human eyes / birdsong

by je00nghan

Summary

the world is out on a hunt for bounty: a billion dollar-worth winged “creature”

and yoon jeonghan, at seven years old, has since been cutting off feathers from his very own back

(and only one person believes in his humanity)

Notes

inspired by young archangel’s mutilation scene from x-men: the last stand (2006)

See the end of the work for more notes.
first cut, successful.

the material was bound deep under his skin, every part of it adhered with each other not quite like tight knits of highest quality cloth — one could only imagine it as twisted DNA, or metal chains, or the promise of a good parent to love their child even when unborn (only if one can relate).

it began with a pluck. failed, that is. it was painful, like forcing a fingernail off one’s skin but a thousand times worse. and if you think forcefully getting an adult tooth off of one’s gum defines pain, you wouldn’t imagine how it is for the boy today, yesterday, and tomorrow.

yoon jeonghan. 12 years old. son of a low-class farmer (if he could remember). anyway, he’s an orphan stuck in an otherwise welcoming home for the abandoned.

second cut, fuck.

his hands shake around the handle, he’s holding a machete: heavy steel and rusty all over, sliding down despite the grip no thanks to the mushy sweat building on his nervous palms. he pants hard, muffled crying and frustrated groans coming out of his mouth biting down a towel almost pooling with his tears and saliva.

come on, come on, come on. it’s not that big. get it in six cuts, tops. three down on each side. come on, jeonghan. you can’t stop, not now, not ever.

this isn’t the first time he’s doing it — must be the third by now — but pain does not get familiar, not at all. instead, it worsens. more and more and more. because every time he cuts, the material just grows bigger, stronger, and more rapid. he’s already figured there’s no end to it, but at least he can delay the growth.

on the third cut, blood squirts all over, warm on his hands and droplets mix with his sweat on the top of his skin: shoulders, back, even on his forehead. he cries a bit louder, but no one must hear him. he’s dehydrated by now, but he has another wing to deal with — yes. the twelve-year old orphan, yoon jeonghan, happens to have wings on his fragile, almost malnourished back.

the first time he saw it was at seven years old. little seven year old jeonghan’s back has been itching since writing period (a part of a homeschool program in the orphanage, thank God they have it). desperately reaching on his back quite too many times in a day, his adviser asks him to turn around to have a good look, and chaos begins when a streak of red blood seeps through the white of his thin-clothed t-shirt. jeonghan runs, heart beating fast for reasons he can’t understand. and in the bathroom, shirt off and heavy breathing with his back turned against the large mirror, there he sees: perked up feathers, rooted down his red and throbbing scapulae.

the world is on a craze for a bounty. theorists believe a creature has been living amongst us humans on earth. they have described it as a man with wings. no further research has been done to determine the kind: angel-like or insect-looking. nevertheless, the government research institute calls upon anyone who has found it. for one billion dollars and an honorary contribution to the world of science, bounty hunt: now open.
the announcement was cruel, especially for a seven-year old being referred to an it. and it was so informal, in words so easy for whole the orphanage — no, the whole world — to understand.

jeonghan had nowhere else to go. he was human, having basic human needs and normal human emotions. he was not an it, nor would he ever want to be the subject of a research.

fourth, fifth, and sixth cuts, done. now, clean up.

there’s knocking on the door and a voice yelling through the loud tunes of A Hard Day’s Night by The Beatles: “get out, fucker! some of us has to pee too, you selfish prick!”

“coming!” jeonghan yells back, dropping the towel from the grit of his teeth. “wait a second!” and he pushes his array of stolen steal weapons (he found laying around in the garden and the maintenance room) and blood-drenched towels in a worn out sack, and pushes himself up the bathroom counter.
in a seemingly fixed ceiling, jeonghan pushes a large tile to the side and throws the sack in perfect hiding, pushes the ceiling back to normal, wears another one of his darkest shirts, and steps out of the bathroom in unbelievably fine condition. except, he was pale and he was breathless, but no one minds to figure.

one of the many orphan bullies comes in after him. with a hand around his cock and a cigarette sneaked in, the bully’s supposed happy time interrupts, because then and there, on the yellow pool of pee before him, is a single feather floating innocently and to the delight of a soon-to-be rich orphan bully.

Chapter End Notes

hello! my name is jo and i’d like to share this story that came to me through a long ass nap where i dreamt about yoon jeonghan cutting off his own wings, like that one x-men scene from years ago (https://youtu.be/_BpHEH6CrSw)

this will be a multi-chaptered fic, but i’d like to think it won’t take longer than 12 chapters. will you be anticipating the story here with me? i’ll be adding tags and ships as we go along, too!

by the way, i’m @je000nghan on the blue bird app, and i’d be glad to take notes from you all along the way ♡ i hope you like it!
tell me, how can i put you off
when you’re a matter of urgency?
i’ve got a million things that i need to do
but they’re all secondary.

joshua speeds up to the maximum kilometers per hour, nothing beyond that, being the obedient citizen that he is. he’s driving with the window open, feeling in the cold breeze of a monday night, forcing himself to believe that this hell of a task could swerve into his optimistic sphere — anyways, all he has to do is drive until he drains all the energy out of his body, open up a huge warehouse with his too skinny of some arms, check on some supplies, and take home some medication on his list.

he worked for the government; specifically, on some small-time research lab affiliated with the government. it wasn’t big, pretty much local and set up by his father — a reputable scientist, a man behind the medical scenes. but him, joshua hong, he’s an intern. there’s no shortcut into the workplace hierarchy, not even when in years’ time, he’ll be the declared heir to the establishment. to make it worse, his job was clerical at best, and tonight, he’s scheduled to initiate the monthly inventories.

he steps on the break, foot light as he’d measure, as he drags the wheel to his left. joshua knows the roads like every bit of the soil is tattooed at the back of his mind. it’s no surprise, not when your family’s places of business have grown into you like a monthly field trip. but later on, he’d figure, it becomes a hellride when you’re driving alone under starless skies, soul desperate for a bed and a good night’s sleep.

not long later, he parks his car before a warehouse: a huge, well-conditioned room with every corner, every aisle known to him by heart. it’s the most familiar, least exciting place in joshua’s world, and tonight was like any other night he’s done an inventory with nothing new to anticipate, nothing awaiting his dying expectations — except, once he gets there and the steel gates are open, he sees what human eyes would fail to believe.

joshua steps forward and he’s greeted with a hiss and “don’t come!” following suit; but he takes another step because he wanted to see the magnificence before him: a man, a body built like medium-adonis, skin glowing under the moonlight.

and there was blood — all over the floor circling the man; blood, all over the hands embraced around his torso, dripping down his forearms, his stomach, his legs, and his feet. the only item of clothing he had, some boxers, once white now spotted in deep colors of red.

but above all, literally and physically above all, there were the most surreal, most unbelievable, most… deconstructed… pair of wings.
“n-no! no!” the man — the angel — cries out, stepping backwards with weakened legs and arms now hovering over his head, looking down in abundant shame and fear. “don’t come closer!”

joshua watches the man retreat to the darkest corner, disappearing out of the minimal lunar light coming down from an elevated window. he hears him stumble, knocking over bottles of medicines of all sorts, but his wings (his bloodstained, plucked, uneven, and damaged wings) were too big to be hidden below dark shadows.

“please, leave… i-i haven’t taken a-anything!”

the warehouse was silent, the man’s whimpers tone down and joshua doesn’t speak. but one step reaches to the man’s sensitivity and he retreats deeper into the walls, begging again for joshua not to come closer.

“i know,” joshua manages to say. carefully, he drops his suitcase and raises his hands to come in peace. “i-i just want to see.”

“you’ve seen everything y-you shouldn’t!”

joshua makes it slowly, more careful, in an attempt not to be heard closer and closer. “why are you… y-your wings… they’re broken. who hurt you?”

when the man doesn’t answer, joshua continues to talk. “i’m joshua. joshua hong. i-i’m an intern, i work in a—in a lab. listen, i’m—”

he’s cut by the figure, the man hovers above him for less than a second and he feels a feather tickle down his nose and catches it on his palm — it was heavy despite its look, the quill was thick and bloodied, it resembled flesh; the shaft was a gradient color, like blood was making its way to fill until the top, and the gradient was the same on the vane; on the parts absent the blood, the color was white in the cleanest form, not cloudy, but almost like silver and translucent. it was interesting, to say the least.

“you’re too close!” the man hisses, his tone was more fearful than angry, and joshua watches him clumsily land on the ground. his wings were too broken, too damaged, to flop higher than joshua’s height. unable to support himself, the man drops heavily on his knees and lower, down until he’s in all fours; down until his arms are bent; down until his chest hits the ground and his legs spread on the concrete.

the moonlight shines atop his skin, and his wings were almost illuminated. the light created contours on the man’s body, and when joshua hurries closer, he finally sees the man’s face: beautiful is all joshua could register.

“kill me,” he’s crying. “kill me instead. don’t take me to them. to anyone. kill me!”

joshua is startled by the hand clutched around the seam of his pants, trembling and stronger than the man looks. “please, kill me!”

and his mind begins to absorb it. he remembers too many years ago, when the world was in a craze. it was too many, too many years ago, impossible, him and the world had almost forgotten: the winged-man bounty.
and like a grain of diamond dust you float
and my devotion’s outer crust cracks.

for some reason, he feels angry. he’s angry that this winged-man, this angel, is a bounty, let alone for one billion dollars only. he’s priceless, he’s art and all things the earth cannot afford. hell to the people who named his price! no piece of human shit deserves him. not even him, not one joshua hong.

when you say you need me tonight
i can’t keep my feelings in disguise
the white parts of my eyeballs illuminate.

“shhh, shhh.”

the winged-man places himself firmly in position: kneeling down before a stainless table, supporting the weight of his upper body by his forearms; his fingers almost white and bloodless as he clutches the edge of the table with full strength, not only to suppress movement, but also to endure the pain on his horrified back.

“it’s not helping, is it?”

he grunts in response and the silence he receives in return is a painful prolongation of agony. but he understands, it’s not everyday that a person gets to help someone mutilate wings from his back, and to top it off, no medication was helping him react less to the pain. “please, josh-joshua,” he begs, voice shaky and breathless. “i in-ins-sist.”

joshua obeys. for the third time tonight, with all of what’s left of his little energy, joshua lifts a heavy knife shaped like a sickle, and slashes it down the winged-man’s back. he’s careful not to scrape off much of the man’s skin, thank God the roots where the feathers protrude were visible enough to aim at.

the winged-man had instructed him to finish each wing in three cuts, and so he did. with heavy grunts and muffled crying, the man’s wings were off and lifeless, lying around the two of them, coupled with a pool of blood.

the amount of red was alerting and joshua feels like vomiting then and there. but the respectful man that he is quickly stands up (disregarding the dizziness clouding over him), grabs large towels stacked on a cabinet nearby, and cleans the whole situation up — first, the man.
“i’m sorry the anesthesia didn’t take effect,” joshua consoles, wiping the man’s back with towel mixed with some kind of antiseptic he could only hope would work somehow. “should we…”

the man shakes his head at the sight of the bandages joshua lifts before him.

if the sun’s in your eyes,
I’ll tighten your blindfold, baby.
don’t worry, your foot won’t get cut.
strut carelessly.

joshua locks his suitcase and carefully places it on the table, now clean from any evidence of blood and morbid mutilation. i deserve a fucking award, he thinks to himself, and rightfully so, because it took him hours to clean off the warehouse and finish the inventory, all while choking down his own vomit and sighing off the pounding on his head. and when he looks down, he gives off another sigh.

the winged-man lies at death’s door by his feet, dreaming deeply on the marbled tiles of the warehouse. it would take debit on joshua’s energy if he even attempts to wake the man barely alive, so he pushes himself up on the table and lies atop the cold steel. eyes closed, off to sleep.

it’s three in the morning. his questions can wait a few hours.

Chapter End Notes

thank you so much for anticipating this fic from its prologue, i really appreciate the feedback! i hope you continue keeping up with the story with me! i’ll try to get better at every chapter, but i hope this long ass one is a good enough beginning 😘❤️❤️❤️

next update in 4-5 days, maybe?
questions, questions, questions.

Chapter Summary

there’s so much that is yet to unfold.

Chapter Notes

introducing: jihoon & seungcheol... and one more person, i guess?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“How’s my favorite doctor?”

the room shuts gently, a careful click that contrasts the heavy weight of the metal-made door. there are light footsteps that follow, the heels clicking slowly like the person to whom they belong is either creating tension or walking in caution — in this case, the former. jihoon knows this too well.

“Who told you you can come in?”

he hears a light chuckle, all air, but to jihoon, it’s all too familiar. and he also knows the smell of the person, tickling his senses deeper and deeper as the man maneuvers closer into his space and suddenly, the room feels warm.

jihoon’s office was usually cold, both as to ambiance and temperature, and only the presence of one person brings heat into its four walls because in many ways, choi seungcheol had that kind of effect.

“Baby, what’s with the temper?”

yes, it is seungcheol. jihoon knows by the way the ‘baby’ is slurred and dragged along the said person’s throat.

“You busy?”

jihoon doesn’t care to look, standing before his desk with his back facing against the door. he taps a stack of documents clamped in his palms, making unnecessarily loud sounds on the wood of the desk; he does it through and through until the papers are all aligned.

“Baby, i got news for you.”

jihoon’s chest jumps, startled, but his body doesn’t mirror. he must have overestimated the distance between his desk and the door, because seungcheol was already pressed against his body, chin coming closer toward his face. jihoon has to remind himself to breathe three seconds later.

“You wanna hear it?”

seungcheol’s breath tickles down jihoon’s cheek and into the crook of his neck, and it’s taking all his might not to succumb to his body’s reaction and shiver. and when he feels composed, despite
seungcheol’s hand caressing either side of his shoulders, he answers, “if it’s so important that you have to come all the way here without precaution.”

seungcheol presses a kiss on jihoon’s cheek, soft and mildly wet. he doesn’t pull away and directs his mouth slightly behind so they’re brushing against jihoon’s ear. “i found a subject for you.”

**subject. ting!** that was jihoon’s magic word.

“what do you mean?” he finally turns to look at seungcheol, his face an inch away from the latter’s nose. (he slowly swallows at the sight of seungcheol’s eyes: dopey. large. seductive. alive.)

seungcheol looks up, teasingly. but his arms move to wrap around jihoon’s torso delicately (so as not to cause too much creases on the latter’s clean, white gown as he knows how jihoon he likes to keep his uniform neat and himself presentable). he licks his lips, a mannerism, and smiles excitedly: “i found us a winged-man bounty.”

joshua wakes up at the sound of stifled cries and mutters that resemble the closest to **help!** and **no!** and **i-it’s not m-me!**

he wipes away the morning dusts that built up as stress residue overnight, and allows himself to lie on his back a little longer. it takes him one good minute to realize that **first,** his back is aching; **second,** his sight beholds high beams different from his bedroom ceiling that welcomes his mornings with stickers displaying the Capricornus; and **third,** something bizarre happened last n—**NO!**

joshua sits up in a hurry, eyes wide and unbelieving. he needs more than four hours of sleep to collect everything around him — **okay, okay. shua. there’s a man at your feet and he’s covered in blood-stained towels. why? because you helped him mutilate his wings, idiot! got it? okay, good. now. the man. he’s crying. he’s alive. that’s great. but, wait. fuck. okay, wings. they’re inside the plastic bag right beside your suitcase. wait. back to the man. fuck, he’s screaming. wake him up, damn it!**

but just when joshua decides to shake the man awake, the latter’s eyes open: wide, mirroring the size of his mouth, exhaling short and quick breaths.

“hey, hey,” joshua consoles, open palms coming down closer to hover above the man’s thumping chest. “breathe. slowly. inha—good. exhale,” he coaches.

silence comes in between them the moment the man regains full consciousness and composure. it’s awkward somehow because joshua’s squatting beside a naked man whose eyes are darted straight toward him, making him blush and suddenly so aware that he hasn’t washed his face and he has just missed his nightly baths. but, wow, joshua has never seen eyes so big and defined; eyelids lining
down to small curves at both ends; iris wavering in miniscule measure, reflecting light that make them all too dreamy and breathtakingly beautiful. so before he lets his admiration consume him, joshua fakes a cough and clears his throat, “uhm—”

“—thank you.”

joshua takes his time to register the man’s voice.

“joshua.”

it’s easier when the voice speaks out his name.

“what’s yours?”

“huh?”

i’m an idiot. “i, uh, your name? what is it?” oh, my.

“jeo—” the man cuts himself with a light cough. “i’m sorry.”

jihoon stares at seungcheol with parted lips, his mind short-circuiting at the sound of seungcheol’s whisper — winged-man bounty. unbelievable. the last time he has heard about the creature craze was back when he was barely even a developed man. eleven, he recalls; at that age, jihoon was only beginning to take interest in the world of science.

“you’re delusional,” jihoon laughs because seungcheol must be; all humanity has already given up on the theory of the earth adopting his favorite: X-Men Series and believing that amongst them were what culture calls mutants. “that issue died years ago, your subject is impossible.”

seungcheol (finally) lets go of jihoon, now motioning to position himself in front of the latter who scoots a little so he could lean back on the desk, palms resting atop the wood behind him. “i’ll show you. what’s my prize?”

“a billion dollars,” jihoon answers, rolling his eyes. “cheol, i hope you know that i’m a busy scientist with actual science to deal with.”

“and i’m a greedy politician who only cares about money and a fake reputation.”

jihoon nods, he wasn’t lying.

“come here,” seungcheol opens his arms, inviting the doctor in an embrace, but jihoon stands firm and tells him they don’t have to touch.
“preliminary,” seungcheol suggests. “I just want to hold you, baby.”

“preliminary what? fuck you,” jihoon spats, but seungcheol doesn’t listen. instead, jihoon finds himself, once again, inside the politician’s arms.

“preliminary prize. a hug?” seungcheol smiles, happy at the softness jihoon conveys under protest; and jihoon, with his chest pressed against seungcheol’s torso, watches the latter pull a mobile phone out and place it right in front of his face, way too close, as if forcing him to see the screen’s content.

seungcheol quickly tucks the phone away and embraces jihoon tighter in his hold, aggressively, excited, almost like he waited all this time to combust and squeeze jihoon to explosion. “cool huh?”

jihoon is taken by the mouth, a sloppy kiss that’s all too eager, tongue-playing and teeth-clicking in between. and he takes it all, absentmindedly; nevermind that his gown has gone all wrinkly; as he focuses to register the image displayed earlier on the screen: a shape of a creature with limbs too human to be a bird, captured in video, flying high in the dark night sky. the quality was low, zoomed in desperately, but the possibilities, oh goodness, the possibilities — they will bring wonders to jihoon’s lab.

finally, jihoon smiles against seungcheol’s lips and his hand lifts to hold the latter’s nape, kissing him back.

——————————

joshua doesn’t understand. “you don’t want me to know?”

the man bites on his lips guiltily. refusing to speak, he stands up (in pain and so, so much of it, it’s hard to watch) and fixes the towels wrapped around him: one by his waist, another over his shoulders. “I should go.”

joshua observes the trail of blood that must have seeped through the cuts; the man’s scapulae were all brutally red, throbbing less than hours ago, but still too flesh with the skin inflated. joshua regrets not insisting to wrap him up with gauze pads or whatever bandages would have worked to protect him from bacteria, at least.

oddly so, the man seems to be handling the pain inhumanely well, now standing tall before joshua, reaching up a hand. “I don’t know how to thank you enough.”

joshua rejects the man’s hand, perhaps beyond his intention. he was staring, mute. the man bows down before him and turns around to leave.

“you can’t!” joshua tugs on the man’s arm and releases it quickly and apologetically upon feeling the latter’s muscles tense. “I mean, you,” he scans the man from head to toe.
“i’m naked.”
“as a matter of fact.”
the man smiles.

oh, damn.

after persisting denial of any more medication, jeonghan sits on the leather seat of joshua’s car — with towels draped above them that is, because joshua claims he doesn’t want evidence of any blood left inside his car (but really, joshua’s car was just way too dirty for overly exposed wounds and he’s unexplainably worried for the man). jeonghan grabs on the handle, holding himself up so his back doesn’t make any physical contact with anything but air; otherwise, it would be one hell of a… backache.

it’s been a silent ten-minute ride so far until jeonghan grunts, prompting joshua to take a quick glance: first on his face, then on his back, and oh, that’s a nice arm… joshua takes his eyes back on the road before his gaze trails down jeonghan’s torso.

“What’s wrong? should i slow down?”

jeonghan shakes his head. “no, it’s nothing. just… adjusting.”

joshua lets him be — lying. it wasn’t nothing. it was everything. jeonghan doesn’t know how he ended up meeting a stranger named joshua hong who mutilates his wings for him and insists on driving him home. joshua hong. of all people, a man who works in a lab. fuck me.

he was better than this; never in his life has he been any more careless than his last few days in the orphanage. no. he can’t. he can’t be the stupid orphan that he was before, not again. he’s smart, a lot smarter now. in fact, he’s powerful; he was almost always correct. fuck. jeonghan wants to scream. fuck fuck fuckity fuck!

jeonghan makes a mental note of justifications: first, he had no choice. he couldn’t fly back home with no fucking wings to lift him up with; second, those damn wings! those wings were fucking painful.

“sorry?”

“huh?”

“sorry. you said those wings were fucking painful?”
hah. one more: fuck. jeonghan flashes a tight smile, eyes squinting and terribly cute. it was too forced for joshua not to ignore his mini mental breakdown.

joshua pulls the hand break, relaxing amidst the heavy traffic. thank the heavens his car was tinted pitch black, what sight it was for the public with jeonghan all naked and injured.

“don’t take me wrong,” joshua begins softly, his eyes avoiding jeonghan. “if i can’t know your name, can i at least know what happened? why were you in the warehouse? our warehouse? my dad’s. i mean, how—no. why?”

jeonghan wanted to pretend stupid (not that he’s not already that since last night) and avoid the question, but a noble man lives to be fair. maybe he can spare him a little, filter his words, hide his identity. besides, this joshua hong… he’s… not interested. he doesn’t seem to be. if it were any other, jeonghan would have been locked up under the cruel hands of scientists and the claim of credit of heartless politics. nevertheless, he had to be careful.

and truth be told, jeonghan had always been coming back and forth in that warehouse. midnights, for the most part of his lifetime. jeonghan vividly remembers the first day he stumbled upon the warehouse, young and frail, his little body desperate for painkillers and all things that can take away his cursed feathered back in the least painful manner.

like the criminal that he is, jeonghan would steal medicine of all sorts from that warehouse; and like the genius that he is, he managed to teach himself to inject whatever medicine his body reacted well with. he would explain more, really, there’s so much more that he remembers; honestly, he wanted to even explain all of it back to himself. but, no. not now. it just doesn’t feel quite careful, quite wise.

joshua brushes his chances of knowing when jeonghan doesn’t answer. somehow, jeonghan managed to duck the question and spoke only words that made directions until they were parked before high walls that protected what appeared to be the angel’s extravagant home — rich, joshua notes. he must be a wealthy man.

jeonghan unlocks the seatbelt he’s been fighting against for minutes, stretches his back, and turns to joshua, giving him thanks and… perhaps… maybe… “would you like to come inside?”

Lee Seokmin (7:00 a.m.): did you see the news? please tell me that wasn’t you.

3 missed calls from Lee Seokmin.
Lee Seokmin (7:17 a.m.): jeonghan? why aren’t you answering?

6 missed calls from Lee Seokmin.

Lee Seokmin (7:26 a.m.): i’m coming home tomorrow. please, reply ANYTHING if you’re safe.

10 missed calls from Lee Seokmin.

Lee Seokmin (7:41 a.m.): please. jeonghan.

Chapter End Notes

hi! i appreciate your feedback, thank you! mm, it would be nice to know if anyone else is still with me, drop me your kudos and comments? i’d love to hear from you! i wonder if you’re curious about the newly introduced characters — how did you like that jicheol? and the story’s progress by far... i know it’s a little frustrating, but i’ll update as soon as i can! it’s all canned, just fixing a few words here and there. anyways, i’d be happy to see your comments! at least let me know you’re here with me ♡

you can also find me on twitter @je000nghan and on curiouscat.me/je000nghan!
Joshua shuffles out of the bathroom, leaving wet trails of water coming down from parts of his body he’s quite sure fifty percent of which are sweat. He quickly puts on his usual fashion: a polo shirt sporting his favorite alligator logo by one chest, coupled with some dress pants that look a lot like the ten other dress pants in his closet ranging different colors (today, he got navy blues to contrast his white top); he slips on low socks and a pair of comfortable leather shoes to match his look as a whole.

With a quick hand, he lifts his phone for a two-second regret of checking his notifications before tucking the device into a pocket.

Soonie (8:59 a.m.): get ur ass over here already fuck

Soonie (9:03 a.m.): also can u buy me something on ur way plz ~~~

Soonie (9:03 a.m.): that burger from yesterday sounds nice

Soonie (9:05 a.m.): u know what

Soonie (9:05 a.m.): make it a sandwich

Soonie (9:06 a.m.): i’m tryna live healthy :D

Soonie (9:17 a.m.): what’s taking you SO LONG DUDE
joshua presses his forehead against the back of his hands clutched tight around the steering wheel. he sighs throughout the red light and speeds not beyond the maximum allowable kilometers per hour, wishing he could’ve put his phone on silent earlier, ignore Soonie’s ‘urgent’ calls, and say yes to the winged-man’s invitation to come inside his high-walled abode.

his mind is a vision of the man’s face, so vivid; still, joshua couldn’t quite guess what it was showing. weirdly enough, it did things to his heart. tickles? blood rush? he’s a doctor and an over-all scientist, he should know. but somewhere between the man’s tight smile and wavering eyes, and the sad-yet-relieved tone of ‘i guess we part here then, joshua hong. thank you for everything’ tells him that maybe, just maybe, the man regrets not having him for a longer time, too.

(under his breath, joshua prays for the Skies to take him close to the man again soon.)

it sucks. so much. he never even got to know his name; and honestly, he’d rather nurse a man’s back and put his degree to use, than report to his family’s own Hong Laboratories, Inc. and continue on with the inventories and all the minor tasks below that of the scientist-doctor he dreams to be. whatever it is that Soonie claims is so important, he can only guess, is another high score on a game he doesn’t even have on his phone, let alone understand.

Kwon Soonyoung was a patient man — lock him up in a room with half-dead professionals and zombies enrolled in universities guised as students, add in some rival mafiosi and maybe a whole chaotic kindergarten, you would find Soonyoung sitting in the center, rewatching iconic clips from Naruto and shuffling his Yu-Gi-Oh! cards with his free hands.

impressively, soonyoung was never short of diligence and brains. it was magic how he always submits his research on time, even finding additional data that turn out to be extra helpful. he was the 24-caratage golden backbone of the small laboratory, the ‘master researcher’ and ‘technical superior’ as he calls himself — justifiably, because he was smart, really smart. sometimes joshua feels a little jealous that Soonie gets to utilize all the education he’s gone through; he even got his doctorate degree before joshua did. truly amazing for a stereotyped computer geek, the Wade of all Wades... and joshua? at this point, he’s probably Ron Stoppable.

Nevertheless, joshua is genuinely proud of him; he even bought his little Dr. Soonie a sandwich on the way to the lab.
(time check: mid-day)

**Yoon Jeonghan:** seok, i’m sorry. i checked my phone just now.

**Lee Seokmin:** han! i’ve been worried! have you seen the news?

**Yoon Jeonghan:** yes…

**Yoon Jeonghan:** i’ll handle it.

**Lee Seokmin:** i don’t even know what i want to know at this point, hannie.

**Yoon Jeonghan:** i’m fine, if anything.

**Lee Seokmin:** i’m glad to know…

half a lie is all it was. jeonghan Was fine, but not completely — not when there’s a scalding pain on his back and, to make it worse, the flesh that it was was annoyingly sticky.

many times before, heavy air-conditioning usually helped him forget the fresh exposed dermis on his back, but today, with him seated half-naked behind his desk and feeling humid all over, his body seems to portray an alarming difference from his past mutilating seasons.

jeonghan had observed himself throughout the years and it doesn’t take a genius to figure that his body healed so much faster than any living being, but for every time he cuts his wings, not only did they start growing more and more rapid, but the pain grew all the same. he knew he was getting older, but shouldn’t that equate to strength?

jeonghan reaches on a button under the polished glass that made up his desk.
“ew!” soonyoung scowls, a grimace evident on his wrinkled nose. “you smell like fabcon!”

joshua shrugs his shoulders boldly, adjusting his white gown on a perfect fit (not that he has any experiment to do today. psh, he doubts.) “soonie, you like fabcon.”

“yeah, but not on you,” soonyoung teases, “you usually smell fruity. ran out of perfume?” he watches joshua move about until he happily accepts the Subway take-out he had lovingly requested. he mutters a giddy thanks, all eyes on the food.

“no,” joshua denies, eyes rolling and all that exaggeration. “i ran out of time because somebody called me for some urgent news.”

soonyoung almost chokes, desperately articulating words with a mouth so full. but joshua understands him and he says ‘yes’.

sweat trickles down the side of joshua’s neck and suddenly, the room feels so, so hot, and everything looks so blurry. “huh?”

soonyoung clicks his tongue proudly. “see? i said it’s amazing and you’re so into it, you can’t even comprehend. it’s a great subject, heavy potential,” he nods slowly. he means to comfort joshua and tell him he’s understandable, but really, his cutest face can also show so much teasing.

“where did you get that?”

“from me, of course,” a deep voice answers.

joshua and soonyoung were too caught up watching that viral low quality video of a man-shaped bird flying on low clouds, they did not notice wonwoo already standing tall behind them.

“my hand was shaky, but it’s high quality material,” wonwoo smiles proudly.

soonyoung shakes his head in denial. “no, i got this from the news.”

“and the news got it from me, soo—”

“news?” joshua repeats. “wasn’t this just last night?”

“yeah, it was,” wonwoo looks at him funny. “i don’t know how you know that, but yeah.”

“lucky guess,” joshua lies. “how is it already in the news?”

“again, ew,” soonyoung comments. “this friend really doesn’t a thing about social media.”

“you, wonwoo. you posted this on social media?”

the room feels tensed for a moment, a thing that soonyoung would almost never allow in his huge solo office. it’s disappointing, especially that his part of the building was the go-to place for stress relief — for wonwoo and joshua, at least (not that joshua could be any more stressed than wonwoo with his demanding job as a chemist).

“well, it is my video and my social media,” wonwoo defends himself. “why are you so mad? jeez.”
soonyoung breaks the tension with a half-assed laugh and half-heartedly offers his meal to wonwoo, just to change the subject. thank Heavens, the commotion of soonyoung denying wonwoo a bite and wonwoo roughhousing soonyoung allowed joshua to leave the room unnoticed.

and truth be told, joshua, also, doesn’t know why the video got him so riled.

Lee Seokmin: jeonghan, i don’t think i can come home any time soon. switzerland won’t allow just yet.

Yoon Jeonghan: it’s okay, seok. i’ll let mingyu extend my personality.

Lee Seokmin: what would you be without us :-) 

Yoon Jeonghan: still gorgeous. not rich. maybe dead. in a lab.

Yoon Jeonghan: anyways, safe to say negotiations are doing well? switzerland seems eager.

Lee Seokmin: shut up. and yes. they love it, han. you’re a genius, as usual. i don’t know how you come up with all these indefectible business proposals. i’m honoured to be speaking in your behalf, really… i get all the compliments!

Yoon Jeonghan: hahaha. you deserve it, brother. but what would this company be without me :-)

Lee Seokmin: of course :-*

now, mingyu.

kim mingyu has got to be the best personal assistant of all humankind — not only does he attend to jeonghan’s business babbles and desk-related activities, but he also endures the superhuman side of his mysterious winged-boss.

jeonghan just knew mingyu would give him his loyalty. who wouldn’t? for a man like him. when mingyu saw his wings for the first time, the young man kept his face blank and composed, ignoring what jeonghan thought would be a great impediment in their relationship.

like that wasn’t enough to make mingyu the best assistant in the world, when jeonghan decided to
mutilate himself alone one day, his frustrated scream had mingyu rushing to the former — but not quite there. kim mingyu, the understanding and respectful man that he is, stood outside jeonghan’s bedroom door, mustering all his best not to show that he was, if asked, absolutely scared.

when jeonghan allowed him to step inside his room for the first time that day, and into his (necessarily) large private bathroom, mingyu worked to clean up the bloody mess of feathers and steal weapons as he listened silently to the boss’ solemn and apologetic explanation.

(jeonghan just feels painfully sorry to hear mingyu vomit in the guest bathroom that day. what more had he known that mingyu had vomited many of his meals before, for the first few times he began helping him clean.)

mingyu never asked anything about it, all he knows is all that jeonghan lets him. and jeonghan, for many times until today, keeps praying for the assistant to never leave him any time soon.

mingyu enters the door to jeonghan’s home office — his only office: separate from the company building, it was located at the middle floor of his three-story home.

imagine this: a modern glass mansion surrounded by healthy trimmed grass, all of which covered by high and smooth concrete walls. the first floor welcomes a nice lobby that leads to an utterly generous kitchen (which only almost witnesses the presence of seokmin and mingyu); on the second floor is jeonghan’s office where all his works as co-CEO of his and seokmin’s business company happens; and on the third floor is jeonghan’s favorite, his bedroom.

there’s a fair share of comfort rooms on each floor and then two bathrooms (one inside jeonghan’s office, the biggest in his room). as for mingyu, his space is an extravagant desk placed just outside the boss’ office door.

so it doesn’t take him long to knock three times and welcome himself in. after all, the button jeonghan had pressed was a Call For Kim Mingyu.

jeonghan almost never leaves his home; not on the days — months — that he has his wings in tact. it was almost an office mystery in their company building where their employees refer to him as The Recurring Ghost.

he just can’t keep on cutting his wings, right? and he can’t leave his home with those burden of some wings. he needs his representatives.

mingyu now stands before jeonghan’s desk, patiently waiting for instructions; nevermind that his boss was half-naked and the room was extremely cold. and his wings, mingyu notices, he got rid of them. “is there anything i should clean, boss?”

jeonghan shakes his head. “are you on facebook?” he asks, hands and eyes busy as they go through piles of paperwork, with pens scattered all over (mingyu notes to arrange them before leaving for the day).

odd question. “yes, boss.”
“am i on facebook?”
mingyu laughs just a little. “no, boss.”
“how about that blue app?”
“most of them are blue, boss.”
“uh, the one with the bird. twitter? am i there?”
“yes, twitter,” mingyu affirms. “no, boss. you’re not on any social media platform.”
“but you are?”
“yes, boss. it’s quite fun.”
jeonghan looks at him funny, almost offended. “and you say i’m not on social media? i saw myself on the news.”
oh, mingyu thinks. so it was him.
“i need you to make some calls for me. stop the press, everything.”
“numbers, boss?” mingyu asks, receiving a paper listed with all he has to contact. jeonghan always made work easy for him.
“whatever amount. money’s no matter, okay?” jeonghan hands a little piece of paper. “this one too.”
and with one hand gesture, mingyu bows before jeonghan, walks out, obeys, and makes the calls.

the last on the list, the little paper, in jeonghan’s swift pen strokes, reads: look for joshua hong - laboratory intern.

“i’d talk first before fucking, but your smooth ass is too pretty to wait for.”
jihoon holds his weight in all fours, naked on a silk-covered bed; head turned to face seungcheol whose body’s pressed against his back. “are we in a hurry?”
seungcheol places a kiss on jihoon’s shoulder and smooths a hand on the scientist’s arm. “kinda,” he
answers, voice deep and sultry. “news is fast. we’ve got competitors.”

jihoon hates how seungcheol just answers him honestly. he hates how seungcheol only ever has his schemes on his mind.

“ready?”

goodness. he hates it. so, so much.

“just fuck me.”

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the late update! midterm exams are coming and, well, i got pretty busy... except today. classes are suspended and my mind decided to be too lazy to read schoolwork. so here we are, talking in an update. wow, this digital age.

anyways, this chapter’s pretty long, isn’t it? how do you like the new characters? and oof, i can’t wait to tell you more about jicheol and jihan’s progress soon!!! and, just so you know, more ships will be formed in the next chapters! but for now, you can guess! <3

it has also come to my attention that one of my works, maybe this mattress will spin on its axis and find me on yours, was plagiarized by an account in wattpad. thanks to plenty of you and people on twitter, it was taken down four hours thereafter.

i would like to give a special thanks to Lou for letting me know about it through the comments. and thanks to you, we discovered that the wattpad account actually plagiarized many more works from various authors D:

sigh. every single writer appreciates great feedback on their stories, but not to the extent of taking one as your own D: i hope the wattpad user learned their lesson... and since we’re on it...

i really appreciate your comments from the last chapter! it really inspired and motivated me a lot on this one because, of course, if there’s no one here who reads with me, i have no lifeblood to continue :-( so, i really appreciate it, guys. and i would be grateful to hear from you again below!

and i really enjoy talking to you, really! you guys are kind and fun. bless <3

find me on twitter: @je000nghan
and on curiouscat: /je000nghan

i hope you enjoyed this long update and i apologize for this long end-note, too. hehe!
bonus 1: jeonghan, at twelve years old.

Chapter Summary

yoon jeonghan, from rags to riches.

Chapter Notes

here’s the first bonus chapter: a short background that explains plenty about jeonghan’s character.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

jeonghan walks hastily, head down; he clutches on his dirty tote of survival, two new kinds of bread added inside: the fancy ones, with powdered sugar on top, the other spread generously with blueberries and cream — jeonghan likes to call this borrowing.

a little less than 8000 won, jeonghan thinks, adding up the price of the newly stolen — no, borrowed — pastries to his increasing list of accounting.

if i’m going to pay them someday, might as well take as much, was his motto; he repeats it to himself as he keeps track of his finances (more like, credit: the ones he promises to pay soon… if he’s not dead).

“ya!” a voice roars not too far behind him. “you thief!”

jeonghan begins to run, breath hitching under the forces of his weight. fuck, fuck fuck, he curses mentally, ducking at every obstacle and jumping over low blocks. damn, the market always seems busier when he’s in trouble.

“catch him!” the voice screams, now more distant than the first. “fucking thief!”

jeonghan confirms the distance when he looks back. but, when he turns his neck front again, he almost crashes on his own reflection, falling on his bottoms. there, his greasy, dirty face was looking forward as mirrored by the shiny black shade that made up the Audi in front of him. jeonghan backs down slowly, watching the door creak open. fuck, he thinks again. i’ve been caught.

the poor twelve-year-old stares at the grown man in front of him, probably in his late thirties. he picks himself up, pushing his weight off of the concrete street, standing up with his bag clutched against his chest. stand, he coaxes himself. you didn’t steal anything.

the grown man was sharp in his smart casual outfit, intimidating even. jeonghan just thanks his genes he’s tall enough not to be too little in front of him.

“you must have been hungry,” the grown man guesses, lifting his Raybans and placing them in his shirt pocket. “you seem to know your carbs.”
at this point, the vendors and passerbys have given their full attention to the situation; there are whispers of worry — which jeonghan didn’t need — and murmurs of condemnation — which jeonghan didn’t deserve (or so he thinks).

“where are your parents?” the grown man leans forward, creating proximity between them.

jeonghan couldn’t help but grimace, a tough Huff! coming out of his chapped lips.

“answer me, ki—”

“you should be smart enough to know i’m a lowly street boy, sir,” jeonghan cuts him, irritated at best. the heat in his head increasing at the sound of the grown man’s chuckles.

“shouldn’t i be the one mad here?” the grown man questions, but he had a point. for some reason, his aura was anything but. “you’re the one who stole from my market, correct?”

ah, the question. so here he was, a young jeonghan, standing in front of the owner of this one amongst many market places in the good city of Seoul; timely visiting at the very moment jeonghan had to feed himself again after a two-day hunger. but, he wasn’t correct — no. jeonghan refuses to identify himself as a criminal.

“nope,” jeonghan denies, determination painting through his rather blank expression. “i don’t do stealing. no.”

confused, the grown man points at the tote bag clutched between jeonghan’s arms. “don’t play when it’s clear that you’ve done something wrong,” he accuses, so sure of himself.

“who says i didn’t?” jeonghan hisses. “i got bread without permission. sure, that’s wrong. but i’m going to pay them back. 4800 won for the berried one, 3000 for the sugared. it’s not stealing if you’re going to pay for it.”

the man seems to be caught off guard, blinking blankly before the younger who stares back because, for some odd reason, the tension between them seems to subside too quickly.

the man straightens his posture, clearing his throat well enough that his voice sounds deeper when he says, “come with me. i’ll feed you something better.”

jeonghan must have been at his most desperate lows, defeating his display of attitude as he sits inside the black Audi that could have almost killed him minutes ago.

“so, jeonghan. yoon jeonghan,” the grown man, Mr. Lee (jeonghan learns) glances at him quickly before pulling his eyes back on the road. “how do you plan on paying for it?”

“i’m studying,” jeonghan shrugs, forcing his weight unto his chest and against the seatbelt that hugged him. “it will lead me to places.”

the grown man pulls at a red light, allowing him to eye on the tote jeonghan had placed by his feet. a newspaper, it seems, was sticking out of the opening alongside the two large bread.

“there are textbooks, too,” jeonghan tells him. “just some things i grabbed before going homeless.”

“What about?” mr. lee notes to ask him more personal things a little later.
“business, it seems. some accounting. a legal dictionary too.”

Mr. Lee smiles, not hiding how impressed he is. “so you know you can be in jail for what you’ve been doing to my market,” he laughs, foot on the gas again.

“I’m a kid,” Jeonghan stiffens, fighting his weight with more force this time. His body was getting weak. “they’ll put me on some juvenile detention centre, if anything. and that’s not what legal dictionaries teach,” he wants to call him an idiot, but he doesn’t. “ask me what ‘preponderance of evidence’ means or something. or latin phrases, they have them. delegata potestas non potest dele —“

“—kid, relax a bit. lean back, the seat doesn’t mind the dirty clothes,” Mr. Lee laughs, his mouth forming a nice ‘v’.

Jeonghan shakes his head. “no thanks, i’m good,” he lies. But truth be told, the poor boy had been avoiding to press his back anywhere; the wounds from the mutilation he did were throbbing still. He needed at least four days to heal. Yeah, fuck. Right. I grow wings and cut wings.

They converse more for the rest of the ride, and it was warm entering Mr. Lee’s home. Comfortable. Healthy. And Jeonghan was desperate.

So when Mr. Lee confesses days later that he’d like to invest on him and his education; tells him of the plans of expanding the market — like an adult, like Jeonghan was some college graduate genius at twelve years old — Jeonghan takes the proposal, nevermind that he’ll have to leave the odd safety of the streets and the place that served his home after escaping the orphanage.

His home after escaping the orphanage: the warehouse, escaping — matters of the past he has yet to deal with. Jeonghan stares at himself in the large mirror, standing washed and clean in his own bathroom of his own bedroom. For now, he’s got advanced classes to attend to and a new adoptive family to adjust with. (He can only hope his adoptive brother, that Seokmin dude, continues to take him well.)

Chapter End Notes

Hi there (╹◡╹) i’d like to apologize for this short update. I honestly haven’t finished the next one, but rest assured that I’ll be posting it this week. Hopefully, in 3-4 days — either that, or make it extra long and post it on the weekend. Because, you know, exams are coming :<

I hope this satisfied you nevertheless! Jeonghan’s quite smart, isn’t he? I want to be as genius as he is!
Chapter Summary

Joshua and Jeonghan meet again, neither of them wanting to part thereafter.

Chapter Notes

time skip to days thereafter last chapter’s (blue apps and that low-quality video) one-day event. maybe even a little over a week because, well, things can’t happen too fast. but let’s face it, we live our days faster than we count it. like, you know how last year’s feel like yesterday’s? yeah, that point.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lee Seokmin: Jeonghan, I’ll be home soon. Everything’s a success!

Yoon Jeonghan: Saw that coming :-D

Lee Seokmin: The whole company, too. Congratulations, my brother!

Yoon Jeonghan: That’s to you and me. And the whole company :-)!

Lee Seokmin: Of course. Can I expect a homecoming? How’s everything back home?

Yoon Jeonghan: Hahaha. The company will have it for you. I think I’ll have to be a ghost a little longer. Anyway, home is fine.

Lee Seokmin: Wait… How are you?

Yoon Jeonghan: I’m fucking stressed, my back fucking hurts.

Lee Seokmin: If you could’ve waited for me to come home, we could’ve handled your wings better :-/ Press control doing good?

Yoon Jeonghan: Excellently.

Of course, press control is doing good. Jeonghan says excellently even. Seokmin should know better; his brother had his ways.
“fuck!” seungcheol throws his cellphone full force unto his bed, almost hitting jihoon who jolts from his sleep, thanks to the force, in stark surprise. “fucking asshole!”

jihoon had to force himself into full awakeness, taking in the anger surrounding the room and the train of curses coming out of seungcheol’s dirty mouth. nevermind that his ass was smarted and his thighs were throbbing red from, well, seungcheol’s palms.

“fuck down, cheol,” jihoon complains, words finally making their way through his tongue. “what’s wrong?”

“people and their desperate cry for money,” seungcheol answers through gritted teeth, his hands failing to knot his necktie.

jihoon slips out of the blanket. moving to the edge of the bed on his knees, he reaches to swat seungcheol’s hands and takes the older by the collar, accomplishing the necktie for the latter. “like you, cheol? even when you’re already filthy rich?” he dusts the man’s shoulders, satisfied at the sweet dimpled thank you he received. “what are you mad about? and why are you dressed?”

seungcheol leans down and takes jihoon by the chin, placing a small kiss unto the latter’s lips. “i have my doubts, jihoon. i’m not the richest man on earth,” he presses another one, deeper, still short. “got a meeting.”

mingyu stands before jeonghan’s office door, anticipating a smile from his boss when he welcomes himself in three knocks after. he knows he’s been doing good because fuck right, he must — first of all, he found that the intern jeonghan asked for (which was actually pretty easy because as much as Joshua Hong indeed was an intern, Dr. Joshua Hong was an heir to a fairly known laboratory); and second, it wasn’t easy calling numbers, anonymously proposing to open a private bounty, because when jeonghan says ‘stop the press’, he really means ‘manipulate it’, and when he says he’s got ‘press control’, he really fucking means it.

jeonghan was a ghost in two ways: one, by not appearing too much in their company building; and two, by moving the world in the name of anonymity. somehow, it was easier to move unidentified, so long that you have money: one second, you’re questioned for offering an odd proposal under a no name; the next, you’re in control of their actions with their banks full in exchange — and that’s how jeonghan got korea wrapped around his little finger.
money’s of no matter, mingyu remembers jeonghan’s voice echoing through his head for the past days he’s been dealing with the public. phone call after phone call, the boss and his assistant have finally put the word out there as the headlines read: WINGED CREATURE ALLEGEDLY CAUGHT. PLANS OF AUCTION TO BE ANNOUNCED SOON.

damn it, yoon jeonghan. mingyu can’t help but be amazed. now, all he has to do it tell him about that int—doctor.

but, when mingyu steps inside the boss’ office, the boss was nowhere close to smiling — in fact, he was whimpering. in all fours, whimpering. jeonghan breathed through gnashed teeth, hands wrapped around his torso as he desperately tries to reach for his back.

“boss!” mingyu called, running towards jeonghan. “what’s happening?”

jeonghan eyes were red with tears. ignoring his assistance, jeonghan continues to reach out for this back, nails almost bleeding as he tries to scratch through the fabric of his shirt — but no, his back wasn’t itchy. fuck, that was puny. his back, his scapulae, they were in pain. indescribable, burning pain.

“boss, i—”


scared at the pale and wrecked sight of his boss, mingyu runs outside the office and towards his desk in front. quickly, he dials for what seems to be the boss’ preferred doctor.

he inquires in a tone of emergency, “hello, is this the Hong Laboratories?”

mingyu deserves a pat on the shoulder.

joshua walks fleetly, his pace moving double-quick, and so was mingyu who was two steps ahead of him as the taller man led him to jeonghan’s office. joshua’s heart was heavy in beat form the moment he heard from mingyu on the phone, and it grew heavier and pulsed faster at the sight of the winged man he never knew he’d meet again. but joshua knows better, a doctor can’t be vulnerable and panicking before a patient — let alone a wrecked man who was one scream closer to losing his wits.

“i’m here,” joshua’s voice was smooth and quiet, tone very sweet. “i’m here, it’s joshua. joshua hong.” oh, how he wish he knew the winged man’s name, but all he had was Kim Mingyu and Kim Mingyu was the man’s assistant. “i need you to calm down, okay? tell me where it hurts exactly.”
Joshua was never an anesthesiologist, but Jeonghan never seemed to mind as he even insisted on an injection back in the warehouse (as Joshua remembers) and, at this point, it was pointless to even find any of Jeonghan’s veins whatsoever. With a little more encouragement from the winged man, Joshua pokes another needle on the former’s skin and injects him with the medicine — still, it was useless.

But Jeonghan was calmer this time and Joshua likes to think it’s half because of his presence (or so Mingyu has told him, the assistant helping and observing from the side) and half because the poor man was, at a degree beyond extremes, exhausted.

Besides, it took about an hour of calming him down for Joshua to finally begin to observe the man — he hadn’t cut his wings, no, they just did that days ago; but his body seems to be growing it back as harsh bones poked through the scapulae, as they obviously shape through his shirt.

Joshua couldn’t help but bring out the scientist in him. Why would it hurt? Why only now?

“We have to make him rest,” Joshua tells Mingyu, clueing nothing else that he can do to alleviate the pain. “He’s too tired. I’ll soothe the pain with natural remedy. Can you show me the towels?”

With that, Mingyu and Joshua together helped transfer Jeonghan to his bedroom, carrying him with his arms around their shoulders. Once there, Mingyu promptly instructs Joshua of the cabinets and the bathroom, making it quick for the doctor to familiarize himself for equipment.

When Jeonghan, with his voice so weak, permits Mingyu (more like commands, he cares for his assistant) to head home, the assistant, though initially protested, does as told, leaving the boss and his doctor alone.

“No, no. Keep lying,” Joshua orders, hushing the whimpering other who was attempting to force himself up off the bed with his arms. “I’ll wipe your back clean, okay? There’s just a little blood seeping through your shirt. Do you mind if I take it off?”

Jeonghan, back on his stomach, shakes his head then tucks it under one arm.

For the rest of the night, silence takes over.

Joshua had just put away the towels and whatever water-based remedy he had applied on his patient’s back, leaving a folded one to cover up his scapulae. Now seated on a chair he had pulled beside the bed, he watches the man who seemed to had fallen asleep.

Except, it was the other way around.

Left with no other choice but to brace the pain, Jeonghan rests. To call himself worn out was an understatement, but he had no other means to win over his literally painful misfortune. Scratching didn’t help, screaming didn’t help, crying was not a voluntary action. But through all the odds that kindle his heart, having this person Joshua nurse him had made the pain in some ways less.
he turns his head to joshua, asleep on his favorite chair. even with his bleary vision (and inherent bad eyesight), jeonghan registers the most beautiful face he’d ever encountered by far. joshua, as jeonghan thinks, has eyes carved about a million times again and again just to reach perfection; his lips were red and effortlessly puckered; nose that must form an ethereal profile. and somewhere between memorizing him and thanking him in silent thoughts, jeonghan begs for joshua to be in his eyes for a little longer.

joshua suddenly awakens. soft and hoarse, he tells his patient you’re awake. joshua frowns when he gets a nod in return. “sleep,” he orders. “you need to recover.”

as if he hadn’t fallen asleep himself, jeonghan thinks, smiling a little. “what about you?”

joshua sits forward, adjusting the towel on jeonghan’s back. “i’ll have to leave then.”

“why?”

that catches joshua off guard. “it’s your place, silly. i’m not supposed to be here.”

“but i called you over.”

“and i came,” joshua lets himself laugh a little at the other whining like a child. “fine, i’ll watch over until you fall asleep.”

jeonghan thinks for a moment, and then, “then i won’t.” what’s gotten into me?

— joshua thinks of the same thing. “what’s making you stubborn?” he leans a bit closer, brushing a palm on the other’s forehead. “what else can i do for you?”

jeonghan grabs him by the wrist, lowering it down for his amusement. shyly, he plays with joshua’s fingers until they interlock and fuck, the things he’s doing to their hearts. “stay.”

joshua watches, unaware that somehow, he had locked his fingers back; he focuses on the heat building on his stomach and the pounding on his chest. what is he doing? he hears him mumble something, a word. he’s not sure. “huh?”

“jeonghan,” jeonghan repeats, rubbing a thumb over the back of joshua’s own. “my name… it’s yoon jeonghan.”

maybe it isn’t so bad to stay over tonight, joshua convinces himself. besides, he’s too tired and the morning will come any time soon… but for why he’s lying on the same bed as jeonghan, there was no rationale.

jeonghan, he repeats to himself. his name is jeonghan. jeonghan. he memorizes it again and again, letting the name run through his head like he had been deprived of it for his whole life. jeonghan. yoon jeonghan. the man beside him, asleep and nuzzled by his shoulder, his name is yoon jeonghan.

there’s no one to explain to, he thinks further, looking at the arm slumped over his torso and his own arm over it. just let me have this for the night.

and he does as he tells himself so, closing his eyes and drifting off to sleep.
hey, thanks for the 100 kudos! a little more and we’ll get a thousand hits! thanks staying with me. you’re here right? let me hear from you, come on! (^.^) hehe and if you didn’t know yet, i’m @je00nghan on twitter and curiouscat too!
bonus 2: an assistant and a chemist walk into a bar... (meanie, 1)

Chapter Summary

meanie, say: Thank You, Jeonghan (and, okay, soonyoung).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

thud! mingyu’s back hits flat against the hotel room door, thankfully missing the doorknob or else.

“who?” he mumbles through locked lips; swollen, wet, red blood rising on the surface; smacked against another.

“if you’re asking then i will.”

wonwoo. mingyu’s lips were smacked against wonwoo’s. right, wonwoo. jeon wonwoo. goodness, mingyu is probably the only person to ever make sure to remember a one night stand’s full name.

“okay,” he breathes in deep, nervous if he so admits. it’s been a while since he had last been fucked, not like he had any time after all. he worries a little, his now tight asshole. but it’s okay, it’s fine. he wanted this, needed this even. it’s been a long damn day, his mind an empty space, and the last thing mingyu wants to happen is to forget that he was—is human.

letting wonwoo take over; dominating him; grinding him so rough, he allows himself to lift his thigh closer to the former’s crotch; he tries to convince himself that wonwoo can make him feel human tonight. or so he hopes, and so he prays.

mingyu walks past multiple names and persons he was made to memorize beforehand, whispering identities and small personal fun facts to jeonghan as they approach and let people approach them for half-fake small talks. mingyu’s mind was a tumbleweed of information and a children’s abstract beyond-the-lines coloring book all. at. freaking. once. — he hasn’t had a proper sleep for three nights.

if he’s asked if he was ever looking forward to going on a trip to india, no lie, mingyu would admit. but he didn’t think it was anything this… life depleting. medicine conferences (or whatever branch of science this hell of a boring talk was) never tickled mingyu’s knowledge fancy. but fine, he had to sit this through all for jeonghan, because jeonghan needs it. his boss was one hell of a medicine enthusiast; painkillers, in particular.
the last day of the conference was mingyu’s saving grace.

“how come i didn’t see you sooner?” mingyu finally takes a breath, letting wonwoo push him down the bed and unbutton his shirt recklessly.

“i was late.”

aaa, fuck. his voice. mingyu had to prevent his body from shivering at the cold, cold sound of the doctor’s voice. deep, calm; totally not as breathless as mingyu has been by far.

but three words was all it was, and that one damned sentence earlier. or four words, if he counts their first ‘hello’.

not like it was actually a ‘hello’ — no. mingyu had first seen wonwoo right before his first shot of scorching whiskey in the ever so luxurious bar by the hotel. bracing himself for another sleepless night until him and jeonghan leave for korea again in the morning.

when mingyu takes his drink, wincing at the strong trail of heat the alcohol makes down his throat, a man suddenly comes to sit beside him: he was tall before he sat, gorgeous; dark in aura; handsome underneath bloodshot eyes and hair that could use a little styling. his features were sharp from his eyes down the way his suit clung unto his legs, exactly how mingyu likes his men (not that he takes his preferences seriously, not that he thinks of having a partner anytime soon).

carefully, mingyu turns his head to the man’s direction — a complete focus, a proper view. it must have been his own strained eyes that he felt the need to lean closer and observe the man on rather intimate terms. hell, the man was staring back at him, dagger looks ripping down what space they had in between. and then, the man’s brows furrow and mingyu shakes his head.

“i’m sorry,” he snaps, his mouth can’t seem to close. “you just… you look familiar.”

he watches the man as he nods and take out a professional card: Dr. Jeon Wonwoo. and underneath his name reads: CHEMIST. ah, he must have been an attendee, one of the many.

it takes them a few more silent seconds of surprisingly unawkward, rather sexual, rather tensioned stares until mingyu thinks, fuck it. if i’m going to stay the hell up tonight, might as well do it fucked.

mingyu breaks the silence with a cough. “sorry, do you have plans tonight?” he takes the smallest lean back, the smallest; obvious enough to say he was fine with parting, sly enough to suggest they don’t.

he’s answered with a cold, quick No, and the next thing mingyu knows, he’s locked inside the a hotel room, getting undressed by a doctor for some good rounds of fucking.
one round down and on to the next, maybe last. goodness, they were too tired. this time, it’s wonwoo underneath mingyu; the doctor in all fours.

and it’s not until he flies back to korea that he wished wonwoo had faced him on their last round. he wished he had kept the card and read more than just his name and profession. he wished he had asked him what it was that made him consent to the fuck and get fucked.

was he sad? did the bags underneath his eyes meant he was just as tired and sleepless as mingyu was? for what reason?

when the crew announces their boarding, mingyu brushes away the lingering thoughts and settles with maybe, jeon wonwoo was just another horny man he just happened to find in india.

but fate seems to have made its way into a nice game of serendipity when jeonghan asks him to look for one Joshua Hong, because on his very first attempt to do so, he’s greeted with the voice that flashed him back to the night in india.

unexpecting, mingyu calls, “good morning. is this Hong Laboratories?”

“yo, you look wrecked,” soonyoung grimaces, watching wonwoo slump down an empty seat behind the reception counter. “ugly, even.” and when wonwoo responds with a flick of the finger, he adds, “and a very bad man.”

“and yo, soonyoung. get off,” minghao taps soonyoung by the shoulder, shoo-ing him off his office chair and rightfully taking over his property in an attempt to resume work. “why the hell are you guys here again? damn, i was just getting started!”

minghao was the secretary of the laboratory, and a very good secretary at that. the very best at all the
paperwork and inter-communications. except, when soonyoung, joshua, and wonwoo come over his little space on the very first floor, minghao gets a bit distracted. or maybe too distracted, he hadn’t realized the phone had rung and wonwoo had taken it upon himself to answer.

“yes, this is the Hong Laboratories, Inc.. good morning. how may i help you?”

—and with the help of their genius Dr. Soonie, wonwoo may finally track down the person that had him looking all wrecked, ugly, and a very bad man.

he has been thinking about him for days, weeks, since that night in india. how can he not? when that two-round fuck had saved him from all his broken nights and the most stressful time of his life by far — well, not that it was a big deal. no. no big deal. wonwoo was just trying to fix solutions here and there. maybe he was just overly dramatic and extremely, over the edge, unbearably horny. but that’s whatever. a chemist needs to live a little too.

but when wonwoo makes his way to the supposed office of… his one night stand… an incredibly distant distorted figure that is all so beautiful and surreal makes an appearance on the dark night sky.

and wonwoo doesn’t think twice on pulling his phone out and capturing a video. sick.

Chapter End Notes

hey, there! i hope ya’ll enjoyed this bonus chapter. it plays quite a role in the story, right? and don’t we love a good Switch Meanie? he he he

anyways, i got caught up with exams and will try to post the next update within the week. as soon as possible. damn it, jeonghan & joshua can’t sleep together for days
long. lmao

thanks for reading! til the next update!
love & obsession

Chapter Summary

things between jeonghan and joshua escalate;

things between jihoon and seungcheol... have gone down to the burning pits of hell. (not that seungcheol is aware so.)

oh, and there’s a cockblocker towards the end.

Chapter Notes

if you haven’t figured it out yet, jeonghan refuses to bandage his back because any contact to his freshly mutilated body makes it even more painful for him; he just lets the wounds dry and heal. on the last chapter [masked sponsor (yoon jeonghan)], jeonghan decides to rest, accepting whatever help joshua insists upon him and thus, the towel on his back.

just pointing it out because these are little details that show vulnerability and i’d like to think they matter ;)

also, the last bonus chapter [an assistant and a chemist walk into a bar… (meanie, 1)] shows (moreover the meanie serendipity) how wonwoo got a video of jeonghan in the clouds.

now, let’s continue on with the story…

See the end of the chapter for more notes

the aroma was new to jeonghan’s morning — medical. the room smells of a vague and unusual mix of hospitals and a spa; herbal, if anything. and when jeonghan moves a miniscule turn, his nose catches on citrus: lemon, and he wonders what shampoo joshua normally used.

with heavy lids, he takes a glance on the doctor who was all sorts of soft, warm, and serene under what sunlight beamed through the slight opening between the room’s thick curtains. joshua was breathing in even patterns, silent and calm, and jeonghan holds all of him in one arm. careful not to wake him up (else he’ll leave his side then), he reaches half of his body over the sleeping one, drinking to half-empty the glass of water joshua had prepared for him last night.

(no one had tendered to him like this before.)

it takes about twenty minutes before the doctor awakens, and jeonghan watches him flutter lashes as his eyes open, taking in the sight of the bedroom that wasn’t his and the light that tells of a new day. there’s a hint of panic when joshua turns to jeonghan, his voice all hoarse and low when he asks for
the time; of relief when jeonghan tells him it was barely six in the morning. early.

“go back to sleep,” jeonghan tells him, pulling the blankets upward before running a light hand over his shoulder.

“i shouldn’t,” joshua answers, the small smile on his mouth gives it off politely. “how’s your back?”

“painful.”

joshua was (and still is) abundantly perplexed, especially at how easy it was for him to tell the other to sit up and stay still and that he’ll salve his back for him. like it was never strange that he had just slept on the same bed as him, like it wasn’t only their second time to meet; like, spending the night together was just as normal as it was back in the warehouse, nevermind that this time they were all cuddled up and joshua liked the warmth of jeonghan’s (bare) body and the way the latter smooths his arm.

and it was all so… Comfortable. joshua didn’t mind the grease that had surfaced atop the thin skin on his face overnight, nor his unkempt hair that usually bothered him in the mornings. for some reason, it felt like waking up to the cheer of jeonghan’s presence was a thing of every day occurrence. it oddly reminds him of a silver-old relationship, not that he had any experience whatsoever in the past — it just does. oddly. yes, very odd.

going back and forth the bathroom and the cabinets that kept whatever equipment joshua decided was useful, he now positions himself on his knees behind jeonghan, the latter seated at the edge of the bed.

“you seem to know my room so well,” jeonghan comments. joshua doesn’t see the slight blush that accompanied the smile his voice gave out.

joshua wanted to brave it out and say yeah, and you. i seem to know you so well when i don’t. really. what am i doing here? instead, he says, “mr. kim walked me through last night, if you don’t remember.”

jeonghan snickers, “i have wings, doctor. not amnesia,” and indulges the playful smack he receives from the back of his head. “it’s just amusing, is all.”

“What? my mind?” joshua jokes, and jeonghan takes it as it is and nods sure.

“i owe you, doctor hong.”

“please, Joshua is fine. it’s not like i’m your real doctor.”

“no?” jeonghan turns his body to joshua, his back only half-tendered with ointment of some sorts. “because i don’t pay you?”

“You don’t have to.”

“are you being sulky?”

“no, i don’t mind,” joshua moves jeonghan by the shoulder, aligning the latter’s back to his front again. it’s not much, but he observes that the bloated roots of the wings had repleted even more, even after all his efforts to alleviate it. “it really grows this fast huh.”

“not when i was younger. i think it gets rapid. i fear they’d be as fast as my stubble one day,” jeonghan sighs. “and i shave everyday.”
joshua laughs, but jeonghan knows he was being empathetic. “how often do you remove them then?”

“often, used to. i see them grow a little, i cut. but it gets tougher every time, so i let them grow bigger.”

“easier that way?”

“yeah, the chopping. and i’d rather endure the pain all at once than have less of it every now and then.”

“but doesn’t it hurt when it grows?”

“fuck yes, it does. like how it grows faster each time, i guess.”

“and the painkillers. they used to help?”

jeonghan nods. “maybe i’ve reached my fucking limit,” he sighs, defeated. “and you say you’re not my doctor.”

joshua gets a flashback of the night at the warehouse. the anesthesia did nothing, indeed. what more from last night? he can only imagine how painful it must be for jeonghan and it racks his heart for a moment.

“not officially, no,” joshua pats on the other’s shoulders, signaling that they’ve finished; and jeonghan takes that opportunity to take him by the hand.

“i should pay you.”

joshua shakes his head, a sweet smile on his face follows.

“let me pay you,” jeonghan insists. and before joshua could protest, he offers, “in kind. breakfast?”

jihoon sits patiently on a dining chair: very well furnished, pink ivory, plain, and comfortable. he drowns himself in the calming scent of coffee beans and the jazz tunes perfect for coffeehouse music. it’s been a while since he had last set foot on a place other than white walls and strict working
atmosphere.

he sips on his coffee, lips pouting a bit further as he blows so as not too burn his tongue. a weekday has never felt this good. looking to his right, the window displayed innocent rain spreading thin sheets of water that rippled tiny circles in a benign manner — until parts of it come into angry splashes brought about by the beastly steps of choi seungcheol’s polished shoes.

seungcheol looks topflight stressed, jihoon thinks, but still too delectable. seungcheol was moving so fast from the other side of the street, making his way toward the cafe where jihoon sat. seungcheol has his arms up, holding a coat above his head, protecting himself from the unexpected rainfall; his eyes were heavy with pink-shaded bags underneath, looking sideways and front cautiously. his shirt hugged his body so tight, his buttons could pop off then and there. seungcheol was all what jihoon knows that defines Attractive, Sexy; seungcheol encompasses all the lust the world has reserved for jihoon, and more — love.

when seungcheol enters the glass doors of the cafe, jihoon sits himself up to make his table known, and raises a hand for seungcheol’s attention who acknowledges him with a quick nod a smile that slashes down jihoon’s throat.

“baby,” seungcheol greets him, planting a quick kiss on jihoon’s lips and rubbing his shoulders at the same time. “did you wait long?”

jihoon shakes his head No, not that an hour wasn’t long enough for him, just that he didn’t mind waiting if it meant a peaceful hour at that. because hell, seungcheol never brought him peace.

seungcheol wrecks jihoon in all the most beautiful and most painful ways: seungcheol torments him with his eyes and the hell-deep dimple that accompanies his pretty smile; seungcheol murders him with the way he holds jihoon, his heavy fists turn into soft caress-machines on every part of the smaller man; seungcheol carries jihoon in misery for every time he brings him to paradise with the way he calls him baby and the way he implies how much he loves jihoon back — but no. jihoon knows seungcheol had stopped loving him the way he had loved him then, because long gone was the teenage seungcheol who meant his every ‘I Love You’ and kissed jihoon with his heart; and jihoon fucking hates himself for making himself feel dinky after all these faded years.

“what’s with meeting in a place like this?” jihoon asks, making himself sound unbothered and not at all excited with the setting. it’s been a while since him and seungcheol went out… romantically.

“i missed you,” seungcheol smiles, reaching out for jihoon’s hand. (jihoon doubts him, but nods in response.) “is that coffee? have you eaten?”

jihoon shakes his head. “we can order now.”

(and jihoon fucking crumbles just by the thought of seungcheol still knowing how he fucking likes his fucking spaghetti.)

“i know you have something in mind, cheol.”

seungcheol wipes his mouth, hiding away the offended look on his face. he wasn’t surprised, jihoon always doubted him; but jihoon was also always correct.
“what is it?”

“don’t be too cold now, baby. you know i called you because i missed you. i wanted to have lunch with you, you know this.”

jihoon blurts out a sure, hiding the little pain that twitches down his stomach. “but i can tell you’re here for something else too.”

seungcheol surrenders with a nod. “well, about the bird.”

of course, jihoon thinks. of-fucking-course. ever since that video came out, seungcheol’s fucking obsession with that bounty rose as quick as fire and just as difficult to stop as a burning forest.

“i don’t have much, jihoonie,” seungcheol dares reach out for jihoon’s hand again, brushing his thumb over the back of the latter’s. “i’m bringing this up because i thought you might like to help. after all, it would be grand for your title.”

jihoon lets him hold his hand but disagrees in words. “it’s not my title that matters, cheol.”

“but let’s not deny that it would make a fucking gratifying research,” seungcheol cheers, teasing jihoon by the huff the latter makes and the smile that followed.

“what do you want to happen?”

“financial help, at least.”

“what help now?”

seungcheol flashes out a sheepish smile, almost scared at the way jihoon squinted his eyes quite angrily. “just maybe... propose a budget to treasury? so the institute could get a hold of that bird. you know, for the auction.”

jihoon feels a burning in his stomach, his own body telling him not to give in to the fucking hell-hole that is choi seungcheol. but fuck, his fucking heart had a mind of his own. “i’ll think about it.”

“jeonghan?”
seokmin’s footsteps had been so light, jeonghan hadn’t heard him even arrive.

“oh, seok? i didn’t know you’d fly back so soon?”

seokmin’s face turns bitter, too obviously unhappy at the sight before him; he only wanted to see jeonghan first before heading to his own home. he was excited to come back to korea after a whole month in switzerland; he never developed the familiarity of being in a place outside his home country, despite the countless trips he’s had abroad — minus those times when he was younger, those times prior having jeonghan as his brother. no. seokmin never liked leaving jeonghan’s side; in fact, seokmin never liked anyone else beside jeonghan other than his own body. so fuck kim mingyu and fuck the fucking stranger doing things to his jeonghan’s back.

joshua and jeonghan have not expected company this early morning, neither of them heard any rustling sounds either (can’t blame them when they’re practically laughing their lungs off together, thanks to the playful banter they exchanged about who gets to shower first and what to have for breakfast). above all, neither of them had expected a full negative turn of events. and while joshua felt embarrassed and sorry, jeonghan was very much annoyed.

jeonghan loves his brother though, a whole lot even. but sometimes, seokmin gets too… clingy. possessive, if jeonghan dares to admit. sometimes, he loves seokmin being around him; other times, he wishes he would give him space — like, perhaps, go home first after arriving to the airport, rather than knocking straight to jeonghan’s bedroom. that cockblocker.

“who’s that?” seokmin inquires, eyebrows furrowed and face red. “what the fuck?”

“seok, calm down. this is joshua. he’s my doctor.”

without any avowal, seokmin drops a paper bag (containing gifts, by the looks of it) on the side of the door. “i’ll wait for the both of you downstairs.”

joshua feels like a teenager getting caught having steamy anal sex by his parents (not that he knows what That feels like; it never happened to him anyways), he feels handcuffed and suffocated. he had showered and jeonghan had let him borrow brand new clothes (a size bigger than him, but jeonghan tells him they look perfect on him still), and he now sits patiently on jeonghan’s favorite chair, waiting for the latter to come out so they could go down together. hell, joshua suddenly feels like a child; he quickly admits that he’s… scared… to face that Seokmin (whoever the hell he is) any moment soon.

joshua’s worries abates when jeonghan’s hand holds him by the top of his head. (jeonghan finds it cute when he looks up with his deer-like eyes and puffed ‘o’ lips.)

“come,” jeonghan tells him, a tiny dimple dipping down his right cheek as he smiles softly to the doctor. “let’s get you home.”

“do we have to explain anything? did we do something bad?”

jeonghan bursts out in chuckles and the room feels so much lighter. “hell no, don’t mind him.”
indeed, they didn’t have any explaining to do. jeonghan believes seokmin was not at all entitled to anything but an introduction of joshua’s person. and seokmin wants to fucking puke at the sight of joshua’s blush when jeonghan calls him his doctor, albeit it not being new to his ears.

(although they managed to pass by seokmin quick and easy, somehow, joshua remained troubled.)

jeonghan knocks on the car window the moment he closes the door for joshua; the latter gladly pulling the windows down.

“i still owe you,” jeonghan leans down, a hand over the roof of the car, balancing him just right. he pulls out his cellphone from a pocket and slips it between him and joshua, giving the latter a clumsy wink.

cute, joshua thinks, grabbing the phone and saving therein his number. he shows a teasing smile at jeonghan who frowns at the name he saves on his phone: Joshua. fucking boring, but jeonghan didn’t change it; he likes his name afterall.

“dinner tonight?”

joshua couldn’t say ‘yes’ outright. fuck, no. not when seokmin, on their way out, had just stealthily held his arm from the back, pulled him close, and warned him ever too coldly: “you dare touch My jeonghan, consequences will come for you.”

jeonghan takes the smile he gets and wishes joshua a safe drive home.

____________________________

Unknown: joshua? it’s jeonghan. hi.
Joshua: hey. yeah, it’s me.

(he sets the sender a name on his book: Angel.)

Angel: good, not a fakie :D
Joshua: this isn’t club culture, jeonghan…
Angel: :D
Angel: anyways, about that meal? :)
Joshua: oh, right
Joshua: uhhh
Angel: don’t mind seokmin.
Joshua: i didn’t say anything
Angel: you underestimate me.
Joshua: fine. okay. i’m sorry, this is abrupt and assuming. but is he your?
Angel: brother. clingy.
Angel: dinner?
Joshua: oh. then, i guess that’s fine.
Angel: hmm… don’t sound too forced, doctor. you can reject.
Joshua: no
Joshua: i mean
Joshua: i’d love to go on a dinner with you.
Angel: great. i’ll pick you up at 7?
Joshua: i have a car…
Angel: damn it, doctor.
Joshua: haha don’t worry, fine. pick me up. i’ll be at the lab.
Angel: thank you.
Joshua: see you later, angel :)
Angel: :)

joshua holds a fist by his chest, taking in deep breaths as his best attempt to steady his heart. he feels like a fucking teenager, and maybe loving every single bit of it. how the hell did this happen?

meanwhile, jeonghan had plans — plans that involved joshua; plans that involved his laboratory.

(and jeonghan had a smile ever so satisfied even at the shallow thought of successfully asking his pretty crush out. because fuck yeah, right. joshua hong was his damn crush. it’s him. no doubt, it’s him.)

Chapter End Notes

YOOO i hope you liked that !!! i tagged angst, didn’t i? should i tag Broken Jicheol, too? what do you think?

ANDDD i hope this fairly long update makes up for the short one and the long wait !!! tell me your thoughts about the story if you have any ! like... seokmin that scary cockblocker >:(

anyways, let’s keep this story going together !!! <333 ily all !!!
Chapter Summary

a deeper look into the Jeonghan’s and Seungcheol’s pasts... and a drive into the intervention to now. also, a lot of touch. heart. whispers. and tears.

*i could live with your ghost if you say that’s the most that i’ll get.* (Send Me the Moon, Sara Bareilles)

Chapter Notes

picture: 181005 jeonghan & 180830 joshua (airport)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“tired?”

joshua nods, his head sliding against the passenger seat’s window of jeonghan’s 8 million dollar Mercedes-Benz, giving out only half truths. he was tired, yes, but not as much as he was spaced in its complex sense of a daydream — was he? daydreaming? or dreaming, in general?

“you can nap then, shua. i’ll wake you up when we get there.”

it takes joshua about a few seconds before he shakes his head No, smiling sheepishly as he pinches his arm back into reality: *wake up, joshua. this one’s for real.*

“what’s wrong?”

joshua tenses at the hand that lands on his thigh for a good two seconds until it leaves his skin with warmth. yeah, jeonghan had touched him, everything’s real.

**real:** from the moment jeonghan drove up to the front of the laboratory in a car that screams Tonight Will Be The Best Date Of Your Life By Far, to the private table jeonghan had reserved in a michelin-star restaurant that served full-course menus that scream Tonight Is Definitely The Best Date Of Your Life By Far.

**real:** from the way jeonghan had displayed chivalry by opening the door to his car (and damn, did he look so charming in his black-and-white-striped overshirt and slick black slacks); the way jeonghan had displayed romance by handing him a single-stem rose with an apologetic smile and a buttery voice that told him “i’m sorry, i didn’t want to be too much. but i can’t just come empty-handed, can i?”

when joshua touched jeonghan’s back earlier, asking him his condition, everything was made **real** by the hiss that jeonghan made in return and the playful, exaggerated reaction he followed it with. *(no kidding though, it hurt, jeonghan told him, capturing joshua’s hand away from his back and into the space between their hips. *but i can manage*, he assured quickly thereafter.)
“what are you thinking about?”

oh, boy. if joshua was to be honest, he’d say he was thinking about the little spaces on either side of jeonghan’s mouth when he smiles with his little teeth out; and about the floral and powdery scent jeonghan seems to wear often, perfectly reflecting the calm and comfort that the man radiates in his atmosphere; he was thinking about the too-composed syllabic laugh of jeonghan that goes ha! ha! ha! and how incredibly cute it is more than it is ugly; and the mannerism jeonghan does by brushing a hand over his hairline upward in the most captivating way.

“just things,” joshua smiles, catching a glance that sparkles a strike with jeonghan’s eyes. “about tonight.”

“is something wrong?”

nope, nothing is wrong. in fact, everything, and joshua means every-fucking-thing seems so perfect, it kind of makes him sorry. so he tells him, “nothing.”

pulls the handbrake upon a red light, allowing him to give all of his attention to joshua, and see more than just nothing in his expression. “tell me.”

joshua smiles at him in surrender (and jeonghan could die then and there from the adorable crescents forming on joshua’s eyes). “i guess i’m just a little bit sad we’re going home too soon,” he finally admits. “i really enjoyed tonight, jeonghan. really. thanks for taking me out.”

jeonghan clicks his tongue with an Ayeee before returning to the steering wheel. “i want to be with you for longer though. tonight. is that okay with you?”

of course it’s okay with me, dumbass. i just told you i was sad to part with you. “oh, angel? you have anything else planned?”

jeonghan just nods in return, and when he tells him that the ride was going to take a few long minutes, joshua allows himself to relax on his seat and quietly doze in a light nap. thank god jeonghan understands how tired he had been from the lab.

“don’t tell lies, kid.”
“i swear! i swear! i saw him!”

“don’t fuck with us!”

seungcheol feels the cold metal pinned against his head, forcing him to crane his neck sideward because it hurts so much. how can a full-grown man with a holy reputation pull out a Glock 19 9mm Compact Semi-automatic pistol and push it against the temple of a young man new to his teens? seungcheol was just trying to get his way out of misery and into the care of a better home outside the orphanage.

unfortunately, the government was not any better. if anything, it was worse... at this point, by far.

seungcheol lets out a louder cry at the realization that he has no way out of possibly losing his life by one bullet in one quick second.

“you think you’re being smart? lying your way out of that stink home of the unloved?”

the other man in the room scoffs, teasing the interrogating man for the poetic remark. seungcheol dares plead to the former, his eyes boring guilt upon the elder man. he was a scientist, seungcheol knows for sure, from the research department. wasn’t he one... Dr. Lee?

seungcheol gasps, catching for the air stolen out of his dried up lungs. his eyes were heavy and his vision fazed, but seungcheol can see his surroundings: the room is just as dark as before he fell asleep and jihoon had seemed to fold their clothes on a nearby couch, and — fuck! his eyes closed again and somehow, he can’t fight against the force on his fucking lids.

suddenly, he’s an adult again. still, his adult body sat on the same chair as his younger self did earlier, and he was naked, his cold flesh brushing against the old wood; this time, his hands were free, and alone he sat in the dark-lit room. seungcheol looks up to the stuttering light above him.

while the light was white when he was younger seconds ago, this time, it was yellow — piss yellow — and a single feather floats inside the transparent glass.

and it reminds seungcheol of the very reason he’s locked inside a torturous room, under the surveillance of cruel men who he thought he could trust: the billion-dollar bounty.

he reimagines the ceiling light like that toilet they shared in the orphanage, particularly the one where he saw an out-of-the-ordinary feather floating about the stinky piss of teenage boys.

seungcheol had long dreamed of capturing him, whoever he might be. it was too fucking ridiculous how his mind refuses to remember the name of the man boy he had suspected, his free ticket to a good fucking life.

just the name though, because seungcheol swears with his whole life that he fucking knows the face of the man. and of course, he should, because he fucking desperately memorized every bit of the boy’s face in hopes of capturing him one day.

but no — when teenage boy seungcheol begins his hunt, the fucking bounty managed to escape from the orphanage, prompting seungcheol to get his help from the government.

he remembers his teenage self pleading to the officers to help him catch the bounty, promising to share the pool of green cash in return. but the government wanted every fucking thing to themselves, promising State Witness Protection Bullshit to his unknowing self only to tie him up in a room and take away his fucking freedom.
seungcheol shouts. after multiple attempts of screaming himself awake, he fina-fucking-ly shouts, and jihoon appears hurriedly to the door on the corner of the bedroom and thank God, thank God, seungcheol has a jihoon: his jihoon, his little baby jihoon.

“seungcheol,” jihoon shakes him. “wake up. hey, wake up.”

seungcheol lets jihoon take him in his arms, the latter brushing a palm unto his forehead, wiping away the sweat that had built atop his skin throughout the nightmare.

to jihoon’s surprise, seungcheol tucks his head into the soft space on his stomach, breaking down in a muffled cry still loud enough for jihoon to hear the frustrated grunts.

jihoon had never seen seungcheol this… Shattered... before. never. and his heart breaks for the man clinging unto him for comfort.

“my hands were tied and i was at gunpoint,” seungcheol starts, and jihoon calms him with shhh’s when his words start to sound incoherent. “that night again with your dad in the room. he—he didn’t help and i—you. that night. d-do you remember?”

jihoon nods. he does, he remembers: the first time he met seungcheol, tied up on a chair in the middle of a room supposedly out of bounds from any civilian. but jihoon was the government’s head scientist’s son, and teenage jihoon, who was looking for his father, ended up allowed to witness seungcheol’s torment firsthand.

jihoon also remembers a few hours after that same night, when he sneaks inside the room again, a takeout in hand. he remembers seungcheol’s beaten face and how he winced at every bite of what kimbap roll jihoon managed to feed him.

and jihoon will never forget the day he convinced his father that seungcheol was more than just a state witness. three weeks of taking care of the nearly abandoned seungcheol, jihoon finally helps him into freedom and toward his newfound life under the custody of some kindhearted officer of the law.

(because jihoon will never forget the day he realized he had fallen in love with the quasi-imprisoned man.)

“And then i was me again. me, right now. n-naked, too,” seungcheol looks down on his body and indeed was he naked, and jihoon pulls the blanket over his trembling skin. “i tried to stand up but my feet were locked down on quick sand and i couldn’t reach the fucking feather! i couldn’t! not even in my dreams, jihoon, my literal fucking nightmares, i couldn’t!”

jihoon takes in the chaos that seungcheol was in his hold, and it was about damn time jihoon acknowledges seungcheol’s desperation: the stolen liberty, the money, the pride. the government, his own fucking father, stole seungcheol’s life away from him. and for what? a single fucking birdman, for fuck’s sake! and for this reason, jihoon feels anger build at the pit of his stomach — so yes, tomorrow, jihoon will have a word with the treasury.
jeonghan didn’t have to wake joshua up tonight, the latter’s sleep was light and perfectly sufficient. or perhaps, joshua really just wanted to close his eyes to replay the entire night so as never to forget. but when he opens his eyes again, confusion starts to pour over his entire soul and he almost thinks he’s living in inception.

“jeonghan?”

jeonghan just nods at him reassuringly, like he knew joshua needed to know if he was correct at realizing they were not on the way back to joshua’s home — not when the signs read to a familiar place and joshua knows every curve of the road. heck, joshua could probably even name every single pebble on the ground from Cynthia to Patrick to the large stone that looks much like a Tom.

“why are we… are you taking me to the warehouse?”

jeonghan just nods at him, again, reassuringly. “joshua, i actually have something to tell you. or propose, rather. it’s part of tonight’s agenda, i hope it’s—”

“agenda?” joshua squints as he remarks, his voice dropping with disappointment. is that a word people use in fluffy dates? can people actually associate that business-of-a-word in romantic candle-lit dinners and exciting hand-holding on cute, warm nights?

“yes, agenda,” jeonghan reiterates, matter-of-factly.

“in the warehouse? what’s going on?”

jeonghan coos as he sees joshua furrow his eyebrows, brushing a thumb to remove the crease between them, but joshua pushes his hand away.

“and here i thought the date was genuine.”

jeonghan manages to park smoothly before the entrance, turning off the engine before heeding to the offended doctor. he leans to his side, opening his hand for joshua to hold (it takes a nudge before joshua does) and pressing a kiss unto the back of joshua’s in a comforting manner.

jeonghan means to tell him not to stray away, or tell him not to take things differently. he means to tell him that the date was in all ways sincere and that he’s sorry if this moment would ruin everything. jeonghan knows the possibility of the whole night turning into a bitter note, but he takes importance in doing so still. perhaps, he’s a little selfish; perhaps, even more. but jeonghan was only human (believe it or not) and he can only wait so much to tell joshua that he… has long been waiting him.

jeonghan holds on joshua’s hand tighter, rubbing it as he apologizes before he even explains. at one
point, he presses his forehead against the back of Joshua’s hand, his little way of bowing his sorry.

“Jeonghan, you have to help me here. I don’t understand.”

“You are,” Jeonghan pauses, darting his gaze unto Joshua’s that reflected his vulnerabilities. “*my jisoo.*”

(Joshua swears, he caught his own heart skip a breathing.)

Joshua lets Jeonghan hold his hand as they get off the car and walk. Aisle after aisle, they both figure it’s better to smooth their way into Jeonghan’s agenda first, by assuring that the night was pure and unpretended; and second, by drowning in the atmosphere until both of them were ready.

It seems like the moment has come when Jeonghan stops them somewhere along the aisle of towels and what seemed like surgical clothes? Uniform? Jeonghan reaches out for Joshua’s other hand so he held them both, forcing the latter to face him.

“Be my doctor.”

Joshua knows his mouth had dropped in disbelief. Was that it? Wasn’t he going to explain about how he knew his name was Jisoo and why he dared address him as his? (Not that he didn’t like it, honestly, just that… damn, Jeonghan. Just let him fucking understand.)

“We talked about the bounty earlier and you know the auction isn’t real,” Jeonghan looks at Joshua like he was putting sense into ABC’s and Joshua was a two-year-old.

Offended, Joshua pulls his hands out from Jeonghan’s grip. “Just get to the point, really. Just let me understand—”

“Take me,” Jeonghan cuts him. “To your lab. I could be your subject, whatever. Make the world know I’ve been caught and no one else can have me. Take me in. Do whatever you want—”

“Do you even understand what you’re putting yourself into?”

“I’m not as stupid as I might sound like right now, Joshua. I’m letting you do whatever you want, but I’ve thought about this.”

“How can you just trust me like that? And haven’t you been listening? I’m a fucking intern in my dad’s own lab. I have no say in this!”

“We can try, Joshua. We can always try. You just need to lend me your company’s name and—”

“Our people can hurt you, Jeonghan!”

“But you wouldn’t let that happen, right? Will you, Joshua?”

“How can you trust me this much? Fuck, I don’t want to be accountable to you. We’re just not—I mean, we barely know each other, don’t we?”

“I understand if you don’t remember, but—”
“who the fuck are you?” joshua can feel the stress on his angry face; mad, so mad. and jeonghan sighs at the tragedy. softly, he calls him Jisoo and for some reason, jeonghan looked like he was one poke away from crying. and suddenly, joshua regrets snapping at him so freely, realizing how agonizing it must have been for jeonghan to wait this long to tell him whatever the fuck he wanted to say. but joshua stays still. if they’re going to talk, jeonghan better fucking talk to him.

so talk, jeonghan did.

“We were younger then, way younger,” he begins, his head down and joshua’s afraid that if he looks up, tears would be streaming (because the last thing joshua wants is to see jeonghan break down in front of him). “Around a month after I escaped from the orphanage, you saw me. I was right here, in this warehouse. Up there, specifically. You saw me,” jeonghan points at the wooden beams above the ceiling. (He wasn’t crying, thank goodness.)

“Up there?” joshua thinks. And like a 3000 pound wrecking ball crashing unto his wall of memories, it hits him: the image of a prepubescent boy hiding above the warehouse’s ceiling beams, looking down at him with a finger unto his lips, pleading him not to say a word.

“I was in for the medicines, they worked back then. I don’t know how I knew how to use them, I just fucking did. This whole warehouse was just some place I stumbled upon, and you — you caught me red-handed with a bottle of painkillers and a gauze. Do you remember? I heard they called you Jisoo then.”

Jeonghan continues when joshua doesn’t respond. “You didn’t rat me out. Instead, a few days later, you saw me again. Tucking my fucking blood-drenched wings in a shopping bag I probably stole from the market. You knew I stole your bunsen burner and even if I didn’t need more, you disappeared for a moment and came back with ethanol and you even brought me—”

“Cola,” joshua whispers, finishing the sentence for him.

Jeonghan stares at him in happy disbelief, huffing a breath after a long pause. “You remember.”

“I’m still lost here, jeonghan.”

“I’m saying I trust you.”

“With your whole life… jeonghan, it’s too much.”

Jeonghan shakes his head, determined at best. It’s almost unrealistic how a man can surrender yet stand firm at the same time.

“It’s not shallow, joshua, and not too much… not when I was at the verge of dying when you met me the first time again; and on another verge, at death’s fucking doorstep, the next. I’m making you realize you’ve saved me out of my life’s fucking terminal declination. So. Many. Times. And if there’s anyone I should trust my whole life with, it will be you and only you.”

“How can you just assume that I’ll take this?” joshua questions because oddly, everything seems a little… out of place. “Is that how easy you think I am?”

And it’s clear that perhaps, joshua had reached jeonghan’s point of frustration because jeonghan responds with a mad frown and snaps back at him with a Fuck. No.

“I’m proposing, jisoo. Begging, even. I’m not here to force myself unto you nevermind that I just confessed how fucking long it took for me to find you. And I didn’t even mean to find you, I had never planned to come back to this warehouse one day and meet a man named Joshua Hong to
witness me in my underwear and help cheat death. can’t you understand that? can’t you just fucking say No without looking down on me? haven’t i been respecting you since day one?”

“respecting.”

“okay, then. sorry for talking you into my bed at some point. and i wish i could say this more confidently, but i can’t lie, not when i fucking enjoyed it.”

“jeonghan, please.”

“i don’t expect you to understand how it feels for me when i first found out you were jisoo, how much of a coward i was for asking mingyu to contact you instead of my own self, and how much i wanted to stall you from leaving my side. i just need you to listen, jisoo. just… consider.”

“that’s joshua for you.”

jeonghan gives him a confused look. was that… a happy tone? in his voice?

“i’m sorry.”

jeonghan watches joshua come closer, taking his hand unto his before they start to walk again.

“i’ll think about it, i promise. i’m sorry.”

jeonghan fights the urge to apologize back because fuck it, his feelings are valid.

“we can talk about this again. soon. can we do that? everything’s too much for one night and i can only take so much.”

jeonghan nods quietly, leading them into his car, noting that the last thing he’ll do is drive joshua home and let joshua take everything between them from there. “let’s get you home, josh...soo.”

“joshua.”

“jisoo.”

“shua.”

“joshuji.”

“you idiot. fucking thief.”

jeonghan breaths in relief. oh just how good it feels to end the night with a smack unto his head and a smile that paints We’re Good, We’re Fine on joshua’s face. he tells him he’ll pay the medicines some day and finally, he hears the other’s laughter.

still, his heart hurt a good amount, but at least, he got the doctor to consider.

Chapter End Notes

heeeey, i got emotional writing this! did it play with your heart as much, too? let me know because seungcheol... he... *wipes tear*
anyways! thanks for waiting for this update. i hope the content made it worth it! until the next ~
Chapter Summary

soonyoung is in love, and joshua takes jeonghan in... (a little bit) wink! (ゝ∀・)

Chapter Notes

smuuuuut !!! there is Smut!!!!! smut alert !!!!!!!!! also, blue balls

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“they’re even,” soonyoung observes, stroking a light finger down a flesh line from where silver-like feathers root from jeonghan’s bare back. he’s comparing every feather visible from either scapulae, quantifying the growth from when jeonghan last sat inside their laboratory a week ago.

“the base of the skin is scabbed,” joshua adds, he stands a little farther from jeonghan, letting soonyoung take over the subject. “but the feathers blush from the shaft. they almost look like blood clots, don’t you think?”

“they’re veins,” wonwoo answers in soonyoung’s behalf. “i noticed it from last week. there’s active blood circulation when the wings are in tact. look,” he approaches, coming from the side of the room where they left the single experimental feather resting inside a cabinet; he presents it before the two. “the colors have desaturated.”

“it almost resembles burnt metal,” mingyu adds.

(soonyoung can’t help but notice the tense glances mingyu had been sharing with wonwoo from the moment they welcomed the former inside the lab; especially not when he knows the history between the two.)

jeonghan smiles, head bent down as he arches his back so to show a more accessible angle to his team of doctors. “i told you he’s helpful,” he chuckles. “i should have already brought him last week.”

soonyoung darts a teasing smile towards wonwoo, then all five of them start laughing for different reasons.

it takes an hour later for joshua to call it a day; and he could just assume soonyoung and wonwoo would head to minghao’s desk after, like they always do — except, when jeonghan dismisses mingyu, wonwoo finds himself inside the latter’s car… and then in his bedroom.
“i missed you,” jeonghan mumbles, face pressed against joshua’s stomach as he hugs the latter. he sat still on the bed, never moving until joshua had cleaned up most of the clutter that needed caring.

“you’ve been with me,” joshua laughs, carding his fingers through jeonghan’s hair.

“i didn’t see you for a week.”

“we were together almost every day before that.”

“but i miss you.”

“okay,” joshua accepts. “i miss you everyday too.”

jeonghan looks up in disbelief. “you don’t have to return it,” he teases. but it knocks him with truth, seeing joshua quiver above him, breaking into tears as he tells jeonghan he really missed him too.

it’s been a tough month for joshua — tough without his father, tough upon becoming the new CEO of the lab.

(time: a month ago)

wonwoo holds soonyoung by the elbow, the tight hold stinging what later on would be a bruise unto the latter’s thin skin; he pulls soonyoung outside and into the staircase of the funeral home.

joshua’s father had died of ruptured aneurysm, and there seem to be more politicians than there are scientists paying a visit.

it takes a few more steps upward and into an empty top floor before the whispers of mourning decrease to none, the only sound created is soonyoung’s low grunt that is enough to disturb the echoes of the space; wonwoo holds a finger over his mouth, indicating silence, before he speaks aloud soonyoung’s name like a warning.

soonyoung knows wonwoo’s worried. wonwoo was always worried whenever it comes to soonyoung and jihoon.

“i couldn’t just ignore him,” soonyoung presses, more defensive than he is innocent. “he came to me, won. i tried to pretend i didn’t see him coming, but he approached me.”
“i know,” wonwoo sighs. “but i also know he spoke business with you, what was it?”

of course. it was always business for jihoon when it comes to soonyoung, but soonyoung was never any less in love nevertheless. soonyoung had been drowning in jihoon’s cast for the longest time, but as long as seungcheol is there, their relationship will only incline with business.

soonyoung doesn’t respond.

“jeonghan?”

soonyoung looks down.

“What does he want from jeonghan?”

“money,” soonyoung barely mumbles. “he wants to have jeonghan, so he needs money.”

“fuck, soon. how did he know?”

“he doesn’t. he doesn’t know we have him. no one fucking does. not even the rest of our laboratory because we’re three motherfuckers diving unto something we’re not qualified to do.”

“fucking hell! where is this coming from?”

“he’s proposing to work together.”

“elaborate?”

“jihoon wants us to endorse his proposal to receive a budget from the treasury so we could bid in the auction. look, it may sound ridiculous, okay? but there’s only the two of us experienced enough to study jeonghan, won.”

“are you underestimating joshua?”

“no!” soonyoung rejects. “but there’s so much going on, he’s transitioning under a bad name. wonwoo, the whole laboratory is doubting success under joshua’s control. it’s very unusual for an intern to become CEO the next day.”

“And what about it, soon? what’s jihoon got to do with this? take over what’s not his? let government control us now more than ever? bullsh—“

“—think about it, won. we can do a collaborative research with jihoon’s lab, this way we can gain the public’s trust and accomplish something so big under joshua’s responsibility. all we have to do is endorse jihoon’s proposal.”

“You speak as if you don’t know how unfair credit is halved between a private laboratory and the government. the sponsor will invest on jihoon, soon; not us. we’ll be left with nothing. no name, no subject. there’s so many ways the government can honor the dead, why is he being specific over the bounty? he’s just taking advantage of the situation, soonyoung. jihoon is never good news. you know this more than anyone.”

“I do! but if we later on release our study on jeonghan, what do we do? huh? how do we explain to the public how a Fucking tiny laboratory made money to bid for the auction that doesn’t even fucking exist in the first place? how do we convince the public that our custody is safer compared to bigger institutes?”

“Soonyoung, we have jeonghan under our hands for zero cost, and we can study him solely under
our own name. we can do this. our team may be little, but we are reputable. Mr. Hong is! and we’ve already planned to make it look like the research is for him. what else do we need to show the public?”

“but this is more practicable, wonwoo. if we’re given an opportunity to become more believable, shouldn’t we grab it?”

“soon! soon! jihoon made you think we need their support! jihoon made you think joshua can have a good fucking reputation if we work with the government. jihoon is taking advantage of Mr. Hong’s death just as much as we are using it as an excuse to study public interest.”

wonwoo is in flares over the unbelievable lack of trust soonyoung suddenly has for him and joshua. soonyoung wouldn’t understand how frustrating this is for wonwoo, how everything started because of wonwoo and his fucking video. there’s a sense of possession and pride wonwoo has over the study that soonyoung can never comprehend, especially not when the love of his life starts swaying him into evil ever so obviously because all of a sudden, the smartest man they know can’t come up with basic logic on how to cheat the fucking bounty — wonwoo can, joshua can, jeonghan and mingyu can, because joshua agreed to take jeonghan in because of his father’s death in the first place; what’s a better excuse than allegedly using monetary funeral contributions to gain the bounty for a research that would honor joshua’s late father? it’s all too fucking basic; almost as if joshua’s father died exactly so their laboratory could accept jeonghan’s proposal, and soonyoung’s turning a blind eye all for his puny love for jihoon.

“ we sound unbelievable, won. joshua, us, we don’t have anything to justify us taking over something so big. we do not hold Mr. Hong’s reputation, it’s his for a reason.”

“huh, funny how you think we’re so little yet you believe jihoon needs us.”

he doesn’t love you back, is what wonwoo wanted to add. you’re a blind fuck. what happened to the overconfident soonyoung who thinks he can solve everything and deserve world recognition?

instead, wonwoo straightens his coat, gaze darting directly towards soonyoung, and leaves.

______________________________

(time: back to the present)

jeonghan was always with joshua for the entire month after their first dinner: roughly a week of nightly meals with each other, and the rest was joshua driving to jeonghan’s place every dawn, seeking consolation from his father’s deteriorating health. joshua’s life had been crunched down to a month of taking care of his father while in denial of the anticipation of his death, toppled with having to settle his father’s will that includes joshua taking over their family business.

joshua was a mere intern and an heir. now, he’s an orphan with a title, and it’s all too abundant for
him to handle in such little time.

jeonghan was there for him, however — fun at first, how joshua discovered that the anonymous donations their laboratory have been receiving all these years were from jeonghan, as (excessive) payment for what teenage him had stolen from their warehouse back then; how jeonghan allowed him to think of his proposal through with no pressure, with thoughtful jeonghan taking them into casual dates with no business intentions.

but things had to turn bitter when joshua could only be surrounded most of the day by the food and the flowers sent by jeonghan to his father’s hospital room, because jeonghan cannot leave his house with his wings all too grown; until dawn comes and joshua arrives at jeonghan’s place, the latter tending to his beat body.

joshua loved sleeping beside jeonghan; the angel makes him forget the world could be so cruel even if only until the morning.

jeonghan feels sorry that joshua accepted his proposal the very moment his father died, but it was joshua’s decision, insisting to take jeonghan in his care now that he can officially act as his doctor. but with utmost consideration, jeonghan reminds him he needs more time.

so here they are, observing jeonghan in secret manner, careful not to report any hard decision not until they furnish claim over the ‘bounty’ officially in the news — and joshua agrees to this because ordinary people can be so greedy if they knew, and ordinary people include the employees in their laboratory who could harm jeonghan with no regrets.

jeonghan stands from where he was seated, a medium-sized laboratory bed placed in the middle of a well-lit room, and takes joshua in his arms letting the latter sob inside his bare torso. and careful not to hit the base of jeonghan’s wings, joshua embraces him back, arms settling around the former’s hips.

“i’m sorry,” jeonghan whispers, one hand caressing the back of joshua’s head tucked inside the crook of his neck

“i haven’t cried this whole time,” joshua confesses.

“i figured.”

joshua looks up, aligning his face with jeonghan’s who shows him a sweet smile he finds himself mirroring. “thank you,” he mouths, eyes following jeonghan’s line of sight that locked directly down his lips. driven, he moves his face forward until their foreheads omit of space.

“you don’t have to,” jeonghan responds, lips brushing against the other’s.

joshua takes him by the mouth, flushed by great emotions; his body releasing the same heat their breaths share as they kiss, mouths extra sloppy as their salivas mix with his tears that have rolled down the corners of his mouth.

this wasn’t their first kiss.

but they have never kissed beyond innocent pecks before, and when jeonghan realizes this, he laughs.

“What?” joshua frowns, lips plump and red and glossy all over.

“i didn’t know you could kiss like this,” jeonghan praises, showing that smile joshua loves where
there are spaces exposed on either side of his mouth.

“what? did you think i was an innocent virgin?” joshua teases, prompting jeonghan to cackle.

jeonghan presses a quick kiss unto joshua and calls him ‘scandalous’ and joshua proudly stood idle before him, taking in more of jeonghan’s little pecks: one on his nose, two on his cheek, one on his eye, and back on his lips, all the while repeating the word ‘scandalous’, until joshua proves him correct by meeting his mouth and initiating another rough kiss, tongue sliding in between.

jeonghan fights back, devouring joshua until his mouth traces kisses along the latter’s jaw and down the neck. and as jeonghan sucked on the warm skin, joshua’s hands travelled down to jeonghan’s front, fingers dipping inside his pants — feeling jeonghan’s abdominal muscles on his palms tightened the fit of his own pants, too.

moaning, jeonghan grabs on joshua’s hand, pushing it deeper while their other free hands worked on jeonghan’s belt and later, the button. joshua easily slides down jeonghan’s zipper, cupping the latter’s half-hard dick. it was warm and already big enough to fit joshua’s rather large hand.

jeonghan goes back to joshua’s mouth for a quick kiss, retrieving contact to give the latter’s ear a lick, telling him to ‘show me’; and joshua readies himself with an attempt to remove his gown, but jeonghan stops him. the winged-man wanted to fuck him in his uniform.

joshua drops down on his knees, hands eager to pull down jeonghan’s pants to his thighs, and his brief just enough for him to pull out the cock.

“joshuji,” jeonghan calls, his sweet smile contrasting his blushing face and the sweat dripping down his neck. joshua looks up to him with hungry eyes, tongue licking in thirst — jeonghan’s cock stood so big before him, its red head leaking pre-cum so close to his mouth, jeonghan could feel his breath — joshua feels greedy, desperate to have him because boy, how his body glistens under the light, the contours from his neck down his pelvis shadowing him like a sculpture.

but it’s jeonghan who compliments him. jeonghan was head over heels joshua, it has always been like this since the beginning; and joshua takes pride in it, knowing how he can have his man wrapped around his little finger — jeonghan: a being of power; the blue-ribbon of humankind; a presence of fear and control.

“you look really pretty,” he continues, complimenting the paradox before him: joshua looking so respectable in his gown, fully clothed, yet still so delectable with how hot and eager he looks, gripping on jeonghan’s dick directly on the level of his face, his other hand clutching over the muscle of his thigh.

joshua finds gratification in the way he impresses jeonghan; in the way jeonghan coos him in the softest, most gentle manner, all while dominating his delicate body.

“i am,” joshua smiles, releasing jeonghan’s cock to spit on his hand before rubbing his own lubrication up and down the shaft; joshua enjoys the feel of the veins and how his hand can move so much considering how long jeonghan was; and jeonghan delights in how intricate joshua is with his movements.

“if you keep treating me this good, i might fuck your mouth hard, sweetheart,” jeonghan warns, voice throaty and hoarse.

smiling against jeonghan’s tip, joshua answers, “please do.” and oh dear, does he look so, so pretty bobbing his head with hollowed cheeks as he sucked on jeonghan, his hand moving on the base
where his mouth couldn’t reach — yet. because later, jeonghan reaches for his hand, interlocking their fingers more to command joshua to take him deeper rather than to resist his great handjob.

joshua tries, going as deep as he could until they could feel jeonghan’s head reach the back of his throat, driving a rough moan from jeonghan; and joshua’s crotch feels electric and almost unbearably uncomfortable, and it’s taking all his might not to palm himself and to ignore his throbbing asshole. fuck, how he’d love to have jeonghan’s dick inside his ass after.

jeonghan watches joshua, teeth biting down his lip as he feels joshua hollow his cheeks further, his mouth warm and soft; his lips stretched around his cock, dark pink and dripping with so much saliva; and when joshua begins to move, tears rolling down the sides of his eyes, jeonghan matches, meeting his mouth with his hard thrusts.

the sounds they make are so obscene and loud, slick with saliva and of fulsome moans and choking.

joshua peaks up, sighting at how hot jeonghan is displayed above him, long and sweaty neck all the more exposed as he was looking up with a hand brushed over his forehead. sensing that jeonghan was near, he sucks on harder and takes on the increasing speed of jeonghan’s thrusts.

jeonghan fucking adores how joshua kept him inside as he cums, letting him rub his shaft to empty himself inside the latter’s mouth; and it’s so cute how joshua was trying to impress him so much, his tongue was chasing on the cum he couldn’t swallow.

jeonghan clothes himself alone, chuckling at the frown joshua sports and the bulge still alive on his crotch. nevertheless, joshua lets jeonghan embrace him, smiling at jeonghan’s praises of ‘you’re good’ and how affectionate jeonghan kisses on his temple.

“let’s go home,” jeonghan mumbles, before lowering his mouth to joshua’s ear, whispering words to joshua’s pleasure:

“i want to fuck you in the ass in my bedroom.”

Chapter End Notes

hey, there! if you’ve reach this point, i want to thank ya’ll for coming back to this fic! i stopped updating because of my personal rollercoaster of emotions, but i managed to post some other fics while this one was on hold — i hope that made up for my absence. i’ll try to update every week from now on! try!

also, if you’re new here: welcome! i hope you enjoy this all throughout ♡

if you’re here, let me know under the comments below? i miss you guys ;;;;; i appreciate kudos too!

PS: thank you, palmfairy1122 for beta-ing this chapter for me! you helped me a lot especially with delivery and the science aaaa you’re the best doctor ever. i love you! — YA’LL! check her out for overwhelmingly beautiful soonhoon fics and jihancheol !!!
fucked.

Chapter Summary

one whole chapter of pure smut where the winged-man fucks the doctor.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

joshua’s hand feels tense inside jeonghan’s, cold and stiff; he could feel the tickle of his pores as his body hair rises indicating him nervous — and jeonghan is aware of it, leading him politely to his bedroom, the door opening to the sight of the bed they had shared multiple times before. jeonghan doesn’t open the lights tonight, but the faint moonlight seeping through the open curtains shows that the bedding was now a dark shade of red, more brown than it is maroon, contours of which define it to be silk. joshua wonders how good that would be on his bare skin.

joshua lets his eyes wander, more to think than to observe: *i’m going to get fucked tonight.* and joshua hasn’t even collected much of what happened after he sucked jeonghan off, to the way they had to sneak empty halls to bring jeonghan to fire exits that lead to where he parked his car secretly (nevermind that the laboratory was expected to be empty at that hour, so to be extra careful), and to the way jeonghan had his seat pushed all the way back so his wings could fit in the car (which joshua felt really… sorry… for, insisting to leave his own car so he could drive for jeonghan instead).

it feels strange how jeonghan’s room feels so new to joshua tonight more than the first time he had been in it. but then again, *he was going to get fucked tonight.*

jeonghan presses his body to joshua who inertly stood between him and the door, the sound of it clicking to a lock sending an icy breeze down joshua’s back. he has to keep his cool. didn’t he tell jeonghan he wasn’t a virgin?

jeonghan smiles at joshua all too sweetly, taking him with both hands and rubbing his thumbs over the latter’s knuckles in an attempt to mellow out his tensed body.

“i’ll take good care of you,” jeonghan promises. he tries not to make it sound obvious that he knew joshua lied about his virginity, but he was glad to take in the idea that joshua’s huff seemed to tell him that he has just been caught. “do you want to?” he asks, just to be sure. “you can say ‘no,’” shua.”

but joshua shakes his head, tells him he wants to, and moves in to initiate a passionate kiss — not as sloppy and hungry as it was back in the laboratory, but more soft and careful, jeonghan almost feels like he was pressing light kisses unto a thin, velvety petal of a rose. they both tasted a different kind of good that strongly kindles a sense of safety.

“still nervous?” jeonghan asks between kisses, one hand caressing joshua’s side (he had allowed joshua to remove his gown earlier, thank goodness) while the other held the latter gently by the nape. and when joshua smiles and tells him *no*, they resume kissing.

jeonghan steps back before turning them around, leading them closer to the bed until joshua is lain on his back. joshua crawls further upward until he reaches the middle of the bed and its headboard,
jeonghan following above him, lips latched unto his neck and joshua had to pull his chin upward to give the former more space to work on. a little bite was enough for a moan to escape from joshua’s lips, the sound of which travelling down to jeonghan’s pants and joshua definitely felt the twitch against his thigh. cheekily, he raises his leg upward, inviting jeonghan to hump him down. and when jeonghan realizes this, he laughs.

“you’re brazen,” jeonghan coos, his voice a dangerous whisper.

joshua just smiles even more shamelessly, moving his leg in slow up and down motions, vision locked to the highlighted hazels of jeonghan’s eyes. “and you’re hard,” he teases.

grunting, jeonghan swiftly leans down to press a deep kiss against joshua’s lips, his movement creating a whirring sound, startling the doctor at the sudden expanse of feathers above him — jeonghan’s wings had fluttered open.

“d-does that happen when y-you’re…” joshua trails.

“it’s the adrenaline.”

joshua takes his answer as it is, allowing the angel to kiss him again back on the lips and down until the buttons of his dress shirt were halfway open.

angel. jeonghan was a whole angel above him; devouring him and taking him into what heaven tonight is about to feel like. the tightness of his jeans (the second time since earlier at the lab) already a giveaway. joshua allows himself to drown in jeonghan’s kisses, the softness of the latter’s lips tickling the thin skin of his body; he allows himself to squirm underneath the angel, especially when the latter had found his way to the stomach, fingers skillfully flicking the sensitive nipples; and joshua finds his hands clutching on the silk sheets.

humping down joshua’s thigh like the doctor wanted to, jeonghan moves back to the former’s nipples while his hand worked on the same’s pants. joshua thrusts upwards, releasing contact so they could pull all his bottom garments down and later, his shirt. jeonghan thinks he’s even more beautiful bare and undone.

without a word, joshua allows jeonghan to get off, watching him (or more like his wings and how big and alive they look half-spread) shuffle to the bedside table, switching on the lamp and pulling out a lube and a condom. joshua doesn’t remember the last time he had used a lubricant other than for hospital purposes; the last time he touched himself from behind was so long ago, he couldn’t even remember if it was any good. but when jeonghan looks at him, silently seeking, yet again, for his consent, joshua knows he’s sure and willing.

“you’re still dressed,” joshua points, more curious than complaining. “the wings… when they’re that big, how do you wear your shirts? i… i didn’t see earlier.”

moving back to the middle of the bed, grunting as he kneels above joshua, jeonghan presses a kiss atop the former’s nose before answering, “they open at the back.”

fleetly, joshua pulls a leg from underneath jeonghan and crawls to the latter’s back, mimicking the angel’s kneeling position. he studies the garment that hugged perfectly around jeonghan’s wings, his fingers hovering above three traces of zippers before he pulls them down one by one: two under the wings (which joshua assumes is enough to fit the expanse) and one all the way from the top to the very bottom. jeonghan allows joshua to remove his shirt for him, exposing the same back they observed earlier, scabs and all.
they stay idle for a moment, joshua drinking in awe the sight of jeonghan’s bare torso — this time, no longer as his subject, nor his patient; but a man, a lover — and the sight of his face, the angles defined so beautifully as the yellow light from the lamp highlights him from the side, even the shadows of his hair and the length of his eyelashes adding in to the illumination. jeonghan’s lips, already curved as they are, move all the more upward, displaying a smirk before they open as jeonghan tells joshua to ‘lie back down or you’ll kill my boner’ — which command, joshua follows, remembering he has his own boner to satisfy.

jeonghan spreads joshua’s legs and positions himself between them, careful not to touch his coated fingers on parts of his skin that didn’t need lubrication, he pushes one knee toward joshua’s chest and lets the other leg rest atop his forearm. making no unnecessary mess, jeonghan presses his fingers against joshua’s hole, massaging the ridges and teasing it into entry as he takes joshua’s length in his mouth. jeonghan had told joshua to focus on his member more than the pain he’s about to get from behind, but joshua can’t help but confuse the sensations jeonghan had been giving him on both parts of his body.

there is pain, indeed; one that stings, but jeonghan was also moving up and down his shaft, helping him relax by sloppily giving him probably the worst head he’s ever received before — jeonghan was bad at blowjobs. ironically, that fact makes joshua all the more excited to take the angel in; if he’s bad with his mouth, heck, his fingers were a whole new sensation… what more for the cock.

jeonghan releases joshua’s member, this time, making his mouth busy by peppering kisses and sucking on the inside of his thigh.

“j-jeonghan,” joshua gasps, his head pulsating in overwhelming stimulation. goodness, how jeonghan’s fingers scissored inside him, sliding in another one until three fingers massaged his flesh and consistently hit his prostate. “c-cock,” he continues, unaware that his own body was pushing himself down on jeonghan’s fingers, chasing to be filled up tighter and deeper. “i’m gonna fucking cum on fingers alone, damn it!”

joshua hears jeonghan’s chuckle, that sly man, before he felt his hole empty, leaving him all desperate and lost. he could almost worry at how his vision started turning blurry, but he knew better as a doctor.

jeonghan entered him with caution, kissing him on the lips with a tiny ‘sorry’ after finally pushing the head of his length all the way in. and fuck, taking jeonghan by the mouth was not at all a good enough mental preparation for his ass; joshua feels his hole burn as it stretched around jeonghan, and it feels so. damn. good.

jeonghan presses another kiss unto joshua, halfway in, and joshua hasn’t got enough energy to tell the former he was more than fine. gladly though, jeonghan didn’t retract and pushed himself deeper until all that was visible was the base of his length meeting the skin on joshua’s ass.

“ready?” jeonghan asks, all breath.

joshua nods, hooded eyes registering the angel’s face above him: parted hair falling on either side of his forehead, sweat trickling from his forehead down his eyebrow and on either side of his face. the proximity could be suffocating, considering joshua was hot himself. but damn, did the angel look incredibly sexy above him.

“fuck me.”

and with that, jeonghan pulls his shaft almost all the way out before slamming back all the way — repeating this motion until the entire room fills with the sounds of skin slapping against skin, joshua’s
breathy moans, and jeonghan’s huffs and grunts.

“f— ah! jeong—,”

“yes, yes. baby.”

“i’m cl— a-ah.”

jeonghan doesn’t stop his mouth from dropping, lips parted wide and head thrown back as he felt joshua tighten around him. if he looked down, he’ll see streams of white coming out of joshua’s cock, strewing all over the latter’s stomach. jeonghan then increases his speed all the more, his own ass clenched as he carried not only his own body, but the weight of the wings spread fully on his back, flipping with a mind of their own, and it’s taking all his might not to flap away from joshua’s body — damn it! jeonghan never had sex with his wings before (he never even removed his top with anyone, keeping his buttons opened at most), and it’s making it difficult for him to give his virgin partner a calm pace. but by the looks of it, joshua might have just had the best, sexiest, night of his life.

despite his weak condition and barely being able to open his eyes, joshua could feel the excessive tensing of jeonghan’s muscles as the angel moves one hand unto the headboard in an attempt to keep him in place. thoughtfully, joshua lets jeonghan thrust harder inside him, reaching out to the hand rested on the side of his face and giving the wrist a kiss. then seconds later, jeonghan comes; his wings halting with a twitch before falling down slowly in retraction.

jeonghan only lets himself rest for a moment after finishing himself empty, laying atop the beaten doctor in five counts of sighs before standing up to clean them. and now, with a warm and wet towel, jeonghan wipes on joshua’s stomach, but not before handing him a glass of water; joshua mouths him a ‘thanks.’ playfully, jeonghan pulls out the blanket where the doctor laid and walks away, causing the latter a soft giggle.

coming back with a new blanket, jeonghan tucks themselves in, pulling joshua close to his chest and letting the latter’s head rest below his chin.

“are you okay now?” he asks. “did i hurt you anywhere i wasn’t supposed to?”

jeonghan couldn’t see it, but he feels joshua smile against his skin.

“you didn’t,” joshua answers. “i’m beat.”

“sleep,” jeonghan tells him, caressing his arm to keep him warm. he’s satisfied to have pleasured his doctor tonight.

Chapter End Notes

let’s resume the story next chapter!

thank you, by the way, for those who stayed with me and let themselves known last chapter. and thank you for those who just discovered this fic and had reached up to this point. i really appreciate you guys ;;;;;

i hope you had a nice Christmas, by the way! hoping everyone welcomes the new year with positivity and joy. much love!
the angel has come into possession (part 1)

Chapter Summary

but really, the possession of whom?

Chapter Notes

sorry for my long absence! things have been very difficult for me lately.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

heavy,

heavy is the sound of the wind indicating swift movement, making known to joshua the call of a new day; he awakens at the quick whirring of jeonghan’s wings, flipping open once before settling back into nestled feathers behind him. cute, he thinks. the doctor figures the angel must be dreaming.

joshua slowly registers the morning, inhaling the site of daylight seen through the yellow-gradient streak painting over the expanse of jeonghan’s side: from his shoulder and diagonally down his waist, highlighting the smoothness of his bare torso and the unfiltered little hairs on his skin — all too peaceful, until he decides to shuffle because fuck. damn. his asshole burns. but that doesn’t stop him from scooting over his beautiful angel, caressing his skin and quietly greeting him a ‘good morning.’

Feisty Baby (11:22 a.m.): Seungcheol, I’m sorry.

Sexycoups (11:23 a.m.): I know

Feisty Baby (11:23 a.m.): I really am… I tried everything…

Feisty Baby (11:24 a.m.): Even if our request was granted, the Treasury could only give us so much.

Feisty Baby (11:24 a.m.): There’s no chance for us to beat the highest bid…

Sexycoups (11:25 a.m.): I must have underestimated the hongs

Sexycoups (11:26 a.m.): People really gave them that much? What a legacy. I hope their research fails
Sexycoups (11:26 a.m.): Hahaha
Sexycoups (11:27 a.m.): I feel defeated, jihoon
Feisty Baby (11:28 a.m.): Cheol…
Sexycoups (11:28 a.m.): :)

Feisty Baby (11:29 a.m.): Wait, no.
Feisty Baby (11:29 a.m.): Don’t hope for that.
Sexycoups (11:30 a.m.): ???
Feisty Baby (11:30 a.m.): The failing. Don’t. I have a plan.

(time: 10:00 a.m.)

“done,” jeonghan declares, matching it with the ting! of the spoon hitting the ceramic of his hot cup of coffee and joshua attempts hiding the judging look on his face, still appalled, even after having witnessed this multiple times before, by the amount of sugar jeonghan mixes with his coffee. (and when jeonghan sips with an Ahhhh, he laughs at the knowing look on joshua’s bewildered eyes.)

another ting! comes seconds later, this time, from jeonghan’s phone and followed by a succession of various tones as accompanied by vibrations, calling for jeonghan’s attention. unbothered, however, jeonghan only presses the crescent-shaped button found within his phone’s control center, setting it on Do Not Disturb.

“why?” joshua asks before he could decide to check his own phone and copy the solution. “shouldn’t we check for feedback?”

jeonghan shakes his head no and pulls joshua to his lap, entangling a limb over the latter’s waist and presses a kiss on his shoulder. “let the people enjoy the chaos. i’ll handle the formalities later.”

“How about me, hannie? what do i do?”

“You?” jeonghan smiles, now sneaking both hands inside joshua’s t-shirt and caressing the skin on his stomach. “you make love to me.”

joshua looks over his shoulder, meeting jeonghan’s confirming look. nevermind that his ass still burns, his heart urges him to tell his loving angel, “yes. that, we should.”
(time: 11:00 a.m.)

BREAKING NEWS:

The hunt for the re-discovered winged bounty has come to an end upon the consummation of the locally held auction. Reliable sources claim to have discovered an accumulation of trust diverted to the hands of the team of the late Doctor Hong of Hong Laboratories, Inc. to conduct research over the creature of international interest, accruing millions of dollars proclaiming them the highest bidder. It has been reported that the decision was an oral agreement between multiple constituents in high belief that the integrity and competency of the late Doctor Hong is more than enough to qualify for the subject research, allowing the matter to be credited under his name and last personal legacy.

Rumours regarding the involvement of our government has yet to be settled, considering that the Hong Laboratories, Inc. has always been an associate of the National Research Institute. Doctor Joshua Hong, heir of the said laboratories, have yet to decide on public disclosure over the study.

jihoonie ♥ (6:30 p.m.): Doctor Kwon, hi. Are you busy?

Dr. Kwon, Soonyoung (6:30 p.m.): jihoonie! no, i just got off work. what’s up?

jihoonie ♥ (6:31 p.m.): Nothing much… hehe. Dinner?

Dr. Kwon, Soonyoung (6:30 p.m.): i would love to!!! ( *´ω´*)

soonyoung looks tensely over his phone, clutching it until his fingers have turned white.

something was up.

wonwoo is going to beat him.

jeonghan hates that joshua has to leave before dinner, interlocking their fingers in a futile attempt to prevent him from stepping outside the premises of the angel’s extravagant abode. joshua had to take
the cab tonight, considering he left his car in the laboratory the night before.

“why can’t you stay for the night,” jeonghan pouts, pulling joshua by the hand. “just one more night.”

chuckling, joshua steps into jeonghan’s space and hugs him. “i have shit to do, you know this.”

it is true, but it doesn’t hurt to try convincing him otherwise for the last time.

“i’ll come back tomorrow.”

jeonghan kisses him as a response.

“don’t touch your wings, okay?”

jeonghan nods, and it’s joshua’s turn to kiss him once before he leaves completely.

and the moment he disappears, another man comes in and jeonghan’s left alone to greet him.

“seok? you didn’t tell me you were coming.”

seokmin’s response was a tight grip on jeonghan’s wrist and a snarl that opens to a gruesome evening.

dragging the angel inside the kitchen area, seokmin makes it known that he has come to own him.

Chapter End Notes

hey! i’m back again. it’s been months, i know. i’m sorry, i haven’t been stable lately. but hey, i’m getting better these days and am very determined to continue updating this fic.

i know i initially planned this to be a short, like, a ten-chaptered thing, but there’s so much to explore and so much to share about the characters and their situations. but i can tell you all this: we’re nearing the most intense points of the story... so i hope you hang unto this fic with me until the end!

i really appreciate each and everyone of you who have been patient with me; and i appreciate those who have only discovered this now. thank you, thank you, and i hope you all are having happy days and staying healthy.

here, take this >hug< if you want it! it’s for free! ♡
the angel has come into possession (part 2)

Chapter Summary

wherein jihoon pursues his plan & seokmin thinks he’s not doing anything wrong.

Chapter Notes

tw: blood! lots and lots of blood! and sex! there’s cheating! i’m sorry for this chapter!

also, this wasn’t proof-read. i’ll edit it tomorrow!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

there’s blood splatters on the wall, blood drops on the floor; seokmin gushes blood from his thumb as he prompts blood to spurt from jeonghan’s back, hurting him with his dagger — it’s too small and jeonghan’s wings are too strong.

there’s just blood, so much blood; and jeonghan wishes he’d just use a machete, but it seems, seokmin’s goal was to torture.

this is wrong. this is wrong. this is wrong.

soonyoung’s mind is an endless string of chants, crying for what would later leave a sour taste inside his mouth — although, for now, all that he can taste from what’s smacking against his lips is nothing less of a sweet, sweet sin.

jihoon has gone devouring soonyoung with an aim wrapped with malice so evil, yet still very in tact with love; jihoon will go to the greatest of lengths if it means to paint a smile on seungcheol’s face, regardless if it would hurt him if he knew.

it sounds absurd, but jihoon is cheating on seungcheol for seungcheol.
Joshuji ♥ (6:30 p.m.): no “take care, joshuji” message from you today? is that how much you didn’t want me to leave? :c

Joshuji ♥ (6:31 p.m.): i’m on a break, by the way. i hope you had a nice dinner. :*

jihoon’s lips is moist against soonyoung’s, they’re soft enough to slide over the latter’s top and bottom lips alternatively, hot breath escaping every now and then. soonyoung never had imagined kissing him to be this good, and he thinks of this without denying that he’s always been curious since the beginning of his little to enormous crush on the scientist.

soonyoung lets jihoon get his way, holding the latter’s waist when he straddles him, hands cupping his famously cute cheeks; and soonyoung would giggle, if not for the fact that he feels everything to be wrong.

jihoon pauses for a moment, leaving a little peck before proposing.

“have sex with me?”

“jihoonie…”

soonyoung isn’t even sure how they got here: in soonyoung’s place, only after a drink or two. the genius that he is can’t even recall jihoon’s purpose, or if jihoon did have a purpose because soonyoung isn’t even fucking sure if jihoon ever told him why he wanted to have dinner with him in the first place.

“just now, soonie. just for tonight. i just… you’re just so fucking attractive to me.”

soonyoung finds it a good enough reason to continue.

Joshuji ♥ (7:00 p.m.): hey, angel…

Joshuji ♥ (7:10 p.m.): jeonghan?
jihoon’s shaft feels so big inside soonyoung, sliding in so slow and careful inside the latter; and jihoon hates that he’s enjoying this — soonyoung’s velvety insides, so tight and hungry for him. jihoon always knew that he has soonyoung wrapped around his little, but he’d never imagined him taking him in so obediently like this.

he thrusts along the most passionate manner he could display, easing the pain with the odd goodness of lust, hitting soonyoung’s prostate all while skilfully flicking on his nipples; and soonyoung is letting himself drown into jihoon’s touch, letting himself feed this want.

for soonyoung, tonight has been long overdue, having been in love with jihoon since forever; for jihoon, tonight was a move of desperation.

jihoon makes sure he won’t exhaust soonyoung too much. he needs him to give him an answer.

having an affair that is far from immoral affection is too much for jihoon, he feels like throwing up, but that, he can’t show soonyoung.

meanwhile, soonyoung’s heart hurts, not having jihoon take care of him after all that has happened tonight, but at least jihoon was still laying down beside him. he really shouldn’t ask for more.

“soonie, have you ever thought about us? working together?”

soonyoung tenses for a bit. a part of him tells him perhaps, jihoon meant them to be romantic; but the most of him knows that’s impossible.

“for science, you say?”

“i mean,” jihoon teases. of course, he has to play in a little for persuasion. “sure, okay. have you?”

what the fuck does that mean?! soonyoung’s just about to go crazy because of jihoon. somehow, he
wishes he just hated jihoon instead. that would be so much easier, damn it!

“wh— i mean, like, of course. you’re really smart, you know?”

“then, should we do it?”

“what?”

“would together?”

“how?”

“the bounty? i don’t know.”

“oh.”

______________________________

**Joshuji ♥ (9:00 p.m.):** i’m off work, hannie. i’m sorry for texting you so much today… but your lack of response is really making me worry…

**Joshuji ♥ (9:01 p.m.):** i’ll go home now. :)

**Angel (9:08 p.m.):** j

**Joshuji ♥ (9:08 p.m.):** han?

**Angel (9:11 p.m.):** pls

**Angel (9:11 p.m.):** come ov

**Angel (9:12 p.m.):** er

Joshua is too worried to even respond.

his heart is racing his car for him, turning his wheels around as fast as he could to the direction of jeonghan’s place; fingers tapping restlessly as he waits for every stupid fucking traffic light to turn back to bright fucking green.
soonyoung is now on the floor, his back pressed against his apartment’s door. jihoon had just gone home.

wonwoo’s gonna kill me. wonwoo’s gonna kill me. wonwoo’s gonna kill me. shit, shit, shit shit, shit, shit, shit, shit. fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

soonyoung just agreed to working together with jihoon.

don’t worry, soonie. it’s just one day, afterall. what can scientists do to a study in a day? hah! i don’t know! observe! that’s all!

soonyoung decides now’s the time to call wonwoo. he’s already so fucked in all of fuck’s aspects, might as well take in some more.

“soonyoung, you fucking Genius,” wonwoo tells him, sarcasm straining the telephone line; and the beep that follows makes soonyoung want to call in sick tomorrow.

________________________________

Sexycoups (10:04 p.m.): Baby, what time are you coming home?

Feisty Baby (10:04 p.m.): Now.

Sexycoups (10:05 p.m.): Yeah? Where did you come from?

Feisty Baby (10:05 p.m.): Dr. Kwon’s.

Sexycoups (10:06 p.m.): Oh

Feisty Baby (10:06 p.m.): Don’t worry, love. We got our hands on the bird for a day. Got his permission. Haha

Sexycoups (10:07 p.m.): What the fuck?! Hurry home, give me more details!!!

Sexycoups (10:07 p.m.): I mean?? For a day, only?? What can you do to a bird in a lab for one day?

Feisty Baby (10:08 p.m.): Babe…

Feisty Baby (10:08 p.m.): We kill it. :D

jihoon feels absolutely disgusting upon sending his last message. but if they can’t have the bird for
themselves, no one should fucking have it.

“seok, i don’t—”

jeonghan couldn’t even continue to tell his brother he doesn’t understand what he’s hurting him for — not when another slash hits his back and his feathers come flying around them.

jeonghan can barely breathe at this point. it’s been five fucking hours of torture, and all that jeonghan can rely his life on is his ability to heal faster than ordinary, and it’s the least his fucking curse of some wings can do to help him.

“you,” seokmin starts, lifting a larger piece of feather from whatever’s left on jeonghan’s ruptured feature. “belong,” he continues, aligning his small knife on the feather’s shaft, “to me,” he finishes, slashing it to the fulfillment of his desire for gross mutilation.

“you’d be dead if it weren’t for my family, hannie. have you forgotten about that?” seokmin’s voice rings against jeonghan’s eardrums, hurting his head as if his entire body wasn’t hurting enough. he pulls on the rope that held jeonghan’s hands tied together, leaving a red, blushing burn on the latter’s wrists, and then on those that were around his ankles. seokmin likes that he’s able to take over his brother, honestly thinking that jeonghan should be grateful; that jeonghan owes him his life. and when he misbehaves like this, giving himself into outside authorities, seokmin thinks his territory is being stolen.

yoon jeonghan was his. yoon jeonghan was for him to play with. yoon jeonghan was the only thing seokmin thinks he can have for himself, considering his parents loved jeonghan more than their own fucking son — those fucking assholes!

to be fair (or for what sick concept of fair this is), seokmin doesn’t think he’s taking revenge, no; but he thinks, this way, he can avenge the life that has been stolen from him by this adopted Stranger.

Chapter End Notes

hi, you guys! i think i’ll be able to give everyone one chapter a week, woohoo!

i don’t have a lot to say today, but thank you for reading. i appreciate those who come up to me and tell me they’re still updating themselves with this story. i’m glad i’m not alone!

also: i’ve put up another chaptered fic called "Why do you let me stay here?" — go check it out if you want some fantasy fluff & crack! i guarantee that fic is A Lot lighter than this one!
have a great day if you’re reading this during daylight; and a great night, if otherwise! ily!!!

End Notes

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also, the stressed student that i am would gratefully take a cup of coffee as a form of support: here! you know, if you ever liked my work that much. i’ll drink it well, i promise. thank you ♡

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!