Rating: Not Rated
Archive Warning: Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death, Rape/Non-Con
Category: F/F, F/M, M/M
Fandom: | Bangtan Boys | BTS, Red Velvet (K-pop Band), GOT7, BLACKPINK (Band), Stray Kids (Band), EXID (Band), AOA | Ace of Angels, EXO (Band), Big Bang (Band), TWICE (Band), Momoland (Band), 4minute (Band), Pentagon (Korea Band), The Rose (Band)
Relationship: Min Yoongi | Suga/Park Jimin, Kim Namjoon | RM/Kim Seokjin | Jin, Jung Hoseok | J-Hope/Park Jimin, Jung Hoseok | J-Hope/Original Female Character(s), Park Sooyoung | Joy/Original Character(s), Park Jimin (BTS)/Park Sooyoung | Joy, Kim Namjoon | RM/Son Seungwan | Wendy, Kim Hyojong | E'Dawn/Kim Hyuna
Bad Boy(s go) Down (NOW CALLeD 'TILL KINGDOM COME' CHECK IT OUT)

by Lucindaddy

Summary

The re-written version is called 'Till Kingdom Come' please check it out!

Ya'll can find it on my page

I'll delete this soon but I need to keep some of the writing

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Namjoon looked curiously across the casino floor, the sheer amount of people who’d shown up tonight put him on edge. Why? He hadn’t the slightest idea. From his balcony he could observe everything; the cheers of the winning, the casual banter, the occasional outraged customer. The gambling industry was thrown sideways when Bangtan showed up. Every single company was had either been torn up already or were going to soon, and the wake of destruction Namjoon and his men left was unthinkable. Those who didn’t comply didn’t exactly return home to their family that night, especially now that both were piles of ashes.

“Sir, someone to see you.” The man who’d spoken bowed and left as quickly as he had come. Namjoon stood from his sitting position on the balcony, only to meet eyes with a slender figure. She wore silver slip dress with open seams that rode up her leg and heels to match with it. Her brown locks hung loosely around her shoulders, her sparse bangs just above her set of hazel eyes. He smiled as he kissed her gloved hand delicately, a small chuckle accompanying it.

“Wendy- I mean Seungwan, lovely to see you again.” She rolled her eyes and took a seat beside his. She sat, smoothing out the hemline of her dress to her knees.

“Oh shut it Joonie. You know why I’m here.”

“As polite and as ladylike as ever.” He smiled, his dimples sinking further into his cheeks. *A challenge it is,* they both thought.

“Same for goes for you. I didn’t think a sewer rat could be this courteous.”

“Sewer rat huh? I’ll have you know this rat can quite nice when he wants to be.”

“When he wants to be,” she laughed mocking his accent, “Keep telling yourself that lover boy.” He snorted at the pet name, he hadn’t heard it in ages.

 Especially from her.

“Joy is going to go crazy if she found out you were here.”

“You’re such an idiot. Of course she doesn’t know about you or our meetings. She'll never find out anyways. It sounded like you were doubting my capabilities.”
"I’m not, it’s just that she’s probably not the best with other people touching her property, past, present or future."

"She doesn’t know about us. I don’t think anyone knows we used to be together, right?" She’d shut her jaw and hissed dangerously low for that last word, more or so making it a one-answer question.

“Look we’d both be dead if either of our superiors found out that we have met, save regularly. My men think I’m paying you as an escort.”

“Me? Your escort? Don’t let me catch you thinking of me like that again.”

“I’d never do that.” He drawled sarcastically.

“Psssh,” Seungwan rolled her eyes, “Work been good?”

“Yeah. We’re closing down in about a fortnight because of your boss.” Of course they were, they aren’t stupid, she thought.

“We’ve been doing the same but most of the key establishments will be kept open, Joy refuses to close them.” Seungwan tried her best to disagree with the woman, but she refused. All the workers would be targets if they didn’t close up. They didn’t have a place in this fight.

“This war had been set in stone for a very long time.” Namjoon said as if he had read her mind, “We are clearly both taking huge precautions; neither side is coming out unscathed or fully intact.” Those words were the last words she wanted to hear, beside the fact that she already knew this. Seungwan wasn’t the biggest supporter of mass-scale murder, despite it being the sole driver in the gang’s declaration.

“Since this is the last time I’ll see you on friendly terms, I’ll throw you a bone, okay?” He nodded slowly, showing his full and complete attention. “Joy used up all her little favours she had so she could get some gangs to back us.” His eyes remained calm and unbothered while his jaw tightened.

“Blackpink and AOA have offered all of their services, whilst Momoland will help in the background and Twice has offered weaponry and intel.”

“Right, so I can understand Blackpink with Jennie and her relationship with Joy.” He paused, He could also understand Twice and Momoland because they’re newer and need good ties with Red velvet. “What about AOA? They’ve been around for years, plus they’ve got plenty of backing from EXID and Apink, why would they even concern themselves?”

“Their leader, Jimin, Joy views her on a similar level to herself in her hierarchy. She’s said Jimin has similar motives and ideals as her.” Jimin, formerly known as the Queen of Seoul, is quite a terrifying opponent in any situation; much like Joy herself.

“But why does she need so much backing? Red Velvet and AOA could ruin us alone, but Blackpink? They’re ruthless.” He grimaced. Blackpink wasn’t only big in South Korea, but Thailand, New Zealand and Australia too. That group had too many ties in too many places. They could run any gang with out a second thought.

“Joy’s obviously doing it in an attempt to strengthen herself physically. She’s a lot better at mind games and such, but she knows that kind of attack isn’t going to work.”

“She’s right, now we know to what extent her backs stand.” He massaged his temples in an attempt to defuse the stress that buzzed in his head. “How are we supposed to break the load up? We aren’t on the best terms with our neighbouring gangs.”
“There must a few grudges, no, there will be grudges held especially with AOA. If there was a chance to ruin them, many male groups would take that opportunity.”

“I’m thinking Big Bang, mostly because of the stuff with that marriage with Seungri and Chanmi. He’s pissed and so are his hyungs, they just haven’t had a chance to get back at them because they’ve stayed so quiet.”

“Try Stray Kids and Got7, though their ties with Twice might be the decider of that.” There was another one, and she really didn’t want to tip them off completely because it’d seem fishy.

“EXO?” He questioned.

“Don’t go there. Joy has been bribing them so they’ll stay away, she knew that’d that be one of your choices.”

“Are you sure you’re ok with tipping RV off that much? Are you ok with this?” He pushed while trying to find some kind of answer behind her eyes. All he salvaged were tears that pricked at the corner of her eyelids. She drew a shuddery breath, reluctant to continue. It hurt to even think of admitting it, because deep down, she knew this was what she was bred and groomed for.

“I don’t want this, Joonie. I’m not a sick freak, I’m not like them.” She whispered faintly, her bottom lip trembling slightly. She hung her head in shame, for she felt as if Joy were looking down at her, the woman’s eyes boring through her already weak mind. Namjoon looked at her, a sharp pain needling his heart and gut. Her brown locks dangled like a curtain, obscuring his view from her upper torso and face. Seungwan wasn’t one to let emotion show, and sometimes he hated himself for not realising that trait of hers for the majority of knowing her.

“You aren’t. I’d be dead where I sit if you were anything like them.”

“Take me away. I’m not killing innocent people just because Joy wants me to. I know how much being in a gang can mean, even if I don’t want to admit it Joy is my family.” She looked up, to Namjoon’s relief, the sincerity and desperateness becoming more and more apparent as he met her eyes. He felt horrible for denying her of what she needed the most. “And BTS must be close to you, I’m not taking that away because Joy asked me too.”

“I want to help you Seungwan, really.” He winced at the words he desperately didn’t want to say, “But in my position and at this moment in time, I can’t do anything.”

“What am I to do then? It’s not like I’m allowed to sit this out.”

“Help us instead, Seungwan. If we beat Red Velvet, you won’t be living under that woman’s shadow any longer. I promise to keep you alive if we succeed.” He cupped her cheek, and she reluctantly complied, resting her head in his palm.

“Very well. Just promise me you won’t hurt my sisters Irene and Yeri either.”

“Irene?” Namjoon deadpanned. “Yeri?”

“Irene is 8, though thinks she’s about 5, while Yeri is 11 and has been diagnosed with psychosis. Joy’s the only mother they’ve ever known. They’re only children, Joon. Don’t make them go through things that they shouldn’t.”

“If that’s the case, I’ll need to inform Hoseok. She won’t be harmed if he knows about it. How about you? Will you be safe telling me about Irene and Yeri?”
“Yes. Everyone in Red Velvet knows about the other backers. But Irene and Yeri are sheltered, they’re only a rumour amongst lower workers.” She stared sadly up into his eyes and grimaced, tiny tears running down her face. He smiled as she brushed her thumb along his hand lovingly.

“I love you Seungwan.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“Even after I ran out on you and left you for dead?”

“Yep. I want your red hair back though.”

“Red? In your dreams.” She snorted.

“Seungwan, your phone.”

“My what-“ Her phone began to ring loudly, breaking the romantic aura that surrounded the two. He beckoned for her to go ahead and pick up. It was quiet before a sharp voice cut the silence with ease.

“Wendy.”

“Yes, Joy?”

“Where are you?”

“Out.”

“Your curfew ended half an hour ago.” Wendy paled suddenly, earning a concerned look from the man beside her. He mouthed something to try and get some insight, but Wendy paid no heed. Joy hasn’t called her about her curfew in months, save even mentioning it. She was scared. “Are you going to explain yourself sweetie?”

“Uhh I-I’m su-sorry, I lost track of time a-“

“I don’t care why you’re not home. I want you home now.” The woman hissed through her gritted teeth, the small whimper coming from the other end of the line.

“Of course, I’ll be home straight away. I’ll even-“

“Do not speak unless spoken to, baby. Don’t you think you are in order for a little punishment?”

“...”

“Home. Now. Every minute past your curfew will be one more hit.” She hung up abruptly, leaving the girl in a stammering mess.

“What the fuck was that? What did she say to you?” Namjoon pressed. He could see the girl next to him having a lot of answers, just she couldn’t put them into word form. He tried to find her eyes again, but to no avail at all. She drew back, wiping the spot where his hand rested with the already used handkerchief.
“Joon. I have to leave now. Expect a yellow folder sent to your private address, it’ll have paperwork and such for proof, just make sure I definitely won’t be suspected of being an information broker. I’m trusting you, Namjoon.”

“This is it then.” He thought aloud, possibly speaking for both of them when he did.

“It is for the best.”

“I’m sorry Seungwan I-“

“It’s Wendy now.” She spat, wanting to end the conversation quickly. She couldn’t even look at him as she said those words. She was throwing away everything they were, everything they could’ve been, everything they are.

“Goodbye, Namjoon.”

~

Irene sat on the beige carpet, toys littered around her. Mummy said she would be back super duper fast. It had been way longer than that.

“Mummy~~!” She yelled, her high-pitched voice cutting through the quiet. The clicking of heels against the wooden corridor outside told her the mummy was coming.

“Pumpkin, I’m so sorry. I wasn’t super duper fast like I had promised, huh?”

“It’s ok Mummy. I know you’re really tired from work, you fell asleep in the car.” Irene nodded in maturity. She knew that big girls were understanding.

Someone is a big girl, isn’t she?” Joy picked her small body up and began to rock her in her hold, peppering eskimo kisses all over the girl. Her high-pitch signature giggles began filling the nursery. Through the continuous giggling, the girl managed to get a few ‘stops’ and ‘nooos’ out of embarrassment. Joy eventually seized her attack as a strong wave of fatigue washed over her, numbing her senses momentarily. “Well then, big girl, let’s get you ready for bed then.” She placed the girl down and reached for them hem of her shirt, pulling it over her head and tossing it in the laundry basket, leaving the girls upper torso bare. Joy paused for a moment. She could hear these thoughts running through her mind at an unthinkable pace. Her head snapped to the clock. 9:00pm, it read. Wendy, she thought. Irene soon noticed that Joy was distracted and whined; partially to annoyance and partially to the cold. Joy resumed stripping the girl of her worn clothes, till she was left in her underwear. She shuffled over to the closet and pulled out a pink onesie, little bears scattered over it. Joy helped the violet-haired girl into the cosy item, and scooped her up as she felt how cold the girls skin was.

“Aww baby, are you cold? Let mummy tuck you in, get you all nice and warm.” Joy placed her in the bed, pulling the doona up to her chin and retrieving a blanket to put on top. Irene smiled at the already warm bed, snuggling into her pillow. Joy thanked the lord for creating electric blankets.

“Mummy… where’s Kitty?” Irene yawned, referring to the black and white stuffed cat that Joy had sewn for her that sat on the desk in the corner. Joy swiftly picked it from it’s resting place, handing it to Irene’s outstretched hand.
“All better, sugar?” She smiled, earning a small and weary nod from a very sleepy Irene. Joy reached over kissing the girls forehead and nose, then doing the same to the stuffed cat knowing Irene would want that. “Goodnight, pumpkin. Sweet dreams.” She said to the unresponsive and smiling girl. Joy flicked off the electric blanket and did the same to the light once she reached the door, shutting it close ever so softly.

“Hey mum, you done with Irene?” The familiar and petite voice of Seulgi welcomed Joy’s ears, and in the way she never thought she’d hear. Joy didn’t want to admit it, but hearing it was relieving.

“Yes. Yeri?”

“All done. I didn’t even have to threaten to take her favourite teddy bear. How much relaxant did you give her? It takes a lot more than a normal dose to get Yeri to comply.”

“Let’s just say I put enough in. Thank you for your help, but I’ll be needing some peace and quiet tonight.” Seulgi exhaled heavily and hung her head in defeat.

“I’m assuming you want to tuck me in too?”

“I’d thought you’d never ask.”

~

Wendy opened the door softly, similarly closing it. She pulled off her heels and tiptoed down the hall, avoiding all the creaky floorboards she had mapped out in her head. Apparently it wasn’t enough.

“Wendy, I’m glad you got back safe. Have you got anything to say to me?” The woman had stepped out of seemingly nowhere, now looming over Wendy’s considerably smaller body. Joy’s perfume seeped toward Wendy, a floral scent emitting from it. It made her want to gag.

“I’m sorry, Mother. I really am.” Wendy hung her head in shame for the second time that night, hoping, praying, that sympathy would strike a chord in this tyrant tonight.

“Wendy..” Joy’s heart swelled at the name the girl had used to address her. Wendy never called her mother or anything like that. Joy felt a small pang of regret nip at her stomach when tiny droplets began dripping from under the curtain of hair. Joy was speechless, it was so quiet in the house you could hear a pin drop. “I’m glad you recognise me as your mother, Wendy. I really am. And with that title means I’m in charge of making you a proper woman.” Wendy didn’t think it was possible to sport a shade paler than she already was, but life was full of surprises.

“Please..” She whimpered, her dignity hitting rockbottom.

“It’ll be over before you know it. I’ll make it all better afterward, sweetie.” Joy’s offer seemed far to good to be genuine, especially after Wendy saw the smile tugging at the woman’s raw lips, anticipation being the cause of the sheen and vibrant red on them.

A smile of a sadist.
The old tabby mewled,

“1.”

Because her tummy was full,

“2.”

Full with a little white mouse,

“3.”

That she’d found under the house,

“4.”

And the dog barked when he heard,

“5.”

The loud scuffling coming from her,

“10.”

When she chased the mouse,
“17.”

*Under the floorboards of the house,*

“23.”

*So he joined in,*

“28.”

*Getting stuck within,*

“34.”

*The crawlspace underneath,*

“37.”

*Dirt riddling his teeth,*

“41.”

*While he looked for the cat,*

“46.”

*She was cleaning her palette,*

“50.”
Her found her quite quickly,

“51.”

But his friend looked quite sickly,

“52.”

For the mouse had eaten arsenic,

“53.”

But the dog wasn’t quick,

“54.”

For it all went south,

“55.”

When he too got a mouse in his mouth,

“56.”

So they lay there,

“57.”
In the mouse’s little lair,

“58.”

They were the target of condemn,

“59.”

Laying dead where no-one would find them,

“60.”

Tears could not explain the feelings they both felt.

The belt was placed next to Wendy’s head as a sign that the woman was done. While relief washed over her, quiet sobs still racked her body. Her hiccuping began to seize and her the tension from screwing her face shut did too. Her eyes stung from all the tears and her voice hoarse from the screaming.

Joy, on the other hand was rudely dragged out of her complete ecstasy, by none other than herself. The pleasure that ran like hot fire through her veins and made her heart thump in her chest slowed. The sensations that kissed her body drew away with the awakening. Wendy. Wendy. Wendy, her mind chanted, as she finally looked down at her artwork. The girl’s back now donned fresh blood and cuts that the metal prong had adorned, and marks where the belt strap had landed now fading from red to purple. Joy sighed heavily as she sat Wendy up, being careful not to put pressure on her now delicate back. She procured a handkerchief and began to wipe the snot, drool and tears from her burning cheeks. Picking her up and resting her chin on her shoulder, Joy walked to Wendy’s room, rubbing small circles on the girl’s lower back in an attempt to comfort her. They entered the room, the woman setting her down on the white bedsheets and reaching for a small medical kit which was too well known for both of them. Removing her dress and jewellery, Joy carefully lay her down stomach first, proceeding to wipe her cuts with disinfectant. The echoing of the fan and buzz of computers ran in circles around them. Joy’s soft voice soon dominated it all, singing a sweet and tender song while she finished bandaging her wounds. She proceeded to change her and ready her for bed, Already sporting light breaths of sleep, Joy kissed her forehead and smoothed her hair back. She left silently, shutting the door and stepping into the hall.

“Mummy, why did you punish Wendy? She was screaming and crying, it must’ve hurt a lot.” Whispered a small voice from the end of the hallway. Yeri stood timidly, barely fighting the gaze the woman threw upon her, clutching her prized teddybear in either fear or thinning confidence.
“Oh baby, did I wake you? I’m sorry about that.” Joy smiled as wide as she could muster. Both of them cringed on the inside from the pure fake the smile was born from.

“You didn’t answer my question, Mummy.”

“Yeri,” she seethed, stalking toward the girl’s shivering form. “Don’t. Talk. Back.” Joy loomed over the mess of tears and indecipherable words,

“Mummy, I know you hurt a lot of people.” Looking at space between both their feet as she whispered as if a million people were in a meter radius. “But please don’t hurt Wendy anymore, she cries a lot and never looks well. Just give her a chance like you gave me and Reene when you first took us in. Please.” Her voice shifted in pitch on the last word as she buried her face in her hands.

Sooyoung Joy smiled sweetly, not that the girl would see it anyway.

She knew that Yeri was only trying to defend Wendy, as any sister should.

Pathetic, really.

Chapter End Notes

I’m back! I’ve rewritten most of this bc it didn't feel right, so I hope you enjoy anyway, thanks for reading and much love <3

-Lucinda
Chaesun never woke with a start, especially not in the morning. Her tongue felt thick and heavy, eyes glued together with sleep. She reached subconsciously for the packet of cigarettes she kept on her night stand, her fingers groping to feel the rectangular box. She forced her eyes open to look for them, but was taken aback when she wasn’t in the cramped dorm that Bad Boy’s dancer’s slept in. The room was simplistic, but not cheap nor small. Black marble covered the floor, dark grey walls and a singular skylight to provide illumination. The bed’s sheets were soft and felt amazing, the mass dyed a deep red. The mattress was better than anything she’d ever slept on; the aching back she normally woke up to was non-existent. Why she was here? Did she have sex with someone? She never left the establishment to have sex; it was always in a designated room. Her stage outfit was still on, so that ruled out the possibility of being a one night stand.

“Sleep well?” The silver-haired man walked through sipping a cup of coffee. He wore the same sweet smile, but now it had turned to a sickly sweet.

“So what’s the deal? First you kidnap me, then you walk in like it didn’t happen. And why the fuck am I here? My boss is gonna kill me!” Chaesun didn’t intend to shout, but it came out a little strong.

“Hey, can you stop yelling? I’m just trying to do my job.”

“What job? What job could possibly include kidnapping brothel workers?”

“Um well,” He looked a little ashamed while he spoke. “I’m a secretary.” She laughed a little hard at that.

“So your boss is telling you to kidnap people?”

“Yeah. He needs someone to do little odd jobs, well this isn't little but I’m sure you get it.” Chim looked down awkwardly. “Oh yeah, now that you’re here, you can call me Jimin. There’s no point in holding it from you, since you’ll be living here from now on.”

“Well nice to meet you Jimin-ssi.” He gave a lovely smile as a reply and motioned for her to follow him out of the bedroom, and into an even bigger living area. She gasped at the large panel window that looked over Seoul. She’d probably never seen it from this height, save from anywhere above three-stories.
“Yeah, the boss wanted you to have somewhere nice. He didn’t want you to feel uncomfortable.”

“Who is the boss?”

“Well, It’s Hoseok. But you might know him as J-hope, Leader of Bangtan.” She tried to hide it, but her expression changed for a fraction of a second. She knew who he was alright. “What do you know about him?”

“We’ve only been told how terrible he was, how sinful he was.”

“By whom?”

“Seulgi. She runs all the establishments.”

“So you’ve only seen Seulgi? Did Joy ever come to Bad Boy? Did you see her?”

“Yeah, she comes about once a fortnight. She’s scary. She makes everyone else leave when she shows up. She just stares while you perform. She freaks me out.” Jimin chewed on his lips, deep in thought. Why would she risk coming out to Bad Boy? Barely anyone had ever seen Joy in the flesh, and that’s the way Red Velvet keeps it. There were no photos to prove she existed, no nothing. It was smart. RV was scary because no-one could ever be prepared for their moves. They were unpredictable. And had a hell of a lot of patience and money. Dangerous enemies, Jimin thought.

“Thanks. I appreciate you telling me this. Makes my job easier.”

“Right.”

“I’ve got to go to the office now, there should be some clothes around here somewhere and you can clean yourself up.” He picked up his briefcase and strode to the door. “You’ll get punished if you try anything stupid. Hoseok will be back around 8.” He left with out saying a goodbye and silence consumed her. She didn’t know what overcame her the second she heard the door click shut. Chaesun sunk to the floor as hot tears fell down her cheeks. Sobs racked her body as she curled up on the floor.

She deserved to be punished.

She was a whore with no morals.

~

“Miss Park, a pleasure to finally meet you.” The man, Daesoo, clasped her extended hand and placed a small kiss on her knuckles. She bowed her head in acknowledgement, then took a seat on the opposite end of the table. He watched how dainty and graceful her movements were, he was enticed by something as simple as sitting down. Boy, she was something else. Her tight-fitting dress hugged her curvature, the black felt layering one over another. The straps hung tightly to her shoulders, and her expensive necklace rode just above it. The fine mesh shirt she wore gave him tiny peeks of the skin underneath, the black stockings almost seemed to give the illusion that both items were sewn together. She didn’t need colour in her outfit to push back or bring out a certain feature, they were strong enough already. Her eyes were piercing, lips soft and and fingers slender. Her hair, blond with a stronger yellow at the tips dipped to her shoulder blades.

She was absolutely gorgeous.

“Mummy! Yeri hurt my teddy!” A girl that couldn’t be older than 10 whined. There was no way that the woman was actually her mother. He certainly hoped so.
“Sweetie, I’ll get you a new one when we get home, okay? Yeri, that was irresponsible of you. You’re getting punished later.” The girl who had been called Yeri blankly stared into space, Daesoo wasn’t sure she’d even heard the woman scold her. He cleared his throat to get the woman’s attention, and she whipped her head around like she didn’t register his presence in the first place.

“Forgive me for asking Miss, but will these young ladies be joining us today? You said this would be a private meeting.” She raised her eyebrows questioningly.

“Yes, they will. Their my other daughter normally looks after them, but she’s out of town so I’m stuck with them. It’s not that I don’t enjoy spending time with them, they just a handful each, so as expected both hands are full.” She smiled fondly at the two, the unnamed one playing with a plush kitten and the other scribbling with a black crayon on a piece of paper. “That doesn’t bother you does it?” Daesoo swallowed thickly, he couldn’t refuse her. But he couldn’t use her if he had witnesses, especially her supposed children. He’d try anyway. If she was going to be an asset to him, he’d have to pry her away from the two girls; kill them if he had to.

“No, no. Family comes first.” Her face was stoic for a few second, before breaking into a heart-shattering grin. Her raw beauty from a simplistic smile made him blush wildly.

“I appreciate a man who considers family well. Most people in this area of work either don’t know their parents or killed them. These two consider themselves very lucky to have such a nice mummy.” As if on cue, the two girls beamed at their ‘mummy’, Yeri’s clearly a little more strained than the other girl’s. “Alright, so correct me if I’m wrong, but you came to offer me a new area of business?”

“Yes. It’s a rarer area of drug trade, Aphrodisiacs.” She leaned in, clearly somewhat interested in what he had to say. Things seemed to be going smoothly despite the few hiccups in his plan.

“Essentially it’s a drug you inhale, specifically for the intent of boosting sex drive and disorientating the user; your senses will get fuzzy and it’ll make everything feel better.” She nodded and beckoned for him to keep going. “Storage is easy. Keeps well in jars. They aren’t too popular with other gangs, but since you are the queen of human trade, I thought it might fit nicely into your strengths.”

“I too think it will slot in well with our area, and it seems like something worth investing. I have been gifted with a few, they are certainly to my liking. It also says here that your company supplies some of the best… how come I’ve never heard of this company before?” When she looks at him, and Daesoo felt like she was staring right through his web of lies and into his soul. He thankfully kept himself in check, not letting the slightest hint of fear trickle onto his face.

“We like to keep quiet, we’re smaller and a big target for bigger companies. We need an ally like you to sustain us. No-one is interested in Aphrodisiacs anymore. We going to go out soon, and we just get out priced in other drugs. We’re kind of stuck.” She tilted her head in interest, letting his words echo in her head.

“Well, I think that I would be very interested in investment. Anything else you would like to add before we-“

“Mummy! I wanna cuddle!” The unnamed girl whined, her hands grasping air as she gestured to be picked up. The woman complied after a small sigh, cradling the girl in her lap.

“Irene, you don’t interrupt people. What have I told you about mummy’s work?” Irene looked up at her with wide eyes and a small frown.

“That mummy’s work is important and I have to be good when mummy lets me come to work with her.” The woman nodded in content as the girl pressed the side of her face against the woman’s
chest, her head now directly facing Daesoo. She stared blankly at him, eyes looking at him with a hint of displeasure. He jumped a little when he saw Yeri staring at him, eyes squinting in annoyance and dislike.

“Do you love mummy?” Irene whispered so quietly, Daesoo wasn’t sure what she’d actually said. The woman looked at him as if she actually wanted to know. He shuffled a little, running a hand through his brown locks. “Do you think mummy is pretty?” There was no point in lying, with three sets of eyes on him, one would see something off.

“Yes, your mummy is very pretty. It would be a stretch to say I love her, though. I’ve only just met her.” Irene didn’t look too happy with that answer.

“How can you not love mummy?!” She yelled, “And mummy’s not pretty, she’s the prettiest! Prettier than Yeri and Irene! You’re making mummy look bad!” Daesoo couldn’t believe this girl. What the fuck was wrong with these two?

“Look, you’re twisting my words, I don’t appreciate being bad-mouthed by a brat.” Yeri was the next to speak.

“No, she’s not. And you didn’t come here just to sell drugs did you?” The red haired girl smiled sweetly, paying no heed to the man’s frustration.

“Please Miss Park, may I have a word with you alone?” She was about to shake her head before Yeri interrupted.

"It's ok, we can wait outside." She dragged that younger girl out behind her, shutting the door promptly.

“Now, something else I would like to discuss, I’d like to take your hand in marriage.”

“Marry me? Why?”

“Because, it'd be beneficial for both of us. Besides, I can get you anything you want, I can even take the weight of those kids of of your shoulders. You’re wasting your time with them. They’re holding you back.” The woman stayed silent looking down in a defeatist demeanour. “They’re just spoiled brats. They belong in an asylum. Marry me, and I’ll get rid of them for you.”

Joy snapped.

She screamed inhumanly and her hand went straight for his throat. He wasn’t fast enough to even register what had happened to the sweet woman he was speaking to a few minutes ago. Her nails dug into his neck, small trickles of blood dripping down to his collarbone, while her knuckles turned white from the sheer amount of pressure she was applying. His hands grabbed uselessly at hers to try and release some pressure, but her grip only tightened. His face turned purple, fingers thick as she watched in pure glee. His eyes rolled into the back of his head as he dropped to the ground limp, her hand a little cramped from the struggle. It would be a miracle if he was still alive. If he was, he’d soon wish he wasn’t. She wiped the blood off her nails, pocketing the handkerchief and gathering her things and his as well. She fixed her appearance with a small mirror and stepped out of the room, a body immediately ramming into her.

“Mummy, I’m hungry!” Irene tugged on Joy’s dress to express her point. Joy picked the girl up and ushered Yeri to the car that was waiting just outside the foyer. Joy made sure the girls were strapped in before signalling the driver to go. She fished her phone out of her bag and dialled a number.

“Seulgi, I have someone for you.”
“Really?”

“Yes, but I’m not sure if he’s alive or not. Go fetch him, he’s unconscious in Meeting room 3.”

“I’m assuming you want to keep him?”

“Yes. Don’t mess him up too much.”

“Got it.”

“And you’re coming to dinner tonight. We’re having steak.”

“Do I have to?”

“Yes. No excuses.”

“Whatever.

“Don’t be rude.” There was a small pause before Seulgi continued speaking.

“Oh yeah, I found out a little about the missing worker. Her stage name is Jade, well that’s the only name I could find. She’s about 19. Went out the back door for a smoke at about 9 last night. Someone went to look for her about 20 minutes later, but couldn’t find her.”

“Is she the girl I like to see there?”

“Yes.”

“Speak to Wendy. I want *everything* there is to know about her on my desk.”

“Got it. I’ll see you soon.”

Joy hung up and pocketed her phone. She leaned back in the leather seat, fiddling with Yeri’s hair in order to relive some stress.

“Mummy, can I have some ice-cream when I get home?” Irene stared up at the woman with big doe eyes, making herself as cute as possible. Mummy usually gave in when she was stressed, and Irene knew she was very stressed. “Pleeeeeease?”

“No.”

~

“Yoongi, I’m worried for Hoseok. He’s going full out. Red Velvet noticed we took Chaesun, and even worse for us, she was a particular favourite of Joy’s. Words been going around that Joy is going to go all out to get her back.”

“I don’t know what to say. If it’s true, then we’ve got a full on war coming our way. We will probably have enough fire power to take them down, but we can’t attack something we can’t even see; they’re going to stay in the shadows.”

“I’ve been looking for certain points of weakness for RV and found barely anything. There are still two other members that are high in ranks and are literal ghosts. I heard somewhere that Joy has some sick fantasy of a family, and apparently makes her core members participate.”
“Family? Like what?”

“She is the mother, and treats the others like her daughters. We know that Seulgi and Wendy are active. What if these two ghosts are specifically there for Joy’s fantasy?”

"How young are they?"

"Between the ages of 5-12, according to ex-members of a lower rank. According to them, there is always some ruckus about toys and food, and on occasion, high-pitched giggling and screaming can be heard from Joy's office."

“That can’t be right, how are almost half of her private team an asset to Joy if they’re supposed to act like fucking 5 year olds 24/7?”

“Maybe they're younger than we think.”

“If they're young, that'll mean they won't put up a fight. In the meantime, look into their advantages. We can’t strategise if we don’t know what they’re capable of.”

“So do I just guess what is fucked up about them?”

“Joy would want people who think in a similar and efficient fashion to her, perhaps not in the same form though. So they would probably like a clearer way of thinking; a straighter path for satisfaction.”

“Right. What about Joy herself?”

“The only thing I know about her is that she is an extreme sadist. There is probably more, though. If you mess with Joy, she’ll mess with your head. People go insane after Joy is finished with them. Find some of the victims. They probably are too scarred to help but it’s worth a try. Other than that, I’ve got nothing else for you.”

"I don’t think any of this is a good idea. Good people are going to die. I could lose the only family I have left.”

“You won’t lose anyone soon, I’m not laying down to rest until Joy’s dead body is thrown in the Han. I’ve lost people to her. Their lives won’t be forgotten.”

“Yoongi..”

“Look, I know you’re scared. But so am I. I’m afraid that I’ll lose Namjoon, Hoseok, Jin and.. you.”

"I’ll be fine, we'll get through this somehow."

"Yeah?"

“Of course, just look forward to the future ahead of us.” Yoongi swore he could imagine the boy smiling and it filled the void in his heart. "My break is over, talk soon." Jimin hung up and Yoongi stood speechless, not even taking down the phone from his ear.

"Future." He smiled, eyes glazed over, "Us."
Chapter End Notes

Moral of the story?

Don't shit talk Joy's babies

Yeet I'm a sucker for Yoonmin

SMTHIN I WANT TO SAY

Joy will not make sexual advances on her 'children' but she does enjoyed being called a motherly figure in a sexual way.

Leave kudos, and stay tuned!

End Notes

please leave suggestions, feedback, anything really. Just don't be a mega bitch about it.

leave kudos, and stay tuned!

-Lucinda :)

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