Flug ends up working in the worst kind of Asylum in the world, filled with all kinds of lunatics that all need special care. But one special patient is assigned to him only, and it makes the doctor's life a living hell. Literally.

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A Paperhat fanfiction with obvious smut, because I can't help myself.
This fanfiction is inspired by the art and AU of zwagyzonk. Go check out their awesome art here: https://zwagyzonk.tumblr.com/

Notes

With only 10 minutes of research of how asylums work, I decided to start writing this without really caring if it's 100% correct, so I apologize for anything that is actually not logical to the story. Also, this is mostly my own ideas and headcanons for the AU. With this fanfiction, I'm trying something new with writing and taking a step forward as a writer.

Many scenes in this chapter are heavily inspired by the art of zwagyzonk.
First encounter

When Flug had applied for this job, he had expected something a lot different than this.

Dr. Flug had ended up working in this God's forsaken place only because he got fired from his previous job. Who would have thought that doing little experiments on students was bad? And illegal, apparently. Not like getting fired mattered, being a teacher just wasn't for him in the first place. Only having enough money to eat and doing something he was passionate about mattered. And after being jobless for months, Flug finally found the perfect job that paid just enough for him to handle it.

A psychiatrist in a mental asylum.

A place called Hatsville Mental Institution, mostly known from its nickname, "The Villainous Asylum". Located away from everything else. Apparently haunted, too, but that's only the rumors.

It was that kind of a psychiatric hospital that specialized in the permanent care of its residents. If you once stepped in, you would never get out again. It was the special hell for the worst cases of humans, who required routine assistance, treatment and a specialized, controlled environment. At first, Flug didn't really give a shit what he was going to do there - he was that much in need of money, that he was ready to cut off his own arm off in exchange of some cash. But the more time he spend there, the more he despised his job and regretted coming there.

Flug had expected his job to be very simple - when he had signed his name into that bloody contract, it promised him that he would mostly just give medicine to the patients, and every now and then talk to them and maybe run a few tests. In exchange, Dr. Flug got his own, very tiny office where the most calm patients would come in and visit. Quite simple, wasn't it? Wrong.

What Flug had not read from the contract was the fact, that the place was full of quite ... unusual guests. For example, a giant blue bear. Apparently it was a failed experiment, and the only suitable place for the poor thing was this asylum. Mostly the bear was harmless, since it suffered from clinical depression and barely talked. But sometimes, the bear would turn more into his ... animal side. He had no name, but the empty eyed bear is referred as "5.0.5" on its files. Even if it wasn't allowed, Flug couldn't help but see himself as some sort of a father figure to the animal.

Many patients were mostly annoying, always creating a tantrum until they were tied to the bed for days or locked up into a room as punishment. But the worst one was definitely that girl, who always laughed like a maniac. Her real name was Demencia, - in the files referenced as "047" -, and even if she is brand new patient in the asylum, she is always being a handful. Always bothering the other patients by yelling into their ear, laughing at them and even jumping on top of them. Sometimes she even bites. Flug remembers the day she got here - it was his first week, and he remembers clearly how the young woman had the most crazy hair he had ever seen. A neon-green ponytail that was dragging against the floor and pink bangs. It was slightly disappointing that they had to cut all of it off, because such strong colors in a place like this could really brighten up the place.

Up until now, Flug's job was bearable. Painful and annoying, but still bearable. But from today, it
had been turned into living hell.

"You've assigned one patient completely under my care?"

Flug sat nervously in front of his boss, who was at least three times bigger than he was. His boss had a belly so big it was almost leaning over the table like a balloon about to explode. He had a thick cigar between his lips, right under his dark mustache. The boss inhaled some smoke, before huffing them out heavily right into Flug's face. Even if Flug had a light brown paper bag covering his head and strap-on goggles over his eyes, the smoke still make him cough uncomfortably.

"Well, yes. Is there a problem?" the big boss asked, looking down at Flug.

"N-no, sir", the young man muttered back and looked down at his feet.

Flug looked through the file of this patient, and to his surprise it was quite short. The only thing he knew about this patient that he had never left his room. And that he was dangerous.

"So, I-let me get this straight. You want me to take care of this patient who possibly has some supernatural abilities and who has... killed seven doctors before?"

The more Dr. Flug read, the more horrified he was.

"And, and... this! 'Patient number 666'?" Flug whimpered and slammed the file on the table. "That's the devil's number."

"Indeed, he insisted having that as his number", his boss muttered quietly. "And he is, in fact, an actual devil."

"Insisted?" Flug repeated the man's words.

"Whenever we wrote down another number for him, the paper started burning and turned the number to 666."

Ah, a dramatic one, Flug thought to himself.
The boss leaned over the large wooden table and inspected Flug carefully, looking up and down at him. Flug was somewhat tall and lanky, his face completely hidden under a strange paper bag. He was dressed up in a blue shirt with a plane on it, light blue jeans and a pair of red chucks. Only two things about him showed the others he was a doctor of some sort: a white lab coat and yellow gloves.

"Listen, Doctor Flug."

His voice was almost mocking and Flug slightly shivered under his intense stare.

"I've noticed how good you are with patients. Even if it's not your specialty, you always do your job well, no matter the situation."

Flug lifted his face from the ground, feeling a little more confident about himself.

"This is a very important job, and it's an honor to do it. You don't wanna miss it", the boss said and leaned heavily back into his seat, making the chair creak loudly.

Flug thought for a moment. He inspected the file a little longer. There was no pictures of the patient, no official name, relatives or hometown... Everything about this patient just screamed "danger". It was like the file was named as "Stay the hell away if you want to stay alive".

A single note was added at the end of the file, handwritten : "Update : patient informs that he prefers to be called 'Black Hat'."

"... D-do I get paid more for this?"

"A lot. So, is it a deal?"

"... I believe so."

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Flug was given a set of keys and passwords so he would have access to the lowest level of the asylum - the underground level. It was where they took the most dangerous patients they had and kept them there in severe conditions until they would die.

The only way to get there was through an elevator and Flug already felt like panicking when he and his coworker stood silently there, waiting for the lift to reach the lowest level.

"I sure hope Black Hat doesn't kill you", Flug's friendly coworked, Thomas, joked. Dr. Flug shivered from that.

"I-I sure hope so, too", he whimpered and fought back tears. If he only knew how to say 'no', he
now wouldn't be risking his life for some extra money.

Thomas just laughed in a sinister way and started searching for something in his pockets. Soon, he offered a simple controller to Flug. It looked like a remote control, expect it only had two buttons and a green light showing it was working.

"It's a taser, sort of. Black has this electric collar around his neck. The first button gives him a small shock, but the second one makes much more damage", Thomas explained to him.

"W-will this actually work on him?" Flug stuttered out.

He had read enough to understand, that this 'Black Hat' was no human. Apparently, he could change his appearance, possess something near him and completely bite someone's arm off with no trouble. Would a simple shock even feel like anything to him? Unless, of course, all of his 'abilities' were a lie.

"Trust me, it will. It doesn't give usual electric shots. It's actually illegal to use this on patients, since it can kill you, but this is a special case."

The elevator finally stopped and the doors opened, and the two doctors walked across the empty hallway until they reached a huge metallic door with multiple locks. Thomas showed him in what order the locks had to be opened and what password you had to type and where. The last thing that was needed to unlock the door was a hand print, and for this Flug had to remove his yellow glove. After two whole minutes of going through all kinds of security, the door finally opened and they were able to move on.

Flug walked across the hallway silently, listening carefully for any sign of live, but he heard nothing. There were doors on both of his sides, but they all seemed empty.

"What happened to the last doctor, who took care of Black Hat?" Dr. Flug decided to ask, just to get rid of the pressing silence.

"Well, they pissed BH off and they got impaled by ... something. Numerous doctors tried to calm Black Hat down, but it was all useless. Now he has been rotting down here for months", Thomas told the doctor. Both of them shivered from it.

"So, h-he doesn't need to be fed?" Flug asked.

"No. He is nowhere near human."

They finally reached a door that was also made out of strong metal. It had a small door that you could open and take a peek inside, if needed, and a few strong locks to keep the door shut. Next to the door there was a simple sign that read: "Patient number 666".

"Once you are inside, the only way to get out is with this key."
Thomas gave Flug another key, that was almost brand new. Flug attached it to the rest of the keys and made sure to memorize what it was.

"Now, just try talking to him a little. If possible, try to find some information about him. And when you need to leave, give him a small shock before opening the door", Thomas guided him before he took a peek inside the room.

"It seems to be clear", he then said and opened the door slowly.

Shaking, Flug stepped inside the room and carefully looked around. The walls and the floor were cushioned, and a dim lightning took over the room. A tall figure was sitting in a corner, leaning against the wall silently.

"Good luck."

With those words, Thomas closed the door and left Flug completely alone with the monster.

Dr. Flug first just stood there, repeating everything he had just learned in his head like he was facing a difficult test. In a way, this was a test to him. The objective was to survive.

"E-evening", he said with a stuttering voice, standing like a stick in front of the door. No answer came from the man, and Flug could not help but shiver.

Slowly, the figure lifted his head and looked up at Flug with an uncanny smirk and tired eyes. Their eyes met and never left each other, and just from that Flug felt like he would faint.

This patient, Black Hat as he preferred to be called, was quite unusual. He was wearing a white straitjacket just like any other patient, but on top of his head there was a black top hat with a maroon band. Flug guessed that is where his name came from. He was also donning a rimless monocle over his left eye, which was strange. Patients were not allowed to possess anything, so it was weird how they let him wear his property freely. Around his neck, there was a strong shock collar. Probably the most unusual thing about him was his face, and his whole body, too - Black Hat had a dark grey skin and had no ears or even a nose. It was like he was faceless. But he did have a mouth filled with pointy teeth and a pair of eyes inspecting the doctor silently.

Flug coughed and straightened his posture. He took out a small note pad and a pen, where he would write down notes.

"I have b-been assigned to be your, erm, personal caretaker. M-my names is Dr. Flug and-", he started talking. But he suddenly stopped and shivered, when he saw Black Hat's reaction to his own name.

Black Hat's forked tongue had fallen out past his lips hungrily when he had heard the doctor's name and yet again, Flug had shivered in fear. He swallowed heavily and tried to collect himself, but then he heard the patient laughing.

"They hired a coward to take care of me? How silly", Black Hat said with an amused tone in his
voice. He rolled his shoulders a little, snapped his neck and took a more comfortable position in the corner.

"Y-yes, I'm here to just t-talk to you and maybe run a few tests", Flug tried to explain, tapping his pen nervously against the note pad.

"Tests? Are you a scientist?" Black Hat asked with curiosity. "Not at the moment", the doctor answered.

Black Hat laughed again. "Well, I have nothing to say, so you can go back to where you came from", he said now slightly louder and leaned towards the doctor, still staying near his own special corner. Frightened, Flug pulled out the controller he was given and moved his thumb over the first button as a warning. The hatted man stopped and moved back into his corner, chuckling in amusement.

"That scared of me?"

Flug took a few steps back and leaned heavily against the door, already wishing to get out. His hand was shaking as he pointed the controller towards the patient, considering to press the button already. But Black Hat didn't seem angry, at least not yet. He only smiled, shook his head and closed his eyes, like he understood why Flug was afraid.

"This thing in my neck is indeed helping me behave", the patient said softly and leaned his head against the fall. His eyes were still closed, but he didn't seem to be sleeping.

Flug took a few breaths to collect himself and finally stopped pointing at the patient. He looked down at the controller, playing carefully with its sides.

"Y-yes, but it will be used only in s-serious circumstances", Dr. Flug explained and laughed nervously.

"You thought it was a serious circumstance when I came an inch closer to you?" Black Hat asked, raising his eyebrows. Flug wasn't able to answer that.

"W-well, it's not bad to be c-careful", he said as an excuse after a long moment of silence. It had been the first time for him when a patient points out a mistake he has done. Flug felt quite embarrassed for being such a coward. But at the same time, he was with a vicious creature so he had to be extra precautious.

An awkward silence fell between them and Flug was not sure what he should say next. He just stood there, staring at his patient like he was a circus freak. Flug collected more air into his lungs and tried to calm himself down. He had not been acting professional so far, but it was not too late to fix that.
"Press it."

Flug's eyes widened and his mouth fell slightly open from those words.

"What?" Flug asked. "W-why would I do that?"

"I want to see if it works."

Flug tried to stutter something out, but no clear words came out of him. He could not understand why Black Hat would want to get shocked. Was the collar new to him or did he just want to challenge Flug? Or maybe he was so sick he liked it.

"T-the device on your neck could seriously injure you, or e-even kill you", Flug stuttered out. "It is only meant to be used when you are a threat to me."

Black Hat turned his gaze somewhere else for a moment, silently thinking about Flug's words. Then, he looked back at Flug with a wide smirk.

And then, Black Hat stood up.

Black Hat was much taller than he had looked like when he had been curled up in a corner. Flug is quite tall to begin with, but Black Hat was towering over him, his top hat making him look even taller than he already was.

Black took one small step towards Flug with his bare feet, then another one. Flug pressed himself against the door, holding tightly onto the remote.

"S-stay back, or I will press it!" he shouted, his feet trembling so hard that they almost gave up under him. But Black Hat did not stop.

The eldritch inched closer to Flug, so slowly yet so deadly. His smile grew wider, his white sharp fangs shining in a clear line. He tilted his head to the side, his whole form crooked as he came closer to Flug. Flug lifted up his hand and pointed the remote towards the patient, his thumb over the first button, shaking harshly.

"Press it then", Black Hat said with a low voice that created chills run up the doctor's backside.

And Flug did. He pressed his thumb down and kept it there. A soft buzzing noise filled the room and Black Hat's eye widened. He fell down to his knees, screaming and banging his head against the
floor. His body was shaking violently and his hands did their everything to break free. Soon, the
eldritch used all of his power on his legs and lifted himself up, turned around and ran against the
wall. He made inhuman sounds as he kept kicking his legs, leaning against the wall heavily. Black
Hat started slamming himself against the wall, and it took Flug a while to understand why. Black
was trying to destroy the electric choker around his neck, without success.

Suddenly, Black Hat looked at Flug and made the most animalistic scream Flug has only heard in his
worst nightmares. Black Hat's mouth opened wide, sharp teeth pointing everywhere and tongue
dancing around wildly. Then, something odd happened. Something Dr. Flug had never seen before.

Something came out of Black Hat's body. Black, shadow-like spikes spurted out of his torso,
spreading around like wings. The more Black Hat screamed, the more of those shadows
appeared. Flug curled up against the door as much as he could, trying to get away from those deadly
things, but he had no escape. Whatever was happening, made it clear as day that patient number 666
was a monster.

Flug was shaking, his eyes tearing up as he finally realized to lift his thumb up and end the misery of
his patient. Black Hat went silent, the weird shadows disappearing as fast as they had appeared and
he fell down onto his knees, his head hanging low. Black Hat's eyes were wide open, and a drain of
drool was falling onto the floor. Dr. Flug fell down to the floor, too, leaning his head against the
metal door as he took deep breaths, trying to understand what had just happened.

His whole body was shaking and he could feel himself crying. He dropped all of his belonging to the
floor, even the remote and curled up into a ball. Flug could feel his heart beating hard against his
chest, a weird plump stuck in his throat making it hard to breath. He wrapped his hands around his
legs and pulled them closer to his chest.

"Think of a happy place, think of a happy place", he whispered to himself, rocking around slightly in
order to call himself.

Black Hat lifted his head up slowly, watching the pathetic excuse of a doctor who was supposed to
be his new caretaker. Angrily, he crawled towards the doctor, still huffing heavily.

Flug lifted his head up and immediately started panicking.

"Oh god, please, Black Hat ! Don't k-"

The second Flug's legs weren't against his chest anymore, Black Hat had fallen on top of them, using
them as a pillow. The eldritch curled up close to his doctor, exhausted and strained as he fell asleep
in a mere second.

Flug looked down onto his lap with wide, teary eyes, too afraid to even breathe. He then gave out a
tired sigh and leaned his head against the door, still crying a little bit.
"I want to go home."
Chapter Summary

Flug doesn't like his new job very much. Will Flug continue his job, and will his mind change about his patient?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I want to go home. I quit!"

Never in his life has Flug been this angry. He has always been either a coward that gets pushed by everyone, or ... completely fucking insane. There was no in between. But now, he was yelling at someone like his whole life depended on it. In a way, it did. He was scared to death. And he had a good reason to be angry, too.

Flug was standing in front of his boss, banging his hands against his stupid big table that took half of the office. His boss didn't seem to be too bothered by it, as he just leaned back in his chair and smoked his cigarettes that were twice as old as the man himself was. Thomas was standing next to the boss, trying to calm his coworker down with no success.

"You told me nothing, nothing, about the way the patient reacts to certain treatment! I mean, what the hell was that?! He was - I don't even know what he was!" Flug yelled and spread his other arm out so fast, that he knocked over a cup that was holding a couple of pens inside it. The pens spread all around the floor, some of them rolling under the table.

"Oh, god, I'm sorry-", Flug apologized and leaned down to clean the mess he had made.

"You know what, never mind", he then said and got back up, without picking up a single pen. God, he was insane.

Thomas swiped away some of the sweat that was taking over his forehead. "Let's just all calm down", he insisted.

"Calm down? I am calm. I am as calm as your patient from hell when he gets zapped!" Dr. Flug shouted again. He then turned around and walked around in small circles, rubbing the back of his neck. His boss and coworker just watched him silently for a moment.

Finally, Flug gave out an exhausted sigh and sat down onto the chair, leaning his head back.
"I just - I haven't seen anything like this before. I have no idea how to deal with that! Just - let someone else do it", he murmured, getting up as to leave. Thomas stopped him quickly.

"No, no no no, here is the thing - you're the only one here who is willing to do it", he insisted, staring at Flug with wide eyes through his round glasses. Flug rolled his eyes at him.

"Well, I am not willing to do it anymore!" Flug yelled and headed towards the door, only to be dragged back over to the chair.

"Tell us what happened down there. In detail, but quickly", his boss muttered and put his cigar down, tapping his hands on his big belly before relaxing back into his chair. Flug gave a sigh and buried his face into his hands.

"I pressed down the button, when he started approaching me. Then, Black Hat went completely crazy. He- he was screaming and hurting himself, until something... dark started coming out of him", Flug explained the best he could.

"How long were you pressing the button down?" Thomas asked. Flug tried to count the seconds, but then he just shook his head.

"For a while."

Thomas shook his head and slammed his hand against the back of Flug’s chair, making the whole chair almost fall down. He snapped his fingers a couple of times, which Flug found extremely annoying.

"That's it. You're not supposed to HOLD it down, you only have to press it", the other doctor explained. The boss smiled happily, nodding his head and spreading his arms as to say 'problem solved'. Flug stared at his coworker with a look that said 'you should have told me that a bit earlier'.

"And then what happened?" the boss asked with a curious look. Flug gave out another sigh.

"Well, when Black Hat had calmed down, he came up to me and -", Flug stopped for a moment. "... and fell asleep on my lap."

The two others looked at Flug with confused looks. The boss looked at Thomas, who gave him a quick shrug, before turning to stare at Flug again.

"You cuddled with him?" the fat man asked after an awkward moment of silence.

"No!" Flug yelled out. "He used my lap as a pillow and just... fell asleep! It took me an hour to get out of there!"
Flug still remembered, how he just waited until he was sure the patient was asleep. Then, he had started rolling Black Hat away from him, until his legs had been free. Carefully, without giving any more electric shocks, Flug left the room with a single flick of a key.

The boss rubbed his chin with a satisfied smile. He started swirling around in his seat like a child, and the two doctors just watched him go. Thomas tried to comfort Flug as best as he could, but Flug was angry, and waiting for an answer. Every time Thomas tried to rub his shoulder, Flug slapped his hand away and fell back into his own thoughts. His eyes were completely glued to his own shoes as Flug thought about last night with Black Hat. Then, the big chair stopped and the boss was looking out of the window, which made no sense since the curtains were closed.

"I will offer you something great, if you keep working with Black Hat."

Flug lifted his head from the ground, trying to reconsider his decision of quitting his job. Because of this job he had, he was able to live so nicely again. If he left now, god knows how long he would be low on money and only eating the stuff he has found in the garbage. But was the money worth of risking his own life? Flug shook his head.

"No, not happening. Why me?" he whined.

"Because for god's sake, the blood thirsty demon fell asleep on your lap! That is a good sign! He trusts you," the boss shouted and rolled his chair towards his small cabinet. He opened it with a loud creak and started ramming through the old papers that had turned disgustingly yellow. He finally pulled out a single picture with something written behind it, and offered it to Flug.

A simple picture of some kind of a medical room, bunch of doctor's standing around a patient who was laying on some kind of a medical bed. The patient was tied down, his guts were out and he looked very, very, dead. The doctor's seemed quite happy about it.

"What is this?" Flug asked.

"It's a room where doctor's did some ... experiments on patients years ago. They were trying out new kinds of medicine or machines, that could cure them. They were looking for the reasons, why some patients were able to float when they slept, or how some patients went aggressive over the smallest things possible", the big boss started explaining, fire in his eyes and a wide smile that showed the others how rotten his teeth were.

"They were looking for a cure to insanity."

Flug raised an eyebrow.
The boss leaned forward in his chair, getting on the same eye level as Flug.

"I know your past, 'Dr. Flug'. I know you are highly intellectual, and that you enjoy doing these kinds of sick things", the man whispered to him like it was a threat. Flug swallowed heavily. God, he wished he had been a bit more careful in his past whenever he experimented on somebody.

The boss started laughing, his whole belly shaking from it. It sounded like the boss was laughing to lighten the mood, and not because whatever he was offering to Flug, was great. Anyway, his laughter sounded so weird that it made the situation even more uncomfortable.

"If you keep looking after Black Hat and prevent him from going completely crazy and dangerous-", he started, and pointed at Flug with his sausage finger.

"-we will open this medical room again, and let you do whatever you wish to do there."

Flug grasped onto his knees tightly, burying his fingers into his flesh until it would create bruises. He bit his tongue and looked at the picture long and hard.

Should he accept this crazy offer?

The urge to just take it grew stronger every second. His more sadistic side was coming out again, and his mind told him to just 'do it', over and over again. He was so curious of so many things, and sometimes the things he wanted to find out about were illegal, so he needed to just keep his needs inside. But now, he had the perfect opportunity to create new machines, test on subjects that the world would not miss, and finally, truly express his creativity.

But was that all worth it for Black Hat? Was he ready to meet him again after what had happened?

"... You can have your first test subject today", the boss finally offered.

"Done. Offer accepted. Shake my hand", Flug said and offered his gloved hand over the table. His boss shook it strong and hard. A deal had been made.

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A few days later, Flug could not have been any happier.

His first test subject had been a middle-aged man, who was missing his tongue because he once just bit it off and swallowed it. This patient had been partially known as a previous doctor of this asylum, but now he was only known as the patient who screamed. And he screamed, a lot. Apparently, the doctor was seeing things - maybe he saw the future flashing in front of his eyes, or maybe he saw another dimension. Or maybe he just saw the divorce papers over and over again. Flug could only
wonder if he would end up like him someday - a doctor, who went insane like his patients.

With the little equipment Flug had, he had been able to make his way to the patient's vocal chords and build a bubble machine there. That's right. A bubble machine. The patient could not eat normally anymore, but now every time he tried to scream, the only thing that would come out of his mouth was soap bubbles. The second thing he had done with the patient was a brain surgery - he was quite curious to see what the patient was seeing. He had opened the patients brain, put a little device deep inside and then closed his head again. Like this, he could somehow know what the patient was seeing. Whenever the patient screamed - or blew out some bubbles -, Flug would check what he was seeing. And depending on how the brain reacted, he would know if the man saw something that horrified him, or something that reminded him of his past. But so far, what the previous doctor was seeing was still a mystery.

The rest of his days when there were no patients and when he had the time, Flug tried to come up with all kinds of machines that would improve the well-being of his patients. But that was something you could not just make up in a few days. Flug scribbled down all kinds of ideas he had - he drew a few pair of helmets that would electrocute his patients until they were brain dead - or actually dead. He studied the illnesses the patients had and tried to come up with solutions to them, but if he was honest, his mind was empty, out of ideas. He got ideas to create pills that would make the patient vomit, and rooms that were completely dark or cold as ice. But how would those heal mental illness? Flug still wrote them down, and tried to come up with better ideas before leaving the empty medical room.

Flug knew why he couldn't completely focus. And it was because of a certain patient, that could just not leave his mind.

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It took Flug a week before he was ready to go down to the lowest level of the asylum again. His hands were trembling violently, making him almost drop his papers to the floor. He hated himself for doing this. The first time he had met Black Hat, it could have went a lot better. Going back down there felt like a risk to his well-being, but also embarrassing. He had acted completely unprofessional, and he could already hear how the patient would mock him. But Flug tried to keep his head up and see this day as a new beginning.

He moved out of the elevator and went past the heavily locked door and headed towards Black Hat's room. It was silent. So silent, that it made Flug feel only more uncomfortable. The only thing he could hear was his gentle foot steps against the floor, his heavy breathing and his racing heart thumping against his chest.

Flug finally reached his patient's door and opened the locks. Without first checking inside the room, Flug stepped inside the room and locked the door behind him.
That was his first mistake.

The moment he had closed the door, Black Hat had ran towards him and pressed him completely against the door, even if he wasn't able to use his arms. Flug gasped in surprise and dropped everything he had in his hands to the floor, even the key that would get him outside.

Black Hat was so close to him. He was completely pressed against the doctor like a hungry beast, a wide smirk painted over his dark grey face. Flug was completely frozen in fear and he could only stare at Black Hat with wide eyes. For a moment, they both just stared at each other silently, and Flug took his chance to reach for his lab coat's pocket, where the remote was hidden. His whole body was shaking and sweating already, but he was too afraid to push the patient away. As slowly as he could, he reached for his pocket as best as he could, still watching Black Hat silently.

For one second, Flug broke the eye contact and took a peek at his hand, just to make sure he was reaching for the right pocket. And when he had done that, Black Hat took his opportunity to move closer to Flug's neck. Black Hat let out a hot breath, that tickled against Flug's skin uncomfortably and he let out a soft whine. Suddenly, his head felt like a complete mess. Like he was being controlled, or possessed. His body felt like it was going numb, his tense muscles relaxing and his eyes closing, like he was falling asleep. Acting way too obedient, Flug tilted his head to the side, exposing his neck even more.

It was suddenly very, very hot.

Black Hat inched even closer, his mouth opening a little wider as he breathed against Flug's neck, before he extended his tongue out and gave a slow, long lick.

Flug yelped in surprise and buried his hand into his pocket, pressing the first button his fingers could find. Black Hat cursed and jolted away from the doctor, falling to the floor and curling up into a ball. He was breathing heavily, but nothing else happened, so Flug finally dared to breathe and relax a little. He coughed a few times, trying to collect his 'professional' mind back together before he picked up the belongings he had dropped.

"I-if you do something like that again, I swear I w-won't go easy on you", Flug said with an angry look in his eyes and moved his keys into his jean's pocket. He wrote what had just happened down onto his note pad and then took out Black Hat's file.

Black Hat let out an amused laughter. "Well, that was fun", he said. Flug shook his head, let his body shiver the odd feeling away before he rolled his shoulders. God, his neck still felt slightly wet from that lick. Flug rubbed the side of his neck for a moment, before coughing out again. He had to stay professional.
"I'm not here to f-fool around, Black Hat", he said with a strict tone.

"Fool around? I thought you humans liked that", Black Hat said with a cocky tone and sat up. He crawled towards the nearest wall and leaned against it, still smiling with his teeth out. Flug closed his eyes in frustration, and kept repeating one sentence in his mind: "Stay professional."

"I am here to ask some questions about you", he finally said and looked around through his stack of papers. Black Hat gave a tired sigh.

"Not this again", he murmured.

"This is a regular procedure, you just have to get used to it", Flug insisted and got his pen ready. He took a deep breath, and did his best to just forget about what had just happened.

"What is your name?" he asked calmly.

"Black Hat."

"Is that your real name?" Flug asked.

"It is the name I prefer to use. Next question."

Flug bit his lip. It seemed like Black Hat was not very interested in talking to him. But not like that was his problem.

"How old are you?"

"I lost count a few centuries ago", Black Hat chuckled. Flug could not tell if the man was joking or serious, but he still wrote the answer down.

Flug kept asking the normal questions he has asked every new patient so far - where he was from, if he had any family members... if he had any hobbies. But there never was a clear answer, and it made Flug feel a little frustrated. At one point, he stopped writing down the answers and started sketching planes that were exploding in the sky. Finally, he came up with a question that he was actually interested to hear an answer to.

"How did you end up in here?"

Black Hat stared at Flug hard and long. "Isn't that in my file?" he asked. Flug shook his head.
"No. In fact, t-there isn't much of you here in the first place", Dr. Flug said as he looked through the patient's file once again. And as always, the information about Black Hat was short as it could be. It seemed like that everything about him had been destroyed. Black Hat let out a quiet 'oh', before nodding in agreement.

"Well, it will stay that way, too. Because I'm not telling you anything."

"Why not?" Flug asked with a little irritated voice. He placed his hands against his hips and tapped his shoe against the floor like a disappointed mother.

Black Hat growled at him: "Because none of you doctors give a damn about your patients! All you want is information and for me to be a slave to your experiments. Well, guess what? Not happening. Not ever again."

Flug felt something split in half inside his chest, a weird plump in his throat suddenly swallowing his voice. He moved his hand over where his heart was and grasped hard onto his shirt. What was this feeling? Did he really pity this monster?

For a moment, Flug could understand how Black Hat felt, and he tried to say something nice to him. But he stopped himself and clenched his hand into a tight fist. He wasn't allowed to feel pity towards his patient, especially a patient like Black Hat. But he couldn't help himself. He kind of understood how he felt, after all.

Flug let out another exhausted sigh. He turned around as to just leave, since it felt like he was going nowhere, but then he turned back to his patient. He swallowed hard and just stood there for a moment, before he moved closer to Black Hat, and sat in front of him. Of course, keeping a good distance from him. That seemed to take Black Hat by surprise, as he stared at Flug with wide eyes and a confused, but curious look.

"I won't write it down, if you don't want to", Flug suggested. Black Hat raised his eyebrows.

"And why would you do that?"

To be honest, Flug didn't know the answer either. Maybe this job didn't matter to him at all. Not like he was interviewing a dangerous individual for fun. He just did it for the money. And the only thing he had to do was to make sure Black Hat didn't go rabid, so he could basically do whatever he wanted. Flug took a comfortable position on the floor and moved all of the paper work away from him and just looked at Black Hat.

"My only job here is to make sure you know your place. They barely gave me any directions of how to do that. So, let's just talk."

Black Hat first just stared at Flug with a cold look, and Flug's forced smile (that the man could not
even see) faded away as quickly as it had appeared. But soon, Black Hat chuckled and shook his head.

"Just talk? Are you that needy for friends, doctor Flug?" he mocked his doctor. Flug swallowed heavily and played with his gloved fingers nervously, feeling himself sweating a little.

"I-I see no problem with us b-being ... friends", he finally mumbled out and closed his eyes just in case he had said something wrong.

"That is not professional at all!" Flug shouted at himself in his head. He shook his head and opened his eyes again, nervously looking at his patient. Surprisingly, Black Hat seemed quite calm. Flug was waiting for a sound of laughter, but it never came. That's when he realized it.

God knows how long he has been down here, not having anyone talk to him or treat him like a living being instead of a wild creature ... He must have been lonely.

Finally, Black Hat let out a soft puff and Flug could see him swallow. Just the tiny movement his neck made when he swallowed made Flug feel ... even sweater than he already was.

In complete silence, Dr. Flug looked at Black Hat intensely, waiting for an answer.

"Fine", he muttered with a crooked smile and Flug let out a relieved sigh, letting his head fall back down for a moment.

Flug could hear the rustling of clothes and he lifted his head up, only to see Black Hat's face inches away from his. The eldritch looked at him with curious eyes and a smile, that was surprisingly more friendly than twisted. The man was on his knees, leaning closer to Flug and the doctor could not help but ... blush? Wait, what kind of a reaction was that?

"I will tell you everything, if you tell me everything about yourself, too", Black Hat said with a seductive voice, that made Flug shiver.

"Isn't that what friends do?"

Chapter End Notes
Thank you all so much for the support on the first chapter! I didn't expect to be noticed that much! Hope you will keep reading this story ~
Flug finally has someone to open up to. He also meets one of the most annoying patients he could ever imagine.

Flug could not believe he was releasing such sensitive information to one of the world's most dangerous patients.

He couldn't believe he had agreed to this in the first place.

"I will tell you everything, if you tell me everything about yourself, too", Black Hat had said to him. That sentence was first just a big "no-no". Black Hat was onto something here, and Flug wasn't that stupid to fall for it. Black Hat clearly had unbridled ambition to conquer everything and anything he wanted. And whatever he wanted from Flug was something he would not get so easily. Flug knew what he was dealing with and he would not let himself be fooled. Not this time. He had to act like a true psychiatrist, without letting the patient get the best of him.

"Isn't that what friends do?"

"Yeah okay", Flug said.

Sadly, Flug was weak as shit. And lonely, too.

Black Hat leaned away from the doctor with a satisfied smile and leaned against the wall, shifting for a moment before finally taking a comfortable position. "So, doctor~", he called out for Flug, and god, did his voice already make the man panic. "Tell me something about yourself."

"Well, I uh, am a doctor. A scientist, too. At the moment I am your p-personal psychiatrist. I h-have a
few degrees here and there -", Flug started explaining with a stuttering voice, not being able to look at his patient as he spoke.

Black Hat groaned and rolled his eyes. "No, no. I can see you are a doctor and, whatever you just mentioned. Tell me something personal about yourself."

Now that was taking this a bit too far. Flug knew that telling something personal would not mean any good. This was only their second meeting, and even if this all was Flug's stupid idea, it was trailing of the tracks.

If Flug accidentally told him something that could be used against him, he would be in big trouble. Flug had to leave, right now, before he ends up talking about his personal life too much.

"I love pancakes", Flug blurted out.

Goddamn it.

"I also like planes."

For fuck's sake.

Black Hat chuckled. "I can see that", he said and looked at Flug's chest. For a moment, Flug blushed again and his body tensed, but then he realized that Black Hat was looking at the print on his shirt and not actually his body. He gave a relieved sigh and looked at the picture of a plane cut in half, with some lame yellow explosion around it. It kind of looked like a shirt made for kids, but it was one of Flug's favorite shirts, and no one would make him feel bad about it.

"I a-also have a p-pilot's license", he muttered and played with his yellow gloves.

"Really now?" Black Hat said. "How interesting."

"Well, yeah, a little", Flug chuckled and rubbed the back of his neck. If he was honest, it felt surprisingly good when someone actually seemed to be interested in his personal life and interests. He still had to be careful to not end up talking too much, or grow too comfortable to the feeling. Black Hat could attack him again, and Flug would not be ready for it.

"So, Flug", Black Hat said when a silence had fallen between them. Flug lifted his head from the ground and looked up at the patient, who was looking at him with a dead serious look. Flug shook violently just from that and prepared himself to run away.

"What's under the bag?"
After that question, Flug collected his stuff and gave one electric shock to Black Hat before he left the room, without saying anything.

Now that was taking this too far.

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Another week passed, and Flug had his third meeting with Black Hat. This time, he had zero papers with him, as he planned to just talk to him again. And the talking part went quite well, if Flug cared to admit. He was having an actual conversation with a fiend, who could kill him any second if he dared. But this time Black Hat kept his distance and showed no signs of danger or threat. And Flug could already feel he trusted him. But even if Flug had already started growing more comfortable around his patient, he still kept the remote control close to him, just in case.

Their third meeting went a lot better than the two last ones. For example, Flug did not screw up, not even once. For a whole hour, he was able to stay professional. He even stuttered less. But if he was honest, the talking part could have still went better.

Black Hat was a good listener, and he seemed to be genuinely interested in whatever Flug told him. But the problem was that he only listened.

Flug felt comfortable enough to talk about his life and even about some embarrassing moments he has had in the past. He told how he used to be bullied at school and how everyone called him a "bucket head" - which made sense, since he had a bucket to hide his face -. Flug even told what breakfast he had eaten this morning. Sometimes, to avoid talking about himself too much, he would talk about what was going on in the world. Flug was still unsure how long Black Hat had been kept away from civilization, so he told him who was the president at the moment, what kind of music the youth was listening to these days and what new revelations had been found. Luckily, Black Hat was more interested in hearing about the outside world than about the doctor himself, so Flug had no need to tell more embarrassing stories about his school years.

They talked for an hour, before Flug decided to leave. Right when he was leaving, Black Hat yelled after him.

"Hey, Flug", he said, obtaining the attention of his doctor.

"Yes?" Flug asked.

"What's under the bag?"

Once again, Flug did not answer that question. He zapped Black Hat once, made sure he was not able to get up before he left the cushioned room.
Flug was sitting inside his shabby office quietly, doing some paperwork as a knock interrupted his work. He invited the intruders in and the door opened with a loud creak. And inside stepped Thomas, who had a friend next to him. Flug immediately recognized the patient that had a dog collar around her neck and a chain that Thomas was holding onto tightly. It was patient number 047, also known as Demencia. Flug sighed.

"I'd love to have anyone but her", Flug said and stood up in his chair, that could barely handle his weight. Many things in his office were in need of fixing and cleaning - there were a few spider webs still taking over the corners, the table was slightly tilted and the floor was dusty. There were cabinets full of dusty files and belongings in boxes that had no use in this facility. The window was even broken, and occasionally it was cold. But Flug was too tired to clean his so-called office any time soon, so he decided to just live with the mess.

"W-we thought that it would help Demencia, if she could talk to somebody once in a while", Thomas tried to explain. His round glasses were almost falling off his face and the left lens had a big crack on it. Thomas seemed to be in a rough situation with himself - his clothes were wrinkled, his hair was standing everywhere and his eyes had dark circles under them. There were a few feathers stuck against him, probably from a pillow.

"I don't need any help! I am completely healthy!" the girl started screaming. "And I want my hair back! Give it back!"

Demencia started jumping and tried to bite Flug, but Thomas pulled her back by the chain. Flug sat back down onto his chair and rubbed his forehead, as Thomas wrapped the chain around the chair and forced Demencia to sit down. He then wrapped the rest of the chain around her so she would stay still in the chair.

"Ooh, bondage", the young girl giggled and winked at the men. Both of them gave out a sigh, feeling equally uncomfortable. Thomas walked over to Flug's table and gave him a bottle of pills with no label on them.

"Give these to her with water when you're done. She falls asleep immediately", he told Flug.

"Wait, she's not gonna stay here, is she?" Flug whimpered. Thomas headed towards the door, gave a big thumbs up to Flug before running out of the room.

"I guess she is", the doctor muttered and put the pills on the table.

For a golden moment, Demencia was quiet and only stared at Flug, as he started searching for her file. When he had finally found it, he cleared it from dust and set it on the table. As he was reading through it, Demencia started asking all kinds of questions from him, but Flug never answered. All of
her questions were too personal to answer.

Besides, there was only one person who was allowed to ask such questions from him.

Finally, after quickly looking through her file, Flug leaned against the table and stared at his patient. God, he could still see that bright hair on top of her head. He was glad they had cut it all off, god knows if she could have choked someone with it.

"So, Demencia", Flug started and licked his lips. "How are you feeling today?"

"Pretty good. I've been a good girl", the woman insisted and licked her lips, too.

"I doubt that", Flug muttered quietly. He knew exactly that Demencia was just big trouble. She was way too energetic, yelling in the middle of the night or bothering other patients. She was rebellious and mischievous, never following the rules or orders she gets. She is also weirdly, and very uncomfortably, flirtatious. Flug had seen how many times she gave flirty comments to Thomas, which was understandable, since Thomas had a pretty face. For a few times, she had even tried to make a move on Flug. But Flug always just shrugged it off.

Demencia was fucking scatterbrained. Flug could only wonder if she had brain damage, or if she was just stupid as hell.

"Why did Thomas bring you here, Demencia?" Flug asked as he took out his notepad and pen from his drawer. He flipped through the few pages with doodles of planes crashing into buildings, before he finally found a empty page.

"I ... acted without thinking first", the girl said, finally with a calm tone in her voice. She looked around the small office with a curious look, like she was a child. In a way, she was a child, at least by the way she acted. Nothing she did was mature.

"What did you do?" Flug asked, tapping his pen against his note pad.

"I did a small prank, nothing much", Demencia said slowly, before continuing to inspect the room a little more.

*God forbid, can't she focus at all?* Flug thought to himself, feeling irritated. He took a deep, long breath and closed his eyes, before continuing to ask questions.

"What kind of a prank did you do, Demencia?"
"I put a cockroach into that bear's pillow."

Oh, the blue bear called 5.0.5. If Flug dared to say it, he was completely enthralled by that creature, who sometimes carried around a pillow. Flug was sad to see that his beloved pillow was only a memory now. Judging from the few feathers Thomas had stuck on him a few minutes ago.

That sky colored bear was a failed experiment, but no one seemed to know what the scientists were trying to create in the first place. But whatever they did, they had created a blue bear with a small yellow flower growing out of its head. Oh, and they also gave him crippling depression.

"And how did the blue bear react?" Flug asked and rubbed his forehead a little.

"He got so crazy, that he started drooling like a baby!" Demencia giggled. Flug guessed that 5.0.5 had a serious episode because of the prank. He wrote that down.

"Alright, I think I've heard enough", the doctor mumbled and wrote 'crazy bitch' in his notepad before closing it.

"Do not harm or bother the other patients anymore, or I will open your head and make you brain dead. Then you can't even talk without your tongue falling out of your mouth."

That seemed to work for the girl. She giggled for a moment, but when Flug stared at her silently, she stopped. Her eyes widened, her face went pale and no sound came from her again. Flug secretly smiled under his paper bag and took the bottle of pills into his hand. He took one out and offered one to Demencia.

"Eat it. It's candy, makes you a little sleepy", he ordered and Demencia complied. A minute after swallowing, her head fell down and she started snoring loudly. Flug gave out a tired sigh, and decided he had worked enough for today.

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After dealing with a patient like Demencia, Flug finally came up with an idea for a new drug. It was mostly a copy of multiple pills that already existed, but this would be a lot different. He got the idea when he thought about ways to calm down the most wild patients, Demencia for example. Sleeping pills made them just sleep heavily, and you had to carry them out of the room. And when the patient would wake up again, they would start running around the place again. There were some drugs that, in a way, made the patients calm. But those were drugs that people used on the streets, too, and they weren't healthy to digest. Some patients also got hallucinations from those. So, Flug decided to start
working on a pill that would simply make the patient more cooperative.

He created his first prototype and made Demencia taste it. The pill didn't meet Flug's expectations, when the only thing it did was to make the guinea pig drool heavily. Her eyes had turned kinda reddish, too. The second prototype was a little better - for once, Demencia was quiet, but she wasn't cooperative or focused. In fact, she thought staring at a wall was much more interesting that listening. And once again, her eyes turned reddish, probably because she was barely blinking.

Third time was the charm, and once again Flug used Demencia as a test subject. When he had ordered her to sit down, she had complied. When Flug told her to jump up and down, she did. And when Flug asked the girl to clean his little clinical room, she had done it. Well, the girl only cleaned half of the room before the effect of the pill ran out, and she started jumping on walls again. But it was success to the doctor. He just had to make it a little stronger, or make the patient eat five of them.

Now he had something new for Black Hat.
Ambiguity

Chapter Summary

Black Hat gets to try out the new pill that makes him behave. He also gets a muzzle. Will they even work on him?

Now that Flug’s new pill had been tested and he had created a much stronger version of it, he was ready to use it on one certain patient who was not in any medication - Black Hat.

He could not understand why he wasn’t kept on medication, if he was so dangerous. But maybe human medication didn’t work on him, which made Flug feel a little nervous. What if his creation didn’t even work on him? What would he do then? Panic started rising in him and his hands got sweaty just from the thought of another failed project. But he had planned his visit from the first second to the last, and it gave him some control over the incoming situation.

First, he would introduce his new pill and make Black Hat eat it. Then, he would check if the pill even works on Black Hat. If yes, great. If not, he would give more pills until they did work. Then, he would show Black Hat some pictures and ask what he saw in them. It was one of those tests where Flug would show pictures of some ink blasted over some white paper, and then ask what the patient saw in them. Apparently, whatever the patient saw in a puddle of black liquid, would tell a lot of how their mind works, and if they were somehow mentally ill. Or something like that. Flug wasn’t interested to know how insane his patient was, but this was only something to pass the time with. And also see if Black Hat would cooperate.

As Flug was heading towards the elevator with his stack of papers, he ran into his coworker Thomas. He was carrying a white muzzle that had a few holes over the mouth part. He immediately gave it to Flug, and for a second, Flug was confused as hell.

"It's a prototype. It's the strongest material we can use to make a good muzzle", Thomas explained and lifted his glasses a little, since they were about to fall down from his pointy nose.

"This is a great wedding gift, thank you", Flug said sarcastically and inspected the muzzle. He didn't know much about them, but this one did feel like it was very strong material. He moved his fingers all over it, inspecting it like it was someone's brain.

Thomas rolled his eyes. "It's for Black Hat."

Flug shivered a little. "Y-you want me to put this thing on him?" he asked, his voice suddenly not so confident anymore.

"Yes. It seems like you can do it, since the two of you work together so well", Thomas said and tapped the smaller doctor on the back. "Black Hat has never been so nice to any other doctor."
Black Hat once attacked him. Well, he didn't seem to try and hurt him, but it was headed that way. If that was Black Hat acting 'nice', Flug could not wait to see how he was like when he was mean.

Flug looked at the muzzle, then decided to carry it in his arm. "You want me to put it on today?" he asked.

"If you could be so nice", Thomas said, tapped Flug strongly on his back before walking away from him as quickly as he came.

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Flug entered Black Hat's room, holding tightly onto the pictures, the pills and the muzzle. He closed the door behind him and sat on the floor like last time, leaving a good empty space between him and Black Hat. The eldritch inspected how Flug laid all of his belongings carefully onto the floor, and chuckled.

"It's like Christmas here. What did you get me?" Black Hat asked and leaned a little forward to see more closely. Flug first grabbed the bottle of pills and shook them in front of Black Hat's eyes.

"This is a pill I want you to test", Flug said, and Black Hat already looked disgusted. He didn't seem to like being a test subject.

"I already made someone else test it, and it works well, so don't worry. Nothing bad is going to happen to you", Flug explained and took one pill out. Black Hat still looked suspicious of the green colored pellet.

"What does it do?" he asked, tilting his head to the side.

"It simply makes you more cooperative. If I ask you to do something, then you do it instead of fighting back", Flug explained and rolled the pill on his fingers.

Black Hat stared at Flug. "So you will turn me into your slave?"

Dr. Flug swallowed heavily and stopped. His face went pale as he looked at what he had created with wide eyes. He had not realized to see the effects of the pill that way. Now, his mind went to a much, much darker place. All the things he could do with this pill ... He could feed it to Demencia and tell her to jump out of the window. Or he could feed it to the president, and make him give up his job and give it to Flug. And then Flug could feed the pill to the entire world, and everyone would
do as he says. He would have his own slave army ....

"Flug?"

Flug came back to his senses and looked at Black Hat. He shook his head wildly and tried to laugh it off. "Ahh, sorry", he tried to apologize, as he nervously rubbed the back of his neck. He had to stop thinking bad things like that, or he would end up actually doing them.

Black Hat didn't seem to mind the fact that Flug had day dreamed a little. In fact, he seemed to be quite happy about it. He smiled wildly, and then laughed a little. "So, you do have a dark side in that head of yours ~", he purred. Flug became even more flustered and decided to just push it all behind.

"Uh, anyway. Would you take one? Please?" Flug asked and moved a little closer to his patient, still holding onto one of the pills. The man nodded silently.

"Alright."

Flug first tried to just offer the pill to Black Hat, but then he realized Black was wearing a straitjacket, so he couldn't use his hands and accept the tiny gift. He pulled his hand back and leaned closer to Black Hat, suddenly feeling very nervous. He held the pill tightly between his thumb and index finger, and leaned towards his patient.

"Open your mouth", Flug said as he came a little closer to Black Hat, until his hand was right in front of his mouth. Black Hat opened his mouth, and slowly Flug moved his hand a little closer so he could just drop the pill into his mouth and then yank it off. He was afraid Black Hat would bite his hand off if he kept it there too long.

Black Hat's tongue came out and wrapped around the pill, soon pulling it into his mouth. Flug was amazed how his tongue worked - it moved like a snake and worked like a rope. It was so different from human tongue, and Flug was left wondering what it could do.

Suddenly, Flug could feel himself blushing. The memory of their second meeting came back into his mind, and Flug's hand moved over his neck again. He could still feel the ghostly touch of Black Hat's tongue against his neck, and it made him shiver.

Why did he feel like this?

Black Hat was calling out for Flug again, and the man moved away, once again trying to calm himself down. When Flug was able to continue his working, he took a deep breath and took the pictures into his hands.
"How do you feel?"

Black Hat looked around curiously. In a short time, he already seemed more relaxed and ... happier, if that word even fit the man. "Pretty good", he said, still looking around like there was a fly flying above their heads.

So far, it looked good. "Alright. Can you stand up for me?" Flug asked, and as quickly as the man could, Black Hat stood up in front of him. He looked down at him with such vicious eyes that Flug felt very fragile under his gaze. He shook his head again and ordered Black Hat to sit down. When Black Hat was back to the ground level, Flug shoved him the first picture of some ink all over the place.

"Tell me what do you see in this picture", Flug told and waited for the man's answer. Black Hat thought long and hard about his answer and Flug was expecting something very spiritual or unique, but once again he would be disappointed.

"I see a puddle of black shit."

Flug offered another pill to Black Hat and he swallowed it happily.

He showed another picture. "What do you see in this one?"

"A mansion", Black Hat answered. Flug wondered what kind of a house Black Hat used to live in. If he even used to live anywhere else than here.

Flug showed another picture, then another one and Black Hat answered truthfully to everything, without being cocky this time.


Quite interesting things he saw. And Flug never wrote any of it down. Not like he cared - he was only testing the medicine and how well it worked in this particular being.

When he had shown enough pictures, Flug moved them to the side and once again, took another pill out. He gave it to Black Hat, who once again swallowed without asking any questions. Flug was maybe a bit too careful around the man, but he was taking no risks with Black Hat. He was going to feed him as many pills as needed.
Flug took Black Hat's file and opened it, laying it on the floor in front of him. He then searched his pocket and took out the controller that was connected to the electric choker around Black Hat's neck, just in case he would come too close again. He also took out his note pad and trusty pen.

"I am going to ask few questions from you, and you are going to answer them with honesty. Do you understand?" Flug said with a strict tone and made quick eye contact with his patient. "I understand", Black Hat answered like he was hypnotized. Flug happily wrote down the date on the paper and prepared himself to ask questions no one seemed to know the answer to. If Flug was able to get answers from Black Hat thanks to this pill he created, he would be seen as ... something more. Flug smirked, relishing his moment of glory if his plan would work.

"How long have you been here?" was Flug's first question.

"I am not sure."

Flug was not pleased with the answer, but still wrote it down.

"Can you guess how long you have been here? Five years? Ten years?" Flug suggested, trying to dig deeper into his patient's mind. Black Hat looked around with curious eyes, biting his lip gently like he was truly trying to remember - or then he was coming up with the biggest lie in the history.

"Maybe hundred years."

Flug swallowed heavily from that, and it took him a moment to write the answer down. Was it possible for someone to live that long?

"Alright. And your time here ... How has it been like?" Flug asked.

"Excruciating", Black Hat answered with a quiet tone.

"Could you tell more details? How have you been treated?" Flug asked, tapping his pen nervously against the white sheet of a paper, his hand feeling a little shaky.

For some reason, Black Hat smiled widely. His eyes widened and his sharp teeth were exposed. Flug could even see some drool falling down his chin. Black Hat seemed livid suddenly, and Flug slowly reached for the remote.

"I have been treated so, so well", he hissed, but clearly he meant the opposite.

Now Flug was feeling nervous, maybe even scared. He was a pessimist, and he was already prepared for the first, all kinds of bad things this situation could go to filling his head. But he knew he was an astute doctor, and he knew he could handle this. He took a deep breath, and tried to tell himself he was going to make it out alive.
"Black Hat, what have they done to you?" Flug asked, his hand shaking violently and his heart beating so loud and hard that he was sure it was going to come out of his chest. Black Hat smirked even wider now, his tongue falling out of his mouth as he leaned a little closer to Flug, as much as he could without falling down to the ground.

"They did to me the same things you do to some patients now."

Flug swallows heavily, sweat taking over his body.

"A-and what is that?" he asked, even if he clearly knew the answer.

"Experiments."

Flug dropped his pen onto the cushioned floor without even realizing it. He could feel searing panic rising in his whole body, making it hard to think or even properly react. What he had just heard, or what he was about to hear, was hard to digest and it took Flug a long moment to collect himself. He even felt sick. His stomach was aching up and it felt like something was trying to force itself out of his throat. Flug swallowed that feeling down and shakily picked his pen up.

"What did they do to you?", Flug finally asked, as slowly as he could so he wouldn't stutter.

Black Hat looked at him for long with a unbridled smirk, making the silence between them as pressuring as it could get. He then licked his lips slowly and opened his mouth.

Suddenly, Flug could hear some locks opening and he looked behind him, towards the door. Soon the metal door opened and there was Thomas with a strict look on his face. The other doctor looked at the two of them for long without saying a word. Black Hat pressed himself against the wall as tightly as possible, as Flug bit his lip silently, waiting for his coworker to tell them what he wanted. Finally, Thomas lifted his glasses a little and took a deep breath.

"5.0.5 is in need of ... special care", Thomas said slowly and swallowed.

"... Understood", Flug said back to him.

It was a lie, of course. He did not understand why they needed his help. He wasn't the best doctor in this asylum, not even close. But if his help was needed, he was more than willing to give it.

"Put the muzzle on him", Thomas ordered and pointed at Black Hat, who stick out his tongue like a child.
Flug nodded and put his other things aside and took the white muzzle into his hands. He crawled towards Black Hat carefully and sat in front of him, holding the muzzle over the patient's mouth. Black Hat cowered away from it, but Flug did his best to calm him down.

"It's alright, I'm just gonna put this on for you. It's just temporary", Flug said with a calm, yet shaken voice. Black Hat finally allowed him to move closer, and as quickly as Flug could, he put the muzzle on him and made sure it was tight enough so it wouldn't come loose.

Black Hat stayed quiet during the progress, but Flug saw the way he was looking at him. His eyes were calm, but Flug could still tell he was smirking slyly, and he couldn't help but blush. Being that close to the man, almost leaning against him so his hands could go behind Black Hat's head and tie the strips tightly ... Flug could swear his heart was about to explode. If it wasn't for the muzzle, he would have been scared that Black Hat would have bit down onto his neck. But the thought of Black Hat biting him didn't seem that bad.

Flug shook his head.

When the muzzle was secure, Flug moved away from his patient quickly and collected all of his belonging before standing up. He looked down at Black Hat, who still looked so terrifying in his eyes, but with the muzzle, he even looked ... pathetic. In need of help. Flug swallowed heavily.

"I will see you again next week", he muttered and headed out of the room as quickly as he could. Thomas gave a strong look at Black Hat before he closed the door once again, leaving the patient alone in the dark.
Flug has to babysit 5.0.5, and he is not very happy about it. Flug will know what happened to Black Hat, and he is very happy about it.

When Flug was practically pushed inside 5.0.5 personal room, he was not surprised of the sight he saw before his eyes.

5.0.5 had been separated from others and put back into his own special room. It was very similar to Black Hat's room - the walls, the floor and even the roof were cushioned. There was a dim light in the room, and a single drool-covered pillow was placed in the corner. The room was extensive compared to the room where Black Hat lived, probably because of the fact that this patient was actually as big as a bear.

The patient himself was sitting in another corner, his straitjacket a little too tight for him but still keeping his paws tied and secured. He looked worse than ever - 5.0.5 had dark circles under his tired eyes, and there was a drop of drool hanging from his mouth, slowly reaching for the floor. The yellow flower on top of his head was hanging low, like it was dying. The anthropomorphic bear looked exhausted - like he had been through a horrible panic attack of some sort.

5.0.5 had a thick electric collar around his neck, that seemed a little too tight for him.

Thomas had not said much to Flug as they had walked towards his room in a rush, but he had explained that the bear had went wild. According to him, someone had annoyed him again - definitely Demencia -, and he had started flipping tables and tearing whatever was in front of him. Now, they had put a electric collar on him, that would shock the bear whenever his heart rate went too high. In another case, if he got excited, even if the feeling was positive and non-threatening, the bear would get shocked as a punishment.

As Flug felt helpless, he was handed a simple radio that was so small it could fit into his chest pocket. "Play some music if you can't think of anything else", Thomas had muttered to him before leaving him alone again, completely unknown what he should do with the bear.

Dr. Flug could detect some ambiguity of the situation. First of all, he was not specialized to take care of a patient like 5.0.5. He was a giant blue bear, a failed experiment who could kill Flug if he accidentally rolled over him. Second, it was not his job. Flug's job was to give patients their medications and talk to them about whatever came into his head. His new job requirements also were to take care of Black Hat and run a few test and experiments on patients in order to find new ways to treat them. But 5.0.5 was a patient who needed at least four caretakers around him at all times,
because whenever the bear wasn't sad, he was angry. And once again, it was not his job to take care of the bear, who didn't even talk back.

It felt like a trick, if Dr. Flug was honest. Just when he was about to get some dirt out of Black Hat, he is pulled away.

But without complaining, Flug started his treatment with 5.0.5. He first asked all kinds of questions of what had happened before. But there was never an answer. Then he asked about his past. No answer. Flug asked what was his favorite food, his favorite way to pass time, why he liked pillows so much ...

No answer.

After only five minutes of Flug having a one-sided conversation with the patient, he started playing music from the radio and decided to relax. He noticed how for a small second, the bear looked at him with curious, understanding eyes. A small smile appeared on the animal's face, before the bear looked away and closed its eyes, frowning again.

Flug had time to think properly while the bear slept, and without him even realizing it, he started thinking about Black Hat and what the distinguished eldritch had told him.

His new job had been suspicious from the start. His boss wanted Flug, out of all the people who worked in the asylum, to start treating Black Hat like he was his own child. Was he applied for this job because he was new and completely clueless how dangerous this patient really was? He surely was not experienced for this. But after all, it was an easy job, even if it was dangerous. And he got paid well, which was also suspicious. Was the whole asylum that afraid of Black Hat, that they were willing to pay a lot of money just to keep him calm?

The fact that Black Hat had killed seven doctors before bothered him a lot. Were those doctors also his personal caretakers? How and why where they killed? And why the hell would they hire someone to be close to a threatening being like Black Hat? Did they want Flug to die too, or did they actually believe that some doctor would be able to cooperate with Black Hat? So far, Flug was able to work well with this patient, but who knew what Black Hat was thinking.

And the way he had to take care of him? Flug had been told that he had to talk to Black Hat only to make sure he won't go insane from all the silence. But would it really help? Was Flug just wasting his time?

None of this seemed to make sense.

And the things Flug had heard. Experiments? On Black Hat? Is that the reason why he was like ...
that? Flug started to wonder if Black Hat used to be a normal human, like him. It did make sense. Black Hat's file was weirdly empty, so maybe he used to be a human, but because of all the experiments he turned into a monster. Ashamed, his original file was destroyed so no one would know how badly the doctors fucked up.

Flug shook his head. There were too many questions, and no answers. If he could just talk to Black Hat without anyone trying to stop him.

That's when it clicked. He came up with an idea that would make sure Thomas, or anyone else, would not interrupt them again.

To be able to visit Black Hat without anyone knowing or trying to stop him telling all the secrets to Flug ...

Flug had to go to his room during the night.

--

Flug felt like he was insane.

The young doctor rapidly walked across the hall towards the elevator, listening carefully for any other sound in order to not get caught. It was already dark outside, no lights showing the way, allowing Flug to completely blend in with the shadows. All of the patients were asleep, thanks to the medication all of them took so there would be peaceful nights for everyone. A few guards were walking around the building with flashlights, but when they were far away from the doctor, Flug dared to move.

His coworkers believed he had already left work. But Flug had been hiding in his office for hours, until it was dark and quiet. He couldn't believe he was doing this, sneaking out like a child.

Flug felt like a naive and impressionable young man, with so little life experience behind him. Going to see Black Hat in the middle of the night, at a time when he wasn't supposed to be seeing him, felt like he was throwing his whole future away. He was prepared for the worst, and even if he was shaking in fear, he kept going towards his destination. It was already too late to turn back.

Audacity taking over his whole body, Dr. Flug bravely entered the elevator and pressed the button which took him down to the lowest level of the building.
The elevator moved slowly, making weird clanking sounds as it reached the floor Black Hat lived in. As fast as Flug could move in the darkness, he exited the elevator and moved to the heavily sheltered door and took his time to press the right numbers and open all of the locks.

Flug went past the door, watched it close behind him before he started running towards Black Hat's cushioned room, no longer caring if he was making too much noise or not. After all, no one should be down here anyway.

He finally reached the metal door and without checking in first, Flug opened the locks and stepped inside, closing the door behind him.

"Black Hat?" he carefully called out. He saw his form laying down on the floor, and Flug gave out a relieved sigh. Carefully, Flug tiptoed in his red chucks towards the sleeping patient and crouched next to him. Flug took off his yellow gloves that made his hands sweaty after a long day, and moved them into his coat's pocket before he gently laid his hand on Black Hat's shoulder. Carefully, biting his lip like he was disposing a body, Flug shook the man, calling out to him once more.

Black Hat let out an annoyed grunt, and curled up into a tighter ball. He smacked his lips, his eyes still closed as he drifted back into sleep. The doctor decided to remove the muzzle his patient was still wearing, and simply threw it across the room. Flug shook him now a little harder, and only then did the patient open his eyes.

First, the eldritch looked confused, and tired, and pissed off. He blinked a couple of times, and Flug said his name once more to properly wake the man up. Then, a ostentatious smirk took over his face as the patient noticed who came to visit him.

Black Hat sat up, his top hat still staying on his head perfectly. Sometimes Flug wondered if the man used some kind of magic to keep it on his head at all times.

"Doctor~", the eldritch called out for him playfully, and Flug could not help but feel uncomfortable already. "Did you sneak out just to see me?"

"Yes, yes I did", Flug stuttered. "Listen, I am not sure if we have much time."

Black Hat looked at the man silently, before giving out a smirk once again.

"Flug, I believe relationships between doctors and their patients are strictly forbidden", the man said as his tongue fell out between his lips. The eldritch leaned closer to Flug, his tongue trying to reach for his neck but the doctor cowered away from his reach.

"No, no - NO! That is not why I'm here!" he yelped. Black Hat just laughed at him.
Flug swallowed heavily, trying to collect himself and act like a professional. "I need you to tell me what happened to you in this asylum."

Now that was a way to ruin the mood as quickly as possible.

Black Hat gazed at Flug for long, dead quietly. "That curious, huh?" he silently asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Last time we met, you talked about experiments done to you. I w-want to know more", Flug explained, reaching for his remote controller in his pocket. He took it out and pointed it towards Black Hat.

"I'm not supposed to be here, b-but don't think you can mess w-with me!"

Black Hat wasn't really impressed by Flug's threats, but he was still fascinated to see this side of him. He smirked, but then his smile waded away as the eldritch shook his head.

"What if I don't feel like talking right now? You did interrupt my beauty sleep", he said. Black Hat laid back down onto the cushioned floor and turned his back towards Flug. Dr. Flug rolled his eyes.

"Oh, I will make you talk, just like last time ...", Flug said with an annoyed tone, and reached for his pocket. Empty. He reached for his other pocket, but there were only his yellow gloves. Flug opened his eyes wide open in panic, a drop of sweat falling down his forehead. Flug slapped his hands against his body multiple times, searching every pocket his clothes had before cursing loudly.

He forgot the pills.

The pills that made Black Hat so cooperative last time.

Black Hat looked over his shoulder, and smirked.

"Seems like you forgot something important, doctor", the man laughed and went back to his sleep, completely ignoring the doctor.

Flug felt helpless without his greatest invention, but he was not going to give up. Flug inched closer to the man with meticulous moves, until he was right behind his back. Once again, Flug shook the man's shoulder, trying to keep his patient awake.

"Go away", the eldritch muttered and continued sleeping peacefully.

Flug's head fell down in defeat and shame, and he drew his hand away from the other man. He let out a sad sigh, and thought silently for a moment.

He was desperate to know what the man was talking about last time. Flug couldn't help his curious
nature. There had to be another way to get his patient talking again.

"What do I have to do to make you talk about it?"

In a second, Black Hat sat up and looked at Flug straight into his eyes through the lenses of his goggles, only inches away from the doctor himself. Flug's head jerked up and he held his breath, trying not to move. He could only stare back at Black Hat, the remote still tightly in his hand as he waited for a reaction from the eldritch. The way the man just stared at Flug was mesmerizing, and Flug could not tell if he was leaning in for a kiss or a bite. Or if he was going to lean in at all.

But finally, Black Hat did inch a little closer and appeared to take a sniff of Flug's smell, before locking their eyes back together.

"Let me drink your blood."

Flug cowered in fear, falling down onto his back just from those words. His heart jumped all the way up to his throat, and the panic started rising from his abdomen. Flug kicked himself away from the man as much as he could, but his feet couldn't stop shaking, so Flug wasn't able to just stand up and run out.

"W-what?" he yelped, trying to at least sit up so he wouldn't be so vulnerable, but his whole body was trembling under his weight, breaking down like burned pieces of wood forming into ashes. Black Hat just smiled, a hungry look in his face as he crawled towards his doctor.

"I will tell you everything I remember, if you let me bite down onto your neck. Just a little bit~", he almost begged, moving towards the doctor until he was between his legs, leaning over the fragile man. Shivers ran all over Flug's body as he froze completely, just staring up at the man above him.

He wanted to just yell "no", give a shock the man and run for his life, but the tiniest part of him made Flug reconsider his choices. Could he really accept that offer, and most of all, could he trust Black Hat?

"Well?" Black Hat said with a quiet tone, leaning closer to the man, forcing Flug to press against the floor as much as he could. The doctor closed his eyes, not knowing what kind of an answer he
should give. His thumb played gently with the button, ready to press down hard once he would make his choice.

"Is it a yes, or a no?"

Black Hat's voice was haunting, yet so beautifully chilling that Flug could not help but just shiver every time he heard it. He tilted his head to the side, opening his eyes just to look at his hand that was holding the remote. He tried to think of the reason he came down here in the first place.

Slowly, he let go of the remote and placed it on the floor near him, where he still could reach it if he changed his mind.

"I-It's a ye-yes", Flug said with a shaky voice, and closed his eyes tightly.

Black Hat bit down vigorously into Flug's exposed neck, burying his teeth into the curve of his neck. Flug yelped in pain, and started kicking his feet around, trying to push the man away. But even when wearing a tight straitjacket, Black Hat would not budge. Black Hat was leaning against him completely, letting his body weight fall on top of the skinnier man. Completely pressed against each other, Black Hat tasted his blood, a few times even moaning against his skin, yearning for more.

Flug felt like he was already out of breath, and he blinked rapidly as he tried to recollect his thoughts and stay conscious. Black Hat's teeth were gently biting onto his skin, only buried deep enough for the blood to flow out. It felt like Black Hat was sucking his skin, like a vampire, his tongue every now and then moving over the bite marks, licking the red substance away. He bit down gently again, his sharp fangs pressing against the same holes as before, as Flug grunted in pain, his toes curling wildly. The way Flug's body reacted to this was the most confusing part - his body kept arching against the eldritch, almost sexually. Everything felt hot, and after a while, it even felt good. Every now and then, their crotches would awkwardly press against each other, and Flug would let out a desperate whine.

Finally, after a long moment of pure torture to the doctor, Black Hat moved away from his neck and looked down at his doctor with a satisfied smile.

"Like I've said, I have been in this asylum for so long that I can't even remember how many years it has really been. I can't even remember who or where I was, before I ended up in here", Black Hat told him with a surprisingly soft tone in his voice, as he licked his lips hungrily. Flug couldn't even move his head, that's how much his neck hurt, so only his eyes turned towards the man above him. He let out a shaky breath when their eyes locked again.

"But what I do remember, is that the boss of this place has been here since the day one."
The boss? Flug thought to himself. Did Black Hat mean the same fat boss, who couldn't live without smoking every minute? That same boss, who rolled around in his chair in his office, leaving everyone wondering if his legs even worked.

"D-did that boss have a mustache?" Flug asked, because for now that is the only thing he remembered about his boss. And he remembered that his boss was very, very fat. Hell, no one even knew his name. Their boss was just 'boss'.

"Yes", Black Hat said simply. "I know he is still the head of this place. But he isn't as handsome as he used to be."

Flug was confused. If Black Hat knows his boss, then it's not possible he has been here for more than ... let's say, 50 years? Unless of course, Flug's boss was a vampire. Or a zombie. Who knows. The man looked like he was five minutes away from death.

"All those scientist did those crazy experiments on patients, but no matter what they did to me, I never died", Black Hat explained and leaned back down again. He trailed his tongue along Flug's neck, so gently that Flug had to held back a moan. Black Hat's tongue felt weirdly cold and warm at the same time, and it tickled against his skin.

"I'm not sure if I have been immortal always, or because of their experiments, but the doctors sure did see me as an interesting subject", he said right into Flug's ear, the paper bag over his head not muffling his voice at all. Flug shivered.

"W-what did they do to you?" he asked.

"No idea. They pumped all kinds of things into my body, doing all kinds of tests and experiments, opening my body up ... There are too many of those tests to even count", Black Hat huffed out. Flug suddenly felt sick.

"I don't know what they did with the results, but one thing is clear - they knew I couldn't die. And they wanted to know more."

Black Hat suddenly bit down onto Flug's neck again, this time biting a little closer to his ear. Well, as close as he could. Flug's paper bag was awkwardly in the way, and even if Flug wanted to keep his face hidden, he lifted it up a little to give Black Hat a better access for his neck. Wait, was he actually helping him?

The way Black Hat was sucking and biting on his neck, Flug was sure he would leave a prominent mark there, but for some reason Flug wasn't sure if he even cared about it. Of course, there would be questions from others, but at the same time, he was excited to see how bad his neck would look like after this.

Black Hat broke away from him again, his eyes rolling hard as he let out a pleased, long moan. Flug couldn't help but feel even more flustered by it. Black Hat was breathing heavily with Flug, their
breathing almost harmonized together like music. When the eldritch had caught his breath, he looked back down at the doctor, ready to continue his story.

"So, when the boss of this place - who was a young, skinny man like you - heard about my ability, he got very intrigued. So, he ordered the doctors to run as many tests on me as possibly, torturing me and using me like a puppet", Black Hat groaned and Flug shook hardly under his body.

"A-and then w-what?" Flug asked, his voice trembling as much as his legs were. "Why did they run so many tests on you?"

"They never told me", Black Hat said quietly. Flug could understand that - sometimes the doctors did things without ever explaining why. It was wrong, but sometimes - almost never actually - , it was for the best.

"But I do know, that your precious boss keeps me down here, so when the time comes, he can do more experiments on me."

Flug finally turned his head towards Black Hat and looked right up at him. The devil smiled widely down at him, as Flug could only look up at him with tired, half-lidded eyes, his chest rising heavily up and down. Black Hat was pleased how his doctor was a complete mess under him. The first time in years Black Hat felt like he was in control.

"So", the doctor breathed out heavily. "You don't know who you are?"

"No", Black Hat answered. "If I ever was a human with a family and a job ... That is all gone now. I know I have been here long enough for my possible family to be already dead."

Flug started shaking his head, deciding that he had heard enough. He kept pushing the man away, kicking his feet against the ground and pushing himself away from Black Hat. When he was finally free, Flug grabbed the remote and pressed the button gently, giving a light shock to Black Hat. The eldritch fell to the floor, first groaning in pain, but then smiling like a maniac. He licked his lips and watched Dr. Flug stand up, despite his shaky legs and the fuzzy feeling in his head.

"I must say, doctor, you taste marvelous", Black Hat cackled. "We should do this again sometime."

Flug only swallowed heavily, pressing his hand against his neck. It hurt like hell, but for now he had to ignore it. Flug searched for the key that would open the door of the cell, staring down at Black Hat with exhausted eyes.

"Maybe not", he simply answered, before opening the door and leaving the room in a rush.
Chapter Summary

Flug makes a big, big mistake. What will anxious doctor like him do in the worst situation?

The moment Flug finally returned to his shabby apartment, he rushed to the bathroom and looked at himself from the mirror. The reflection showed his neck blemishing red, exactly two bite marks located on the left side of his neck, both of them looking painful as hell. Flug moved his fingers over them, only to flinch away from his own touch. The light wounds were still sensitive, but no longer bleeding. Flug was not sure what he had to do about the scars, despite him being a doctor.

Flug touched his neck again, this time much more carefully and bit his lip as he fought against the weird ache. It was hard to move his head, and his neck seemed to be in constant pain. But even if it hurt, it weirdly felt good. And that terrified Flug.

He found the marks so intriguing, so weirdly beautiful that Flug could not stop looking and touching them. At one point, Flug wound himself pressing his hand against his neck, trying to create the feeling of someone biting him again.

Flug gasped silently, smacked himself on his forehead and stormed out of the bathroom, feeling ashamed of himself.

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Two weeks passed, but Flug had not visited Black Hat like he used to. It had become a habit to see the eldritch once a week at least, but after what had happened last time, Flug could not bring himself to see his patient. He was even unable to sleep because of it. What had happened between the two of them had been just one step too close to the edge. Hell, their relationship had already jumped over the edge and was now falling down to its destruction.

The worst part was that Flug could not stop thinking about the eldritch. And it wasn't the first time his own patient was on his mind in unprofessional ways.

It wasn't new that Flug had these kinds of feelings towards Black Hat, but the reason he felt like this in the first place was unknown. How could he feel attracted to a demon who could kill him if he wanted to? Was Flug really that easy to get, that he just fell for someone who gave a tiny lick against his neck? The doctor shook his head, denying his feelings towards the eldritch. It made no sense. Maybe he was just confused. Or had he gone crazy?

Was Flug seriously yearning for a man who could kill him?
Working in the asylum was now more challenging than ever. Even the smallest duties took so much time and energy from Flug, that he was sure he would faint just from doing them. He also made a lot of mistakes - one patient almost died when he got the wrong medicine in his system. And once when Thomas brought a patient into Flug’s office, he was taking a nap on his chair, leaning against his wooden table so heavily that he was about to fall down to the floor. Both Thomas and the patient were unimpressed. Flug had been told to take a break, maybe even a vacation, but he refused. He had to work. This job was all he had. He had no hobbies or family to keep him busy during his free time. Well, he did collect plains, but that wasn't something that kept him so busy he would forget about Black Hat. Anyway, his life was quite empty and lonely, and he happily came to work every day. But Flug did wish to have a life full of leisure. It just that he had nothing to do, or nothing to really live for. He was too afraid to reach for his dreams, if he even had any. Flug just felt a little lost.

Flug had noticed how he had started having depressed thoughts, not surely knowing why. Was it really because of Black Hat, even if it didn't make sense? Was it because of the lack of sleep? Flug did not know, but every now and then he would steal some pills and take them himself. He didn't always even check what he was taking - he took anything that would make him feel something else than this.

The fact his coworkers kept making fun of the marks on his neck didn't make the situation any better. Thomas was the first one to mention about the bite marks, and he kept doing it every bloody day, just to make fun of Flug.

"So, did Black Hat try to eat you or something?" he had asked Flug on the first day. Flug had only shrugged at that first.

"In a way, yes", he muttered as an answer. Thomas bit his lip, looked away from the shorter doctor and nodded his head a couple of times.

"Good", Thomas had simply said and continued his work. Flug had felt weird when he heard Thomas say that. How was it 'good'? Did Thomas want Flug to die or something, or was that just a weird joke he made? Well, whatever it was, at the end Flug no longer cared.

Maybe it would be a good thing if Black Hat actually ate him.

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It had been 17 days since the last time Flug saw his patient, and at this moment the man buried himself in work. Even if he was tired and even angry, Flug was still forcing himself to work and do a few experiments on any possible patient. And right now, poor Demencia was tied down onto the medical bed, all kinds of wires attached to her skin. She also had a weird copper bowl on her head that was kept still with a strong belt that went over the bowl and under the patient's chin. It was something Flug had build himself, not even sure what he was trying to create or achieve. It was just something to pass the time with.

He only chose Demencia for this, because she happened to come talk to him at the wrong moment.
Now, the young girl was only in her cheap undergarments, wiggling to get free from the belts that kept her still, every now and then screaming like a maniac.

"Calm down, this is just a little test. You won't be harmed", Flug muttered so quietly that his words went to deaf ears.

"Are you going to give me my hair back?" Demencia asked, trying to shake her head around as much as possible.

"You really miss your hair, don't you?" Flug asked her and moved closer to the bed where his patient was. He attached the cables onto a little machine Flug had build from the old microwave he had stolen from the cafeteria. Not like anyone was going to miss it - the bloody thing burned everything and made the food have a weird metallic taste in it. But it was still the only thing that could heat up the food. Now Flug and his coworkers had to eat cold noodles, which sucked since eating lunch was the only good thing about their time in this job.

"Yes! I miss my hair so much! Are you going to make it grow back?" Demencia yelled out, and Flug rolled his eyes. She never stopped talking, did she? Maybe with this experiment, Demencia would become completely brain dead, which would be just fine with everybody in this asylum.

Flug worked around his little creation a little more, before finally deciding it was ready. He moved next to the bed, leaning against it as he locked eyes with his patient.

"What is this test about?" the girl said, finally saying something that was somehow related to the situation. A few times she had complained about frogs tickling her feet, which made no fucking sense, so the doctor was surprised the patient knew what was actually happening around her. At least she wasn't completely insane. Flug stared at her for a moment, thinking about her question long and hard before he shrugged.

"I don't know."

Pure horror took over the girl's face as she stared up at the doctor with wide, horrified eyes. Her face went pale, sweat started dripping down her forehead and suddenly, it was much harder for her to breathe. Demencia's whole body started trembling, trying to wiggle free but it was useless. She was tied down like a mummy, completely helpless to the situation. Flug found her reaction very intriguing, and for a short moment he just watched the patient panic. After a moment of pure silence from the doctor, Flug attached one more cable into the microwave, getting small blue sparks from it as a result. Usually it was a bad sign, but Flug carried on with his work. Flug looked through his pocket's and took out a simple red apple, that he had also stolen from the cafeteria and put it inside the microwave. Not like anyone was going to miss the apple, there were other apples on the cafeteria table, for fucking free. It was supposed to be his lunch, but for some reason it felt like a good reason to put the thing inside the microwave.

It was Flug's first time microwaving an apple. He wondered if he could become a chef someday.
Flug stepped away from his newly built machine and admired the mess he had made. He had used his old machine parts in it and just attached them into the microwave the best he could, making the whole thing look like a time machine of some sort, expect no one could fit inside it since it was a tiny microwave. All kinds of wires were attached into the walls, outlets, the lights, everywhere Flug could put them, even in Demencia. Basically, the whole thing was a mess, something a child had created. And Flug was expecting something remarkable to happen.

"Let's see what will happen when I press the start button", Flug wondered out loud and pushed down the button he had made from a red bottle cap. He pressed it down, but the only thing it did was to give Demencia an electric shock. The patient wiggled for a moment, clenching their teeth together before relaxing again, huffing loudly. Flug let out a small 'oh', before he turned the timer button a little to the right, letting the apple cook inside the microwave for simple 15 seconds. Through all those fifteen seconds, Demencia was being electrocuted - her whole body was shaking, fingers and toes curling and head shaking side to side. Her eyes were open just a little bit, her mouth open as her tongue felt out of her mouth. When the machine finally calmed down, Demencia was gasping for breath, unable to move. Her eyes were staring up at the ceiling, either wide open and not blinking, or blinking rapidly.

Flug wrote all of those reactions down as fast as he could, not really caring if he could even read his own handwriting.

"I build an electric chair with just household items. Genius", he praised himself and returned his notepad back into his pocket. "Well, electric chair has already been invented, but still. And this is actually an electric bed, not a chair. Maybe I am still a genius."

Carefully, Flug opened the microwave and got his face covered in dark fumes. He moved his hand around, trying to get rid of the smoke as quickly as possible, coughing loudly. Demencia started coughing too, and soon she was complaining how she could not breathe.

"Shut up, Demencia", Flug said and tried to get rid of the smoke so he could at least see something. When he was finally able to see inside the microwave, he found the apple, looking exactly the same. Flug thought for a while, before closing the door again. He turned towards Demencia, slapped his hand against her cheek a few times to wake her up.

"Here is an idea. Try to imagine yourself eating an apple. Can you do that?" he asked with a calm tone. The girl shook her head strongly.

"I wanna go back to my room!" she whined. Demencia started shouting once again, bickering about trivial subjects and complaining how this was 'wrong' and 'illegal'. Flug only rolled his eyes at her. The doctor moved his hand over the girl's mouth and ordered her to look at him. In a second, Demencia turned quiet and looked up at Flug in horror.

"Just one more shock. If you do as I say, you get free ice cream for a week", Flug lied to her, manipulating her to do exactly what he said. Just from hearing the word 'ice cream', Demencia started nodding her head, already licking her lips. Such an impressionable little girl. Flug didn't even need to use his pills for her. Flug moved away from the patient with a satisfied smile and stepped next to his machine once again.
"Now, no matter how much it hurts, imagine yourself eating an apple", Dr. Flug repeated and the girl gave a confident nod. She took a lot of air into her lungs, then let out a shaky, scared breath.

Flug grabbed the timer button once again and turned it to the right, this time a little more, making the microwave sing for 30 seconds. Demencia started shaking again rapidly, her hands grabbing onto the bed's edges as hard as they could as she gritted her teeth together, grunting in pain. Flug just watched her, every now and then turning to look at the apple through the door if anything would happen to it. But he was mostly focused on his patient, somehow satisfied from the way she reacted to the electric shocks.

Without saying anything, Flug moved his fingers to another button and turned it to the right too, not even knowing what would happen. A ball of lightning took over the room and Flug flew to the ground, hitting his bum against the cold rocky ground. He shook his head, blinked a couple of times before he looked back to his patient.

Demencia was moving wildly, her body arching in directions it should not be able to bend to, her bones crackling so loudly that Flug could not help but cringe. She was roaring in pain, her screams echoing around the whole building as her body twitched around unnaturally. There were blue lightnings around her, the wires and the microwave, coloring the whole room blue. The microwave started smoking once again and the lights in the room started blinking. Flug could not bare to look - he closed his eyes and curled up into a ball onto the floor, ready for the whole place to explode.

But finally, the disco the lights were creating stopped and it got quiet. A soft 'bing' rang through the room, and after that it was completely silent. Flug took his time to get up carefully and he crawled towards the microwave slowly, still afraid it would explode right into his face.

Slowly, Flug grabbed the door handle and opened the door. A small amount of grey smoke puffed itself out of the machine, before letting Flug see what was inside.

Flug gasped, as he saw the apple with one clear bite mark on it.

The doctor reached for it, but got an electric shock from it and he flinched away. He reached for again, got a shock again before he was finally able to take the apple out of the microwave. He inspected it carefully - the color was still red, maybe a little darker shade of it now, and one clear big bite mark was on its side, fresh as a newborn baby.

"YES!" Flug screamed out happily, jumping up and down in his feet. "I did it! It worked! It's completely useless, but I created something huge without even meaning to!" he started yelling out happily, going in circles like a ballerina while hugging the apple tightly.

"Did you hear Demencia? I did it! We did it!"

No answer came.
Flug stopped and looked down at the apple and then looked over his shoulder to look at the medical bed. Demencia laid there, silently.

"Demencia?"

Panicked, Flug rushed to his patient, throwing the damned apple onto the floor. He removed the weird bowl from her head and untied the straps to let the poor patient free. Flug moved his hands over the woman's cheeks, tilting her head side to side.

"D-did you hear? You actually took a bite off the apple? Isn't that g-great?" Flug said with a shaky voice, soon slapping the girl's face a little. There was still no reaction.

Flug swallowed, and moved his ear close to Demencia's mouth, trying to hear, or at least feel if she was breathing. He then pressed his head against her chest, pressing his fingers against her wrists and neck to find a pulse. But there was nothing.

Flug looked down at his patient again, and without even thinking, he slapped her as fast as he could, as hard as he could. "Wake up!" he screamed and slapped her again. Still no reaction. Flug grabbed the woman from her shoulders and started shaking her hard, but the patient stayed motionless. He shook her limp body with all of his powers, making her head bang against the bed hardly.

Finally, Flug laid Demencia back down, burying his face against her neck as he let out a terrified sob. "Please, wake up", he silently whimpered, letting all of his tears burst out like wild rivers. He kept calling for Demencia's name, kept telling her to wake up and not be dead any longer ... But her body was cold as ice, her eyes closed and her heart silent.

Flug moved up and banged his hands against the microwave, cursing loudly. He looked at the apple on the ground, ran towards it and kicked it. The apple bounced against the wall and rolled
somewhere near the exit door, that was luckily locked.

The doctor kept walking in circles, rubbing the back of his neck and sniffing hard as he tried to think of what to do. But Flug's mind couldn't work properly. His mind kept saying "well, you just killed someone for a stupid discovery! Congrats, someone is now dead, so you could have a half-eaten apple!"

"No, no", Flug kept repeating to himself, trying to get some control over his emotions, but he felt helpless. He felt like a murderer, no, a monster. A fucking abomination that should have never been born.

Flug ran out of the room, leaving the horrible scene behind as he started heading towards the elevator.

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He had no idea how he was able to stay still in such a state. He also had no idea how he was able to press the right buttons to get through the heavily guarded doors. Flug shakily pressed his bare hand against the screen that read his hand print, and finally opened the door. Almost falling down onto the floor, Flug ran across the long, silent hallway as fast as he could. He was moving side to side, his legs giving up on him after every step.

The guilt was searing. Everything he had done to build his future to become a great scientist or a doctor at least ... it all was in vain. Flug could not think properly at all, and panic and anxiety made everything feel much, much worse. He couldn't believe what he had done, or what he was doing. He hated himself for not staying and still somehow try to revive Demencia. Maybe something could have still worked and helped her to come back alive. The least Flug could have done was to clean up his mess and hide the body. No, that is illegal. The least he could have done is to inform someone about what had happened. Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad. It was an accident, and nobody had to know what he was even trying to accomplish. But Flug was ashamed of himself. He had never killed anyone. He had done horrible experiments on people, but no one had died on the table because of him and his work. He was not ready to take the blame for it. Not just yet. He needed to go somewhere else and calm down, before he could face his rightful punishment.

Flug had no idea why he was going towards Black Hat's room. He could have went to Thomas, who is nice to him every now and then. Or he could have just went home and eat ice cream. Or Flug could have just calmed down all by himself, clean his mess up and get rid of the body, so no one would know about his mistake. But no. Something deep inside him told him to go this way. Towards the most dangerous being in the whole building.
Hastily, Flug opened Black Hat's door and stepped in, banging the door shut. Flug first leaned against the door heavily, his back turned to his patient as he breathed heavily, trying to not break down again. He heard something move behind him, but he was not able to turn around just yet. He let out one sob, before straightening his back and turning around.

Black Hat had stood up and turned towards Flug, silently staring at him. He look tired, like he had just slept. He also looked confused, probably about the whole situation. There was his doctor right in front of him, not saying anything at all, but instead being clearly distressed about something. Black Hat tilted his head to the side, inspecting his doctor a little longer before taking a deep breath.

"Well, isn't this a solemn moment", he said quietly and smirked, but not too widely. Flug rolled his eyes and sniffed loudly. His left hand kept rubbing the back of his neck, as his right hand stayed on his hips. Flug kept moving his legs around, trying to ignore how shaky they felt and how much he wanted to lay down.

"Oh God, I don't even know what I am doing here", he mumbled, feeling a little embarrassed. He closed his eyes, and immediately pictured what had happened only five minutes ago. He let out a sob again, and turned away from his patient. Black Hat raised his eyebrow.

"Something serious happened?" Black Hat asked, but his words came out more like a statement, because Flug did not answer to him, and Black Hat didn't expect to hear an answer. Of course something serious happened, otherwise the doctor wouldn't be losing his shit here. There was awkward silence, and Black Hat chuckled.

"What, did you kill someone?"

Flug kicked the metal door as hard as he could, ignoring how much his toes were hurting when he did that. He kicked it once more, banging his feet against it harshly. He then started punching it, almost enjoying how much his knuckles started burning in pain. He cursed loudly, unloading all of his anger and shame onto that door, completely forgetting about the patient behind him. He soon calmed down and leaned his forehead against the door, catching his breath. His whole body was aching, and it weirdly calmed him down.

"Apparently yes", Black Hat said quietly, watching the doctor with a curious look. He heard Flug sobbing again, and carefully he took a step closer towards the man wearing a paper bag as a face.

Flug turned around, still leaning against the door, trying to stop himself from crying. He had to explain why he was there in a state like this, crying like a little boy.

"I was doing an experiment on her ... and I - I killed her", Flug stuttered out, clenching his hands into tight fists. "It was a s-stupid, useless experiment and s-she died because of it", he whimpered more and started walking in circles, breathing heavily. Black Hat just watched him silently, before rolling his eyes. He sat back down, leaning against the cushioned wall.

"Not sure why you came to me, doctor. I am not a psychiatrist. That's your job", Black Hat said to
him and took a comfortable position.

"I know! B-but I have no idea what I'm supposed to d-do, and I am about to lose my mind", Flug mumbled and kept walking in circles, throwing his hands around. His legs started to feel like jello and his eyes started closing by themselves. Flug felt tired from everything, yet the tears kept coming. He felt like he had to keep running until he would pass out, but he also wanted to just stay still and relax. He could not make up his mind.

"In a way, i-it's a little bit your fault, too", Flug finally said and turned towards his patient. He looked back at the doctor with wide eyes, his mouth hanging open slightly.

"Excuse me?" Black Hat asked, offended.

"I wasn't able to visit you or even sleep properly, because of what happened last time!" Flug yelled out. Just thinking about that moment again made him feel different kinds of emotions that did not fit together. He felt disgusted and scared, but also ... something else that Flug did not want to admit.

Black Hat smirked. "Hmm, you liked it that much, huh?" he asked with a cocky tone, his tongue slipping out past his lips. For a single second, Flug could feel his heart flutter weirdly, but then he started crying again.

"I am not -", Flug started, but his sentence was interrupted with him gasping for air. "I am not joking", he said with a shaking voice.

"I'm going to l-lose my job. I've k-killed a patient. And what do I do? I c-come down here to you!" he shouted in panic.

"What the hell is wrong with me?"

Suddenly, Flug started gasping for air and he placed his hand over his throat. It felt like there was a rock stuck in there, making it harder to breathe. He was able to make short breaths, but it still felt like he was running out of air. Flug's heart was beating fast, his legs shaking as he found it harder to breathe the more he cried. It felt like he was drowning.

"Oh, fuck", he cursed quickly and moved his hands over his knees, letting his head fall down as he tried to breathe in and out slowly, without success.

Black Hat was still sitting down, watching the doctor with curious eyes. He found the situation rather ... intriguing. It was the first time he saw a doctor breaking down in front of him, without it being his fault. Flug had just come here to cry, and Black Hat had no idea why. But he didn't care why. He was quite pleased to have the doctor here once again.

Black Hat silently smirked to himself, before coughing to get the doctor's attention towards him. Flug raised his head slowly, swallowing heavily as he still tried to calm himself down. He sniffed a little, trying to ignore how his cheeks were burning from all the tears.
"Come here."

Flug swallowed heavily and tried to say something to protest against it, but he found no words to use. He just stood there, looking down at his patient, still breathing hard and sniffing every now and then. One cute hiccup came out of him, and Flug blushed in embarrassment, moving his hand over his mouth, pressing the paper bag against his mouth which felt a little weird.

Black Hat chuckled.

"Come on, I won't bite", he said, and Flug could tell it was a lie. Of course he would bite him. The last time they met, things were so heated between them. Flug would not be surprised if he was yearning for more.

But right now, Flug did not care what would happen to him. What he needed was some rest and something to calm him down.

Or comfort.

Flug stood in front of him and knelt down slowly, pointing at the empty spot between the man's legs. His eyes said "do you want me to sit here?" as Flug was too nervous to even say a word. Black Hat simply nodded to him, and Flug swallowed nervously.

Flug sat down between his legs slowly, leaning against the man's chest as lightly as he could, feeling a little awkward. He pulled his knees close to his chest and wrapped his hands around his legs, not knowing how he should sit there. He couldn't believe he had actually agreed to 'cuddle' with Black Hat again.

The doctor looked around the room silently, even if there was not much to see. It was always dark in there, but for some reason it seemed to be a lot darker now than before. Flug could see Black Hat's muzzle in the corner of the room, clearly torn apart and broken. He let out a sigh. He should have put it back on last time. Thomas would not be happy about that ...

He could feel Black Hat lean his head against his, but the rustling of his brown paper bag made
Black Hat move away from him.

"Take of the bag, it's on my way", the eldritch snarled at him.

"A-ah, yes, sir", Flug stuttered and started removing his bag slowly.

"Sir?" Black Hat repeated, raising his eyebrows, smiling wildly. Flug froze.

"S-shut up or I will zap you", the doctor muttered.

"Fair enough."

Slowly, with his hands shaking wildly, Flug took off his grey goggles and put them onto the floor, near his feet. He then took of his bag, even more slowly than before, and placed it next to the goggles. Flug kept his head down, so his patient would not see his face, but Black Hat was free to inspect the young man's hair.

Flug's hair was surprisingly thick and clean, even if it's always hiding under that bag of his. His hair was fluffy and slightly curly, and its color was a bright blonde, almost a little yellow like the sun flowers. Black Hat had the biggest urge to just touch that hair of his, or even grab and pull it. But he was content to just smell it a little, for now. Not like he could touch it, his hands were tied around his own body. Black Hat first smelled it a little, hearing the doctor gasp for air just from that. The eldritch smirked, and let his chin rest on top of the other man's head, slowly trying to pull the doctor closer to his body.

Finally, Flug relaxed enough to fully lean against his patient, his breathing still shaky and heavy, and his body still as tense as it could be. They stayed quiet like that for a while, Flug looking down at the floor to keep his face hidden, as Black Hat almost fell asleep right there and there. Suddenly, Flug could feel the eldritch rub his face against his hair and chills run down his spine.

"Okay, that's enough", the doctor whimpered and tried to escape from the patient's embrace, but Black Hat moved his teeth over his neck and Flug froze completely. Black Hat wasn't even biting him, his teeth were just pressing against his pale skin so lightly, just hanging there as a clear sign of warning.

"Do you want me to break free from this stupid straitjacket?" Black Hat asked. Flug freaked out from that.

"Because if you go now and go somewhere else to cry, I will break free and wrap these hands around you and force you back here."

Flug couldn't help but blush from those words. He slowly leaned back against the man and shivered when his back touched the man's chest again. He swore he could feel Black Hat's heart beat against his backside, if that was even remotely possible. Or maybe Flug could feel his own heart pounding so strongly, that it felt like there were two hearts beating in sync. Black Hat leaned his head against Flug's hair again, almost snuzzling against it like a puppy. Flug wondered if Black Hat just needed some contact with others. Skin-on-skin contact.

Flug thought about those words his patient had just said to him, and he could feel a lump in his throat
again. But he wasn't about to cry, or even choke in his own tears. It was weird the eldritch said something like that to him, and the thought of Black Hat breaking free terrified him. But the way Black Hat had said it made Flug feel like that this patient would not hurt him. Even if Black Hat would break free right now, Flug felt like he could trust Black Hat to not harm him. Like he had just said, maybe Black Hat would really just wrap his hands around Flug's skinny, fragile body.

For some reason, that comforted Flug, and his breathing slowed down. His body wasn't so tense anymore, and his eyes closed almost automatically.

Black Hat breaking free didn't seem to be such a bad thing anymore. Flug secretly wanted to feel the man's arms around him.

Black Hat looked at the doctor the best he could, listening to him carefully for several minutes. Flug's breathing became calm and relaxed, and he was completely leaning against the eldritch. His legs weren't against his chest so strongly anymore. In fact, his legs went limp and fell down onto the floor, kicking the doctor's goggles and bag away from them. It seemed like the doctor was falling asleep.

Black Hat sighed deeply, but smiled.

"How the hell did they let you be my doctor?"

Black Hat tried to get a look of Flug's face, but when he moved his head away from the doctor's hair, Flug shifted. The eldritch froze, as Flug took a more comfortable position. Half-asleep, Flug pressed himself against the man, his hand lazily wrapping around the patient. He buried his face against Black Hat's neck, almost exposing his facial features to be seen. Black Hat tried to take another peek at his face, but was unable to do so. Finally, he gave up and snuzzled against Flug's head.

"My sweet, sweet doctor..."

Black Hat shifted and placed a gentle kiss on top of Flug's exposed forehead.

"I can't wait to devour you."
Divination

Chapter Summary

Flug faces the consequences of his actions, but luckily they are so small he is able to make pancakes for his favorite patient.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Flug woke up after only few hours of the best sleep he has had in two weeks. It felt like he had finally awaken after centuries of deep slumber. It was a little chilly in the room, and his neck was killing him, but otherwise he had slept quite well. He woke up slowly, opening his eyes a little before closing them again. He did this a few times, before finally decided to get up and stretch a little. Flug yawned and sat up, suddenly realizing where he was.

He was still in Black Hat's room.

He had actually fallen asleep there.

Flug looked at his feet and reached for his paper bag and goggles that he had been kicking in his sleep. He quickly put them on, before he turned to look towards Black Hat. He was still asleep, or at least he appeared to be. His head was hanging down low, his top hat keeping his face hidden. Black Hat's body was completely relaxed, and he was about to fall down onto the floor, since Flug wasn't working as his pillow anymore.

Carefully, as gently as the doctor could, Flug wrapped his arms around the patient and laid him down onto the floor. He then stood up and left, without giving a shock to Black Hat.

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As Flug had expected, the moment the elevator doors opened, Thomas was tugging at his sleeve and pulling him towards the office of their lovely boss. Flug did not even try to fight back - he knew that he had to face the consequences of his own actions. And right now, he felt like he was ready.

The two of them stormed inside the boss's office, and the fat man was sitting behind his desk, as always. Once again, he had a strong cigar burning under his mustache, and his wide stomach was pressed against the edge of the wooden table. Flug sat down onto the free chair and just looked at his boss with tired eyes. He was still sleepy, so sleepy that he didn't really care if he would get fired. He was not interested to have another interrogation.
"So", the boss muttered out, his thick lips smacking against each other. Flug hated it when he did that. "You killed one of my patients."

"Not like it was my plan to, but yes", Flug sighed out. Thomas glared at him through his round glasses, looking like the moronic version of the fucking Harry Potter. He shook his head and rubbed his forehead for a moment, muttering something about Flug being a idiot. Which he was.

There was a moment of silence between the three of them, but Flug could not handle it. He had to say something to defend himself.

"Is it really that big of a deal?", Flug continued, making the two others a bit surprised. Thomas even gasped out loudly. "Wasn't I allowed to do whatever I wanted in there?" Flug continued.

His boss raised an eyebrow. "Excuse me?"

"You said it yourself, boss", Flug said and leaned forward from his chair, almost falling down. He pointed his finger towards the potato looking thing and squinted his eyes.

"You said that if I keep looking after Black Hat, you would open the medical room again and let me do whatever the hell I wanted there."

If you keep looking after Black Hat and prevent him from going completely crazy and dangerous, we will open this medical room again, and let you do whatever you wish to do there.

The obese human swallowed heavily and started to sweat a little, as he repeated his own words in his head. The doctor was right, for once. He had promised Flug that he can do whatever he wanted in that room, even if it was to kill somebody. He meant it or not.

Flug stood up, clenching his hands into tight fists as he looked at his boss straight into his eyes. His boss had very tiny eyes. They were hiding behind his wide nose and under all the fat the man had on his bald head, which felt like a place where fat wasn't supposed to be growing in.

"So, a patient died, while I was doing my job. But you gave me a permission to do that, so is a punishment really needed?" Flug asked with a strict tone. He acted tough, and he couldn't believe this was really him, but at the same time he was going to die from all the anxiety. He was sweating, his form was trembling and his mind was a mess. Flug could only hope for the best.

Thomas stared at his coworker with his mouth hanging open and the boss dropped his cigar onto the floor. There was pure silence for exactly 10 seconds, until the boss laughed nervously and picked up his cigar, returning it back between his lips. Disgusting.

"You're right. We shouldn't make too big of a fuss about this", he said. Thomas wanted to interrupt
their conversation, but he couldn't get anything proper come out of his mouth.

"We lose patients all the time. And I'm glad we lost a patient like this ... Demencia, who was annoying as hell", the boss laughed off, looking at the girl's file. He took a stamp out and pressed it against the paper, leaving a giant red word that said "dismissed". The boss then wrote something into a tiny paper and attached it into the girl's file, before offering the stack of papers to Thomas. The man took them carefully into his hands and held them tight against his chest.

The boss clapped his hands together. "Well, you're free to go now, Flug", he said. "Try not to kill other patients, please."

"Can't promise you anything", Flug cracked jokingly and stood up, giving finger guns to his boss. He gave a finger gun back and laughed.

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Flug took a few days away from work to calm himself down and just relax. Everything that has happened lately was like a rock glued on his back, and he just could not work until he sorted his thoughts out first. He had killed someone, after all. And his relationship with Black Hat had taken a weird turn.

But on the morning of the day when Flug was returning back to work, he was making pancakes. He loved pancakes, and today he wanted to treat himself a little. He had been depressed enough, so he truly needed something to make himself feel better. But something went wrong when he was doing then, and Flug ended up with way too many pancakes. And by too many pancakes, he meant that there was a shit ton of them. He could eat them for the next three days if he felt like it! So, he decided to take few boxes of them to work so he and his coworkers had some desert for lunch too. He even grabbed a few plastic plates and a set of forks and knives with him, like he was hosting a birthday party. But as Flug left his apartment, holding the plastic bag full of pancakes and plastic cutlery, he thought about Black Hat.

Maybe he could give him some too. After all, Black Hat was his 'friend'.

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After Flug was done with his lunch, he headed towards Black Hat's room with a bright smile, carrying his plastic bag full of goodies with him. His coworkers had loved his pancakes and they thankfully ate most of it away. But there was still some left, and even if they weren't so fresh anymore, Flug hoped they still tasted good.
He wasn't sure why he even wanted to bring them to Black Hat so bad. Did he want his approval?
Or did Flug just want to make this eldritch a little bit happier? Flug wasn't sure if he saw Black Hat
as a friend, like they had agreed to be - but Black Hat was the only one who had listened him and
was actually interested in Flug's stories and his passion for planes. And even if Black Hat didn't talk
much back, Flug didn't mind - not like Black Hat could tell about his childhood memories. He didn't
seem to have any.

Black Hat was also the only one who gave such attention towards Flug. And it was wrong for Flug
to actually like it.

As he headed towards his patient, Flug memorized every moment they had been through together,
even if they hadn't known each other for that long. The first day Flug met this eldritch was the most
awkward one. The first impression was a complete mess, when Flug was shaking from head all the
way down to his toes, acting completely unprofessional. He even gave an electric shock to Black
Hat, and made him completely freak out. Their second meeting wasn't any better - the moment he
had stepped inside, Black Hat had completely pressed the doctor against the wall and even licked his
neck. But from that second meeting, they agreed to be 'friends'. And the couple times Flug visited
Black Hat after that, he had opened about his past and talked about his hobbies like he truly was with
a friend. They had a very rough start, but after a while things had turned out for the better.

Flug could not help but think about all the times he has touched Black Hat - it didn't matter if he was
pushing the man away, putting a muzzle on him or making him lay down onto the floor, Flug could
not help but blush every time he touched the patient. It was always a special feeling he got from it. He
even wanted to keep touching the patient more, no matter what the reason was. Flug shook his head,
not believing the things that were going through his head.

He stopped walking, and moved his free hand over his neck, that still had clear bite marks on it. The
memory of Black Hat biting him made him shiver. Not just from the memory of how much it hurt,
but from the memory of how good it felt at the same time. Flug started breathing heavily, when he
imagined Black Hat biting him in a different kind of way -

Flug woke up from his fantasy when he accidentally dropped his bag onto the floor. He stood there
for a moment, staring at the door that lead him to Black Hat, and he thought for a while.

Did he like him?

The evidence that Flug was attracted to Black Hat was difficult to interpret, but the way his heart was
already thumping was a clear sign of a positive answer.

But should he go in?

Dr. Flug bit his lip.
He picked up the bag of pancakes, took a deep breath in and started opening the door.

Black Hat was still sitting in the same spot as last time, his head hanging low. When Flug closed the door, the eldritch lifted his head up and smiled.

"What is that delicious smell?" he immediately asked and sniffed the air some more. Flug could not help but smile as widely as he could. He bravely sat down next to Black Hat and opened the bag, preparing their secret meal together.

"I, uh, made some pancakes. I t-thought you would like some too", Flug explained himself and took two plastic plates out. He then placed one pancake onto each plate, and even if they were leftovers and kinda cold, they still looked as delicious as they did when Flug had made them. The pancakes were immense, almost completely covering the plates, and they were round and thick, just how Flug liked it. Their color was this luscious mix of brown and golden, and they had been cooked slightly crisp. Black Hat could not help but lick his lips as he stared at the dessert, wanting to have a taste of it. Flug took two pairs of forks and knives and placed them near the plates.

But then he realized something that he had not even thought of. How was Black Hat supposed to eat, when he was wearing a straitjacket? Flug scratched the back of his neck. How did he forgot he was about to have dinner with a patient, whose arms were completely tied down?

"Oh, uh, I completely forgot you can't use your hands", he muttered, and took Black Hat's fork and knife into his hands and started cutting his pancake into small, easy pieces.

Black Hat chuckled. "Some doctor you are", the eldritch joked.

"Hey, I just forgot that you're a patient", Flug tried to protest, but his excuse was even worse. Black Hat laughed loudly.

When Flug had cut the pancake into tiny pieces, he took the plate into his hand and the fork to his other hand. He swallowed. The doctor buried the fork into one of the pancake pieces and then moved the fork closer to Black Hat's mouth. The patient raised his eyebrow.

"What, you're gonna feed me like a baby now?" he said with a wide smirk. Flug sighed.

"J-just eat it", he muttered.

"Fine, fine."

Black Hat wrapped his lips around the end of the fork and swallowed the dessert without even biting it. Flug watched carefully how his patient's neck moved when he swallowed something, and Flug had to bite his lip hard to calm himself down. Black Hat gave out a soft hum, closing his eyes for a moment.
"It's good", he said quietly and looked at Flug, telling him to give him some more. Flug obeyed, and fed another pancake piece to the patient.

They kept doing this for several long minutes - Flug fed the man his cookings, and Black Hat happily ate them. They did not say anything during the progress, which made the silent moment feel a little awkward. But Flug was still able to enjoy it. He actually hated it when it was quiet between two people - it was usually a simple sign that they just didn't get along. Making up conversation topics was a pain, anyway. But surprisingly, with Black Hat the silence didn't feel pressuring or uncomfortable. It was just silence, and it wasn't a sign of an ending relationship. It was just a sign that they both felt comfortable enough to enjoy the silence without it being awkward.

Flug gulped heavily. His mind was going all over the place whenever Black Hat swallowed a piece of his pancake. Just the way his Adam's apple popped whenever he swallowed made Flug turn red. All the things his mind started imagining about made the atmosphere feel incredibly hot and tight. Dr. Flug realized how close he was to his patient - he was still sitting next to Black Hat, only now he was leaning towards his patient, feeding him bits of his pancake. And Flug could not help but stare.

When Black Hat ate the last piece, he licked his lips hungrily, savoring the last flavors of the delicious sweet. "It's been such a long time since the last time I ate dessert", he stated and looked at Flug with a satisfied smile. But his smile disappeared when he realized what his doctor was doing. Flug was just staring at him with wide eyes through his goggles, not moving or saying anything. It was quite creepy and weird, but Black Hat found his actions quite enchanting.

Slowly, and so carefully, Black Hat leaned a little closer to Flug's face. The doctor blinked a couple of times, before he moved away from him, throwing the empty plastic plate away.

"Oh, sorry! I was, uh", he tried to stutter out quickly. "I was just thinking about ... stuff", Flug said and took a deep breath in. Black Hat just watched him silently, as the man picked up the used plate and cutlery and simply tucked them back inside his bag. The eldritch's eyes drop onto the floor where the other pancake was, still untouched, yearning to be eaten.

"Are you going to eat that now?" he asked, and Flug looked up at him. For some reason, the doctor looked stressed. His eyes then looked at the lonely pancake and Flug came back to reality.

"Oh, yes of course! I w-will eat it right now!" he said and picked up the plate, smelling the pancake.

Flug straightened his legs and placed the plate on top of his skinny thighs. Black Hat watched carefully, as Flug first cut the pancake into tiny pieces again, expect this time his hands were shaking a lot more. When he was done cutting the pancake, he placed the fork on top of the pancake pieces and moved the knife away.

He then moved both of his hands onto his paper bag and rolled the bottom piece of it up, just enough for his mouth to be exposed.

Black Hat's mouth opened slightly.

Flug picked up the plate once again and started eating rather quickly, stuffing the pancake into his
mouth. He first almost choked, silently coughing and clearing his throat, before he decided to slow down a little. Black Hat watched the doctor eat his meal, finding it way too fascinating.

He had never seen Flug's face. He was sure that no one had seen his face anyway. The last time Black Hat saw only his hair, those lovely cream colored curls. He was curious to see more, and now that he saw the man's lips ... he wanted to see what was hiding under the paper bag. It could be literally anything, and Black Hat's imagination went wild. Maybe Flug had many eyes, like a spider. Or maybe he had no face, expect the mouth that was exposed. Black Hat even thought that Flug was a shape-shifter, like him. All the possibilities made Black Hat go crazy. But whatever was under there was something Flug wanted to hide from the world.

Just like Flug did a few minutes ago, Black Hat found himself staring a little too much. He couldn't help himself. He yearned to know more about this doctor, he yearned to move a little bit closer.

He yearned for something he had never wanted before.

Flug noticed how much the eldritch was staring at him, and he started to feel uncomfortable. His hands were shaking, making the eating part much harder, and his body was sweating from the rising panic. He took his time biting down onto the pancake before swallowing, but he wished to leave as soon as possible. The comfortable silence was no longer there - with a quick look to his left, Flug knew Black Hat was looking at him with hungry eyes. Although it was a possibility Black Hat was looking at the pancake he was eating.

Flug swallowed.

"Y-you know, there is still a few pancakes left, i-if you want some more", he stuttered and for a moment, stopped eating. He waited for an answer, but there wasn't any. Black Hat did not answer him. He only watched. Immediately, Flug was prepared for the worst. He couldn't stop worrying about what would happen to him, if he did not make a run for it right now. He could reach for the remote, that was in his lab coat's right pocket, but then he would have to place the fork down. And that was a clear sign for Black Hat that he was about to electrocute him. He felt helpless, frozen in fear.

Flug bit down onto his lip nervously, and then he could hear the rustling of clothes, a sign that Black Hat was leaning closer to him. He swallowed, and used all of his power to turn his head towards the patient.

"Black Hat?"

Flug turned to look at Black Hat slowly, and only made eye contact with the beast for one clear second, until Black Hat's lips touched his.
Flug's eyes opened wide and his whole body went tense. He dropped both the plate and the fork onto the floor, the rest of the pancakes now no longer edible as they spread all over the ground. His heart skipped a few beats, and cold shivers ran down all over Flug's body. Flug toes curled and his legs closed against each other tightly. Suddenly he could not help but wiggle a little.

Black Hat's lips were much softer than Flug had expected, but the way the man kissed him was rough, and full of passion, even if it was just a simple kiss. Black Hat was leaning against the doctor as much as he could, pressing their lips against each other strongly. Everything around them seemed to disappear, and the only thing Flug could focus on was him.

Flug had never kissed anyone before. It was ridiculous, but having his first kiss just was something way too impossible to happen. Since Flug was a child, his face was always hidden under some kind of a mask. It didn't matter if he was wearing a paper bag or a simple green bucket in his head, his face was always hidden. No one had ever seen him eat or ever take his mask off, not even a little bit. Only the people he trusted the most were allowed to see him do it.

But was Black Hat someone Flug trusted?

Finally, Black Hat moved his lips a little against his, and Flug could not help but gaps for air a little. His other hand clenched into a fist, his nails pressing against his own palm, as his right hand leaned closer to Black Hat. Flug's hand silently moved to cup Black Hat's cheek, silently pulling him closer, deeper. Flug could only wish he wasn't wearing his yellow gloves, so he could feel the man's skin a bit better. His skin felt cold as ice, but not so cold that Flug would want to move away. Instead, he wanted to move deeper. Black Hat took his movements as a good sign and shifted in his position a little. Soon, he was pressing the doctor down onto the floor and Flug did not know what else to do but to comply. Black Hat was slowly climbing on top of the man, keeping their mouths locked together as Flug finally hit his back against the cushioned floor. Flug did his best to relax, and reminded himself to breathe through his nose every once in a while. Black Hat pressed his body against his and moved his lips again, earning a soft whimper from the doctor.

Both of Flug's hands went to cup the eldritch's cheeks and he pulled him deeper into the kiss, doing his best to answer back. But Black Hat was going so fast, that Flug was sure he would pass out. Black Hat kissed him like he had kissed him a million times before - he seemed to know exactly what felt good and what not. He moved his lips against Flug's lips with deep hunger, and Flug was literally melting under him.

Black Hat caught the man's lower lip between his teeth and gently bit down onto it, making the scientist moan against his mouth. Flug wrapped his hands around the man, grabbing tightly onto the white material and he pulled the bigger man as close as possible. Flug's cheeks, no, his whole body was burning and aching to feel more. He couldn't even think straight - only thing he could do was to just feel what was happening to him, how strongly his body reacted to everything.

Suddenly, he felt some kind of pressure between his legs.

Black Hat was thrusting his hips against his, grinding against the skinnier man like a wild animal in heat. For a moment, their lips parted as they both gasped for air, before Black Hat caught his lips again. Flug moaned against his mouth, his legs violently shaking as his hands held tighter onto the man, like he was going to die if he let go. He could feel Black Hat's tongue begging for entrance, and shyly Flug opened his mouth enough for his tongue to enter his mouth. He moaned even louder the second his tongue started fighting against Black Hat's long tongue.

It was wrong, but god it felt just right.
But Flug knew he had to stop this before it would be too late. His hand grabbed Black Hat from his shoulder and tried to push him away, but Black Hat would not budge. He only pressed himself closer against the doctor and thrust himself harder against his groin. Flug broke away from the kiss, a small amount of drool hanging between their lips.

"B-Black Hat", he whimpered, completely out of breath. But Black Hat did not seem to listen. Once he got the chance, Black Hat reached for the man's neck and bit down.

"Ouch!" Flug shouted and tried to push the man away again. Suddenly, he didn't want this anymore. He started kicking his feet, trying to wiggle free but he was trapped.

Flug started hitting Black Hat, and then he saw something move. Something that was not human.

Flug yelped when he saw some kind of a shadow forming above his head. It was long, almost ghostly, and it was shaped like some kind of a liquid. It reminded Flug of tendrils octopuses has. It was growing out of Black Hat's backside, coming out through his straitjacket like a ghost. And it seemed to be watching Flug.

Scared to death, Flug slowly caressed his hand across Black Hat's side, before letting his hand fall down onto the floor. His other hand grabbed tighter onto Black Hat's shoulder, burying his fingers deep into his skin. Black Hat groaned against his neck and bit down at a better angle, this time a little harder.

The weird shadow was still pointing towards Flug, and the doctor was not sure if it was a third eye of some sort. So, to make sure he was able to reach for the remote in his pocket, Flug decided to keep playing along for a little while.

He let out a desperate, but fake moan and closed his eyes for a second, before opening them slowly again. The shadow moves away, and Flug reached for his pocket quickly.

He touched the pocket from the outside and felt the remote in his hand. He touched some more, and felt the shape of a button. Flug let go of Black Hat and pressed the button down as hard as he could.

Black Hat flinched and let out a scream, and Flug took his opportunity to push the man away as hard as he could. Black Hat fell down onto the floor, cursing in pain and roaring like an animal. Flug stopped pressing the button down and focused on only getting up. The moment he was on his feet, Flug ran towards the door.
The young doctor froze completely. He was so close to his escape, his hand already reaching for the key in his pockets, his other hand reaching for the remote in his coat. But Flug was so scared to death, that he was about to piss himself.

That noise Black Hat had just made was just ... horrific. It was completely inhumane, something you would only hear in your worst nightmares. The most monstrous thing a human ear could ever hear.

Flug dared to look over his shoulder, and he was sure he was going to lose his mind the longer he looked at Black Hat, or what he had become.

Black Hat was staring at him with wide, red eyes and a mouth so huge it was taking over most of his face. His mouth was covered in sharp, long fangs and lime-colored drool was falling out of his mouth onto the floor. He stood there with a horrible posture, as some kind of dark tentacles were coming out of his back, dancing around slowly like snakes. He looked somehow larger - his straitjacket looked so tight it was about to rip in half. Black Hat's top hat was hanging low, every now and then moving like it was his own limb.

Flug could only stare at him in horror.

What the hell was this man?
Scared shitless, Flug moved to the door as fast as he could, and opened it just enough for him to fit through. Black Hat moved towards him in inhumane speed, moving like a cloud of smoke in the shadows as he roared out the doctor's name. Flug turned around and at the same time he was leaving the room, he started closing the metallic door. Black Hat was charging towards the door as fast as he could, but just in time, Flug slammed the door shut and started locking it as heavily as he could. He could hear Black Hat groan loudly, before the eldritch started banging himself against the door. Flug's hands were shaking, but he did his best to make the door as secure as possible. He whimpered in fear, his whole body shaking and his eyes tearing up as Flug finally got the last lock done. Flug finally let out a horrified sob and just leaned against the door, ignoring how the whole door was shaking from the banging.

Black Hat tried to get out of the room for several minutes, screaming as loudly as he could and banging the door so hard it left marks on both sides. Flug didn't know what else to do but to just stay there and wait for the eldritch to calm down. Flug was shaking in fear, his mind completely confused of what had happened as he kept crying loudly, waiting for the storm to pass.

It finally got quiet. Flug gasped for air and took a slow step away from the door, believing the patient had tired himself out. He dared not to even breathe, as Flug just stared at the door silently, still waiting if the banging and screaming would start again.

"Flug?"

The doctor swallowed nervously.

Black Hat's voice was much different know. It wasn't the monstrous roar the man has only heard in his worst nightmares. It was gentle, even sad. A clear cry for help.

Flug did not answer. He only stared at the door, his lips slightly parted, tears still falling down his cheeks.
"Flug, please."

Flug shook his head. His mind was about to break. He had no idea how to think or how to feel, or what was right or what was wrong. But whatever had happened there, from the very start it was something that should not have happened. Flug felt horrible pain in his chest as he walked towards the door, pressing his hand carefully against the cold surface. He took a deep breath in, sniffling loudly.

"I'm not coming back down here, Black Hat. I've had it. This is going too far", he stuttered out in one, heavy breath. After saying those words, Flug was gasping for air, as his heart jumped all the way up to his throat.

"I don't think we should see each other again."

Black Hat never answered.
I want to say a huge thanks to everyone who has read this story so far. And also a big thanks to those who have left kudos or even a comment! Those both make me feel so much better, and it's always fun to read your comments. It's always a good day when I wake up and see I've got new comments to read. So thank you so much for making me smile!
Chapter Summary

Flug decides to quit his job and leave all the horrors behind. But leaving the asylum is easier said than done ...

Flug never understood the meaning of cold showers. Apparently, they were good for your health every now and then, and some people were even able to relax under a cold river. But cold water was also a torture mechanism, if Flug remembered right. He had yet decided to try it out. And the only thing he could feel was frozen nails piercing into his skin, making him shiver wildly. Even his teeth were clacking against each other uncomfortably. But Flug left the water on and fell down onto his knees, feeling the coldness as a punishment.

He had decided to quit his job. Not just the part of being Black Hat's personal psychiatrist, but his whole job.

Flug knew it wasn't the right choice, and maybe after some time, he would come back if he really had to. But he didn't know what else to do.

He tried to not think about Black Hat for a moment, and his mind reminded him of Demencia, the girl he had murdered by accident. He let out a sob, then smacked himself as hard as he could. He had cried enough already. And he hated himself for being so weak.

Flug was not sure why he took her death so heavily. Maybe because it was the first time he was actually responsible of ending someone's life. But a part of him told Flug that he wasn't allowed to feel this much guilt because of it. He wasn't a good person in the first place. As long as Flug could remember, he had done experiments on people without their seal of approval. As a child, he did tests on animals. First bugs, then rats, then the neighbour's cat. At school, he got even some student to be his test subject, in exchange of something of course. He was always ready to give up his lunch money, if someone was fine being his victim of weird experiments. He had done a lot of bad things to people, but he had never killed anyone.

But luckily killing Demencia didn't feel so bad anymore.

Flug tried to imagine the situation in a different way. What if he had meant to kill her? What if his plan was just to torture her, just for fun?

Suddenly, killing her didn't feel like such a problem anymore.

At that moment, Flug realized how truly sick he was. He kept telling himself he was an innocent man, never wanting to hurt anyone. But his desire to build machines that created destruction, or perform experiments that were brutal and bloody, was just too high. He found it all so fascinating.

Was Flug actually a bad person?
He shook his head, his wet hair sticking against his skull tightly.

Flug finally let his thoughts be full of Black Hat and no one else, and suddenly the water didn't feel so cold anymore.

He didn't understand his feelings towards him. What happened last time was a clear sign Flug wanted more, but a part of him told him to run away and never look back. He didn't quite understand why. Maybe he wasn't sure if dating Black Hat would be the right thing to do. Maybe Flug was insecure. Maybe he was afraid, and for a good reason.

Seeing Black Hat in his more monstrous form terrified him. He could still hear the eldritch calling out for him in that horrific voice that made his skin crawl. Just what the hell was he? And what did Black Hat want from him?

Flug knew he wasn't qualified for this kind of job. He had no understanding of Black Hat and his actions, and some day he would surely be killed by him. Flug was secretly afraid of dying, and the fact that Black Hat has killed before did not help. The only thing that seemed to work on Black Har was that electric collar around his neck. Flug seriously started wondering how strong it was to be so effective against a being like Black Hat.

Maybe quitting his job was for the best. Flug could even move out of the city and start a completely new beginning. He could start living like a normal human being.

Expect he wasn't a normal human being, and he never would be.

Flug got out of the shower, shivering wildly. Even water as cold as ice would not wash the man clean.

You couldn't wash away your past, anyway.

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It took Flug a few days before he was finally able to announce he was leaving his job. For some reason, he was a little afraid to face his boss. A man big as him would easily crush Flug by just rolling on top of him. And a part of Flug did not wish to quit - the payment he got was quite pleasing, if he dared to admit it. He was a little sad to say good bye to all the money he has been earning from this job.

After lunch, Flug held his chin up and started walking towards his boss's office. He was determined
to just walk in, say he was going to quit and then pack his things and leave.

But something - or someone - turned his plans around.

"Hey, Flug! Where are you going so fast?"

Flug turned around and saw Thomas running after him, holding a stack of papers and files in his arms. His glasses were slightly crooked to the side, but the doctor was soon lifting them a little higher. He looked like he was in a rush - his hair was slightly sticky against his forehead and his cheeks were red, like he had been running all over the building. His clothes were wrinkled and his coat was almost falling off. His black tie was hanging loose and it looks like someone had been pulling it. Talk about a rough day. It's like they were working in kindergarten.

Flug stopped for a second and looked at his coworker. "I'm going to quit my job", he simply said and continued walking.

"What?" Thomas stuttered out in shock, dropping a few papers onto the ground. Thomas silently cursed. He quickly picked them up and ran after Flug, trying to hold a little tighter onto the papers.

"Flug, wait. Are you sure that is a good idea?" Thomas asked, trying to keep up with Flug who was walking as fast as he could.

"Yes, I am sure", the doctor said. "I'm not good enough to take care of him. Too risky. Too dangerous."

Thomas grabbed Flug by the arm so strongly, that Flug flinched in pain. He tried to force Thomas to let go of him by hitting his fingers or trying to open them, but Thomas was holding onto him so tight it would leave bruises onto his skinny arm. Flug looked up at Thomas - he was staring at him coldly, no emotion in his face.

And then, he smiled. It was a smile only an arrogant and opinionated man would wear. It seemed like Thomas was not taking a 'no' for an answer. Flug gulped, waiting for the other doctor to say something.

"Flug", Thomas silently said, still smiling like an evil scientist.

"Let's go see Black Hat just one more time, shall we?"

Flug wasn't even able to protest, before Thomas started pulling him towards the elevators.
Thomas was dragging Flug through the security doors, opening all the locks with one hand, as the other hand held tightly onto Flug, the stack of papers somehow staying still under his arm. Even if Flug had said that he will follow him nicely, Thomas never let go.

Suddenly everything felt just tight and uncomfortable. Thomas did not say a word, and he kept holding tightly onto Flug. He even walked so fast, that Flug was about to fall over every now and then as he tried to keep up. When this day would end, Flug just knew it would not have been a good day.

As they walked towards Black Hat's room, Thomas finally talked to him.

"Now, Flug. Are you sure you want to quit this job?"

Flug stared at him, feeling a little nervous around him. He gave a simple nod to the man.

Thomas hummed.

"Are you sure? You get nicely paid for this", Thomas said, trying desperetaly to change Flug's mind. Flug felt even more nervous. His hands started sweating under the gloves and his heart was beating slowly, but very strongly against his chest.

"I'm sure", he answered after trying to swallow down all of his fears.

Thomas stayed quiet for a moment, before letting out another humm. His grib on Flug tightened.

"Well, then you should say good-bye to Black Hat", he said calmly.

They finally reached Black Hat's door, and before Flug could even quickly turn back and run away, Thomas opened the little door that you could peek through and banged his fist against the door. Low groaning could be heard behind the door.

"Wake up, Black Hat! Your friend is here to talk to you!" Thomas shouted, looking through the rectangular hole with a spiteful smile. He then backed away from the door, saying he will 'give them their privacy', and left to stand a few meters away, looking through his papers like he wasn't going to secretly listen to them. Flug was shaking his head, not understanding what was happening. He looked at Thomas with wide annoyed eyes, shaking his head as to say 'this is a bad idea', but someone calling his name took away all of his doubts and worries.

Flug turned to look towards the door, and saw Black Hat looking through the hole, straight into his soul. Flug could only see his eyes, but he could tell the man was tired. It seemed like Black Hat had
not calmed down since Flug had left. The doctor swallowed down the feeling of guilt.

"Flug, are you here to interrogate me again?" Black Hat asked. His voice was low and hoarse, like he had been screaming all night. He also sounded very, very pissed off. Flug could hear his breathing, and it was much heavier than before. He hated himself for leaving his own patient in a state like that. Flug shook his head, refusing to feel pity now.

"I uh, I came to tell you that I'm quitting my job. This is the last time we see each other", he said simply, taking a careful step towards the door. Flug watched as the eldritch raised his brows at him.

"I doubt that", Black Hat said quietly.

Flug rubbed the back of his neck, feeling inconvenient. "No, Black Hat, I am really leaving. I can not deal with ... all of this madness", he tried to explain, waving his hand around. Something changed in Black Hat's eyes as he said that - he seemed to look at Flug with piercing anger, clearly indignant about the situation. For a second, the patient looked somewhere behind Flug, before chuckling loudly.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you", Black Hat warned Flug, his voice quieter now.

Flug gave out a sigh and moved closer to the door, as close as he could get as he stared deep into Black Hat's eyes. "Look, I can't work here anymore", he said. "It's over, Black Hat. Good bye."

Flug wished he didn't have to say good bye. Everything would have been easier if he could have just left without saying anything. He felt a searing pain in his heart, that would not stop, but he had to ignore it.

"Why not? I thought you liked it here", Black Hat asked, clearly doing his best to keep Flug there as long as possible.

"Because I am going insane here. I've killed a patient, done experiments on them and ..."

Flug stopped for a moment. He leaned a little closer to the door.

"Whatever is happening between us", he started, almost whispering so his coworker would not hear them. "I-it's wrong. We shouldn't be doing this."

Flug bit his lip so hard it could draw blood out, clenching his hands into tight fists. His gaze fell down onto the floor, as he silently waited for Black Hat's answer. But it took so long for Black Hat to say something, and the growing silence was pressuring.

"Doctor", Black Hat called out for him. Flug did not say anything, nor did he move even a muscle. Black Hat called out for him again. Flug shivered, still unable to look up at his patient.
Slowly, slightly shaking, Flug lifted his eyes up and locked eyes with Black Hat. There was still the same fire in his eyes, a clear sign of disappointment. But there was something else that Flug could not explain completely. A sign of remorse and regret. Something that made Flug's heart broke into thousands of pieces.

Finally, Black Hat chuckled and smiled at the doctor.

"Oh, Flug", he said, shaking his head lightly. "Don't you think there is something between us?"

Flug gasped silently and looked away from the man, trying to regain his serenity. "Don't say that", he silently muttered, biting his lip, grabbing his lab coat tightly. Black Hat seemed quite pleased from this reaction, as he smiled and let out the most attractive laugh Flug had ever heard.

"We're not so different, you and I", Black Hat said.

"How so?" Flug asked, looking back at his patient. He secretly wished the door wasn't closed, and he could see more than just his eyes. Flug wished Thomas wasn't right behind him, watching and listening to them like a spy. Now Flug wanted to give a proper good-bye to his dear patient he had grown to care for.

"How are we similar?"

"We're both evil", Black Hat answered, and something sparkled in his eyes as he said that. Flug swallowed, strongly shaking his head.

"No, I'm not evil", he muttered.

"Yes you are, and you know it", Black Hat insisted, leaning closer to the door. He looked at Thomas for a second, before looking back at his doctor. Black Hat gave the doctor a small head movement that was close to a nod, telling Flug to come closer. Flug hesitated but came closer to the door, his heart beating crazily against his chest.

"Remember that time, when you introduced that pill of yours to me? When I mentioned about you turning me into a slave with that pill, there was this spark in your eyes", Black Hat explained, inspecting Flug carefully through the peephole. "I knew then, that you weren't such a coward as I thought you were", the eldritch continued, his voice weirdly seducing.

Flug swallowed heavily. He remembered that day clearly. He hadn't even realized what he could do with that pill. Everyone who took it became more cooperative, but the potential of this medicine was much, much greater. The doctor could not help but enjoy the thought of making someone take it, and
order them to do whatever Flug wanted. The thought about leading the world felt like a dream, that was so close to his reach. But he was not ready to reach for this dream yet.

Flug's hand carefully touched his pocket. He could feel the shape of a bottle of pills in there.

"And what about all the experiments you do, huh? Are those really helping the patients?" Black Hat drove deeper, and Flug could not help but grow nervous. He felt uncomfortable, but everything Black Hat was saying was true. Flug did enjoy ... torturing others in order to achieve something great. He hated the word 'torture' for some reason. It made his stomach sick.

Black Hat's words were spinning around in Flug's mind, as he started to lose himself. Who was he, after all? Was he truly a mad scientist, a wicked man with no compassion or mercy for his victims? Or was he still a coward, hiding behind his mask and never revealing his true nature? Flug wanted to be himself, secretly. He wanted to be bad. But why was he so afraid of it?

"You're denying your true purpose, Flug", Black Hat said after a moment of silence, where Flug had thought about the meaning of his life and the eldritch had just watched him.

"Together, the two of us could do great things", Black Hat then said, and if his hands were free and there was no wall between them, Black Hat would offer his hand to Flug. And Flug would take it.

Now the doctor knew what he was afraid of.

He was afraid to do it all alone.

"Are you done yet, doctor?"

Flug almost jumped as he heard Thomas calling out for him. He gave a deep sigh and let his head fall down. Flug pressed his hand against the door, trying to think clearly for just one second.

"Well, Flug?" Black Hat called out for him. "What are you going to do?"

Flug lifted his head up. There was not much time to think, but the man was completely lost. What should he do, indeed? Should he choose Black Hat, run away with him and be his true evil self, and maybe have something more with this patient? Or should Flug quit right now, try to live as a normal citizen and never come back? Or maybe he should continue his job like nothing ever happened, without changing anything?

But Flug had already made his choice. And for now, he was too much of a chicken to change it.

The doctor looked deeply into Black Hat's eyes through his goggles, opening his mouth as to say a confession. But nothing came out.

"I'm going to quit", he said quietly, lowering his gaze to the floor again. He pressed his hand a little tighter against the door, before turning around.
"Farewell, Black Hat."

Flug started walking away from Black Hat's room, hopefully for the last time. He walked past Thomas, who stared at him for long, unfastening his tie.

"So, you're still quitting?" Thomas asked, slowly coming after Flug.

"Yes", Flug said sadly. He felt a tight knot in the bottom of his stomach, that told him he could still turn back and change his decision. It hurt him. But he still tried to think this was the best choice he could have made.

"Wrong choice."

A stack of papers fell down, covering the floor like snow. Suddenly, Flug could feel something going around his neck and he was pulled back towards his coworker. Flug could feel himself gasping for air, as whatever was around his neck tightened. He tried to wiggle free, kicking his feet around but he only fell down onto the ground, still trying to catch air into his lungs. On his knees, his hands trying to break free from the rope around his neck, Flug looked up and saw Thomas looking down at him with a spiteful smile and wide, insane eyes.

He was missing his tie.

"T-Thomas?" Flug was able to choke out, his voice already raspy and hoarse. He couldn't understand what was happening. Why was his coworker trying to kill him? None of it made sense.

"I'm sorry, Flug. But I can't let such a diligent worker like you just leave like that", Thomas said quietly, still smiling widely. He twisted his hands a little, and the tie around Flug's neck tightened, making the doctor tear up as he tried to keep breathing. Thomas chuckled, watching the small doctor through his glasses, leaning down closer to Flug.

"You must be full of questions. But don't worry, I will explain everything to you, before I feed you to Black Hat."
Flug's eyes widened, and he started kicking his feet once again, desperate to get free. The tie tightened even more, and Flug had to stop resisting or he would die. Luckily, Thomas was so forgiving that whenever Flug wasn't trying to break free, his grip on him loosened a little.

"Let's start with the reason why we wanted you to take care of Black Hat", Thomas started and looked over his shoulder. The peephole of the door had been left open, and even if it was pitch black inside the room, Thomas could almost see Black Hat watching them. The doctor smiled at that.

"We knew you weren't experienced enough to take care of him. I mean, you are just a coward who likes to do experiments on others. But you were new in this facility, and luckily, you accepted the job offer like a fool."

Flug could feel his eyes watering and his pulse slowing down, but he did his best to stay calm and survive as long as he could.

"You see, we don't keep Black Hat down here just because he is dangerous. We don't keep him down here, so he won't hurt anyone. Oh no", Thomas laughed out, shaking his head.

"We keep him down here, so we can do more experiments on him."

Flug's eyes widened and his mouth fell open as he perceived the truth. He remembered what Black Hat had told him about the experiments done to him, how he had been tortured and used like a puppet. But the significance of it all was still a mystery.

"First, he was kept down here for years, completely alone. But he started to become aggressive. So aggressive that he was about to break the door down. So, we thought he needed some company, and we gave him some. A personal psychiatrist", Thomas said, looking deep into Flug's eyes. Dr. Flug tried to break free again, but soon gave up trying when he couldn't even breathe. He couldn't even stand up, because the papers under his feet were surprisingly slippery, and he kept falling down onto his knees. He gasped for air as much as he could, before Thomas tied his black tie around his neck a little better, a little tighter.

"We thought that was all he needed. Just something to keep him sane and calm enough. But one day, his psychiatrist never came back. Everyone came down here to look what had happened to him, and guess what we found in Black Hat's room?" Thomas asked, smiling so widely that his cheeks were turning red. He looked at Flug with curious eyes, like he was waiting for him to answer. But only thing that Flug was able to get out was a desperate inhale.

"Well, we found the doctor dead on the floor, his body almost eaten away completely."
Flug's eyes fluttered as he squirmed again. Just the thought of it made his stomach sick and he wanted to throw up, if he just could. His body shivered as his coworker just laughed it off.

"So, we found out what kept Black Hat calm. Human meat, apparently. We kept giving him new doctors every now and then to keep him in his room nice and steady. Some doctors lasted longer, some doctors not", Thomas explained as slowly as possible. "But all of them ended up dead."

"Do you get it now, Flug?" he asked. He lifted his arms up, pulling Flug up as much as he could. Flug grunted, his eyes wet from all the tears, his paper bag sticking against his face uncomfortably. He looked up at Thomas, shaking his head as much as he could.

"You're only job here is to be Black Hat's meal. And your job is not yet finished."

Thomas started pulling Flug closer to Black Hat's room, and Flug started kicking and punching everywhere he could. The papers on the floor flying around, his hands were clutching onto Thomas, his nails piercing into his skin as hard as they could. Flug did his everything to fight back and to get free - but the tie around his neck only tightened, and Flug's vision was turning darker. He was about to lose his consciousness.

"I'm sorry I have to do this, but if you just kept working here a little longer, Black Hat would have killed you anyway", Thomas said.

Flug kept kicking the ground, tears falling down his cheeks as he fought for his life. He still wanted to hear more. Why did they do experiments on Black Hat? What did they get out of this monster? And what was Black Hat in the beginning?

"B-Black Hat", Flug yelped out as loudly as he could, his hands wrapping around the tie, trying to loosen it and make it easier to breathe. But the more Thomas dragged Flug towards the eldritch's room, the more he felt like he was closer to death.

"You're begging for him now? How pathetic", Thomas snarled at him.

"Black Hat! Your meal is ready!" Thomas screamed, before laughing loudly like a maniac. Flug knew his end was near, and he almost gave up fighting.

But then he heard something click.
Black Hat's door suddenly opened with a loud bang, the metal door hitting itself against the wall so hard it created a large hole.

Both of the doctor's froze.

Thomas looked over his shoulder, his hands suddenly letting go of his tie and setting Flug free. Flug fell down onto the ground, coughing loudly and gasping for air. He threw the tie away from his neck, banging his hand against the floor. Everything in his body hurt. His vision was still dark, but as Flug blinked a couple of times, he could see what was happening.

Black Hat's door was wide open, but you could not see inside the room. It was completely dark inside there. Flug could see Thomas staring into the room silently, his breathing heavy and his legs already shaking.

Suddenly, low groaning could be heard inside the room.

"Fuck this!" Thomas yelled out, and turned around as he was ready to run away.

Long, shadow-like tendrils emerged out of the darkness and reached over to Thomas as quickly as light. They wrapped themselves around his body parts, and Thomas fell down to the ground with a loud thud. Flug could only watch as the tentacles pulled Thomas towards the room.

As he was being dragged past Flug, Thomas grabbed onto Flug's legs, either trying to save himself or pull Flug with him.

"Help me!" the man screamed in fear, his face pale like a ghost and his wide eyes tearing up, begging for mercy. Flug started kicking his feet, and with one kick into the man's face, Thomas let go. Flug watched in horror as his screaming coworker was pulled inside Black Hat's room, disappearing into the darkness.

Flug just sat there in the middle of the hallway, watching silently into the room, trying to see what was happening there, as a short moment of silence took over. Then, there was loud screaming and the world's grossest sound the doctor had ever heard. It was like something was being ripped in half, skin ripping and bones crackling loudly. Something wet splurted onto the floor and then there was the sound of munching. Blood spattered everywhere by the sound of it, even some of it ending up flying into the hallway. Flug yelped and kicked himself away from the door, unable to pick his body up yet.
Then, there was complete silence.

Flug could only hear his own heavy breathing. His chest rose up high as he just sat there, watching into the darkness. His mind kept telling him to get up and just run, but a part of him wanted to see what had happened inside the room. He was desperate to know how Thomas had died.

He just sat there in the white hallway, papers covering the ground as one of the ceiling lights was blinking.

Then, after a long moment of silence, Flug could hear footsteps. He crawled more away from the door, kicking his feet as he tried to get up, trying to push his body with his hands but Flug always fell back down onto the floor.

He silently watched the room, waiting for whatever to come out of there.

A figure stepped out of the darkness, exposing themselves to the light.

Flug could not believe his eyes.

It was Black Hat, but he was no longer wearing white. Instead, he was wearing actual clothes like a normal citizen would. The straitjacket was gone, but the electric collar was still strongly around his neck.

Black Hat was still wearing his trusty black top hat with a maroon band around it, as well as his rimless monocle. The clothes he was wearing were quite sophisticated and elegant - Black Hat was donning a dark trench coat and a pair of dark grey pants. Under his coat, he was wearing a blood-red dress shirt and a grey waistcoat, a simple black tie rotating around his neck and falling perfectly over his chest. He also appeared to wear gloves, that were slightly darker shade of grey than his skin was. His shoes were black too, like his soul, with white spats.

He looked like a man who lived in a mansion, surrounded by riches and thousands of expensive artifacts. But the fact his skin was grey and his teeth were sharp and pointy took Black Hat far away from humanity.

Flug could just stare at Black Hat with wide eyes, completely wordless. There was no blood on Black Hat’s clothes, and even if he took another step closer, stepping over the blood, there were no red foot prints following him.

Black Hat stopped, and moved his hand inside his coat. And with one strong pull, he took out a black walking stick, swing it around between his fingers before pressing it strongly against the
ground. A wicked smile spread across his face, as Black Hat looked over at the doctor, who was still quivering on the floor, just staring at him.

"Hello, doctor ~ ."
Getaway

Chapter Summary

Black Hat escapes his cell and hell breaks loose in the whole asylum. Is Flug able to get out alive?

Chapter Notes

Sorry, that the chapter updates are growing longer and longer. At the moment, I'm a bit busy with school so that slows me down. I'm also never satisfied with my writing, so it takes me a while to read my work through and fix whatever needs to be fixed. I hope you still enjoy (this shitty as story that I just write without planning much lol)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Flug was shaking on the floor, staring up at Black Hat who just stood there silently, watching him like a predator looking at its prey. Black Hat was wearing a wicked smile across his face, and his fingers kept playing with the head of his walking cane. The eldritch stood there, just his presence a clear threat, his whole form imposing and grand. His confident smile just told the world Black Hat was indestructible.

"You have made your choice, Flug", Black Hat finally said, his deep voice making the doctor shiver in fear. "Let's hope it's not irrevocable."

Flug was scared to death, but he does not lack perception or native wit. He knew when it was time to leave.

Kicking his feet, Dr. Flug was finally able to pick himself up, despite the shaky feeling his legs had. He turned around, pushing himself up from the ground and sprinting towards the elevator. Black Hat just watched the man run, kicking the papers and making them fly around the scene.

Flug felt so afraid. His whole body still felt numb just from the shock of what had just happened. His throat was aching, breathing was still hard but his heart was beating strongly, like it was a bomb about to explode. He was sweating all over, and there was this weird tingly feeling around his limbs. His body felt like it was breaking apart, but Flug refused to die like this.

All of the security doors were left wide open, and Flug could feel tears of happiness running down his cheeks as he ran closer to the elevator that would lead him to his freedom.
"You aren't getting away that easily", Black Hat smirked. He walked over to a simple red button, that was placed on the wall on his right side. He had been eyeing it for so long, wondering what it did. He threw his fist against it, pressing the panic button down.

All hope disappeared from Flug's eyes, as he saw red lights going off and a loud alarm started ringing in his ears. Then, he could see something coming down from the roof top.

It was a metallic door, about to come down right between Flug and the elevator. Flug started running faster, ignoring all the flashing lights and the loud alarm shouting loudly. He ignored the panic that was raising in his guts, and he just kept running. He knew exactly what was happening.

Shutdown mode.

Flug had heard his boss talk about it when he first came into the asylum. By just pressing a single button, every door, window and any other exit would close in the asylum, making it almost impossible to leave the building. It would take hours for the doors to open again, when the authorities would come and let them all out. It was to prevent from anything from leaving the asylum and keeping everyone safe, but right now the shutdown only felt like something that would get Flug killed.

Because if he didn't ran fast enough, he would be trapped down here with Black Hat.

Huffing and puffing loudly, Flug moved his legs as fast as they could go, sweat rolling down his forehead as he watched the door falling down closer to the floor. Black Hat did not even try to stop the doctor - instead, he just watched. He loved to watch someone completely panic, and when Flug would not be able to make it out fast enough, Black Hat would just love to watch the man bang his fists against the door, begging to get out.

If the door closed, it would be irrevocable. If Flug didn't make it in time, he would surely die. So with all of his power, Flug ran towards the exit.

He was lucky enough to reach the door before it was completely shut, but the metallic wall was already so close to the floor, that the doctor had no choice but to slide under it. Flug sprinted even faster, and when he was close enough, he quickly dropped down onto the floor. Just like Indiana Jones, Flug slid under the door just in time. He kicked himself away from it as fast as possible, watching how a wall came down between him and Black Hat.
Flug gasped for air for a minute, just watching the metallic door standing there silently. His heart felt like it was going to pop out of his chest, and his body was wet everywhere. Flug fell down onto the floor and took his precious time to collect himself. When he felt like he could stand again, the man picked himself up and moved to the elevator.

For his luck, the elevator still worked. Flug pressed the button that would take him to the first floor, and straight outside, if it was even possible to get out of this place. The elevator started moving, and Flug provided himself some respite from all the horrors around him.

Flug took a deep breath to just relax and think everything that had just happened.

First of all, he had been betrayed. Everything Flug knew was just a fabrication, a cover up to a horrendous secret. He could not understand why. He repeated everything he had learned in his head multiple times, trying to digest it all.

Black Hat has been down here for a long time. He is kept here, so they can do more experiments on him. It is yet unknown why they experiment on him. Black Hat will go crazy, if someone is not looking after him, or when he doesn't get to kill anyone. Flug's only job here was to die and be eaten by Black Hat.

Black Hat just refused to eat Flug. Instead, he saved him, and ate Thomas instead.

Flug curled up into a ball onto the elevator's floor, closing his eyes and breathing heavily. He tried to imagine that nothing happened at all, that everything was fine. But what he had just seen, and what he still could feel made it all too real. The image of seeing Thomas being dragged into Black Hat's room and the blood on the floor always came back, no matter how hard Flug pushed them away. He could still feel the pressure against his neck, and his body was still aching from everywhere. He was still so afraid.

"It's going to be alright", Flug recited to himself. He couldn't even believe himself, but for now those words were the only thing that calmed him down.

Suddenly, a loud bang was heard and Flug quickly stood up. The sound was so loud and so sudden, that Flug had no idea what it was. But he had an idea.

He stared at the doors, waiting for the elevator to finally fucking stop and let him out, but it just kept going as slow as possible. Then, the elevator shook hardly, and Flug fell down onto the floor. The elevator was swinging side to side, like someone was punching and shaking it. Then, the whole thing stopped, and some kind of screeching came from under Flug's feet. The lights were blinking, the elevator completely still, as the echo of a scream moved past the elevator and continued moving up. Flug held his hands behind his head, expecting the elevator to start falling down, but nothing happened for a long moment. Everything was completely still and silent for several minutes, and Flug started panicking that he was stuck there. He cried, gently banging his hands against the door, even trying to force it open with his tiny weak fingers. He was growing desperate the longer he was there. But suddenly, after long, slow minutes, it started moving again like nothing had even happened. The elevator started moving up for a long time, every now and then making weird noises.
Then, the doors opened.

Flug did not care what floor he was in. The elevator was making such fickle sounds, that it was definitely going to break. Flug crawled out of the elevator, and just when he got out, the metallic box suddenly fell down like a rock.

Gasping for air, Flug just watched the elevator doors close, before he got up onto his feet. He had to get away from this place, or at least somewhere safe.

He looked around, listening carefully. It was completely silent. It was like the Death himself had taken over the mental asylum. Flug took a careful step, as he looked around. There were papers, pens and a few mugs laying on the floor. The curtains had been ripped, the window glass broken into pieces with no use, since there was a strong piece of metal at the window, keeping everyone inside. Doors to all kinds of rooms were wide open, some doors had been even kicked down. Every object had been pushed down - every chair, table and medical cart was on the floor. No light worked properly anymore, and for some reason, it was cold. It was also dark, when the sun light could not come through the metallic walls that took over the windows and doors.

It was like hell had broken loose in here. What had happened?

Flug kept running along the halls, calling out for anyone who could help him. It was quite stupid - Flug had just been betrayed, and who knows if all of his coworkers were against him. But it was way too quiet, and Flug grew more anxious every second. He hated being alone.

The doctor reached the area where some of the patients passed their time. It was a huge living room with a small, old TV with only three different channels to watch. There were multiple places to sit on and a simple table, where you could play board games. There was one old shelf standing against a wall, full of old books that no one ever touched. One shelf next to it was full of board and card games, and those were much more loved here. But the joyful room that allowed the patients some respite from their lives was no longer so bright and vivid as it was before. The couch had been ripped apart, the shelves had been turned over and the table had been cut in half. Books were covering the ground, some of them missing pages and the old, but liked games had been thrown onto the corner. The carpet was wrinkled, there was dirt everywhere on the floor and multiple candy papers were on the floor. There were hand prints everywhere, and suddenly Flug started feeling sick.

There was a lot of blood.
The doctor started running faster, and decided to take the stairs to a lower floor of the building. He started to recognize where he was - this was the floor where the patients lived in. Flug started heading towards the rooms the patients should be.

He finally found the hallway, and froze in complete fear. Every door that was supposed to be locked, had been opened. Every door that kept the patients safe inside their room was wide open. Every patient that could be a threat to themselves and others was now walking freely inside the large building. The hallway was also a complete mess - it was like wild zoo animals had broke loose. And in a way, they had.

Flug had no idea when or why this had happened. He was sure Black Hat had somehow found a way to open the doors, but everything had happened so fast. Where was everyone? How in the hell did Flug miss all this? Maybe the shutdown mode was impractical - maybe it closed all the doors that would lead you outside of the building, but also opened every other door the place had? Flug had no idea. But he surely was afraid.

He took a moment to digest it all, trying to calm himself down. He had no weapon to protect himself. The only thing he had was the controller that could give shocks to Black Hat. And that was no use to other patients.

Suddenly, Flug could hear shouts. He started moving towards them, and saw a few frightened patients run past him. Flug let them go - not like he could stop them anyway.

Flug turned to the right, entering another hallway. It was a mistake.

The whole hallway was covered in bodies. Some of them were clear doctors, judging from their white lab coats. But some of them were patients, still stuck in their straitjackets. A few bodies were only in their undergarments, one even completely naked. There was blood everywhere - on the walls, on the floor, even on the roof top. The bodies had been completely ripped apart, their insides splurting out of their bodies. There were large scratch marks on the walls, like a tiger had been dragging its nails across the place. It seemed like that Flug was at the murder screen.

The skinny man took a long breath, before he started walking across the hall, jumping over bodies that were in his way, without even checking if someone had somehow survived. Flug was sure it was Black Hat, but where was he even going? Was he looking for his boss?

Black Hat had definitely set every patient free just to cause panic and trouble, something to make it easier for him to pass through. But his plans were a trouble to Flug - where ever he was going, there would only be more danger.

Suddenly, Flug could hear loud screaming. Multiple feet were banging against the ground, heading towards Flug's direction. Scared to death, Flug stepped inside the closest room and closed the door.
Standing silently inside the tiny room that appeared to be a broom closet, Flug peeked through the crack of the door, holding his breath. He saw multiple patients running past the room, all of them yelling and laughing. All of them were covered in blood. As they had passed, Flug was about to step outside of the room, but one patient suddenly turned around and came back. Flug held his breath, hiding inside the room while watching through the small crack. One lonely patient crouched next to a body of a doctor, who had large scars on his chest. The patient, that appeared to be a woman, silently looked at the doctor. Then, she ripped his clothes apart, groaned as her skin turned slightly blue. Flug could see her eyes going slightly yellow, as the woman buried her teeth into the doctor's already dead body and started munching loudly.

Flug yelped, and closed the door as slowly as he could. He leaned his head against the door, breathing heavily as sweat ran down his forehead. He was shaking once again - Flug was stuck in a fucking broom closet, unable to leave because all of the patients were roaming around freely, ready to kill anything that moved. Flug wasn't a believer, but he silently started praying for God, begging him to let the man survive. Or at least die peacefully without pain.

"Isn't this just fun, doctor?"

Flug yelped loudly, and soon found a hand moving under his paper bag and over his mouth. The hand wasn't completely silencing him, but it laid carefully over his lips as a sign to stay quiet. Flug wiggled, trying to get himself free, but he was only pressed against the door fiercely. His left hand started reaching for his pocket, but a hand wrapped around his wrist and pushed it against the door. Flug's other hand was still free, but he couldn't reach anywhere with it. The controller in his left pocket was too far to reach and he only had the pills in the other one. Nothing could save him. There was danger behind the door and right behind him. Flug felt completely trapped.

Black Hat pressed himself against the doctor, and Flug cowered away from him. But the room was small and there was nowhere to go. So Flug found himself trapped tightly between the door and Black Hat, who was breathing against his neck, making his skin crawl.

"Press both of your hands against the door, or I will kill you", the eldritch said calmly, and Flug shivered in fear. He had no idea if the eldritch was serious or just threatening him, but either way, the doctor was scared shitless. He did as he was told, moving his other hand against the door too, clenching his hands into fists. Black Hat let go of his wrist, but his other hand stayed around the man's neck, his fingers every now and then moving over Flug's lips. Black Hat hummed, as his free
hand started roaming around Flug's body, touching him everywhere so gently. The doctor let out a silent moan, his body moving away from the hand as much as possible, only to be pressing against Black Hat. Black Hat chuckled at that, and just the sound of his laughter made Flug accidentally wiggle his ass against Black Hat's groin.

How the hell was Flug horny and scared to death at the same time?

"I-I don't think this is the b-best moment for so-something like this", Flug muttered out, closing his eyes tightly. Black Hat's hand stopped, and the doctor held his breath.

"The time is never right. The time is now", Black Hat whispered and slowly moved his hand down Flug's chest, over to his stomach and where his shirt ended. With a slow, gentle move Black Hat moved his hand under Flug's shirt and pressed it against the man's stomach.

Flug whimpered. "Wh-what are you doing?" he asked.

"Right now?" Black Hat asked. "I'm touching you."

The doctor swallowed, feeling how his cheeks started to burn red. He shook his head. "I m-mean, what are you doing now, since you're free?" Flug asked.

Black Hat made slow circles with his fingers over the man's exposed stomach. Just that made Flug blush like hell, and suddenly he was completely out of breath. He was suddenly holding his stomach in, breathing as little as he could. He clenched his hands into tighter fists, pressing them against the door strongly. He only hoped the door wouldn't accidentally open.

"I was looking for your boss, but I haven't been able to find him", Black Hat said silently.

"But why are the patients free? Why is there so much b-blood?" Flug asked, trying to control his stuttering voice. But every time he did stutter or mumble, Black Hat seemed to lean in closer like he enjoyed it.

"Well, I believe they should be free. No more torture, no more loneliness", Black Hat explained. Flug could not help but pity him, maybe even reason with him. He understood why the man felt like that, after being tortured for so long. He suddenly felt guilty for working in the asylum.

"And, well, I became hungry while searching. So I spilled a little bit of blood."

Flug shivered in fear and his head fell down onto the floor. Black Hat could feel how strongly the young man was shaking, the vibrations of it creating such pleasure against his own body that the eldritch could not help but chuckle. He wanted to make the doctor shake even more. He yearned for him. Black Hat's hand, that was still located over the man's mouth grabbed him by the chin and lifted Flug's face up. The eldritch pressed the two of them closer to the door, and for a moment Flug could feel nothing else but him.

"Aw, don't be so afraid, Flug", Black Hat purred into his ear. One of his fingers moved past Flug's pink lips and entered his mouth, making the doctor gasp. "I won't kill you, unless I really have to."
Those words made the man even more scared than he already was. Flug silently bit onto the man's finger, his tongue almost automatically moving over the tip.

Black Hat made a sound that almost sounded like a pleased moan, and Flug whimpered as an answer.

"Now that I am finally out of that cursed straitjacket, I can finally use my hands", the eldritch said silently. "I've been wanting to do this for so long, not really knowing why."

Flug shivered, and in order to stay quiet, he bit harder onto the man's finger. This was all just too much for him. He didn't mind being in a stupid broom closet, but what was happening outside of it bothered him the most.

"Why are you here?" Flug asked, soon shaking his head. What a stupid question. Black Hat froze.

"Actually, I have an offer to made."

Flug was trembling so heavily, his breathing taking over the room as the man tried to collect himself to say something. He just wished he could just run as fast as he could, but there were three things stopping his escape - One was the crazy fish creature outside the door. Second was the fact that Black Hat was holding onto him tightly, and who knows what he would do if Flug tried to run away. And the third thing? Flug wasn't sure if he even wanted to leave.

"An offer?" the doctor repeated, a little confused, like his emotions. "W-what kind of an offer?"

Black Hat smirked, and hummed once again. His hand started moving up from the man's stomach, slowly placing itself over his chest. Flug felt chills taking over his torso, the feeling of being exposed making him bite the man's finger hardly.

"I will get you out of this place, if you become my henchman."

Flug looked over his shoulder, looking at Black Hat. The eldritch looked back at him, creating a second of thrilling eye contact, before Flug had to look back at the door. The erratic question made Flug's mind even a bigger mess, and he had no idea what he should do. Why in the heaven did Black Hat want Flug as his partner? Flug was a bloody coward, even he knew it. Or was the man just toying with him? The way the eldritch kept touching him was surely distracting and definitely just something he did to tease Flug. It was working on him - the doctor was growing more vulnerable every second, and he was sure that if this kept going, he would jizz into his pants.

"Stop tormenting me", the doctor muttered out, being evasive about the question. He let out a heavy breath and let his head fell back down again. Black Hat lifted the man's head up again, his hand
falling down over his neck, his fingers pressing against Flug's neck just tightly enough. Black Hat's other hand, that was still under the man's shirt, started moving up and down. The friction of the slow moment made chills take over the man's body and Flug found himself pressing against Black Hat once again.

"Your talents will go in vain, Flug. Everywhere you go, your true nature will only be hidden from the world", Black Hat growled into his ear and the doctor gasped for air. The eldritch's hand around his neck was not tight at all, but it just laid there like a scarf, never even hurting the man. But Flug took it as a warning.

"But with me, we could do great things together. You could finally be evil."

Flug closed his eyes, refusing to believe he was evil. Well, maybe he believed it a little bit. He wasn't sure what he was, or what he wanted to be. Or what he was brave enough to be.

The doctor was not sure if he could endure such thing as being 'evil'. He still felt guilt over Demencia's death. But was that just something he was supposed to feel? Had he thought himself to feel remorse, even if he didn't actually experience such emotions? Or was he just so frightened, since it was the first murder he had performed?

Flug knew he wasn't a good person. But all of his life he had lived and learned to hide it, and pretend to be good. But at what cost?

"I don't hire sidekicks that easily, Flug. You should be honored I want you", the eldritch said. Just hearing the words 'I want you' made the doctor melt, and the fact Black Hat was still touching his torso didn't make it any better. For a second, his legs almost gave up under him but Flug quickly straightened his back and swallowed. He looked in front of him with determination burning in his eyes, ignoring the fact that the only thing he could see was a plain wooden door.

He knew what he was going to do.

"We have to get out of this place fast, before the authorities come", Flug said quietly and looked over his shoulder at Black Hat. The man first just looked at him, but then smiled in satisfaction. His hands left the doctor alone, and Flug quickly straightened his shirt. Black Hat gave him some space, as the man collected himself and his clothing. Black Hat moved past the doctor and grabbed the door handle, staring straight into Flug's frightened eyes.

"We better be going then", the well-dressed man said before he opened the door.
The patient that was in the middle of their meal turned around, and the two men saw her face that was turning more blue every second. Her mouth was covered in blood, her eyes completely yellow and on her neck she had grown a pair of gills, that started flapping when she saw the men. In a fraction of a second, some kind of a dark tentacle emerged out of Black Hat's body and went right through the woman. Blood spattered on the wall, and as Black Hat threw his tentacle back -which disappeared into his body as fast as it hard appeared-, the woman fell down onto the floor, with a huge hole in her body. Flug was sure he was going to throw up.

Black Hat grabbed the doctor's hand and looked at him. "Show me the way to the nearest exit", he ordered, and Flug gave him a confident nod.

They started moving fast to the nearest set of stairs that would take them to the first floor, where the main entrance was located in. Crossing over dead bodies, avoiding other people and trying to not slip over blood, the two of them made their way towards their escape. Near the stairs, the patients had build a large pile of broken tables and chairs and somehow put it on fire. The volatile smoke took over their vision for a moment, but as it had vanished, the patients were suddenly running towards them. It was the most horrible sight Flug had ever seen - one patient had fire in their hands, one was hovering a few inches in the air. One was completely hairy like a bear, and then there were the inseparable twins - one patient with two heads. They were both holding a piece of wood in their hands. Flug cowered in fear behind Black Hat and closed his eyes.

The next time he opened his eyes, they were completely safe. All of the patients, even the ones that weren't trying to attack them, were dead on the floor. Just like last time, something had impaled their bodies too. Flug felt like he was going to faint from all the blood, but the moment he looked up Black Hat and saw that weird protective look on his face, he could not help but feel warm.

Black Hat turned to look at Flug, and suddenly picked the man up into his arms. Flug yelped in embarrassment, kicking his feet around a little.

"You look a little sick, doctor!" Black Hat mentioned with a cheerful, but kind of mocking tune. "Too much blood for one day?"

"I g-guess so", Flug muttered, and let the eldritch carry them downstairs.

Now their agreement was irrevocable, that was for sure.

They came downstairs and Flug pointed where the main entrance was, and just let the man carry him around like a princess. Clearly Black Hat was trying to impress the doctor, but he didn't mind. Flug's legs were aching like hell anyway.
But so near for their escape route, there was something large standing in front of the exit. Flug ordered Black Hat to stop, and to his surprise, the eldritch actually slowed down.

With sudden teary eyes, Flug watched the blue bear stomp around slowly in circles. 5.0.5 looked like he had seen better days - he seemed hurt, judging from the way he was slightly limping and leaning to his side. His eyes, no, his whole face looked exhausted and the flower on top of his head had lost all of its petals, all except one. There was a huge mess around the bear, a few bodies there and there. Drool was falling out of his mouth, and sadly, the bear's claws were covered in blood. His beautiful blue fur had small wet blood spots there and there, and Flug felt his heart breaking. He started feeling sentimental the longer he watched the bear roam around with such a depressed expression.

Black Hat started walking towards the bear, and Flug looked at the eldritch with confused, wide eyes.

"I'll handle it", he said, and a dark tentacle already started moving closer to the bear.

"No!"

Flug's arms wrapped around the other man strongly, his feet kicking around a little as he kept repeating 'no' over and over again. Black Hat looked at his doctor with wide eyes, surprised by his reaction. He then gave a sigh, and held the doctor closer to his body. Petting his back, he shushed the doctor to calm down, almost feeling sick from the nice treatment he was giving. It wasn't like him to be so ... 'loving'. Black Hat didn't allow himself to be pleasurable to anyone.

Expect Flug, apparently.

"Not 5.0.5, please. He's a good bear, I swear", Flug explained, breaking away from the awkward hug. Black Hat smirked.

"You truly did care for your patients. I knew you were different from the start", Black Hat said to him, and let Flug fall back down onto his feet.

Flug gave a thankful nod to his patient, and then carefully moved closer to the bear. 5.0.5 immediately noticed Flug and stopped walking around. The large animal turned towards Flug and leaned down heavily, almost falling over the doctor. Only then did Flug notice that something was wrong with 5.0.5’s head. It was turning purple, and his eyes were slightly red.

"5.0.5, are you alright?" he asked and came a little closer to the bear. Flug moved his hands over the bear's cheeks, tilting his head to side to side. 5.0.5 made a pleased sound, almost like a purr, as he rubbed his head against the man's hands. Flug gave a few rubs behind the bear's ear, and just from that, 5.0.5 started tapping his foot against the floor happily.

"Why is your head hurt?" Flug asked gently and the bear looked at him for long. He then turned his
gaze towards the main entrance and Flug's eyes followed.

The two front doors were open, but there was still one door that needed opening. A metallic wall was on their way, but something had been running against it multiple times. The door was bending outwards heavily like it was about to fall down soon. A small ray of sunshine of the afternoon sun was forcing itself through the cracks, giving a promise of a soon-to-happen escape. The metal wall had weird red spots on it and strong claw marks all over. Flug turned to look back at the bear, who had been so industrious to break the wall down. Flug carefully took one of the bear's paws into his hand and inspected it. Like he had first thought, it wasn't someone else's blood. It was 5.0.5's own blood.

"Oh, 5.0.5", Flug sighed out. He wondered if the bear had an easier name to pronounce. "You've been working so hard. I am so, so proud of you. Can you try to keep up, until the door breaks?"

The bear silently shook his head. He looked so exhausted. Flug turned to look towards Black Hat, as to ask help from him, but the eldritch just stood there. Flug waved his arm at the man, telling him to come closer, and Black Hat just shrugged, before coming closer.

"Black Hat, can you get the door down?" he asked. The man looked at the door for long, before just shaking his head.

"I could go under it, but then you two would be stuck in here", Black Hat explained.

"Can't you just kick it down?" Flug suggested. For what he had understood, Black Hat was a very powerful being. Now it just seemed like the eldritch was being lazy.

"I've been down in my cell for centuries, Flug. It takes me a little while to regain all of my powers", Black Hat explained. Flug raised his eyebrows at him, and the eldritch sighed. He looked at the door for long with an intense, fierce look but nothing seemed to happen.

"See? My laser eyes aren't functional yet", the eldritch muttered sadly. Flug had no idea if the man was serious or not.

Flug reached for his pocket and took out two things that had been left there - the controller for Black Hat's electric collar and a bottle of pills, that made the taker more cooperative. He thought for a while which one to use. Black Hat still had his collar around his neck for whatever reason. Maybe if Flug gave him a strong shock, Black Hat would get so angry he would break the door down. It sounded like a good idea, but then Flug thought about the possibility of Black Hat attacking them. He swallowed, and then looked at the pills. He could give one to the bear and nicely ask him to break the door down. Or he could give the pill to Black Hat, if the doctor was brave enough to do that.

Flug took one pill out into his hand, and made a strict eye contact with Black Hat. He stick out his tongue. "No thank you, doctor", Black Hat said.

The doctor shrugged. "5.0.5, could you take one? Please?" Flug asked as nicely as he could. The bear looked at him with tired eyes, but then closed his eyes and opened his mouth. Flug placed the pill on top of his tongue and watched the animal swallow it. It took a while, before the bear opened
its eyes again and stared right into Flug's tiny soul. The man felt horrible for doing this, but he swallowed down heavily. A small sacrifice had to be done every now and then.

"5.0.5, break down the door", he ordered and pointed towards the door. And without hesitation, 5.0.5 ran towards the door, head first. The banging sound was so loud that Flug had to cover his ears, but Black Hat just watched with a pleased smile, like he enjoyed the sound of it.

The two of them watched the bear ran against the door multiple times, a few times even trying to punch it. Flug had expected the bear to get it down in the first minute, but it was surely taking some time, so the doctor sat down onto the floor and just watched, waiting for them to be able to escape from this hellhole.

Black Hat silently sat down next to the man, admiring the work of their little proficient bear. A soft smile came across his face, and Flug could not help but look at Black Hat instead. The creature looked surprisingly beautiful when he smiled nicely.

"Imagine, soon I'll finally get out of this place", the eldritch muttered. Flug was quite surprised from those words - the man sounded so gentle, so full of hope like he wasn't a monster, but instead a human with dreams for their future. Flug also wasn't expecting the man to start opening up to him. It just wasn't like Black Hat to say what he had in his mind. Like before, Black Hat never really talked about himself, so Flug was intrigued to hear what the eldritch had to say.

"I wonder if the sky has changed since the last time I saw it", the man muttered. Flug asked. He thought it was quite sweet to be talking about the sky. Black Hat seemed to have a more sweet, human spot in his heart after all.

"When I was brought here. It was raining like hell that day. I can still feel the rain on my skin", Black Hat muttered, and the smile on his face disappeared. Flug felt sad for him, but promised himself to endure everything that came across. He had been too weak lately, and no matter what happened, he could not let his guard down. He still didn't trust Black Hat - it was not like him to talk like this. Flug was still prepared for the man to betray him somehow, or manipulate him with his sweet talk of freedom and such.

But Flug still wanted to understand Black Hat.

"I hope it's not raining. I would hate to ruin my clothes", the eldritch chuckled and looked at the doctor. Flug smiled at him, even if his smile was hidden under the paper bag.

"Yeah", was the only thing the doctor said after that. For a moment, they just watched 5.0.5 trying to break down the door without saying a word to each other. For a second, the bang was so loud that the two of them were sure they were free, but then there were more bangs after it, and the both of them gave out a tired sigh.

"So, Flug", Black Hat whistled, trying to continue the conversation. Even to an evil being like him waiting was getting quite tiring, and he needed something else to entertain him. Something that wasn't murdering everything he saw in front of him.
"Are you excited to take over the world?"

Flug turned to look at the eldritch with shocked eyes, his body suddenly going tense.

"Is that a metaphor?" the doctor asked. If Flug was honest, he was barely ready to be a villain. Taking over the world was a dream of his, but the thought of it happening soon made him just nervous as hell. Black Hat first just stared at him silently, before just giving a nod.

If Flug was honest with himself, he was just slightly excited for his future. It would be tricky to be a villain, but maybe that was something that would finally make Flug happy. Maybe a villainous life would cure his crippling depression. Essentially, Flug wanted to go as bad as he could go. His wet dreams were all about torturing people, experimenting on them and creating machines that created destruction. But something just kept holding him back.

He was still afraid to do bad things. He just needed someone to push him over the edge.

Maybe all the bullying from school years made the man so afraid of everything. But maybe it was time for him to give revenge, instead of just accepting his fate as a loser.

Suddenly, the metal wall that kept them inside the building broke and flew outside, letting the light take over the hall. Sudden silence filled the whole place, the scent of the nature outside growing stronger over the smell of all the blood. Flug and Black Hat quickly stood up and headed towards the entrance door, finding 5.0.5 just standing there, looking outside. The bear was now covered in more blood - his paws were losing skin from all the scratching and punching, a few of his nails about to fall off. His forehead was slightly bleeding, a string of blood falling down over to his muzzle. It seemed like 5.0.5 wasn't even able to think - he just stood there, moving side to side slowly. Flug felt great regret for making the bear do that, but at the moment he was too excited to finally be able to leave the building.

"Let's go!" Flug said happily and without even realizing, he took a hold of Black Hat's hand before pulling them both towards the front yard of the asylum. He could already see the sky, how it was slightly pink in the horizon as the darkness started falling over them. How the sun was setting down and the clouds were taking over the sky ...

"Fire!"
Fire?

As Flug and Black Hat stood behind the blue bear, shots were fired.

Bullets flew past them, but most of them buried themselves deep into 5.0.5's skin.

Flug screamed in horror.
The authorities were here. With a whole army.

The blue bear slowly started falling onto the ground, his fur covered in blood and bullet holes, exposing the two men to the people outside.

Black Hat wrapped his hand around Flug and pulled him close to his body. Quicker than light, Black Hat turned into a shadow, taking Flug with him. Both of them dematerialized, turning into nothing but a mix of ash and smoke, as they moved past all the armed men like a ghost. They moved so fast, that no one seemed to realize them. Almost like teleportation, Black Hat took Flug deep into the forest that was close to the asylum, and when it was sure they were far enough, he stopped. Materializing back into their corporeal forms, they fell on the grass, gasping for air.

Flug got up on his knees and looked back at the asylum with tears in his eyes. He could see multiple cars and men surrounding the premises, a large group of soldiers heading inside. He could see the faint figure of a bear laying still on the ground. They just walked over the animal, like it was nothing but trash.

Flug punched the ground multiple times. He felt guilty over his death. Once again, there was that empty feeling in his chest. A mix of regret and shame. Maybe even fear.

Maybe they shot 5.0.5 because he was covered in blood. If Flug would not have forced him to break down the door, maybe 5.0.5 wouldn't have looked so dangerous to them. Maybe they wouldn't have hurt the poor thing, who never hurt anyone.

He should have fed the pill to Black Hat and make him do it.

"Looks like your boss called some extra help when the alarm came off", Black Hat chuckled and stood up. He walked next to Flug, starting to explain about his ability, but the doctor wasn't listening. Flug cried out the bear's name a couple of times, clutching his hands into tight fists and pressing his head against the ground. He looked back up again, watching how the asylum was essentially falling down like a stack of cards.
"Let's go", Black Hat said a little coldly, before turning around and starting to walk away.

Flug slowly reached for his pocket.

"We have a lot to do", the eldritch murmured, his hands buried deep into his pockets.

Suddenly, Black Hat fell down onto the ground, screaming in pain. The collar around his neck was going crazy, almost shaking wildly as it created horrific pain all over his body. Black Hat started rolling on the ground, his body arching in unnatural positions as he screeched like a monster. His teeth grew larger and sharper, his eye turned completely black and dark shadows started growing out of his body, moving wildly up and down like they were following a beat.

Black Hat turned to look at Flug with wild anger in his eyes. His tongue fell out as he spat out the man's name, crawling towards him.

Flug had his controller in his hand.

And he was pressing the second button down strongly.

"I'm sorry, Black Hat", the doctor said quietly.

Black Hat curled up into a ball, then straightened his body again, repeating this action a few times. Fighting against the horrible torture that was taking over his body and even his insides, the eldritch did his best to look up at the doctor. His eyes were furious, begging for an interpretation of some sort.

Flug looked so threatening over his squirming body. In this lightning, Black Hat couldn't see the man's eyes through his goggles any longer, because the light covered them completely. It was just a pair of white circles looking down at him. Flug looked like a ghost - no, he looked like a man he was supposed to be. A mad scientist.

Black Hat smiled, his drool falling onto the grass.

He had finally broken the man.
"You ruined my whole life. I should have never met you."

Black Hat knew Flug didn't mean that. He could see that deep inside, Flug was happy about how things have turned out. Well, not entirely. But he was finally himself.

"What I am going to do now, is that I'm going to leave you here to die."

Black Hat smiled even wider.

"I'm going to leave and never let go of the button."

Black Hat spat out blood. "You're going to run away like a coward you are?" he asked, smirking as his eyes stared up at the doctor wildly.

"No, I'm not a coward", Flug said quietly.

"I'm just doing this because I can."

"Why?" Black Hat crouched out, gritting his teeth together.

"To show you, that I am not a toy you can use."
Flug started walking away from the man, his thumb still strongly over the button. Black Hat tried to crawl after him, spitting out blood every now and then, his muscles spasming wildly as he tried to take control over his breaking body.

"You're still trying to be the good guy here, aren't you?" Black Hat yelled after the doctor.

Flug stopped.

"AREN'T YOU?" Black Hat yelled again, couching wildly.

Flug looked over his shoulder to look at the man. There was no longer fear in his eyes, no longer any kind of stress or anxiety taking over him. Now, for the first time, Flug actually looked like he was more than a coward.

"I have never been the good guy."

With those words, Flug continued walking deeper into his forest, leaving the eldritch behind.
Hello I like to play with your feelings.
Don't worry, they will bang soon.
Rejuvenation

Chapter Summary

Flug has a hard time choosing whether he should be a villain or not. He also can't understand, why he is in love.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Three days passed and Flug had not seen Black Hat. He had expected the eldritch to come after him - after holding down the button down only for an hour, he had to let go of it or his thumb would have fallen off. And after that, Flug didn't touch the button again. it had felt like a mistake to do so, because now Flug slept with a knife in his hand. The doctor was prepared to die on the first night, and he wouldn't even feel too sad about it, but Black Hat never came after him. The second night passed peacefully, too. No sign of Black Hat.

Flug started to believe he had ended up killing the man. He wasn't sure if he liked the idea of Black Hat being dead. Luckily, there was another explanation. Black Hat had not yet found him. Flug secretly hoped the eldritch would find him soon.

The doctor decided to take a simple shower to calm his nerves. He had not left his house since he got there, and he had forgotten to shower and eat properly. Flug took of his lab coat, a bottle of pills rolling onto the floor. Flug didn't bother to pick them up. He didn't care how great his invention was. He had killed someone innocent because of it.

The doctor took rest of his clothes off and placed his trusty paper bag on top of the toilet seat, moving his goggles next to them. He then stepped under the shower and let the water fall on top of him. The water was quite warm - not too cold, nor not too hot, but just perfectly warm. Flug stayed there for a while, just thinking before he took a bar of soap into his hands and started rubbing it everywhere.

You would think his mind was full of questions, and wonder. Usually, Flug would be full of anxiety and stress, not even able to stand still. But right now, Flug felt just empty.

He felt regret for everything bad he had done, but he felt like he was finally getting over it. He dearly missed 5.0.5. He could see the poor bear fall down onto the ground, right in front of the lilac sky, so close to finally being free ... Flug let out a sob, then wiped his nose. He hated crying so much.

Flug was actually horrified of what he had done to Black Hat. He wasn't sure why he suddenly did it, but at the moment, it felt just right. And it feld good. Seeing Black Hat, a being as powerful as God, squirming on the ground like a helpless animal... Flug wanted to see more of it.

Flug finally came to the conclusion, that he panicked. Not knowing what was right or wrong, or whether he should trust Black Hat or not. There was no way a being like him felt human emotions,
right? Flug kept telling himself, that the eldritch had been just playing with him. To make him more vulnerable and weak, so it would be easy to break him and turn him to the 'dark side'. Just like in the movies.

He hated Black Hat. But he loved Black Hat. And in the end, he hated himself for loving Black Hat.

But he hated his boss more. He was surely behind all this. That fat piece of lard was the one who ordered those experiments to be done on Black Hat, and whatever the reason to that was, Flug thought it was wrong. He wanted to hurt his boss the way he hurt his patients - doing weird experiments on them that probably ruined their lives forever. He wanted to torture him like he had tortured Demencia - make the last moments of his life as painful as they could be. And Flug wanted his boss to die in vain, unlike 5.0.5.

Flug was already coming up with different ways to kill his boss, and finally, he didn't feel sick because of it. Before, he would always hate himself for thinking about hurting others, since he had thought himself that it was wrong. But now, it only felt right.

Flug felt so evil. He threw the soap onto the floor and laughed. Then he was suddenly afraid to pick it back up. Flug went down on his knees and made sure his ass was against the cold wall, as he reached for the evil strawberry scented soap. He didn't feel so evil anymore.

The doctor finally stepped out of the shower, feeling fresh and new. He grabbed his trusty green towel and dried himself with it, rubbing it against his hair until it was all fluffy and puffy. Not the way he liked it, but not like anyone ever saw his blond hair. He then wrapped the towel around his waist, took his paper bag and goggles with him and left the bathroom.

Flug's apartment was as small as it could be. He had a tiny bathroom, and the kitchen and the living room where build in the same room. His kitchen table was full of all kinds of chemistry supplies and lab equipment, since they had no other place to be in. He had a shabby couch and a small TV that was standing on a pile of books Flug had stopped reading. One wall was covered in all kinds of books, but they were now only working as a shelf for his dirty coffee mugs. His fridge was often quite empty, only a few cartons of milk, eggs and some toppings for a sandwich. Cupboards were all full of stuff for cooking, but Flug barely cooked. Even if he had all the time in his hands, he just never felt like making anything too big. He survived with small meals anyway.

Flug headed towards his tiny bedroom and walked over to his closet to take out some fresh clothes. As always, he laid his paper bag and goggles on top of his bed, that took over most of the room and started looking for clean clothes.

His room was much cleaner than the rest of his apartment. His bed was neatly made and there was literally nothing on the floor, not even a single lost sock. His bedroom was always dark - Flug preferred being in the dark, and it was also a good way to spend less money on electricity. On the wall, there were a few shelves filled with plane figures. Some of them were quite large, some of them were very small. Flug really enjoyed the ones he was able to build himself - moderately, he
succeeded. But every now and then, he broke something because of his shaky hands, so he had to be extra careful around them. Even if Flug was bad at building tiny planes, he still enjoyed creating something by himself. Some of the plains he had even pilfered, because sometimes you just needed something, even if you didn't have the money to buy for it.

Flug looked through his closet for a moment, before ended up deciding to wear a simple blue shirt with a old coffee stain on it. Not like anyone would see him wear it. With that shirt, he would also wear his basic boxers and a pair of socks full of airplanes on it. No pants were needed, since the man was not expecting any guests.

He dropped the towel on the floor with a loud smack and started dressing onto his trusty shirt. With his ass still bare, Flug hid his face under the paper bag as soon as his shirt was on, tilting it a little side to side until it fit just perfectly.

Suddenly, Flug felt like someone was watching him. He shook his head, thinking he was still paranoid, and took his underwear into his hands.

Then, he could hear the floor creak under someone's feet.

Flug turned around quickly and jumped in surprise. He pulled his shirt down to cover his exposed parts and leaned against the closet's door to cover his bottom.

Black Hat was standing at the door way, his hands over his chest as he just watched the doctor silently. A smirk covered his face, but the man did not laugh, nor did he say anything. He simply watched.

Flug blinked a couple of times, making sure he was not dreaming. To his surprise, the figure never disappeared. There they were, in the dark, just watching each other.

"Black Hat?" Flug whispered out after the silence had gotten so deep you could cut it with a knife. Flug wished his lower body wasn't completely exposed, so he could greet the patient -no, just the man- properly. If he even was real.

"A-are you really there?" Flug asked, feeling a little silly. He could see Black Hat close his eyes and chuckle.

"I am here."

Flug felt like he was going to panic. The only reason Black Hat was here was just so he could kill him. The doctor's eyes moved over to his bed and to the nightstand, the place where he had left the
controller. It was still there, silently staying still over the small wooden table, the two red buttons almost begging to be pushed down again.

"It's useless", Black Hat said after he saw where the other man was looking. His hand moved over to his neck and pointed at the empty spot, where the collar used to be located in.

"I finally got rid of it", the eldritch said with a pleased smile.

Now Flug was scared to death. He had nothing to protect himself, no weapons or anything he could use as one to save himself. It was just him, and to make things worse, he was still not wearing pants.

"H-how long have you been there?" Flug asked with a stuttering voice, pulling his shirt a little more down. His underwear dropped onto the floor awkwardly, and Flug was sure God himself was laughing at him. Black Hat made a long 'hmm' sound, tapping his finger against his lower lip before gently, yet playfully biting down on it.

"Long enough to see you undress ~", the eldritch said, ending it with a erotic laugh. Flug blushed, feeling so embarrassed. He slammed his hand over his face, making the brown paper bag rustle loudly.

"Oh my god", the human muttered shyly, pulling his shirt as down as it could go. He had never been so humiliated with himself. And the fact that Black Hat just laughed made it even worse.

"Oh, don't be so shy", the eldritch purred and took a few slow, careful steps towards the doctor. "Or be shy, I don't know. I quite like it when you're blushing like this~", Black Hat purred. Flug shook from those words.

"Black Hat, w-why are you here?" Flug asked with a shaky voice.

"If you are here to k-kill me, then at least let me put some clothes on."

Black Hat stopped and stared at Flug for long.

"I'm not here to kill you?" he said with a confused voice. "What makes you think that?"

Fluh bit his lip.

"Because I betrayed you."

Flug's legs started shaking so hard that his knees were banging against each other. He was sure Black Hat was here to give his revenge and hurt him, and Flug was not sure if he was ready to face it yet. He still wished he had something to properly cover his manhood, so the situation wouldn't be so awkward. It would be just humiliating to die without pants.
Finally, Black Hat gave a reaction and it was something Flug was not expecting to see. The eldritch started laughing. The doctor could only watch him, wondering what was so funny.

"Oh, Flug", Black Hat smirked, wiping away a single tear from his eye. "What you did to me in the forest just made me like you even more."

Flug was confused. And surprised. But mostly, he was relieved. It seemed like Black Hat was not here to hurt him, which hopefully was a good thing.

"Flug, you seem to be afraid of being a villain, am I correct?" Black Hat asked. Flug thought for a while, then gave a confident nod.

"Every villain has their reason to be evil. They also have motivation that keeps them going. You didn't have a good reason to be bad before, right? That's why you're such a coward", Black Hat said and inched closer to the doctor. Flug didn't like the word 'coward', but did not say anything against it.

Flug thought for a while. He had given punishments to people who had hurt him - in high school, he made horrible pranks to his bullies. Not the usual pranks little kids did, but deadly ones. His favorite one was the soda, that had such strong chemicals in it that it made your skin burn. Watching a bully drink it was just beauty in his eyes. But never did he have a reason to be fully evil. He never did harm to someone who didn't deserve it, or that had been his goal at least.

"But now you have a reason to be evil with me", Black Hat finally said as he stopped right in front of Flug. The human looked up at him shyly.

"I d-do?" he asked.

"You wish that humans and beings with supernatural abilities were not treated like animals, right? Just like me. I saw how much you cried over that bear, and I remember how much you cried when you killed one of your patients. Even if you were a doctor, you secretly wish abnormals were still treated as normals."

Black Hat lifted his hand over to Flug's face and carefully moved it under the bag. His fingers carefully moved over Flug's flushed cheek and trailed down slowly to his neck.

"You are abnormal too, aren't you? That is why you wear this bag", Black Hat said quietly, looking deep into Flug's eyes.

Then, he started lifting the paper bag.

"H-hold on a second - !" Flug yelped and pulled the paper bag down, hiding his face under it. Black Hat drew his hand away from the man, slightly shocked by his actions.

"Y-you said you wanted me to work with you", he muttered out. Black Hat raised his eyebrows at him.
"Well, yes. And I still do", he said shortly.

"I get why you want to w-work with me. But there is so-something I don't get", Flug mumbled, his voice shaking rapidly like he was freezing. He couldn't bare to look at Black Hat, so his eyes were glued to the floor.

"What is it?" the eldritch asked, raising his eyebrow and tapping his foot on the floor inpatiently.

"Why do you keep touching me?"

An awkward silence fell between them.

"Excuse me?" Black Hat said and Flug shivered as he was afraid he had angered the man.

"Y-you know! In the b-broom closet you were t-touching me like that and ... you kissed me", Flug tried to explain. He pulled his shirt down some more.

"I just don't get why you do that."

Black Hat raised his eyebrows at the man once again. He then tapped his finger against his chin and closed his eyes for a moment, like he was thinking hard what to even say to that. Flug's gaze fell down onto the floor as he waited for an answer. He then heard the eldritch make a simple 'hmm', and the doctor closed his eyes tightly. Flug's whole body went tense as he awaited for Black Hat's answer.

"Well, I do that because I want to", was the simple answer Black Hat gave to Flug.

"Are you sure it's not a way to lure me to be your henchman?" Flug asked strongly, wrapping his fingers tightly against the hem of his blue shirt.

"No. If I want something, I have much better, profitable ways to do that", the eldritch said and smirked. Flug assumed that meant torture and extortion.

"Besides, I know deep inside, you want to work with me", Black Hat said with a cocky tone. Flug had to admit that the man was right.

His hand moved back to Flug's neck and caressed it, which made Flug's skin turn into gooseflesh. Black Hat moved his hand a little higher, under the paper bag so his thumb could reach Flug's bottom lip. He caressed it softly, and Flug was sure he was going to melt right there. Whatever the reason was that made Black Hat act like this, Flug was not sure if he even cared. He yearned for his touch too much to ask anymore questions.
"It's strange", Black Hat said quietly.

"What is?" Flug asked, staring up at the eldritch. He felt like he was completely lost whenever he looked at him.

"How much I want you", the eldritch continued. Flug could swore his heart jumped up all the way to his throat. He gasped for air silently and shivered once more when the eldritch's thumb moved past his lips and reached for his tongue. Flug’s legs started shaking once again, and he almost fell down but luckily the man caught himself and straightened his posture. Black Hat seemed pleased with this reaction, as he chuckled and moved his other hand over Flug's shoulder, keeping the man on his feet. Just from that laughter Flug wanted to jump into his embrace and do all kinds of things, but that was probably because he was not wearing any pants and everything felt much more sensitive than before.

"Never have I ever felt such emotions towards another being", Black Hat said slowly and his hand moved down back to Flug's neck, and the doctor made a small whimper. Black Hat's hand moved back to the edge of the paper bag and grabbed it carefully. He once again tried to lift it up, but Flug grasped tightly onto his wrist. His hand was shaking, and he was breathing heavily.

"Flug", Black Hat called out for him. Flug blinked a couple of times, before he lifted his head up and looked at the man.

"Whatever is under this bag, I'm sure it will be just ghastly ~", Black Hat said like it was a compliment. His forked tongue moved past his sharp teeth and licked his lips, and Flug shuddered from that. For one second, he imagined something that he shouldn't have, and his cock twitched under his shirt. Flug swallowed.

He finally allowed the eldritch to lift his mask off and soon, Black Hat threw the brown, old paper bag onto the floor. He stared at Flug for long, with no expression in his face and Flug was prepared for the worst - insults.

Flug's right side of his face was completely covered in burn marks. The scars started somewhere below the ear and moved up to his cheek and then over his eye. Luckily, his eye wasn't damaged, but its color seemed to be less brighter compared to his left more-alive one. The burn wounds were light, colored slightly pink but still so visible you couldn't hide them under make-up, no matter how much you would have it. Black Hat's hand moved over the scars and touched them carefully - as expected, over the scars Flug's skin was uneven and not so smooth and soft like his other cheek. Black Hat had expected to see something much worse, something like Flug's skin literally falling off, his eyes without eyelids, scars so wide you could see his teeth between the pieces of skin, or something else entirely. Flug could have had hair completely covering his face, and no one would even know, thanks to the paper bag working for him as a mask. But Black Hat was satisfied with what he saw.

His face was eternal proof of one failed experiment as a young man.

The doctor seemed ashamed of his face. He was biting, no, almost sucking on his lip and his eyes kept looking down onto the floor. Every time Black Hat's hand moved over the burn marks, he closed his eyes completely shut. The eldritch gave out a sigh and let his hand get tangled between Flug's golden locks, feeling how soft they were, still slightly wet from the shower water. A clear
smell of some sweet shampoo took over his nostrils.

Black Hat gave the most spiteful smile and leaned closer to the doctor, cupping both of his cheeks.

"I knew you would look just horrific under that bag~", the eldritch said, his forked tongue moving over his lips hungrily. Flug's whole body tensed from that and his eyes went completely shut. He was even shaking. Maybe even about to cry.

"Or do you humans use the word ... what was it? Beautiful?" Black Hat continued, almost hissing like a snake when using that word. He didn't use such gentle words for compliments, but to avoid making the younger man cry, he could withstand it.

"Well, whatever works for you, doctor", the eldritch said and lifted Flug's face up, his hands still cupping his cheeks. Slowly, but with much passion, Black Hat pulled the doctor into a deep kiss. Flug could not help but whimper. He was still so naked, so shy but god, he just wanted to jump into the man's arms. He was tired of thinking what was right and what wrong. He wanted to do what he was dreaming about every night. He didn't want to feel afraid again.

Flug yearned for him so bad.

Their lips moved over each other softly first, but the moment Flug could no longer help himself, he deepened the kiss and wrapped his arms around Black Hat. The eldritch hummed with a pleased tone and wrapped his arms around the human in return, caressing his lower back. With hunger they kissed each other, pressing against each other like they had been wanting to do it for years.

Suddenly, Black Hat stopped.

"Flug, what is this?" the man asked. Flug raised an eyebrow, but suddenly flinched when he could feel Black Hat's calloused hand pressing against his hardening cock. The scientist blushed completely red, covering his face with his hands and inching away from his former patient.

"Oh, god. This is embarrassing", Flug whimpered. Black Hat pressed his hand a little harder against his member and it twitched like it had not been touched ever before. Flug shook even harder and quickly moved his hands over his mouth to stay quiet. He tried to pull his blue shirt down to cover his private parts, but the eldritch kept lifting it up, exposing Flug's lower body even more.

"That looks scrumptious~", Black Hat licked his lips and trailed his fingers around Flug's cock.

"A-ah, Black Hat, d-do you k-know what it e-even is?" the human said with a trembling voice. He could swear no one has even been this humiliated like he was right now - first, his ugly face was exposed. Second, he is almost naked and someone is inspecting him like he is a new pastry at a famous bakery. And finally, this person who has seen this all is the doctor's former patient - a dangerous being he might have fallen in love with. Flug just wanted to bury himself alive.

"Of course I know what it is", Black Hat huffed. "It's your sex organ."

"A-and do you know wh-what is happening t-to it?" Flug asked. His hands were still covering his face, slightly muffling his voice.

"It's ... hardening."
Just the way Black Hat said that made Flug's lower body shake and he leaned closer to the eldritch's hand, silently begging for more. Black Hat seemed quite intrigued by it, and he smirked.

"Well, I guess it's my time to play doctor", the eldritch said slyly and took a hold of Flug's wrist.

"W-what?" the man was able to stutter out, before he was pulled towards his own bed. Flug was almost thrown on top of the covers, his body hitting the soft surface as Black Hat climbed on top of him. Flug tried to sit up, pushing his body up as much as he could. But Black Hat was stopping him - he moved right between the man's legs, hovering over him so dangerously that the doctor was too afraid to make a run for it.

"B-Black Hat, do y-you think th-this is a go-good ide-dea?" Flug mumbled.

"God, your voice is shaking even harder now", Black Hat commented as he started shucking off his black trench coat and let it fall down onto the floor. He then started unbuttoning his waistcoat and Flug was literally melting under the eldritch. Black Hat was giving him a strip tease, right in Flug's nerdy bedroom, while he was naked. Well, Flug was still rocking his old shirt, that he every now and then pulled down to cover his member. Black Hat smirked at that.

"You humans are quite complex creatures, I must say. You clearly want me, yet you still act so shy", the eldritch said as he slowly took off his grey waistcoat and let it fall on top of his coat. As he started taking his tie off, he stared down at Flug with complete lust in his eyes, and asked:

"Are you a virgin, doctor?"

Flug's face turned even redder than before and he pulled his shirt up as much as it could go, so he could hide his embarrassed face. But then his sacred area was completely free and Flug's hand moved between his legs to cover his cock. Black Hat laughed at him, and the doctor wasn't sure if it was a sympathetic or a vicious laughter. Whatever it was, Black Hat's feral laughter took over the whole bedroom and Flug could not help but feel a bit helpless.

"I'm n-not that inexperienced! I have ... done stuff!" Flug protested.

"I'm sure you have, doctor", Black Hat said quietly. He stopped undressing himself and moved both of his hands towards Flug and with one strong move, he removed the only thing covering the man's body - his old trusty shirt. Black Hat laughed at him, and the doctor wasn't sure if it was a sympathetic or a vicious laughter. Whatever it was, Black Hat's feral laughter took over the whole bedroom and Flug could not help but feel a bit helpless.

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His hand cupped Flug's cheek, before it started trailing down his body so gently that the eldritch's touch almost tickled. Black Hat's fingers first moved down to his neck, moving over the faint marks of his own teeth, before going over to Flug's chest. Flug gasped for air, before pressing his hand against his mouth again. Black Hat moved his hand slower down his chest, pressing down harder to feel his ribs a little better. Then, his hand moved over to Flug's stomach and the human held his breath. Black Hat smirked, and only circled his fingers over the man's stomach until he was arching
against his touch. Black Hat moved his hand away and Flug let out a desperate whine. The eldritch chuckled and moved over the human, pressing his own clothed crotch against Flug's hard cock.

"Patience, my doctor. You will get what you want soon", Black Hat said, and hungrily kissed Flug. Just like in the cell, Black Hat started grinding his hips against Flug's, already moaning against the kiss. Flug felt like he was losing his mind. He wrapped his hands around the monster, grabbing tightly onto his blood-red shirt, kissing him back with strong passion. Every now and then, Flug found his hips lifting themselves up, pressing against the man. Arousal started taking over Flug's body and he moaned against the kiss loudly, opening his mouth wide enough so Black Hat was able to snake his tongue past his lips. Flug only moaned even more, when their tongues started fighting with each other, exploring each other's mouths. Black Hat's left hand started caressing Flug's side, and the human arched his back, pressing himself strongly against the being on top of him. Black Hat hummed in delight.

Ignoring how shy and overwhelmed he was, Flug started unbuttoning Black Hat's dress shirt and at the last buttons, the eldritch helped himself to get undressed. They broke the kiss and Black Hat sat up to let his shirt fall off slowly down his shoulders, before he removed it and set it on top of his other clothes. Now that Flug could see half of the eldritch's nude body, it was something he had not expected to see. What Flug was expecting to see was a body type similar to his - skinny and small, weak looking thing who had not been fed enough. But Black Hat wasn't exactly like that. He was slim and tall, his ribs showing clearly, like Flug had expected. Black Hat was almost just skin and bones, but something in him made the eldritch appear bigger and stronger. Every breath the eldritch took, Flug could see a hint of clear muscles, something Flug barely had. The weirdest part was Black Hat's chest - it was smooth, but Black Hat had no nipples, which was ... super weird. But he wasn't human in the first place.

"Enjoying what you see?" Black Hat teased and Flug turned his head away shyly, not answering him. Black Hat shook his head and suddenly started tugging his pants down. Flug cowered in a mix of clear lust and embarrassment and moved his hands over his face. For some reason he dared not to look, even if he secretly was intrigued to see what laid between Black Hat's legs. Flug bit down onto his lip as he just listened what was happening, but the only clear sound was the clothes rustling and being thrown onto the floor.

Flug waited patiently, his heart thumbing loudly against his chest, as he heard the sheets rustling. Then, he could feel hot air puffing right on his dick and he whimpered.

"So, doctor", Black Hat started. "What do I have to do in order for me to enter you?"

"Very romantic", Flug chuckled softly, relaxing a little.

"Alright. How do I make love to you?"

Flug gulped heavily and looked down. Black Hat's face was so close to his hard member, his hands hovering near his thighs. Black Hat playfully tilted his head to the side and Flug blushed even harder. He reached under his pillow and took out a small bottle of lube, unashamed about its hiding place. Black Hat watched as Flug opened the tube and took a small amount of the liquid into his fingers, moving his middle and index finger together so both of them were covered. Flug bit down onto his lip, as he took a better position so it would be easier for him to reach his entrance. Flug swallowed.
"I will, uh, show you what to do" he muttered quietly and shifted his legs, opening them a little wider. Black Hat gave a curious nod and inspected the anatomy between the man's legs. His hands held tightly onto Flug's legs as the doctor moved his fingers over to his entrance and moved one finger in.

"Oh god", the man muttered and tossed his head back, falling back down onto his pillows as he buried his finger as deep as it could go. Black Hat just watched him with curiosity, burning sensation taking over him. He watched silently as Flug moved his finger in and out slowly, before entering another in.

"S-so, you basically j-just ... ah", Flug moaned out, his hand suddenly speeding up.

"You open me up, b-before entering", he finished his sentence. Black Hat grabbed Flug by his wrist and moved his hand away. He then grabbed the bottle of lube, took a little too much lube onto his fingers and spread it so both his fingers were completely covered in it. Finally, Flug let out a giggle and guided the eldritch's hand between his ass cheeks.

Quite roughly, Black Hat inserted one finger inside and Flug let out a trembling moan. Black Hat purred at that, and was about to enter another one immediately, but Flug stopped him.

"S-slowly, Black Hat, slowly - ah!" he muttered out. Black Hat smirked, and only half-obeyed. He didn't try to enter another finger in too fast, but he kept fingering Flug as fast as his hand could go. He licked his lips as he just watched Flug whimper and toss his head back under him. His body could not stay still and a few times the human tried to even close his legs, but Black Hat was placed right between them, forcing them to stay open.

Black Hat looked at his hand and carefully inserted another finger. This time, Flug did not fight back but took it all in, like they had done this before a million times. Black Hat deduced that Flug had done this before, most likely by himself.

Flug's cock was hard and needy, and it was almost calling out for the eldritch and Black Hat took a better position to reach it better. He leaned down, breathing against his member before his other hand wrapped around it. Black Hat moved his hand first up, then moved it down, watching carefully at the reaction. It was a very positive reaction - Flug let out a low moan and his hands grabbed his own blond hair, almost ripping it out of his skull. Black Hat smirked and continued the movement, studying the reactions Flug gave to him. Pumping his hand up and down and moving his finger inside Flug, Black Hat watched how much Flug's body was shuddering, unable to stay still. His legs were shaking, sometimes jolting roughly. His chest was rising heavily up and down and Flug's back arched upwards, towards the eldritch. The best part was the moans Flug made - they were much different from the horrific screams of Black Hat's victims, and even if he enjoyed the tortured yells, they had no match for Flug's moans.

His hand started speeding up.

As Black Hat entered a third finger - and just loved watching Flug shake even harder from the contact -, Black Hat saw something white covering the tip of Flug's cock. He leaned down, inspecting it for a while before slowly moving his forked tongue over it.

"Ah -! Black Hat", Flug moaned out and lifted his hips high up into the air before letting them fall back down onto the mattress. Black Hat smirked.
"You want more of that?" the eldritch asked.

"God, please, yes yes yes", Flug whimpered out, lifting his hips towards Black Hat's mouth. The eldritch took a better position for himself, continuing to finger and spread Flug open as his mouth hovered near his dick. He gave the head another lick, watching how Flug was eager for more. Black Hat chuckled, and let his tongue move all around Flug's swollen cock.

Flug was shuddering hard, his hands grabbing hard on the sheets, the pillows and even his own hair as he tried to not lose his mind completely. His asshole was being fingered so fast and the way Black Hat was just tasting his member made him go so close to the edge already. The doctor was panting heavily, so needy for more but he dared not to ask for it.

And then, Black Hat took his dick into his mouth.

Flug flinched hard from that, his cock hitting the back of Black Hat's throat, but the eldritch only hummed in delight as he began moving his lips over it, his tongue snaking deftly around Flug's throbbing cock. Flug was moaning hard and loudly, grinding his hips against his former patients mouth. It was all just too much. He wanted Black Hat inside him.

"B-Black Hat", Flug whined and Black Hat opened his eyes to look up at him. He simply just hummed, not interested in stopping. The vibrations of his humming just made Flug grow closer to the edge and he tossed his head back. Black Hat kept popping his head up and down, every now and then stopping to let his tongue just snake around the hard shaft. Flug moaned for a while, gasping for air before he felt like he could talk again.

"I - I want you - ah!" he tried to moan out, but Black Hat had just taken his whole member inside his mouth, sucking on it hungrily. Black Hat let Flug's cock fall out of his mouth, a string of saliva connected between the eldritch's lips and the tip of the member. Black Hat chuckled.

"What, my sweet doctor?"

God, Flug was weak for pet names.

"What do you want?"

Before even letting Flug speak, Black Hat swallowed him again and the doctor let out a long, desperate moan. His head fell back down onto the pillows, his body once again arching against the man. Black Hat moved his head up and down, his fingers moving in and out for a moment, before he stopped again, making the doctor whine loudly.

"I can't give you anything, unless you say what you want, doctor", Black Hat purred. He took Flug's cock back into his mouth and sucked on the tip, as his fingers spread the doctor wide open. Flug swallowed heavily and desperately moaned and rolled around on the sheets. He wanted more.

"I w-want you - ah - inside me, please, god", Flug moaned out with a desperate voice. Black Hat
smirked widely and slowly took his fingers out, leaving the doctor empty for a moment.

"My sweet, sweet doctor, so needy for me", Black Hat purred and took his own cock into his hand. Flug opened his eyes and looked towards Black Hat, shocked to see what laid between the eldritch's legs. Instead of a normal human penis there was some kind of a tentacle. It was colored grey, slightly darker than Black Hat's skin, and it was moving around on its own. It was smooth as silk and slick as it could be on its own. On the tip it was skinny but it widened near the base.

Flug just stared at it with wide eyes as Black Hat corrected his position, holding his cock, or tendril, near Flug's entrance.

"Uh, d-do you need ... lube?" Flug asked and started slamming his hands on the sheets, trying to find the tiny tube that had gotten itself lost somewhere.

"No. It ... lubricates itself", Black Hat said slowly, like he was making sure he was using the correct words. Flug just gave him a nod, trying not to show how excited he was about his tentacle penis. He definitely wanted to inspect it later.

Suddenly Flug's legs were lifted high up in the air and Black Hat positioned himself between his thighs. Flug tried to find a good place for his legs to be, and he ended up wrapping them around Black Hat's waist, once the eldritch had leaned down enough for him to do so. Black Hat came as close as he could, his tendril touching Flug's entrance as the man pulled Flug into a deep kiss. And during their heated kiss, Black Hat entered Flug.

It happened so fast that Flug almost screamed right into their kiss, but luckily Black Hat was kissing the man so hard no proper sound came out. Only muffled moans.

Black Hat entered Flug easily, his tendril moving around like a snake, moving as deep as it could go. Flug bit down onto the eldritch's lip and pressed his nails against his back as hard as he could. It felt so weird, but so good at the same time. Flug felt like he was too tight and that he could not take it, but at the same time it went in so easily. His legs shook hardly when Black Hat was finally completely seated inside him. The eldritch stopped, but his member kept moving inside Flug's ass, and the doctor was sure he was going crazy from the weird sensation.

"P-please, ah, move", the human moaned out as he broke the kiss, hitting his head to the pillows.

"My pleasure", Black Hat said with a lusty voice and he slowly moved out and slammed himself back inside. Flug yelped out loudly, and with a smirk on his face, Black Hat repeated this action a couple of times, making the human - and even himself - desperate for more. At his fifth thrust inside, Black Hat leaned his head back and releases a long, deep moan that was complete music to Flug's ears. Black Hat stopped for a moment, a smile on his face like he was truly enjoying the moment, before he looked down at Flug. Before Flug was even ready for it, Black Hat started thrusting into him.

Flug wrapped both of his arms and legs around Black Hat's body, holding on for his dear life as Black Hat kept pounding into his tight hole. The doctor moaned out his former patient's name, burying his face against Black Hat's neck. Black Hat wrapped his arms around the other man, too, scratching his whole backside like a wild animal until it was glowing red. Every grunt and breath that
came out of Black Hat made Flug's cock twitch in need, and every time Flug could feel the eldritch's breath against his neck, his whole body went tense. Flug couldn't just get enough. And at the same time, it was all too much.

The heat around them was almost tangible as Black Hat sped up, slamming his hips against Flug's like he was in heat. Maybe he was. Or maybe it had been years since Black Hat has felt like this. The way his claws were piercing into Flug's skin, how fast he was going and how loud the eldritch was, made it all very clear that this was something he had been hungry for long. Flug was the same - all of his dirty dreams were coming true and it all felt too good to be true. Even if his lower back and thighs were aching and the sensation is his bottom was strange and new, his cock was still hard and pulsating, precum already falling off the tip.

"G-god, I want you", Flug moaned out, clutching tightly onto the monster on top of him.

"I - I want you - ah - with every fiber of my body", the doctor slowly breathed out, his cheeks completely flushed red and his whole body sweaty.

Black Hat pulled Flug closer, slammed himself inside of him harder and bit down roughly onto his neck, all at the same time. Flug moaned out loudly, his legs trembling against Black Hat's sides as he was so close to cumming. Black Hat bit down deeply onto the curve of his neck, blemishing it and marking it his multiple times, leaving hickeys and bite marks all over. The eldritch moaned against the doctor's skin, as he thrust inside him with wild speed like an animal in heat. Judging by the passionate moans they both were releasing, they were close to the end. Black Hat started thrusting even faster now, rolling his hips against the man and traveling his tongue on his neck. Black Hat lifted Flug's legs into the air and over his shoulders and he buried himself even deeper. Flug hit his head on the pillows as he could feel the tendril hit the sweet spot he had never felt before.

"B-Black Hat!" Flug moaned out loudly, burying his hands into his blond hair as Black Hat just looked down at him, savouring the view in front of him. He loved how Flug was such a mess because of him. He loved to watch Flug squirm and moan for him. It was all such new pleasure for the eldritch, and he needed more of it.

Holding Flug's legs still, Black Hat bounded into him with animalistic speed, his own hips shaking as a sign that he was near. Black Hat bit out a low moan, and Flug could not help but move his hand over to his throbbing cock and stroke it. His hips immediately started trembling, the pleasure too overwhelming and Flug could feel a knot at his abdomen.

"Black Hat, I'm gonna -", Flug moaned out the best he could, stroking his hand fast over his sensitive meat. The eldritch gritted his teeth together and kept slamming himself inside Flug over and over again, his tendril hitting that sweet spot just right.

"Then come for me", Black Hat hissed out. He leaned down and let his forked tongue fall out, and it started traveling over the marks he had created on Flug's neck. Flug arched against the eldritch and he stroked himself faster, moaning loudly as he was coming near the end.

Flug gave one last stroke and he was cumming hard all over his stomach, his cum making his fingers sticky. Flug let out a long moan, arching his back and grabbing the sheets hard as Black Hat kept fucking him relentlessly. Giving no mercy to the man, Black Hat thrust inside him until he could feel his tendril pulsate wildly. Opening Flug's shaky legs wider, Black Hat attacked his neck with lustful bites, his hips jerking uncontrollably. Flug could feel Black Hat's tentacle twitch inside him and release itself, Black Hat's cum filling him up. Black Hat finally started slowing down, his breathing heavy against Flug's ear as he filled the man up, before finally completely stopping and
relaxing.

Euphoria taking over their bodies, they laid there for a moment, both of them too exhausted to do anything else but just breathe. Flug’s whole body felt like it was breaking and his ass and dick felt so sensitive, but even with that and all the heat, he had never felt so good before. They stayed like that for a good minute that felt like an eternity, until Flug finally wiggled his legs, gently trying to kick Black Hat off of him. The eldritch obeyed - he pulled himself out carefully, sudden feeling of emptiness taking over the doctor and the disgusting feeling of something falling out of him making his skin crawl. But for now, he needed to rest before he would clean up.

Black Hat looked down at the doctor with a pleased smile, just inspecting the exhausted human like he was a piece of art. Carefully, Black Hat moved his hands over Flug’s body, feeling how the skinny man felt under his touch. He felt wet from all the heat, and his skin felt somehow tight yet soft at the same time. Flug was warmer than a campfire, and his skin was slightly red on his chest. His cheeks were flushed completely red, even his ears glowing the warm color. Flug’s hair was sticky against his forehead, and the scars on his face seemed to glow brighter somehow, despite the fact that Flug every now and then tried to hide them from the eldritch. Every time, when Flug opened his tired eyes and saw the eldritch looking down at him and trailing his fingers over his body, the man became shy and moved his hand over his eyes, giving out a soft whine.

Black Hat’s hand moved between Flug’s legs and carefully he entered a finger inside him once again, just to feel how wet he was. Flug gasped and looked at the eldritch, biting his lip.

"S-so, uh", Flug muttered out, not yet sure what to say. Black Hat met his gaze and patiently waited for the doctor to say something.

"Are we ... partners now?" he asked and looked down onto his stomach, only to end up closing his eyes in embarrassment after seeing his own cum all over his abdomen. Black Hat chuckled and moved his finger a little deeper.

"Yes", he simply answered, entering another finger like it was nothing. Such a promiscuous being, Flug thought to himself. But he wasn’t sure if he secretly liked it.

"We are partners now. In both ways~", Black Hat continued with a smile. Flug smiled to that, interpreting that they were now work partners and ... life partners of some sort. However you would describe their relationship now.

"S-so, what do we do now?" Flug asked, trying to calm himself down as the eldritch kept fingering him slowly. It was like Black Hat found it very interesting and just could not help but touch Flug. Flug tried to somehow ignore the treatment he was getting, and think about solutions of what to do next. He first thought about running away somewhere and leave everything behind. But something seemed to be missing.

Revenge.

"Well, we have to pay a little visit to your boss, of course. I would like to have a word with him", Black Hat said slowly, not even looking at Flug. His fingers kept moving in and out painfully slow, and he watched how Flug’s legs twitched every now and then. Flug let out a soft moan and the eldritch leaned closer to his face, planting a playful kiss on top of his forehead.
"Would you like to go again, doctor?" Black Hat said with a sly tone, giving the man a lustful grin as his fingers started moving a little faster. Flug gasped loudly, his legs shaking for a moment before they finally relaxed. He could feel his member becoming alive again.

"S-sure. Just go slowly", Flug gasped out and locked eyes with the eldritch.

"I shall try", Black Hat smirked.

It was going to be a long night.

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The next day, despite how exhausted the doctor was, he showed up for work. Entering the asylum that was almost falling down, Flug headed towards his employer's office. He walked past all the destruction Black Hat and the other patients had created, surprised to find how everything was in good condition so fast. All kinds of engineers and other workers were fixing the place up as quickly as possible, a few nurses still walking some of their patients back into their rooms. There were dried blood stains there and there that were now too hard to just clean off, and there were paint buckets on the floor, ready to cover up the strongest stains. No bodies were near, so Flug guessed they had first taken care of them. He could only wonder if they took the bodies to the morgue, that was located a few floors down, or if they took the bodies completely elsewhere.

Flug continued walking towards the office, where his boss should be in and soon found himself knocking on the door. He first heard loud coughing, then a hoarse "come in". Flug twisted the door knob, entered the room and locked the door behind him.

As usually, his fat boss was sitting at his favorite chair that was still somehow not broken. The man was leaning heavily against his table, a thick cigar between his lips.

"Welcome, Flug. Could you make me a drink?" the man asked immediately, rolled around in his chair before he turned his back towards Flug and looked out of his window. This time, the curtains were not closed, and the fat man was able to see outside. It was the middle of the day, sun was as high as it would go and no clouds were covering the sky. A beautiful day. "Yes, sir", Flug said quietly and turned towards one of the cabinets on his right and opened it. Inside, he found a whole mess of papers and books, but the top shelf was full of bottles of whine and strong liquor, all with names the doctor did not recognize. He wasn’t a heavy drinker. Flug took one bottle out, not really caring if it 'fit the mood', and took two glasses from the bottom shelf, the only two glasses that were not shattered or completely dirty. While his boss was still looking out of the window, Flug placed the glasses on top of his large table and poured the alcohol on them.

He silently reached for his pocket.
"I guess you heard that my favorite patient, Black Hat, has escaped this facility", the obese man muttered. "And if I remember correctly, he was under your care."

"It was not my fault he went rapid, sir", Flug said, ass-kissing his employer. He took the other glass into his own hand and moved the other glass closer to his boss. The fatty turned around, his chair creaking loudly as he pierced deeply into Flug's soul.

"And who's fault was it then, if not yours?" he said, taking his cigar out of his mouth to blow some smoke out. Once again, Flug couched for a moment. He needed a paper bag that was able to keep that disgusting smoke out of his nostrils.

"You can blame Thomas, who is, by the way, dead", Flug said calmly and sat down onto the chair that was meant for guests. He took a sip from his drink, which looked weird, because he had to lift his paper bag a little in order to do that. Flug's boss looked at him with wide eyes and tried to say something back, but it seemed like he was at loss of words.

"No need to keep lying anymore, sir. I know everything", Flug said.

"What are you talking about?"

"You want me to push it to you? Fine. I know about the experiments you do to Black Hat, and I know my only job here was to be his meal. And I know it's all by you."

Surprisingly quickly, the employer reached for one of the drawers of his table and pulled out a simple black pistol and pointed it towards Flug. The doctor was not alarmed - he just watched and played with the drink in his hand, watching the weirdly colored liquid move around in his glass.

"Are you going to kill me, before you tell me the reason to all of this? I am dying to know", Flug said and smirked wildly, even if his boss could not see his expression. The fat man was shaking like a vibrator, his armored hand very unsteady, but despite that his chubby finger stayed on the trigger, ready to shoot if his life depended on it. The boss chuckled loudly and took the glass into his hand, taking a small sip from it. Flug's eyes followed strongly as he laid the glass back down onto the table.

"Fine, I will tell you everything. I guess it won't matter, since you will die anyway", the man huffed under his strong mustache, and took another sip. He was sweating like a pig, but he was still trying to keep smiling so hard that his big cheeks were covering his tiny eyes.

"Just so you know, Flug, you brought this upon yourself. You voluntarily accepted my job offer so you face the consequences", the man said, believing Flug was a man full of gullibility. Flug just rolled his eyes.
The boss took a deep breath.

"When I was as young as you are now, we took a very special patient in here. It was a monster no one had ever seen before, a devil who had fallen from Heaven. This being was so strong and dangerous, that this was the only place that seemed to keep him restrained. This patient was Black Hat."

The boss took another sip from his drink, and Flug carefully watched him do so.

"So, in order to find out what the hell he was, we did experiments on him. I was just a simple doctor then, like you are now, so I was in order. We did as many experiments as possible, trying all kinds of things to find out what Black Hat was, where he had come from, where his powers came from ... But nothing. There was never any success, and Black Hat remained a mystery to us. But we did find one thing about him - no matter how much we electroduced him, no matter if we took all of his internals out, or no matter if we fed him poison or shot him in the head ... Black Hat would not die. Now that was a lucrative discovery."

The ball of lard laughed like a maniac, took another sip from his drink and then wiped some sweat away from his big forehead. Flug relaxed in his chair, and asked to hear more.

"So, we amended some rules of the asylum, so we could do more experiments on Black Hat. We wanted to make others immortal, too. I was the first test subject. First, they injected Black Hat's blood into me. Then, they took away some of my internal parts and replaced them with Black Hat's internals, since the beast was able to reproduce his body over and over again. Then, finally, we did the last experiment to make me immortal. They slowed down my heart beat carefully, until it was completely gone. For one minute, I was dead, and then ... Just like the famous Frankenstein, we used some electricity and bow!"

The boss slammed his glass on the table, some of his drink spilling onto his fingers. Flug raised an eyebrow.

"You shocked yourself and came back to live?" Flug asked. He took another sip from his drink, his paper bag rustling strongly.

"No. We shocked both me and Black Hat. You see, we were both tied down and plugged together, and as Black Hat was being tortured by the electricity, I was able to come back alive!"

The boss laughed like a maniac for a long while. Then, he was exhausted from it, huffing and puffing loudly as his whole face turned red. He took a strong sip from his drink and laid the empty glass on the table, licking his lips. Flug smiled.

"That is why we keep him in here. So whenever I die again, the doctors - and Black Hat, of course - can revive me again", the fat boss said and circled his finger over the glass.

"So ... you have died before?" Flug asked, tilting his head to the side.

"Many times. I have lived for so long, that I can't even remember how old I am! But I can't help it. I
am yearning for longevity, and nothing shall kill me", he said and pointed his gun towards Flug's face, aiming right between his eyes. The doctor just raised his eyebrows at this.

"Sadly, Black Hat is now gone, but we will catch him again. And now, you will have to die", he said slowly.

"So that's why Black Hat's file was so empty? So it looked like an easy job? And that's why you insisted me to take care of him? You have sacrificed innocent lives, just so you could selfishly stay alive?" Flug said with a strong tone, glaring at his boss. The obese man gave a nod to everything he had said.

The boss pointed his pistol frantically towards the doctor, ready to pull the trigger. Flug glared at him strongly, hating the sad excuse of a human in front of him. He could not believe that he had worked for such an insatiable, arrogant man. But now, it was all going to be over.

"You have been an industrious worker, Flug. I hate to kill you like this", the boss said.

Just as he was about to pull the trigger, Flug stopped him by simply saying:

"Do not shoot me."

The boss stared at Flug with wide eyes, then looked at his hand. He bit down onto his tongue, trying to force his finger to move the way he wanted to, but nothing happened. He even tried to lower his gun, but the obese man could not even move.

"What is this? What have you done to me?"

Flug reached for his pocket and took out a bottle of pills he had created a long time ago. He rolled the small orange tube in his fingers, staring at them like they were diamonds.

"Remember that medicine I created, that made its taker much more cooperative? Well, I put one into your drink", Flug indicated with a sly smile. He lifted his paper bag high enough so his mouth was exposed, and he quickly swallowed down his own drink. He then put his mask back down, stood up, walked over to his boss and slammed the glass onto his head. The boss screamed in pain, as small pieces of glass got stuck into his head and made him bleed.

"Lower your weapon and put it on the table", Flug ordered, and the fat man could not to anything else but obey. He lowered his pistol and laid it down on the table, and Flug took it into his hand gladly. He inspected the gun with sparkling eyes, and put it in his pocket, next to his pills.

"I have somebody here who would love to see you", the doctor said and went back to his chair and sat down, crossing his legs.
The lights in the small office room started blinking and the papers started flying around like there was a small tornado inside the room. A strange feeling filled the office, a palpable fear that you could almost taste. Something emerged from the shadows and loomed in front of the boss and his stupid big table, and when the lights finally stopped blinking so rapidly, the man could see a clear form in front of him.

"Black Hat", the fat man whimpered out in fear. The eldritch stood in front of him in his suave clothing, a wide grin in his face as he loomed over the man who had tortured him for centuries. Black Hat was wearing the same clothes he always used to wear - a black trench coat, a blood-red dress shirt and a grey waistcoat. He tilted his top hat as a greeting and tied his hands behind his back.

"Hello, you sick bastard", Black Hat said, his tone full of malice and humor at the same time. He leaned over the table, inspecting the fat man carefully.

"You've gained a lot of weight since the last time we met. I'm surprised you're not having a heart attack right now", Black Hat mocked him, and the only thing the boss could do was just sit there and face his fate.

"F-Flug, I clearly m-misunderstood you. Please, l-let me pay you some extra, p-please?" the man begged. The eldritch chuckled loudly, so pleased to see the man like this. Black Hat circled slowly around the table, moving towards the sitting man.

"F-Flug, don't let that thing kill me", the obesity begged, tears starting to run down his face.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I think you're the monster here", Flug pointed out and took a comfortable seat. Black Hat stopped next to the boss, turning his chair so the potato was facing him. Black Hat leaned closer to him, looking for a good place to take a bite off.

"Black Hat", Flug called out for his former patient and the eldritch turned his face towards him.

"It's dinner time."

Black Hat turned his gaze towards the boss, his eyes turning a dark shade of black as the eldritch opened his mouth wide open. His teeth grew larger in seconds, his forked tongue falling out of his mouth as well as four pairs of tentacles, wrapping themselves around the man's neck. Spikes grew out of his back, pointing towards the roof and Black Hat's claws grew bigger, burying themselves into the fat man's body. The boss screamed in horror, as Black Hat attacked his neck and began his feast.

Flug just watched calmly how Black Hat completely tore the man apart, eating every part of him so quickly that it was almost unbelievable. Blood covered up the walls and the floor, the man's internals swallowed whole as Black Hat took back what was his. When Black Hat was done with his meal, whatever was left of the fat man's body plummeted onto the floor, creating a weird mess of bones, blood and skin. The room was no longer pristine, but it was not their intention to leave without a mess anyway. They wanted to make sure people knew who had visited this room.

Black Hat returned back to his normal form, his monstrous face disappearing as fast as it had
appeared, and he licked his lips clean with satisfaction. Somehow, his clothes were suddenly clean too, and yet again Flug was intrigued to find out how that even worked.

"So, what do we do now?" Flug asked and got up from his chair, burying his hands back into his pockets. His fingers trailed over the pistol with excitement.

"We need some subordinates. I think I ... want some more company", Black Hat said simply, brushing his hands against his clothes like he was getting rid of the dust covering his attire.

"Oh, am I not enough for you?" Flug joked and laughed at himself. Black Hat raised an eyebrow at him, and the doctor went quiet.

"Flug, I could take over the world all by myself. I just want some more idiots to work for me", the eldritch said.

"So I am now an idiot?"

"Yes, but you're my idiot."

Flug smiled happily under his back, and rubbed the back of his head.

"So, where do we get these subordinates?"

"I was thinking we could get some interesting subjects from this asylum. Are there any special patients that caught your eye?" Black Hat asked and straightened his jacket. Flug thought for a moment.

"Yes, but sadly they are not available ... Unless you are ready for one last experiment, Black Hat."

After visiting the morgue, and teleporting two bodies into the medical room Flug used to do his experiments in, they prepared for a surgery. Flug prepared and memorized everything his boss had told him - he first took out a large amount of Black Hat's blood and injected it into the two bodies that had been simply placed onto the floor, since one of the bodies was just too large to be on a regular medical table. Then, he had opened Black Hat up. He was not a big fan of surgery, but since the eldritch was not able to die in the first place, he was not too worried to make a mistake. Flug was also not too worried for being caught - thanks to Black Hat, they had been able to move in the
shadows without anyone noticing, and he had locked the doors, just in case. He also had a gun and a monster to protect him.

As Flug was cutting the eldritch up and taking out his heart, lungs, liver and whatever he could cut off, he slowly watched them grow back as fast as you could blow out soap bubbles. It was a miracle, and even if he wanted to stare at them for longer, he had to keep working in order to make the experiment work. He opened the two other bodies, took some of their internal parts out and replaced them with Black Hat's internals. He somehow was able to place them correctly into their right places and he stitched up the bodies, hoping he had done everything right.

"This feels quite interesting, since you are doing it, doctor", Black Hat admitted. Flug had expected the eldritch to be wiggling in pain and begging to be freed, but with his careful hands the being had been quiet the whole time. Maybe he secretly enjoyed it.

"I'm glad you like it as much as I do", Flug chuckled.

"We should do this in bed."

"That is nasty."

When Flug was finally done with his surgery, he stitched Black Hat's wound and placed him onto the floor, between the two dead bodies that were still under their white blankets. Hoping for the best, Flug attached all kinds of wires to the bodies, just like he had attached wires from Demencia to the stupid microwave. Well, this time he did use a microwave once again, but he had wires attached everywhere he could - every machine and outlet was tied together with the bodies, and the only thing Flug now had to do was to flip the switch.

"Are you ready?" Flug asked, moving his finger over the switch. Black Hat took a deep breath.

"Not really."

"Well, too bad."

Flug pressed the switch down and the whole room was filled with blue and white sparkles, lightning breaking everything that was electronic in the room. The doctor flew onto the floor and he curled up in a ball. Everything was exploding in the room, the lights were rapidly blinking and electricity was running in the air. Flug covered his head when the machines started flying around the room and the doctor curled up into a tighter ball, shaking wildly. He could hear Black Hat roaring like an animal, but he could not do anything to help him. The blue lightning was taking over the whole place, the dead bodies shaking wildly and everything was breaking down -

Until finally, the last explosion happened and everything turned quiet. Flug lifted his head and looked around. Everything had fallen over, some sparkles of electricity still moved in the air and some volatile smoke was covering the ground. For a pure moment, it was completely silent. Then, Flug could see the shape of Black Hat standing up, ripping off the wires of his skin and walking over to him.

"I never want to do that again", the eldritch muttered, rubbing his neck. "Did it at least work?"

Flug looked at the two bodies on the floor. They were completely motionless. Flug sighed. "Apparently, not", he said with disappointment in his voice. He had hoped it would have worked,
even if he was not exactly sure what he was doing.

"Well, it's good that we at least tried", Black Hat mumbled. "Lets go -"

Suddenly, the smaller body sat up, the white sheet still covering their face. Then, they pulled it down and looked around with a confused look.

"Where am I?"

The other, much bigger body also sat up, the sheet immediately falling onto the floor.

Flug gasped loudly, watching carefully what was happening right before his eyes. He rubbed his eyes for a moment, making sure he was not dreaming. And luckily, he was very much awake.

5.0.5 looked around with tired eyes, his whole body leaning towards the floor like he was about to fall asleep. The blue bear then shook his head strongly as he realized where he was, and carefully the big animal stood up, making the whole ground shake. Demencia also stood up and curiously looked around. Her body felt numb, so she kept falling over, but she always got back up with determination.

Flug smiled wildly and laughed like a mad scientist would after making the greatest discovery. He spun around happily, jumping up and down as he felt pride taking over his whole body. Black Hat had a wicked smile painted over his face, his expression telling Flug he was about to go feral. But the eldritch never turned into a complete monster. Black Hat stayed in his usual form, but the bright smile never left his face. He was clearly pleased of the results.

"Listen up, bear and ... girl !" Black Hat called out, spreading his arms wide open. Both of them stopped moving, as they had been too busy inspecting their own bodies and getting used to being alive again.

Black Hat wrapped one of his arms around Flug and pulled the doctor closer, making him blush.

"Would you like to work for us and take over the world?"

The answer was yes, obviously.
Chapter End Notes

Sorry it took so long for me to get this chapter done! I suddenly got so busy, and wasn't sure how to end it, since I started writing this story without much planning ... Anyway, I want to say a big thank you for everyone who read the story until the end. I wasn't expecting it to be this liked, so I thank you for all the support! I will definitely write more Paperhat in the future, so stay tuned!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!