack.

Once they get to the front of the line, Taehyung slowly eases Jungkook down with a hand to the back of his head and another gently resting on his stomach. He brushes away some of the strands of hair getting in Jungkook’s eyes, smiling confidently. Jungkook smiles back, but Taehyung can easily tell it’s a forced effort on his part.

“Let’s start with dangers,” Woohyun instructs. “Are there any hazards in the person’s immediate vicinity? Are there any dangers that could potential put you at risk.”

Taehyung plays out the act of looking around and assessing the area. Of course there aren’t any dangers nearby, but Woohyun’s the kind of person who likes to be indulged. Then Taehyung shakes Jungkook gently, calling out his name to see if he responds. Jungkook pretends to be unconscious. Instead of simply saying he contacted help before moving on to the next step, Taehyung actually acts out being on the phone to an operator and speaking in a comically panicked voice. Woohyun doesn’t find it too amusing, but Jungkook can’t resist chuckling in his fake unconscious state.

“Alright that’s enough, Taehyung. On to the next step.”

He pinches Jungkook’s chin with one hand and tilts his head back with the other, gently opening the brunette’s mouth in search of any foreign objects. The whole point is to assume the worst-case scenario during practice, so Taehyung has to assume Jungkook has something foreign in his mouth that needs removing. He tenderly rolls Jungkook onto his side and tilts his head back, mimicking the motion of removing whatever is in Jungkook’s mouth without actually doing the deed. Once the step is completed, he lowers Jungkook onto his back once again, patting his stomach for good measure. Jungkook stifles a giggle.

Step six is checking if the person is breathing. “If the person is breathing, what do you do?”
“Keep them on their side.”

“And if not?”

“Initiate CPR.”

Locking a hand around his wrist and placing it over the lower-half of Jungkook’s breastbone, he can feel the healthy beat of Jungkook’s heart beneath his palm. He can feel it picking up a little speed—is Jungkook nervous?

“How many compressions?”

“30 compressions between mouth-to-mouth.”

“Good. Now please demonstrate how you give mouth-to-mouth.”

He tilts Jungkook’s head back and lifts Jungkook’s chin, lips hovering over lips, pinching the younger boy’s nose to ensure the airway is closed.

“How many breaths?”

“Two.” His lips are so close to Jungkook’s that his breath fans his rose-blemished skin. “Repeat compressions until help arrives and or when AED is available.”

“Good. Back of the line and swap positions.”

Jungkook’s eyes snap open, his pupils dilated. Taehyung smirks as he offers Jungkook a hand, pulling him back up to his feet. Jungkook hides behind the protection of his hand as Taehyung guides him to the back of the line, extremely bashful from the intimacy.

“Maybe next time we could practice mouth-to-mouth for real, eh?” Jungkook smacks Taehyung in the arm and he laughs, shaking his head at how adorable Jungkook is.
It’s like being submerged underwater. He falls front first into a position he’s all too familiar with, the sides of his face pressed against a cushiony surface, his wrists, his ankles, his waist bound…

There’s leather between his teeth, solid, tasteless, buckled at the back of his head, teeth clenching and voice hoarse…

The sweat comes next, breaking out on his forehead and the back of his neck, eyes blown wide. Voices, too many to count, clinical, professional, apathetic…

His torso is exposed.

Gloves fingers dance across skin, something wet—a marker?—dotted between his shoulder blades. Lines, two of them, both the same length…

Then the scalpel… He bites harder. Tries to twist but the bounds are too strong. It cuts deep and blood tears at the opening, swelling, collecting, falling…

It hurts. It hurts so badly.

The needle… the thread… the weight of something heavy…

Then more pain. Pain worse than he could ever imagine.

“Taehyung… Taehyung!”

His eyes shoot open and he’s immediately alert, springing up into a sitting position with a sphere of light ready in the palm of his hand. He’s panting and he’s sweating, his chest rising and falling heavily. But the room is dark and he isn’t bound. His eyes dart restlessly, trying to find something
that isn’t there—anything that might creep out of the shadows and grab him. There’s a presence beside him—warm, comforting, safe. Familiar eyes and a familiar face stare back at him under the glow of his energy, soft, worried, afraid.

Shoulders sagging, he realizes it was all just a dream. Just a nightmare.

“Taehyung…” Jungkook whispers, reaching out for his hand. He squeezes it, and Taehyung immediately feels better. “I can sense it. I can feel your heart beating… You were struggling and crying, Tae…” Jungkook sounds pained even mentioning it.

“But Jungkook, it’s OK…” he murmurs, forcing himself to be nonchalant. “Just, go back to bed. You need to regain your strength for tomorrow’s trials.”

But Jungkook has other plans. He starts nudging him, sitting on the edge of the bed with a leg underneath the covers. “Move over.”

It’s tempting for Taehyung to just write the whole experience off as something trivial, as something that doesn’t deserve attention, but Jungkook seems to know better. He doesn’t think Jungkook would give up on the subject no matter how determined he’d be to bury it. Because if there’s one redeeming factor to Jungkook’s naturally shy demeanor is that once he’s set his mind on something, there’s no swaying him. He’s stubborn—adorably stubborn, in Taehyung’s opinion, but also frustratingly unwavering. It’s something to be admired. And aggravated by.

So, instead of going with the natural impulse nagging at the back of his mind, Taehyung moves over. Jungkook slips in alongside him. The futon is narrow, but considering they’re both tiny, fitting the both of them is a feat easily achieved. Jungkook tugs at Taehyung’s wrist, telling him to switch off the light and lie down with him. He knows it isn’t a trick of the light when Jungkook’s face goes bright red, even if he’s determined to see this through. Taehyung coos, allowing the energy in his palm to fizzle and dissipate, engulfing the both of them in darkness. He adjusts his position so that his arms drape comfortably around Jungkook’s frame, and Jungkook curls into him, his soft breath hitting Taehyung’s Adam’s apple.

“Tell me about your dream,” the younger probes gently. Taehyung’s fingers somehow find the back of Jungkook’s head, carding softly through his silky hair.

“Slip your hand under my shirt.”

“What?”
He snatches up Jungkook’s hand, guiding it under the fabric of his shirt. At first he can feel the mild stiffness in Jungkook’s movements, apprehensive and uncertain, but Taehyung is patient with him, guiding him past his waist and up the stretch of his spine. Jungkook’s fingers graze the scars and he seizes in shock, a gasp falling from his lips.

“What—what is that?”

He goes back to playing with Jungkook’s hair, calm and collected. Jungkook’s fingers slide over his scars, feeling every curve and dip of disfigured flesh. “Ever since I was born, the Coats were convinced I could fly. They told me I was genetically designed to fly, but as my development progressed, it became apparent that I couldn’t. I think they were mad—they felt humiliated by the error in my genetic coding, but sought to convince themselves otherwise. At first, they put me through a couple of harmless tests to see if it would trigger my ability to fly, but when that didn’t go according to plan, they resorted to different methods.”

Jungkook is quiet—tooo quiet. But Taehyung continues nevertheless.

“They figured if I couldn’t fly naturally, maybe my ability could be trigger unaturally. So they designed a pair of artificial wings in the hopes that something—anything would happen. Instead all it led to was a nasty infection and a lot of pain. They had no choice to remove them soon after but… the impact never really left.”

“I’m sorry, Tae. I’m sorry you had to go through this alone.”

His knuckles brush the soft plains of Jungkook’s cheek and neck, treating him with the utmost of affection. “It could’ve been worse. I could’ve been born a mutant.”

“Why?” Jungkook asks fearfully. “What happens when you’re a mutant?”

“They cut you open. They did it to Yoongi-hyung when he was first transferred to the adult ward. Something about seeing the internal functions and how they differ from normal subjects—or something like that, I dunno. Hyung doesn’t like to talk about it.”

“That’s awful…” There’s a pause as Jungkook slips his hand out from underneath Taehyung’s shirt. He reaches up to tenderly cup the side of Taehyung’s face. “But there’s something I should tell you…”
“Hm?”

“I—I think the scientists… I think they thought I could fly too.”

Taehyung’s fingers pause for only a moment before continuing to stroke Jungkook’s hair. If the younger boy notices it, he doesn’t mention it. “Is that so…”

“When I was younger they used to run tests on me—tests that don’t have anything to do with my actual abilities. They would make me jump from high places onto pillows and jump on a trampoline for hours to see if anything would happen… I didn’t think much of it at the time but now that you mention it…”

“They probably haven’t mastered the gene yet,” Taehyung concludes hastily. Jungkook doesn’t agree or disagree with him, he just sighs, snuggling further up against Taehyung.

“Maybe.”

“Yeah, maybe…”

The next evening at dinner there’s something bugging Namjoon. He’s constantly looking around, bouncing his knee nervously. If Taehyung didn’t know better Namjoon almost looks like he has committed something illegal—well, at the very least conspired against the guidelines that all subjects are subjected to under the custody of Namdong Seom Institute, anyway.

“There’s something I need to tell you guys,” he says as he shovels a spoonful of stodge into his mouth as a way of trying the appear ‘normal.’ Taehyung doesn’t have the heart to tell him his efforts are in vain. “I overheard some crucial information during trials today. I’m not going to tell you now—too many people around. Meet me in the library during free period—behind the bookcases away from the cameras.”

The rest of them play it off as nothing to keep face. Amongst the hundreds of subjects there are also security guards on standby and cameras covering every corner of the room. If they look like they’re talking about something crucial or important smack bang in the middle of the food court, there isn’t a doubt in Taehyung’s mind that someone will pick up on it and report them.
Taehyung and Jungkook go back to their room first. As Jungkook washes his face in the bathroom, Taehyung fixes his sheets and pillow just to distract himself from the nerves. Namjoon isn’t one to be phased easily. If something is bothering him and it’s big enough to have him acting this jittery, it has to be something important. Going based off of Namjoon’s demeanor alone, it probably isn’t good news either.

“What do think Namjoon-hyung wants to talk about?” Jungkook re-enters, patting down his damp face with a towel.

“I have no idea.” He isn’t willing to share his thoughts on the topic just yet. He doesn’t want to make Jungkook unnecessarily nervous.

Just as they’re about to walk out the door and head to the library, a pair of security guards block their way, along with none other than Taehyung’s most favorite person in the world, Dr. Cho.

“Ah, good. Glad we caught you before you could go wandering off. I’m afraid there’s been a sudden change in your timetables. Your free time has been replaced with an I.D. session,” Dr. Cho politely—and delightedly—informs them, sounding uncomfortably chipper.

Taehyung and Jungkook share a worried glance.

There isn’t any time to inform the others that they won’t be making it to the meeting. Taehyung can’t afford to act suspiciously in front of someone as shrewd as Dr. Cho. So they go with him willingly, following him down long, identical corridors with two guards marching behind them as a reminder to obey. Jungkook clutches Taehyung’s hand as a natural impulse, the physical contact sending waves of comfort through their bodies and calming their heart rates slightly.

They arrive at a door—a familiar door, but Taehyung can’t recall why the door looks so familiar. It isn’t any different from the countless of other doors they just passed, so what’s so special about this particular one…?

Dr. Cho enters first, holding open the door for the both of them. The moment Taehyung steps in, he comes to a realization: this is the room where he first met Jungkook—or at least, an extension of the room anyway. This was where he was blindfolded. The situation evokes a feeling of déjà vu, with a number of Coats standing before a one-way mirror with clipboards in their hands. The only difference between then and now is the monitors set up against a wall. He doesn’t know what they’re for, but he has a harrowing feeling he’s about to find out.
A feeling of dread starts to sink into his stomach as the door is closed behind them. He’s suddenly overcome with the need to pull Jungkook close. Jungkook sways, as though reading his thoughts, pressing up against Taehyung’s side so that they’re shoulder to shoulder. He can feel them—Jungkook’s emotions. It feels like a spring, coiling and coiling inside of him, waiting to snap.

A scientist tells them to hold out their arms. They do so with the hands that aren’t intertwine, refusing to let go of one another.

“These are heart rate bands,” she says as she clamps the bands around their wrists. “They’ll be sending second-by-second updates to these monitors you can see over here—” she motions towards the monitors but Taehyung finds it hard to concentrate. The question of the inevitable is gnawing at the back of his mind, setting his nerves alight and beading sweat at the back of his neck.

“What exactly do you want us to do?” Taehyung forces out sternly. He’s relieved that his voice doesn’t give away how nervous he is, but his efforts are in vain. Every skip and bound of his heart beat shows up on that monitor now. They can tell he’s anxious—Dr. Cho knows he’s anxious. The concept is more violating than he initially assumed.

The scientist smiles at them with a hint of sympathy, but it’s hard to tell behind her thick-rimmed glasses. It’s probably a trick of the light. None of these scientists truly have a conscience, that much Taehyung can say for certain. She beckons them to follow her into the conjoining room separate from where the scientists take down their observatory notes. He makes the mistake of looking back at Dr. Cho, who he still thinks looks a little too cheerful for the average, balding, middle-aged man. The man even has the cheek to do a small wave goodbye. Maybe he’s finally going to meet his doom in the next room. He pulls Jungkook behind him, keeping him close, with his other hand extended in front of him ready to strike at the first sign of danger.

But danger never comes.

There are no mutilated creatures with missing eyes and chicken claws for feet. There are no piles ready to leak in toxic gas and stifle them to death. No, it is nothing deadly to be certain, but as the scientist closes the door and leaves Jungkook and Taehyung alone in the room, Taehyung can’t help but think this might be much, much worse.

A large mattress—big enough for two—is situated in the centre of the room. There are cameras in every corner, all angled toward the bed. He feels a raging flush creep up the side of his neck and oh god—death would’ve been a more merciful fate. They can’t see the scientists watching them in the other room, but even knowing that they’re there, standing behind the one-way mirror, scrutinizing their every move is enough.
“Tae…?” Jungkook asks apprehensively, stepping out from behind him to see what Taehyung is staring at. When Jungkook’s eyes fall to the mattress, he stops short, frozen in shock. Jungkook is naïve, but he’s not stupid. “Oh.”

“Jungkook…”

“But… I—I…” Jungkook hesitates, his voice falling to a whisper. “It’s too soon.”

Taehyung gulps. His throat is so dry that it hurts. “I know…”

“Do we really have to…?”

“Yes.”

“In front of all those…?”

“Yes.”

Jungkook chokes, his eyes beginning to water. His bottom lip quivers as he tries to maintain a strong image, but Taehyung can see it start to unravel, pulled to the brink of a break down. His heart squeezes violently inside his chest as he pulls Jungkook to him, engulfing the younger boy in a tender embrace. Jungkook trembles, burying his face in the side of Taehyung’s neck, wetting Taehyung’s tan skin with the small rivulets of tears that escape him. He doesn’t mind. He rocks Jungkook gently, lips brushing his temple, murmuring words of comfort to calm him down.

“I know you’re not ready. I don’t think we’re ready either, but you know as well as I do what can happen if we refuse them. It’s confronting—this isn’t the first time this has happened to me and I still find it confronting. But hey—listen to me,” he cups Jungkook’s face in his hands, and he’s reminded of just how small and cute Jungkook’s countenance is. “We can accept this for what it is—immoral, degrading, objectifying—or, we can turn this into an experience—a good experience. Some of these people—these fuckers—they’ll get off on you being miserable and unwilling. Don’t give them that satisfaction. Don’t let them have that control over you.”

“What…” Jungkook sniffs, rubbing at his eyes cutely. “How…?”
“Trust me?” Taehyung smiles fondly. Jungkook blinks and smiles back. “Close your eyes, Jellybean. Listen to my voice, let me guide you.”

Jungkook steels his expression and does as he’s told. Taehyung is so proud of him. He clears his throat, his hands falling from Jungkook’s face down to his shoulders, dancing sensually across his frame. Thumbs brush across prominent collarbones and down skinny shoulders, drifting down… down… and then a little further until his hands circle Jungkook’s waist. He pulls him close, pressing their bodies together intimately. A gasp.

“Has anyone ever told you how gorgeous you are?” Taehyung murmurs delicately in Jungkook’s ear. His hand slides lower, resting teasingly just above the curve of Jungkook’s buttocks. “Even blindfolded I knew you were beautiful. And the way you feel under my fingers, the way to talk and the way you gasp—sometimes I stay awake at night just thinking about it.”

Jungkook seems to respond positively, leaning against him, his arms circling loosely around his neck. He keeps his eyes closed though, determined to remain faithful. Their faces are so close that they’re practically breathing in the same air. Taehyung can count all of Jungkook’s pretty lashes and the tiny crater scars where puberty left its unforgiving mark. His lips are shiny with saliva. He’s been chewing on them recently.

Taehyung leans in, brushing teasingly against the plush of Jungkook’s lips. Jungkook tilts his head, lips parting and trying to follow him as he pulls back. It’s adorable.

“I think about kissing you sometimes.”

“Yeah?” Jungkook asks breathily. “What else do you think about doing to me?”

A smirk toys at the corners of his lips without his consent. His hand finally slips down, spreading and groping around the flesh of a mound, giving it a harsh squeeze. Jungkook grips the back of Taehyung’s hair, a moan falling silent on his tongue. Something carnal stirs deep within Taehyung, a hunger he hadn’t known was there. That’s what loneliness can do to a young man—make him desperate, make him crave. It feels as though Jungkook is the first warm body he’s ever had pressed against him, hard but supple, boney but tender.

“I think about your pretty lips around my cock—or mine on yours. I imagine what your face would look like as you swallow, how pink your cheeks would be.”

“Y-yeah?”
“Yeah, and—and you under me, w-without any clothes on.” He blushes at his own words.

Jungkook moans softly in a tone deeper than his normal voice. Then Jungkook’s lips are on his own, and it’s their first kiss. Tingles runs straight down to Taehyung’s toes and his heart feels as though it’s about to burst. He places a hand to the back of Jungkook’s head and guides him, coaxing him to tilt his head to deepen the kiss. Jungkook does so easily, as soft and as shy as Taehyung has come to expect from his lovely compatible. He allows the kiss to stay simple, wanting to ease Jungkook into this as best as he can.

Then, when they’ve shared a few more kisses, Taehyung takes it a step further and brushes his tongue along Jungkook’s bruised bottom lip. At first, Jungkook doesn’t seem to understand what Taehyung wants. He just presses his lips harder against Taehyung’s in the hopes of pleasing him, and it evokes a small chuckle. He tries a second time, this time wriggling his tongue past Jungkook’s lips and dragging suggestively across the boy’s front teeth. Jungkook’s jaw slackens, allowing Taehyung to slip his tongue past Jungkook’s teeth to taste him. It’s like an explosion of sugary sweet flavor on the tongue and he feels faint. His knees grow weak but he leans more strongly into the kissing, exploring Jungkook like an adventurer thirsty for his next fix.

The younger boy responds tentatively at first, second-guessing every graze and prod of his tongue, but Taehyung is patient with him. He guides Jungkook, pushing against him, coaxing him to be a little more passionate and aggressive. The best he can get is experimental apprehension, but Taehyung will take what he can get.

He tugs at the hem of Jungkook’s shirt and the younger boy groans, pulling away. For a brief moment he thinks he might be progressing too quickly, but then Jungkook is shucking his shirt off. It’s then Taehyung realizes he’s not the only one desperate. Jungkook looks just as keen, discarding of his navy shirt without much thought to the exposure. That is, until he’s actually exposed. An almost immediate flush overwhelms Jungkook’s creamy skin. He looks as though he’s ready to turn away from Taehyung in an attempt to hide himself, but Taehyung keeps him still, eyes raking over his form like a starved animal.

Jungkook appears to be teetering dangerous along the line of emaciation. Being able to see the skeleton of his ribcage can’t be healthy, but if Taehyung were to say anything about it he’d be running the risk of being guilty of having much the same problem. What they’re fed is enough—sure, but it’s not enough to gain any substantial fat. It hadn’t really bothered Taehyung until he met Jungkook though. Having a compatible, he learnt, evokes emotions of immense concern.

“T-Tae? What’s wrong? Am I—am I not good enough?” Taehyung blinks as he’s pulled from his reverie. Jungkook is looking at him sadly, his eyes glimmering with insecurity. His stomach twists.
Eyes softening, he places a hand on the side of Jungkook’s torso, his thumb brushing the underside of his areola. “How could you think such a thing? You’re wonderful—perfect. You’re my pretty little Jellybean, remember?”

Jungkook giggles, hiding his face against Taehyung’s collarbone. “I can’t take you seriously when you call me that.”

“But it’s true!” Taehyung’s mouth stretches into a box grin. “But if you’re feeling a little self-conscious, maybe this’ll help!”

He takes a step back and pulls off his shirt in one exaggerate motion, tossing it to join Jungkook’s on the bare floor. He makes a star pose, arms held up high in the air, and Jungkook smiles behind his palm. “Ta-da! How do I look? Aren’t I just the man of your dreams?”

Taehyung wriggles his eyebrows zealously, but it’s mostly just to get a laugh out of Jungkook. Jungkook rolls his eyes and shakes his head, trying to look serious even though his smile never quite leaves his face. “You look like you need a good, fat hamburger with a side of curly fries.”

“Hey now, play nice!” he pokes Jungkook in the ribs and he giggles. Jungkook falls forward, throwing his arms around Taehyung, and Taehyung’s arms outstretch to effortlessly catch him.

Jungkook looks up at him with a starry-eyed expression, like he’s the most important person in the world. Taehyung’s heart jams in his throat and he’s lost for words. He tries to think of something witty to say, but Jungkook kisses him and his thoughts are quickly erased. Their hands get a little more adventurous. Before Jungkook kept his hands safely at the back of Taehyung’s head, but now that he’s a little more comfortable, he starts to toy along Taehyung’s shoulders and flit across his biceps. Taehyung tries to flex and Jungkook giggles, pulling away from their kiss to hide his face in Taehyung’s neck.

Taehyung grins, slipping his hands down the dips of Jungkook’s collarbones to graze his chest. Jungkook’s cheeky grin is replaced by a light moan, pressing against his touch and wordlessly asking for more. His eyebrows arch in pleasant surprise, delighted to discover a weakness that he can exploit.

“Tell me something, Jungkook-ah,” he uses his deep voice, lips grazing the shell of Jungkook’s pinkening ear. “What do you think about, hm? Do you think about me?”

“S-sometimes,” Jungkook replies meekly.
“What is it that you think about?”

The younger boy grips him tightly, nails pinching into the flesh of his waist. “I… I think about pleasing you…”

“Mmm…?”

“And… and what it might feel like… what it might feel like…” he can’t seem to form the sentence without help.

“To what, Jellybean?”

“To feel you i-inside of me.”

Fuck. Oh fuck.

There’s no stopping the guttural moan that resounds from the base of his throat. He pinches Jungkook’s nipple between his thumb and forefinger, rolling it and squeezing it without mercy. Jungkook’s whole body arches into the touch, mouth falling open at the suddenly pleasurable abuse attacking his sense. His eyes flutter shut and Taehyung can feel a strong wave of arousal sink through his body and collect between his legs. Jungkook is excited too. He can feel it.

After gauging Jungkook’s severe reaction, he’s overcome with the thought of his mouth being put to better use. As Jungkook squirms and keens beneath Taehyung’s touch, he starts backing the younger boy towards the mattress. Jungkook lets himself be guided, giddy and yearning for more.

The backs of Jungkook’s heels hit the edge of the mattress and Taehyung lets him fall. He lands on his back, arms tossed above his head with his precious chestnut hair fanning out on top of the white mattress cover. Taehyung takes a moment to stand there and admire this moment. It’s easy to ignore the cameras and the audience when Jungkook is smiling up at him with so much trust and admiration. He crawls up the younger boy’s body, and Jungkook’s legs naturally fall apart to make it easier for him. He kisses Jungkook hard, and Jungkook kisses back with the same intensity. He doesn’t let the kiss distract him from his mission though. He trails his lips from Jungkook’s down to his rounded chin, and then down to his neck and collarbones, pecking little butterfly kisses along the way. Jungkook giggles shyly and massages the back of Taehyung’s neck, encouraging him in his own subtle way.
Teeth graze Jungkook’s nipple and he bites on his bottom lip, arching up against Taehyung’s mouth. Taehyung smirks, kissing the swollen bud before dragging his tongue across it. He drinks up the cry that rolls off of Jungkook’s tongue because he makes it so easy. He uses his fingers to occupy the other teat so that neither are neglected. He nibbles at the corners before engulfing it, lapping his tongue salaciously along the delicate skin to make Jungkook writhe with pleasure.

“Taehyung—oh god—Taehyung!” It’s beautiful, Taehyung thinks; the way Jungkook says his name when caught up in the throes of pleasure.

All too soon he pulls away from Jungkook’s chest though, still consciously aware of the fact that this is supposedly an experiment. If they continue the foreplay, this might all be over sooner than Taehyung would like. Instead he trails his lips down Jungkook’s middle, pressing a kiss to Jungkook’s bellybutton along the way because it’s small and cute, much like the rest of Jungkook.

His fingers toy with the hem of Jungkook’s shorts, the slightest bit hesitant to continue. “Kookie,” he looks up, “is it OK if I…?”

Jungkook smiles, relaxing against the mattress with a hand on his stomach. “It’s fine, Tae. You know what you’re doing.”

Taehyung nods and starts lowering the waistband past Jungkook’s jutting hips. He pauses when something catches his eye. The Harmony symbol, inked on the underside of Jungkook’s left hipbone, tiny streaks of three thick, straight lines. He brushes his thumb across the symbol and Jungkook watches him curiously. He’s wanted to see the symbol etched on Jungkook’s skin for a while now, wanting to confirm what he already knows. That Jungkook is his, that they’re destined to be together, that they complete each other.

“My tattoo is in the same place, just on the other side of the hip,” he divulges after a moment.

He sits back on his heels and pulls down his waistband slightly. Jungkook sits up, smiling when he sees the Harmony symbol under Taehyung’s right hipbone. Jungkook reaches out, teasing at the skin with the tips of his fingers.

“Mine,” he says proudly. Taehyung laughs, shoving Jungkook onto his back.

He places his hands on Jungkook’s hips, keeping him still as he brushes his lips against the mark.
“You’re mine too.”

Jungkook grins. “Always.”

Taehyung takes a second or two more to admire the mark before continuing on with what he was doing. He tugs Jungkook’s pants and underwear off. Jungkook immediately pulls his knees up to cover himself, blushing furiously. “H-hey! At least warn m-me!”

He chuckles fondly. “Sorry, I thought you were ready.”

“I—I mean, I w-want you to see me but…” Jungkook eyes flicker to the mirror and Taehyung follows his line of sight. “I don’t want them to see.”

Even after all the times the scientists have probably seen them naked, whether through cameras as they change in their rooms or as kids when they didn’t give a damn, Taehyung still understands Jungkook’s line of logic. He expects it, even, from someone as shy as Jungkook. To him all the scientists are just faces that are lost him, strangers he can’t understand. But then he’s struck with a devious idea. He places his hands on Jungkook’s knees, easing them back down.

“Let them see,” Taehyung murmurs, placing a kiss to Jungkook’s inner thigh. “They’re perverts—wanting to watch us through the glass. I bet half of them wanna join us, wanna know how we feel. Don’t you think?”

“T-Tae…” Jungkook blushes, throwing his arms over his face to hide his expression.

Taehyung stands up again, wriggling out of his pants. The waistband is pulled past his hips and then falls seamlessly in a bunch on the floor. He kicks them away, unperturbed by his nakedness. Despite Jungkook’s timidity he doesn’t try to shield his body, keeping his feet planted on the mattress with his knees far apart. His arousal stands against his stomach, as flushed and as pink as Jungkook’s cheeks. It’s everything he imagined Jungkook would be, but at the same time he’s still struck with a sense of awe at how breathtaking he is.

Jungkook peeks between his arms and tenses, his knees knocking together. “T-Tae… you’re—!”

He grins, placing his hands on his hips proudly. “Not bad, hey?”
“So big…” Jungkook looks down at his own dick, looking a little embarrassed. “I’m so…”

“Perfect?” Taehyung tries, unwilling to hear Jungkook speak poorly of himself. Thankfully the younger boy doesn’t protest, smiling at him gratefully.

“Can I…” he gulps. “Can I touch it?”

His mouth goes dry. “Yeah—of course.”

Jungkook crawls up onto his hands and knees, pulling his lip between his teeth in a poor attempt to hide his grin. He palms Taehyung’s balls, as though to test the weight and feel of them, and Taehyung flexes his hands, not entirely sure where he should put them. He’s never actually been in this position before. With all the others it was all work and no play, but with Jungkook it’s a completely different experience altogether.

He massages them carefully, as though afraid he might hurt Taehyung, and Taehyung finds that—unsurprisingly—adorable. Jungkook uses his other hand to grasp the base of Taehyung’s cock, squeezing at the swollen flesh lightly. Precum gathers at the tip and Taehyung groans. Jungkook grabbing his dick feels amazing.

“I want to…” Jungkook trails off shyly. How he manages to still feel shy in this situation, Taehyung will never know. “I want you in my m-mouth.”

It takes everything for Taehyung not to fall to his knees. He forces composure even though he wants to moan and absolutely defile Jungkook’s pretty mouth. But he knows that he can’t.

“Not right now,” he says forcefully, his voice hoarse. “They… they aren’t interested in that kind of stuff. They just want results from… you know…”

Jungkook pouts, his hands falling to his lap. Taehyung drops to his knees to kiss Jungkook slowly, conveying all the tenderness and affection he has to offer. “But thank you for offering. We can always do it another time—when we’re alone and have all the time in the world.”

Jungkook smiles. “I’d like that.”
Taehyung spots the lubricant next to the mattress and crawls over to get it. Jungkook eyes the tube in Taehyung’s hands curiously.

“It’s just lubricant,” he tells the younger boy. “It’ll help ease the pain.”

“So… this’ll hurt then…” It’s not a question, but a suspicion that appears to have been confirmed. Taehyung nods anyway, positioning himself back between Jungkook’s legs.

“I’ll try to be as gentle as possible,” he promises sincerely.

The younger slowly relaxes onto his back again, breathing steadily. Taehyung squeezes his knee in reassurance before popping open the bottle and drizzling a portion of it onto his fingers. It’s cold—really cold, but Taehyung has learnt to expect this. He suspected that the Coats kept these bottles in fridges, and after a bit of investigating (by which he means asking Namjoon for information), his suspicions were confirmed. Why they do this, he doesn’t know, but he lathers his fingers in the translucent substance and waits a moment or two for it to warm up.

He nudges Jungkook’s knee and the younger boy spreads them further apart. The other’s face is stiff, Taehyung can tell, but he tries to calm him down by grasping his flushed cock and pumping it slowly. Jungkook groans, fingers coiling in the fabric beneath him. He draws a finger down from Jungkook’s balls, ticking at the perineum before circling the twitching rim underneath. Jungkook inhales slowly, trying to keep himself calm, but stresses himself out in the process. Taehyung leans over to brush his lips along Jungkook’s jaw, brushing at the skin before kissing his temple lightly.

“Close your eyes. It’ll hurt more if you tense,” he instructs softly.

Jungkook kisses Taehyung’s cheek sweetly before shifting to get into a more comfortable position. When his eyelids slide closed Taehyung prods a finger inside Jungkook. He makes sure to be very slow and deliberate so that Jungkook doesn’t get a shock and tense up suddenly. The slide itself isn’t too bad. He isn’t met with much resistance and Jungkook doesn’t seem to be in pain.

It’s the insertion of a second finger where things start to get a little complicated. The stretch is obviously double what the first finger accommodates, which can be a bit strenuous for some people—especially virgins like Jungkook. Jungkook’s entrance encloses on his knuckles like a vice, all his muscles locking into place. His face contorts in pain and Taehyung frowns in concentration.
“Jellybean, relax. Remember to breathe.”

Jungkook nods and forces himself to calm down. Taehyung doesn’t so much as twitch until he feels Jungkook’s walls eventually loosen enough for him to move. Then he slowly pumps them, pulling them in and out, rubbing lubricant against Jungkook’s velvety walls and prodding at deeper crevices curiously. It takes precise strokes and gentle fingering to get Jungkook to moan, but when he does, the effort is definitely worth it.

“Tae… T-Taehyung…” Jungkook gasps. “More…”

Who is Taehyung to deny him? He probes a third finger at the lubricated entrance; testing the boundaries to make sure Jungkook won’t lock up again. There’s a little bit of resistance, as to be expected with the third finger, but Jungkook takes it very well. He tries muffling his whimpers with the palm of his hand as Taehyung pumps the base of Jungkook’s cock. Pearls of precum collect at the tip and drizzle down the veiny underside.

Jungkook’s clenching rim hugs his knuckles at Taehyung rests the fingers fully inside of him. Fortunately, Taehyung was gifted with long and lean fingers, which makes it easy for him to toy with Jungkook’s sweet spot. He feels Jungkook’s cock twitch in his palm. Jungkook arches with a loud moan, immediately slapping a hand over his mouth in surprise.

“What… what was… ah—Tae!”

“Your prostate, Jellybean. I’m sure you know what it is.” He tickles the sponge-like area just for emphasis. “They teach human anatomy in biology, remember?”

The younger boy whimpers and nods his head, only half paying attention to Taehyung’s smug remark. Taehyung continues to tease and massage Jungkook’s insides until he’s nice and lax, welcoming his fingers rather than rejecting them. Jungkook whines in childish displeasure when Taehyung finally removes his fingers, leaving his orifice to gape and clench uncomfortably around nothing but air. Taehyung snatches up the lubricant, getting increasingly impatient and riled up. His cock is throbbing and weeping for attention, begging him for some sort of relief.

He coats it with lubricant generously, because as thoroughly as he prepared Jungkook, he is larger than average. He tells Jungkook to hold the back of his knees and Jungkook does so devotedly, spreading his knees as far apart as possible for him. This flexibility doesn’t surprise Taehyung. He had a feeling Jungkook was flexible the day they battled against each other. Seeing it put to good use though has his mouth watering.
Taehyung places a hand beside Jungkook’s head to support himself as he uses the other to guide his cock. Pressing into Jungkook has a very different effect on him compared to all the other times he’s had sex. The pleasure is instantaneous and raw, a small flame bursting into an inferno. He surges forward in one quick thrust, moaning against Jungkook’s sweaty forehead. Jungkook claws at Taehyung’s back, nails raking over Taehyung’s shoulder blades harshly but he doesn’t mind. The boy beneath him groans and trembles, getting used to the feeling of being filled by dick for the first time. Taehyung arms shake as he tries to hold himself up. He’s not going to lie; he was expecting this to feel good, but not this good. Is this what he’s been missing out on all this time? Is this what Seokjin and Namjoon feel when they have sex?

“Oh god move, please, move.”

Taehyung growls and jerks his hips up into the searing warmth of Jungkook’s sex, breathless and delirious on the connection he’s experiencing. Jungkook clenches around his pulsing girth like he was made to take it, and Taehyung feels as though they’re a perfect fit, like Cinderella and the glass slipper... if Cinderella decided to fuck it.

Ideally, he would’ve wanted to start slow, but his body doesn’t seem to be responding to his commands. He thrusts forward and up at a rigorous pace that’s so powerful it’s driving Jungkook’s body further up the mattress. Jungkook’s legs bounce with every thrust, occasionally hitting Taehyung’s shoulders. When Taehyung plunges all the way inside he can feel the tip of his shaft slam against Jungkook’s sweet spot, making him writhe and arch like an animal in heat. A sheen of sweat breaks out on Jungkook’s body, glistening over flushed skin and making him look even sexier. He’s sweating too—he can feel a bead of sweat cascading down his temple and collect at his chin, but he’s too caught up in the moment to even consider wiping it away.

He kisses Jungkook heatedly, rougher than all the other times, but Jungkook is on the same page, biting and nipping at Taehyung’s lip and goading him for more.

“You’re so fucking hot,” Jungkook moans against Taehyung’s mouth, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth and releasing it tauntingly. “I wish we’d done this sooner.”

Taehyung snickers. “I can’t believe you just swore. And that’s bold coming from—from someone who ‘wasn’t ready’ b-before.”

“That’s because—” he groans “—I didn’t know what I was missing out on.”

Taehyung smirks. He seals their lips together and shoves his tongue into Jungkook’s cavern, all
the while ploughing into his entrance like it’s his last day on Earth. Drool collects at Jungkook chin but neither of them cares. Taehyung kind of thinks it looks hot. It makes him look *wrecked*.

“Imagine ‘them Coats getting off in the other room to this,” Taehyung hisses, his teeth dragging threateningly against Jungkook’s throat. “I bet they like it when you moan—all pretty and stuff. Fuck—fuck you’re amazing.”

Jungkook giggles, no longer shy or disturbed at the concept. “I bet the women were eyeing how big your dick is.”

“Maybe some of the men too.” They laugh, that is, until Taehyung hits Jungkook’s prostate particularly hard.

“Oh god—oh god—Tae… Tae, I’m getting close. Please… P-please…”

The sound of Jungkook’s voice, desperate and rough sends adrenaline and pleasure through his veins. He picks up speed, driving faster and harder into Jungkook’s body than he ever thought possible. He continues to abuse Jungkook’s prostate, reducing him to an incoherent mess. The heat is building and building inside of him, his cock swollen to the limit and ready to unload at any given moment. Jungkook’s cries get louder and louder as Taehyung’s thrusts shorten and become more rapid.

Then his balls are tightening and that heat accumulating in his gut releases, he surges to the hilt, burying deep inside Jungkook’s sex before he climaxes, an eruption of pleasure shooting through his body. Jungkook unravels at the same time, screaming Taehyung’s name. His tight body clenches, helping Taehyung milk the seed from his arousal. It fills Jungkook up until he’s well and truly at his limit, unable to take anymore. The pleasure lingers like a spell and Taehyung suddenly feels sluggish—almost faint. He feels out of Jungkook and collapses on the mattress, his vision going fuzzy. He’s finding it a little hard to breathe.

He briefly hears the sound of a door opening and then he’s being yanked off the mattress and away from Jungkook. His lover’s name falls from his lips just as he’s being pulled under by the darkness.
Taehyung awakens in what appears to be a hospital cot. It takes a moment for him to realize that he isn’t in his room. The plain white walls that cover almost every inch of this facility sometimes make it hard to pick the difference between rooms. A groan escapes him, a wave of nausea twisting violently in his stomach. He tries to move, but is met with resistance. He runs his tongue over his chapped lips, lolling his head softly in an attempt to peer down at his body. A white sheet is tucked neatly under his armpits, his exposed arms hooked up to an IV drip and noisy machines. His hands have been placed in large metallic cylinders. He can’t see them, but he can feel the prick of needles spanning his palms and fingers.

“Taehyung…” A voice calls softly, and he hopes for a moment that it’s Jungkook, but then Seokjin is stepping into view, his eyebrows furrowed with concern.

“What… what happened?” he croaks, his voice abnormally dry.

Seokjin places a hand on his shoulder and the nausea he’s feeling starts to drain away from him, leaving his mind in a better state of clarity. “You’re body destabilized. I had a feeling something like this might happen, but I was too afraid to say anything to the scientists in case they decided to separate you and Jungkook.”

“How…?”

“When compatibles have sexual intercourse they ignite a chemical charge that’s supposed to give you a power boost. Scientists have been using it as a successful method for years to push us to the limit but your energy… it went overboard. I don’t know. I’ve never come across a case like this before. Dr. Cho is calling it ‘energy poisoning’ or something like that.”

Taehyung glances sluggishly at his hands. “What am I hooked up to?”

“Well, your energy is mostly released through your hands, so they’ve been draining you of the excess energy for a couple of days now.”

“A couple of days? You mean to say I’ve been unconscious for days?”

Seokjin fidgets nervously. “Two nights and three days.”

He frowns, taking the time to sit in silence for a moment or two as he processes this information.
Having sex with Jungkook had felt amazing. It was though it was his first time having sex all over again, only this time infinitely more enjoyable. There hadn’t been a moment he can recall where he thought they might be in danger, and at no point did any of the scientists explain to them the potential risks.

“Where is Jungkook? Is he OK?”

His watches his hyung press his lips together, his handsome countenance oozing with apprehension. Seokjin squeezes his shoulder. “Now Taehyung, you have to promise me to remain calm. You’re hooked up to some very temperamental equipment and I don’t want you putting any unnecessary strain on your body.”

His stomach flips. “Hyung… where is he.”

“The truth is—he’s still in the room where you two… you know…” Seokjin looks away to avoid eye contact.

“But—but why would he still be there? Isn’t he sick too?” He wonders faintly, in the back of his mind, whether he truly wants to know the answer to this question.

“He’s very sick.” Seokjin gulps. “So sick that he’s lost control of his powers. The reason he’s still in that room is because no one can get close to him, his shields have become hypersensitive and won’t allow anyone to get close enough to him.”

Taehyung feels sick all over again, only this time sick with dread. He thinks of Jungkook still lying on that mattress, naked and feverish, crying for morphine to ease him through the horrible pain. “Hyung let me try and get to him.”

“First, I need to go get one of the scientists. You’re nowhere near ready to be walking around on your own, but I’m afraid we might not have any other choice. I saw Jungkook yesterday and he needs medical assistance, and badly.”

Seokjin leaves and comes back with a familiar face—one of the scientists who were present during the “experiment.” He looks like he hasn’t slept for days, his hair an unkempt mess and his once pristine lab coat tainted with questionable stains.

“Is he stable?” the scientist asks as he does a brief check of the monitors.
“Stable enough,” Seokjin replies uncertainly.

“Taehyung, your compatible is in trouble.”

“Yes, I know. Can you please take these things off my hands?” he snaps back impatiently, quite done with talking about how sick his Jungkook is. If they’re in such a hurry it’d be more appropriate to take action right about now.

Seokjin regards the Coat expectantly, and he slowly nods, looking rather desperate. The healer immediately goes about removing the hand braces as the scientists begins to explain, “None of us are capable of penetrating Jungkook’s shields. We’ve tried multiple methods, but so far none of them have worked. Dr. Kang theorized that perhaps Jungkook’s shields would grant you access, given that you’re his compatible. His shields act in response to danger, but I’m sure your presence will indicate to Jungkook’s powers that you are not a threat. However, if you are rejected, you must remember that Jungkook has no conscious control of his powers at this point. He wouldn’t be able to let you in, even if he wanted to.”

He flexes his hands once they’re finally released, wincing at how stiff his fingers are. “What will I have to do if Jungkook’s shields give me access?”

“We have a serum that will momentarily block his energy. Inject the needle into his arm and his shields should dissipate long enough to bring him back to the medical ward and hook him up to an energy drainer.”

Sitting up straight, he swings his legs over the cot. Seokjin comes to his aid and eases him onto his feet, an arm extended around his shoulders to keep him steady. “Take me to him.”

Taehyung realizes he’s overestimated his ability to recover when they’re about halfway to the room where Jungkook resides. His limbs feel heavy, like someone has strapped weights to his ankles, and he’s feeling a little short for breath. Seokjin is patient with him though, understanding his current physical state completely. The Coat is a little more restless; attempting to hurry them along without taking into consideration that Taehyung has only just woken up.

He can feel the pulse of Jungkook’s energy in the air the moment they turn down a particular hallway. The scientist guides them to the dreaded room, and as Taehyung steps inside to see Dr. Cho arguing furiously with another Coat, he swears this’ll be the last time he ever comes here willingly. They’ll have to drag him kicking and screaming otherwise.
Dr. Cho and the other scientist fall silent when they see him. “Taehyung,” Dr. Cho greets stiffly—is that a hint of guilt he’s detecting? “Good to see you out of bed.”

“Yeah, whatever. Can I just fucking see Jungkook now?” Under ordinary circumstance he probably would’ve received a nice whack to the back of the head for speaking out of line, but these aren’t ordinary circumstances. Dr. Cho gestures for him to follow as he enters the conjoining room, and Seokjin helps him limp along slowly.

The energy crackles in the air. It’s so powerful that even Seokjin exhales sharply. It’s like the rules of gravity have shifted and everything feels twice as heavy. Taehyung struggles to keep on his feet, his knees shaking precarious and ready to buckle at any given moment.

And there Jungkook is, still where he last saw him, coiled into a ball and trembling hysterically. His heart wilts at the tragic scene, practically feeling Jungkook’s agony from across the room. It’s hard to believe he’s been lying there for days, needing medical attention but unable to let anyone near him. He holds his hand out to Dr. Cho and asks for the serum, and the Coat has it ready to hand over to him. It’s a yellowy substance contained within a plastic syringe.

“Try and insert it on his upper forearm or his wrist,” Dr. Cho tells him.

Taehyung nods and breaks away from Seokjin’s support, stumbling slightly as he inches towards Jungkook’s nude body. As he shuffles nearer to the mattress the atmosphere grows heavier and heavier. A few feet from Jungkook his knees finally give out and he has no choice but to crawl the rest of the way on his hands and knees. When he gets close enough he can see the mattress cover stained with sweat and probably Jungkook’s tears too.

He hits something. Jungkook’s shield comes up once he’s on the mattress, willing him to keep his distance. It’s like pushing against a solid surface like brick or concrete, no wonder no one could get close to him.

“Kookie,” he calls worriedly, hoping Jungkook can hear him. He doesn’t respond. He remains coiled, his face hidden in his hands. “Jungkook, please… Try and bring down your shields… If you go on like this you might die.” It’s hard for him to say this out loud, but there isn’t a doubt in his mind that everyone else is thinking it at this point.

“It hurts… everything hurts…” Jungkook whimpers into his hands and Taehyung sighs with momentary relief. At least he’s conscious.
“I know… I know, Jellybean, but you need to concentrate—just for a minute. I swear if you can bring your shields down for me I can make the pain go away.”

Jungkook doesn’t say anything, and as Taehyung presses against the shield again he realizes he might have to figure this out on his own. Jungkook doesn’t sound coherent or aware of his surroundings, let alone recognize Taehyung’s voice. He can’t give up though. He just might be Jungkook’s last hope.

He closes his eyes, pressing the heel of his palm against the shield. He concentrates, conjuring his energy much faster than he expects, but he figures he must still be charged from the overdose. Green light bursts from his palm, clashing with the azure shield protecting Jungkook. At first, nothing happens. The shield ripples but remains strong. Taehyung refuses to just accept this, gritting his teeth and applying more pressure to his hand. The light of both entities grows stronger and more vibrant, almost blinding to look at. The pressure in the air stifles him and he can faintly hear the snap and crackle of energy saturating the atmosphere.

“Taehyung!” he hears Seokjin yell. He dares to look back to see the healer on his knees beside Dr. Cho. They’re being affected by the pressure as well, and as risky as it is for him to continue, he can’t bring himself to stop.

“Kookie!” he cries above the clamor of noise. “Let down your shields! Please—take them down before you hurt yourself!”

For a heart-wrenching moment it appears Jungkook can’t hear him, but then it feels like his hand is sinking into the shield. He has a split second to realize he’s falling before he catches himself, landing mere inches from Jungkook’s still form. The shivering has ceased and the atmosphere is a little lighter, but Taehyung can’t bring himself to question what just happen. He throws himself at Jungkook, turning him onto his back and snatching him up into his arms.

His hand shakes as he tries to inject the serum. He manages to prick the vein and inject it, emptying all of it into Jungkook’s system before tossing away the syringe.

“Jungkook… Jungkook…” he murmurs tenderly, gathering the younger boy to his chest. He places a hand to the side of the boy’s face and his lashes flutter. A hand grasps his wrist weakly.

“Tae…?”
Taehyung smiles, blinking back tears of relief. He’s still alive. He’s going to be OK.

So many things come to mind in that moment, so many things he wants to say, but he doesn’t get the chance to as people flock around them. Jungkook is pulled from his arms. He watches as the other is taken away on a gurney, hating his own tired and useless body for betraying him at such a time.

“You two really are something,” Seokjin says as he helps him back to his feet. “You don’t know how many people tried to get to him over the past few days but couldn’t.”

“I didn’t doubt myself,” he answers smugly, followed closely by a yawn.

Seokjin smiles. “I’ll take you back to the hospital ward. You need to regain your strength.”

Days later, Taehyung is out of bed and moving around the hospital ward. The place is a lot more open than the rest of the facility, since healers come here almost every day for practice and study. He sits on a chair beside Jungkook’s cot, holding his hand softly as Jungkook quietly reads a book Jimin brought him from the library.

Jungkook admits that he isn’t much of a reader, but it looks as though he’ll be bedridden for a few more days. Since Jungkook was left untouched for a while the damage to his body is much greater, meaning his recovery will be slower than Taehyung’s.

He’s been by Jungkook’s side the entire time, petting at his hair when he’s thrown up, and keeping a damp cloth to his forehead as he endured a fever. The Coats have left them relatively untouched since Jungkook was finally recovered and taken to the medical ward. They’re probably still trying to make sense of what happened and why, and likely how to solve it too.

“How long do you think they’ll keep me here for?” Jungkook puts his book facedown on the bed so that he doesn’t lose his place, turning to Taehyung inquisitively.

Taehyung blinks rapidly. He almost fell asleep. “Sorry?”

“In the hospital ward. I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I kind of miss our room, you know?”

“I know what you mean,” he yawns, “but they’re going to keep you here for as long as possible to
make sure you’re OK. You gave everybody a bit of a scare back there.”

Jungkook blushes, toying with the hospital sheets bashfully. Taehyung cocks his head to the side in confusion. “What is it?”

“Oh, it’s just—I was naked the whole time I was there… I hate to think of all the people who saw me that way…”

Taehyung chuckles and places a kiss to the back of Jungkook’s hand. “You shouldn’t think like that. You were terribly sick. I doubt anyone really cared that you were naked.”

“I know, I know. But still…”

“Still nothing. Don’t think about it, Kookie.”

“Alright, fine. I won’t.” There’s a knock and they both turn their heads to see Namjoon lingering by the door.

“I hope I’m not interrupting anything…”

“Nope! Come in.” Taehyung gestures him over with a wave.

Namjoon looks out in the hallway, as though checking for something, before entering and closing the door behind him. He looks very serious, as though he’s about to deliver some grave news. Taehyung and Jungkook share a tentative glance.

“I know this might not be the right time. You’re both still in the hospital ward and Jungkook’s still recovering, but what I’m about to tell you can’t wait any longer.”

“Is it what you were going to tell us before… well, all this happened?” Taehyung queries.

The telepath nods, pulling up a chair to sit beside Taehyung. “Have either of you ever wondered about our purpose?”
“Our purpose…”

“Why we were created, why we were given superpowers, why we get tested and trained almost everyday of our lives?”


Namjoon nods. “Yes, exactly. It’s always been top-secret information. However, I stumbled across the truth when some idiot forgot to wear his cloaking device. I feel like there’s more information, and I’ve been scrambling to find answers.”

Taehyung’s heart stops. “You found out the meaning of our existence…?”

“The jist of it, yes.”

Jungkook leans forward, eyes comically wide. “What is it?”

The older boy hesitates. “You’re not going to like the answer.”

“Quit stalling, hyung! Did you come to tell us or not?” Taehyung whines.

Namjoon shakes his head. “Yes—you’re right, sorry. It’s just hard to process that’s all. We were created as a weapons—something I’m sure the both of you have suspected, but we were weapons created for a specific purpose. This facility is funded by the US Government, but is kept on a short leash by the South Korean Government. The rest of the world doesn’t know this facility exists, but it’s existence will be revealed soon—very soon, and they plan to reveal it by first taking out the North Korean President Kim Jihoon along with his government officials. The plan is to reunite the peninsula and make the country ‘whole’ again.”

“So they’ve been training us to be government assassins?” Taehyung frowns, a little perplexed by the idea.

“I have reason to believe we’re destined for a much larger purpose, but I haven’t been able to find
out what that purpose is yet. But why it is so crucial for you to know this is because they’re organizing a small team of assassins to carry out the mission—shockingly small, considering the amount of subjects this facility has at its disposable. You two have been shortlisted for the mission, and so has Hoseok, Yoongi-hyung and Seokjin-hyung.”

Jungkook and Taehyung stare at Namjoon, genuinely stunned. He feels his hand tighten around Jungkook’s and the younger boy looks back at him worriedly.

“Hyung…” Taehyung gulps, shutting his eyes tightly. “I can’t—I won’t let Jungkook go on this mission, or Seokjin-hyung or Hoseok-hyung or Yoongi-hyung for that matter. This… this could throw the world into international chaos and put all of us in danger.”

“I know,” Namjoon answers firmly, making the both of them look back up at the telepath, “which is why we’re going to escape.”

Taehyung laughs dryly, glaring up at the ceiling. “Be realistic, hyung. There’s no fucking way we’re getting out of here alive.”

“So we’ve been raised to believe. But if we don’t escape we’ll be forced to separate, some of us will likely be killed anyway. They have something planned after the mission, something big. We can’t stick around to find out what that is.”

Taehyung stares at Jungkook, running his eyes over the lines of his face and the concern in his eyes. Jungkook is scared—he’s scared too. What they’ve been through over the past week has been painful, and it probably won’t be the last time they end up in the hospital ward unconscious if this continues. And it will continue. The facility works as a relentless mechanism that demands results, demands improvement, demands success. In a few days time when Jungkook can walk around again, they’ll be back to square one, attending morning routine tests, eating tasteless food, always being scrutinized.

It’s clockwork. Their lives will go on like clockwork.

“OK,” Taehyung says eventually, steeling his expression. “What’s the plan?”

Namjoon smirks.
They wait in the darkness. Lights out was hours ago, but they were told to wait a few hours as everyone wound down and security became more lax. He promised Jimin he would wake him up when the time came, since the other was keen to get some rest before the big prison break happened. When Yoongi felt they were finally ready to put their plan into motion, he pulled himself out of the pool and crawled across the floor over to Jimin’s bed. He feels around for Jimin’s face before placing a webbed hand on his jaw, lightly tapping him.

Jimin groans, sheets shifting as he moves. “Is it time already?”

“I think so.”

The younger boy whines before forcing himself out of bed. He shuffles over to the pool and sits down, dipping his calves into the water. “I should be back soon,” he tells Yoongi, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

“Remember to make sure the camera doesn’t catch you transforming. You don’t want to alert security to our plans.”

Jimin waves him off sluggishly. “I know. I’ve done enough training to pull this off, don’t worry.”

“I’m not worried,” Yoongi flatly denies.

Jimin grins. “Sure you aren’t.”

Then Jimin lowers himself into the pool, shifting into a small fish and wiggling his way down into the depths of the water. There’s a barred gap that Jimin slips through easily, infiltrating the basement where the scientists come to check and monitor the water’s temperature during the day. He resurfaces as a spider, climbing up the basement wall and scuttling across to the single camera positioned in the corner of the room. He climbs over the lens; weaving his web at great speeds to cover the glass and obscure its vision completely.

Once he’s done he scuttles back to the floor, shifting back into his human form. He immediately scurries around the room, looking for some tools. Unsurprisingly there’s a bunch of handy tools
that maintenance keeps in the basement for when things break, and Jimin manages to get his hands on a saw. He dives back into the pool, swimming down to the bottom where the barred opening is. Yoongi is on the other side of the bars waiting for him. He takes the other side to start helping him cut through the iron.

Once they’ve cut through the bars, Yoongi is skinny enough to fit through them, swimming to the surface with Jimin to discuss their next course of action.

“The maintenance man should be here any minute,” Jimin pants, raking a hand through his silver hair.

Yoongi nods and they wait out in the shallows for a few minutes. When they hear the clicking of shoes come down the stairs into the basement area, they submerge underwater. Yoongi wait until the maintenance man has his back turned to take a look at the covered camera lens before crawling out of the pool, approaching him very cautiously from behind.

Just as he reaches up to try and rub away the web covering the camera, Yoongi jumps on the man, locking his legs around his waist with his hand at his throat and another slapped over his mouth. The man yells and stumbles back, falling into the pool where Jimin is waiting to pull the both of them under. The man thrashes and writhes with all his might, but Yoongi and Jimin have latched onto him fiercely, keeping him under the water until the very last bubble leaves his lungs.

They pull the body out of the water. Yoongi flaps the cap that had fallen from the maintenance man’s head during the struggle, fitting it onto his head. “Go ahead and cover the other cameras, I’ll make my way towards the control room.”

Jimin nods, shifting back into a spider and crawling out of the basement. Neither of them will likely ever talk about what just took place. They both know it was necessary though, great achievement doesn’t come without great sacrifice.

Yoongi strips the body of the clothes and wrings them of as much water as possible. As much as it pains him to put on damp clothing, the cameras shouldn’t be able to pick up that he’s drenched to the bone from a reasonable distance. He just needs to be in disguise long enough to take out the guy in the control room. The following events should unfold easily afterwards.

He steps out into the hallway. Namjoon was able to give him an idea of where the control room is located. Unfortunately for him, it’s on the other side of the facility on the second floor, but if he keeps his head down, his collar up and his hands in his pocket he should be able to get by most of the security.
There are a number of guards that wander the halls of the first and second floor during the night shift, with their most regular route taking them through the hallways outside the subject quarters and the food hall. The only way to avoid going through that area would be to go through the halls that lead to offices. Namjoon says that the occasional Coat stays behind to work after hours—some even going as far as to sleep in their offices to save time taking speed boats back to the mainland of South Korea. If he’s quick enough, he might be able to sneak by the offices undetected.

He passes two security guards as he turns a corner. He keeps his head down, and the guards are so wrapped up in conversation that they don’t even spare him a passing glance. There are the occasional Coats lingers around the halls, mostly in labs conducting experiments under microscopes or burying their noses in reports. No one notices him.

He thinks luck might just be on his side tonight as he rounds the last corner leading to the staircase he has to take up to the control room. That is, until a familiar face walks his way. Dr. Lee is a regular at the routine morning tests for mutants and someone how could most definitely pick Min Yoongi out of a line-up if required to. The tan, wrinkled man is feeble at best, and a passing relief for many of the mutant residents at this facility. He’s probably one of the few who are sympathetic and compassionate towards the subjects, with a particular soft spot for the marginalized mutants.

Yoongi’s heart stops when Dr. Lee looks up. Their eyes lock, a spark of recognition passing over the old man’s face, and Yoongi knows then his position has been compromised.

He throws himself at the scientist, slamming his hand over the man’s mouth and shoving him into a nearby room. It appears to be nothing more than an empty supply closet, and Yoongi violently shoves the man down between the boxes of stock. His other hand encloses around his jugular and pressed hard, his thumb cutting off the Coat’s airway. The man tries to struggle, but he’s old. Yoongi watches the light drain from his eyes, and doesn’t remove his hands until the man has stopped twitching. He notices the master key hanging from Dr. Lee’s belt as he’s wiping the sweat from his brow. He snatches it and doesn’t look back as he re-enters the hallway, closing the door behind him.

Security most likely saw that, so he has to move quickly.

Shaking off the nerves, he sprints up the stairs and makes a left, eyes scanning frantically for the control room. His stolen shoes screech against the floors as he comes to a stop outside a room with the word ‘security’ on the front of it. Why they were stupid enough to label the fucking room, Yoongi will probably never know. But he sure is glad for that stupidity. Makes his life a whole lot easier.
He barges into the room and it’s everything he’s expecting. The whole room is dark aside from the light emitting from the security camera footage being shown on a collective panel of screens. The security officer sitting in front of the screens stands up so suddenly that his coffee spills onto his lap. Yoongi kicks the door closed behind him and is on the officer in moments, tackling him to the floor. He undoes the belt to his pants and wrings it around the man’s neck, pulling it as tight as the man’s fat neck will allow.

The security officer’s face goes bright pink, then red… then purple… then a strange bluish colour. He stops moving.

Yoongi takes off the belt and places it back around his waist because—well, the maintenance man has a bigger waist than him and he needs something to keep these slacks up. He swipes spare walkie-talkies from a nearby table and glances at the panel to see how Jimin is doing. From the looks of it, the shapeshifter is just about finished clearing the cameras.

He takes the keys from the security guard’s belt and locks the control room. He makes his way swiftly towards the subject quarters, on alert for any guards that may compromise his position. When Jimin spots him from a wall just outside the food hall, the little spider drops and shifts into his human form, grinning. Yoongi doesn’t smile back though; he can’t bring himself to smile after just taking another two lives. Jimin, of course, doesn’t know this and won’t ever have to know it, if Yoongi has his way.

“Got the master key?” Jimin asks.

Yoongi waves it in front of his face. “Of course I do.”

“OK, we need to free Jungkookie first. He’s the only one who can walk around without being detected.”

Jungkook and Taehyung are sitting on the edge of one of the beds when they reach the room, obviously expecting them. Yoongi hands the card and a walkie-talkie to Jungkook, who’s looking particularly nervous. “Jimin and I will wait here until the rest of you come back. It’s too risk for us to travel in large groups around here.”

Jungkook nods dutifully before linking hands with Taehyung. Both of them fade into invisibility just as Taehyung is tugging Jungkook down the hall. They walk quietly as they pass patrolling guards, holding their breaths as an extra precaution. They get to Hoseok’s room first. When they open the door they can’t help but notice the very still body lying face down in a pillow. Hoseok walks up to them, glancing at the body with a grimace.
“He was going to tell,” Hoseok says guiltily, and all he needs to say.

Namjoon and Seokjin are the last on their roster. Just as they’re about to reach their room the walkie-talkie crackles and the three of them exchange tense looks.

“Jungkook… Taehyung… there are guards heading your way,” Jimin’s voice whispers.

As they’re being informed they hear voices and the distinct sound of boots coming from down the hall. Jungkook panics. “What do we do? They’re going to catch us!”

“Follow my lead,” Hoseok hisses sternly. Taehyung pulls Jungkook behind him as Hoseok shapeshifts, morphing into a security guard. He quickly snatches the walkie-talkie from Jungkook and shoves it into Hoseok’s hand. The older boy slides it calmly into the belt loop of his clothes.

Hoseok turns, calmly walking towards Namjoon and Seokjin’s room, and Jungkook and Taehyung follow along wordlessly. Hoseok reaches to open the door, but pauses when a voice booms from the other end of the hallway. “Stop! You there! What are these subjects doing out of their rooms after hours?”

Without missing a beat, Hoseok turns to them; jutting out a strong jaw like the two guards approaching them are the biggest inconvenience on the planet. “You know I’m not authorized to ask the doctors questions—” he glances at the nametag of the man who had spoken “—Chanwoo. All I know is that these subjects were requested for private examination under the authority of the Head Scientist, Dr. Cho. I was summoned to escort the both of them back to their room.”

One of the men—Chanwoo—clears his throat, looking a little embarrassed. “Yes—well, I’ll be talking to Dr. Cho tomorrow to confirm that what your claim is indeed true. For the meantime though—uh—carry on.”

Hoseok watches their backs as they turn to leave, waiting patiently until they’ve rounded the corner before releasing a breath. “That was too close.”

Taehyung sighs. “Way too close. But you totally showed them up.”

Hoseok smirks. “It’s not my first time impersonating one of these guys.”
He shifts back into his regular form before opening the door with the master key. Namjoon and Seokjin step out, looking particularly anxious. “You handled that very well, Hoseok,” Namjoon praises as they sneak back toward where Yoongi and Jimin are waiting for them. “They couldn’t even identify you as an intruder they were so confused.”

Once they reunite with Yoongi and Jimin they head for the staircase. Floors one and two, to their knowledge, is underground, and the third floor is the only one above ground, meaning their exit out of this facility is on the very top floor. Jungkook takes the front with Namjoon by his side, navigating him through the halls. They’re able to get to the third floor without drama, but it’s when they’re a corner away from the exit that Namjoon stops them all.

“There’s two guards at the exit,” Namjoon whispers harshly. They stand around contemplating how to overcome this without having to resort to violence, and that’s when Yoongi gets an idea.

He whispers something in Hoseok’s ear and the orange-haired boy nods, shifting into a scientist. Jimin looks at Yoongi funny. “Dr. Lee? Why him?”

Yoongi waves him off as Hoseok steps out from the corner and approaches the guards. Taehyung grips the back of Jungkook’s shoulder nervously, peeking around the corner to see what’s happening. “This is a stupid idea. Hoseok’s going to get himself killed.”

“He won’t,” Jungkook says quietly. “I’ll step him to protect him before that happens.”

“Dr. Lee,” one of the guards says before they both bow to Hoseok. “What brings you here at this hour? Have you decided to go home after all?”

“No, no.” Hoseok scratches his bald head, his voice suddenly deep and throaty. “I came here to inform you that there are some complications happening in the control room downstairs. The security officer on duty asked for your assistance.”

The guards share a look. “But we’re required to stay and guard the exit…”

Hoseok laughs. He does a surprisingly good impression of an old man. “I’m sure it’ll only be for a couple of minutes. Besides, all the subjects are in bed. I can assure you no one will be getting in or out tonight.”
The guards still look hesitant. Jungkook gnaws aggressively on his bottom lip.

Then Hoseok claps his hands. “I have an idea. How about I stay here until the both of you get back?”

One of them purses their lips uncertainly. “How about just one of us goes and checks the control room?”

“I really do insist the both of you go. It seemed urgent.”

The guards look at each other before shaking their heads. “I’m sorry, but it is our duty to remain here.”

Hoseok smiles dryly. “I’m sorry it had to come to this then.”

Taehyung and Jungkook sprint out into the open as Hoseok throws himself at one of the guards, wrestling him into a chokehold. The other guard holds up his gun with a yell, watching the scene unfold with stunned breathlessness. Taehyung takes advantage of this by hurling a sphere in his direction, punching a hole in his side. The blood curdling screams echo down the hall as the guard hits the floor, bleeding profusely, but Seokjin is at his side quickly, kneeling down to place his hand on the man’s skull. It only takes a second for the guard to go completely still, and by that stage Hoseok had already killed the other one.

“So much for leaving peacefully,” Yoongi growls, shoving open the double doors and stumbling clumsily to freedom.

The breeze hits Taehyung’s face and it’s a wondrous feeling. He has the urge to stop and look upon their tropic surroundings and take in the beauty that is the outside world. But he can’t, not right now. They all sprint down the hill from the facility, and from the outside it looks almost plain and underwhelming compared to what it’s like on the inside, probably because the South Korean government didn’t want people snooping around the place.

Their bare feet run from concrete onto white sand, and as they rapidly approach the docks they hear alarms going off in the distance. Someone somewhere in the facility has probably come across the trail of bodies they left behind.
Taehyung’s heart is in his throat when they come to a line of speedboats, all of them unoccupied. Namjoon jumps into the nearest one, looking around for the keys, his hands trembling.

“The keys are probably key in the watchtower,” Yoongi shouts, pointing towards the tower at the very end of the docks.

“We’ll never get the keys in time—guards are probably making their way down here as we speak!” Seokjin stresses, craning his neck under the back seats, praying for a miracle that the keys would appear.

“I’ll go. I’m the only one who can probably defend myself,” Taehyung says quickly, climbing out of the boat, but a hand holds him back from leaving.

“No!” Jungkook cries, gripping Taehyung’s wrist tightly. “You can’t go it’s too dangerous!”

Taehyung looks back at the pained expression on Jungkook’s face. His heart lurches in his chest as he wrenches himself from Jungkook’s grip and turns away, sprinting down the docks towards the tower. Jungkook screams after him, almost climbing out of the boat himself but Jimin holds him back.

“There’s no point sacrificing yourself too, Jungkook! Taehyung has a better chance of making it back alive if he goes alone.”

“But you don’t understand!” Jungkook struggles. “Taehyung’s my—”

“I do understand.” Jungkook stops, looking back at Jimin’s hardened expression. He realizes then that he’s not the only person Taehyung is close to. They’re all his friends, all his family, and Taehyung taking this risk puts emotional stress on all of them.

“I’m sorry,” Jungkook quietens, lowering himself back into the boat. “That was selfish of me.”

“It’s fine.” Jimin pats him on the shoulder. “Happens to the best of us.”

Yells filter down from the facility and they all perk up to see a hoard of guards running towards
them. One of them aims his gun and shoots. Jungkook gasps, throwing up the shield just in time to deflect it.

“They’re shooting at us!” Hoseok squawks incredulously.

“Looks like re-capturing us is off the table,” Namjoon says forlornly. “If Taehyung doesn’t come back with the keys we’ll all be dead by morning.”

There’s a flash and a yell from the tower, a scene of shadows struggling through the square windows looking into the panel room. Jungkook bites the inside of his cheek. He’s tempted to look over; just to take a peek at what’s happening, but looking away from the guards shooting at them could be a fatal mistake on his part.

“What’s happening?” Jungkook yells tensely, needing someone to narrate for him.

“It’s hard to tell,” says Jimin. “I can’t see much from this distance.”

“Taehyung better hurry. If those guards get to the docks we’re finished,” Yoongi groans.

Jungkook grits his teeth, watching tensely as the guards get closer and closer to the docks every second that ticks by.

“There he is!” Hoseok yells.

He makes the mistake of looking away for a split second to see Taehyung dashing out of the watchtower with what looks to be some sort of toolbox. A bullet grazes his arm and he screams, holding his arm as blood starts to seep from the open wound.

“Jungkook!”

“I’m f-fine,” he gasps, putting his shields back up to protect them from the shower of bullets. “It didn’t hit me.”
“The keys are in the box!” a voice yells—Taehyung’s voice—just before something heavy is hurled into the boat.

The box breaks open and spills an assortment of keys all over the deck. Namjoon curses and immediately jumps to test which one is the right one. But Taehyung is still a great distance from them.

“Where is he?” Jungkook yells hysterically.

“He’s destroying the other boats!”

Sure enough, Jungkook sees Taehyung running down the docks throwing spheres at the other boats, damaging the vehicles to the point where some of them catch fire. His face is hard with determination, a fierceness in his eyes as he yearns for the freedom they’re so desperately fighting for.

It’s beautiful, Jungkook thinks. It takes him back to the first time they ever fought each other. He can feel the pulse of Taehyung’s adrenaline and the heart that beats along with it. Taehyung is a fighter, and now he’s risking everything to make sure they escape without being followed.

But something goes wrong. Taehyung clutches his shoulder and collapses onto the docks. Jungkook can feel a searing pain shoot through his own shoulder and he knows then that Taehyung’s been shot.

“No!” he screams. He starts getting out of the boat just as the engine roars to life. Namjoon has found the right keys.

“Jungkook! Get back in the boat!” Seokjin yells.

Jungkook looks at them, then at Taehyung who’s lying on the floor in pain. The guards have reached the beach. They’re only meters from the docks now.

“Jungkook for God’s sake get in the fucking boat!” Jimin yells.

Jungkook looks back at them, tears running down his face. He shakes his head dejectedly. “Go.
Go now. I can’t leave without Taehyung. If he stays, so do I.”

Then the youngest of their group is running towards Taehyung’s fallen form, ignoring the shouts of his name being thrown at him from behind. Without Jungkook nearby, the shields can no longer protect them from the bullets, and they all duck for cover as bullets shatter the windscreen.

“Just go, Namjoon! Fucking go!” Yoongi yells over the gunfire.

Namjoon shifts the boat into gear and slams his foot on the pedal. The boat jerks and speeds away from the island, and all of them on the boat escape miraculously unscathed. But no one is really thinking about how lucky they all are to still be alive. Their eyes are on the two dotted figures on the docks that grow smaller and smaller the more distance they make between themselves and the island.

Seokjin and Hoseok struggle to blink away tears as Jimin sobs into Yoongi’s shoulder. Namjoon and Yoongi’s faces are devoid of emotion, trying to stay strong as the rest of them fall apart.

“God.” Jimin sniffs. “Do you think they’ll survive? They—they were the facility’s most successful s-subjects. Surely… surely they wouldn’t…”

“We killed four people, Jimin,” Yoongi murmurs softly. “Even if they aren’t killed straight away, I’m sure a lot of the security workers will want justice.”

“Oh god… oh god no… n-no…” Jimin sobs violently, clutching at Yoongi’s shirt. “We shouldn’t have left them be-behind. Taehyung and Jungkook—they saved us. There’s no way we could’ve pulled this off without them.”

The boat falls silent. None of them speak; none of them want to talk about the fact that they just left behind their friends in the heat of the escape. It’s an awful thing to have to do, even if they were told to leave without them.

“Why do you hate us so much!?” Hoseok screams at the starry sky above. It’s a clear night tonight, not a cloud to be seen. It’d almost be beautiful if the circumstances weren’t so bleak. “You raise us in Hell and then when we finally have freedom, you take our loved ones away from us? What kind of God are you? What kind of God would let this happen?”

“Wait… what’s that…?” Seokjin stands up, looking up at the sky. The rest of them look up too,
only to see shadowed figures above them, much darker against the night sky.

Then the figures are falling, coming closer and closer until Yoongi squints and says, “Am I the only one seeing this or were those bullets dosed in hallucinogen?”

“It’s Taehyung and Jungkook! They’re… they’re…!” Hoseok is so happy he can’t even seem to find the words.

“They’re flying…?” Namjoon blinks in wonderment.

Taehyung and Jungkook don’t land so much as fall flat on their stomachs on the deck gracelessly. They both groan, barely having enough time to turn onto their backs before arms are engulfing them from left, right and centre.

“I’m so glad you’re OK!” Jimin cries, and the others throw in their screeches of relief as they take turns embracing their brothers.

“Ow—shit! Watch it guys!” Taehyung whimpers, holding his shoulder. They remember that Taehyung was shot and give them a little more space to allow Seokjin to work on it. Jungkook kneels by Taehyung’s form, running his hands through his sweaty, blonde locks.

“I didn’t know you guys could fly,” Yoongi says as Seokjin works on the wound.

Jungkook looks up, smiling softly. “Neither did we, until we—well—did.”

“Well it sure is some fucking miracle.”

The maknae laughs, carding Taehyung’s hair away from his forehead. “Yeah.”

Taehyung smiles up at Jungkook’s face, watching as the breeze sways his light brown hair and the stars wink back at him for the first time in his life. “Who knew the stars could be so beautiful?”

Jungkook smiles back, but his eyes don’t leave Taehyung’s handsome face, tapping the tip of
Taehyung’s nose affectionately with his finger. “Yeah… who knew…?”

Author’s Note:

I can’t believe this took me an entire year to complete (and on the day of my 21st birthday lol what a coincidence). If you’d told me at the beginning that this would take me 11 months to do I would’ve said “no thanks~” and yet, here we are. I want to start off by thanking the people who comment/subscribe/leave kudos because you’re the reason I make the time to write this content. Your feedback and encouragement is what motivates me the most, and I could never take you guys for granted. You’re amazing. Thank you so much!

As you can tell this particular one is a lot longer than the other fics, and that’s because it’s the final one. This is my love letter to all the wonderful people who have stuck by me the entire time.

For those asking if I’ll continue you on with some of these works, my honest answer is that I probably won’t. I have other stories in the works that I want to give my attention to—that I’ve been wanting to give attention to for some time but instead pushed myself to finish this series first. Because you guys deserve to see this completed. Each and every one of you. However, if you feel inspired to continue some of these one-shots, write sequels/prequels/spin-offs, then hit me up with a message and we can talk about it! J

You can follow me on tumblr here, feel free to message me about anything—my stories, your thoughts, or just if you wanna chat J

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