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## Monster - A Yandere!EXO X Reader Series

by Mint_yooxgi

### Summary

Also found on my Tumblr at Mint-yooxgi! Based off of the EXO song Monster, as well as the Yandere trope. I hope you enjoy!
He’s infatuated with you.

You’re his, and there’s nothing you can do about it.

Everything about you drives him crazy.

He will stop at nothing to have you.

Forever in the shadows, creeping...

Creeping...

Creeping...
“Hurry up (Y/n), I want to go to one more store before the mall closes,” your best friend, Stephanie, says to you over her shoulder as she speed walks ahead of you.

“Okay, okay, geez,” you say, catching up to her and matching her pace. “Slow down will you, we still have an hour left.”

“I know, but I want to make sure I have time to look around and finish shopping!” She replies.

You smile and roll your eyes at her as the two of you enter the final store. She immediately runs off to a certain section of the store and you lose sight of her. You know the only reason she wants to go to this store is because her boyfriend works here, and she can visit him while he works.

The two of you spent all day together, walking around the mall and spending quality friend time together. You figure the least you can do is let her visit her boyfriend for a few minutes before you go look for her.

You fiddle with the bracelet you always keep around your wrist as you look at the various displays before you, showcasing the different shoes on sale. A specific shoe catches your eye and you reach out to grab it to check the price. Once you see the sale tag your eyes light up.

Still holding the display shoe in your hand, you begin to make your way down the aisle to find someone to grab your size. Before you can walk more than three steps, you feel yourself collide with something firm and lose your balance. You squeeze your eyes shut and brace for the impact with the floor.

Except, it doesn’t come.

Instead, you feel a firm grip around your wrist as well as a strong arm wrapped around your waist.

You slowly open your eyes to be met with dark irises filled with concern, a face inches apart from your own. Neither you, nor the mystery man move. The two of you stare at each other in silence for a minute until you awkwardly clear your throat.

This seems to snap him out of whatever trance he’s in, because the next moment he’s helping you to stand normally again. His hand slowly releases your wrist and he brings his arms to rest at his
sides as he avoids your gaze.

“Um, sorry about bumping into you,” you say sheepishly, a blush rising up your neck. “And thanks, for, you know, catching me before I fell.”

He immediately looks up into your eyes when you thank him, a small smile gracing his lips, “It was no problem, I was the one who bumped into you, so I should be the one apologizing. Are you okay?”

You blink at him, not expecting him to ask if you’re alright, considering most people you bump into scoff and walk away from you as if you’ve greatly offended their great ancestors.

“Uh, yeah. Thanks again…” you trail off, not knowing what to say next.

“Kyungsoo,” he replies.

“Sorry, what?”

“My name,” he continues. “It’s Kyungsoo.”

“Oh, well, Kyungsoo, I should probably get going before my friend starts to wonder where I’ve gone,” you say, giving him a polite smile before turning around to walk away. You take two steps forwards before stopping to say over your shoulder, “My name’s (Y/n), by the way.”

As you walk back down the way you came, you could have sworn you heard something that resembled an ‘I know’ come from behind you. You shrug it off as you see Stephanie waiting for you just outside the front of the store.

“There you are,” she says as you walk up to her. “I thought you would have bought something with how long you were taking inside the store.”

“Says the one whose only reason to go in in the first place was so she could visit her boyfriend,” you tease back, nudging her in the side with your elbow. “But if you must know, I bumped into someone, that’s why I was taking so long.”

“Was he cute?” She immediately turns all her attention to you, raising an eyebrow.

“Steph!” You exclaim in disbelief.

“What? It’s an honest question,” she defends, shrugging her shoulders.

“Well, if you must know,” you say, exiting the mall with her in tow. “He wasn’t that bad looking. He had really nice eyes, like the colour of dark chocolate.”

“Sounds to me like someone’s fallen in love at first sight!” She teases, wiggling her eyebrows at you.

“Shut up, it wasn’t like that,” you roll your eyes at her.

You two continue to bicker back and forth as you place your bags into her car and get in on the passenger side. You quickly put your seatbelt on as Steph starts the car and drives out of the parking lot, blissfully unaware of the pair of eyes that follow your every movement as you exit the mall, and now, the parking lot, watching as the car you’re in gets further and further away.

He looks down at the object held in his hand and smiles. Your bracelet. He makes his way towards his parked car, the smile never leaving his face as he clutches the bracelet tightly in his hand. He
unlocks his car, sliding into the drivers seat and looks at himself in his rearview mirror.

Dark chocolate eyes stare back at him as he recalls his encounter with you. The way his name sounds coming from your lips almost made him shiver in pleasure. How long he’s waited to actually meet you in person, he doesn’t know. All he does know, is that this won’t be the last time you two see each other, he’ll make sure of it. After all, you did say he has nice eyes.

The next day, you have plans to go out with Stephanie, her boyfriend, and one of his friends whom you don’t know. You feel like staying home, but since you know someone else is going to be there, you don’t want them to feel like a third wheel considering you know what it’s like when tagging along with Steph and her boyfriend.

The two of you are going to meet the boys for a movie and then get dinner afterwards. You’re hoping that whoever this guy is, he’s nice and not an arrogant prick.

You arrive with Steph at the movie theatre and immediately she spots her boyfriend standing with someone else. She runs up to him and jumps on his back as you follow quickly behind.

“I missed you!” Steph exclaims while pressing a kiss to the side of her boyfriend’s cheek.

“Ugh, save the PDA for when I’m not around,” you complain, scoffing at how affectionate they’re being. “Besides, you saw each other yesterday.”

“You’re just jealous you can’t do this with someone yourself,” Chanyeol says, pulling Steph into his side.

“Surprisingly, I’m not,” you say, rolling your eyes at him.

“I’d have to agree with (Y/n) on this one,” a voice says from beside you. “I’d much rather not watch the two of you smother each other right in front of me.”

It’s at this moment that you actually look at the fourth person standing with your little group. You’re shocked to see it’s actually someone you know.

“Kyungsoo,” your voice sounds more surprised than anything, barely coming out as a whisper, yet he still manages to hear you.

“I’m surprised to see you again,” he says, turning to smile at you. “Even more surprised you remembered the guy who bumped into you’s name.”

“Wait, so he was the guy you were telling me you bumped into? Damn, (Y/n), you weren’t kidding about-“ Steph starts to say before you cut her off, a slight blush rising up your cheeks as you realize what she’s about to say.

“Okay, movie time!” You cheer, successfully getting her to shut up with a slight glare her way. She chuckles and sends you a wink.

The four of you make your way over to the ticket booth, paying and walking into the theatre. You decide to sit at the very back since no one else is currently in the theatre. You take a seat between Steph and Kyungsoo, with Chanyeol on the opposite side of Steph. After a while, they both stand up.

“We’re going to go get food, do you guys want anything?” Steph asks, turning to face you and Kyungsoo who are still seated.
“You know my usual,” you say, digging around in your bag to pull out your money, but before you can even open your wallet you see Kyungsoo pass her some money.

“Could you get me some popcorn, and use this to also pay for whatever she wants,” he says while his eyes flick to your form.

“You don’t have to do that,” you tell him. “I can pay for myself.”

“I don’t mind,” he says as Steph takes the money and walks back out of the theatre, Chanyeol in tow. “Besides, think of it as an extra apology for almost knocking you over yesterday.”

“Oh, that’s really sweet of you,” you say, blushing. “Unnecessary, but sweet.”

“It’s the least I could do for a pretty lady,” he smiles back at you which makes you blush even harder and avert your eyes from his.

“So, how did you meet Chanyeol?” You ask, changing the subject to avoid becoming even more red.

“Been friends since high school,” He says, a small smirk tugging at his lips as he reminisces of the past. “Always has been a bit of an ass, but that’s Chanyeol for you.”

“So I’m not the only one who thinks that, oh thank god,” you say, placing a hand over your chest in a teasingly relieved manner.

“What about you? How did you meet Steph?” He asks, already knowing the answer. He knows everything about you. Well, almost everything.

“We’ve been friends ever since we were little. We grew up on the same street until her family moved in the seventh grade. They moved back in her final year of high school and we haven’t been separated since,” you explain, a small smile on your face as you remember the day you found out she was moving back to your hometown.

“That’s nice,” he says.

“Yeah, I’m glad she’s my friend. I don’t know what I’d do without her,” you say truthfully. “So, tell me about yourself.”

“Well, I love animals, specifically birds. I’m currently going into my third year of computer technologies and coding, working towards getting my masters afterwards. I enjoy taking walks at night, since it allows me to think while everything is calm and dark out. I enjoy listening to music, and I sing a little,” he informs you, watching your reactions carefully as he tells you things he knows you like.

Your face lights up in excitement, “same here! I mean, not the computer stuff, but I love birds and music, and that’s exactly why I love taking night walks, too. It’s almost like we’re the same person.”

He laughs. *If only you knew.*

You’re about to say something else, but before you can, Steph and Chanyeol are back with the snacks. They pass the two of you your stuff and you quietly thank them, reminding yourself to thank Kyungsoo again for paying for your things.

The movie starts and all your focus is diverted to the screen. The entire time, Kyungsoo steals
small glances at you beside him. His heart feels as if it’s about to burst out of his chest. This is only the second time he’s been this close to you, well, that you know of. His heart is racing in his chest, and he feels like you can hear it beating from where you’re sitting. He does his best to appear calm on the outside, and so far, it’s working. After all, he has had over a year to practice.

Once the movie ends, the four of you all head out for dinner. Over dinner, you are able to talk more with Kyungsoo and learn more about him, as he does with you. You’re starting to really take a liking to him, he’s kind, funny, and attractive to top it all off. You can only hope he feels the same about you.

After dinner, the four of you decide to go for a walk through the park. Steph and Chanyeol walk a couple paces ahead of the two of you, allowing you all more privacy between your two groups.

“It’s a beautiful night out,” you comment, looking up at the stars and watching how they twinkle in the sky. The moon reflects off your eyes as you look towards Kyungsoo whose breath hitches in his throat at how stunning you look under the night sky. He resists the urge to kiss you.

“Yes, it is,” he says. “But not as beautiful as you.”

You smile shyly back at him and avoid his gaze while muttering a small thanks under your breath. “You’re not so bad yourself,” you say, still not meeting his eyes.

His heart beat quickens when he hears you say those words. He can’t believe what he’s just heard. You find him attractive. He swears he’s never been happier in his life then in this moment right now.

“Then, do you think I could get your number?” He asks, looking at you with hope in his eyes, as well as something else you can’t quite recognize.

“Sure! Give me your phone so I can put my number in,” you say, smiling at him as he digs through his pocket and pulls out his phone, handing it over to you.

You put in your number and send yourself a quick message so that you can save his into your phone. You hand his phone back to him and he smiles at you.

“You know, despite not wanting to go out today, I’m glad I did,” you say, continuing on your walk through the park. “I had a really good time.”

“Well, I, for one, am glad you came,” he says. “I had a great time getting to know you better, and not just knowing you as the girl I almost knocked over at the mall.”

You both chuckle at his statement, allowing a comfortable silence to settle over the two of you. You’re both pulled out of your silence when you hear Steph call out for you on the path ahead. Her and Chanyeol walk back up to the two of you.

“We should get going now, it’s getting really late,” she says, giving you a look that you know all to well.

“Alright, I’ll see you guys later then,” you say, giving her a goodbye hug. “Be safe.”

“Yeah, yeah, we will,” she replies, grabbing Chanyeol’s hand in her own. “Text me when you get home, okay?”

“I will, don’t worry,” you say, waving the two of them off as they walk further and further down the path away from you and Kyungsoo.
“I should probably get going too, it is getting late,” you say, turning back around to face Kyungsoo who seems to have zoned out. He blinks a few times before looking back at you.

“Let me walk you home, then,” he offers.

“No, that’s okay, I wouldn’t want to be a bother,” you say. “My apartment is only a few blocks away from here anyways, it’s not that far.”

“Are you sure? I don’t mind,” he reassures you but you shake your head no.

“I’m okay,” you say, watching his expression drop slightly. “Thank you though.”

With that, the two of you bid each other a good night and head your separate ways. The night air nips at your skin, making you pull your sweater tighter against your body. You walk a few blocks before you feel a creeping presence behind you. You glance over your shoulder, but there’s no one there. You sigh, it’s probably just you being paranoid about walking at this time of night. A shiver runs down your spine, and this time, it’s not because of the cold. You’re certain you can feel a pair of eyes watching you, making you pick up your pace to make it back to the safety of your apartment quicker.

You make it to the lobby of your apartment building and step into the warm room. You breathe a small sigh of relief as you watch the elevator doors close, no longer feeling as if someone is watching you. It’s probably nothing to worry about anyways.

Exiting the elevator, you make your way to the front door of your apartment, unlock it and step inside. You close the door behind you and a goofy smile makes its way onto your face. You’re happy with the way today went, and how natural it felt talking with Kyungsoo. You can’t wait until the next time you get to spend time with him.

You kick off your shoes and stretch your arms above your head, a few pops sounding from your back as it cracks. You make your way towards your bedroom to get ready for bed, as it is late in the evening. You change into some comfy pyjama’s and brush your teeth, crawling into bed shortly afterwards. You don’t realize how tired you are until you finally lie down, allowing your heavy eyelids to close and drifting off to sleep.

You wake the next morning to see you have a new message from Kyungsoo.

Kyungsoo: Good morning, I hope you have a wonderful day!

You: Thanks! You too! :)

You smile at your phone in your hand and get out of bed. You make your way to the bathroom to start getting ready for the day, but you can’t help but to feel uneasy. Almost as if someone is watching you again.

You shake your head to clear your thoughts. You’re probably just imagining things, no one is watching you. You’re safe inside your apartment, no one can get in but you.

Once you’re done getting ready for the day, you decide to run some errands you’ve been putting off for a while. You go out, making sure to lock the door behind you.

Over the course of the next few weeks, you and Kyungsoo text back and forth, talking about anything and everything. Even though you’ve known each other for such a short period of time, you can’t help but to feel a sense of comfort whenever you’re in his presence.
You even run into him at the supermarket one day, happy to see a familiar face while grocery shopping. He offers to keep you company while the two of you shop, and you readily agree, glad you can spend time together. He even carries your bags out for you.

Despite having Kyungsoo’s friendly face to greet you every now and then, you still can’t shake the feeling of being watched. It’s getting so bad that your sleep is starting to be affected, and you could swear you see shadows moving through your apartment when no one is there.

You haven’t told anyone else about this though, you thought they would just tell you that you’re being paranoid and not to worry about it. You thought about telling Steph one time, but you know how she can be. She’d immediately freak out and get the cops involved, and you’re not even sure if this feeling is just that, a feeling. However, one day after coming home from work, you know that your feeling is no longer just a feeling. It’s very real.

You come home from work, tired from the long day you’ve had, wanting nothing more than to take a hot bath and then curl up on your couch and watch a movie. It’s so slight, you almost miss it in your groggy state, but your hair brush is turned the opposite direction it was this morning. You think it’s strange and just shrug it off as your arm hitting it while you were leaving in your rush this morning.

You move towards your underwear drawer to pick out a fresh set to change into after your shower, knowing exactly what pair you are going to slip on. You open your drawer, digging through it to find your red lace undies which you know you’ve washed recently.

Except, they aren’t there.

You’re eyebrows furrow in confusion as you think of where they might be, even though you specifically remember putting them back in your drawer. You turn around and observe your room, thinking about where they could be. It’s then that you actually fully take in your surroundings.

Clothes thrown on your desk chair are shifted slightly and are more wrinkled, as if someone picked them up, only to try and place them how they were before. Your closet door is slightly open, even though you know you closed it before leaving this morning. You inhale deeply, catching the slight scent of your favourite perfume, which you only use on special occasions, and you know you haven’t used recently.

Your eyes widen in fear.

*Somebody was in your apartment.*

Your hairbrush wasn’t turned because of your arm hitting it on your way out, and your panties have been stolen by whoever was in your apartment earlier that day.

Shock, disgust, and fear all run through your mind at the same time, you can’t even think straight. You do the only thing you can think of to do in this moment. You call Kyungsoo.

He answers on the second ring. “Hey, (Y/n).-“

“Someone was in my house,” you cut him off before he gets a chance to finish, your voice sounding small and weak. “Kyungsoo, someone *broke into my house.*”

“What? (Y/n), are you okay?” He asks worriedly.

“I-I don’t know,” you choke out. “Can you come over? I know it’s late, but I need you right now. I don’t know who else I can trust with this.”
His heart soars at your words. You’re asking him to comfort you. Not anyone else. Him. “I’ll be right over,” he assures you.


After that, you hang up and curl into a small ball on the floor. Tears run down your face as your whole body shakes in fear. Someone was in your house. They went through your things, stole from you. Who knows how many times this has happened without you noticing. You shiver at the thought of some stranger watching you sleep.

About half an hour passes with you curled up on your floor before you hear a soft knock on your door. You don’t move. You hear your door open and soft footsteps making their way towards where you are. You jump slightly when you feel strong arms wrap around your frame. Your breathing picks up and you start to shake in fright until you hear his voice.

“Shh, it’s alright now, you’re safe,” he coos. “I’m here now, you’re safe.”

With his reassuring words, and his arms wrapped securely around you, you start to calm down a little bit. Your breathing finally returns to normal as Kyungsoo continues to rock you back and forth in his lap while stroking your hair.

“Thank you,” you say once you are able to find your voice.

“It’s no problem, really,” he replies, continuing to hold you to his chest. He hopes you can’t hear how fast his heart is racing due to being so close to you and actually holding you in his arms, something he’s only dreamed of doing. “Now tell me, what happened?”

“Someone broke into my house,” you repeat, barely believing your own words.

“Are you sure?” He asks.

“Yes,” you go on to explain all the little details you’ve noticed since arriving back home for the night. He mentally curses himself for being so careless in his actions, thinking you wouldn’t notice anything out of the ordinary, just like all the other times he’s been in your apartment without you knowing. “Whoever is was even stole…” you trail off.

“Stole what?” He pries, acting concerned when in reality, he knows exactly what you’re referring to.

“My, uh…” you hesitate once more, a pink hue dusting your cheeks as you finally tell him what’s been stolen. “A pair of my underwear, and now that I think about it, the matching bra, too.”

Your bright red lace set with the little black bow on the front of both the bra and panties. His favourite. He’s only ever imagined you wearing them for him. He took the bra a few months ago and finally decided he’d complete the set, but he wasn’t anticipating this. You aren’t supposed to notice.

“Who would do something like that?” He feigns surprise at your statement, immediately acting disgusted. “That’s despicable.”

“I knew someone was following me, I just knew it. I never acted on it because I thought I was being paranoid, but this just confirms it,” you say, finally pulling yourself away from Kyungsoo. He frowns slightly at your movement, which goes unnoticed by you.

“What do you mean?” He asks.
“For the past few months I’ve always had this feeling of eyes following my every movement, like someone has been watching me. It gets really bad. So bad, it sometimes keeps me up at night because I feel like someone’s there in my room with me. I’ve kept it to myself this entire time because I didn’t know who I could trust enough to tell, but with all that’s happening, I’m glad I can feel comfortable enough to tell you,” you say while pacing your room and finally turning to look into his eyes. You see something flash in them for a brief moment, but it’s so brief you think you imagine it.

“Well, I’m glad you told me now,” he says, trying to think of his next move carefully. This might be his only chance to get closer to you, and he doesn’t want to blow it. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

You think for a moment, staring intensely at your wall as you try to come up with a way that protects you best. After a few more seconds, you think of something.

“Cameras,” you say.

Kyungsoo almost chokes on his breath, “pardon me?”

“Cameras,” you repeat. “You said you’re in your third year of computer technologies and coding, right? Well, you must know something about cameras, and what better way to catch this stalker than on video? If I went to the police with no evidence, they’d brush me off as paranoid with nothing to worry about since there’s no sign of forced entry, and I can’t prove my clothes have been stolen, since they’re both such small, insignificant things. However, if we were to put up cameras around my house to monitor what goes on when I’m not here, we can catch this creep and get him arrested.”

Silence falls between the two of you after you state your brilliant idea. He stares at you in shock before a plan starts forming in his mind. “Cameras. What better way to watch you at home than with cameras? He only wishes he thought of this himself sooner, then none of this would have happened.

“Okay,” he agrees in a quiet voice, doing his best to hide the grin that wants to spread across his face. “I’ll help you.”

“Really?” You ask, eyes wide.

“Yes,” he answers.

“Okay, perfect,” you say, nodding your head slightly. “Then let’s install them tomorrow. As soon as possible.”

“Okay,” he replies, standing up from his spot on your floor where he hasn’t moved from since you left his embrace. He goes to leave until he feels your hand around his wrist, preventing him from moving any further.

“Will you please stay with me?” You ask, not being able to look in his eyes, which are widened slightly in surprise. You’re asking him to stay? “Just for tonight. I don’t want to be alone right now.”

He smiles back at you reassuringly, “of course I’ll stay with you.”

You return his smile, grateful that you won’t be left alone for the night.

“I’m just going to grab a shower, and then we can watch a movie, how does that sound?” You ask,
releasing your grip on his wrist.

“Alright, sounds good to me,” he says.

He gives you one last smile before turning and exiting your room to let you get ready. As he walks to your living room, his one hand holds the spot on his wrist where yours was just minutes ago. His wrist feels like it’s burning, burning from your touch. God, he can only imagine what your hand would feel like wrapped around his- No, he shouldn’t be thinking of this right now. Not when you’re just down the hall, pouring your trust into him being with you for the night.

He sits on your couch and patiently waits for you to finish your nightly routine. He takes a deep breath, inhaling your scent that’s made its way through your apartment, making everything smell uniquely of you.

About fifteen minutes later, you appear in the entranceway to your living room with slightly damp hair, dressed in an oversized shirt and sleep shorts. His breathing stops momentarily and he can’t help but stare. He swears you’ve never looked more beautiful.

You clear your throat awkwardly and make your way over to where he’s sitting on the couch. You sit beside him and turn on Netflix, deciding on what movie the two of you should watch.

About halfway through the movie, your head starts to droop and you find it harder and harder to keep yourself awake. Eventually, you cannot fight your drowsiness anymore, and you manage to fall asleep, resting your head unconsciously on Kyungsoo’s shoulder.

As soon as he feels a weight on his shoulder, he turns to see you have fallen asleep against him. He smiles to himself and brushes a few strands of hair out of your face. He reaches across you to grab your remote and turn off the tv. He then gently reaches around and lifts you from the couch into his arms. He carries you bridal style to your room, placing you softly under your covers. He tucks you in and turns to leave before he is stopped once again by you grabbing his wrist.

“Please, don’t go,” you whisper, slightly tugging on his arm as an indication you want him to stay with you.

“I’m not going anywhere, I promise,” he says with a soft smile. “I’ll be on the couch if you need me, okay?”

“No, please,” you say, a blush spreading across your cheeks as you sit up in bed. “Stay with me, here, tonight. If you’re okay with that though, I don’t want to make you feel uncomfortable, I just don’t want to be alone.”

He nods his head in understanding, “okay.”

You scoot over in your bed and open up your covers so that Kyungsoo can crawl in beside you. At first, it’s a little awkward between the two of you, him not wanting to overstep his boundaries, but when you scoot closer and bury your head in his chest, his natural response is to wrap his arms around you.

You breathe a sigh of relief, relaxing a bit when you feel his arms around your waist. Knowing he’s with you, you fall asleep quickly, burying yourself into his warm embrace.

He swears his heart has stopped. You’re in his arms, in bed, with your head buried in his chest. He feels as if he’s about to burst from happiness, he never wants this night to end. He’s only ever imagined what it would be like sleeping in the same bed as you, and now that it’s actually happening, he doesn’t know what to do. After a few more hours of watching you sleep in his arms,
fatigue takes over and he manages to fall asleep.

The next morning, the two of you wake up with you still tangled in his embrace. You quickly get up, slightly embarrassed at the position you find yourself in. You get ready for the day and walk out to your kitchen to find that Kyungsoo has made breakfast for the both of you. You thank him and begin to eat. Once done, you both head out to get those surveillance cameras you mentioned the night before, and head back to your apartment to set them up.

“Alright, that should be the last one,” he says, making his way to where your laptop is sitting on your counter, waiting to connect to the cameras.

“And with that special software thingy you installed, no one will be able to hack into the feed, right? Only I can turn them on or off?” You ask, wanting to make sure this is actually going to work.

“ Yep, only you can control the cameras,” he assures you, typing away at your keyboard.

“I can’t thank you enough for this, Kyungsoo,” you say sincerely, him briefly glancing up to look at you from over the screen.

“Go on a date with me,” he states, staring at the screen instead of looking at you.

You nearly spit out the water you’re drinking, “what?”

“Let me cook you dinner. My place, 7 o’clock, this Friday, okay?” He says, looking up from the screen and into your eyes.

It takes you a moment to fully register his request, but when you do, a smile makes its way onto your face.

“Okay,” You agree shyly.

“Great!” He says. “Also, I’ve finished setting up the cameras, just push the button I showed you on your phone to activate them when you go out and everything will get recorded to your laptop so you’ll be able to see if someone breaks in.”

He stands up and makes his way towards your front door. You follow him, thanking him along the way with a relieved expression on your face.

“It’s no problem, really,” he tells you. “I’ll see you Friday.”

With that, you say your final goodbyes. You close your front door after him, making sure it’s locked before you walk back over to your laptop to see your new surveillance system.

There’s a camera in every room, except your bathroom. You figure you don’t need one in there, plus you wanted one room without a camera just incase the system does get hacked by whoever is stalking you. Each camera is placed specifically to show the entire room from wherever it is located, out of sight from anyone who doesn’t know where it is.

You sigh and make your way towards you bedroom. The events of last night are still with you, making you feel drained of energy. You figure a small nap would do you good.

You crawl into bed and lay there for a bit, thinking about Kyungsoo, and your date on Friday. You have a few days before it, so you start to think about what you’ll wear.
You really like him, he’s smart, funny, cute, and he’s got the warmest eyes you’ve ever seen. You don’t want to mess this up, after all, you aren’t getting any younger, as your parents keep reminding you.

While thinking about what to wear, you decide to go shopping the next day.

Wednesday comes and you are unexpectedly called into work. Luckily, you’re able to put the cameras to good use when you leave. They seem to be working smoothly so far, you’ve seen nothing out of the ordinary.

By the time your shift ends, it’s already late into the evening. You’re far too tired to go back out shopping, and besides, all the good stores are closed by now.

The next day rolls around and you allow yourself to sleep in, however, you awake with an uneasy feeling of someone watching you again. You shake it off as just being paranoid about the new cameras, and not being used to them yet. What you don’t know, is that your feelings are right, someone is watching you through the cameras. Someone who you know.

You spend the day out shopping, deciding to treat yourself and just have a ‘you’ day. You admittedly spend more than you would have liked to, but you reassure yourself that it’s worth it. You get home, feeling pretty relaxed for once. You place all your bags onto your bed and begin to unpack, unaware of the camera recording your every move.

Deciding to take a shower before bed, you grab the last bag that still needs to be unpacked and take it with you into the bathroom. You shut the door behind you.

Meanwhile, Kyungsoo sits at his desk in his closet adjacent to the bedroom, watching his monitors. He created this little setup the minute he got back to his house from installing the cameras in yours. A monitor for each camera in your apartment, that way he can keep an eye on you at all times.

He can’t believe he didn’t think of this before, using his computer skills to watch you. It’s his new favourite thing to do when you’re home, and now he doesn’t need to worry about getting caught.

He begins to wonder what is in the bag you took in the bathroom with you, and why you’re taking so long. He hears the music you put on while showing stop, and the door open. He is not expecting what he sees next, you coming out in a matching black lace lingerie set, damp hair cascading down your shoulders. You look so breathtaking, like a Goddess, that he can’t help the blood rushing south, causing him to harden in his pants.

He watches, mesmerized as you make your way towards your bedroom door, making sure it’s closed before making your way to your full length mirror in the corner of your room. He watches you run your fingers through your hair, wanting nothing more than to be able to do that himself. You bite your lip, almost as if you’re contemplating on whether or not you actually want to go through with whatever it is you’re thinking of doing. After a few moments, you decide ‘fuck it’ and go for it.

Your hips start to sway in beat to a song only you can hear as your hands trace over the curves of your body. How badly he wishes he could replace your hands with his own.

He stares, transfixed, as you tease yourself with small touches, ghosting over your skin, but never touching where you want to most. He finds himself rubbing his ever-growing bulge in time with the movement of your hips.

You slowly make your way onto your bed, crawling up to the headboard from the foot, giving him
the perfect view of your ass in the black lace. He bites his lip to stop himself from moaning as he watches you take off your bra and spread yourself out on your bed.

He unbuttons his jeans and frees his cock from the restraints of his briefs in no time at all. He watches as you squeeze and tug at your nipples, wanting nothing more than to suck on them and make you feel good. He wants his hands to roam all over your body, mapping it out, and finding out everything you like, making you shake in ecstasy.

He strokes his cock slowly as you slide your panties off and spread your legs. He swears he can see your juices dripping from your gorgeous cunt, begging for him to taste. What he wouldn’t give to make you come, over and over again just from his mouth alone. He’d show you just how much he cares for you in every way possible, making sure you wouldn’t be able to walk the next day.

He watches as you spread your juices over your lips, rubbing your clit a few times before inserting two fingers into your dripping pussy. He lets out a moan at the sight, stroking his cock in time with the thrusts of your fingers.

In the back of his mind, he knows this is wrong. That he shouldn’t be doing this. But after he hears the first moan escape your lips, all logic flies out the window.

It’s the most beautiful sound he’s ever heard, the only thing more beautiful than that would be if you- His thoughts are interrupted as he hears you moan again, but this time it’s what you moan that has him almost coming prematurely.

His name. You moaned his name.

“Kyungsoo,” he hears you whimper again, and he can tell you’re getting close by the way your thrusts are speeding up, how your other hand is now rubbing your clit in furious circles. With a final cry of his name, you’re coming.

Watching you come undone pushes him over the edge, making him come with a low groan of your name. His chest rises and falls rapidly, trying to catch his breath while forcing his eyes to stay open so he doesn’t miss a single move you make.

You make your way towards your bathroom to clean yourself up, disappearing off screen for a few minutes. Kyungsoo takes this time to clean himself up as well, coming back just in time to watch you crawl into bed and fall asleep. He knows that he can’t wait much longer to be with you. Thank God tomorrow is Friday.

You wake up the next morning feeling refreshed for once. You get ready for the day and decide you aren’t going to do anything until you have to leave for Kyungsoo’s in the evening. You spend the entire day watching Netflix until around 4:30 when you decide to start getting ready.

You take a quick shower to freshen up, blowdrying your hair and styling it in soft waves, adding a minimal amount of makeup before you deem yourself ready to get dressed. You move to your closet where you pull out the blue sundress you bought the day before just for this occasion. You slip it on and pair it with some sandals that match nicely. You check your reflection one last time before grabbing your purse and heading out the door for the evening.

To say you are nervous would be an understatement. You really like Kyungsoo and you don’t want to mess things up with him, and even if this doesn’t work out, you don’t want to lose him as your friend. The whole bus ride over, you fiddle with the hem of your dress, and imagine all the possible scenarios tonight can end in, you hope it ends in a good one.
You arrive at his apartment exactly at seven, knocking softly on the door before it opens to reveal a smiling Kyungsoo behind it. You smile back at him as he steps aside to allow you entrance into his home.

“You look beautiful,” he complements you as you step past him.

“Thank you,” you say, turning to get a good look at him. He’s wearing a simple button up shirt with the sleeves rolled up, as well as a pair of jeans. “You don’t look too bad yourself.”

He blushes slightly at this, mumbling out a small thanks as he leads you to the dining room where the two of you will be eating this evening. He pulls out your chair for you, allowing you to sit down. He pours you both a glass of wine, allowing you to sample it.

“I’ll be right back, I’m just going to grab the appetizers,” he tells you, hurrying off into the kitchen. You nod your head in a response.

He comes back a minute later with the food, placing it on the table between the two of you. He sits across from you and the two of you start chatting in-between bites of food.

He can’t believe this is really happening, that you’re actually in his apartment, on a date, no less, and eating a meal he’s prepared specially for you. Tonight is his only chance for things to go well, everything has to be perfect, or else he may never get another chance to be with you, and he does not like that thought one bit.

After the appetizers, you excuse yourself to the bathroom. He tells you it’s the first door on the left. You make your way down the hall and see the door he’s talking about, but before you take a step inside, you see the door to what appears to be his bedroom slightly ajar. Curiosity gets the better of you and you gently push the door open and step inside.

Nothing out of the ordinary, that you can see so far. A bookshelf in the corner, a dresser, bed, mirror, everything neat and tidy. You’re about to exit his room when his closet door catches your eye. It’s slightly ajar, but there seems to be a faint glow emanating from inside. You make your way over to the door slowly, and push it open.

What you see inside causes a chill to run down your spine and a gasp to escape your lips. Monitors line the back wall of the walk-in closet, but what’s on the monitors is what causes you to freeze in horror.

The rooms of your apartment stare back at you, along with what appears to be candid photo’s of you as screensaver’s, photo’s you weren’t aware of anyone taking. Your eyes dart around inside the closet, noting three distinct things. Your missing bra, your missing panties, and your bracelet you thought you lost over a month ago. There are also other small items of yours placed on a small portion of the desk, almost as if they were imitating a shrine of sorts.

Your hand comes up to your mouth which is frozen in a silent scream. A few tears escape your eyes as you feel arms wrap around you from behind and a head rest on your shoulder.

“I knew I should have locked my room, but I wasn’t expecting you to go snooping through my house,” he chuckles, as if he’s amused at the whole situation.

You can only choke on a muffled sob.

“Shh, don’t cry,” he coos, rocking you back and forth. “Now that I finally have you, everything’s going to be just fine.”
“What do you mean?” You manage to get out despite your fear.

“I’ve been watching you for a long, long time now, (Y/n). Just waiting for the perfect opportunity to make you mine. You don’t know how crazy you make me, ever since the first time I saw you, I knew I had to have you,” he starts to trail kisses down your neck and you sob harder. “You’re so beautiful.”

“So, you’re the one who’s been watching me this whole time?” You say, managing to calm yourself down a little bit despite your fear.

He hums in response, “and it’s been a real pleasure.”

Your eyes widen as you realize what he’s insinuating. “No, you couldn’t have. You wouldn’t have!” You say, trying to convince yourself more than anything.

“Oh, but I did,” you feel him smirk against your skin and you shiver in disgust.

“That was private!” You try defending yourself, wiggling out of his grasp and turning to face him. He doesn’t look very pleased that you’ve left his arms.

“It wasn’t very private when you were moaning my name, now, was it?” He smirks again, closing his eyes as he remembers how your voice called out for him.

“I trusted you, you monster!” You scream, tears streaming down your face.

You feel betrayed, foolish even. To think that ten minutes ago, you trusted the man standing before you, a man whom you thought was caring and sweet. A man who you thought would never be capable of something like this.

At your words his eyes shoot open, a hard expression taking over his features.

“Oh, (Y/n), there’s no need for that, you and I both know that’s not true. Now let’s not ruin a perfectly good dinner, shall we?” He motions towards the door, waiting for you to move, but when you don’t, he lets out a sigh.

“I’m not going anywhere with you. I’m leaving, I never want to see you again, you need help!” You say, trying to rush past him, anxious to leave his apartment and get to a police station and let them know what’s going on.

Before you can walk more than two steps, he has you pinned to the wall.

“You’re naive to think I’m going to let you go that easily. Now that I have you, you’re not leaving my side, ever. After all, even if you do manage to leave, I’m always watching.”
To say you’re nervous would be a huge understatement. Today is the first day of your new job working for ByunBaek Enterprise, and you don’t want to make a bad first impression.

You consider yourself very lucky to be given this opportunity to work under the CEO himself, Mr. Byun Baekhyun. You’ve heard the horror stories of those who have previously worked under him, and even though they’ll always be at the back of your mind, you’re ready to face this new challenge head on.

How you got this job is a mystery to you, but you think it has something to do with how close your best friend, Sehun, is with Mr. CEO himself. If it weren’t for Sehun always putting in a good word for you during application review time, you don’t think your resumé would have gotten a second glance.

Stepping out of the elevator, you’re greeted by the sound of phones ringing, papers being printed, and the smell of burnt coffee which assaults your nostrils. You make your way to the main desk and see a young male sitting behind it, wearing a small headset.

“ByunBaek Enterprise, please hold,” the unknown secretary repeats numerous times as he hits multiple keys on the computer in front of him, transferring and directing calls. He glances up at you and you give him a polite smile. “How may I help you?”

“Yes, hello, my name is (Y/n) and I’m here to see Mr. Byun,” you inform the secretary who nods his head in understanding.

“Ah yes, (Y/n), you must be the new intern,” he replies. “I’ll inform the CEO that you’ve arrived, so just head on over to his office, furthest door on your left down the hallway to your right.”

“Alright, thank you very much,” you bow your head slightly in thanks before following the directions of the secretary.

On your way to his office, you do your best to steady your breathing. This is only going to be the third time you’ve really met Byun Baekhyun. The first time was when you stopped by Sehun’s
house unexpectedly one day when he was there. You were surprised by how young he looks, considering he’s already a CEO to a multi-billion dollar company. You only stayed for a few minutes, but apparently that was enough time for you to make a lasting impression in his mind. Enough so that he asked about you as soon as you left, a fact you found out later from Sehun.

The second time you met him was in a more formal setting, the actual interview for your current position of the intern. You weren’t expecting him to feel so different. Instead of having that air of goofy, charming, hyper-activeness you felt at Sehun’s, you noticed he gave off a lot more of a mature, intimidating vibe in his business attire. You could feel his scrutinizing gaze on you the whole time during the interview, making you feel like the first Baekhyun you met was just a ghost of a memory. A figment of your imagination.

You pause outside of his door, taking a deep breath before knocking lightly. A faint ‘come in’ is heard from inside and you slowly open the door in front of you to reveal none other than Byun Baekhyun. He’s wearing a light grey suit with a red tie, giving him a sophisticated, yet still intimidating look. He seems to be paying more attention to whatever is open on his computer than you, who is timidly making your way towards his desk.

“Ah, (Y/n), good to see you!” He says, as if the two of you are close friends meeting over lunch to catch up. He looks over at where you’re standing and gives you a warm smile. “Please sit, we have much to talk about.”

“Oh, okay,” you nod your head. “Thank you.”

You’ve noticed that despite the feeling of power he seems to omit, you can feel more of his laid back nature coming through this time. He seems less intimidating and more open. Your shoulders relax a bit.

“For this internship, you will be acting as my personal secretary. Making sure all my meetings are in the schedule and all the paperwork gets faxed on time. I will have you attending my meetings with me so you can get a better understanding on how the company works and how I run things. You’re welcome to take notes, and if you have any ideas for improving the company, write up a full report on what you think will work and how it will be beneficial for everyone,” he explains with a smile, leaning forward in his chair and placing his head on his intertwined fingers. “No guarantee we’ll actually look at it, but if you have the time, go for it.”

You blink at him, a little shocked at his change in attitude. One minute he appears to be in full business mode, the next he’s joking around with you and acting like you’re close friends. His tone of voice seems almost too cheerful for someone who’s supposed to be your boss.

“Okay, Mr. Byun, I understand,” you say.

“Please, call me Baekhyun, Mr. Byun sounds too formal,” he leans back in his chair with a smirk.

“I don’t think that would be appropriate, Sir, I am just an intern,” you say, looking at your feet in embarrassment.

“Alright, well, I don’t want to make you uncomfortable on your first day working for me, so feel free to call me whatever you’d like,” he says. “Eventually you can get rid of the major formalities and just call me by my first name when you’re comfortable.”

“Alright, Sir,” you nod your head and look up to meet his eyes which are already transfixed on you.

“There’s not much on my schedule for today as I had Jongdae clear it so I could show you around
the building and help you get started on a few things,” he explains.

“Alright, thank you, Sir,” you say.

“Let’s get started then,” he says while standing up from his chair and walking in front of his desk. “Shall we?”

“Ah, yes,” you say while standing up yourself and following closely behind Baekhyun as he makes his way towards the door of his office.

Baekhyun gives you a full tour of the building, letting you know where the photocopiers are and where his meetings usually take place. He introduces you to a bunch of new people whom you will be working with the majority of your time here at the company. Finally, he leads you back to his office after the tour is over.

“And that concludes our tour. Please, do hold your applause, however, I do accept tips in the form of dollar bills,” Baekhyun cheekily says with a wink, causing you to giggle at his seemingly unprofessional antics.

Throughout the tour, you felt as if you saw a glimpse of the real Byun Baekhyun. He really is just a hyperactive, charming, laid back sort of guy, he just puts on an intimidating act to appear professional when needed. You don’t want to admit it, but you find your boss quite cute.

“Will that be all for today then, Sir?” You ask, a smile present on your lips.

“Actually, there is one more thing,” he says, his face turning into one of more seriousness. “I’d love for you to join me for dinner this evening.”

You’re caught off guard by his question, blinking at him before awkwardly clearing your throat.

“Will there be others there as well, like a company dinner? Or would it just be the two of us?” You inquire.

“No, I mean for it to be just the two of us,” he states, a slight smirk pulling at his lips. He’s positive you’ll say yes, considering the way you’ve been staring at him all day. “Like a date.”

“I’m sorry, Sir, but I’m going to have to decline. I think it’s very inappropriate and unprofessional for an employee to have a romantic relationship with their boss, let alone go on dates. For any reasons other than business, I will have to decline private dinners,” you say honestly.

“Who does he think he is? Does he think that just because he’s the CEO of the company he can get any girl he wants? Well, you’re not that easy. Sure, he’s attractive, but going on a date with your boss? No, thank you.”

“I understand,” he replies, seemingly disappointed, and a little shocked at your response, but you’re not too sure because the next moment he’s smiling at you again. “I was way out of line asking you something like that, anyways. I hope this incident doesn’t effect the way you perceive me, and I hope we can just put this incident in the past and forget it even happened. I’ll see you tomorrow then, (Y/n), first thing in the morning.”

You blink at him a few times before nodding your head and uttering a small ‘yes’. You bid him a good night and leave his office, your cheeks turning a slight shade of red.

You make your way towards the elevators, quickly slipping into one before its doors close. You stare blankly at the blurry image of yourself reflected in the metal doors until you’re pulled out of
your thoughts by someone clearing their throat.

“Rough first day, huh?” A male voice is heard off to your left.

“Interesting, to say the least,” you reply, turning your head to get a look at the male standing beside you. You immediately recognize him as the desk secretary you spoke to this morning.

“I’m Jongdae, by the way. I don’t think I got a chance to introduce myself this morning,” he says, extending his hand out for you to shake. “(Y/n), right?”

“Yes,” you reply with a half smile, still a bit uncomfortable with what just transpired with Baekhyun.

“So, judging from your reaction, Baekhyun’s already asked you on the date,” Jongdae states, an amused smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

Your eyes widen in surprise, wondering how on earth he could know that.

“Surprised me too when he asked me on my first day. It’s something he does to all his new employees. To make sure that he know’s how serious they are about working for the company and whatnot. Also to make sure that they’re not just trying to get in his pants,” he explains.

“What?” You ask, shocked at what you’ve just heard.

“Judging by the fact that you weren’t escorted out of the building by him or security, I’d say you said the right thing,” Jongdae says.

“Oh, um, that’s good, I think,” you say, clasping your hands in front of yourself.

He hums in response. “Anyways, I’ll see you tomorrow, (Y/n).”

With that, the doors of the elevator open on the main floor and Jongdae steps out, leaving you alone with your thoughts.

You slowly make your way out of the building and walk the few blocks to get to your apartment. You unlock the door, throwing your keys and bag on the hallway table as you turn on the lights. You make your way through your apartment to the kitchen, deciding on a quick dinner and then heading to bed, seeing as your first day has drained your energy. You change into some comfortable clothes and crawl into bed, both excited and nervous to see what tomorrow would have in store for you at your second day of work.

The next few days at your new job go by smoothly, with you falling into a routine. You wake up, get ready for work, grab a coffee if you don’t have time to make one, walk to the office, greet Jongdae once you get off the elevator, and make your way towards Baekhyun’s office to see what he has in store for you that day. Most of the day is usually spent revising his schedule and making sure he gets to meetings on time, the things he said you’d be doing.

When he’s not in meetings, he gives you paperwork to look over at your desk that sits just outside his office. Your desk faces outwards towards the reception, which is surprisingly not as far away as you originally thought. Your back is towards Baekhyun’s office, and sometimes you swear you can feel his gaze on the back of your neck, like he’s watching you.

You find yourself not really talking to many people in the office besides your boss and Jongdae. In fact, the best conversations you have at work are with the cheerful secretary when you’re on break. You look forward to seeing him at work as he never fails to brighten up your dull days.
Soon enough, you’re used to your daily routine of meetings with Baekhyun and paperwork. You find yourself half enjoying it, while the other half of you wishes something more exciting would happen. The third week you’re there, your wish is granted.

You come back from a project meeting with Baekhyun to see a small envelope on your desk. Your eyebrows furrow in confusion as you pick up the envelope and tear it open to reveal a letter. You sit down in your chair as you begin to read:

Dear (Y/n),

When you smile, my day gets brighter. You never fail to amaze me with the wonders of your beautiful smile. I think I fall for you even more every time I see that graceful smile appear on your lips. Please don’t ever stop smiling.

Your secret admirer.

You can’t help it, but a smile makes its way onto your face as well as a dark blush. The letter is super cheesy, but it’s still really sweet and you can’t believe someone took the time out of their day to write this for you. It’s not much, but it makes your heart skip a beat each time you read it over again.

“What’s with the lovestruck smile on your face?” You’re pulled out of your thoughts by Baekhyun staring down at you while leaning on the frame of the door.

“Oh, no reason,” you say, a hint of a smile still present on your face. “I’ll get back to work immediately.”

He hums in response, almost as if he doesn’t believe you, but he slowly reenters his office, closing the door behind him. He watches your form through the window beside his door, and even though your back is to him, he can tell the smile has returned to your face. He wonders what could have caused you to react like that only five minutes after getting back from a meeting. Another part of him wants to see you smile like that again, but this time, for him.

The next day, you don’t expect to see another letter sitting on your desk, but when you do, another smile makes an appearance on your face. You quickly tear open the envelope and start reading.

Dearest (Y/n),

I see you liked my first note, I’m glad. I’m happy to know I was the cause of your beautiful smile making an appearance once again. The way your eyes light up, especially when you talk about something you’re passionate about makes my heart skip a beat. Don’t ever lose that passion.

Your secret admirer.

A blush makes its way onto your cheeks as you stare down at the letter in your hands. It has to be someone you know from the office as you don’t talk to many people. You can’t help but to wonder who exactly your secret admirer might be, but before you can give too much thought to it, you are pulled out of your thoughts by someone clearing their throat.

“What’s that?” Baekhyun asks you.

“Oh, it’s nothing, Sir,” you say, quickly putting the letter into the top drawer of your desk and looking up at Baekhyun. He raises an eyebrow at you questioningly. “If you must know it was a letter from my aunt which I had forgotten I had on me.”
“Alright,” he says, still not truly convinced that you’re telling the truth, but he doesn’t push you for more information. “I would like to see you in my office in five minutes.”

You nod your head as he retreats back into his office. He glances at you from the window, noticing how you’re still turned towards his office door with the same lovestruck smile on your face, looking as if you’re almost in a trance. He smiles to himself, feeling his heart start to race in his chest, and wanting to know the reason behind your smile.

Baekhyun cannot help but to be intrigued by you. The first time he met you, your laid back demeanour caught his eye. Usually, he doesn’t trouble himself with women, as he isn’t really interested in getting to know them. Usually, if he felt the need, he would just find someone to take home for the night to fulfill his sexual desires, but would never look for anything more. He would typically spend his money on strippers to do this, as he could just pay them off while telling them what to do. No one really caught his eye enough for him to be interested in them, that was, until you came along.

He’s pulled out of his thoughts by a small knock at his door.

“Come in,” he says, watching as you open the door and make your way towards his desk.

“You wanted to see me, Sir?” You ask, sitting down in one of the chairs in front of his desk.

“I thought I told you to stop calling me Sir,” he teases.

“And I thought you said I could address you in whatever way I saw fit until I feel comfortable,” you counter, raising an eyebrow at him.

“Are you not comfortable, then?” He asks, genuinely concerned on whether or not you are actually comfortable while working for him.

“Of course I’m comfortable!” You defend yourself. “It’s just, I’m not used to addressing my boss by his first name. If we were in a less professional setting, I would have no problem with it, but it’s still a little weird to me that you’re so… open with your employees.”

“I see,” he chuckles. “Then you would have no problem addressing me casually if we were in a less formal setting?”

“That’s right, Sir,” you nod your head.

“So, then, hypothetically, if we were to go to the movies together, you would drop the formalities,” he nods his head, seemingly lost in his own thoughts.

“Hypothetically, yes,” you answer his statement.

“Then, will you?” He asks, looking hopefully into your eyes. “There’s this movie that just came out that I really want to go see, but I don’t have anyone to go with yet.”

You stare at him in slight bewilderment, blinking a few times before answering, “no. I already told you how I feel about dating one’s boss, please respect that. This is the second time you’ve asked me something like this, granted the first time may not have been serious as I know you ask that of all new employees. However, given that you already knew my response, you still chose to ask me out again. I would appreciate it if you would respect my decision and if you can’t, and find it necessary to ask me out again, I will deem it as harassment and appropriate action will be taken.”

Before he can stop you, you’re standing up, out of the chair and walking out of his office to pack
your things and leave for the day. He watches your form leave down the hall until he can no longer see you from the windows in his office.

Baekhyun is stunned, his eyes wide. He isn’t expecting this reaction from you. You’re usually very timid when it comes to talking with him, so he wasn’t expecting such a brutally honest, firm response. He’s also shocked that you denied him a second time. The first time he asked you, he did actually want you to say yes, and he would have let you keep your job. He just wants to take you on a date so he can become closer to you, and you can see him as something else, something more than just your boss. He’s not used to rejection. He always gets what he wants, and what he wants is you.

Baekhyun lets out a sigh, bringing his hand up to rub at his temples. He needs to come up with a way to get closer to you through work, and the first step is getting you to call him by his first name.

After storming out of the office and waving a quick goodbye to a confused Jongdae, you make your way to your favourite coffee shop to grab something to help cool you down. Luckily, it’s a Friday so you don’t have to deal with facing Baekhyun until Monday.

You start to calm down, and a sort of panic washes over you. Maybe you were out of line to storm out like that, after all, he never specified going to the movies with each other would be a date. Maybe you overreacted a little, he probably just wanted to go as friends, seeing as Sehun is away for the weekend and he has no one else to go with.

You take a sip of your latte and look out of the window you’re currently sitting beside. You decide to not think about work or Baekhyun for the rest of the day, opting to try and ease your mind instead by thinking about who might be your secret admirer at work. However, a thought crosses your mind that makes you almost choke on your drink. What if your secret admirer is Baekhyun?

Meanwhile, back at the office, Baekhyun finishes up his last report for the day. He can feel the tension in his body from the stress he’s currently feeling due to the events of the day. He would go out for a drink with Sehun, but seeing as he’s away for the weekend, he has another idea in mind. He pulls out his phone and makes a quick call while getting into his car.

“Ah, Baekhyun! You haven’t called in a while, what can I do for you?” A voice answers on the second ring.

“Send her over, and make sure she’s not late this time,” he responds gruffly, hanging up immediately afterwards.

He starts the car, the engine roaring to life as he pulls out of the underground parking lot of the building. If he can’t go out with you, he might as well relieve his tension through her.

Twenty minutes later, he pulls into the driveway of his house located just outside the city. He parks his car and heads inside, already noticing the other car that sits at the opposite end of the driveway. He watches her step out of her car and make her way towards him. He holds the door open for her as she walks past him, into the main hall of his house.

“You’re early for once,” he remarks, shutting the door behind him.

“Boss told me not to be late,” she replies, standing before him and tracing one of her delicately manicured nails across his chest. “Besides, you haven’t seen me for a while, I got excited, Sir.”

At this, he snatches her wrist in his hand, stopping its movement. He grits his teeth as an image of
you appears in his mind, making him wish you were here instead. He wouldn’t mind you calling him Sir in this context, not at all. But it’s not you, and it bothers him.

“Don’t call me that,” he growls.

“What’s wrong? Usually you love when I call you that,” she raises a perfectly sculpted brow.

“Not tonight, Candi, I’m in no mood,” he states.

“I see, so it’s one of those nights, is it?” Candi says, almost teasingly.

“Go and get ready, I expect you in my room in five minutes. I’m not paying you to chit chat,” with that, he walks away from her, heading to his room to prepare for the night.

Five minutes later, he hears his door creak open and he turns to face the woman, who is slowly walking towards him in nothing but a pair of heels and a hot pink set of lacy lingerie. His breath hitches in his throat as he sees you walking towards him. He blinks a few times to clear his mind of his vision and is met by Candi now standing in front of him in your place. God, how he wants it to be you instead.

She trails her hands across his chest, slowly pushing his blazer off his shoulders. He closes his eyes and pictures you’re doing this instead of her. He doesn’t know why the image of you in her place is making him this excited, but he doesn’t care. He just wants to let out some of this pent up frustration he has that’s been building the past few weeks since you’ve started working for him.

He could swear you purposely try to tease him while in the office. The way your ass sticks out when you bend to pick something up, the curve of your back, and especially the days when you have your neck and the upper part of your chest exposed. Every little thing you do seems to drive him crazy.

At this point, she’s stripped him of his shirt and he’s left in nothing but his pants. She’s ghosting her mouth over the expanse of his exposed chest as her hands fumble with his belt. Once she has it undone, she pulls off his remaining clothes and drops to her knees. She takes his semi-hard cock into her hand and begins pumping him slowly.

Once she takes him into her mouth, he locks eyes with her, but instead of being met with hers, he’s met with the intense gaze of your (E/c) eyes with your mouth wrapped around his cock. He lets out a low moan, letting himself bask in the image his mind has created of you, on your knees, with his cock in your mouth.

His eyes close in pleasure, but when he opens them, he’s no longer met with your image. His expression hardens as he grips her hair in his hands. Her teasing pace is too slow for his liking, and soon he’s thrusting into her mouth, making her choke on his cock. He’s getting impatient with all these images, why can’t she just be you?

He pulls her away, watching as she gasps for breath while he pulls her up by her hair.

“Bed. Now,” he commands and she immediately complies. “Ass in the air.”

She bends over on the bed and almost instantly he pictures you bending over for him, picturing the way he knows your ass looks when you bend over.

He pulls her panties to the side and inserts two fingers into her tight cunt, making sure she’s ready enough for him. He pumps them a few times, determining she’s wet enough, then removes them to tug her panties off.
He grabs the condom he has placed on his nightstand for this occasion, rips the package open and rolls it on. He slides into her easily, a soft sigh escaping his lips. He grips her hips and starts thrusting into her relentlessly from behind, letting out all of his pent up frustration.

He tunes out her moans and whimpers as he grips her hair once again in his hand. He pictures it’s your hair he’s holding, not hers, and his hips pick up in pace. He can just imagine you moaning out his name as she comes around him, and the thought of you coming while moaning out his name is the final push he needs to be sent over the edge, a cry of your own name falling past his lips.

He pulls out of her, removing the condom and tying it off before tossing it in the trash beside his bed. They lay beside each other, both trying to catch their breaths. After a moment, she’s the first to speak, sitting up on the edge of the bed with her back towards him.

“Who’s (Y/n)?” She asks, almost sadly.

“I think it’s time for you to leave, Candi,” he answers, ignoring her question.

“No, I at least have the right to know who the fuck the woman whose name you moaned while you’re with me is,” she says, starting to get angry.

He stays silent as he watches her pick up her discarded panties and slip them back on. His eyes narrow when she places her hands on her hips in an accusatory manner. He stands up, moving towards his dresser to grab a fresh pair of boxers to slip into.

“None of your concern,” he replies gruffly. She doesn’t deserve to know about you.

“Whatever, she’s probably just another whore anyways,” she mumbles, yet Baekhyun still manages to hear.

In the blink of an eye, he’s in front of her, towering over her small frame. “What the fuck did you just say?”

“You heard me,” she replies cockily, smirking. “She’s probably just another one of your stupid whores.”

“Don’t you ever, let me hear you say that again about her. Are you forgetting who I am?” He says, backing her into the door frame. “I could have you killed and tossed into a ditch somewhere where no one would find you, or even remember your name. Don’t think you’re anything special, Candi. You’re nothing, a nobody. Now, get out of my fucking house!”

Her eyes are wide in terror as she freezes under his piercing gaze. It only takes a moment for her to sprint out of his room and away from him, one more minute for her to collect her things, and for him to hear the opening and closing of his front door.

His breathing remains uneven. How dare she say something like that about you! He doesn’t know why he gets so angry, but all he does know is that he wants you, that he needs you. The weekend is going to be agony for him not being able to see your face, but maybe it will allow him time to figure out what’s going on with him.

The weekend passes almost too quickly for your liking, and you’re back at work bright and early Monday morning. When you arrive at your desk, you notice Baekhyun isn’t in yet, and you find it odd as he’s usually the first one in the office in the mornings, well, besides Jongdae.

You see a package of five roses placed on your desk with a small card attached to it. You pick up the card and smile once you see it’s from your secret admirer.
My sweet (Y/n),

I hope you like the gift. I know roses are the typical ‘romance’ flower, so-to-say, but I felt no other flower captured your beauty quite like the rose. Know that each day a new set of roses will appear, and each day one less rose is present is a day closer to me revealing to you who I am. I hope you’ll have as much patience as I to wait until the final rose.

Your secret admirer.

You can’t help the grin that spreads its way across your cheeks as you lift the small bouquet of roses to your nose and inhale their sweet sent. You giggle, almost childishly at the thought of actually finding out who your admirer is. In the back of your mind, you hope it’s Jongdae.

Half the day passes and there is still no sign of Baekhyun. You ask Jongdae about it and he informs you that on the first Monday of every month Baekhyun takes a day to either play golf or discuss business projects with his father or other business partners. You nod you head in understanding.

“If you wanted to head home early today, you can,” he grins at you. “I promise I wont tell Baekhyun.”

“Really?” You ask, excitedly. “That’d be great, Jongdae, thanks!”

“Don’t worry about it!” He replies, sending you a wink.

Heading back to your desk to pack up your things, you are grateful to be able to leave early. You personally want the week to end just so you can find out who your secret admirer is.

The next day, you’re almost last for work. You hit snooze one too many times this morning due to your binge fest of Netflix last night which you are starting to regret. You haven’t even had time to grab a coffee.

The elevator doors open and you trudge out, doing your best to not look like you want to murder someone in your sleepy state.

“Good morning, (Y/n),” Baekhyun cheers once you enter his office, however, his cheerful expression falls once he sees how you look. “Is everything alright? Did something happen?”

“No, no, I’m alright, Sir,” you say, stifling a yawn. “I just didn’t get too much sleep last night, is all.”

“Oh?” He raises an eyebrow, his imagination running wild as to all the possible reasons why you wouldn’t have gotten enough sleep last night. His mind can only focus on one possible scenario. You were with another man. His jaw clenches, as anger starts to course through his veins at the thought of anyone but himself touching you in that way.

“Yeah, one too many episodes on Netflix is all, but you probably don’t care about that…” you say, trailing off sheepishly.

“It happens to the best of us,” he chuckles, feeling himself physically relax, but the thought is still in the back of his mind. “Just don’t forget to take care of yourself.”

“I won’t,” you reply, smiling at him. “Thank you for your concern, Baek- Sir.”

In your tired state, you almost call him by his first name, a fact that does not go over his head. He smirks a little to himself as he tells you your duties for today, and you return to your desk to fulfill...
The next three days pass with you receiving roses each day, however, one less then the previous day. Tuesday you received four, Wednesday you received three, Thursday two, and now that it’s Friday, you can’t wait to find out who your admirer is. Each day you have received the roses, no notes have been attached to them except the one you received Monday. When you arrive back at your desk after your afternoon break, you see a plain envelope sitting on top of your desk addressed to you. You sit in your chair, quickly taking the envelope and opening it, pulling out the note inside.

(Y/n),

*I think it’s time for me to reveal to you who I am like I promised. Meet me on the rooftop garden at 5 o’clock for your final gift. I hope to see you then.*

*Your (about to be not so) secret admirer.*

You chuckle at the way he’s signed the note this time, glancing at the clock and noticing its already 4:58 pm. You jump up from your chair, tossing the note onto your desk as you quickly make your way towards the elevators, so as not to raise any suspicion as to why you’re running.

On the outside, the giddy smile never leaves your face as the elevator makes its ascent to the top floor where you’ll need to take the stairs up to the rooftop garden. On the inside, your nerves are spiralling out of control. Butterflies swarm in your stomach as your heart races as you push open the door to the roof. You open the little gate to the garden, entering and turning the corner to see a figure standing by the rose bushes. The smile never leaves your face as you see Jongdae turn around, holding a single rose in his hand.

“Hey,” he says nervously as you stop to stand in front of him.

“Hi,” you respond, smiling at him as a blush makes an appearance on both your faces. “So, you’re my secret admirer?”

“Yeah,” he chuckles, holding out the final, single rose to you, which you immediately accept. “And I would love for you to accompany me to dinner tomorrow night at seven.”

“It would be my pleasure,” you respond, bringing the rose to your nose and inhaling its scent.

“Oh, okay! Great! I’ll pick you up at 6:30 tomorrow then,” he says, almost surprised you actually agreed to go on a date with him.

“Oh,” you say, smiling shyly at him. “I’ll see you tomorrow then.”

With that, you turn around and walk out of the garden and back into the building, but not before noticing the bright smile on Jongdae’s face. You chuckle to yourself as you make you way back to your desk to pack up your things and call it a day.

Meanwhile, back on the roof, an ecstatic Jongdae is pulled out of his thoughts by a male voice.

“Cancel the date,” Baekhyun appears from around the corner looking pissed.

“Excuse me?” Jongdae is taken aback by his boss’ cold tone.

“I said,” he says, crossing his arms. “Cancel. The. Date.”
“No,”

“Haven’t you heard? She doesn’t date people from her workplace,” Baekhyun says, almost mockingly.

“That’s funny, considering she just said yes to going out with me,” Jongdae smirks. “Besides, the only people she won’t date in the workplace are her bosses.”

“I don’t care,” Baekhyun snaps angrily. “You’re going to phone her right now and tell her some excuse as to why you can’t go on that date, or any more for that matter.”

“I’m sorry, Baekhyun, but I’m not going to do that,” Jongdae replies, going to move past Baekhyun until he’s stopped by his arm being grabbed.

“Do you want to lose your job? Don’t forget about the reason I hired you,” Baekhyun threatens.

“No, I’m not going to cancel the date, I don’t care if you fire me,” Jongdae replies. “And you can’t hold my sister’s medical bills above my head anymore, they’ve long been paid off.”

“Are you forgetting who you’re talking to? I can easily destroy your reputation, and make your life miserable. Cancel the date.” Baekhyun spits.

“Why should I? It’s clear we both like each other, besides,” Jongdae replies, pulling his arm from Baekhyun’s grasp. “I know you, and you wouldn’t dare do something like that.”

“Try me,” Baekhyun says, walking away from where Jongdae is standing.

“Why do you even care if we go on a date, anyways?”

“Because,” He replies, stopping in his tracks to look at Jongdae from over his shoulder. The look he gives him send shivers down Jongdae’s spine. “She’s mine.”

Saturday comes all too quickly and you’re freaking out over what you should wear on your date with Jongdae tonight. It’s only one in the afternoon and you’ve already sent Jongdae a quick message with your address to which he replied with a ‘thank you’ and that he couldn’t wait to see you tonight.

A knock at your door pulls you out of your mild panic of searching through your closet for something to wear. You make your way to your front door and open it to reveal Sehun.

“Thank God you’re finally here! I called you over an hour ago!” You exclaim, pulling him inside your apartment and shutting the door behind him. “I really need your help deciding what to wear on my date.”

At this Sehun raises an eyebrow, “ah, so you finally decided to give Baekhyun a chance?”

“What? No! Sehun!” You can tell he’s only teasing you, but his words cause a feeling of unknown uneasiness to settle in your stomach.

“I’m only teasing! I know it’s not Baekhyun you’re going on a date with, though I wish it was. That boy won’t shut up about you, you know? He’s always talking about you, sometimes I wish he’d just shut up,” Sehun tells you, laying on his stomach on your bed as you continue to rummage around in your closet, looking for something to wear.

“Really? He doesn’t shut up about me?” You ask, your curiosity peaked.
“Yeah, I mean, it’s mainly him complementing your work skills and whatnot, but, I don’t know, lately he’s been acting strange whenever you’re brought up in conversation. Last night was a wild ride,” Sehun informs you.

“Last night?” You inquire, turning to raise an eyebrow at him.

“Yeah,” he nods his head. “You know what, just forget I said anything. It’s not important. I’m just blabbering again.”

“Okay then, if you say so Sehun,” you shake your head, pulling out an old dress you forgot you even had, turning around and holding it up to your body for Sehun to see. “What about this one?”

“That’s nice,” he compliments with a nod, to which you smile at him.

“Then it’s settled, this dress it is,” you say, tossing the dress beside him on the bed. “I’m going to start getting ready, feel free to help yourself to anything, you know where everything is.”

He nods at you as you enter you bathroom, him moving into the living room to give you some more privacy. Just as he’s about to turn on the TV, his phone rings. He almost rolls his eyes when he sees who’s calling.

“Hey, Baekhyun, what’s up?” Sehun answers his phone.

“Nothing really,” is his reply. “What are you up to?”

“Oh, not much, just at (Y/n)’s apartment.”

Baekhyun can feel his expression darken. What was Sehun doing at your apartment by himself? “Oh, I was just wondering if you wanted to go out tonight and get a few drinks?”

“I can’t this weekend, man. Sorry,” Sehun answers. “I promised my mom I would attend this family gathering tonight. How about next Saturday?”

“Oh, sound good to me,” Baekhyun says, trying his best to calm down. He didn’t like the thought of Sehun being at your apartment alone with you. Sure you two were friends, but that doesn’t mean one of you don’t harbour hidden feelings for the other. In Baekhyun’s mind, anything is possible.

“Okay man,” Sehun says. “Anyways, I got to go, (Y/n)’s just getting out of the shower and knowing her, she’s going to want me to help her get ready. I’ll talk to you later.” With that, Sehun hangs up, not even giving Baekhyun a chance to respond.

Baekhyun’s jaw is clenched and he can feel the jealousy and anger rising in his chest. His mind is going a mile a minute. How dare Sehun be with you in your apartment, alone. How dare Sehun be closer to you than he is, both physically and relationship wise. You are his, and he always gets what he wants.

He’s pulled out of his thoughts when his phone vibrates from a text message. A sinister smile breaks out onto his face as he reads the message over and over again.

**Unknown: It is done.**

At least that’s one problem out of the way. One threat he no longer has to worry about. He smirks to himself. What can’t money do for him?
Back at your apartment, Sehun puts the finishing touches on your hair as you finish applying your makeup. You smile at him through the mirror and he smiles back.

“I’ll let you finish whatever else there is you girls do when you get ready,” he says, exiting the bathroom. “I’ll be waiting in the living room.”

“Okay,” you reply, putting on the last of your lip gloss.

You quickly change, fixing any stray flyaway hairs or smudges to your makeup before stepping out of your room and into the living room. When he sees you, Sehun lets out a low whistle.

“Damn, my best friend is hot!” He cheers, smirking at you.

“Yeah, yeah,” you roll your eyes at him. “We all know how much you love me.”

“No, but seriously, you look amazing,” he compliments, causing you to smile shyly up at him.

“You really think so?”

“Yes,” he replies, sincerely. “This Jongdae guy better feel pretty fucking special because if he hurts you in any way, I will beat him up.”

“Sehun!” You gasp.

“Nah, I’m just kidding,” he grins. “Anyways, I better get going since I have that family thing, but make sure you tell me everything about what happens on your date tonight! If I don’t get a text every hour on the hour, I’ll assume you’ve been murdered and I will call the cops.”

“Sehun!” You roll your eyes.

“Alright, alright, I’m just joking,” he says, putting his shoes on. “But seriously, anything happens, call me. Worse case scenario, call the cops, which you already know because you’re giving me that ‘I’m going to murder you’ look, okay, love you! Have fun, but not too much fun! Bye!”

With one final wave, Sehun is out the door, leaving you alone in your apartment. Checking the time you see it’s only 5:30 pm, giving you an hour until Jongdae is supposed to come and pick you up.

6:30 pm rolls by and you receive no confirmation text from Jongdae saying he’s left yet. You check your phone every few minutes to see if anything new has been sent, but there’s nothing yet. You send him a quick text, just asking if everything’s alright, but you get no response. You try phoning him a few times around seven, but each time you try, it goes straight to voicemail. Soon enough, 7 o’clock comes and goes, as does 7:30, then 8:30, and by the time it reaches 9 o’clock, you’re positive you’ve been stood up.

A few stray tears make their way down your cheeks. You really liked Jongdae, and you had thought he’d liked you too, considering the length he went to ask you out. Deciding you’d had enough for the day, you head to bed early, just after 9:30 pm, crying yourself to sleep.

You wake up the next day to see a few new messages and missed calls from Sehun.

**Attila Se-Hun:** Hey, how did the date go?

**Attila Se-Hun:** Hello? Are you still alive?
Attila Se-Hun: What happened? Did he take you home on the first date?!

Attila Se-Hun: Wait, you’re probably sleeping, it is past 1 in the morning. Text me when you wake up!

You sigh, rubbing your tired eyes before sending him a text back as you make your way towards the kitchen to grab something to eat.

You: Hey, so funny story actually… he never showed up. Haha. It’s okay though, I’m okay.

Within minutes, you get a reply back.

Attila Se-Hun: (Y/n), I don’t think you got stood up. Turn on the news.

Furrowing your brow, you do as Sehun says and turn on the TV, flipping immediately to the news station. On it, the headline catches your attention;

Local Man Found Dead in River, Cops Suspect Suicide.

You gasp and drop your water bottle as you see a picture of Jongdae staring back at you from on the screen. You can’t believe it, you don’t want to believe it. He killed himself? But why?

A tear escapes you eye as you listen to the news anchor describe the events of what has happened. She says that when the police went to check his apartment there was a note left on the kitchen table.

You can hardly believe what you’re hearing. Jongdae always seemed so full of life, so happy, you would have never thought he would ever do something like this. He seemed genuinely interested in you, and excited for your date. Something about this whole situation didn’t feel right.

That Monday, the whole office feels the weight of Jongdae’s death, you especially. Now, there’s no one to cheerily greet you ‘good morning’ when you get off the elevator, no one who can brighten your day from just a glance up at the reception desk. You’ll probably miss him the most.

When you arrive at your desk, you sit in your chair and stare blankly at the wood in front of you. A soft voice pulls you from your thoughts.

“(Y/n), I’d like to talk to you for a minute, please,” Baekhyun says solemnly.

You nod your head and stand up, walking past him into his office. You stand in front of his desk, feeling that if you were to sit, you don’t know if you’d be able to stand back up again.

Baekhyun comes to stand beside you, gently placing a comforting hand on your shoulder. “You shouldn’t have come to work today,” he says gently. “I know how close the two of you were, so this must be extremely difficult for you.”

You can’t find it in you to respond, opting to just silently nod your head instead.

“If you want to take the day off, you’re more than welcome to do so,” he says. “Just know that if you need anything, anything at all, I’m here for you.”

Once again, you just nod your head, but this time, you turn into his touch, wiping your tears away with the back of your hand. You look into his eyes and see nothing but concern in them. Another set of tears escape your eyes and he reaches up to cup your face, using his thumbs to wipe them away. You let him do this, and you also allow him to pull you into his embrace, choosing to wrap
your arms around him as well, sobbing into his chest. He rubs your back in gentle circles, trying to get you to calm down, all the while a smirk is present on his features.

After a few minutes, your sobbing quiets down and you’re able to get your tears under control. You pull away from his embrace and wipe your eyes.

“Thank you, Baekhyun, I really needed that,” you say, starting to get your breathing under control. He smiles back at you, “anytime. If you ever need me, I’m here.”

You give him a weak smile in return and head out to you’re desk to see what you can get done today, if anything. However, you fail to miss the blissful smile on his face when you shut the door behind you.

Baekhyun can’t help but let a full smile take over his features. You actually said his name. His name. Not Sir, not Mr. Byun, but his name. He knew getting rid of Jongdae was a good idea, now he just needs to make sure Sehun is not a threat, otherwise, he may need to get rid of him, too.

The week passes by in a blur for you, and suddenly it’s the weekend once again. Sehun has decided to keep you company on this rainy Saturday afternoon to make sure you’re okay. You’re currently watching some random movie, curled up on the couch. Once the movie ends, the two of you start talking.

“How are you feeling?” He asks you.

“I’m better, thanks,” you reply. “I think I was just in shock is all. I guess I just wasn’t expecting things to happen the way they did.”

“I see,” Sehun nods his head. “How has Baekhyun been with you this week?”

You look at him in confusion, “he’s been fine, why?”

“He just hasn’t been very talkative like he usually is, that’s all. I’m worried for him,” Sehun says. “Jongdae was his friend, too.”

“Oh,” you never really thought about that this whole time, more focused on yourself rather then what Baekhyun himself must be going through.

“I don’t know, but I think he’d really appreciated if you checked up on him. He really likes you, (Y/n), and I know you have that whole thing about dating your boss, but just do it. As a friend. You don’t have to do anything you’re uncomfortable with, but just maybe try being his friend,” Sehun says gently, and you nod your head in understanding.

“Yeah, I think I can do that,” you say, a small smile tugging at the corners of your lips.

“How come you have that ‘no dating your boss’ rule anyways? Dating one’s boss can have its perks, you know,” Sehun teases with a smirk.

“It’s not like I don’t find Baekhyun attractive, don’t get me wrong, I do, but…” you trail off.

“But…” Sehun infers.

“I don’t know, Sehun it’s only been a week, okay?” You say, getting defensive and Sehun backs off.

“Okay, okay, I don’t mean to make you upset,” he says while standing up off the couch. “I’m
going out for drinks tonight with Baekhyun, but do keep in mind what I said. He is human, too, and he does need someone to check up on him once in a while. I’ll leave his address on the counter for you if you want to visit him sometime soon. I’m sure he won’t mind if you stop by.”

“Okay,” you nod your head as you watch Sehun head into the kitchen, scribble an address on a piece of paper, and go to put his shoes on. “Sehun,” his head snaps up at his name and he looks at you, still sitting on the couch. “Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it,” he gives you one final smile before he’s out the door, with you laying back down on the couch and deciding to take a short nap.

That night, Baekhyun and Sehun are at some bar, doing shots. Baekhyun makes sure he’s drinking significantly less than Sehun, just so he can keep his mind intact. After a few more rounds of Sehun taking some solo shots, Baekhyun decides it’s the perfect time to bring you up.

“So, when did you and (Y/n) meet?” He asks.

“Why the question about (Y/n) and I all of a sudden?” Sehun inquires teasingly.

“Just curious,” Baekhyun says, raising his hands in a defensive manner.

“Well, we met in second grade actually. It was after I had stomped on her sandcastle at recess. She stomped me right back,” Sehun laughs at the memory, Baekhyun laughing along with him. “God, I don’t know what I’d do without her.”

“Oh?” At this Baekhyun raises his eyebrow.

“Yeah, I love her, man, I really do,” Sehun pauses to take a sip of his beer while Baekhyun’s emotions run wild. “She’s my sister. Maybe not by blood, but she’s my sister.”

At Sehun’s words, Baekhyun is able to calm himself down. Good, that means Sehun is not a threat. Now he doesn’t have to worry about getting rid of his best friend.

“She’s gorgeous, inside and out,” Sehun continues. “I don’t know what my life would be like without her.”

“She is beautiful,” Baekhyun admits quietly, yet Sehun still hears him.

“She is,” Sehun agrees. “Hey, I’ve been meaning to tell you. You know what she told me today? She told me that she finds you attractive! Don’t give up man, just give her time.”

“Oh,” is all Baekhyun can manage to say in his stunned state. He feels a certain warmth spreading through his body at Sehun’s words. You find him attractive? Baekhyun could not be happier to learn this.

After a few more hours, Baekhyun drives Sehun home and heads back to his own place for the night. All he can think about is you, and what Sehun told him. He falls asleep with a smile on his face that night, images of you flooding his dreams.

He is awoken the next morning by his doorbell going off. He groggily gets out of bed, feeling the affects of the alcohol from last night, and staggers towards the front door. He opens the door and is greeted by your smiling face holding two coffees. He blinks a few times and rubs his eyes to make sure he’s still not dreaming, and when his vision clears, your smiling face is still there, holding out one of the coffees to him.
“Rough night?” You ask, giggling softly.

He clears his throat, “eh, I’ve been through worse.”

He takes the coffee from your hand, his fingers gently brushing your own. He steps aside, inviting you in and you give him a polite smile before stepping through the doorway. He feels the tips of his fingers burning, and it’s not from the coffee.

“Sorry for coming over unexpectedly, I should have given you a warning first,” you say, rubbing the back of your neck with your hand. “It’s just, Sehun and I had an interesting conversation yesterday, and he reminded me of a few things, so I wanted to come check up on you. Make sure you’re doing okay. You’ve been here for me this past week, and I’ve been selfish and haven’t checked up on you. Jongdae was your friend too, you knew him for longer than I did, and here I am focusing only on my pain, not thinking about yours.”

Baekhyun stares at you for a few moments, a small smile making its way onto his face as he looks down at the ground.

“Thank you, that’s really sweet of you,” he says, looking up to meet your eyes, to which you blush slightly and look away.

“It’s no big deal,” you say.

“Oh, but it is,” he says, walking towards you and taking your coffee cup from your hand, placing both yours and his coffee on the hallway table. He brings his hand up to cup your face, using his thumb to gently rub your cheek. “It means you care.”

With those words, he closes the distance between your lips, using his other hand to pull you closer to him as he kisses you. Your eyes are wide and you use both hands to shove him off of you. He stumbles back, looking at you with a mix of confusion and hurt on his face.

“What the fuck! What was that?” You exclaim, you’re breathing picking up. “I told you already, I won’t date-“

“Bullshit!” He cuts you off, slamming his fist on the wall. “You won’t date in the workplace? Then what about Jongdae?”

“What about him?” You ask, slowly backing away from Baekhyun who is advancing towards you.

“Don’t play dumb with me, I know all about the little date you were supposed to go on. Why do you think I had to get rid of him?” He angrily states and your eyes widen at his words.

“You mean, you… no. The police said is was a suicide, there was even a note!” You try to reason, more for yourself than anything.

“Who do you think payed off the police? There was no note. There was no suicide. Just somebody getting rid of someone who got in the way.” Baekhyun smirks.

“How could you? He was your friend!” You yell, tears starting to stream down your face as you face the harsh truth of Baekhyun’s words.

“He wanted something he could never have, something of mine, and when I told him to back off, he didn’t listen,” Baekhyun explains, once again advancing towards your trembling figure which is frozen to your spot.
“Oh? And what might that be?” You ask.

“You,” he simply states, reaching forwards and wiping your tears from your face.

“I’m not yours! I’m not something you can own! I’m a person, a human being, and I do not belong to you!” You say, hitting away his hand and turning around to storm out of his house.

“If you step out that door, I will kill Sehun,” Baekhyun states blankly, causing you to freeze in your movements. “and I’ll have it made to look like an accident, too. Or maybe, I’ll have your family killed, make you watch as they disappear one by one without a trace.”

“You wouldn’t dare;” you challenge, turning around to see a smirk plastered onto his face.

“Funny, that’s what Jongdae said too, right before I had him killed,” Baekhyun’s smirk turns even more sinister as he makes his way towards you once again, this time, trapping you between the wall and his arms.

“Why are you doing this?” You sob, refusing to meet his intense gaze.

“Why? I thought I made that clear,” he hums, nuzzling his face into the side of your neck making you cringe. “You’re mine. No one else’s. Don’t forget, I also control your job, which, by the way, you will be starting to work from my home tomorrow, and everyday after that. If you try to run, or disobey me, I will have someone you hold dear killed, and don’t even try getting the police involved. Who do you think pays them off?”

You begin to struggle to get out of his grasp, but your attempts are futile. “You’ll never get away with this, eventually someone will come for me.”

“Oh, sweetheart,” he chuckles. “Don’t kid yourself, no one’s going to save you. Over time, you’ll learn to love me and come to realize that I own you. You’re mine.”
A smile makes its way onto your face as you step into the heated coffee shop. Finally, your tense shoulders seem to relax due to the warmth that is now surrounding your body. The cool Autumn air is not sparing anyone from its cold, feeling much colder then it usually does this time of year. After a minute, you can feel the blood returning to your fingers.

You stand in line and wait to order your favourite seasonal drink, excited to finally be able to taste the spices after a year long wait. Your eyes scan the menu, keeping you distracted from those around you, and also seeing what new additions they’ve added this year.

Stepping up to order, you tell the barista your name, pay, and move off to the side to wait for your drink to be made. Once it’s done, you take it and move to sit in your favourite spot at the back windows of the coffee shop.

You sit down with a sigh. You place your head in your hand which is propped up on the table and stare blankly out the window. Your eyes watch a bunch of leaves get swept away by the wind as more continue to fall to the ground. You’re pulled out of your thoughts by the news reporter’s voice on the TV above the coffee machines.

“...fourth victim in the past three months. The main targets seem to be young women in the downtown area. No one knows much on the alleged killer, except for the fact that they go by the name of ‘Kai’, so if anyone knows anything or sees any sort of suspicious activity in their neighbourhood, they are encouraged to contact the authorities immediately. The police are warning everyone in the city to be on high alert due to these gruesome murders, and to stay inside after dark...”

“Horrible, isn’t it?” A voice says, causing you to jump a little in your seat, then turn to look at the stranger standing beside you.

“I’m sorry, but who are you?” You ask him, eyeing him over suspiciously.

“Oh, my bad,” he says, smiling at you. “My name is Jongin. Is it okay if I sit?”
You just raise your eyebrow at him in response while taking a sip from your drink. He takes this as a ‘yes’ and sits across from you.

“I know, I know, you can’t be too careful now-a-days with who you talk to, given that there’s a serial killer on the lose, but I just couldn’t pass up the opportunity of saying hello to the beautiful girl sitting by herself at the window,” he says, still being stared down by your suspicious gaze. “Hey, if it makes you feel any better, I promise I’m not a killer. You can trust me.”

Both your eyebrows raise at this, eyes widening sceptically while your coffee cup purposely covers half your face. You take another sip before putting it down.

“And what if I say that I don’t trust you?” You speak after a moment of silence.

At this, he smirks a little bit. “Then why don’t you get to know me, and then you can decide for yourself whether or not you can trust me.”

“We’ll see, pretty boy,” You smirk back at him, getting up from the table and throwing away your empty coffee cup. You glance over your shoulder one last time before exiting the shop to see him with an expression of disbelief on his face. Looks like someone isn’t used to getting rejected on the first try.

Jongin’s eyes follow you out of the coffee shop and down the street until he can no longer see you. He smirks to himself, glad to know you won’t be an easy target to capture. With his last victim, she almost didn’t even put up a fight, immediately falling for his charm and looks. She was almost too easy, not an enjoyable kill at all.

He picks his victims specifically, taking his time to research them, and getting a sense of who they are before he strikes. You, on the other hand, are a spontaneous decision.

He saw you walk into the shop, so blissfully unaware of the monster lurking in the corner. Oblivious, just like everyone else is, as to the danger he imposes. As soon as he saw you, he knew you were going to be his next victim, and he doesn’t even know your name yet.

This is so unlike him. He doesn’t know exactly why he’s so drawn to you, just that he knows that he needs to kill you, to watch your beautiful face contort in fear, and in pain. He can’t wait for that moment, when he finally watches the light die from behind your eyes, the hope vanishing with nothing but imminent death approaching.

He smiles to himself as he imagines all the ways he can torture you, daydreaming vivid horrors unbeknownst to those surrounding him. He makes his way out of the coffee shop, following the general direction he saw you walk off in. He needs to do some research.

Arriving back at his apartment, Jongin pulls out his laptop and sits on the couch. He syncs his phone, allowing for the image of you to transfer into his facial recognition database. He took a few pictures of you while you weren’t paying attention, your eyes either focused on the leaves outside or on the images that were flashing across the TV screen. Never before has he been so grateful for hacking into this system.

Once he hears his computer ping with a match, a wide grin spreads across his face. He’s found you. He clicks on the first link he can find for your social media accounts, learning more about you then he should be able to, but with his skills, things like this are a breeze.

After a few hours of researching, he feels he has a good idea as to who you are. He lists what he’s discovered in his head. Your first name is (Y/n), you are 21 years old with a birthday in a few
weeks, you have a pet cat named Charlie, you live on your own in an apartment complex on the corner of Kane and Able, you don’t speak with your parents often, but you have a good relationship, and finally, the most important fact, you do not have a significant other at the moment.

He lets out a chuckle at this. That is probably the most surprising fact to him, that you don’t have a romantic partner at the moment. Considering the way you look, he would have thought guys would be begging to go on dates with you, but this just makes his job of getting to know you easier. No obstacles in the way when trying to make you fall for him and play right into his trap.

The next day, you wake up shortly after ten. You sit up in bed, stretch, then get ready for the day. Luckily, you’ve gotten the week off work for working almost every day last month, so you don’t have to go back until next Monday, and considering it’s only Tuesday, you can’t wait to spend the rest of your time off doing nothing.

Once you have a shower and change into your outfit for the day, you decide to go back to your favourite coffee shop and spend some time there reading. You grab your purse and head out the door, locking it behind you.

Once again, you are grateful for the warm air that surrounds you upon entering the coffee shop. You order your favourite drink and return to the spot you always sit in at the back by the windows. You pull out your book from your purse and flip to the section you are currently reading, getting lost in the words on the page.

About an hour passes, constantly hearing the bell chime above the entrance singling the arrival or departure of customers. You pay little attention to them though, as you are so immersed in your book, so much so that you fail to notice the chair opposite yours scraping against the floor as it’s pulled back and a body sitting down across from you.

“What are you reading?” A voice startles you into almost dropping your book onto the table in front of you.

You send a glare at the person now sitting across from you before going back to the words on the page, making a point to flip the page loudly once you’re done, pointedly ignoring the man sitting before you.

“Is it a crime to be curious, now?” He teases, propping his right arm on the table and resting his head against his open palm.

You let out a sigh, closing your eyes as you place the book onto the table in front of you. You open them only to glare at him. “Look, I don’t know what your deal is, but I thought I made it very clear yesterday that I’m not interested.” You calmly state, putting emphasis on the last two words to see if he’ll finally take the hint.

“Aw, but you don’t even know me,” he pouts.

“Exactly,” you say, going back to your book. “I’d like to keep it that way.”

“Okay, okay, I can take a hint,” he says, raising his arms in defence as he stands up. “I wouldn’t want to cause any trouble.”

With that, he leaves the coffee shop, your eyes trailing him the entire time. Once you determine he’s not coming back, you return to your book, glad to not have any further distractions.

Meanwhile, Jongin scowls to himself as he walks down the street and into the park, kicking a stone
along the path. Why must you be so difficult? In a way, he’s almost glad you’re not giving into him easily, it’ll make capturing you after gaining your trust so much more fulfilling. For now though, he needs to come up with a way for you to at least be his friend, or else he won’t be able to do anything to you.

That night, you sit in your apartment watching a movie while curled up with a blanket on your couch. You glance out the window and see the clear night sky, stars twinkling like fairy lights outside. You smile to yourself as you turn your attention back to the screen.

Outside, Jongin lurks by said window, peering in and watching your movement, undetected due to the cover of darkness. How peaceful you look sitting there, how happy. How blissfully unaware you are to the monster lurking just outside your apartment.

He can feel the corners of his mouth turn up in a small smile, watching your expressions change as the movie progresses. He can tell you’re watching a comedy based off of the corners of your mouth raising every now and then in a sort of smile. He almost wishes he could be there beside you, to be able to hold you in his arms. To protect you from monsters like him.

He shakes his head, clearing his thoughts. What is he thinking? All this is making him soft, and why? He doesn’t know. He quickly moves down the fire escape, deciding to call it a night and watch you some other time. He has all he needs for now, he just needs to get a move on with your trust.

The rest of the week passes fairly quickly, much too quickly for your liking, and soon enough, you’re back at work Monday morning. You trudge into work, greeting your coworkers with a half smile as you prepare for your shift.

You don’t work anywhere too fancy, just the local diner, to help pay for the bills until you can finish school and find a better job to suit your credentials, but until then, it’s service with a smile.

The only downside to your shift on your first day back after a week break is that it’s from open to close. About halfway through your shift, you start wanting to just go home and relax, already missing the comfort of your bed. You let out a sigh, leaning on the counter as you take a small break.

“You okay?” Your coworker, Jennie, asks you.

“Yeah, just a bit tired is all,” you reply, standing up straight to greet the new wave of customers that come in for the afternoon rush. She gives you a concerned look in return. “Honestly, Jennie, I’m fine. Now, let’s get back to work before Fred fries both of our asses.”

With that, you both giggle and get back to work. Fred is the owner of the diner, who is one man you don’t want to mess with. Luckily, you view him as a sort of second father to you, and he sees both you and Jennie as his daughters. He may be a big, intimidating man, but he has an even bigger heart.

Finally, the day comes to a close with the last round of customers leaving for the night. It’s just you and Fred as you wrap up your last customer for the night, bidding them a farewell. You both quickly clean the diner and close up for the night since Jennie has already left as she got off over an hour ago.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to walk you to your apartment? It’s not safe at night, not with a serial killer on the loose,” Fred says, locking the main entrance.
“I’m positive, besides,” you say, giving a reassuring smile to Fred. “I’m sure Pam is worrying about you already. I’ll be fine on my own, it’s only a few blocks anyways.”

“If you’re sure, (Y/n),” Fred says warily, not wanting you to be on your own, but he knows you’re right about Pam worrying about him.

“I’m sure, Fred,” you say. “Now go before Pam sends a search party to look for you.”

With those words, Fred bids you a goodnight and to call him if anything goes wrong. You both head your separate ways, with you calling a quick ‘see you tomorrow’ over your shoulder.

You pull your jacket closer around yourself as a gust of cold air blows down the street. Your eyes look all around at your surroundings, making yourself paranoid at every little movement you see or sound you hear. Maybe you should have accepted Fred’s offer to walk you home, considering there is a murderer on the loose.

You pass by the park that’s four blocks away from your apartment, the leaves crunching under your feet as you walk along the path. You notice a man leaning against a lamppost up ahead who is watching you approach him. You purposely avoid eye contact, staring straight ahead as you walk by him with your head held high.

You don’t realize you’re holding your breath until you let the air escape your lungs once you’ve past him, but your victory is short lived as you are pushed into the closest alleyway and pinned against the wall, a body pressed against your back as your face is pushed against the wall.

“Where do you think you’re going, sweetheart?” A raspy voice says right by your ear, making you shiver. “I just want to have a little fun.”

“Get off of me!” You yell, struggling to get out of this man’s grip, but to no avail. You grit your teeth in frustration and continue to twist and turn to get out of this man’s hold.

“Stop squirming, will you? I said I just want to have some fun,” he growls.

“And I believe the lady told you to get off of her,” a somewhat familiar voice says from behind you.

The man turns to look at the figure now standing at the entrance of the alleyway, scowling. “Stay out of it, kid, this is none of your business,” he spits.

You don’t hear a reply and you think your saviour has left you alone with this disgusting creep of a man as all you do hear is the shuffling of feet. Your breathing picks up as you think of what’s about to happen to you.

“Now, where were we?” He says, inhaling your scent and pushing you harder against the wall.

You close your eyes and will for this all to be a bad dream. You stay perfectly still, waiting for what is to come next, but it never does. Instead, you feel yourself be released, the weight of the man pinning you to the wall no longer existent. You open your eyes and see the man who had been pinning you to the wall on the ground, looking at something to your right. You turn your head to see the guy from the coffee shop standing next to you.

“This isn’t over,” the man says, getting up and running down the opposite end of the alley.

Once he’s out of your sight, you finally release the breath you’ve been holding. You turn to face the guy.
“Thank you,” you say, just above a whisper, not trusting your voice not to crack if you were to speak any louder.

“Don’t mention it,” he replies with a kind smile, turning away from you to start walking away.

“It’s Jongin, right?” Your words make him stop in his tracks, a sinister grin stretching across his face, one which you cannot see.

“Yeah,” he says, turning back around to face you with a kind smile still present on his face.

“Would you,” you pause, taking a deep breath. “Would you mind just accompanying me the last few blocks to my apartment? I’d feel better if you were with me.”

“Sure,” he says, noticing how you won’t meet his eyes. He can’t help but to think of how cute you look in this moment.

You walk in silence together for a few minute until you decide to break it.

“I’m (Y/n), by the way,” you tell him.

“Well, it’s nice to finally learn your name, though I wish it were under better circumstances,” he jokes, trying to lighten the mood. You crack a smile at this.

“Don’t be getting any ideas,” you smirk, turning to face him once outside your apartment complex.

“Well, considering you don’t look like you want to bash my brains out this time, I’ll consider it a step in a positive direction,” he teases, making you giggle.

“If you say so,” you tease back, pulling out your key to unlock the building’s main doors.

“Baby steps, baby steps,” he smiles, making you shake your head at his antics.

You give him one final smile before turning back around and entering your building, but before you let the doors close, you turn to him one last time.

“Oh, and Jongin,” he turns back around to face you when he hears your voice call out to him. “Thanks, again. I really mean it.”

At this he just smiles at you, giving you a slight nod of his head to which you smile back and let the doors shut behind you. You make your way onto the elevator and finally into your apartment for the night. You get ready for bed and immediately fall asleep as soon as your head hits the pillow. What a night you’ve had.

Downstairs, Jongin smiles to himself, that went even better than he could have ever imagined. He got you to tell him your name and you let him walk you home the rest of the way. However, his mood soon turns sour as he thinks of the man he hired to do this to you. He wasn’t supposed to do that, he was only supposed to scare you a bit, causing you to run into him down the street. Looks like he needs to teach this man a lesson on touching things that are not his to touch.

He finds the man sitting on a bench in the park, waiting for Jongin’s return. His scowl deepens as he he needs to teach this man a lesson on touching things that are not his to touch.

He finds the man sitting on a bench in the park, waiting for Jongin’s return. His scowl deepens as he walks up to him.

“What the fuck was that?” Jongin spits.

“You told me to scare her, so that’s what I did,” he replies nonchalantly. “Not my fault she’s hot.”
At his words, Jongin’s anger comes to a boiling point. How dare he talk like that about you! His movements are so quick, almost inhuman, that the man doesn’t register how close Jongin is until he’s being held by his own throat.

“I told you to chase her down the street, not try and rape her, you disgusting excuse of a human,” he spits, tightening his grip around the man’s neck.

The man claws at Jongin’s hands, but it’s no use, the grip he has is too strong. His rage blinding him, Jongin drags the man down the street and to his car. Banging the man’s head against the cement wall, Jongin tosses his body into the trunk of his car once he know’s the man has passed out. Driving to his favourite place, Jongin spends the night torturing the man until his anger diminishes, and the man is dead.

The next morning, you wake up nice and early to get ready for work. Grabbing a quick shower, you make yourself a small breakfast and head to work, but not before glancing at the calendar hung by your fridge. A smile spreads across your face as you realize, only two more days until he’s back.

You make it to work and spend the first hour serving coffee to just one person. You can already tell the day is going to be slow due to the lack of customers the diner is experiencing. You sit at the counter on one of the stools and turn on the news, the headline immediately catching your attention.

**Man Found Dead in Park.**

Your eyes widen as they show a picture of the victim on screen. It’s the man from last night. Your heart rate picks up as you listen to the news anchor relay the story.

“...found early this morning, looks to be the work of ‘Kai’. The body is in the worse condition the police have seen so far dealing with this case. This is unusual, as he typically picks female victims, so now no one is safe...”

You watch as the TV gets shut off, still staring blankly at it despite nothing appearing on screen. You slowly turn to face Fred who looks concerned for you.

“Last night, when I was walking home, that man jumped me. That could have been me. I could have been the next victim. That could have been me,” You say, a fearful look on your face.

Fred immediately places a comforting hand on your shoulder, reassuring you that everything will be alright, and that you should go home and get some rest for the next few days. “It’s not safe anymore, he’s in your area.”

You merely nod your head in response, standing up to collect your things, and moving towards the door. Before you’re able to step outside, you collide with a solid chest.

“Sorry,” you mumble, not looking up at whoever you’ve bumped into, instead going to move around them.

“(Y/n)? I didn’t know you worked here,” Jongin lies cheerfully until he notices the grim expression on your face. Immediately he’s filled with concern, wanting to know who caused you such emotional turmoil. “Are you okay?”

You choose to ignore him, stepping around him and continuing to exit the diner to go back to your apartment and rest. He follows you regardlessly.
“(Y/n)?” He asks, matching pace with you down the street. He almost walks past you when you stop walking all of a sudden, turning to look him in the eyes with a pained expression on your face.

“Remember that man from last night? Yeah, well, apparently he’s dead now, due to the serial killer on the loose. That could have been me,” you say, panic evident in your voice as you continue walking down the street. “He was in my area last night, I could have been killed.”

Jongin stays quiet, allowing for the weight of your words to sink in. The two of you walk in silence for a few more minutes until he speaks. “Are you going to be okay?”

“Honestly, I don’t know,” you reply, looking down at the ground.

“Well, if you need anything, anything at all, please feel free to call me,” he tells you. “Here, why don’t you enter in your phone number into my phone and I’ll send you a text so that way you have mine.”

You look at him a bit warily as you take his phone from his outstretched hand and enter in your number. You hand it back to him and he gives you a reassuring smile.

“I’ll see you later, okay?” He says. “You’ll be fine, I promise.”

He waves goodbye to you as you enter your apartment complex. You give him a small smile back before shutting the door behind you and entering the elevator. You let out a sigh as the elevator makes it’s way up to your floor, reassuring yourself that you’ll be okay, just like Jongin said.

The rest of the day is spent by yourself watching old reruns of your favourite show. You can’t help but feel paranoid being by yourself, feeling as if the murderer is hiding somewhere in your apartment.

Later that night, Jongin messages you, asking if you’re alright, to which you reply that you could be better, but you’re alright for now. You won’t admit to him how shocked you still are over this whole situation, not even wanting to admit it to yourself.

You head to bed that night, unable to get any sleep due to the paranoia keeping you up. You feel as though you’re being watched, as if someone is hiding in the darkness of your apartment waiting to strike. You wish he would hurry up and come back already.

In the morning, you pull yourself out of bed to make yourself a coffee. What little sleep you did get did not help your situation at all. You trudge into the living room and flop down on your couch, letting out a yawn.

You check your phone and see Fred has sent you a message telling you to take the rest of this week off until you’re feeling better and things calm down a little bit. You’re grateful that he’s so understanding, and also that you no longer have to go into work today, or for the rest of the week for that matter.

You do your best to busy yourself throughout the day, keeping your mind preoccupied with things so you don’t need to think about what has happened. After a few hours of watching Netflix, you feel as though you can’t sit still anymore. You’re dying to get out of your apartment for some fresh air, but you don’t want to go out alone.

You text a few of your friends to see what they’re up to, but most of them either say they’re busy with work or something else. You let out a sigh of defeat until you remember one other person you can ask.
You: Hey, want to go grab a coffee with me? I need to get out of my apartment and get some fresh air.

Within seconds, you get a reply back.

Jongin: Sure! Regular place?

You quickly reply with a ‘yes’ and get ready to go out. You slip on your shoes and head out the door, making sure to lock it behind you.

Walking down the street, you are hyper-aware of everyone you pass. Quickening your pace, you manage to arrive at the coffee shop within a few minutes. Stepping inside, you already see Jongin sitting at your usual table with two drinks in front of him. His head raises when he hears the bell chime above the door singling your arrival. A smile immediately takes over his face and you give him a small one back as you sit across from him.

“I already got you something, I hope you don’t mind,” he says, sliding one of the drinks over to you.

“Thanks, but you didn’t have to get me anything,” you say, taking the drink into your hands and taking a small sip. Your eyes immediately light up as you taste the familiar spices of your favourite drink. “This is one of my favourites, how did you know?”

“Lucky guess, I guess,” he chuckles, his eyes crinkling as he smiles at you enjoying your coffee. He feels his heart skip a beat when you look at him with that smile on your face, happy to know he is the one to bring you joy.

He doesn’t know why you’re affecting him this much, but for some odd reason, his urge to kill you is diminishing slowly the more time he spends with you. The more time he spends with you, the more he wants to protect you, to keep you by his side so you can actually grow to love him as he grows more fond of you. Sure killing you would have been nice in the moment, but having you stay with him forever will be far more entertaining.

He listens to you ramble on about yourself, noticing how you relax more and more the more time passes spent together. He smiles as he listens to you recount a story from your childhood and all he knows is that he never wants this moment to end.

A few hours have passed since you’ve arrived at the coffee shop, that the sun is now set and the streetlights are starting to flicker on. You check the time and realize how late it’s getting and decide to call it a day since you don’t want to be walking back to your apartment too late.

“I should probably get going now, it’s getting late,” you say with a smile while standing up.

“Let me walk you to your apartment,” Jongin says, standing with you. “That way I know you get back safely.”

“That would be great, thanks,” you smile at him and nod your head.

You both leave the coffee shop together, him holding the door for you on your way out. The first few minutes of the walk is in silence, simply enjoying the other’s company. You’re glad that Jongin is walking with you, you feel safer with him then if you were alone.

When you arrive back to your apartment, you notice a figure leaning against the side of the building. They turn to face you and your eyes widen when you realize who it is. You let out a small squeal of joy and run into his open arms.
“Junmyeon, I missed you! I thought you weren’t going to be back until tomorrow!” You exclaim, hugging him tightly to which he does the same to you.

“I came back early to surprise you, but you weren’t here, so I decided to wait for you until you got back,” he explains, pulling away from you to hold you at arms length.

You bring your hand up to cup the side of his face as you both stare into each other’s eyes. You both start to lean in until you hear a clearing of someone’s throat come from behind you. The two of you break apart and you turn around to face Jongin whom you forgot was standing there.

“Sorry about that,” you say, rubbing the back of your neck sheepishly. “Oh, um, Jongin, this is Junmyeon,” you introduce them to each other. “My boyfriend.”

“It’s nice to meet you,” Junmyeon smiles at Jongin.

“Likewise,” Jongin says blankly back. “Anyways, I should probably get going then. Have a goodnight you two.”

With that, Jongin turns and starts walking down the street. You call out a farewell and bid him a goodnight as well, turning back to face Junmyeon with a smile.

Jongin is furious. A boyfriend! He did not know you have a boyfriend. That would explain why you were so cold to him at the start though. He grits his teeth as he remembers how happy you looked in Junmyeon’s arms. That should be him.

Jongin thought that today was going great. He actually got you to open up to him and meet him for coffee, but now this? He did his research, and nowhere did you ever indicate you had a boyfriend. This makes everything that much more difficult. Now he has a pest in the way that he needs to dispose of.

Jongin silently makes his way up your fire escape, sitting just outside your living room window. Watching. Waiting.

You unlock the door to your apartment, ushering Junmyeon inside. He smiles at you as you both make your way to the living room of your apartment and sit on the couch. You curl into his side as you put on a movie for the two of you to watch. He wraps a blanket around the two of you and kisses the top of your forehead. Oh, how you’ve missed this.

“I’ve missed you,” you say about halfway through the movie.

You receive a hum in response, making you look up into Junmyeon’s eyes since he is already staring at you with a small smile on his face. You lean up and press your lips against his to which he immediately responds. You climb on top of him, straddling his waist as things get more heated between the two of you. Eventually, both of your shirts come off and Junmyeon has you pinned on the couch, slowly spreading your legs so he can kiss up your thighs.

Outside, Jongin is filled with rage and jealousy. He should be the only one to get to touch you like that, not him. Half of him wants to burst through your window right now, kill Junmyeon and take you all for himself, but the other half knows that that would not be a smart idea. He needs to play his cards right, and soon he’ll be the one eating you out on your couch making you moan his name.

He watches silently as Junmyeon makes love to your beautiful body on your couch, feeling the anger build inside of him until red tints the corners of his vision. He needs to act soon, or else all of his progress will have been for nothing.
Jongin leaves shortly after watching the two of you lay curled up on the couch in each others arms. He feels sick to his stomach with jealousy. He knows that tomorrow, he’s going to have to do something about this.

Morning comes and you wake up to be greeted by your boyfriend making breakfast for the two of you. You smile and sit down at the counter as Junmyeon places the last bits of scrambled eggs onto your plates and sits down beside you. You lean your head against his shoulder as a peaceful smile spreads across your face.

“How are you feeling?” Junmyeon asks you.

“I’ve never been better,” you say, a bliss filled look on your features. “A little sore though.”

Junmyeon laughs. “Yeah, I guess I did go a little rough last night after a few rounds, I just haven’t seen you for a while and I guess I got carried away.”

“Oh trust me, I’m not complaining,” you smirk. “In fact, you should get carried away more often.”

At this, he blushes, nudging your shoulder with his as he tries to hide his growing smile behind a forkful of food.

Your morning is spent together, taking the time to catch up with each other and enjoy each other’s company. You get up to make some lunch for the two of you, until you realize that you literally have no food left to eat since you haven’t been grocery shopping in a while. You sigh as you close your fridge door.

“I’m just going to run out to grab some groceries, I’ll be back soon,” you say, grabbing your keys from off the counter.

“I’ll come with you,” Junmyeon offers, moving to stand up off of the couch.

“No, that’s okay,” you say, walking over and sitting him back down. “You just got back, it’s early in the day, you should rest. I’ll only be a few hours, don’t worry.”

“Okay, if you say so,” he replies. “Then I’m going to have a nap.”

“Okay,” you nod your head, putting on your shoes and heading out the front door with a final goodbye.

A few minutes later, Junmyeon hears the front door open again and doesn’t bother checking if it’s you. He figures you’ve probably just forgotten something like usual.

“What did you forget?” He teases, not bothering to open his eyes, but when he gets no response after a minute, he slowly gets up from the couch and looks around. “(Y/n)? This isn’t funny.”

Moving slowly through the apartment, Junmyeon makes his way to your room first. He opens the door to your room, peaking his head in but not seeing anything out of the ordinary. He could have sworn he heard you come back to the apartment. He figures that it’s probably just his imagination, and in his tired state he just thought he heard you come back to the apartment. Walking back into the living room, Junmyeon doesn’t even get five steps before he’s knocked unconscious.

“Should have listened to your gut, mate,” Jongin says, crouching over Junmyeon’s unconscious form.

A few minutes later, Junmyeon wakes up and feels a throbbing coming from his head. He goes to
rub it, but finds he is unable to. He blinks away his blurry vision to find that he’s still in your apartment, only tied to one of your dining room chairs. He starts to struggle against his restraints, trying his best to free himself with little success. He hears a chuckle come from behind him until whoever it is that is standing behind him moves into his line of sight.

“Jongin?” He gasps, not sure if he’s seeing things right. “What’s going on? Where’s (Y/n)? Why am I tied to a chair? How did you get in? Wh-“

“Shut up!” Jongin cuts him off. “God, even your voice makes me sick.”

Junmyeon looks at him in confusion and slight fear. Jongin looks insane right now, a crazed, murderous look in his eyes, and a sinister grin tugging at his lips. He watches Jongin walk over to the kitchen counter where he notices that all of your knives have been laid out on display. Jongin picks one up, weighing it in his hand before deciding it’s good enough for him to use. Walking back towards him, Jongin crouches in front of Junmyeon, watching as the lights reflects off of the blade in his hand.

“And it’s Kai, by the way,” Jongin says, smirking at his next victim.

Junmyeon gasps. So he’s the serial killer that has been on the loose recently.

“Why are you doing this?” Junmyeon asks through clenched teeth, not believing what’s currently happening to him.

“Well, you see, you have something of mine, and I want it back,” Jongin says nonchalantly, starting to drag the tip of the blade down Junmyeon’s arm. “You’ve touched something of mine that doesn’t belong to you. Do you think you’re worthy of her? Worthy enough to worship her body the way she deserves? You don’t deserve her, you don’t deserve to get to be with her, she’s mine.”

Junmyeon’s eyes widen as he feels the first sting of the blade piercing his skin, watching as Kai drags the tip along his arm, creating a long, but not too deep, cut. He grits his teeth, doing his best to keep in the sounds of pain he so desperately wants to let out.

“What should I start with first?” Kai wonders aloud, stepping away from Junmyeon and tapping his chin as if he’s deep in thought. “I know, since you are so prone to touching my things, I think I’ll start with your hands. I would start with your tongue, but I wouldn’t want you to choke on your own blood now, would I?”

“You’ll never get away with this!” Junmyeon spits, curses spilling from his mouth to which Kai replies by tying a cloth around his mouth to get him to shut up.

Kai makes his way over to his bag which he brought with him and pulls out a lighter. Smirking to himself, he makes his way back over to Junmyeon, flicking the lighter on and off the whole time. Junmyeon’s eyes widen in fear as he can only imagine what Kai has in store for him for the next hour or so.

Meanwhile, a smile is present on your face the whole time you make your way to the grocery store. About two hours have passed since you left your apartment and now you are heading back with all your groceries. Luckily, you only have a few bags with you since you only got what you think you’d need since you’ll do the major shopping later on in the week.

The ride up the elevator seems to take forever. All you want to do is get back to your apartment and watch a movie with Junmyeon while curled up on the couch. You open your door, kick your shoes
off and drop the grocery bags in the kitchen. You walk into your living room and your voice gets stuck in your throat. You feel your heart stop beating as you take in your surroundings.

Blood pools underneath Junmyeon’s unconscious body which is tied to one of your dining room chairs. At least you hope he’s unconscious. There are cuts and burns all over his arms and legs, but what’s worse are his hands. The tips have all been burned almost down to the bone, or at least they appear to be, and a few of his fingers are missing. His head hangs limply, blood escaping his mouth in a steady stream.

You unfreeze yourself and run over to his side, a small shriek of his name escaping your mouth.

“Junmyeon! Junmyeon? Oh my god, what happened?” You sob, tears leaking from your eyes.

You shakily reach your hand up, checking for a pulse everywhere you know of to see if he’s still alive. After three failed attempts of finding a pulse, the harsh reality of your situation slaps you in your face. You start to sob uncontrollably, doing your best to stand up and make your way over to the phone to call the police.

As you reach for your phone, dialling the emergency services, your eyes catch a glimpse at your wall, your mouth falling open in a silent scream as you read the message, written in Junmyeon’s blood, on your wall.

You’re next.

You don’t register the voice coming from the receiver of your phone signifying someone has answered your call. Instead, you feel a strong arm wrap around your waist from behind you and a hand place a cloth over your nose and mouth. You begin to struggle in the person’s grip, doing your best not to breath in whatever chemicals that have been put on the cloth. You manage to kick your assailant in the shin, causing his grip to falter, but before you can get free, their grip is back and even tighter than before. You feel yourself starting to lose consciousness, fighting to stay awake, but the effects of the drugs are too strong.

You wake up in an unfamiliar room with a headache. You try to move your arms but find that they are tied behind your back. You blink a few times to allow your vision to adjust to the light of the room. It looks like you’re in a basement cellar of some sort, but that’s not what catches your eyes.

Across from you, sitting in a chair mirroring yours, is Jongin. From the looks of it, he looks like he’s in the same position you’re in.

“Jongin? Hey, Jongin?” You call his name. “Wake up, Jongin!”

He groans and looks up, rolling his neck to the side a few times to ease the stiffness. He looks up at you, blinking a few times until a confused expression crosses his face.

“(Y/n)? What happened? Where are we?” He asks, looking around at your surroundings.

“I don’t know, I was hoping you’d be able to tell me,” you say, blinking your eyes again to try and relieve their stinging.

“All I remember is walking by your apartment and seeing you being dragged out by someone, so I followed them and now here we are,” he explains.

“I don’t know what’s going on,” you say, tears starting to fall from your eyes as Jongin looks at you in concern. “All I know is… all I know is that Junmyeon is, is dead.”
You look down at your lap, letting the tears fall freely. You shut your eyes tightly, willing for this all to be a bad dream. You flinch as you feel a thumb wipe away your tears. Opening your eyes, you see Jongin crouched in front of you with a sad look on his face.

“Jongin, how did you,” you choke on a sob. “How did you escape?”

“Oh, that, well, you see…” he trails off, avoiding your eyes until he brings his gaze back to yours, piercing your very being with how cold his eyes have become. “I was never really tied to the chair.”

“What? What do you mean? Jongin, you’re scaring me,” You say, leaning as far away from him as you can with you being bound to the chair.

“I wasn’t tied to the chair,” he states simply, standing in front of you. “Oh, and also, call me Kai.”

Your eyes widen in shock, causing him to smirk. “What?”

“I finally have you,” he coos, stroking your face fondly, making you flinch away from his touch. He scowls, but backs off nonetheless.

“You killed Junmyeon,” you state, glaring at him through your tears.

“He was in the way,” Kai states blankly, moving over to the side to grab a small blade.

“He was my boyfriend whom I love, you monster,” you spit, causing him to round on you with annoyance clear on his face.

“He was a nuisance. A nuisance that thought he could take you away from me. A nuisance that needed to learn not to touch what isn’t his,” he snaps, ominously walking towards you with the knife raised pointedly at you.

“I’m not yours! I never was, and I never will be,” you say, venom lacing every word.

You feel the sting on your cheek before you’ve even processed what’s happened. More tears escape your eyes as you turn your head to glare at Jongin who is standing in front of you.

“Don’t look at me like that, you did this to yourself. You and that beautiful smile of yours, your personality, and God, don’t even get me started on your body. What I wouldn’t do to you,” he trails off, eyes roaming every inch of your exposed skin, licking his lips in the process. “I was going to kill you, you know? You were going to be my fifth victim, but you had to go and make me fall for you, didn’t you? Now all I want to do is please you, make you feel good, but you’re making this so difficult.”

“You’re crazy,” you spit.

“Crazy for you,” he grins maniacally. “Now, if you don’t cooperate, I will keep killing every single person you hold dear to you, and if I have to, I’ll even kill you. There’s still a part of me that wants to see you wither in pain, to have you beg me to end your miserable life, and watch the light fade from behind those gorgeous eyes. I’ll do it, too, if you push me far enough. Now, are you going to be a good girl and cooperate with me?”

You nod your head, looking right into his eyes as you do so, making him smirk. He moves closer towards you with the knife still in his hand and you visibly tense up.

“Relax, I’m just going to cut your bonds so you don’t lose feelings your hands,” he says, reaching
around to do just that, stopping just short of the rope. “But first…”

With that, he leans forwards and presses his lips to yours. You do your best to seal your lips, but with press of the blade to your arm, you force yourself to kiss him back. He sighs into the kiss, trying to deepen it, but at this, you bite his lip, hard, drawing blood.

He flinches back, landing on his ass on the floor. He brings his one hand up to his lip, noticing the blood on his fingers. He smirks at you, licking his lips as he sees the defiance in your eyes.

“I will never be yours, you monster!” You yell, struggling once again to escape your ropes.

His expression darkens, and he slowly walks over to your figure, thrashing wildly in your chair. You stop all your movements as his shadow covers your entire being.

“I guess I’ll just have to teach you then,” he sighs, as if he has no other choice.

He sits on your lap, straddling you as he uses the knife to cut the fabric covering your left shoulder. He drags the blade gently across your collarbone before digging the tip into your skin, writing something along your collarbone. You feel what can only be described as white hot pain searing your flesh as the knife digs deep enough to ensure a scar.

Once done, Jongin leans back to admire his handiwork. His initials stare back at him, etched forever into your skin, bleeding red with your blood.
A small smile makes its way onto Minseok’s face as he stares into your room, watching you move back and forth as you get ready for bed. He feels calm knowing you are near, especially when he can check up on you. He sees you pull out a change of clothes for sleeping and licks his lips as he sees you reach down to take off your shirt.

“Are you spying on her, again?” A voice says from below his perched location on your balcony, making his head turn towards the sound. By the time he turns back around to look at you, you’ve already changed. He sighs.

“Shut up, Yixing, you know I’m only making sure she’s safe,” Minseok replies, jumping down to meet him on the ground.

“Hmm, okay, if you say so,” Yixing replies sceptically. “You seem to do a lot of that considering she’s only your friend.”

“Exactly,” Minseok replies with a roll of his eyes. “She’s my friend whom I love and worry about.”

“Seems to me that you love her as much more than a friend,” Yixing teases as they make their way down the street and away from your house. “One might say you’re almost obsessed.”

“So what if I do?” Minseok rounds on him, ignoring the second half of Yixing’s statement and crossing his arms in front of his chest. “I know she’ll never love me the way I love her.”

“You never know until you try, my friend,” Yixing replies, shaking his head at Minseok as they continue to make their way down the street.

Once they arrive back at their shared house, Minseok makes his way immediately to his room. Shutting the door behind him, he moves to his dresser and picks up the picture he has of the two of you smiling at the beach during the annual bonfire. He remembers that night like it was yesterday, the way you smiled at him the entire time during the festival.
He wishes he could go back to a much simpler time. Before any of this happened to him, before he was changed. Maybe if he was still human he’d allow himself to be with you, but the constant fear of hurting you if the two of you are together is always in the back of his mind ever since he met you.

He was only 26 when he was turned. He didn’t know it at the time, but he had come down with the plague, a horrible disease that he knew he wouldn’t survive from, but his wife back then couldn’t live without him. She paid the ultimate price, seeking out a healer of the time, not aware of the danger she had invited into her house in order to save her husband’s life.

The healer had come that night, shrouded in a dark grey cloak with hair as black as night, and eyes even darker. He made Minseok drink a certain liquid, claiming it had healing properties, and it most certainly did. Minseok would later come to learn of the healing properties of his own blood after he turned, but back then, he thought it was a miracle.

Just as Minseok felt his strength returning to him, the healer had snapped his neck. His wife, too busy making tea for the guest had no idea what was going on, and when she came into the room a few minutes later, the healer informed her that Minseok was just sleeping. The healer told her that he would need to stay until Minseok woke up just to make sure the antidote was working properly.

A few hours later, in the very early hours of the morning, Minseok wakes up with a great pain in his neck. Sitting up in bed, he rolls it from side to side, allowing it to crack.

“Good, you’re awake,” the healer had said.

“What happened?” Minseok questioned, now noticing the burn slowly making itself apparent in his throat. “What’s going on?”

“You’re in transition,” the healer had replied.

“Transition?” Minseok inquired.

“To becoming a full vampire,” the man replied, smirking down at Minseok. “That burning you feel in your throat is the desire to feed, and you’ll need to feed soon, or else you will die for real this time.”

“No, this isn’t real. Vampires do not exist,” Minseok tries to reason, throwing the covers off of his body and trying to stand from the bed.

Minseok takes a look around his room, and it is only then that he realizes there is no light, yet he can see everything clearly. He can also hear faint breaths coming from the next room over, as well as a consistent thumping that makes his mouth salivate. He licks his lips and feels his tongue brush against something sharp. His eyes widen and he rushes over to the old mirror in his room, opening his mouth to see his canines have extended. He looks up into his own fear filled eyes and sees them flash red. He stumbles back, tripping over his own feet, and landing on the floor, making a loud thumping sound.

He hears the breathing in the other room pick up and the shuffling of feet getting closer until his wife arrives at the doorway, oil lamp in hand. He squints at the sudden brightness, his eyes not used to the change in atmosphere, and hears a gasp fall from her lips. She quickly places down the lamp on the side dresser and runs over to him, throwing her arms around his neck and falling into his embrace.

“Minseok, you’re okay! Thank goodness,” she cries, pulling his face closer into her neck. “I
thought you were going to die!” A chuckle is heard from the healer, making his wife look towards where the healer is standing. “I can’t thank you enough for what you’ve done. You’ve saved my beloved Minseok!”

“Don’t thank me just yet, ma’am,” the healer chuckles once again, noticing how Minseok tenses with having his wife so close to him.

“Minseok, what’s wrong?” His wife asks, noticing how tense he is in her arms. She pulls away from him only to let out a gasp when she sees how his irises have changed from their usual warm brown, to a deep red. She lets out a shriek when she notices his elongated canines peaking out from his parted lips.

“Run,” He can barely get out, doing his best to resist every instinct of his that’s telling him to rip out her throat and drink her blood.

Luckily, she immediately stumbles out the door, sprinting down the stairs only to bump into a firm chest as she reaches the bottom. She shrieks again as the healer grabs her by the arms and holds her in place.

Minseok sways as he stands, feeling dizzy. He goes to run out the room, only to bang into the doorframe and then the walls multiple times, not used to his newfound speed yet. However, at the first smell of blood, he finds himself in front of his wife who is still being held by the healer. He notices that she’s bleeding from her neck, and he can feel the burning in his throat grow more intense with every breath he takes.

Suddenly, his wife is thrust at him and he can’t comprehend what is happening. His fangs are now in her neck and warm blood travels down his throat, soothing the burn. He can’t find it in himself to stop despite his wife’s pleas and whimpers. He doesn’t stop until she has no more blood to offer him, but his throat is still burning, and his eyes have turned an even darker shade of red.

Minseok lived in a small village of about 50 people. No one survived the night.

It isn’t until the first rays of dawn hit him in the face that he is pulled out of whatever murderous rampage he was in. Looking around, he sees the bodies strewn upon the ground, blood covering himself all over, especially his hands and all over his face. He looks up to see the healer approaching him.

“You’ve got quite the appetite,” he says, smirking.

“Why?” Minseok asks. “Why did you do this to me?”

“Why?” The healer repeats. “Because I need an army for war.”

Minseok lets the meaning of those words sink in as a tear escapes his eye. He stares down at his blood stained hands which start to shake as the reality of his situation sinks in. He’s just slaughtered his entire village. Men, women, and children, none spared from his wrath of hunger, of his desire to kill.

Minseok sits on his bed, staring once again at his shaking hands as the memories of that night haunt him. He lets out a shaky breath, running his hands through his hair. He glances towards his dresser, where the picture sits, almost mockingly.

“Besides, who could ever love a monster like me?” He mutters to himself sadly.

Minseok lays in bed that night, unable to get any rest. Every time he closes his eyes, he’s faced
with the gruesome images of his massacre, his bloodstained hands, and the look of fear forever engraved on the faces of his victims.

Eventually the sun starts to peak over the horizon, signalling the start of the day. Minseok sighs as he throws off his covers and sits on the edge of his bed. He’s used to not sleeping, but sometimes it is nice to actually get a few hours during the night. A few minutes pass by and Minseok decides he’s done feeling sorry for himself. He’s come to terms with his past, and he cannot change what has happened. If he could go back in time and prevent it, he would, but then he would have never gotten the chance to meet you.

He stands up and makes his way over to his bathroom to get ready for the day, as he plans to spend it with you. The two of you are going to go out for lunch, then go to the art museum, possibly catch a movie, and then go out for drinks to end the night. He can’t wait to spend the entire day with you and be surrounded in your scent.

One of his many favourite things about you is your scent. How you manage to always smell like lavender and mint, he’ll never know. Sometimes he swears that he gets lost in your intoxicating aroma, and how it’s so uniquely you. Not to mention the sweet smell of your blood, which he longs to taste but knows he could never do that to you.

Considering how sweet your blood smells, he can’t help but wonder what your arousal smells like. What you taste like, in more ways than one. He’s constantly imagining scenarios in which you return his feelings and he makes love to your body all through the night, getting you to moan his name while coming over and over again.

A shiver of pleasure makes its way down his spine as his eyes close and he envisions one of these scenarios now. A low growl escapes his throat and he opens his eyes to see his reflection staring back at him with red eyes. After a minute, they return to their normal colour.

Stripping himself of his clothes, Minseok steps into the shower, turning on the warm water and letting it cascade down his back. This gives him time to think about things, especially the situation with you.

He decides that he’s finally done feeling sorry for himself, and that he’s going to take Yixing’s advice and actually try with you. No more being afraid. No more hiding his feelings. He’s going to win your heart no matter what it takes starting today, but first, he needs to take care of his ‘little friend’ who’s made himself known thanks to that all too real vision he’s had of you.

About ten minutes later, Minseok is out of the shower and is currently drying the excess water from his hair with a towel. He changes quickly and checks the time on his phone. He still has a good few hours before he’s supposed to meet you at your house to go to the restaurant together. He sighs as he makes his way down the stairs and into the kitchen to grab something to eat. He wishes time could go faster, he just wants to be with you already.

“You’re up early,” Yixing comments as soon as he sees Minseok walk into the kitchen.

“Couldn’t sleep,” Minseok replies, opening the fridge and moving things around until he finds what he’s looking for. His eyes light up as they find the hidden blood bags, pulling one out in the process. “Besides, I’m spending the day with (Y/n).”

“Of course you are,” Yixing smiles, taking a sip of his own drink. “Going to continue admiring her from afar then?”

“No,” Minseok immediately answers. “I’m done with that.”
Yixing chokes on his drink. “What?”

“I’ve decided to actually take your advice and go for it,” Minseok shrugs, sitting across from Yixing at the kitchen table.

“Are you serious? Minseok, are you feeling okay?” Yixing asks sceptically, not believing his friend’s words.

“I’m feeling fine, Yixing,” Minseok sends a glare towards his friend.

“I’m just teasing you,” Yixing jokes, chuckling while raising his arms in a defensive manner. “I just thought I wouldn’t see the day where you actually would take my advice.”

Minseok just rolls his eyes in response, sipping on his blood. A sort of calm silence settles between the two as they each check their phones. The scraping of a chair is heard as Yixing stands up and goes to put his glass in the sink.

“I’m assuming you wont be back until late then,” he says, turning to face Minseok who is still seated at the table.

“Don’t wait up,” Minseok replies.

“I wasn’t planning too,” Yixing smirks while walking out of the kitchen, but not before calling over his shoulder. “Don’t fuck up!”

Before Minseok can react, Yixing has left the house. Minseok rolls his eyes in response, sipping on his blood. A sort of calm silence settles between the two as they each check their phones. The scraping of a chair is heard as Yixing stands up and goes to put his glass in the sink.

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A few hours later, Minseok stands outside your door. His dead heart is racing and his palms are sweaty. He has no idea how this day is going to go, but he keeps reminding himself that it’s just like any other day he spends out with you, not a date.

He raises his hand and gently knocks on your door. He can hear the soft sound of your footsteps coming towards the door, and a few seconds later, he’s greeted by your smiling face.

“Hey, right on time, as usual,” you comment, opening the door wider so he can step inside.

“I’ll never be late, if it’s you,” he replies honestly, looking into your eyes as he steps inside.

You just smile back at him and shake your head while letting out a small chuckle. You close the door once he’s inside your house.

“Let me just grab my jacket and we can get going,” you say, not even waiting for an answer and instead going to grab your jacket from the living room. “The Thai place, right?”

“Yep!” Minseok replies with a smile, holding the door open for you once you have your shoes on.

You thank him as you step outside and he waits as you lock your front door. You both walk to the bus stop and wait for the appropriate bus to come pick the two of you up to take you both downtown for the day. Eventually, it arrives and you both take a seat near the back. It’s about a 45 minute bus ride into the city, but neither of you mind. Besides, who wants to waste money on a cab?
Minseok is glad for these days that he gets to spend with you where you both go out and do something for the entire day. He loves getting to watch how excited you get over all the little things, it makes him feel human again and forget, for a time, what he really is. Another perk would definitely be getting to be so close to you all day. Like now, for instance, sitting beside you so close on the bus he’s able to breath in your scent deeply, and god, do you smell good.

He feels you rest your head against his shoulder and he tenses ever so slightly. He’s used to you being affectionate towards him, that’s how you are with all your friends, but today he can’t help but read into it a bit more. He thinks that maybe, just maybe, you want him just as much as he wants you. He smiles to himself and leans his head on top of yours, allowing himself to enjoy the moment while it lasts.

The bus periodically stops to let more people on and off, but one man in particular catches Minseok’s eye. He had gotten on a few stops ago and now he doesn’t seem to want to take his eyes off of you. Minseok stares down this man with his almost predatory gaze he has towards you.

Sensing he is being stared at, the man makes eye contact with Minseok and Minseok narrows his own eyes at the man. Flashing red for the briefest of moments, the man’s eyes widen and he, almost robotically, gets off at the next stop, making Minseok smirk in victory. No one should look at you like that, no one but him.

About twenty minutes later, the two of you find yourselves in your favourite Thai restaurant ordering your favourite meals. You both tell each other about your week and Minseok can’t keep the smile off his face as he watches you recount the past events of your week. Your happiness makes him happy.

Eventually, your food arrives and the two of you eat in somewhat silence, enjoying the food too much to talk. It’s times like these that Minseok wishes could last forever.

Once the two of you are done, you walk the few blocks there is to the Art Museum down the street. The whole time, you have a smile plastered on your face, practically dragging Minseok down the street by his hand.

“Come on! I really want to see this exhibit,” you say, getting in line once you arrive at the entrance.

You can barely keep still, bouncing on the balls of your feet the entire time while waiting in line. Minseok thinks you look adorable, especially with the way your cheeks puff out in impatience. He smiles at your antics as the line moves forward slowly.

Eventually, the two of you make it inside to the exhibit, you immediately running off to the piece you’re most excited to see first. Minseok follows you around the exhibit like a puppy, paying more attention to you then to the artwork surrounding him. To him, you are the most beautiful piece of art he has ever seen, and he’s been around for a while.

A few hours pass by and you’ve both made your way through the gallery, taking your time to admire the artwork. Minseok spends the majority of the time just watching you, the way your eyes light up when you study a piece of art, the small smile that tugs at your lips as you read the inscriptions. He finds he can’t take his eyes off of you despite being surrounded by these works of art that hold your undivided attention.

You’re so engrossed in the painting you’re currently looking at that you almost miss Minseok’s ‘I’ll be right back’. You nod your head absentmindedly regardless, eyes never leaving the painting. An unfamiliar voice startles you out of your thoughts about a minute later.
“Beautiful, isn’t it?” A male says from beside you. “It’s almost as beautiful as you.”

You simply raise an eyebrow in a ‘really’ manner at the guy standing beside you. You roll your eyes and choose to ignore him, bringing your attention back to the piece of art in front of you.

“Okay, you’re right, that was really cheesy, I’m sorry,” he says, rubbing the back of his neck nervously with one of his hands. “I’m just not used to talking to girls. Especially not pretty ones, and normally I wouldn’t have bothered you but I figured life’s too short to not take risks, so here I am.”

“Here you are,” you repeat, still not giving the guy your full attention and instead moving onto the next piece of art which happens to be a sculpture near the centre of the room.

“My name’s Greg, by the way,” he says, following your movements.

“(Y/n),” you reply, deciding to give this guy a chance, being the nice person you are.

Meanwhile, Minseok fixes his hair in the bathroom. He feels like today is going great so far, he gets to spend time with you and watch you without you noticing. He thinks the way you observe the art is the cutest thing ever. He could watch you all day if you’d let him. Well, he usually does anyways, not that you’d know.

His hand pauses in the middle of fixing his hair when he hears a laugh, but not just any laugh, your laugh. His eyes narrow questioningly at what on earth you could possibly find so funny here in the Art Museum. That is, until he hears a male voice and then you replying to said male voice.

As quickly as humanly possible, Minseok is by your side wrapping an arm around your shoulder. He glares at the guy the entire time.

“Oh, there you are Minseok,” you say happily, grin never leaving your face.

“Yes, here I am,” Minseok replies, almost bitterly.

“Well, anyways, we should probably get going now,” you say. “It was nice talking with you Greg!”

With that, Minseok leads you rather swiftly out of the Art Museum and away from this ‘Greg’ guy. He left you alone for five minutes and already you were laughing with another guy like the two of you were old friends. Minseok needs to hurry up and make his move, before it’s too late.

“So, who was that?” Minseok asks as the two of you walk down the street, his arm still tightly wrapped around your shoulder.

“No one important,” you reply nonchalantly, shrugging. “Just a guy.”

Minseok hums in response, his face set in a hard expression. He lets it go for now, but he still doesn’t like how close the two of you were. One might say he is getting jealous.

“There’s time to go catch a movie if you want,” you says, checking your watch for the time and seeing that it’s only 4:30 pm.

“Sure, anything in particular you want to go see?” Minseok asks.

“Yeah, actually, there’s this really cheesy chick flick that just came out,” you tease, knowing how much Minseok can’t stand cheesy romance movies.
“Action movie it is!” He cheers, dragging you along with him down the street, his arm still firmly wrapped around you. You giggle at his antics and he smiles, glad to know he was the cause for your laugh this time and not this ‘Greg’ guy.

You both make it to the theatre and grab your tickets. Minseok grabs the snacks while you grab the seats. You choose a row near the centre since the majority of the seats were taken near the top. You sit down and get settled, waiting for Minseok to come with the snacks.

A few minutes later Minseok walks into the theatre, food in hand and spots you almost immediately. He hands you your stuff with you quietly thanking him, and sits beside you, his ears picking up on all the conversations around the two of you. One in particular catches his interest.

“You think that’s her boyfriend?” A male voice says.

“I hope not, she’s way too hot for him,” Another replies.

“They look awfully close,” the first voice says.

“They could just be good friends, relax. Besides, you should still go up to her and talk to her, you’re so much better than him anyways,” a separate voice says.

Minseok can feel the anger rising in his chest, yet he remains calm on the outside. This is the third time today something like this has happened, and he doesn’t know how much more he can take.

He’s always noticed you’ve been somewhat popular with boys, even with girls at times, but this is the first time it’s really bothered him. He usually just shrugs it off, but since he’s now decided to confess to you how he really feels, he can’t help but feel jealous at everyone who interacts with you. He wants you all for himself.

Throughout the movie, he overhears those boys whispering about you and him, so just to spite them, he casually wraps his arm around your shoulder. You lean into his embrace, making him smirk in victory not only at your action, but the reactions of the guys sitting behind the two of you. That makes them shut up for the rest of the movie.

After the movie is over, the two of you stand just outside the theatre, deciding where you want to go next. You’re just in the middle of making a decision when you feel a small tap on your shoulder, causing you to turn around and come face to face with the three boys that were sitting a few rows behind you. Minseok narrows his eyes in annoyance at the three boys, his eyes flashing red for the briefest of moments.

“Um, sorry to bother you on your date, but um, my friends and I think you’re really pretty and we just wanted to let you know,” one of the unnamed boys says, blushing and looking away shyly while the other two nod their heads behind him.

Minseok scoffs and you elbow him quickly to shut him up.

“That’s very sweet of you three, but we’re not-” before you can finish your sentence, Minseok cuts you off.

“As you can see, she’s happily taken. So if you’ll excuse us, we have a date to get back too,” He says, grabbing your hand and pulling you down the street and away from the three boys.

You roll your eyes and after about a block or so, plant your feet firmly on the ground and pull your hand out of Minseok’s grip.
“Minseok, what the fuck was that?” You say, crossing your arms in front of your chest.

“Nothing,” He replies gruffly, looking straight ahead.

“That was not nothing,” you reply with a scoff.

“Can we please just drop it?” He asks, pleading with his eyes.

“Fine,” you sigh. “But don’t think I’m letting you off the hook that easily, you have to buy me a drink then.”

“Okay, I was planning to do that anyways,” he says as the two of you continue walking down the street.

“Two drinks!” You say, holding up two fingers to get your point across.

“Fine by me, now, let’s go eat dinner,” Minseok answers, leading the way to the restaurant.

The two of you eat dinner in an uncomfortable silence with you trying to figure out what exactly is going on with Minseok today. He’s been acting strange all day and he almost seems, jealous?

There’s no way he could be jealous though, he’s just a friend, right? Well, there’s one way to test that theory.

After dinner, the two of you head to the bar. You figure alcohol will help solve your issues for the day. While at the bar, you ignore Minseok somewhat, which makes him upset. He’s angry at himself because he knows he did this to himself, but also sad that you would choose to ignore him and blatantly flirt with this fuck of a guy sitting beside you. He needs to do something, and fast.

Luckily, the guy you’re talking to gets up to use the restroom, so Minseok takes this opportunity to follow him. Not that you would notice, you’re too busy smiling to yourself.

In the restroom, Minseok pins the guy to the wall with his arm across the guy’s chest. His red eyes glare into the brown eyes of the guy, his teeth bared in a snarl.

“What exactly do you think you’re doing with my girl?” Minseok growls, his eyes compelling the truth out of the unsuspecting victim.

“Trying to get laid, what’s your deal dude? I didn’t even know she was your girl,” the guy replies, trying, and failing, to shove Minseok off of him.

“Why her?” Minseok pushes even harder against the struggling man.

“She looked easy! Plus she’s fucking hot, who wouldn’t want to get in her pants?” The man answers, not knowing why he’s saying these things out loud.

Minseok’s rage comes to a boiling point, yet he manages to stop himself from ripping out this guy’s throat. Instead, he comes up with a better idea.

“You’re going to march right back out there and tell her the real reason’s why you’re talking to her. You’re going to be the biggest asshole possible and get her to hate you,” Minseok compels the man who blinks a few times in confusion as Minseok releases his hold on him.

The man slowly exits the restroom and makes his way back over to where you’re sitting at the bar, Minseok following shortly behind with a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips. You turn around when you sense a presence beside you and smile slightly when you realize it’s the kind man you
were talking to before.

“Alright, listen babe, I’m going to be honest with you, the only reason I’ve been talking with you for the past hour and a half is because you looked like you’d be easy. Plus you’re fucking hot. I just want a good fuck and you fit the bill, so if you wouldn’t mind being a good girl and hurrying things along so I can get in your pants already, that’d be great,” the man says, eyes roaming over your figure hungrily.

Instead of giving the man an answer, you smile politely while standing up, drink in hand. Your smile morphs into a face full of anger and disgust, throwing the rest of the contents of your drink all over the man who looks stunned, to say the least.

“C’mon babe, don’t be like that,” the man whines.

“Minseok, let’s go,” you state emotionlessly, looking straight past the man. You start to walk towards the exit while muttering an ‘asshole’ towards the man who is left standing dumbfounded alone at the bar.

Minseok smirks to himself as he follows you out, quickly wrapping his arm around you in a sort of comforting motion. He can’t believe how well that worked.

You quickly call a cab, figuring you have no patience for the bus. Minseok keeps you wrapped in his arms the entire ride back to your house, letting you cry into his shoulder. It pains him to see you get so worked up over a guy you just met, but he did what had to be done. The next words that come out of your mouth break his heart.

“Am I just that unlovable? Is all I’m good for just a quick fuck and dump?” You sob, voice cracking.

“No, you’re so much better than that. You’re worth so much more,” he coos, gently running his fingers through your hair in a comforting manner.

The rest of the ride is spent in silence with the occasional sob coming from you as Minseok comforts you the best way he can. When the cab arrives at your house, Minseok ushers you inside after insisting to pay for everything. He guides you to your couch and gets you to sit while he goes to get you a drink.

A minute later, Minseok reappears with a glass of water in his hand. He hands it to you as he sits beside you on the couch. You once again, curl into his embrace, grateful to have him with you.

By now, your crying has stopped and the two of you sit in a comfortable silence. Your head rests on his shoulder and your hands play with his own. Minseok feels at peace and lets this moment sink in, basking in the feeling of you next to him, intertwining your fingers with his over and over again. He wishes that this moment could last forever.

He figures now is the best time to confess to you, seeing as you’ve calmed down and there’s no time like the present. Taking a deep breath to steady himself, he prepares to tell you what he’s wanted to tell you since the first time he’s met you.

“(Y/n),” he whispers your name, successfully grabbing your attention. You turn your head to look at him with curious eyes, and he can’t help but stare into them. “I love you.”

You stare at him for good thirty seconds, occasionally blinking up at him before a smile breaks out on your face. A relieved sort of expression takes over Minseok’s own face when he sees your smile, but it immediately falls when he hears the words that come out of your mouth.
“I love you, too, Minseok. You’re my best friend, and I don’t know what I’d do without you,” you reply, hoping he didn’t mean what you’ve already realized throughout the day.

“No, (Y/n), I don’t think you understand,” Minseok grips your face in his hands gently, whispering the words you don’t want to hear come from your best friend’s lips. “I’m in love with you.”

With those words, he closes the short distance between the two of you and places his lips upon yours. To Minseok, your lips feel like heaven, a sort of bliss he can never get enough of. To you, you don’t know what to feel, but all you know is that your best friend is kissing you and you don’t know how to react.

After a moment, Minseok realizes that you’re not kissing him back. He opens his eyes to see you’re already staring into his own, an unreadable expression in them. Inside, Minseok is conflicted, this is all he’s ever wanted, but you’re not reacting the way he’d hoped you’d react. He wants you to want him as much as he wants you, as much as he needs you. A spark of anger flashes through him and before he knows what he’s doing, he’s speaking.

“Kiss me back,” he demands, eyes flashing red for the briefest of moments. So quick that you swear you imagine it, but at his words, you feel yourself doing just that. Kissing him back.

Of all the sensations he’s felt throughout his entire life, kissing you has to be the very best. God, if kissing you feels this good, he can only imagine what tasting you is like, and how your lips would feel wrapped around his cock, how your walls would feel clenching around him as he brings you to orgasm after orgasm. He feels his whole body shudder in bliss as he pulls away from you with his eyes closed.

Opening them, he’s greeted by your beautiful face, morphed into an expression of confusion, shock, and, is that fear in your eyes?

“Minseok, what was-“ you take a deep breath. “What the hell was that?”

“Me finally working up the courage to tell you how I really feel about you,” Minseok replies, stroking your face with his thumb lovingly.

“No, Minseok, that’s not what I meant,” you say, brushing his hand off your face, to which he frowns at. “The confession I can deal with, but your eyes, they turned red. Not just once, but twice!”

“Oh,” Minseok sighs, looking away from you. So that’s why you looked at him with a bit of fear in your eyes.

“Yeah, ‘oh.’ So care to explain to me what the fuck is going on, and why the fuck your eyes turned red?” You’re standing by now, pacing in front of your couch, not being able to comprehend the situation.

Minseok stands up and grips your arms, holding you in front of him. You refuse to look him in the eyes and he can hear your heartbeat speed up. The fear alone that he can smell coming from your body makes him let go of your arms.

“There’s not really any easy way to put this, so here goes…” he trails off, a nervous smile taking over his features as you stare at him, waiting of him to continue. “You see, I’m a, uh, I’m a vampire.”

“Right, and I’m the queen of Narnia,” you look at him sceptically. “Minseok, vampires aren’t real. Now would you be so kind as to tell me what the fuck kind of drug you’re on so I can take you to
the hospital and get you the proper treatment for it?”

“I’m serious, (Y/n), just listen to me,” he follows after you as you go to put your shoes on and grab you coat.

“No, you listen to me Minseok-“ your words get caught in your throat as you are no longer staring at your front door, but are now back in your living room on the opposite side of your house in the blink of an eye. Minseok kneels in front of your form sitting on your couch. “How- how did-“

“I told you, I’m a vampire. Super speed and all,” Minseok replies, nervously smiling at you.

“I still don’t really believe you,” you narrow your eyes at him, calming your racing heart.

“Well, for starters, I can hear your heart pounding in your chest and smell the fear coming off you,” Minseok explains, and before you have a chance to protest, he continues. “Oh, and also I can do this,” as he says that, he vanishes from the room and reappears seconds later with your favourite stuffed animal from when you were a kid that you keep hidden in your closet in your room upstairs. “And if you’re still not convinced,” at this he’s back to crouching in front of you. He bares his teeth and you notice how elongated his canines look, and watch as his eyes flash red once more.

Your heart skips a beat as you watch him change right before your very eyes. Instead of feeling the regular fear you normally would, you feel calm.

Minseok slowly looks into your eyes, sure that all he’s going to see now is fear and disgust in your eyes, but instead he’s met with wonder and amazement. The fear is slowly being replaced by a sense of awe.

“So, you mean to tell me, this whole time, vampires are real?” You say, a sense of wonder in your voice. Minseok just nods his head in response. “Wow.”

“You’re not scared of me now?” He asks, curious about your answer.

“No, not really. More shocked is all,” you reply honestly.

“I could kill you, though,” he replies.

“Yeah, well, so could another human. So could a car. I could choke or drown. Besides, I have a feeling that if you wanted to kill me, you would have done so already. I’ve known you for how many years now, and I know you wouldn’t hurt me. Besides…” you trail off, shrugging your shoulders, and then biting your lip.

A silence settles between the two of you as the information settles. You refuse to meet his gaze, but not because of the news of him being a vampire. You’re more concerned about what your relationship is going to be like now that he’s confessed to you.

Minseok chews on his bottom lip. He can tell you’re concerned about what he’s confessed to you, but he’s dying to know your answer. He wants to know how you really feel, and he’s starting to get a little impatient. Before he can say anything, you beat him to it.

“I know what you’re going to say, Minseok, and honestly, I don’t know myself. I just need some time,” you tell him truthfully.

“Okay,” he whispers, standing up. You follow him to the front door and watch as he puts on his shoes. There’s an unreadable expression on his face as you stare at each other in silence. “Take all the time you need.”
Before he takes one step out the door, his lips are on yours once again in an instant. He needs to feel them against his own one more time tonight. He pulls away and looks deeply into your eyes, his own flashing red.

“Forget that,” he commands, and within an instant, he’s gone, leaving you alone with nothing but a faint tingling sensation on you lips. You don’t even remembering him leaving.

Meanwhile, Minseok’s dead heart is racing as he enters his room. After compelling you to forget the second kiss, he sprinted home. His head is spinning and he feels like a little kid again. That went better than he could have ever imagined. Well, he would have preferred if you reacted differently to his confession, but you’re not scared of him. You’re not scared of what he is.

He lays on his bed with a stupid smile on his face. He’s never felt better. He feels like he could conquer the world, as long as you’re by his side. His emotions are all over the place.

A knock comes from his bedroom door, and after mumbling a quick ‘come in’, he’s greeted by Yixing’s face in his doorway.

“I’m assuming since you’re acting like a giddy little school girl, things went well?” Yixing teases, leaning against the doorframe.

“They went great, actually,” Minseok replies, smile ever present on his face.

“That’s great man, I’m happy for you!” Yixing says, smiling himself. “Anyways, I’m going to bed, don’t stay up too late, man.”

“I won’t,” Minseok replies as Yixing exits his room and closes the door behind him.

Minseok lays in the darkness of his room, staring at his ceiling. He can still feel the softness of your lips on his own, still taste you on his lips. He brings his hand up and touches his lips, running a finger over them gently. God, how he wishes he could kiss you again.

He falls asleep that night, dreams filled with images of you. Your smile, your laugh, everything you. He dreams of a life where the two of you are together, where he spends every day showing you just how much he loves and cares for you. He dreams of taking his time to map out every curve of your body, of pleasing you in every way he possibly can, making you whimper and moan for him, and only him.

He wakes up the next day with a smile on his face. For once he wasn’t haunted by visions of his past for the night, and instead he was filled with images of you. He feels a sense of bliss wash over him, and he checks his phone to see if he has any new messages from you.

His smile drops slightly as he sees that you haven’t sent him any new messages yet. He sighs, but almost immediately his smile is back on his face. Nothing could bring down his mood.

The day continues with him constantly checking his phone for any new messages from you, and him continuously being let down. He knows he said he’d give you time and space, but he really wants you now. He’s never been one to believe in the whole concept of soulmates, but with you, he’s positive you’re his. You’re all he can think about.

About a week after his confession he remembers some things that his creator told him when he was
a new born vamp. One, that vampires can mate if they choose to, but they have to be careful. If a
vampire mates with a human, they have to mark them in order to protect them. Two, falling in love
with a mortal can be painful, especially since they do not live long. Three, be careful when dealing
with mates, for if you’re sure that they’re the one, you can no longer love another.

Minseok is sure that you’re the one for him. He just needs you in his life and everything will be
okay, he’s sure of it. He knows he loves you, and he know’s he wants to be with you for the rest of
his immortal life. You just have to say yes and that would make him the happiest person to have
ever walked this earth.

The next day comes and still no word from you. Minseok decides that by the end of the week if he
doesn’t hear from you he’s going to go check on you. He sent you a text the other day asking how
you’re doing, but you just replied with minimal answers. Neither of you even mentioned his
confession and he’s starting to worry.

Doubt clouds his mind, filling his thoughts with uncertainty. He doesn’t know what you’re doing,
who you’re with, what you’re thinking. Normally, he would go check on you, but he feels like he’ll
get caught now that you know what he is. Besides, he doesn’t want to break your trust now, not
when he’s so close to having you all to himself.

That night, Minseok has the house to himself as Yixing went to go visit some friends for a few
days. Once again, his mind is filled with images of you. Everything about you drives him crazy, he
can feel his want growing more and more each day. He wants to feel your lips again, against his
own. He wants to run his hands all over your body and find out what drives you crazy, do whatever
he can to please you in ways you never thought possible.

More than all of that, he wants make love to you, and show you just how much he appreciates
you. He wants to taste your blood as you come undone for him, letting him mark you as his and his
alone. He lets his imagination run wild and he can tell his eyes have turned red in hunger and lust
for you.

His mind creates an image of you so real, he swears he can almost smell your intoxicating scent.
He watches as his vision of you slowly walks into his room, closing the door behind you, and
crawls over him to straddle his lap.

“I’m sorry for not coming to you sooner,” he hears your silky voice purr from above him. “I just
didn’t realize how much I wanted you before, how much I need you.”

Minseok lets out a low moan. Those words are everything he’s ever wanted to hear from you. He
knows this is just a vision, something that his mind has created that only he can experience, but he
can’t help but to hope it’s real, that it becomes real. He’s always had an overactive imagination
when it comes to you, but this time it feels different.

He watches you lean down and kiss him, recalling the feel of your actual lips placed upon his own.
He feels a tingling sensation wherever the vision of you touches him, his body remembering
everything about your real touch, making this situation that much more realistic.

He quickly throws off his shirt, watching as you kiss down his chest. His head is thrown back, red
eyes closing as he palms himself through his sweats, but instead of it being his hand, he envisions
your hand instead. You’re doing this, not him.

He watches you tug down his sweats, throwing them to the side once they’ve come off, leaving
him in nothing but his boxers. You go back to stroking his member over his boxers, and he lets out
another low groan.
He watches the vision of you smirk before taking off his boxers, his hard length springing free, and almost immediately your hand is wrapped around him. You lick your lips before biting them and he groans, wanting nothing more than to feel them again.

He feels your hand start to move along his cock until he pictures you running your tongue against the underside and against his protruding vein. He swears he can almost feel the wetness of your mouth as he sees you take the tip of his cock into your mouth, swirling your tongue around the tip. He watches as you slowly take all of him into your mouth, bobbing your head up and down.

His hand follows the rhythm of the vision, making sure to adjust his grip accordingly to every action he sees you make. He can’t help but moan louder the closer he gets to release, but just before he can, he stops himself, making the vision of you pull away as well.

You stare at him with half lidded eyes, licking your lips once again. God, how he wishes this was the real thing, the real you so he could have you moaning beneath him from his tongue, his fingers, his cock. Anything to hear you moan his name over and over again, to get you to come for him until you’re so sensitive from his touch that the slightest of movements have you trembling in ecstasy.

“Make love to me, Minseok,” he hears the vision say with your voice, and he feels a shiver go down his spine, his eyes turning an ever darker shade of red. That’s one of the many things he’s always wanted to hear you say to him, and he’d happily oblige.

In an instant, he has the vision pinned beneath him. He can only imagine what this would actually feel like, and he knows for a fact that if your lips felt like heaven, then actually being inside you will feel like paradise itself.

He imagines just that, slowly pushing into you and letting your walls envelope him. He starts off slowly, making sure you’d feel every thrust of his hips, every inch of his length buried in you. He picks up his pace, moving his hand quicker as he hears your voice ringing through his ears.

He flips himself back over, imagining you riding him now, how you would look like on top. He bites his lip as visions of you throwing your head back in pleasure fill his mind. He feels himself getting closer and closer to the edge, letting out low growls every now and then.

Your name continuously falls from his lips in whines as well as one other word, repeated over and over again as the pressure finally becomes too much for him to handle, and he’s releasing all over his stomach. He calms himself down while whimpering your name and the other word repeatedly. Mate.

Minseok’s breathing is heavy as he drags himself to his bathroom to clean himself up. He flicks on the lights, grabs a towel, wets it, then looks at his reflection in the mirror as he cleans himself up. His eyes are the darkest red he’s ever seen them, and usually they don’t stay this red for long.

He stares at his reflection for a few minutes, just watching his eyes. Eventually, the red fades back into his usual brown, but there’s still a vibrance to them that wasn’t there before. He blinks a few times and shakes his head.

He makes the decision that tomorrow he’s going to go visit you, whether you want to see him or not. He needs to see you, to be with you. He needs to know your answer, after all, you’re his mate.

The next morning Minseok wakes up feeling a bit nervous. How will you react when he tells you you’re his mate? What will be your answer to his original confession? Thoughts race through his mind at lightning speed, making him shake his head to try and clear them. One thing’s for sure,
he’s going to get an answer from you and make you his.

Around ten o’clock he makes his way over to your house, gently knocking on your front door once he arrives. He breathes deeply, inhaling your familiar, comforting scent as well as an unfamiliar one. He also notices there’s the stench of hormones in the air, and it seems to be coming from your house.

His eyes narrow into slits when he sees an unfamiliar man open the door to your house, the stench hitting his nostrils full force once the door is opened. A growl sounds at the back of his throat as he realizes what has happened. This man has touched his mate.

“Babe, there’s someone at the door for you,” he hears the man call over his shoulder.

Rage begins to cloud Minseok’s vision and he can feel his eyes starting to turn red. He walks past the man standing in the doorway to be greeted by you standing in the hallway in nothing but a tank top and shorts. He takes in your messy hair and notices the bruises lining your neck and collarbones.

“Minseok, what are you doing here?” You ask him, but he completely ignores your question, instead turning on the guy still standing near the door.

“How dare you touch my mate,” Minseok growls, pinning the man to the wall, ready to kill. His eyes are blood red and deadly.

“Minseok, what the fuck!” You exclaim, staying where you are in fear of getting between them. Minseok chooses to ignore you at the moment.

“You’re going to march right out of this house and forget all about this, and her. You’re going to go on with your everyday life like normal before I rip your throat out,” Minseok snarls, finally letting go of the man after compelling him to leave.

The man immediately does as told, grabbing his coat and shoes and heading out the door without a glance in your direction. You stand there shocked at Minseok’s actions.

“Minseok, again, what the fuck!” You repeat.

He turns around and looks at you and you feel your heart stop in your chest. His look is nothing but predatory, making you feel small and weak under his intense gaze. He slowly advances towards you, backing you into the wall. He doesn’t say anything as he presses his entire body against yours, successfully trapping you between himself and the wall.

“God, his scent is all over you,” Minseok snarls, breathing in deeply. He bares his teeth in disgust. “How dare he touch you.”

“Minseok, what are you talking about, you’re scaring me,” you reply, bringing your hands up to his chest to try and push him off of you, but he doesn’t budge.

“Do you know how long I’ve watched you, how long I’ve waited for you to notice me? For you to see me as something more than just your friend? I’ve always loved you, (Y/n), and I’ll always love you,” Minseok says, nuzzling his face into your neck and breathing in your scent. His hands grip your waist tightly, but not tight enough to hurt you. “I used to never believe in mates, but I’ve come to realize that you’re mine, and nothing can change that.”

“Wait, what? Minseok, what the fuck are you talking about? I’m not your mate!” You exclaim, trying once again to push him off of you. Words of denial spill out of your mouth which just makes
Minseok more upset.

“Shut up!” He commands, looking straight into your eyes as his own flash red. Immediately, you comply, ceasing your struggling as well. “Now listen to me, that thing, has tainted you all over,” he says, bringing his wrist up to his mouth. “His marks need to go,” with those words, he bites his wrist, feeling his blood starting to trickle down his arm.

“Minseok, what are you doing?” You barely have time to finish your sentence before his wrist is on your mouth. Your eyes widen in surprise and fear, making sure to keep your mouth closed.

“Drink,” Minseok growls, looking straight into your eyes, and immediately you obey, feeling the warm liquid run down your throat. Minseok smiles at this, watching as the bruises fade from your skin, his own scent mixing with your own.

Eventually, he pulls his wrist away and you watch him with fearful eyes, unsure of what he’ll do next. You no longer recognize the person standing in front of you. He’s no longer the best friend you know and love, now, he’s someone, something completely different. Something unrecognizable.

A little bit of his blood is still on the corner of your lips and he takes this opportunity to do what he’s been wanting to do for the past week and a half. He kisses you, and to him, it feels so much better then the first times he kissed you. You make sure to keep your lips sealed tight and not kiss him back. He growls and pulls away.

“Kiss me back,” he snaps, but you don’t look into his eyes this time.

“No, Minseok! Stop this! What has gotten into you?” You ask, once again fighting to get free, making him chuckle at your weak attempts to free yourself.

“I’ve just come to realize a few things over the past few days. You know they weren’t lying when they said that absence makes the heart grow fonder. You’re my mate and nothing can change that. I love you, so much,” he tells you, trailing kisses up and down your neck.

“I don’t love you. At least, not it the way you want me to,” you reply. “And what’s with this mate nonsense? I am not your mate!”

Minseok growls once again at your words. He grips your chin in his hand and forces you to look at him, making you stare deeply into his eyes, which are blood red and darkening with each passing second.

“I didn’t want to have to do this, but you leave me no choice,” he sighs, eyes staring deeply into your own. “You are my mate and you always will be. You love me just as much as I love you, and you will never think about leaving me or running away. You will accept my love and stay by my side for the rest of eternity.”

You freeze for a moment as his words sink in. You feel your body start to calm down, and a sense of comfort coming over you. You continue to stare into Minseok’s eyes as they start to change back into their regular colour. Your hand comes up to caress his cheek lovingly and he moves into your touch.

“Minseok,” you whisper his name affectionately and he feels a shiver run down his spine. He looks into your eyes and sees nothing but love and want, which are reflected back in his own.

“(Y/n),” he whispers your name just as affectionately, his hand coming up to cover your own.
“I love you, Minseok,” you say, throwing your arms around him in an embrace which makes him smile in victory.

“I love you,” he replies. “My mate.”
He’s coming for you.

There’s nowhere you can run, nowhere you can hide.

He will find you.

Waking up in a cold sweat, you inhale sharply. Your breathing is heavy and you can feel your heart racing in your chest. The hairs on the back of your neck are standing on end, and you feel as if someone is watching you. You quickly reach over and turn on your bedside lamp, blinking a few times as your eyes adjust to the brightness. You check your phone for the time and see that it’s currently 3:33 am. You sigh.

For weeks you’ve been having the same type of dream over and over again. More like a nightmare than anything, really. The same vast expanse of darkness, not being able to see anything around you. Still being able to feel your body, but feeling as if it’s being held in place by a pair of strong arms wrapped around your frame which only get tighter the longer the dream goes on. Being surrounded by voices, yet not being able to tell who is speaking or where they are coming from, always whispering warnings about someone.

What’s even stranger is that you always seem to wake up from the dream around the same time each morning, 3:33 am. You’ve heard that three o’clock in the morning is significant due to the fact that the veil between worlds becomes the thinnest and spirits, amongst other things, are most active at this time, but this is only a coincidence, right? Nothing’s haunting you, at least, not that you’re aware of.

Deciding to get yourself a glass of water, you throw your covers off and climb out of bed. You feel a slight shiver run down your spine, but you suppose it’s because you’re only wearing a tank top and sleep shorts. You stretch your arms above your head, feeling your shirt ride up a little. You could have sworn you just heard a small growl come from the corner of your room, but when you turn your head to look, no one is there.
You shake your head to clear your thoughts. It’s probably just your imagination running wild after that dream you had. Plus, you’re still very tired considering it is only three in the morning. Your mind is probably playing tricks on you, you’re just hearing things.

You make it to your kitchen, grab a glass from the cupboard and fill it with water from the tap. You walk back to your room slowly, sipping on your water as you go. Your tired eyes droop every now and then, and you can’t wait to just crawl back in bed and go back to sleep.

Once in your room, you place your glass of water on your nightstand and climb back into bed. Pulling your covers up, you reach over to turn your bedside lamp off, but not before seeing a shadow flicker from the corner of your eye.

You whip your head around but see nothing once again. Your mind seems to be extra hyperactive tonight. You roll your eyes at nothing and flick off your light. You turn onto your side and pull the covers up to your chin, quickly falling back into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, a figure steps out of the shadows and moves silently towards your sleeping figure on your bed. Stopping in front of you, the figure reaches out a hand and brushes your hair off your face. They then use their hand to stroke your cheek affectionately, a smile tugging at the corners of their mouth.

“Soon,” they whisper, backing away from your sleeping figure as you shift in your sleep, with them silently fading back into the shadows.

He arrives back in his throne room, walking up to and then sitting down in his throne. He rests his elbow on the arm of the chair, placing his head on top of his hand. He watches as other demons move back and forth through the vast expanse that is his domain, zoning out to his surroundings. That is, until a voice pulls him out of his thoughts.

“Chanyeol, where the fuck have you been?” His right hand man, Baekhyun, exclaims while walking into the throne room. “Out,” he replies briefly, shrugging his shoulders like it’s no big deal.

“Well, while you were off gazing at your beloved, hell has, quite literally, gone to hell,” Baekhyun informs him, making Chanyeol sit up in his seat.

Leave it to Baekhyun to know exactly where he was and exactly what he was doing.

“How so?” Chanyeol inquires, raising an eyebrow at his companion.

“Judith got out again, and is currently gathering an army to take you down,” Baekhyun explains. “She’s leaving no survivors in her path of rage, and she’s trying to figure out how to get to you, in more ways than one. If she finds out about her, there’s no telling what she’ll do.”

At those words, Chanyeol visibly tenses. She can never find out about you, for if she does, he knows exactly what she’ll do to you. She’ll torture you in the most brutal way possible, making sure to always keep you alive just so you can endure another day of pain. She’ll use you to get to him, after all, you’re his only weakness. The one thing he cares about most in this world.

“Get the hounds ready,” Chanyeol says while standing up and moving over to the door at the side of the room.

“And just where do you think you’re going?” Baekhyun asks, crossing his arms in front of his chest and raising an eyebrow.
“To protect what’s mine,” he growls, a dangerous look in his eyes as he slams the door behind him.

You wake up the next morning, slowly blinking the sleep from your eyes as you sit up in bed and stretch. Your hand comes up to rub over your face while you let out a loud yawn. You throw your covers off of you and make your way to your kitchen, making sure to bring your empty glass with you to put in your sink.

As you’re walking down the stairs, you manage to trip on the edge of one and lose your footing. You try and steady yourself before you go tumbling down the stairs, but all you can register is the feeling of a strong hand gripping your right shoulder, keeping you in place.

Your breathing picks up as you whip around to look behind you, but no one is there. Your eyes are wide in a panic as you quickly descend the rest of the steps and make it to your kitchen. You place the empty glass in the sink and grip the counter in your hands, slightly leaning against it.

What in the hell was that?

You could have sworn you just felt a hand gripping your shoulder which prevented you from falling down the stairs, but no one was there. Your breathing is uneven as you think back to the events of the past few weeks with your recurring nightmares and always waking up at the same time. Your mind decides now would be a good time to think about what happened last night. You remember hearing a growl, and seeing a shadow out of the corner of your eye before you turned your light off.

Maybe you aren’t imagining things. Maybe something supernatural is going on in your house. Maybe, just maybe, your house is haunted.

You shake your head.

No, you’re being ridiculous. You’re house isn’t haunted. You’re sure there’s some sort of logical explanation for what’s been going on with you recently, but with what you’ve just experienced, you’re not so sure anymore.

Deciding to get out of your possibly haunted house for a bit, you quickly get changed and head to the library. You figure you can just go somewhere quiet for the day, pick out one of your favourite books and just get lost in another world for the time being.

Arriving at the library, you notice that it’s pretty empty for a Sunday morning. Waving hello to the librarian, Marge, you make your way to a certain section and pull out one of your favourite books, The Lord of the Rings.

You grip the book tightly in your hands, moving over to the seat you usually occupy by the window which overlooks the street down below. It’s one of your favourite spots for many reasons. One, you love the natural light that filters in through the large floor to ceiling window. Two, every now and then you enjoy taking a break from reading to just watch the people passing by on the street below. You enjoy picturing what each and every person’s life is like, their personality, what they do for a living. You also enjoy this spot because it’s a bit secluded from the rest of the library, allowing you silence to read and think in peace when you really need it.

Smiling to yourself, you open up your book to the very first page, ready to take a journey through Middle-Earth once again.

A few hours later, about halfway through the first book you see a man pass by where you’re sitting. He glances down at you and notices the book you’re reading, stopping mid-step.
“That’s an amazing book,” he comments.

“Yeah, I know, it’s one of my favourites,” you reply, eyes instantly lighting up as you smile.

“Really?” He asks, his own mouth turning up in a grin. “It’s one of mine, too.”

At this, you become excited. You haven’t really met anyone who’s actually read this book before, let alone told you it’s also one of their favourites. Your smile never leaves your face as you ask, “what’s your favourite book in the series?”

“Hmm,” he thinks, tapping his chin with one of his fingers. “I’d probably have to say either The Two Towers, or The Return of the King, but I’m more for The Two Towers.”

“No way! Me too!” You exclaim, watching as he smiles at your excitement.

“Would you mind if I sit with you?” He asks, somewhat shyly.

“Of course, be my guest,” you say, gesturing to the seat across from you. Normally, you don’t like being disturbed while you’re reading, but there’s something about this guy and the cute way he smiles that makes you want to know more about him.

“I’m Chanyeol, by the way,” he says, once again smiling at you.

“(Y/n),” you reply, smile still ever present on your own lips.

“Wow,” he says. “A beautiful name for a beautiful girl.”

You giggle as you blush at his words.

“You’re not so bad yourself,” you tell him, and this time, it’s his turn to blush.

You spend the next few hours just talking quietly with Chanyeol and getting to know each other. You mainly talk about all the books you’ve read and your favourite ones. You find out that you two actually have a lot in common, same interests, same favourite foods, and even some of the same favourite books. He’s able to make you forget the main reason why you came to the library for the day in the first place.

A while later, you decide to head home for the day, seeing as you’ve been at the library for quite a few hours now, and you do have some work to catch up on. He walks you to the entrance of the library and the two of you exchange numbers and agree to get in touch with each other soon.

You wave goodbye as you exit the building, him smiling back at you. He watches your figure move down the street as he himself steps out of the library, a smile on his face. That absolutely could not have gone better.

The two of you really hit it off and he feels his connection to you grow stronger. He’s glad that you were so open to him, letting him see a side of you that he’s never truly seen before today. He can’t wait until your next meeting.

A smile is still present on his face as he enters his throne room once again. He sends you a quick message, telling you that he had fun today and that he hopes the two of you can meet up again soon.

“For someone who’s learnt that Judith escaped and is planning your doom, you certainly don’t look worried. What happened to you?” Baekhyun teases. “Oh wait, let me guess, your beloved.”
“Actually, yes,” Chanyeol replies, nonchalantly.

“What, Really?” Baekhyun gasps. “Did you actually put your plan into action?”

“Don’t sound so surprised,” Chanyeol rolls his eyes at his best friend. “I need to make sure I get to her before Judith does.”

“Oh?” Baekhyun raises an eyebrow.

“That, and I think I’ve waited long enough to claim what’s rightfully mine,” he replies, leaning back in his chair.

“You know she has to willingly agree to this. Fate may have made her for you, but that doesn’t mean she’s yours,” Baekhyun says.

“I know that!” Chanyeol slams a fist on the arm of his chair in frustration, eyes taking on a deadly look as they turn pitch black. “Once I’m done with her, I’ll be the only one she can think about, the only one she needs. She’ll be mine one way or another, and nothing, not even fate can stop that.”

The next few days pass by with nothing out of the usual happening in your house. No flickering shadows, no foreign sounds or feelings, and what’s most surprising is that it’s been three days without your recurring nightmare. Three nights where you’ve been able to actually get a good night’s rest and sleep all the way through until morning.

You’re currently sitting on your couch, reading a book while sipping on some hot chocolate. Every now and then you check your phone to see if you’ve received any new messages from Chanyeol. You may have only met him once, but in that short time you’ve come to enjoy his company and he seems to enjoy yours.

The two of you have been texting back and forth for the past few days constantly, so his radio silence is a bit disheartening today to say the least. You just wish he would text you already, and if he doesn’t send you a message in the next half hour, you decide you’ll send him one first.

You stare at your phone almost longingly, willing for it to go off with a new message notification the longer you stare. You place your book beside you on the couch and let out a sigh while tilting your head back.

“I wish he would just text me,” you mumble, barely audible, even to yourself.

Not even ten seconds later, your phone chimes with a new message.

Chanyeol: Hey beautiful :)

Your face immediately lights up in a smile, a soft blush dusting your cheeks as you read his message. You quickly send one back.

You: Heyy :)

Chanyeol: So I was thinking, want to meet up and grab a coffee later? You know that little café across the street from the library? How about we meet there around 2, if that’s okay.

You let out a soft squeal of delight as you read his message. You’ve been hoping he’d ask to meet up again, and you happily agree. Sending him a quick reply, you check the time and notice it’s just after one now. You stand up from the couch and practically sprint up the stairs and into your room to get ready.
Forty five minutes later, you make the quick trip to the café across from the library, arriving a few minutes earlier than the agreed upon time. You look around the shop and already see Chanyeol sitting by the window, two cups sitting in front of him on the table.

Sensing your presence, he turns his head and smiles at you. You smile back softly, mumbling a quiet ‘hey’ as you pull out the chair across from him and sit down. He slides one of the drinks over to you.

“I got you a hot chocolate, I hope that’s okay,” he says, a nervous smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

“Thank you, that’s really sweet of you,” you say, taking a sip of your drink, making your eyes widen. “This is my favourite, how did you know?”

“Lucky guess, I guess,” he chuckles, and you fail to miss the smirk that crosses his features. Of course he would know what your favourite drink is.

The two of you start talking about anything and everything you can, and soon, two hours have passed since your arrival at the coffee shop. You’re in the middle of telling him a story from your childhood about how you broke your arm for the first time. He rests his head on his hand and watches your every movement, every expression you make. A lovestruck smile is on his face as he stares at you, a look of wonder, love, and longing in his eyes. He wants nothing more than to kiss you in this moment, he thinks you look so cute and he can’t help but to keep glancing at your lips the longer you talk. He wonders what they’d feel like pressed against his own.

You finish your story and he laughs along with you, commenting on how it must have been pretty traumatizing at the time, to which you agree.

“That reminds me of a time when I was young, and-“ he stops mid sentence as he sees a flicker of movement to your left, just outside the window. He locks eyes with her, who is standing across the street with a smirk on her face, staring at you. “I’m so sorry, (Y/n), but I need to go.”

With that, he stands up from his chair, making it scrape against the ground, and rushes out the door. You turn your head to watch him leave, but as soon as he exits the café, it’s like he’s disappeared. Almost as if he’s vanished into thin air.

You sigh and finish off the remainder of your drink, throwing the empty cup into the trash. You make your way out of the café and down the street, back to the comfort of your own home. The whole time you wonder what could have possibly happened to make him run out like that mid-sentence. Was it something you said? Did you do something wrong? Your thoughts are in no way making you feel better, and by the time you get home, the happy mood you had before has turned into a gloomy one.

Meanwhile, Chanyeol waits in an alleyway nearby, a cold expression on his face. He can sense her presence getting closer until he can feel it just behind him. His eyes narrow in distaste as he turns around to stare her down.

“Judith,” he all but spits out her name.

She’s not a very tall woman, only standing at about average height, but the power radiating off of her could make even the strongest of men quake in their boots and bow down to her. Her cold, amber eyes stare him down as a smirk is present on her face. She stands confidently across from him, chin upheld in an act of arrogance.
“I see you’ve found a new plaything,” she states smugly. “I must say, her soul is divine.”

“Leave her out of this, your quarrel is with me, not her,” he growls, his need to protect you rising.

“So she means something to you then, good to know,” she smirks, eyes sparkling in amusement. “I wonder what she’d look like bathed in her own blood, screaming for mercy,” she trails off, knowing exactly what she’s doing to him.

“Don’t even think about touching her,” he snarls, his anger rising the more she talks about you.

“What’s her name? Does she know what you are, what you’re capable of?” She asks, slowly creeping towards his figure. She comes to stand in front of him, walking her fingers up his chest almost mockingly. “I wonder, if she knew what you truly were, would she still feel the same way? Or would she become terrified at the thought of knowing what you really are, a demon who only wants her for her soul.”

“You have no idea what you’re talking about,” he growls out, hand coming up to pin her body to the wall of the alley by her throat. She only smirks in response, seemingly unaffected by the vicelike grip he has on her airway.

“Oh, but I do,” Judith says. “You think (Y/n)’s soul was made for you and only you? Guess again.”

“How the fuck do you even know her name?” Chanyeol asks, anger coating every word as his grip tightens on her throat, making her finally start to gasp for air.

“Like I said,” she gasps. “You’re not the only one whom fate made her for.”

With that, she disappears from his grasp, only to reappear behind him, a smug look on her features once more.

“You better watch your back, Chanyeol, and your precious little human’s, too,” she threatens. “You’re not going to have her, I’ll kill her and take her soul before you even get the chance. Watching your downfall and being the cause of your demise will bring me great joy.”

“If you so much as lay a hand on her I’ll—“

“You’ll what? Kill me?” She laughs. “You’ve already tried, and look where we are now. See you in hell, pretty boy.”

With those words, she vanishes. Chanyeol grits his teeth in anger and teleports to his own throne room. He barges in and immediate punches the wall, creating a huge dent which sends vibrations throughout the place. He lets out a yell of frustration, tugging at his hair with his hands, eyes pitch black.

“Woah, what happened to you?” Baekhyun asks, walking into the room to see what all the commotion is about.

“That bitch thinks she can take away what’s mine! How dare she!” He yells, completely ignoring Baekhyun.


“If she thinks she can just waltz right up and claim what’s mine, she has another thing coming,” he fumes, eyes still pitch black in anger.
He stills his pacing, chest heaving as he calms himself down. His eyes slowly turn back into their regular state. He turns towards Baekhyun, worry now on his features.

“Is it possible for a soul to be made for more than one person?” He asks.

“What do you mean?” Baekhyun is caught off guard by the question.

Chanyeol goes on to explain his entire encounter with Judith to Baekhyun, to which Baekhyun nods his head in thought once Chanyeol is done relaying his encounter.

“I mean, it’s possible, but only in rare cases,” Baekhyun goes on to say. “Either way, you may want to get a move on with (Y/n) and make sure she’s safe at all times. Especially now that you know Judith knows of her and told you herself what she’s willing to do.”

“I know,” Chanyeol replies, sitting down in his throne. “I just wish there was some way to speed things up, you know?”

“Chanyeol, are you forgetting that you’re literally the king of hell?” Baekhyun states, raising an eyebrow at him.

Chanyeol looks back at Baekhyun and smirks in response, a plan forming in his head on how to make you his faster. A dark look crosses his face as he knows what he must do.

The next day, you are once again sitting on your couch, but this time, you’re watching something on TV. You don’t really pay attention to it though, choosing to scroll through every form of social media you know to keep yourself busy for the day. While scrolling through Instagram, you receive a text message to which you immediately open.

Chanyeol: Hey, I am so sorry about running out like that on you yesterday, I feel horrible. Would you let me make it up to you? Dinner, tonight, maybe around 7 if that works for you?

The frown that was previously on your face morphs into that of a smile. Your heart pounds in your chest as you stare at the screen of your phone, reading and rereading his text over and over again.

You don’t want to admit it to yourself, but you can tell you’re falling hard for the man you met at the library. It hasn’t even been a week since you met him, but it feels as if you’ve known him for quite a long time. He’s cute, charming, funny, and easy to talk to. Whenever you think about him, a warm feeling spreads through your chest and all you want to do is be in his presence. You don’t know how he has this effect on you, but all you know is that he’s like a drug. A drug that you can’t help but want again and again the more you experience it.

You send him a text back, not giving it a second thought as you agree to go out with him for dinner tonight. You receive a reply fairly quickly.

Chanyeol: Great! I’ll pick you up at your place then. See you at 7! :)

You can hardly contain your excitement as you switch off the TV and go to get ready for the evening seeing as it’s already just after four. Making your way upstairs, you send him a quick text with your address so he knows where to pick you up from.

You make it to your room and strip yourself of your clothes. Stepping into the shower, the warm water cascades down your back. The steam creating a layer of fog over the glass door, as well as the mirrors. You take your time, making sure to thoroughly wash your hair and body before turning the water off and stepping out of the shower.
You wrap a large, fluffy towel around yourself and move back into your bedroom to pick out an outfit for tonight. However, you fail to miss the large handprint on the side of the glass of the shower, standing out against the fog that surrounds it.

You stand in front of your closet, pushing aside clothes in order to determine a suitable outfit for tonight. You finally settle on a pure white, strapless dress which fans out around your waist and reaches just above your knees. You pull out your favourite pair of red heels to pair with the red lipstick you’re going to be wearing that night.

You place the clothes on your bed and move back to the bathroom to do your hair and makeup. Once that’s done, you change into the clothes you’ve picked out and add the finishing touches on your look. You check yourself one last time in the mirror before smiling at yourself, turning the lights off, and heading back downstairs to wait in the living room.

You check the time and see that it’s currently 6:45 pm. Chanyeol should be here soon. You nervously play with the hem of your dress as you wait for him to show up. The whole time you can’t help but wonder where he’s going to take you, or if you’re over dressed.

Your head shoots up when you hear a faint knock come from your front door. You stand up from your current position on the couch and slowly make your way over to the door. Taking a deep breath, you turn the handle and come face to face with Chanyeol.

Your breath hitches in your throat as you take in his appearance. Black dress shirt, black dress pants and a bright red tie to complete his look. If anyone were to see you, they would think the two of you coordinated your outfits, him being dressed in all black with you being dressed in all white, with the both of you wearing accent pieces of the same shade of red.


He’s mesmerized by your beauty, and how you got all dolled up just for him. His heart swells in his chest, only making his want for you grow more. You look stunning in that white dress, better than anything he could have imagined. He’s glad he stuck around after your shower to see what you’d be wearing, that’s the whole reason why he chose to wear what he did, especially the red tie.

His eyes trail over your figure once more, licking his lips as he does so, making you blush as you catch him checking you out.

“You don’t look too bad yourself,” you compliment. “I like the tie.”

With a wink, you walk past him out the door of your house. This time, it’s his turn to blush, watching as you lock your front door and turn back to him.

“Right,” he clears his throat. “Let’s go.”

The whole night he is nothing but a gentleman to you. Opening both the car door for you, as well as the door to the restaurant. He takes you to this fancy Italian place you’ve always wanted to try, but never had a reason to.

Over dinner, the two of you talk more about yourselves, getting to know each other better. He finally gets to tell you the story he was going to tell you in the café before he left suddenly. He consistently makes you laugh throughout the night, and you can feel yourself falling more and more for him the later into the evening it gets.

The two of you share a dessert at the end of the night, the both of you getting distracted by the other. He can’t help but to continuously stare at your lips, a thing he’s been doing all throughout
the night. His breath gets caught in his throat as he watches you lick the excess chocolate off your lips from the dessert. He swears you’ve been purposely teasing him the entire night, the way your eyes stare at him, feeling like they’re piercing through his very being, the way you constantly bite your lower lip, and now with the dessert. He doesn’t know how much more of this he can take, the sexual tension rising between the two of you, and he knows you can feel it too.

You take the final sips of your wine as Chanyeol pays for the bill. You stare him down and he can feel your eyes on him the entire time. He locks eyes with you, and the look in your eyes makes his own darken in response.

“Let’s get out of here,” your suggestive tone is enough to have him practically dragging you back to his car with him.

You don’t know what’s come over you, but throughout dinner, a longing has spread throughout your body, a certain want for the man sitting across from you. Your emotions are running wild, and all you know is that you’re filled with desire. Desire for him and only him. It’s suddenly way too hot in the car you’re in.

You arrive back at your house, quickly getting out of the car to unlock your front door, Chanyeol following close behind. As soon as you step into your house and allow the door to fall shut behind the two of you, you’re pinned to the wall.

“You don’t know what you do to me,” Chanyeol stares into your eyes. “Are you sure you want to do this? Because once I start, I don’t think I’ll be able to stop.”

“Yes,” you say, eyes never leaving his. “I want you.”

With that, his lips are on yours as one of his legs comes to rest in-between yours. He pulls you closer as his tongue begs for entrance, which you happily oblige. Your arms come up and wrap around his neck, fingers gently threading through the hair at the nape of his neck. You give a slight tug to his hair to which he moans at, moving away from your lips and trailing kisses down your neck.

He stops to suck a dark purple bruise into a spot just above your collarbone, making you moan as his teeth nip at the sensitive skin. He presses his thigh into your core harder, hearing a gasp escape your mouth as he does so, causing him to smirk. The friction of his thigh against your core feels heavenly as you start to grind your hips down, seeking the high your body craves.

“That’s it baby, rub your little pussy on my thigh, get yourself off for me,” you can feel him smirk against your skin, his hands gripping your hips helping to guide your movements against his leg.

The closer you get to the edge, the harder your breathing becomes, but just before you feel yourself reach the end, he pulls his leg away. A whine sounds from the back of your throat as you look at him with pleading eyes.

“Don’t worry love, I can’t have you coming just yet,” he says, a smug look crossing his face. “Why don’t we move this to the bedroom and make this more comfortable for the both of us?”

“Okay,” you reply breathlessly, taking his hand and leading him up the stairs to your room, a room he’s seen countless times before.

Slipping out of your dress, you crawl back onto the bed, beaconing him over with a curl of your finger. He smirks and loosens his tie as he walks over to your half-naked figure on the bed. As he does this, his mind travels back to a conversation you had with one of your close friends on the
phone. He smirks.

“Raise your hands above your head for me, baby girl,” he says, crawling over your figure on the bed.

You comply, wondering what he has in mind. You receive your answer when he uses his tie to tie your hands above your head and to the headboard. You bite your lip, instantly becoming more turned on at the thought of living out one of your fantasies. Knowing he now has complete control over you makes your mind run wild with different scenarios, which only serve to make you more excited for what’s to come.

“You’re so beautiful,” he comments, staring down at your figure as he slowly unbuttons his shirt, throwing it on the floor once he’s done.

You stare at his broad chest which has been revealed to you. Your eyes rake over his entire figure, biting your lip as you notice the giant bulge in his pants. You tug on your restraints, wanting nothing more than to reach out and touch him, to please him in any way you can. He chuckles as he hears you whine.

“Shh, baby girl, let me take care of you tonight,” he whispers, once again leaning over you and nipping at your ear.

His hands grip the sides of your bare waist, trailing up until they reach the underside of your strapless bra. You arch your back off the bed, letting him know to take it off, which he does in one quick motion, tossing it somewhere in your room.

His one hand comes up to gently caress your right breast, gently rubbing his thumb over your nipple as his lips trail over the skin of your neck and slowly down your chest. You let out a moan once he attaches his mouth to your other nipple, gently sucking and flicking his tongue over the pert bud. Once he’s given one side enough attention, he moves his mouth to the other, making sure to give it the same amount of attention.

He trails kisses down your stomach until his mouth is resting just above where you need him most. His hands come up to grip your thighs, spreading them apart as he locks eyes with you. You let out a moan when you see the predatory look in his eyes, his fingers digging into the skin of your thighs.

He smirks as he sees the wet patch on your panties, knowing that he’s the cause of it. Pride fills his chest as he knows he’s the only one to be able to make you feel this way, and he’s barely touched you yet.

He takes his time sliding your panties off, kissing his way back up your thigh and nipping at the sensitive skin, making sure to leave his marks. You toss your head back in frustration, all you want is for him to give you what you want, but he’s enjoying taking his time to tease you.

You let out a loud moan once you feel his tongue graze your entrance. He takes his time to run his tongue over your folds, and finally brings it up to flick your clit. He eats you out slowly, savouring the moment and how you taste on his tongue. He’s only ever imagined doing this, so to be able to actually take his time with you feels surreal. Hearing you moan his name only encourages him more, making him pick up his pace.

“Fuck, you taste so good,” he mumbles against you, causing a shiver to run down your spine as your let out another whimper of his name.
His tongue goes back to circle your clit before coming back down to lap at your entrance, each movement bringing you closer and closer to the edge once again. Soon, he starts to suck on your clit, moaning against you and driving you crazy.

The whole time, he maintains eye contact with you, not wanting to miss a single movement or expression you make. His hands grip your thighs tightly, keeping them spread as he continues his relentless attack on your pussy, eating you out like you’re his last meal. You can feel the pressure continuing to build until finally, you’re coming with a loud cry of his name.

Even after your orgasm, he continues to lap up your juices, making your cry out at how sensitive you’ve become. Eventually, he pulls away, licking his lips.

“I could eat you out for hours, but how about we save that for another time,” you can hear the smirk in his voice as he crawls over you once more, bringing your lips together in a kiss.

You can taste yourself on his tongue as his explores your mouth. He brings his hips down to grind into your core, still sensitive from your previous orgasm. You let out a gasp as you feel how hard he’s become.

“Do you feel that? That’s all because of you,” he growls into your ear. “I told you, you have no idea what you do to me.”

With that, he pulls away once more, quickly undoing his belt and throwing his pants off. All he’s left in is his boxers, to which he takes off after a moment as well. He reaches down and grabs his pants once more, fishing around until he finds what he’s looking for. He pulls the condom out of his pocket, ripping the package open and rolling it on his hard length.

“You ready?” He looks into your eyes once more for reassurance, poking at your entrance with the tip of his cock.

“Just fuck me already!” You exclaim, tired of waiting.

“Gladly,” he replies, slowly pushing into you.

Your eyes roll into the back of your head as you feel him stretch your walls and fill you up. He looked big, but you weren’t expecting him to be this thick.

He can feel your walls pulsating around him, but he resists the urge to start pounding into you, instead giving you time to adjust. Once your breathing returns to a somewhat normal pace and you give him a slight nod of your head, he brings his hips back and starts to thrust into you.

You both moan at the feeling of his cock stretching your walls, with each thrust hitting deeper and harder than the last. He attaches lips to yours once again, swallowing all of your moans.

He relishes in the way you cry out for him, whimpers of his name falling from your lips. It’s all he’s ever wanted, and so much more. To finally be able to bring you pleasure, and knowing he’s the only one to cause it makes him growl in ecstasy. He can hardly believe this is happening. You feel so much better than anything he could have ever dreamed up, the countless times he’s imagined this scenario could have never prepared him for the real thing.

He can feel you’re getting close to your second orgasm of the night from the way your walls are clenching around him. He picks up his pace, bring a hand down so he can rub your swollen clit with his thumb, adding on to the amount of pleasure you’re already feeling. He can tell he’s getting close too.
With a final cry of his name, your back arches off the bed and into his chest as you come undone for the second time that night. Seeing you like this is enough to bring him over the edge, a cry of your own name falling past his lips.

He continues to thrust into you, riding out the both of your highs until he pulls out of you. The two of you are breathing heavily, trying to catch your breath. He stands up, quickly disposes of the condom and moves to your bathroom to grab a towel so he can clean you up.

He flicks on the lights to the bathroom and looks at himself in the mirror, his eyes flashing black as a blissful smile appears on his features. He can’t believe that just happened, and you were the one to initiate it, too. He didn’t have to do anything, you did it all by yourself. He’s filled with nothing but love, want and happiness as he wets a cloth at the sink, knowing you want him just as much as he needs you.

Flicking off the lights, he makes his way out of the bathroom, and to where you’re still tied to the bed, your chest rising and falling as you’re finally able to catch your breath. He smirks at the state you’re in and brings the cloth to gently wipe you clean.

Once he’s done, he tosses the cloth back into your bathroom, pulls on his boxers and climbs into bed with you. He unties your hands, rubbing your wrists to bring some circulation back into them. Every now and then he brings one of them up to his lips and places a gentle kiss onto them. You smile at him, to which he smiles back at you, neither of you two saying a word.

After a few minutes, you stand up and make your way over to your dresser, pulling out a fresh pair of panties to sleep in. You climb back in bed once you put them on and Chanyeol wraps his arms around you, pulling you into his chest. You nuzzle your face into his chest, making his smile widen and grip tighten around your waist.

The two of you fall asleep in each other’s arms, each with a smile on your faces.

You feel yourself wake up in a dark place, alone.

We warned you.

You should have ran when you had the chance.

You’re his now, and forever.

You look around in confusion. Darkness surrounds you from all sides, voices constantly whispering all around you.

You know this place, yet you haven’t visited it in your dreams for the past few nights. You thought you were done with these nightmares.

You start walking forwards, not feeling the usual grip around your waist holding you back like you usually do. You notice a faint light coming from the distance, so you start walking towards that, the voices and whispers getting fainter and fainter the closer you get to the light.

Suddenly, the light is blinding you and you raise your hand to cover your eyes. Once the light clears, it looks like you’re in some kind of torture room, and you can no longer move your hands or feet.

You look down at your body to see that you’re tied to a chair. You look back up to see a woman standing in front of you with eyes as black as night before they flick back to an amber colour. Your breathing picks up in fear as she approaches you with a sinister smile, knife in hand.
“Don’t worry, gorgeous, I just want your soul, all you have to do is say yes to me,” she smiles sadistically. “After all, it’s fate that I have your soul.”

“I will never give you what you want, you demon!” You say, surprised at how strong your voice comes out.

“Well then, I guess I’ll have to convince you,” with those words, she drags the first blade across your skin.

You scream out, feeling every little thing she does to you. All you want to do is wake up, but that seems impossible right now.

You don’t know how long you endure this nightmare of being tortured, but throughout the dream, you find yourself calling out for one person in particular, and you don’t necessarily know why.

Chanyeol.

The whispering voices have now returned and seem to haunt you while you experience this torture.

You should have listened, now look at where you are.

He will not be pleased when he finds out about this.

No one touches his possession and gets away with it.

You should have ran when you had the chance.

It’s time to wake up now.

Wake up!

Wake up!

Wake up!

At the third time the voice says that, you’re eyes pop open. You don’t know what time it is, but you register the morning light that is currently filtering though your blinds. You feel a strong grip around your waist and your breathing picks up, for it feels just like grip from your dream. Maybe you still are dreaming.

Turning your head to look behind you, you are greeted with the sleeping face of Chanyeol. You breath a sigh of relief. At some point during the night you must have turned over in your sleep, causing you to face away from him.

You decide that you’re probably not going to fall back asleep any time soon, so you slowly unwrap his arms from around your waist and get out of bed. You quickly grab the first thing you see on your floor to cover yourself with, seeing as you’re still partially naked from the events of last night.

You slip on the item of clothing and realize that it’s Chanyeol’s shirt. You smile to yourself as you breath in his comforting scent, doing up the buttons as you make your way down the stairs and towards your kitchen to grab a glass of water.

You open the cabinet and reach up to grab a glass, filling it with water shortly after. A small smile graces your lips as you think back to the events of last night. You place the glass into the sink once you’re done drinking the water.
“Boy, he sure held back for you,” a voice says from behind you.

You jump and turn around to see the woman you saw in your dream. Same hair, same cold, amber eyes.

“Who are you, and how’d you get into my house?” You start to panic, backing away from this unknown woman, but with every step you take back, she takes one forwards.

“Oh, sweetie,” she laughs, her eyes turning pitch black. “There’s so much we need to talk about.”

With that, she knocks you out.

About half an hour later, Chanyeol wakes up in your bed. Stretching, he reaches over, expecting you to still be in the bed with him, but he frowns when he doesn’t feel your body next to him. He sits up, looking around your room but not seeing you anywhere. He figures you must be downstairs already.

He gets out of bed and goes to put his clothes from last night back on. He quickly slips on his pants and searches for his shirt. Not being able to find it, he figures you must have slipped it on before you went downstairs.

A smile tugs at his lips as he pictures what you must look like wearing nothing but his shirt. He recalls the events of last night and is overcome with joy. He can still hardly believe what happened between the two of you, now all he has to do is get you to agree to spend the rest of eternity with him. That shouldn’t be so hard, seeing as how well last night went.

He makes his way downstairs, pausing at the bottom step. His eyes harden as he senses her presence in your house, or what was her presence. His eyes widen in fear as he realizes what this must mean.

“(Y/n)?” He calls out your name, only now noticing how quiet your house is. “(Y/n), where are you?”

Still receiving no response, he searches your entire house for you, not being able to find you anywhere. His breathing picks up as Judith’s voice echoes inside his head.

*If you want her, come and find her.*

He lets out a roar of anger and punches your wall.

“I swear, if you so much as touch her, I’ll end you myself,” he growls, knowing she can hear him.

*Tsk, tsk. Time is running out, Chanyeol. You better hurry if you want her alive.*

He lets out an animalistic like growl, transporting himself immediately to his throne room.

“Hey, Chanyeol! Woah, dude, someone got lucky last night,” Baekhyun teases, but immediately ceases when he sees the deadly look in Chanyeol’s eyes.

“I want every demon out looking for Judith right now! She’s taken (Y/n) and I want them found now!” He roars, his command echoing throughout his kingdom.

His followers immediately spring into action, knowing what happens when their king gets upset. They know how he can get, especially when someone takes something of his that he holds dearly. Especially if it’s *you.*
His eyes are pitch black as he paces in front of his throne, trying to figure out where Judith is keeping you. Baekhyun watches from the side as his best friend gets so worked up over you. Baekhyun sighs.

Suddenly, a demon bursts into the room.

“They found her,” he pants. “In one of the old torture rooms.”

Chanyeol is almost halfway out the door before he is stopped by Baekhyun.

“What?” Chanyeol snarls, eyes screaming for blood.

“You may want to put a shirt on first before barging in to save your beloved,” he says, making Chanyeol actually look down to see what he’s wearing, or lack thereof.

“Right,” he says, quickly vanishing and reappearing a few seconds later with an entirely different outfit. “Now, let’s go take back what’s rightfully mine.”

You wake up in a damp room, dimly lit with candles lining the walls. This is the exact same room as in your dream.

“Familiar, isn’t it?” A voice says off to your left, making you turn your head and look at the woman who kidnapped you.

“What are you?” You ask, trying to subtly tug at your restraints, but finding they won’t budge, not one bit.

“Smart girl,” she says, eyes flashing black once again. “You see, demons are very real and they walk among the earth as humans, and your precious Chanyeol is the king of all demons, the king of hell.”

“You’re lying,” you spit, not believing a word she says.

“Contrary to popular belief, demons only lie sometimes, and in this case, I’m telling the truth,” she smiles at you, a sick, twisted smile as she holds up a knife, staring at her reflection.

“Then why me?” You ask, just wanting to know why you’re even in this mess in the first place.

“Fate,” she simply replies.

“Fate?” You repeat.

“Yes, fate,” she says, standing up from her sitting position on the table and walking closer to you. “You see, ever since your soul came into being, it has been promised to Chanyeol, as most souls are promised to another. However, on rare occasions, a soul can be promised to more than one. You’re soul just happens to be one of the lucky ones. I’m just not as stupid as him to fall for such a weak, pathetic mortal.”

“What?” You breath out, barely audible.

Your breathing picks up as you watch her approach you with the knife in hand, eyes flickering black before turning amber once more.

“Don’t worry, gorgeous, I just want your soul, all you have to do is say yes to me,” she smiles sadistically. “After all, it’s fate that I have your soul.”
“I will never give you what you want, you demon!” You say strongly, beginning to struggle in the chair that is holding you down.

“Well then, I guess I’ll have to convince you,” with those words, she drags the first blade across your skin.

You scream out just as the door to the room you’re in flies open. She turns around only to be flung across the room in an instant. She struggles to move yet is unable to, being pinned to the wall by an unknown force. You turn your head to the now broken door and see Chanyeol walk in with pitch black eyes, darker than anything you’ve ever seen in your life. You don’t have to see his regular eyes to know that the look in them is deadly.

He walks over to her with a blade in his hand, bringing it up to rest at her neck.

“How dare you touch her!” He snarls, teeth bared as he presses the blade into her throat.

She only laughs, “do you really think you can kill me?”

“Just watch me,” with that, he plunges the blade into her heart.

She lets out a shriek as her body glows red for a moment before she falls lifelessly to the ground.

Once he’s confident she’s dead, he turns towards your figure. His eyes have returned to their normal brown colour, filled with worry as he makes his way over to you. Your breathing picks up as he gets closer and you can see him visibly tense, eyes saddening.

“It’s okay, I wont hurt you,” he says, putting his hands in front of him to show you he means you no harm.

He quickly unties you and takes a few steps back, giving you space. You rub your sore wrists and stand up.

“Is it true?” You ask, almost sadly.

“Is what true?” He asks, looking into your eyes, but you refuse to meet his.

“About the soul thing?” You inquire.

“Yes,” he tells you, figuring there’s no point in lying to you now.

“Oh,” you reply, nervously clasping your hands in front of yourself.

“I can protect you, give you everything you want. My feelings for you are genuine, what happened last night-“

“What happened last night was a mistake,” you cut him off, still refusing to meet his eyes which have widened in shock.

“What?” His breath hitches in his throat.

“It should have never happened, I’m sorry,” you say, going to move past him, but he moves in front of you to block your path.

“No, I’m sorry,” he says, gaze turning hard as his jaw clenches. “I’m not letting you walk out like this after one of the best nights of my life. I finally have you now, all to myself. I can protect you. I can give you everything you could possibly want, all you have to do is say yes.”
“Chanyeol, I have a family to protect, I can’t-“

“If you stay with me, you won’t need to worry about their protection,” he cuts you off. “I know for a fact you feel something for me. Why can’t you just say yes and spend the rest of eternity with me? I’ve been waiting for you for too long to give you up now.”

“Chanyeol,” he looks at you with pleading eyes and you feel a pang in your heart. “Okay.”

“Really?” His eyes immediately light up.

“Yes,” you reply, sealing your fate forever.

A huge smile is on his face as he comes to stand right in front of you, hand coming up to cup the side of your cheek. He brings his lips down to yours, kissing you passionately, to which you respond to by wrapping your arms around his neck and pulling him closer. After a few moments, he pulls away.

“I love you,” he says, finally being able to tell you what he’s always wanted to tell you, and now you’re his, body and soul. For eternity.
Stuck On You - Yandere!Best Friend!Sehun X Reader X Yandere!Boyfriend!Kris

Yandere AU - Part of the Yandere!EXO X Reader Series

Genre: Mature, Horror, Angst, Smut (Voyerism, Exhibitionism, Blowjob)

Pairing: Sehun X Reader X Kris

Words: 8,386

Warning: This is a Yandere story, it will contain themes such as stalking, violence, obsession, possessive natures, and just general overall creepiness and swearing. You have been warned.

A/n: Huge shoutout to my two closest friends for listening to my many ideas for this fic and helping me through the writing process and many late night Skype calls involving this fic. Hoo boy was this wild to write. Never have I been happier to finish a fic in my life. I had everything all nice and planned out for a good month, but every time I went to write it out, the words would just not come to me. As always, this is just my interpretation of this archetype and the song. I do not believe Sehun, Kris, nor any of the other members, past or present, of EXO would act like this. I hope you enjoy!

Sehun watches you from across the table. Every action you make, every emotion that crosses your face, he sees. He smiles slightly as you laugh at something his date says.

That’s right.

His date.

He turns to look at her, staring at her side profile with a sort of blank look on his face. He’s forgotten her name already, but he doesn’t really care. He thinks it’s something that starts with a ‘B’ but he’s not going to bother reaching out to her after tonight. In fact, the only reason he agreed to go out with her is because he thought it would make you jealous.

You.

There you sit, directly across from him. He’s supposed to be paying attention to his date, yet all he can think about is you. His focus is locked solely on you.

He hardly registers when his date stands and utters a small ‘excuse me’ to your small group, moving off towards the back of the diner. He does notice, however, your own date following shortly after. His eyebrow raises slightly in question, but he doesn’t say anything. Instead, he enjoys this alone time with you, even if it is only for a few minutes.

Both his date and yours return to the table at the same time, both sliding into their respective seats. Immediately, Sehun notices how you shift closer to your date, making him clench his teeth in jealousy.

You’ve been best friends for as long as he can remember, always staying by each other’s side through thick and thin, through past relationships, everything. Somewhere along the way, he started feeling deeper emotions towards you, and he couldn’t stop himself. Nothing could prepare
him for the pain that is being in love with his best friend.

Sehun would do anything for you, be anyone for you, as long as you’d let him. Unfortunately, things never work out the way one plans. Something always ends up getting in the way. In this case, it isn’t a something, but a someone.

His name is Yifan, though he prefers Kris, and he’s returned to sitting beside you in the booth with his arm draped across your shoulders. You’re leaning into his side, looking like one of those couples from the movies where you can just tell the two people are in a happy relationship and are in love. It makes Sehun sick. That should be him.

Sensing he is being stared at, Kris turns his head to find Sehun practically glaring at him. A smirk tugs at the corners of his lips as he pulls you in closer to his chest, making Sehun’s eyes narrow at him.

Kris knows exactly what he’s doing when he turns his head to place a gentle kiss onto the top of yours. He knows he’s showing off that he gets to do this to you, not Sehun. Sehun’s fists clench under the table as all he can do is watch as you blush at Kris’ action and turn to give him a quick peck on his lips. Sehun frowns, expression morphing into one of discomfort as he watches the two of you act all affectionate towards the other.

“Sehun, are you okay?” He hears his date ask him, worry laced in her tone.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” he glances up and sees a look of worry on your own face. His heart skips a beat as he recognizes that you’re concerned about his well-being. “Just not feeling well, is all.”

“Oh no,” you say, reaching across the table to place your hand on top of his, which are now resting on the table. “Are you going to be okay?”

“Yeah,” he replies, giving you a half smile to reassure you, but all it does is make you give him a sceptical look.

“Okay, if you say so,” you say, retracting your hand back, making Sehun wish it were still resting on top of his.

“If you’re not feeling well, don’t think you have to stay for me,” his date says, placing a reassuring hand on his bicep.

He almost scoffs. He couldn’t care less about her, you’re the only one that matters. He wants nothing more than for the two of you to be left alone together again without any unwanted company, but unfortunately, things don’t ever work out the way he wants them to.

“I’ll be fine,” he says, forcing a smile on his face as he turns to look at his date.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Kris lean down to whisper something into your ear, to which you smile and nod your head to in response. Sehun’s jaw clenches, which does not go unnoticed by Kris, making Kris smirk.

“Anyways guys, it is getting late, so Kris and I are going to head home now, but you two should stay for a while longer and get to know each other better,” you say with a wink, successfully making Sehun’s date blush. “It was nice meeting you Betty!”

“It was nice meeting you as well, I hope we can hang out again sometime in the near future!” Betty cheers, making Sehun internally gag at how joyful she is.
He watches as the two of you leave the diner, Kris’ hand placed onto the small of your back. He looks back over his shoulder to see Sehun glaring at where his hand is placed, making another smirk cross his features. Just before the two of you walk out the door, Kris once again wraps his arm around your shoulders, making Sehun grit his teeth in anger.

Kris’ smirk never leaves his face as the two of you walk the few blocks to the entrance of your apartment building. His arm stays wrapped tightly around your shoulders as you walk in a comfortable silence. You get caught at a stop light and wait to be able to cross the street once more.

The entire time you’re stopped waiting to cross the street, you admire the sky as Kris watches your own features. Your eyes sparkle as they reflect the moonlight shining between the low buildings of the south side of the city. Kris feels his heart start to race in his chest as he admires you. He knows that tonight is the night when he’s going to ask you the important question that’s been bugging him for quite some time now.

Kris doesn’t know how he got so lucky to have you as his significant other. You’re kind, smart, beautiful, funny, talented, the list goes on and on. Whenever he’s with you, he feels like he’s in a dream. A sort of paradise that he never wants to wake up from. He gets to call you his, and his alone. He knows he’s the only one you will ever need.

Now, if only Sehun would understand this.

He knows Sehun and you have been friends since childhood, and he knows how painstakingly obvious it is that Sehun is in love with you. It makes him angry. Sehun needs to back off and understand his place before Kris does something about the way he looks at you. Although, he has to admit, it is amusing to tease Sehun about your relationship that you have with him. Watching Sehun’s facade crumble as Kris flaunts you off and does things in front of Sehun that only a boyfriend can do with you is quite amusing. It brings Kris great joy knowing he’s the only one that can be with you, the only one you deserve.

Kris is pulled out of his thoughts by you tugging him along down the street. The lights change and the two of you continue to walk the final few blocks to your apartment complex in continued silence.

Arriving just outside the main doors, you turn to face Kris, taking both of his hands in yours and squeezing them slightly.

“I had fun tonight,” you say with a smile, causing Kris to smile back at you in response.

“As did I,” Kris replies, although he would have had a better time had Sehun not been there, or Betty.

“I’m glad Sehun finally went out with someone, he always seems so mopey all of the time when he’s alone,” you say.

Kris gives you a half smile, internally scowling when you mention Sehun’s name. God, how he despises Sehun.

“Anyways, there’s something I’ve been meaning to ask you,” He says, quickly changing the subject to avoid being put in a bad mood at the mention of Sehun’s name.

“Oh?” You inquire, raising an eyebrow, curious to know what could possible be on Kris’ mind.

“Move in with me?” Kris asks, doing his best to hide any hints of nervousness he has. “We’ve been
together for a while now, and half of your stuff is already at my house anyways. I think it’s time we took that step together.”

You stare at him for a few seconds, blinking a few times in shock until a huge smile takes over your face. You see his expression relax and turn into one of relief as he sees you react positively to his question.

“Of course, I would love to,” you breath out.

“Great!” He grins down at you, wrapping his arms around your waist as he pulls you into his chest.

You look into his eyes as he stares into your own, a spark hiding behind his irises that makes your heart flutter in your chest and your cheeks to blush slightly. Only Kris can have this effect on you. Knowing this makes a smirk tug at the corners of his mouth.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, okay? You can start bringing your stuff over then and we can make it official,” he says, causing your smile to widen.

“Okay,” you reply. “I’ll see you tomorrow, then. I love you.”

Kris’ heart pounds in his chest at your words, so loud he’s sure you can hear it. Only you have this effect on him.

“I love you,” he tells you, placing a gentle kiss onto your forehead.

Kris watches as you enter your apartment building, smile still ever present on your face as you wave goodbye to him from inside the glass doors. He sends you a wave back, making sure you get onto the elevator safely before making his way to his own house a few streets over.

A smile is present on his own face as he thinks back to the events that just happened. That went better than expected. Now, Kris can keep an eye on you and stay in your presence throughout the day. With you living with him, everything will work out better for the two of you. All he needs to do is get rid of the threat that is your best friend, Oh Sehun.

Meanwhile, back at the diner, Sehun slouches in his seat, his arms crossed over his chest as he thinks of how you left with Kris. Sehun knows Kris is doing this on purpose. Any guy would be an idiot if they didn’t notice another looking at their girlfriend the way Sehun looks at you. There’s no denying that Kris can read Sehun like an open book, and that fact bothers Sehun to no end.

Sehun drowns out the voice of his date as he thinks of ways that will make you see that he is so much better for you than Kris is. Kris doesn’t know you like Sehun does, he’s barely scratched the surface on what makes you, you.

“…and then my friend, Stacey and I went-” Betty’s rambling is cut short by Sehun abruptly standing up.

“Look, Becky, that sounds nice and all, but I really need to go now,” Sehun says, throwing on his jacket. “I’ll call you.”

With that he exits the diner, getting into his car and driving off into the night, leaving a stunned Betty sitting alone at the table.

Sehun sighs as he drives down the road to get to his house. His grip on the steering wheel tightens as he thinks of you and Kris together. What does Kris have that Sehun doesn’t? He’s tall, handsome, funny, treats you right, is always there for you, the list goes on and on. It’s infuriating.
Twenty minutes later, Sehun pulls into his driveway. Shutting off his car, he heads into his house and immediately goes to his bedroom. Falling onto his bed, he lets out another sigh. He needs to come up with a way to make you see him as more than a friend and for you to realize he’s better for you than Kris in every way possible.

He stays up a few more hours trying to come up with a plan to make you his, and after a while, he thinks he has something. Glancing at the clock, he sees that it’s just past one in the morning. Deciding to get some rest before he puts his plan into action, Sehun lays on his back, staring at his ceiling. Once he wakes up, he’ll start the rigorous journey of making you his once and for all. He needs to get Kris out of the way, and he knows exactly how he’s going to do that. He needs to confront the situation head on instead of always dancing around it. He’ll confront Kris later on in the day, and soon, you’ll be the one leaving with Sehun’s arm wrapped around you. Soon you’ll be all his, and his alone.

Sehun falls asleep with a content look on his face, thoughts filled with you running into his arms after realizing you feel the same way for him as he does for you. He knows it’s only a matter of time before you realize he is, and always will be, the better option for you.

The next day, Kris sits in his kitchen while sipping on his coffee. He feels relaxed as you had sent him a message earlier that day saying you’ll stop by later to start moving some smaller things of yours, like the rest of your clothes, to his apartment. He can’t wait to see you again.

Kris spends most of the time waiting for you to arrive cleaning up his house. Although his house is usually pretty tidy, he can’t help but want to make sure everything is perfect, just for you. In his eyes, you’re the most perfect thing in his life, so he wants nothing less from those things around him. Everything he does, he does for you, to make sure you’re happy and have no reason to leave him.

It’s getting to be around the time when you said you’d stop by in the evening, and Kris’ heart almost leaps out of his chest when he hears a faint knock coming from his front door. He thinks it’s cute how you still choose to knock instead of just coming inside, despite how many times he’s told you it’s okay for you to just walk in.

“I thought I told you to stop knocking—“ Kris’ expression soon drops as he opens the door to reveal someone other than you. “Sehun.”

The two men stare at each other for a solid minute, neither saying a word as their eyes scrutinize the other.

“What are you doing here? (Y/n) will be here soon and I want you gone before she gets here,” Kris states, eyes narrowing at the man standing just outside his door.

“Believe me, I don’t want to be here anymore than you want me here,” Sehun replies, brushing past Kris and stepping into his house. “We need to talk.”

“Oh?” Kris raises an eyebrow questioningly. “And what, pray tell, could we possibly have to talk about?”

“Break up with (Y/n),” Sehun turns to face Kris with a stern expression on his face. “Leave, and never contact her again.”

Kris scoffs, “like that will ever happen.”

“Do it, or there will be consequences,” Sehun threatens. “Do you think you’re worthy of her? Do
you really think you could possibly know her better than her best friend, know what’s best for her?”

“And do you really think she’ll fall for you? It’s been, how many years since the two of you have become friends and you’ve still gotten nowhere with her. She doesn’t want you, Sehun, and she never will,” Kris replies with a smirk. This whole situation is amusing to him, amusing to know Sehun thinks he could possibly get rid of Kris. “Now, I need you to leave before she gets here.”

At this point, the two of them have made their way into the living room, standing opposite each other, both glaring at the other. Each waiting for the other to make their move and see what happens next. Neither is willing to back down or admit defeat. Both want you for themselves, and neither are going to give up without a fight.

“I’m not leaving until you agree to leave her alone and never come back,” Sehun’s teeth clench in anger, a crazed look in his eyes. “Only I know what’s best for her, and what’s best for her is me, not you. You barely know anything about her, but me? I know everything about her. What she likes, what she dislikes. What drives her crazy. Do you really think you’ll be able to satisfy her?”

“And just how many times have you fantasized about her, hmm?” Kris looks at him with mock pity on his face before his expression darkens into a sinister one. “Just know, that while you’ve been getting off to the thought of her sucking your dick, I’ve been experiencing the real thing, and can I just say, her mouth works wonders.”

“You son of a bitch,” Sehun takes a menacing step towards Kris but is interrupted by the sound of a light knocking coming from the front door, followed by the opening of said door.

“Kris? It’s just me. Sorry I’m a bit late, I was running a little behind,” You say softly, closing the door behind you.

From their position in the living room, they cannot see you, nor can you see them. They both look at each other in mild panic, not wanting you to find out what they were talking about.

Kris is the first to move, harshly gripping Sehun’s arm with slight protest from the younger, and shoves him into the laundry room.

“Stay. Here,” Kris commands, to which Sehun is too stunned to move at the moment.

Through the open crack in the door, Sehun watches as you walk into the room he had previously occupied with Kris.

“Hey, there you are,” you say, walking up to Kris and stepping into his open arms. Sehun grits his teeth as he watches this simple interaction between the two of you. “I called out but you didn’t answer me, is everything okay?”

“Yes, everything’s fine,” Kris answers, eyes briefly glancing towards where Sehun is hidden, successfully catching Sehun’s eye and mouthing, *if you move, you’re dead.*

Sehun’s jaw clenches in anger. He knows he can’t do anything about the current situation he’s in, otherwise you’ll find out he’s here and he does not want that. Plus, who knows what Kris might tell you if you were to find out what had just happened. Sehun’s sure you’ll take his word over Kris’, but there’s still the possibility that you won’t.

Sehun could slip out the side door located within the laundry room without making a sound, however, Kris is also very good at keeping his word. Despite Kris’ threat, Sehun is not scared of him. Sehun knows Kris wouldn’t dare lay a finger on him because of you. You would be
heartbroken to know something happened to your best friend. They’re both stuck in a sort of stalemate with the other, both unsure of what to do next. What they both know is that they have to eliminate the threat that is the other soon, or they may lose you forever, and neither of them like the idea of that.

“I missed you,” you tell him, pulling back from Kris’ embrace to look into his eyes.

“You just saw me last night,” he chuckles, hands wrapped securely around your waist.

“I know,” you reply, lightly smacking his shoulder. “I’m trying to be cute.”

“Love, you don’t even need to try, you’re already the cutest,” he says, successfully making you blush.

“Kris, stop it,” you avoid his eyes, making him chuckle once more.

Sehun internally gags at the interaction between Kris and you. Despite wanting to puke now that he’s witnessed this interaction, Sehun can’t help but to want this for himself. He wants you to interact with him like this. He wants to know what you feel like being wrapped up in his arms looking at him with that lovesick expression on your face. Him, and only him.

Sehun is pulled out of his thoughts as he sees you move in closer to Kris, wrapping your arms around his shoulders and playing with the hair at the nape of his neck. He almost scoffs as the two of you whisper things into the other’s ear only the two of you can hear. He must have zoned out for a few minutes since the mood in the room has shifted from one of playfulness into one of rising tension.

You stare into Kris’ piercing gaze as he looks back at you. You lick your lips, noticing how his gaze flicks down to them as you do so, making you smirk. He slowly leans down, placing his lips on top of your own.

The kiss is gentle at first, portraying all of your emotions and passions for each other as you both pull the other closer. Soon, the kiss turns more passionate, Kris getting lost in the feeling of you, your lips on his, your body pressed against his. His breathing deepens.

The two of you break the kiss, slightly leaning back from the other to stare into each other’s eyes. Eyes which are now reflecting want and desire, as well as a certain form of smugness in Kris’.

Kris’ hands slip under your shirt and rest on the skin of your waist, fingers digging into your sides. Your hands move down to the buttons of his shirt, slowly undoing them one by one as you continue to stare into his eyes.

Once his shirt is undone, you gently slide the fabric off his shoulders to reveal his bare chest. Continuing to run your hands over his torso, you lick your lips once more.

“Your turn,” Kris all but growls, gripping the hem of your shirt and tugging it upwards, revealing your royal blue lace bra. “My favourite.”

Unable to move, Sehun is frozen to his spot at the turn of events happening right in front of him. Sehun can hear the smirk in Kris’ voice as he utters those words, knowing he’s only doing what he is because Sehun is watching. Kris wants to assert his dominance over Sehun, to show him how you’re his, not Sehun’s. Telling him that all Sehun can do, all he ever can do, is watch.

The familiar sound of a belt being unbuckled reaches Sehun’s ears and immediately his gaze locks on your hands which are currently sliding Kris’ jeans down his legs. You drop to your knees in
Kris and Sehun tense, Kris’ words from earlier running on repeat through his head. Sehun clenches his fists at his side, swallowing hard.

Kris was right, all Sehun’s ever done is fantasize about his best friend. What you would taste like, what your moans sound like, the faces you’d make in response to receiving uninterrupted pleasure. What your lips would feel like wrapped around his cock, what you would sound like screaming out his name.

Watching you do this to another man, and that man being Kris, sends Sehun’s senses into overdrive. Not only does he feel crushed by the fact that Kris is showing you off, but also angry. Angry at the fact that you’re not his. Angry that Kris knows this and is rubbing salt into Sehun’s own wounds. Angry because Kris doesn’t deserve you, he doesn’t deserve to be touched by you, and angry because in his twisted mind, Sehun wants to be there in Kris’ place. How he so badly wants you to do this for him, and only him.

Sehun has half the mind to burst out of his hiding place, deck Kris and take you away from him, but he knows you’d never forgive him if he did that. So he watches, silently from his spot hidden behind the laundry room door, wanting nothing more than to experience you like this first hand.

You look up at Kris from your kneeling position on the floor in front of him, batting your eyelashes at him innocently. You gently trail your hand over his growing erection, teasing him. He lets out a groan in response, giving you a look, one which you know all too well. A smirk tugs at the corner of your lips as you hook your fingers into the waistline of Kris’ underwear, tugging it down his legs like you did his jeans minutes before.

You take his semi-hard cock into you hand, pumping him a few times before licking a strip from the base of his cock to the tip, making sure to flick your tongue teasingly a few times once you’ve reached the head. He lets out a moan once you take him fully into your mouth, his hand coming to grip your hair.

Kris once again locks eyes with Sehun, a smirk coming to rest on his features. Sehun looks absolutely crushed, which only makes the pleasure Kris is feeling that much more intense. The fact that Sehun is finally understanding that you will never be his, that he will never get to experience you in this way, is making Kris swell with pride at his victory.

“That’s it, baby girl, just like that,” Kris groans, adding more fuel to the fire. “Fuck, your mouth feels so good.”

Sehun is disgusted. Disgusted at Kris for enjoying this so much. Disgusted he’s forced to watch this, feeling as if he has no control of his body as it is frozen to this spot. He wants to look away, to turn around and leave through the side door of the laundry room, but he finds himself unable to. In some twisted part of the back of his mind, he’s enjoying this, enjoying the fact he can watch you like this, and this fact disgusts him. He’s not enjoying the fact that you’re doing this for Kris, but the fact that he can now know what you would look like sucking his own dick.

Not only is he disgusted, but Sehun is also furious. His anger is building the longer he watches this interaction between the two of you. How dare Kris touch you like this. How dare Kris get to experience you in this way. How dare Kris purposely show you off and get on Sehun’s nerves.

Sehun continues to watch, silently glaring at Kris the entire time you suck his dick. Kris’ face remains smug the entire time, knowing exactly the effect this is having on Sehun.

Eventually, Kris pulls you back onto your feet and leads you over to the couch, stripping you of the rest of your clothes. You climb on top of him, straddling his waist before slowly sinking down on
his cock and letting out a loud moan.

At this point, Sehun finally tears his gaze away from the two of you. He can no longer bear to watch the two of you from his hidden spot. It’s all too much.

Just before he leaves, he hears you utter one single phrase. A phrase that breaks his heart and crushes him even more than he already is.

“Only you can make me feel this way,” he hears you moan out.

He knows Kris got you to say that as the final push Sehun needs to fall over the edge, and it works. Sehun’s hand freezes on the handle to the side door, too in shock to move. He does his best to control his breathing, to control the white hot anger coursing through his veins. He needs to get rid of Kris, and fast. If Kris is going to play dirty, then so will he.

With that, Sehun storms out of the house, letting the door fall shut behind him. At this point, he couldn’t care less if you hear it or not. All he’s focused on now is finding a way to get Kris out of the picture for good, and soon, he’ll be the one making you moan only for him.

The next day, Sehun invites Betty over to his house. He’s surprised she’s even agreed to see him again due to how he treated her on their first date. He thinks she’s just that desperate. Perfect. That will only make his plan work that much better.

She arrives just after one, knocking softly on his front door. He opens it with an unreadable expression on his face and invites her in. She smiles at him politely in response and steps inside. Sehun can tell she’s nervous.

“You know, I’m surprised you wanted to see me again,” Betty says, walking into Sehun’s living room with him following close behind. “I thought you wanted nothing to do with me.”

“I don’t,” his expression remains stoic, crossing his arms in front of his chest. Her hopeful expression she has on her face drops as she hears him say those words.

“Then why-“

“Because I want you to do something for me,” his voice taking on a darker tone as he advances towards her menacingly. With each step he takes forwards, she takes back until she is pressed up against the wall, Sehun towering over her small frame. “Remember Kris, (Y/n)’s boyfriend?”

“Y-yeah,” her body tenses.

“I want you to make it look like the two of you have been seeing each other behind her back for quite some time now,” he states, staring directly into his eyes.

“What? Why would I do that?” She panics, noticing how intimidating Sehun has become.

“Because she belongs with me,” Sehun replies.

“No! I won’t do it,” Betty exclaims, trying to move past Sehun but is shoved back into the wall as his hand comes up to grip her throat.

“If you won’t do it,” Sehun’s voice threatens, grip tightening on her neck, making her gasp for air. “I will kill you.”

At this point, a few tears escape her eyes as Betty lets out a choked sob. She does her best to nod
her head in response, to which Sehun understands and releases the hold on her neck. She gasps for air.

Never in her life has Betty been more terrified than in that moment. Sehun no longer looks human, instead he looks like a deranged man, stuck in a crazy trance-like love. His eyes scream murder and excitement. He looks utterly insane as he stands there with a smirk on his face.

“When,” she takes a breath. “When would you like me to put your plan into action?”

“Soon,” he replies. “Preferably later today. Kris is going to be giving a guest lecture at the university on composing. Attend it and sit in the first row, then afterwards, pull him just outside the lecture hall into the back hallway. You’re going to flirt with him, and then kiss him.”

“Won’t he notice something is off?” She questions.

“It doesn’t matter, all you need to do is make sure you kiss him and act like you’ve been seeing each other for a long time, got it?” He instructs.

She can only nod her head in response, listening as Sehun tells her the location and time for Kris’ lecture. She’s also given instructions that she should make sure to dress nicely and look nice.

Once Betty leaves Sehun’s house, her whole body remains tense. She can’t believe she’s agreed to do this for this psycho. He’s crazy to think that his best friend is going to fall in love with him after this. She swallows as she recalls how unsettling Sehun looks.

After Betty gets ready to go back out, she makes sure to arrive at the lecture hall early to guarantee a front row seat. She breathes in shakily as she sits down in an open seat, asking herself the whole time if she’s really going to go through with his wishes. His threat still lingers in the back of her mind as she locks eyes with Kris, sending him a smile as his eyes narrow slightly in recognition at her.

Meanwhile, you’re back at your apartment, just finishing some last minute packing of some things to move to Kris’ house when a knock sounds from your door. You hum a little tune to yourself as you walk over and open the door to see Sehun with an almost conflicted look on his face. Immediately, you can tell something is wrong.

“Sehun, what happened?” You ask, opening the door wider and inviting him in.

“I really don’t know how to tell you this, it’s been bothering me for quite some time now, but I thought things would settle down on their own. I figured I should tell you before I lost the nerve,” he rambles nervously.

“Sehun, what is it? Spit it out already, you’re making me nervous. Would you please just tell me what’s going on?” You furrow your brows in concern at the worried state your best friend is in.

“There’s no easy way to put this so I’m just going to say it,” he sighs. “Kris has been cheating on you for the past two months.”

Your breath catches in your throat for a moment before you let out a laugh, “Sehun, Kris hasn’t been cheating on me, and he never will. He loves me and I love him. Where’s your proof?”

“How can you be so sure?”

“How can you?” You challenge.
“I’ve seen him first hand, that’s how I know,” he says. “That, and I have pictures.”

At this you raise your eyebrow as he pulls out his phone. Unlocking it, he quickly pulls up the fake pictures he’s made of Kris hugging, kissing, and being intimate with another girl whom resembles Betty. Photoshop can work wonders.

“Wait, isn’t that-“ you grab his phone to get a closer look at the pictures.

“How can you be so sure?” you ask, your mind racing to come up with a plausible explanation. “Maybe he’s just trying to make you feel bad.”

“Betty?” He can hardly hide his smirk, but you’re too distracted by the pictures to notice. The lies tumble out of his mouth smoothly, one by one. “Yes, yes it is. Aren’t you curious as to why they both left our table at the diner at the same time? Why they sat across from each other? Even when I told her about our date, as soon as she learnt who we would be going out on the double date with, her mood perked up.”

“That could just be a coincidence,” you reason, more for your own sanity than anything. “Plus, pictures can be photoshopped. I won’t believe it until I see it with my own eyes.”

“Suit yourself,” Sehun replies. “I really hate to be the bearer of bad news, but I can prove it to you right now.”

“Oh?” You cross your arms in front of your chest.

“Come with me,”

It takes the two of you half an hour to drive to the university where Kris’ lecture is, your nerves skyrocketing as you have a chance to think over what you’ve been told. A seed of doubt is planted in your mind, and you hope to god that nothing is able to cultivate it into growth.

In the meantime, Kris has just finished his lecture and is talking with a few students that have come up to him to ask him some last minute questions. Betty is currently last in the line of students to talk with him, and once she gets to him, she looks terrified.

“Betty, I’m surprised to see you again. Woah, you don’t look so good, are you feeling okay?” Kris asks, worriedly.

“Listen, I really need to talk to you,” she grabs his arm and leads him to the back hallway just outside of the lecture hall, where Sehun said to go. “Look, I know this is going to sound crazy and is probably going to be really hard to believe, but I think Sehun is crazy.”

Kris almost scoffs, “what was your first clue?”

“He wants me to make it look like you’ve been cheating on (Y/n) with me for a while now, and all these bad things,” she explains hurriedly, eyes darting to the only other entrance to this hallway every few seconds. “I don’t know what to do, and I know this is a lot to just drop on you, but you’ve got to help me. Please, I fear for my life, he’s threatened to kill me if I don’t do what he wants.”

“Wait, Betty, slow down,” Kris does his best to calm her by placing a gentle hand on her shoulder.

“He’s crazy Kris. You need to warn (Y/n) to stay away from-“

At that moment, Betty’s breath gets caught in her throat as she sees both Sehun and you enter the hall. Immediately, Betty wraps her arms around Kris’ neck and kisses him. Kris is so stunned by her action that he’s frozen in his spot until he hears a sharp intake of breath behind him.
“Kris?” The sound of your voice, frail and broken, snaps him out of his daze. He pushes Betty off of him and turns around to face you, noticing another figure standing slightly behind you to your right. Sehun.

“No, baby, it’s not what it looks like-” he tries to explain himself.

“Save it, I don’t want to hear it,” you reply. “I’ve seen enough.

“Wait, (Y/n), you don’t understand, we’re not-” he’s cut off by the sound of Betty’s voice. He sees Sehun glaring in her direction and knows he’s the one who’s prompted her to speak up and make the situation worse.

“Kris, you promised me you’d break up with her,” she whines out. “I thought she meant nothing to you, were you not going to tell her about us? You’ve told me yourself, I’m better than her in every possible way.”

Betty’s words are the final nail in the coffin that make the first of the tears that you are so desperately trying to hold back break free. You watch Kris’ reaction to all this and notice his dumbfounded expression.

“What? No, we’ve never even been together, what are you saying? (Y/n), don’t listen to her, she’s lying,” he says, looking into your eyes with his own.

“Save it, I don’t want to hear it, I have all the proof I need,” you say, turning your back on him.

“Sehun, take me home.”

With that, you walk out of the hall and back outside, Sehun following shortly after, but not before sending Kris a smirk. A smirk that says everything he is unable to vocalize in the moment. A smirk that is seared into Kris’ memory, even after the door falls shut behind the two of you. A smirk saying that he’s won.

“Why would you do that?” Kris rounds on Betty who’s startled by his outburst.

“I already told you, if I didn’t he would kill me,” she replies.

“I wouldn’t be too worried about him killing you at the moment, I would be more worried about what I’m going to do with you now,” his eyes narrow at her and he can see her visibly tense.

“Are you going to kill me?” She says, body once again frozen in fear from the look he’s giving her.

“Oh no,” he smirks. “I’m going to do much worse. I’ll make your life a living hell, that by the end, you’ll be begging that I’d have killed you instead.”

Kris storms out without another word, leaving a stunned Betty behind. He only has two things on his mind, getting you back, and killing Oh Sehun. No one is taking you away from him, no one.

The drive back to Sehun’s place is silent, with the occasional sob coming from you, Sehun’s heart clenches as he listens to you cry over a guy who isn’t worth your tears. Externally, he plays the role of the concerned friend, offering you a shoulder to cry on and being there to help comfort you through this. Internally, he’s smiling from excitement. His plan worked so perfectly, went so smoothly, that he can hardly believe it actually worked.

He pulls into his driveway, cutting the engine and quickly making his way over to the passenger side to help you out of the car. He finally gets a good look at your tear streaked face and his heart clenches once more. He keeps telling himself that all of this pain is necessary for you to accept his
own love and love him back.

Sehun supports you as he leads you inside his house after unlocking the door. He would have taken you back to your place but he figures that’s the first place Kris will go looking for you. Sehun is about to lock his front door until he notices your disoriented figure starting to sway back and forth. He catches you just as your about to fall, pulling you to his chest and leading you over to the couch, gently sitting you down.

“Stay right there,” he says softly, to which you nod your head in response, too upset to verbally answer him at the moment.

He walks to his kitchen and grabs a glass from the cupboard, filling it with cold water with a smirk on his face. He walks back into his living room, handing you the glass to which you thank him softly. He smiles slightly in response and sits beside you, gently wrapping his arms around you and pulling you into his embrace.

Once you finish the water, you place the glass onto the coffee table in front of you, quickly making sure to move back into Sehun’s comforting embrace shortly after. Neither of you say anything for a while until you can no longer take the silence.

“I thought he loved me,” you sniffle. “Six months, we’ve been together six months.”

Six months, eleven days, four hours, he recalls to be exact. But who’s counting?

“I’m sorry you had to find out like this, but I couldn’t hide the truth from you any longer,” he says. “How long?” You ask, avoiding his concerned gaze. “How long have you known?”

“One month,” he replies sadly, keeping up his act.

You choke on a sob. He’s known that Kris has been cheating on you for one month and he decides to tell you about it now? You can still hardly believe it’s true.

“He had just asked me to move in with him, too,” you sob into his shoulder. “Am I really that stupid? To believe everything was perfect when it wasn’t? I thought he loved me. Am I just not worth it?”

“Oh, (Y/n),” he says, gently stroking your hair until you lean back and look into his eyes, eyes which are filled with nothing but love, concern, and a certain type of sadness you can’t really decipher. “You’re worth so much more than you’ll ever know.”

With those words, his hand come up to cradle the side of your face. He uses his thumb to brush away your tears and you close your eyes, willing yourself to stop crying. Your eyes fling open at the sound of Sehun’s front door bursting open.

“Oh Sehun, you son of a bitch,” Kris seethes, taking menacing steps towards the couch where the two of you are seated, but stops when he sees the position the two of you are in. A certain look of sadness crosses Kris’ features before it’s replaced by a look of pure rage.

You’re too busy staring at Kris to notice the smug look that now rests on Sehun’s features, but Kris does. The two of you stand up, Sehun slightly in front of you in a protective gesture, shielding you from Kris.

“Kris? What are you doing here? I don’t want to see you right now,” you manage to get out while keeping your eyes fixed to the floor. You can no longer bear to look at the man who’s caused you
so much pain.

“(Y/n), please, listen to me-“ you fail to miss the pleading look in his eyes before he’s cut off by Sehun.

“You heard her. Leave,” Sehun states, crossing his arms in front of his chest.

“You’d love that, wouldn’t you?” Kris scoffs. “Finally getting your best friend all to yourself. Why don’t you tell her exactly what you’ve done, Betty’s already told me everything. You think doing this will make her love you? She’ll never love you, at least, not in the way you love her.”

Sehun’s jaw clenches in anger as the two men stare each other down.

“Sehun? What is he talking about?” You ask cautiously, eying Kris suspiciously.

Sehun stays silent, continuing to glare at Kris.

“Oh, just the fact that he’s in love with his best friend, that best friend being you, and that he would do anything to be with you, including ruining your relationship,” Kris spits and your world stops.

You don’t know what to believe anymore. You’ve been through so many different emotions today, from finding out your boyfriend may or may not have been cheating on you, and now that your best friend is in love with you. It makes sense though, considering the way Sehun acts towards you, so you can believe that easily. Besides, in the back of your mind, you’ve already known for a while that he’s been in love with you. Still, it doesn’t make the news any less shocking.

In your state of shock, you manage to zone out and you miss the insults thrown back and forth between the two men. You’re pulled out of your thoughts when you see Sehun move, quickly closing the gap between him and Kris before landing a solid punch onto the side of his face. Before you know it, they both go tumbling to the floor, cursing at each other, both not holding back. Each with the intent to kill the other.

You’re brain can hardly keep up and process all of this information at the same time. You start to hyperventilate, your emotions running wild. The events of the day are taking their toll and now you best friend and ex-boyfriend are currently having an all out brawl right in front of you.

“Stop it! You’re going to kill him, if you kill him, you’ll kill me! I can’t live without him, I love him!” You manage to get out before black consumes your vision and you feel yourself fall to the floor.

Both immediately stop their actions and stare at your unconscious form on the ground, speaking at the same time.

“Shit,”

“Fuck,”

A few hours later, you wake up in Sehun’s room underneath his covers. Sitting up, you groan and rub your head, a dull throb echoing through your skull. You hear movement beside you, and it is then that you notice that someone is sitting on the side of the bed, holding onto your other hand. You look at them.

“Kris? What are you doing here? What happened? Where’s Sehun?” You ask, pulling your hand away from his grasp and slightly moving away from him, a fact that does not go unnoticed by him.
He furrows his brow. “Go away, I don’t want to see you right now.”

The door which had been previously shut opens to reveal Sehun holding a glass of water in his hand. Once he sees you’ve finally regained consciousness, he moves to the unoccupied side of the bed and sits down, placing the glass of water on his side table.

“How are you feeling?” Sehun asks you, bringing his hand up to brush some of your hair out of your face. You back away from his touch and he frowns.

“What happened? The last thing I remember is the two of you beating each other to a pulp and then blacking out…” you trail off, now deciding to take a good look at each of the two men sitting on either side of you. You notice the faint bruises starting to form along their faces, as well as minor cuts here and there.

“Well, after you fainted, we talked it out, and, although it pains me to say this, we’ve agreed to share you,” Kris says, glancing quickly to Sehun, to which Sehun curtly nods in agreement.

“Excuse me, what? I never agreed to this,” to say the least, you’re shocked. Throwing the blankets off your body, you swing your legs off the side of the bed and go to walk past Sehun, muttering an ‘I’m leaving’.

“I don’t think so,” before you can walk more than two steps, Sehun’s arms are around your waist, halting your movements.

“Sehun, let me go,” you state firmly.

“No,” he replies.

“I’m afraid I’m going to have to agree with Sehun on this one,” Kris says, eyes locking with your own. “You’re not going anywhere.”

“You can’t keep me here,” you say, attempting to break out of Sehun’s grasp, but his grip only tightens, causing you to fall into his lap.

“Just watch us,” he growls into your ear, leaning back onto the bed, bringing you with him. “You’re never leaving us.”

He lays down, placing you once again in the centre of the bed. His arms are wrapped securely around your waist, holding you to him and making sure you can’t escape. You see Kris lay in front of you, smirk on his face as he brings his hand up to caress you cheek.

“You’re ours.”
Sitting in the waiting room, you nervously tug on the ends of your sleeves. The hoodie you’ve chosen to wear is lose, perfect for making you feel small in the large room you find yourself in. You glance around the waiting room, seeing only three other people including the receptionist. You don’t think they’ve noticed your weird behaviour. You tug on your sleeves once more.

You haven’t been feeling too well the past few days, and it can be due to a variety of things. Hopefully, it’s just a small cold and nothing more. You’re even lucky you actually got an appointment in the first place. If your boyfriend ever found out where you are, you’re not sure what would happen. Hopefully the doctor doesn’t ask too many invasive questions.

You’re pulled out of your own thoughts when you hear the receptionist’s voice call your name, making your head whip up and look in her direction in slight fear, but you manage to play it off as surprise.

“The doctor will see you now,” she says kindly, with a smile.

You smile faintly at her in response and stand up, following her deeper into the medical office. She leads you to a private room near the back, inserting your file into the little basket on the door and guiding you inside. You hesitantly sit on the examining bed.

“Doctor Zhang will be right in to see you, he shouldn’t be too long,” she informs you, to which you give a slight nod of your head, uttering a small ‘thanks’ to her in return.

A few minutes pass by with you zoning out while staring blankly at the wall in front of you until movement at the door catches your eye. You tense slightly until you realize who it is.

In walks a young man with black hair and round glasses perched upon his nose. A gentle smile is on his face as he takes your file from the door and closes it behind him. To you, it’s as if he radiates calmness and tranquility. You feel as if you can trust him despite never meeting before in your life.
“(Y/n), I presume,” he says, walking over to the desk at the opposite side of the room. “I’m Doctor Zhang, but feel free to call me Yixing. What seems to be the problem today?”

He places your file on top of his desk and looks towards you, casually leaning against the side of his desk. You nervously tug at the sleeves of your sweater once more.

“Well, um, you see,” you begin. “I haven’t been feeling the greatest lately and I don’t know what’s wrong with me. I’ve been running a fever, I think, and I’ve been more tired than usual. I also have this seemingly never ending headache and-“ you stop yourself before you continue.

Yixing looks at you, patiently waiting for you to continue. When he sees you’re too anxious to continue, he takes a step towards you, placing a reassuring hand onto your shoulder.

“It’s okay, you can trust me. I am a doctor after all, and all I want to do is help you, but in order for me to do that, I need to know all your symptoms,” he calmly explains, to which you nod your head in understanding.

“I, um, I haven’t gotten my period yet, it’s late by a week, and it’s usually never late,” you look up at him with panic filled eyes. “I think I may be pregnant.”

His face remains passive as you finish listing your symptoms. He removes his hand from your shoulder with a slight nod of his head.

“I see,” he moves to the sink to wash his hands. “Have you been eating regularly? Any significant weight loss recently?”

He notices how you tense slightly at his words, yet does not say anything for the moment. Instead, he grabs the thermometer and checks your temperature, which is higher than normal. You’re right about the fever.

“N-no,” you stutter. “I’ve been eating regularly, the proper portion sizes for me.”

“Hmm,” he responds as he continues his initial examination of you. “Are you currently under high levels of stress?”

“I don’t think I am,” your reply is quick, eyes refusing to meet his.

“Do you have any specific medical conditions such as celiac disease or an overactive or under-active thyroid?” He asks.

“Not that I’m aware of, no,” you answer.

He hums in response, finally finished with his examination. He sits on the stool in front of his desk, takes your file and starts to write in it.

“Well, you currently have a slight ear infection, which would explain your constant headache and fever, also why you feel more tired than usual. Your body is trying to fight off an infection, so it’s natural that you feel drained of energy,” he explains. “Now, I’m going to need to get a blood sample from you today to check on your hormone levels in your body-“

Immediately you start panicking, “no, I can’t do that!”

“Oh?” he raises his eyebrow at you in response. “Okay then, maybe not today, but I’m going to need you to get some blood work done soon for me. As for the possible pregnancy, have you used any methods to test your theory yet?”
“No, I can’t,” you mutter. “My boyfriend can’t find out I’m pregnant.”

“Alright, well then, instead of the blood work I’m going to request that you leave a urine sample before you leave. I should still be able to get what I need from it, plus I can run some tests and check if you are pregnant seeing as we’re currently out of pregnancy tests at the moment.”

“Okay,” you say, staring at the floor.

“I’m also going to prescribe you some antibiotics to help fight your ear infection,” he tells you. “Do you have any allergies to certain types of medication?”

“No,” you reply.

“Alright,” he says, scribbling a few things on his prescription pad, tearing the sheets off and handing it to you.

You take the two sheets of paper from his hand, making sure your sleeve is covering your arm the whole time. No one can see the bruises. The bruises in the shape of fingertips that line your arms along with small cuts and burns. No one can know.

“Thank you,” you say, standing up from the examination bed as he stands from his stool.

“No problem, it was my pleasure,” he smiles. “Be sure to give the receptionist the top sheet of paper I’ve given you and she’ll get what you need for you to leave the urine sample. Also, make sure to book a follow up appointment in about a week and a half. I want to make sure your ear infection clears up, and by then I should have the results of your test for you.”

You say nothing in response, instead opting to nod your head before opening the door and walking back out into the waiting area. You quickly head over to the reception desk once more and hand the lady the sheet of paper. She makes small talk with you as she gets the stuff ready, also helping you to make another appointment for next week as a follow up.

“Once you’re done with that, you can just put it in that basket over there before you leave, dear,” she informs you with a smile, pointing to a basket off to the left where you see other samples.

You nod your head in understanding, thanking her quietly as you head to the bathroom to get this over with. Once you’re done, you follow the receptionist’s instructions, then head to the pharmacy to pick up your prescription.

You head back to your boyfriend’s place once you have your prescription, hiding it in your purse before you walk through the door. You know that if your boyfriend sees it, he’ll question where and how you got it. Not only that, but he’ll also figure out that you went to see a doctor, and that would upset him. The last thing you want to do is upset him.

You don’t remember exactly when he started to get violent with you, but he’s careful about it. He’s smart enough to only harm you in places easily coverable, like your arms and legs. Still, it doesn’t make what he does any less painful.

Tim wasn’t always like this. He used to be so sweet and charming. In fact, it’s what made you fall for him in the first place. Everything was going great until one day, he was a little less cheerful than others, choosing to take his anger out on you in violent outbursts. These consisted of screaming matches between the two of you with insults thrown at each other. You used to be stronger, but the months of manipulation and emotional abuse have taken their toll.

He started small, working his way up day by day, slowly breaking you down. First, he stopped
paying unnecessary attention to you, making you feel like you’re a burden when you’re in his presence. Then, it was the subtle way he would guilt you into things, manipulating you into doing what he wants, even if you’re uncomfortable. He would be smart about it, go for a week without paying you any attention or compliments, then one day he would be back to normal, making you desperate for those days where he was back to being his old self. Always making you believe you’ve done something wrong.

He now controls almost every aspect of your life from what you wear, what you eat, and what you say. You hate it, but you’re too terrified to stand up to him anymore. His violent outbursts make you think that one day he won’t hold back anymore, and he’ll kill you for real, no longer just a lingering threat after a beating.

He doesn’t love you anymore, he’s told you himself. You’ve even caught him with other girls at times, but for some reason, he can’t let you go. Even if you try to leave him, he’ll manipulate you into staying, saying how he’ll change for the better and telling you that he does truly love you. You fell for it the first few times, but not the third. The third was the first time he beat you. Now, you’re too scared to try and leave him or seek help. Scared of what he could do to you and anyone that tries to help you.

You arrive back to his place shortly after four. Immediately, you notice another pair of shoes at the front door and know there’s a girl here. You let out a soft sigh and head into the kitchen, stepping over discarded clothing on the floor. You grab a water bottle from the fridge and head into the spare bedroom, closing the door behind you.

Climbing onto the bed, you sit against the headboard and blankly stare at the wall. You twist the cap to the water bottle and quickly grab the pills from your purse. You know Tim is too occupied at the moment having sex in the room a few doors down to come bursting in right now. You take the first one, swallowing it with a few sips from your water. Hiding the pills back in your bag, you place your water on the bedside table and lay down. You figure a small nap won’t hurt and you close your drooping eyelids, drifting off to sleep.

You’re awoken a few hours later by the sound of the front door opening and closing, but you refuse to move. You continue to pretend to sleep as you hear angry footsteps coming towards the room you’re in. The door burst open, banging into the wall and successfully making you flinch.

“Where the fuck were you today?” Tim spits, eyes narrowing at you while he crosses his arms.

“I had to run a few errands today,” you reply, now sitting up in bed, cowering in fear of what he might do.

“Did I say you could go out?” He chastises.

“No, but-“

“Then why the fuck did you leave?” He yells, taking a menacing step towards you, to which you flinch backwards.

“I’m sorry! It won’t happen again, I’m sorry,” you exclaim, voice trembling in fear.

“Damn right you should be,” he spits. “I let you live in my home, so I expect you to be there when I need you to be, you good for nothing bitch.”

“I’m sorry,” a tear escapes your eye and he scoffs, rolling his eyes.

He leaves the room, ignoring your sobbing and leaving you to wallow in your own self pity. You
do your best to control your breathing and calm yourself down, but you can still feel the fear coursing through your veins. You bring your knees up to your chest, wrapping your arms around them, and continue to sob.

After you’ve managed to calm yourself down somewhat, you decide to have a shower. You walk over to the bathroom adjacent to the room you’re in and flick on the lights. You blink a few times at your reflection. You can hardly recognize the shell of the girl staring back at you.

How did your life ever get to this point? You used to be so happy, so energetic, so full of life. You’ve lost quite a bit of weight too, ever since he started regulating what you eat. You can hardly believe you’re allowing yourself to be treated like this, that you stay with this asshole despite what he’s doing to you.

You sigh to yourself once more as you turn the shower on and strip yourself of your clothing. You stare at your body for a long time in the mirror, observing all the deep purple and blue bruises that cover your figure, along with burn marks and cuts. You look away, ashamed, and step into the shower.

Once done, you change into some comfortable clothes and peek out of your room. You see Tim passed out on the couch with the TV on in the background. You quietly make your way out of the room and to the kitchen to grab something to eat, seeing as you haven’t eaten much all day. You make yourself a sandwich and sneak back to your room to eat.

Closing the door softly behind you, you place your food on your side table beside your water bottle. Checking the time, you see it’s just past nine o’clock. You eat slowly, so as not to upset your stomach, and then take your next round of medication in the bathroom incase Tim were to come bursting in for any reason.

You sneak back out with your empty plate once finished and see he’s still passed out on the couch. You breath a sigh of relief as you quickly clean up your dishes, grab another water bottle, and crawl back into bed. Your body needs rest in order to recover, in more than one way.

About a week and a half passes by without another beating from your boyfriend. You don’t know how you’ve managed it, but you’ve been able to complete your set of medication without him noticing. You’ve also been eating slightly better for the past week, so you don’t look as ghastly as you did the previous week.

You manage to sneak out once again for your follow up appointment with Yixing, and you feel less anxious about it this time. You still make sure to wear long sleeves to cover your arms, but you’re less concerned this time due to the fact that the prominent bruises are now fading, as well as the burns and cuts. However, they are still noticeable.

You smile slightly at the receptionist as she once again leads you to the same room you were in last week. You learn that her name is Jisoo and she is very kind to everyone she meets. You wish there could be more people like her in the world.

“Doctor Zhang will be right with you,” she tells you, smiling once more.

You thank her and wait patiently for him to come and see you. The nerves are starting to get to you now. There’s a possibility that you could be pregnant, but you’re hoping you’re not. You don’t know how you could bring a baby into this world when you can hardly keep yourself safe.

You’re pulled out of your thoughts by Yixing entering the room.
“Hello (Y/n), how are you feeling today? You look much better than when I saw you last,” he greets you with a smile.

“I no longer have a headache and my fever has seemed to have cleared up, I think,” you tell him to which he nods his head while sitting at his desk, logging into his computer to access your files.

“Good, good,” he says. “Now, I have the results of your urine sample and I have some good news but also possibly some bad news. It really all depends on how you take it.”

“Oh?” You mumble, looking at the ground, already thinking the worst.

“Well, for starters, you’re not pregnant,” he informs you, to which you release the breath you didn’t realize you are holding. “However, you do show signs of severe malnourishment and high levels of stress, but I would need a blood sample to be one hundred percent certain. Now, as to the cause of your missing period, it could be a variety of different things, but based on the results I’m seeing, it’s either due to the high levels of stress you are under or your malnourishment. My guess is that it’s a combination of the two.”

You’re shocked. He got all of that from a urine sample? And now he wants you to do blood work? Oh no. You remain silent as his eyes remain fixed on your figure which has closed in on itself somewhat.

“I need you to be completely honest with me,” his eyes narrow as he intertwines his fingers on his desk. “Do you have an eating disorder of any sort?”

“No,” you reply quietly. “At least, I don’t think so.”

“I see. Well, I would really like to have another follow up appointment with you in about another week and a half, and for that appointment I’d like you to write out everyday what you have to eat and drink up until the day of the appointment,” he tells you, standing up from his desk and making his way towards you. “Now, let me check on that ear of yours.”

Your body tenses the whole time he’s close, almost like a natural response to having someone near. Once he’s done, he smiles at you once more.

“Well, you’re no longer running a fever, which is good, and your ear seems to be all cleared up now,” he tells you, to which you breath a small sigh of relief. “However, I’m still going to need that blood work from you. Come with me.”

He heads to the door, glancing over his shoulder to see that you haven’t moved an inch. He gives you a reassuring smile, and with a slight nod of his head, you find yourself nervously trailing behind him as he leads you to a separate room with another man sitting behind a desk.

“Yixing, my man, what can I do for you today?” The man greets once the two of you walk into the room.

“Minseok, how are you today?” Yixing replies cheerfully. “Just need to get some blood work done for this young lady right here.”

With that being said, Yixing pats you gently on the shoulder, causing you to flinch and take a hesitant step towards the other man, Minseok, who is now standing up from his chair. You offer him a slight smile and cross your arms nervously in front of you.

“You have her paper work and health card?” Minseok asks.
“Paper work is right here,” he hands Minseok the sheet. “She can give you her own health card.”

Your brow furrows slightly in confusion. When did he have time to fill that out? You probably just weren’t paying close attention when he did.

You feel a slight nudge and realize both men are staring at you expectantly, waiting for you to pull out your health card. You let out a small ‘oh’ in realization and dig through your purse to pull out your card. Once you find it, you hand it to the man behind the desk to which he smiles and thanks you. You smile politely back at him in response.

“Allright, follow me,” Minseok leads the way into another private room once he’s gotten all the things he needs to take your blood. Yixing waits outside.

As he prepares everything, you sit in the chair opposite him, nervously playing with the hem of your shirt. He turns back to you, noticing how nervous you look.

“You don’t like getting blood work done?” He asks.

“It’s not that,” you say, refusing to meet his eyes.

“It’s okay, not many people like it, it’s completely normal to be nervous,” he reassures you, going to roll up the sleeve of your shirt. You flinch back and he backs off with a slight raise to his eyebrow.

“I’ll do it,” you say with a small voice, scared of what his reaction might be once he sees the state of your arm.

Ever so slowly, you roll up your sleeve. Minseok says nothing as he takes in the state of your arm, all the cuts, bruises and burns. Instead, he works quickly to take your blood and before you know it, he’s telling you to apply pressure to a cotton ball on top of where the needle was moments ago.

He places your vials of blood into their respective holders before turning to you with a sombre expression on his face.

“I’ve been in this field for a few years now, and I’m able to tell whether certain wounds are self inflicted or not. Those are definitely not self inflicted. (Y/n), are you being abused at home?” He asks in a low voice, concern in his eyes.

You say nothing and avoid his gaze. Tears gather in your eyes, but you fight to keep them at bay as you roll down your sleeve. You hear him let out a sigh and stand up, but before he can walk out the door you grab his wrist.

“Please, you can’t tell anyone,” you plead. “If you do and he finds out, he’ll kill me.”

The two of you lock gazes for a minute until he lets out another sigh.

“I’m not promising anything, but you shouldn’t have to live your life like this. No one should,” he says, placing a reassuring hand on your shoulder. “If you need anything, anything at all, please let us know. We’re here to help.”

“You really appreciate it,” you say, managing to get your watery eyes under control now. “But there’s nothing you can do.”

Exiting the room, you see Yixing still standing where you left him a few minutes ago. Once he sees you, his expression changes into one of happiness. Bidding farewell to Minseok, who still looks at
you with worry in his eyes, you follow Yixing back to the room you were first in.

“Alright, that should be everything for now,” he says, turning towards your figure standing near the doorway. “Don’t forget to make another appointment for next week.”

You nod your head and bid him farewell as you make your way towards the reception once more. You see Jisoo smiling at you from behind the desk as you approach her. She helps you book another appointment and you’re just about to say goodbye until her gaze shifts to someone behind you.

“Leaving already?” She teases.

“Well, it is the end of the day for me,” you hear Yixing reply. “Besides, I have something important to do.”

You decide now is the best time to take your leave, so waving a small goodbye to them, you exit the office. You’re just waiting for the elevator when you sense a presence now standing beside you. You tense and sneak a glance to your left, allowing yourself to relax once you realize it’s only Yixing.

“Hey, are you sure you’re okay?” He asks, noticing the way you’re acting.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” you reply naturally.

“I’m not asking as your doctor, I’m asking as your friend,” he says, stepping into the elevator with you once it arrives.

“Really, I’m fine,” you say once more, avoiding his eyes.

Yixing can tell there’s something else bothering you. The way you hold yourself is very guarded and reserved, almost as if you’re afraid of making the wrong move or saying the wrong thing. He wants to help you in any way he can, even though the two of you hardly know each other.

Once the doors open on the main floor, you go to step out of the elevator, but before you can get one foot out the door, you feel your wrist get enveloped by a soft grip.

“Follow me,” Yixing says, gently guiding you out of the building and down the street to a little café.

A bell above the door signals your arrival and you finally shake his grip off of your wrist.

“What was that for?” You ask, holding your wrist almost protectively against yourself. Quietly, you mumble to yourself, “I could have walked myself.”

“You look like you could use some major cheering up, and this place has one of the best chocolate fudge cakes around,” he says, walking up to the counter with you hesitantly trailing behind him.

“Thanks, but this isn’t necessary,” you say, fidgeting uncomfortably, eyes glancing at the entrance every few seconds. All you want to do is leave, but you don’t want to be rude.

“Nonsense,” he replies. “You deserve to have a little fun once in a while. Relax and grab a seat, I’ll get you some cake. I swear it has healing powers.”

“Oh, um, okay,” you say, heading over and grabbing a seat at an open table. You figure you’ll just be polite and stay for a few minutes and then go home before Tim gets too suspicious about where
You look back over to the counter to see Yixing talking animatedly to the barista. The corners of your mouth tug up a little in a small smile. Yixing, from what you’ve gathered the few times you’ve met him, is a kind person, concerned with helping others and wanting to make them feel better in any way he can. You reckon that’s probably why he became a doctor. Besides, he gives off a trustworthy vibe.

You watch as he approaches the table you’re at with a smile on his face, holding a plate with a slice of chocolate cake on it. He places the cake in front of you and sits down across from you, handing you a fork in the process.

“Thanks,” you say. “This is still highly unnecessary.”

“Don’t worry about it, it’s my treat,” he smiles. “Besides, I know you could use some cheering up, and I know this isn’t much, but I really would like to help you out in any way I can. Hopefully, even become your friend.”

“Isn’t this a little much, I mean, you’re only my doctor,” you say, using the fork to pick at the cake.

“Exactly, it’s my duty to make you feel better,” he places a reassuring hand on top of your free one that is resting on the table.

His touch is so gentle, so calming, that it makes you blush slightly. No one has treated you with such kindness and care in months that you are slightly taken back by his demeanour.

You slowly bring a small piece of cake to your lips, letting the chocolate melt on your tongue. Your lips tug up in a slight smile.

“This is really good,” you tell him, using the fork to break off another piece. “I haven’t had something this good in a while.”

“See! I told you, the chocolate fudge cake is to die for,” he smiles at you, watching as you slowly make your way through the piece of cake.

You almost flinch at the sound of two mugs being placed on the table in front of you. Looking up, you see the barista smiling down at you with a friendly face. You smile slightly in return, muttering a small ‘thank you’ before she walks away to return behind the counter.

“I hope you like tea,” Yixing says, grabbing his own mug and pulling it towards himself.

“Thank you,” you say, reaching for your own. Your heart swells in your chest at the kindness he is showing you, you can hardly believe it.

The two of you sit in silence for a few minutes as you finish off the cake with Yixing observing you from behind his mug. You feel slightly uncomfortable underneath his gaze, so you awkwardly clear your throat. This seems to snap him out of whatever daze he is in, because the next moment he’s talking again.

“So, tell me about yourself,” he inquires, placing his mug back on the table and leaning back in his seat.

“There’s not much interesting to know,” you reply, looking down at the table.

“I’m sure there is. Every person has a story to tell, so,” he takes a brief pause to lean in slightly.
“What’s yours?”

The next hour is spent talking with Yixing, telling each other little facts about yourselves. He even gets you to smile and laugh a few times, something you haven’t done freely in a while. He makes you forget about the bad things for a little bit, allowing your mind to relax.

All the while, Yixing observes you. The way your tense body relaxes the more time you spend with him, the way your eyes slightly crinkle at the sides when you laugh at one of his jokes, but most importantly, your smile. A smile which he has never seen on your face until today. A real, genuine smile. He swears he’s never seen anything more breathtaking in his life, and he knows that he wants to see you smile more often. He makes a promise to himself then to help you in any way he can to make sure you can smile like this as often as possible.

You’re pulled out of your conversation when you hear your phone start to ring, immediately ceasing your laughter. The smile you had on your face is now nowhere to be found as you look at your phone to see who’s calling you. You swallow in nervousness as you see Tim’s name flash on your screen. This can’t be good.

Yixing immediately noticed your change in demeanour. He frowns slightly as he watches you timidly answer your phone, as if the person on the other end could pop out at any moment and start harassing you. He wants to know who could possibly have you acting like this. He’s pulled out of his thoughts when he hears your voice, slightly trembling in response to whoever you’re talking to.

“Yes, I’m sorry, I’ll be right there,” you say, ending the call shortly after and turning to face Yixing once again. “I’m so sorry, but I need to go. Thank you so much for this, I really appreciate it. I haven’t had this much fun in ages.”

Your words are slightly rushed while you stand up from your seat and quickly exit the café without another glance. Yixing is left dumbfounded at your actions, curious to know why you had to leave so suddenly.

His eyes follow your figure down the street until he can no longer see you. He enjoys spending time with you, that much he knows, and he wants to learn more about you. He remembers you mentioning something about a boyfriend the first time you met, but that doesn’t mean you still can’t be friends.

Yixing wants to protect you and make sure you’re happy. He doesn’t like seeing people in pain, and he always wants to help in any way he can. Today he feels he saw a different side to you. A glimpse at the real you, not hidden behind a hard, protective shell, and he wants to know more. He wants to mean something to you, he wants to be someone that’s more than just your doctor.

You arrive home in record time, quietly shutting the door behind you. You turn around to be met with an angry toking Tim standing in the living room.

“Where the fuck were you this time?” He snarls, arms crossed.

“I was out with a friend,” you reply, not meeting his intense gaze.

“Friend? What friend? You don’t have any that care about you,” he spits, eyes narrowing at you. “You were with another guy, weren’t you?”

Your eyes widen slightly in fear, “no, Tim, I-“

“Weren’t you!” He yells accusingly.
At this point, you don’t know what comes over you, but it’s like a spark of the old you has made a reappearance as you reply without thinking, “so what if I was.”

The room goes silent between the two of you as tension fills the air. You stand frozen in your spot from what you’ve just said. Your heart rate speeds up as the hairs on your arms raise from your instinct to survive. It’s as if a bomb is about to go off as soon as you make a movement, and you do not want to experience the explosion.

In the blink of an eye, Tim is standing right in front of you, slapping you across your face.

“You good for nothing little bitch, I knew something was going on,” he spits, venom laced in his words.

He continues throwing insults at you as he hits your curled up form on the floor. Tears escape your eyes and you will for all this to end soon. After a few more minutes pass, he lands one final blow to your ribs and walks off with a huff, slamming his door behind him once he enters his room.

You slowly pick yourself up off the floor and make it to your own room, tears falling freely from your eyes. You clutch your side as pain throbs with every breath you take. You just wish this would all end, you don’t know how much more of this you can take.

You fall asleep that night, tears continuing to silently make their way down your cheeks as you curl in on yourself. You know you’re going to have many more bruises in the morning, and you’re not looking forward to treating them.

A week passes with you being beat almost every night, the bruise on your cheek not getting any better anytime soon. You’re nervous about what will happen to you now. Your eating schedule is all messed up, eating small portions when you can, but barely getting the proper nutrition you need. You haven’t even gotten a chance to write out your meals like Yixing has asked you to do.

The day of your appointment, you scramble to write things out before you leave for his office. Adding in some extra food items here and there to make it look like you’re actually eating more than you have been the past week and a half. You can’t let Tim know you’re going out, so you sneak out the window in your bedroom, making sure to lock your door beforehand. It’s not like he’ll check on you anyways, at least, you’re hoping he wont.

Before leaving, you make sure to put some concealer on the bruise on your cheek. It’s not as bad as it was, but it is still very noticeable. Luckily the swelling has gone down quite a bit.

Arriving at the office, you’re greeted by Jisoo sending you a kind smile. You give her a half-hearted one back as you wait for your appointment. Again, you are his last appointment for the day.

Around fifteen minutes later you’re once again waiting in the same room you’ve been in for the past two visits. You look at your feet the whole time you wait, just wanting this to be over already.

“You’re wearing makeup today, it looks nice,” Yixing complements as soon as he sees you, successfully making you blush.

“Thanks,”

“How come-“ he stops mid-sentence, getting a good look at your face. “What happened?”

“What do you mean?” You reply nervously.
“I can tell even from here your cheek is slightly swollen, and I’m guessing the makeup is to cover a bruise,” he says, observing you closely.

“It’s nothing serious,” you lie. “Clumsy me walked into an open door and I’m embarrassed by the bruise now.”

“Hmm,” he crosses his arms, almost like he doesn’t believe you, but he doesn’t question you any further. “Well, I got the results from you blood work back and it confirms most of what I initially thought last week. Did you write out your meals like I asked you to?”

“Yeah,” you say, reaching in your purse to pull out the sheet of paper you brought with you.

You hand it to him and he briefly looks it over, his brow furrowing as he skims the page. He looks back at you.

“Is this accurate?” He questions and you quickly nod your head ‘yes’. He raises an eyebrow slightly, but doesn’t say anything. “Okay, well from what I can see it looks like you’re eating pretty normally now, so keep that up and it will help you feel better and get your period back. In terms of your stress levels, have you ever considered seeing someone to help with that?”

“Oh, um, I don’t think I need to see anybody, really,” you say. “I’m feeling much better.”

Yixing gives you a sceptical look.

“Here, how about this, if anything happens I’ll come back and see you, okay?” You wager.

“No, you can’t,” Yixing sighs. “But please do take care of yourself.”

“I will,” you reply. “Well, if that’s everything, I better get going then.”

“Wait!” He calls out for you before you can reach the door. You pause mid-step and turn to look at him sitting on his stool looking slightly flustered from his outburst. “I mean, would you like to accompany me once more to the café?”

You’re slightly caught off guard at his question. He wants to spend more time with you? You’re not used to this.

“Oh, um, I would love to, but I’m sorry, I can’t,” with that you’re out the door without a second glance back in his direction.

Yixing stares at the doorway, stunned. He isn’t expecting that. You almost seemed nervous about spending time with him again. Shocked and nervous. Was it something he did that made you uncomfortable to be around him for long? He’s unsure, but what he does know is that he wants to spend more time with you as he enjoys your company. Plus, his added need for wanting to protect you is growing.

He can’t help himself from thinking about you. He worries about you a lot, if you’re getting enough sleep, if you’re really eating as much as you say you are. He’s starting to grow suspicious about your behaviour, how you only seem to wear long sleeves, and now especially that you’ve gotten a bruise on your face. He wants to trust you and believe what you tell him is true, but something is telling him that it’s just a cover story.

He packs up for the day, waving a quick goodbye to Minseok and Jisoo whom are talking at the front desk. He wants to spend more time with you, but now that you’re all better, he doesn’t think he’ll be seeing you for quite a while.
A few weeks pass by with Yixing not seeing you. Each day he wishes he could see your beautiful face again and make sure you’re okay. From what he’s gathered of you, you’re very kind and deserve nothing less than the world. He’s willing to give that to you, but you’re already taken.

Each day he misses you more and more, wanting to be able to comfort you whenever he can. He’s starting to fall, and he can’t help himself. What’s not to like about you, you’re kind, smart, beautiful and you need to be protected from anything bad happening to you.

It’s a cool Thursday evening the next time Yixing sees you. He’s just about to leave the office for the day when you come stumbling in. His eyes widen as he takes in your appearance. You have a black eye and are clutching your side in pain.

Jisoo immediately runs over to your side to help support you while Yixing is frozen to his spot. He can hardly believe what he’s seeing. Immediately he’s filled with worry, but also anger. He wants to know what happened, why you’re in this state and who the fuck dared to lay their hands on you.

“(Y/n), what happened?” Jisoo questions, worry laced in her tone.

“Oh, just clumsy me again,” you weakly laugh. “I accidentally fell down the stairs at home.”

“Oh dear, that’s not good,” Jisoo replies, helping you walk back to the examining room, Yixing following silently behind.

“I think I may have a bruised rib,” you say, grimacing. You let out a small yelp when Jisoo grabs your wrist a little too tightly. “And a sprained wrist.”

She helps get you settled on the examining bed and gives you a reassuring pat on the knee. She gives you one final concerned look before closing the door behind her as she leaves the room.

Yixing is silent as he stares at you. You feel slightly uncomfortable under his gaze, your own eyes shifting around the room nervously. He slowly makes his way over to you and gently grabs your wrist. You flinch as he examines it, to which he looks at you worriedly, muttering a small ‘sorry’.

“It’s definitely sprained,” he concludes, gently placing your wrist back in your lap. “Now, in order for me to check the rest of the injuries, you’re going to need to show me.”

You nod your head in understanding and he turns around to give you some privacy. You nervously grip at the hem of your sweatshirt. You trust Yixing, but you’re also worried he may start asking questions about the amount of bruises you have, so you decide to just lift up your shirt halfway, exposing your lower torso.

With a small acknowledgment from you, Yixing turns back around and inhales sharply. There’s a giant bruise on the left side of your stomach, covering nearly the entire left side of your ribcage. He can only see so much due to the fact the rest of your skin is blocked by your sweater, but he can only assume it expands further up than he can see. He’s curious to know why your injuries seem to only be on the left side of your body. At least, the severe ones.

“You got this from falling down the stairs?” He questions, noticing other little bruises and scrapes lined across your torso.

“Y-yes,” you reply, lowering your shirt once more.

“Well, from the looks of it, your rib is more than likely bruised and possibly fractured. An x-ray would be able to tell for sure,” he says, gently griping the hem of your sweater in his one hand. “May I?”
You hesitate, but eventually nod your head for him to lift up your shirt once more. You trust him enough to do this. You flinch and let out a hiss as he gently presses his cold hand to the bruise, checking to make sure there are no broken bones.

“You should have gone to a hospital,” he comments. “With the state you’re in, you look like you can hardly walk properly.”

You look down in slight shame. You would have gone to the hospital, but then it would be easy for Tim to figure out where you are. Plus, you can’t risk unknown doctors running tests and asking questions, you’re too scared.

“I know,” you reply. “You were just the first person I thought of to go to.”

Yixing is caught off guard at your words. A small smile tugs at the corners of his lips as his chest fills with pride. You thought of him in your time of need. You came to him to take care of you. Maybe he does have a chance with you after all.

After filling out the x-ray forms for both your ribs and wrist, he places a reassuring hand onto your shoulder, looking into your eyes.

“Here, why don’t I give you my number incase anything were to happen. That way you can call me whenever you need me,” he suggests, to which you immediately nod your head in agreement without thinking too much. This fact makes him smile.

You hand him your phone and he adds his contact information, also making sure to send himself a quick text from your phone to make sure he has your number.

“If you ever need anything, anything at all, please do not hesitate to call me,” he tells you, and the look of sincerity and care in his eyes almost makes you cry in thankfulness.

“Thank you,” you say, looking directly into his eyes. “I really mean it.”

He smiles back at you in response, helping you off the examining bed and back to the reception area. Your wrist is now fully bandaged and you also have a prescription for some painkillers. You wave goodbye to him and Jisoo one last time before leaving the office. He smiles to himself, heart still swelling at the thought of you trusting him enough to be the person you go to first in your time of need.

“You like her,” Jisoo observes.

“She has a boyfriend,” he replies with a sigh.

“Does she? I didn’t know,” she shrugs, packing her stuff for the day. “Doesn’t mean you still can’t be her friend.”

Yixing only hums in response, gathering his own things and getting ready to go home for the day. He can’t stop thinking about you no matter how hard he tries. He’s getting more worried as more time passes. He has a sneaking suspicion you didn’t just fall down the stairs, considering the bruise around your wrist was shaped as if someone had been holding it harshly.

Yixing drives home, his grip tight on the steering wheel as he thinks of the other possible ways this could have happened to you. He grits his teeth as he thinks of anyone mistreating you in anyway, especially your boyfriend. His blood boils at the thought of the one that is supposed to love, cherish, and support you through everything hurting you in this way, but unfortunately, he has no proof.
He gets home and immediately texts you to see how you’re doing. He doesn’t get a response right away, so he begins to worry something bad has happened to you. His nerves are soon calmed when he finally receives a text from you letting him know you’re alright.

The two of you continue to text back and forth for a while, almost every day. There are some days where you don’t reply to him for quite a while, and on those days, he always assumes something bad has happened to you. Usually you text him more actively at night though, and any small interaction with you sets his heart racing and a smile to appear on his face.

He knows he’s infatuated with you, all the signs are there and he knows he shouldn’t, but he just can’t help himself. From your beautiful smile which he’s only ever seen a handful of time, to your gentle and docile nature. He just wants to hold you in his arms and make sure you’re alright, and that nothing can hurt you ever again.

It’s currently a Wednesday afternoon and you’re texting Yixing while he finishes up at work. You’re smiling and giggling at something he’s said, two things you haven’t done freely in a while. Unfortunately, it’s at this moment that Tim decides to walk into your room.

“What has you all smiley, eh?” He narrows his eyes at you.

“Nothing,” you say quickly, doing your best to casually tuck your phone underneath your thigh, which does not go unnoticed by Tim.

“Give me your phone,” he commands.

“No,”

“Don’t make this harder than it needs to be, (Y/n). Give me your phone,” he demands once more.

You hesitate, causing Tim to become irritated. “Are you hiding something from me? I bet you’re talking to another guy, that’s why you’re being so secretive.”

“No, Tim, you don’t understand,” you try and defend yourself, but it’s no use.

Before you know it, he’s shoved you to the side and taken your phone, scrolling through every text you’ve shared with Yixing. You can tell Tim’s blood is boiling as he chucks your phone back at you.

You don’t even know what he’s yelling at you anymore, your ears hearing nothing but ringing as he tosses you about. He’s probably yelling insults at you again while he kicks you in the ribs repeatedly. You recognize that there are tears streaming down your face, but you can barely feel anything anymore. You become numb to the pain, feeling as if you are no longer connected with your body. Your vision becomes blurry and starts to fade in and out at the edges.

A knock sounds at the door and Tim freezes mid-kick.

“What is it?” He shouts over his shoulder.

“It’s the police, we got a call from one of your neighbours about a noise complaint and possible domestic abuse. Open the door,” a voice says.

“Shit,” Tim curses, turning on you. “This is all your fault, you bitch. Now I have to deal with this. Don’t you dare say a word.”

You watch him move towards the door, opening it just slightly to reveal two police officers. From where you are on the floor, they cannot see you unless you make your presence known. You watch
their interaction, knowing that this may be your only chance to escape this hell that you’ve been living in.

“Please,” you weakly mutter, yet one of the officers still manages to hear you, seeing your beaten form laying on the ground. “Help me.”

The officers immediately spring into action, one of them detaining Tim while the other rushes to your side. The last thing you see before you black out is the officer coming towards you.

Yixing is just packing up for the day back in his office. He keeps checking his phone to see if you’ve responded to his latest text, but he still hasn’t gotten a response from you. It’s been almost four hours now, and he can’t help but worry about you once more. He’s pulled out of his thoughts by his phone ringing, a smile making its way onto his face as he sees who’s calling him.

“Hello,” he cheerfully greets.

“Yes, hello, is this Zhang Yixing, (Y/n)’s emergency contact?” An unknown voice replies.

“Yes it is,” he responds, expression immediately morphing into one of panic and worry. He knows something is horribly wrong.

“I regret to inform you that she has been admitted into the hospital with severe trauma to her entire body,” the voice informs him.

Yixing swears his breathing has stopped. You’re in the hospital?

“What happened?” He asks, quickly grabbing his things so he can go see you as soon as possible.

“I’m sorry, but I do not have the authority to discuss this information over the phone,” the voice answers.

“Alright, well, thank you for letting me know, I will be there shortly,” with that Yixing hangs up the phone and rushes out of the office.

Both Minseok and Jisoo look up at him as he storms out of the office, both giving each other a questioning look. Minseok makes a point of following Yixing out of the office and is able to catch him as he steps onto the elevator.

“What’s going on?” Minseok questions.

“Do you remember that girl that I brought in to have blood work done a while ago, (Y/n)?” Yixing asks, his foot nervously tapping as the elevator descends to the parking garage.

“Yeah, what about her?” There’s a hint of fear in Minseok’s voice.

“She’s just been admitted to the hospital and I don’t know what happened. She came in last week all bruised up with a sprained wrist and possible fractured ribs, claiming she fell down the stairs, but I know there’s got to be something more to it than her just being clumsy,” Yixing rants, walking swiftly through the underground parking towards his car, Minseok following close behind.

“You’re not wrong,” Minseok nervously states.

“What?” Yixing rounds on Minseok.

“I didn’t know how to bring this up… She told me not to mention anything, but when I took her
blood, I noticed bruises and scars all along her one arm. Signs of abuse,” Minseok explains.

“Why the fuck didn’t you tell me about this earlier?” Yixing pushes Minseok up against the wall, arm pinning him there by his chest.

“I was going to! She told me not to tell anyone about it and I thought you would be able to tell considering how observant you always are,” Minseok defends himself, shoving Yixing off of him.

“You’re right,” he sighs. “I did notice, I just didn’t want to believe what has been right in front of me this whole time.”

With that, Yixing gets into his car and drives off. He arrives at the hospital thirty minutes later, rushing inside to see you. He’s angry at himself for not being able to protect you. Angry that he didn’t do anything to prevent this. He should of been there for you, that way none of this would have ever happened.

One of the nurses guides him to your room and he slowly steps inside. He sees you sleeping peacefully, a cast around your foot and one around your arm. He can tell every breath you take is laboured and his heart clenches seeing you in this much pain. He only wishes he could have got to you sooner.

He pulls up a chair and sits right beside you, gripping your uninjured hand in his own. Using his other hand, he gently brushes your hair out of your face. Whoever did this to you will pay, and he has a sneaking suspicion he knows exactly who it is. He doesn’t know his name, nor what he looks like, but he just knows it was your boyfriend. That disgusting excuse of a human will be punished for hurting someone as precious as you.

You start to stir, opening your eyes and blinking a few times to clear your vision. You feel someone holding your free hand and look over to see Yixing with a sort of relieved expression on his face. He immediately wraps his arms around you in a hug. You tense.

“Thank goodness you’re okay,” he breaths, gently stroking the back of your head with his hand. “I was so worried.”

His words cause a blush to spread across your cheeks. You give him a slight pat on the back and he releases you from his hold. He’s disappointed he has to let you go for you feel so natural being held in his arms.

He doesn’t press you for information on what happened, instead letting you relax and take your mind off things for a while. Sometime later, a nurse pops their head in and tells him that visiting hours are over, and he gets up to leave. Before he can go more than two steps, he feels your hand softly grip his wrist.

“Thank you for coming to check on me,” you say timidly.

“Of course,” he replies. “I will always be here for you. I care for you.”

With those words, he places a gentle kiss onto your forehead. He may be overstepping his boundaries a little bit, but from the way you look away shyly, he knows you don’t mind.

“I’ll be back tomorrow, okay?” He smiles.

“Okay,” you reply, allowing a small smile to grace your features.

You watch him quietly shut the door behind him, smile still on your face as you settle into the
hospital bed. You can’t believe the day you’ve had. The events are slowly catching up to you and you find yourself drifting off to sleep once again in no time at all.

Out in the hallway, Yixing spots one of the doctors in charge of this section of the hospital. Luckily, it’s someone he knows.

“Doctor Lee, it’s good to see you,” he greets.

“Ah, Doctor Zhang, nice to see you again,” Doctor Lee replies. “What brings you to the hospital today?”

“Actually, I was wondering if you could tell me something about the patient in room 604? Her name is (Y/n) (L/n),” he asks, pulling Doctor Lee off to the side of the hallway to give them a little more privacy. “She’s a good friend of mine, and also a regular patient of mine.”

“I see, well,” Doctor Lee replies, looking around before continuing. “It’s a severe case of domestic abuse, though I’m not sure how long it has been occurring for. Based on the trauma she’s sustained and the fractures and remodelling on certain bones, I’d say the physical abuse had been going on for at least five months.”

*Five months.* You’ve been suffering like this for five months. Probably more. Yixing’s blood begins to boil at the thought of you being abused like this for as long as you have.

“That’s not to mention the mental and verbal abuse she’s probably had to suffer through as well,” Doctor Lee continues.

Yixing’s heart clenches at the thought of you going through this. He half zones out to the rest of what Doctor Lee tells him, only having you in his mind. He knows that once he finds out exactly who this person is that’s done this to you, they will pay.

“What happened to the person that did this to her?” He asks.

“The police are holding him right now in custody, they’re still deciding what to do with him,” Doctor Lee replies.

Yixing grits his teeth. This asshole better pray Yixing never gets his hands on him, otherwise he might do something he may live to regret.

About a week passes with Yixing coming to visit you in the hospital everyday. The doctors have deemed you well enough to leave in a few day’s time, they just want to monitor everything a little while longer and make sure you’re healing okay.

You’re currently talking animatedly with Yixing about something or other when a police officer walks into the room. Your grin immediately falters, a fact that does not go unnoticed by Yixing.

“Ms. (L/n), I am here to inform you that bail has been posted for Tim Wellis and he has been let go. I have been instructed to remain on guard outside your door until you are released from the hospital incase he decides to come back and attack you,” the officer informs you.

Yixing can sense how tense you’ve gotten and he gently rubs circles into your hand with his thumb. You send him a weak smile before turning to address the officer.

“Thank you for letting me know,” you say, to which the officer nods and leaves the room.

You sit in silence for a few minutes until you sigh.
"You’re probably wondering who Tim is and how I got in this mess in the first place," you say, avoiding his gaze.

You go on to explain your entire situation up until this point in your life, tears starting to fall as you recount how you’ve been living for the past months. Yixing holds your hand the entire time, offering you a shoulder to cry on while you tell your story. His face remains emotionless as you tell him everything, the majority of which he’s already figured out or already knows. He can still hardly believe you’ve had to suffer this whole time from the hands of another. One thing he does know is that he can treat you so much better, that is, if you let him.

That evening, you fall asleep before Yixing leaves, allowing him to look through your information and find out the address of your previous residence. He has a plan in mind, and he is going to see it through in full tonight. No one gets away with hurting you, no one.

That night, Yixing knocks on the door to Tim’s house to which Tim opens the door after a few moments.

"Who the fuck are you?" Tim spits, narrowing his eyes at Yixing.

"Tim Wellis?" Yixing raises an eyebrow.

"Yeah, who’s asking?" He replies.

Before Tim has time to react, Yixing has knocked him to the floor landing blow after blow to his face. Yixing easily overpowers him, beating him within an inch of his life.

"How dare you fucking touch her!" Yixing lets out all of his pent up rage. "You never deserved her, and she most certainly did not deserve all the shit you’ve done to her."

After beating Tim until he passes out, Yixing stands off to the side. His chest is heaving as he glares at Tim’s unconscious, bloody figure on the floor. Blood flows from multiple wounds on his head and Yixing smiles sadistically at his handiwork. Now he knows you’ll be safe from this pathetic excuse of a human.

Before he leaves, he makes a quick call.

"Yes, hello, police? There’s been an attempted robbery at 204 Fidel Crescent and the owner is currently laying unconscious in a pile of his own blood,” a murderous glint is in his eyes as he observes what he’s done once more. He leaves the scene shortly after.

The next day you wake up feeling slightly more refreshed than usual. You let out a yawn and stretch your arms above your head. Your attention gets drawn to the door which opens to reveal a smiling Yixing holding a bouquet of your favourite flowers. You smile back at him.

The two of you start talking about anything and everything, and you are glad at how relaxed you feel. This is the most calm you’ve felt in quite a while, and now that Yixing’s here, you feel even better.

Your attention is drawn to the hospital bed opposite yours, currently surrounded by a curtain. You furrow your brows slightly as you don’t remember someone sharing your room before. You figure they probably came in late last night while you were sleeping.

Soon enough, the day has passed fairly quickly, and it’s time for Yixing to leave for the evening. He bids you a goodnight and plants a gentle kiss on your forehead, successfully making you blush. You really appreciate how gentle and caring he is with you, it makes your heart flutter in your
chest knowing how much he cares.

Waving goodbye, you watch as he slowly exits the room you’re in, closing the door behind him. You find yourself being lulled to sleep by the sound of the heart monitor of the other patient in your room.

In the middle of the night, you wake up. Tossing and turning for a bit, you find you are unable to fall back asleep. Curiosity is gnawing at you as to who is currently sharing a room with you. You know you should respect their privacy, but you can’t help yourself from getting up and quietly making your way over to the bed across from yours.

Ever so slowly, you peak your head out from behind the curtain to see who is laying in the other bed. You heart nearly stops as you take in the features of the man sleeping in the same room as you. His face is swollen, bruised and cut, but you’d recognize him anywhere. Tim.

You quickly make your way back to your own bed as you hear movement from outside your door. Turning onto your side, you pretend to sleep as whoever it is opens the door and steps into the room. You figure it’s just a doctor doing their nightly rounds and checking on certain patients. Squinting your eyes slightly to sneak a peak, you see a male in a white lab coat wearing a face mask. He makes his way over to the bed Tim is in and pulls back the curtain slightly. Pulling a vial out of his pocket, he takes a needle and injects something into Tim’s IV. He leaves shortly after, but not before turning to send a longing glance your way. You breath catches in your throat as you recognize his eyes. Yixing.

A few minutes pass by with nothing out of the ordinary happening. You’ve almost fallen back asleep until you hear a frantic beeping coming from the machines across the room. It take less than a minute for a few doctors and nurses to come flooding into the room.

“He’s going into cardiac arrest,” you hear one of them state.

They do everything they can to save him, but in the end their attempts are futile. You curl in on yourself in shock. You’re unsure of what exactly just happened, but what you do know is this: Tim is dead, and you’re pretty sure Yixing had something to do with it.

You lay awake for another hour until exhaustion eventually catches up to you, and you fall asleep. You wake up the next morning to see the bed across from you empty. Was what happened last night just a bad dream?

You shake your head to clear your thoughts. You probably just imagined the whole scenario. Yixing would never kill someone, he’s too kind and trustworthy. You chuckle at the thought.

A smile makes its way onto your face as you realize you’re being released from the hospital today. You can hardly wait to change into some normal clothes and get out of here. Yixing is supposed to come by in a while to get you, and you are starting to fidget in anticipation.

A few hours later, around eleven o’clock, Yixing arrives to the hospital with a spare set of clothes for you to change in to. You smile at him, to which he smiles back at you. He lets you change and you meet him in the hallway. You see him holding a cup of water and a bottle of medication.

“Here, take this,” he says, handing you the water and medication.

Without question, you do as told, figuring he knows best since he’s a doctor and was probably told by the doctor in charge of you to tell you to take this. You trust him.
He leads you to his car, opening the door for you while you get in. He closes it gently and gets into the drivers seat. Starting the car, he pulls out of the parking lot and starts driving towards your parents house. You’ve all arrange for him to do this for you, or at least, that’s what he wants you to believe.

About halfway through the drive, you begin to feel really drowsy. Yixing, noticing your sleepy state, glances at you every now and then from the corner of his eyes. You fall asleep shortly after, resting your head against the window.

Yixing smiles to himself as he changes lanes to head to his own house. His plan is working perfectly. He’s already arranged with your parents to have you stay with him so he can ‘monitor your recovery’. They agreed without question.

He looks over at your sleeping figure while stopped at a red light. He gently takes your hand in his and intertwines your fingers. Now, he can keep an eye on you and make sure you’re under his care at all times.

He no longer has to worry about the threat that Tim poses, having took care of him last night. Now, you don’t have to worry about anyone harming you ever again. He’ll keep you safe. He’ll protect you.

Arriving at his house, he cuts the engine and unfortunately has to let go of your hand. He makes his way over to the passenger side, opening the door gently and taking your body into his arms. He carries you inside and gently places your sleeping figure in his bed, tucking you under the covers.

He sits on the side of the bed, stroking your cheek lovingly with his thumb. He leans down and places a kiss on your forehead. He smiles at how peaceful you look, happy to know that you’re with him and he can look after you.

“I’ll keep you safe, my love,” he whispers. “forevermore.”
Another day, another hectic schedule full of photoshoots and filming for commercials. Life is not easy being an up and coming model, but you manage. Some days, you don’t know how you even survive, but the constant support from your best friend, Junmyeon, helps a lot. You don’t know what you’d do without him. He’s always been there for you since the beginning of your career, cheering you on and making sure to help you in whatever ways he can.

Not only is he supportive of you, but you’re also very supportive of him, always encouraging his artistic talents and helping him in whatever ways you can. He’s painted a few pictures for you already, each hanging proudly in your home. The both of you love bragging about the other to people, him saying he knows a beautiful model, you saying that you know a talented artist. He loves you and you love him, as friends should. Only, his love runs a little deeper.

It’s currently Saturday night and you’re over at Junmyeon’s place for your weekly movie marathon. The two of you are curled up on the couch watching your favourite movie. Your eyes focus on the screen while Junmyeon steals subtle glances at you. Even with you just sitting there in a loose fitting top and some leggings, he can’t help but to think you look so beautiful. All he wants to do is reach over and pull you into his arms, but he knows that he shouldn’t. You’re friends, not lovers.

Junmyeon focuses his attention back on the screen in front of him, yet he cannot get you off of his mind. He’s always known he’s loved you, but only recently has he been thinking about you as more than a friend. Not only are you beautiful on the inside and out, you’re kind, intelligent, funny, easy going, the list goes on and on. All of these are qualities he admires in you.

Soon enough, the movie ends, and you let out a loud yawn.

“I think I’m going to head home now,” you say.

“Are you sure? You know you’re always welcome to stay the night,” Junmyeon tells you.

“I know, but I have to get up really early for a photoshoot, and I don’t want to bother you,” you reply, standing up and heading to the front door.
“You could never bother me,” he responds immediately, giving you a reassuring smile.

“Thank you though,” you smile back at him while putting on your shoes. “I really mean it.”

“Anytime, love,” he says, opening the door for you on your way out. “You know you’re always welcome here.”

“Goodnight, Myeon,” smile never leaving your face, you give him a quick peck on the cheek and exit his apartment.

Ever so slowly, he closes the door, a small blush rising up his neck. A new thing you’ve started doing is giving people kisses on the cheek when you leave, so he knows it’s nothing special. Still, he can’t help but to hope it means something more than just a simple parting gesture.

He goes to the middle room in his apartment where all his supplies are and sits down in front of a blank canvas. He sits there for a while, just staring at the blankness in front of him. He knows he wants to create something, but he doesn’t exactly know what yet.

Picking up a piece of black charcoal, he starts absentmindedly sketching lines across the canvas. Humming a small tune to himself, he puts some finishing touches on his sketch and takes a good look at what he’s drawn. Except, it’s not a what, but a whom. His eyes take in your smiling portrait staring back at him from the canvas.

Admittedly, at first, he’s a little embarrassed that the only image his mind is able to convey to paper is of you, but the more he looks at it, the more he smiles. Out of everything he could have drawn, he drew you.

Taking the canvas off of the easel, he leans it against the side wall of the room. He gives one final look at the drawing before switching off the lights and heading to bed, images of you dancing through his head.

The next day comes with the two of you texting back and forth whenever you can. Whenever you have a break from shooting, you’re on your phone, smile adorning your face as you text Junmyeon.

**You:** You know, you should come along to one of my photoshoots one of these days and keep me company.

**Jun-Bug:** I wouldn’t want to get in the way.

**You:** Don’t worry! You’ll be fine as long as you stick with me.

**Jun-Bug:** Still, I don’t know...

**You:** I have another photoshoot coming up this Friday, I’ll text you the location closer to the date.

**You:** I better see you there, Myeon.

**Jun-Bug:** Okay, okay! I’ll be there!

**You:** Great!

**You:** I have to get back now, but I’ll tttyl, love ya! xx

With that, you shut off your phone, not bothering to see if he responds or not. You already know what he’s going to say anyways.
The week passes by fairly quickly, with the both of you being too busy to see each other. You make sure to text Junmyeon Thursday night to make sure he’s still coming to your photoshoot the next day. After a confirmation, you send him the address to your shoot and bid him a goodnight.

Junmyeon smiles to himself as he shuts off his phone. You want him to be with you tomorrow. He can’t wait to see you again and see how you work behind the scenes. He is filled with excitement for tomorrow, but also a sense of nervousness. What if he gets in the way? What if something happens? All of these worries fly through his head, making it impossible for him to sleep at first. Eventually, fatigue takes over and he is able to fall asleep.

The next morning, you’re sitting in front of a mirror, getting your makeup done and your hair styled when Junmyeon nervously walks in escorted by your manager. You watch as he takes in the size of the lights and looks around a few times before spotting you. You let out a soft chuckle as you see his eyes widen in recognition.

“Hey, I’m so glad you could make it!” You cheer, hopping out of your chair and giving Junmyeon a tight hug. He’s a little caught off guard, but happy nonetheless as he wraps his own arms around you and smiles to himself. You feel so natural being wrapped up in his arms.

“I wouldn’t miss it for the world,” he tells you, looking directly into your eyes and meaning ever single word. He'd do anything for you, honestly, as long as it makes you happy. “I almost didn’t recognize you at first.”

“Oh? It’s not like you aren’t used to seeing my end shots,” you raise an eyebrow, smirking.

“I know, I mean, uh,” a slow blush is making its way up his neck. “You look beautiful.”

“Thanks, Myeon,” you smile. A closed eye smile that has his heart racing in his chest.

“(Y/n), they’re ready for you,” your manager informs you. “You just need to get changed into the outfit first.”

You nod your head in acknowledgement and start moving towards where you’re supposed to go first. You notice Junmyeon’s hesitation behind you and turn to him again.

“You can come too, don’t worry, love,” you wave at him to follow you, which he does, hesitantly.

You step into a side room as Junmyeon waits outside, finally getting a good look at the set for this photoshoot. It’s a very neutral space with light coloured walls and some simple decorations here and there. He has no idea what you’re modelling for today.

He hears the door click open from behind him and turns around to see you stepping out of your dressing room. His breath gets caught in his throat as he takes in your appearance.

A beautiful, white wedding dress hugs your figure, making you look like you’re glowing. He has to blink a few times to make sure what he’s seeing in front of him is real and not some made up fantasy his mind has conjured up. He’s snapped out of his daze when he sees your smiling face in front of him once more. However, he cannot hear your words over the sound of his racing heart.

You walk onto set after giving his arm a reassuring pat, getting ready for the shoot to start. You move into your first pose, looking out of the fake window with the train of the dress fanned out behind you. Flashes go off as picture after picture is taken of you in various locations and poses on set.

The whole time, Junmyeon just stares. His breath is taken away at how gorgeous you look, and he...
can’t help but to wonder if this is what you’d look like on your actual wedding day. In the back of his mind, he hopes that you end up marrying him so he can see you walk down the aisle looking as gorgeous as ever for him, and only him.

Too soon, the shoot is over and you’re changing out of the last wedding dress they had you pose in. You change back into your normal clothes, then head over to get your hair let down and makeup off. Junnyeon follows your every movement like a puppy. The two of you strike up a small conversation as your makeup is being removed, agreeing to go out for lunch.

Junnyeon takes you to your favourite restaurant for lunch, insisting to treat you to a meal since you haven’t gone out with each other like this in a while. You reluctantly agree, making sure he knows that the next time the two of you go out, you’re paying for everything.

“So, what did you think of the shoot today?” You ask him while taking a bite of your meal.

He nearly chokes on his drink as he’s not expecting the sudden question from you. His mind is taken back to seeing you in the wedding dress and his heart starts to race in his chest once more. Fighting the blush that wants to appear on his cheeks, he answers, “it was interesting to see how everything is handled behind the scenes. You looked amazing, as always.”

“Aww, Myeon, you’re making me blush,” you smile. “Thank you.”

He watches you from across the table, knowing that each day he falls in love with you more and more. He can’t help it, you’re just so stunning to him, and he can’t imagine living in a world without you.

As soon as he gets home later that afternoon, he finds himself back in his studio room, opening to a fresh page in one of his large sketchbooks. He can’t get the image of you in a wedding dress out of his head, and he knows he must bring that beauty to life on the page. He begins to draw.

He spends hours sitting in his studio sketching lines onto the pages of his sketchbook. The first picture he draws of you is another simple portrait, this time, wearing the veil with your hair up like how it was in the photoshoot. The next picture he draws is of you standing looking over your shoulder in the wedding dress with the open back. He licks his lips as he recalls the way you gazed into the camera with a flirty expression on your face.

The third and final picture he draws is of you and a man standing together, holding each other’s hands. He takes his time with this one, adding extra details to both of your expressions. Once done, he puts down the pencil he is using and takes a good look at the picture. A smile takes over his features as he stares at you and him on the page, looking at each other with so much love and fondness. This is how he envisions your wedding day to be with him.

He spends another thirty minutes just staring at the pictures he’s drawn, a smile gracing his features the entire time. After a while, he gently closes his sketchbook and notices the sun setting from the windows of his apartment. He looks forward to seeing you once more tomorrow night for movie night since it will be Saturday.

Saturday afternoon comes and he receives a text from you saying that you won’t be able to make movie night tonight since something has come up. You don’t specify what it is, nor does he press for information. In the back of his mind, he can’t help but think he’s done something wrong and that’s the cause of your cancelation. That, or you’re with someone else.

The thought of you with anyone else but him sets his mind in a panic. What if you have a significant other he doesn’t know about? Are you hooking up with someone behind his back? Why
can’t you just be with him instead? His heart rate begins to accelerate as he thinks of someone else other than him being intimate with you.

He needs to see your face, for that’s the only way he knows he’ll be able to calm down. He rushes into his studio and grabs his sketchbook from yesterday, opening to the first portrait he drew of you in your wedding ensemble. Staring at the picture, he feels himself start to calm down. Only you have this effect on him, and you’re not even physically in the room with him. He lets out a sigh, hugging the book to his chest for comfort, and slowly makes his way back into the living room for the evening.

A whole week goes by without him seeing you, and his heart aches. You’ve invited him once again to attend one of your photoshoots today, and seeing how it’s almost time, he heads over to the same place he was at last week.

Once again, you are sitting in a chair getting your hair and makeup done as he walks in, escorted by your manager. Immediately he notices that your hair is styled simply and they’ve given you minimal makeup, giving you a natural look. He smiles to himself as he sees you, you look so gorgeous.

“Junmyeon!” You cheer once you see him. “I’m so glad you could make it!”

“What, did you really think I wouldn’t come support my best friend?” He teases, making your smile widen.

You hop off the chair once everything is finished and give him a brief hug, one which he wishes could have lasted longer. You grab his hand as you walk to your dressing room once more, releasing it as you step inside to change.

While you’re changing, he takes this opportunity to look at the set, noticing it’s much different than last time. This time, the set is that of a baby’s room, with a crib and everything. His brows furrow in confusion as he takes it all in. As far as he can see, there’s no baby in sight. That is, until he hears the distinct laughter of a child come from off to the side of the set.

A man comes around the corner holding a young baby, making funny faces to make the child laugh. He smiles slightly as his mind puts the pieces together. You’re doing a shoot where you’re a new mother with a child. How cute.

You step out of the dressing room, catching Junmyeon smiling off into space.

“Hello? Earth to Junmyeon?” You tease, waving a hand slightly in front of his face to grab his attention. Your movements seem to do the trick since the next moment he’s shaking his head slightly to clear his thoughts and looking towards you.

“Ah, sorry, I must have zoned out,” he says, a hand coming up to rub the back of his neck as the tips of his ears turn red.

He’ll never admit it, but he zoned out thinking about how you would look holding his own child, and what starting a family with you would be like. He thinks you’d make a great mother to his children, and the more he thinks about it, the more he wants it to happen. Badly.

You are called over to the set, sending Junmyeon a quick wink before walking over to the man and taking the child from his arms. Junmyeon watches as you coo to the child and a lovestruck smile tugs at his lips, the image of you holding his own child still fresh in his mind.

The first few photos are taken of you alone with the child, you holding the child, playing with
them, things like that. Junmyeon thinks the both of you look adorable and can’t wait to start a family of his own with you. Soon, that will be your kid you’re holding, not some stranger’s for a photoshoot. However, his happy expression is soon wiped off of his face as the photographer calls another model to set. A male model.

He’s tall, good looking, and radiates confidence, everything Junmyeon feels he isn’t, only succeeding in making him feel insecure about himself. The thing that really upsets Junmyeon though is when he sees the model wrap his arm around you and pose with you and the child. His expression darkens as he watches this male model act affectionately towards you with the baby in your arms, acting like a happy married couple. His blood begins to boil. That should be him.

In the back of his mind, Junmyeon knows that what he’s thinking is illogical. You are not his, yet, and that is not your actual child. Besides, you’re being paid to do this, it’s not like you’re actually with another man. Still, Junmyeon can’t help but to feel jealous at this male model. Only he should be allowed to embrace you like that. You belong with him.

Another part of him feels sad, he knows he doesn’t deserve you. You deserve someone who will be good to you and treat you right. Junmyeon knows in his heart that he could be the one for you, but the thought of not being good enough will always hold him back. You’ll never see him as more than your best friend, and that’s what scares him.

During the shoot, you can’t help but to notice how different Junmyeon seems. When you left him to go onto set, he had a huge smile on his face, but now that you look at him, his expression has become stoic, almost sorrowful in a way. Your brow furrows in concern but you are immediately drawn out of your thoughts by the photographer grabbing your attention once more. Whatever it is, you’ll get to the bottom of what’s on his mind one way or another.

Thankfully, the photoshoot wraps up fairly quickly after that and you’ve changed back into your regular clothes in no time. You decide to leave your hair and makeup the way they are since they look natural and are very minimalistic. Once again, you grab Junmyeon’s hand as you leave the building, intertwining your fingers with his as he walks you to your car. A content smile is on your face, and you fail to see the blush on his.

You make it to your car and before you get in, you place a kiss onto Junmyeon’s cheek before bidding him farewell and telling him you’ll see him tomorrow for movie night. He smiles at you in response, holding open your car door as you climb inside. He waves goodbye to you as you drive off, letting out a large breath of air once your car is out of sight.

Placing a hand on top of his chest, he feels his heart pounding against his ribcage. The effect you have on him is unbelievable, and you’ve barely done anything to him. One thing he’s noticed though, is it seems to be getting worse as more time passes. He’s finding it harder to control his emotions around you.

Making it back to his apartment, he shuts the door behind him and walks into his studio. The ride back to his place has given him time to think, to think about you. He’s managed to work himself up again thinking about how you were smiling in another man’s arms with a child. No matter what he does, he can’t seem to get that image out of his head.

Slowly, his mind morphs the image into one of you, him, and your own child. The corners of his lips twitch as he pictures this. What a married life with you would be like, starting a family together.

Before he can stop himself, Junmyeon finds himself grabbing a medium sized canvas. Taking one of his charcoal pencils, he begins sketching the image in his head before it fades away.
He pays extra close attention to the details of the child’s face, making sure they have your eyes, but also combining some of his qualities as well. He makes sure to take extra care with this drawing, wanting it to be perfect. A small smirk is on his face the entire time he makes his mental image come to life on canvas.

A few hours later, he is content with how the drawing has turned out and leans back to admire his work. A family portrait stares back at him, but not just any family portrait. A family portrait of you, him, and what your child would look like stare back at him, and he can’t help but to smile. *God*, he can’t wait to start a family with you.

The next day comes, and soon enough, you’re heading over to Junmyeon’s place for movie night. You stop by your favourite take out place on the way there and pick up dinner for the two of you.

Humming a small tune to yourself, you quickly ascend the stairs at Junmyeon’s apartment building and arrive at his front door. You knock softly and are soon greeted by the smiling face of Junmyeon.

“Hey, guess what I brought?” You tease, shaking the bags of takeout slightly in front of you.

“All for me? You shouldn’t have,” he plays along, grabbing the bags from your hands, fingers lightly skimming yours.

Following him into his apartment, you shut the door behind you. Taking off your shoes, you head to the kitchen to help him unpack the food.

“Even though I just saw you yesterday, it feels like I haven’t seen you in forever,” you comment, taking your plate of food with you and sitting on his couch. He follows shortly after.

“I know, right? I almost forgot what you looked like,” he teases, to which you playfully shove his arm.

“Hey! How could you say that, I’m unforgettable!” You smirk at him, wiggling your eyebrows for emphasis.

He laughs in response, “okay, sure, if you say so.”

“Mmhmm,” you giggle, digging into your food as he starts the movie.

One thing you love about Junmyeon is that no matter how much time the two of you spend apart, as soon as you’re back together, it’s like no time has passed at all. He never fails to put a smile on your face, and you’re so glad to have him in your life. You don’t know what you’d do without him.

About halfway through the movie, after the both of you have finished eating, you find yourself looking at his side profile. You’ve always known how handsome your best friend is, but you’ve never taken the time to truly look at him before. You begin to wonder why he doesn’t have a girlfriend. He’s certainly got the looks for one, and he’s a literally sweetheart, any girl would be lucky to have him.

Junmyeon sneaks a glance at you and notices you’re already staring at him quite intensely. He clears his throat awkwardly as a blush dusts his cheeks.

“What? Do I have something on my face?” He asks with a nervous laugh, not meeting your eyes.

“How come you don’t have a girlfriend?” Your question is blunt and unexpected, making his eyes widen in surprise.
“I just haven’t found the right girl, I guess,” he manages to stutter out. He hasn’t bothered even looking for one, for he knows none of them are you.

“I see…” you trail off, nodding your head. “Well, I think we should change that.”

He give you a sceptical look.

“I have a few friends I could set you up with if you’d like? I think you’d really like Jaehee, she’s super sweet and super cute. Plus, she’s just you type,” you say with a wink.

“(Y/n),” he gives you a look.

“Or maybe you’d like Hyuyi,” you’re lost in your own thoughts, listing off different friends you have that you think he might like.

“(Y/n),” he says your name louder this time, successfully pulling you out of your thoughts. You look at him with big eyes and he can’t help but to think how cute you look. How badly he wants to pull you close to him and kiss you, but he restrains himself. Instead, he opts to gently grasp your hands in his. “I appreciate you thinking about me and trying to set me up with someone, but I’m not looking for a relationship right now.”

What he fails to add is that he’s not looking for a relationship with anyone else but you.

“Oh,” you say, looking down at your hands being held in his.

You start to play with his hands, interlocking and unlocking your fingers together, running your hands over his, and giving his a gentle squeeze soon after. He smiles slightly at your actions and he can feel his heart racing in his chest. He loves the feeling of your hands in his, and he wishes he could feel it more often. Despite the amount of times you hold his hand, he can’t help but love when you do this instead. To him, it feels more intimate.

A silence settles over the two of you as the credits roll onscreen, nothing but the music from the movie providing sound as background noise. He never wants this moment to end, but all to soon, he feels you pull your hands away. A slight frown takes over his features, one that goes unnoticed by you.

“I should get going,” you say, standing up from the couch.

“You know you can always stay for the night,” he reminds you, standing up as well.

“I know,” you reply, heading to his front door to put your shoes on. “Maybe next time.”

His heart skips a beat at the prospect of you staying over at his apartment the next time you come over. He looks forward to that day, but until then, he can wait.

“I’ll see you later, Myeon,” you smile at him, giving him a peck on the cheek like you usually do before you’re out the door and heading home for the night.

He stands there, staring at his closed door for a solid minute, willing for you to come back to him. He just wishes he could hold you for the night, telling you how much he loves and cares for you. Unfortunately, he can’t. At least, not yet.

The next few weeks come and go in the blink of an eye. Each day, Junmyeon adding a new piece of you to his collection until his sketchbook is filled with images of you. He’s even upgraded to a few paintings, making sure the colours are just right to catch the way the light reflects off your
A weekly occurrence now on every Friday for the both of you is Junmyeon attending whatever photoshoot you have that day. Each time, it’s given him inspiration for a new set of drawings and paintings to be added to his private collection of you.

Thank goodness he has another spare room he can hold all of his paintings in. He’s set it up in a way where his favourite pieces of you hang on the walls where he can sit and look at them all day if he wants to. Currently, the family portrait he’s drawn of the two of you hangs in the centre of the wall.

It’s also become a habit of his to start talking softly to the paintings, imagining that they’re really you in the room with him. It gives him a chance to say all the things he wants to to you without you actually being there.

Currently, he’s just on his way to the set he goes to every Friday to see you for the photoshoot. He’s excited to see what this one has in store and what inspiration he can draw from it.

Meanwhile, you bite your lip nervously as you stare at your reflection in the mirror. You’ve never done a shoot like this, and you’re nervous to see how Junmyeon will react. He’s never seen this side of you before.

Arriving at the set, Junmyeon is greeted by your manager who explains that you’ve just went to change and should be out in a minute. Just as Junmyeon begins to look around for you to see if you’ve come out yet, he sees you step out of your dressing room. His brows furrow slightly in confusion as he takes in your appearance, but then a small look of realization dawns across his features. His heart begins to race in his chest and he feels his mouth grow dry.

There you stand, wearing nothing but a small silk robe, your hair styled to perfection while your makeup screams sex appeal. He swallows hard as he thinks of just what this shoot entails. You give him a nervous smile as you approach him.

“Hey,” you say once you reach him.

“Hey,” he responds, doing his best to keep himself from trailing his eyes all over your figure and imagining what is or isn’t underneath that robe.

“So, yeah, today’s a little bit… different, and if you get uncomfortable at any point feel free to hang out in one of the dressing rooms,” you tell him, a small blush rising up your cheeks.

He can only nod in response, not trusting himself to speak at the moment. He moves off to the side and sits in one of the chairs as you’re called onto set. He watches as you slowly undo the robe and let it fall from your shoulders. His breath hitches in his throat as he takes in your full appearance.

There you stand, in a full set of lacy black lingerie which takes his breath away. Never has he imaged you would look so stunning, and he can’t help but to think that this is all just for him. He blocks out the rest of the world, solely focussing on you.

He stares, transfixed as you take the first few shots. They have you just standing in front of a solid backdrop, striking various poses. His eyes are fixed on you and every movement you make.

A few minutes later, the photographer calls someone over, and the next thing Junmyeon knows is that your are holding a snake while posing for the camera. Your stare is intense as photo after photo is taken.
Junmyeon feels as if this is all his own private show. It’s only you and him. The way you look with the snake wrap around your shoulders, draped over your arms, is so intense and he has to calm himself down. Never has he seen you look so bold, so powerful, so **sexy**, he finds it harder and harder to control himself.

He’s pulled out of his thoughts as the photographer shouts praises at you. This gives him a harsh slap of reality as he realizes once again where the two of you are, and just how many people are looking at you. Only he should be able to look at you like this, no one else.

Jealousy and rage start to cloud his mind as he thinks about the number of eyes on you and how many of those eyes stare at you in longing. His anger comes to a boiling point as he sees a familiar male model walk onto set, shirtless and heading in your direction.

Junmyeon watches as you pass the snake back to someone before wrapping your arms around the other male and beginning to pose with him. He clenches his fists as you intertwine yourself with this other man, looking at him with the most sinful look on your face. A look you should only be looking at **him** with.

After watching this scene unfold in front of him for a few more minutes, Junmyeon decides he can no longer take it, and rushes off to a dressing room to calm down. He closes the door behind him and begins pacing the room to clear his head. No matter what he does, he can’t get the image of you with the model out of his head, and he can barely calm his racing heart.

He hears the handle on the door turn and stops pacing, thinking that you’re coming back into the dressing room since the shoot must be over by now. Instead, he’s greeted by the face of the male model that was posing and looking at you so intimately, that Junmyeon wants to punch him in his face, but he restrains himself.

“Oh, my bad,” the guy says. “I didn’t know someone was in here already.”

Junmyeon grunts in response, “where’s (Y/n)?”

“The photographer wanted to take a few more solo shots of her before the end,” He replies. “Did you see her though? Who wouldn’t want to get another few minutes looking at that hot piece of ass?”

Junmyeon’s blood boils once more as he stares this male model down.

“God, she’s so hot. I bet she’d be a good fuck too,” he continues. “Did you see her tits? Fuck, what I wouldn’t do to her-“

Before he can get another word out, Junmyeon is on top of him, landing blow after blow to his face.

“How **dare** you talk about her like that!” He growls.

A gasp escapes your lips as you open the door to the dressing room to see Junmyeon on top of the male model you work with, beating him to a pulp.

“Junmyeon, what are you doing?” You shriek, pulling him off of your coworker.

He doesn’t say anything, only breathing heavily as he tries to calm down, for your sake.

“Junmyeon, what happened?” You demand.
“He was talking bad about you, saying all these things and objectifying you,” he states in between breaths. “I couldn’t just let him say those things about you.”

“Junmyeon,” you say his name a lot softer this time, and he turns his glare from the man on the floor to you, gaze becoming softer as he looks into your eyes. “Thank you, I appreciate you sticking up for me when I’m not there to defend myself. I’ve heard stories from other female models about his vulgar words, so thank you.”

Your smile is all the reassurance he needs to know that he did the right thing. Plus, that helped get rid of some of his pent up rage that had been building up since the start of the shoot involving the other male.

You watch as the male gets up slowly from the ground, face bloody and starting to swell.

“God, you asshole! What the fuck was that for?” He spits at Junmyeon, then turns to you. “I always knew you were a bitch.”

Junmyeon is about to punch him again before you stop him. Instead, you turn to face the guy with a smile on your face. You walk up to him and slap him right across his bruised face.

“You’re the asshole, asshole,” you spit at him, venom lacing your voice. You grab your clothes and turn to look at Junmyeon from over your shoulder. “Myeon, let’s go.”

Without another word, the two of you exit the dressing room.

Your manager immediately rushes over to you, fretting about what all the shouting was about. You calmly explain to him what has happened, and you can tell your manager is also furious.

“I’ll handle this, don’t worry (Y/n),” he informs you. “Go home and get some rest. You’ve earned it.”

Nodding your head, you bid him farewell as you head towards the exit. However, before you can walk more than five steps, both Junmyeon and your manager clear their throats. You turn back around to look at them with a raised eyebrow.

“You may want to put some clothes on first, love,” Junmyeon says, causing you to look down at what you’re wearing, or lack thereof.

“Oh, right,” you smile sheepishly before rushing off to a separate dressing room with your clothes in hand to change.

After you’re done changing, you step back out of the dressing room and make your way back over to Junmyeon. You smile at him and grab his hand, him smiling back at you as you lead him out of the building.

You spend the whole day together, doing whatever you can with each other, mainly to take your minds off of what transpired earlier in the day. Eventually, night falls and you bid each other goodnight, knowing you’ll see each other tomorrow for movie night.

Junmyeon arrives at his apartment and turns on his lights with a sigh. Today has been a wild ride for him, and he still can’t get the image of you with the snake out of his head.

He swears you were purposely looking at him the whole time, as if you know the effect you have on him. He closes his eyes as he recalls how intense your stare is.
His eyes shoot open as he quickly makes his way to his studio, gathering the supplies he needs to paint the image of you he has in his head. He sets up his easel and grabs the largest canvas he can find, starting to sketch the outline of your figure holding the snake.

It takes him hours to get everything just right before he even starts painting. He has to make sure everything is just perfect, since it is you that he is painting, and you are nothing but perfection in his eyes.

By the time he’s got the colours right and added the finishing touches to his painting, the sun is rising. He’s stayed up all night making sure he could convey your beauty to canvas flawlessly, and looking at his end result, he couldn’t be happier.

There you stand in all your beauty, in that sinful set of lingerie with the snake around your shoulders. You face forwards, feeling as if your image is staring directly into his soul with a look of pure want and lust. Even the red of your lips is painted to perfection with him perfectly imitating the colour.

He stares at his painting for a good ten minutes, taking it all in. He knows he’s just created his most favourite image of you yet, and it’s all his to look at. His and his alone.

He licks his lips.

A light blush dusts his cheeks at all the thoughts running through his head. How he so badly wants to touch you, to be able to run his hands all over your body and make you moan. He wants nothing more than to make you shake in ecstasy, getting you to come over and over again for him, and him alone. You’re so beautiful, so sexy, he just wants to treat you like the goddess you are.

Standing up, he goes to exit the room, looking over his shoulder one last time at the painting. He needs to take a long, cold shower.

Later that evening, you sit on his couch, watching a movie. He finds it difficult to concentrate on anything but you, constantly stealing glances at you throughout the evening. Once the movie ends, you turn to him.

“So what’s new with you Junmyeon? We haven’t talked about what you’ve been up to in a while. Any new paintings or drawings in the works?” You ask, pulling your knees to your chest and resting you head on top of them.

“Oh, um, not really,” he lies, rubbing the back of his neck with his hand. “I haven’t really had any inspiration to make anything recently.”

“Oh, um, not really,” he lies, rubbing the back of his neck with his hand. “I haven’t really had any inspiration to make anything recently.”

“Really?” You tilt your head slightly, blinking disbelievingly at him. Usually he never runs out of inspiration. He just nods his head in response, so jokingly, you say, “well, why don’t you paint me?”

His eyes immediately shoot up to lock with yours, “really? I would love that.”

“I mean, if you think that would help you with inspiration, I don’t see why not,” you reply, smiling at him.

“Okay,” he smiles back, his heart racing in his chest. You’re going to be posing for him.

“What would you like me to wear and when would you like to do this?” You ask.

“How about next Saturday? If that’s okay with you? We could do that instead of movie night, or
we could do both, it doesn’t matter to me,” he rambles on, excited at the aspect of you modelling for just him. “In terms of what to wear, wear whatever you’re comfortable with.”

“Saturday sounds good to me;” you smile at him once more.

“Okay, perfect!” His mood has now significantly increased knowing that he’s going to get to paint you while you pose for him.

This is something he’s only ever dreamed of doing ever since his emotions for you have gotten stronger. Sure he’s painted a few pictures for you before, but you’ve never modelled for him. He knows it’s going to be that much more special and intimate when the time comes, and he wills for the week to pass by quickly so he can see you again.

You leave his apartment shortly after that, bidding him goodnight with a final kiss to his cheek. You descend the stairs of his apartment with a small smile on your features. You know exactly what you’re going to wear on Saturday, and you can’t wait for the day to come.

The week passes by slowly for the both of you, each wanting nothing more than to see each other. You’re excited to see Junmyeon in action, how he works and what he does when painting. Him, for entirely different reasons.

The whole week he draws more pictures of you in his sketchbook that is solely dedicated to you, also making sure to hang the painting in the centre of the wall in his spare room. He uses the other canvases and pages to surround his most prized painting.

He finds himself staring at that painting for hours at a time, just taking in your beauty. He even draws a few more pictures for his private collection, each more sinful than the last. His drawings ranging from you in simple poses in lingerie to images of his darkest desires. Images of you and him in intimate poses, images of you nude and what he thinks you’ll look like coming for him. God, how he wants these images to come to life, to be able to please you in every way possible.

Saturday evening rolls around and you find yourself outside of Junmyeon’s apartment once more. Softly, you knock on the door, being greeted by his smiling face in under a minute. He opens the door wider, allowing you to step inside. With you, you carry a small bag of supplies which hold the clothes you’re going to be changing into. You smile at him as you take off your shoes.

“I just need to change and then we can get started,” you tell him, heading over to his spare bedroom.

Before your hand can come in contact with the handle of the door, Junmyeon is stopping you.

“No!” You give him a strange look and he clears his throat. “I mean, I haven’t cleaned the spare room in awhile, so I’d prefer if you’d change in my room. I’ll be waiting in my studio when you’re done.”

You just raise an eyebrow at him in response but agree nonetheless. You walk over to his room, gently shutting the door behind you and tossing your bag onto his floor. You let out a long breath of air as you get ready, pulling your clothes out from your bag.

Once changed, you give yourself one final look over in his mirror, taking another deep breath. What will he think when he sees you? Is this too much? Too soon? Is this inappropriate for your best friend?

Meanwhile, Junmyeon sits at his easel, waiting for you to finish getting ready. He sets up his paints and other drawing utensils he thinks he may need. He looks up when he hears the door creak open
and he feels his heart stop when he sees what you’re wearing, or rather, lack thereof.

You step into the room in nothing but a navy blue slip with some nylons underneath. Junmyeon needs to take a moment for himself and collect his thoughts. You look so beautiful, so stunning, and you’ve dressed like this just for him, for his eyes only as he brings your being to life on canvas.

“I hope this is okay, I don’t want to make you uncomfortable,” this is the first time he’s seen you act shy in a while. He finds it adorable.

“It’s perfect,” he breaths, still staring at your figure which is awkwardly standing at the door.

“Where would you like me and how would you like me to pose?” You ask, walking closer to him.

He stands up and guides you to the chair he’s already placed in the centre of the room, guiding you on how he wants you to pose. You allow him to adjust your arms and legs as he sees fit, his touches nothing but gentle caresses that leave your skin tingling long after he’s done.

Soon he’s ready to begin, and you find yourself gaining more confidence in yourself as more time goes on. You feel you’ve made the right decision, and you’re glad to know he’s not being weird about it. In fact, if you didn’t know any better, you’d say he’s enjoying this much more than you are.

You observe him as he works, a silence settling over the two of you. You notice the way his brow furrows as he makes sure to get the angles just right, to make sure the brushstrokes are just the way he wants. He looks really cute and you can’t keep the smile off your face. You start to giggle.

“What?” He asks, smile present on his own face as he hears you giggling.

“Nothing,” you giggle once more. “You just look so cute when you’re concentrating.”

Your comment may mean nothing to you, but to him, it’s everything. He can’t contain the blush that spreads across his cheeks at your words. He wishes you would model for him more often, that way he’d get to see you more, and he could have you all to himself.

Another hour passes by, then two, and you see him put down his brush. He looks at you with a smile, “I’m done.”

“Really? Can I see?” You ask, excitement clear in your voice.

“Of course,” he watched as you hop up from the chair, stretch a little, and then make your way over to his his completed painting.

“Wow,” you gasp as you take in the painting.

You’re practically glowing. You take in all the detail he’s put into your image, the way the light reflects off your skin, the natural shine to your hair, even the colour of your eyes and lips are all painted with extreme precision and care. It’s almost as if he’s painted you before.

“Holy shit Junmyeon, I don’t think I even look this beautiful in real life;” you praise him.

“I painted you how I see you,” he tells you honestly.

You turn to look into his eyes, seeing nothing but love reflected in them. Your heart skips a beat and you can’t help the small smile that tugs at your lips.

“Junmyeon,” you whisper his name and notice how he glances at your lips.
“I love you, (Y/n), and I know you’ll never see me as more than your best friend, but I thought you should know. I love you so much, and you’re the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever met, both inside and out. I know you don’t love me the way I love you, but if you give me a chance, I could treat you so well,” grabbing your hands, he looks into your eyes. “Please, just give me a chance.”

“You idiot,” you chuckle, taking one of your hands to cup the side of his face, stroking his cheek tenderly with your thumb. “I love you, too.”

With those words, you’re crashing your lips to his. To say he’s stunned would be an understatement. Never in his entire life did he expect you to return his feelings, and knowing you feel the same way sets his heart racing.

You feel him smile into the kiss, pulling away slightly to rest his forehead against your own. After a moment, his lips are back on your own, the kiss turning from timid to passionate in no time. All of your emotions for each other coming out through the kiss.

He stands up, briefly breaking the kiss to place his hands on your waist and pull you closer into him. He’s had a taste of you now, and he wants more, and from the look you’re giving him, he can tell you do too.

Quickly, he leads you to his bedroom, gently laying you down on his bed before crawling over you. He reattaches your lips as your fingers come up to tangle in his hair. He runs his hand down the side of your body, gripping your thigh and pulling you into him. His hand slides upwards, bringing the satan material of the slip with him. He hesitates, pulling away from you briefly.

“Is this okay?” He asks, breathing heavy as he stares into your eyes.

“Yes,” you nod for emphasis. “I want this, Junmyeon. I want you.”

His heart soars at your words and immediately he brings his lips back to yours, kissing you even more intensely than before. He slowly grinds his hips into yours, eliciting a moan from the back of your throat.

He detaches his lips from yours, kissing down your neck and to your chest. He starts to suck on a spot just above your collarbone, making sure to leave his mark.

You stick your hands underneath his shirt, gliding them up his chest and bringing the material with them. He takes the hint and pulls away for a moment, tugging the material off of his chest and throwing it somewhere in the room. You take a moment to stare at his bare chest, licking your lips as you do so, making him blush slightly. You smile at him in return, grabbing onto the back of his neck to pull him back down to you, reconnecting your lips once more.

Junmyeon takes his time exploring your mouth, letting his hands roam your body. Only in his dreams has he ever imagined something like this happening between the two of you, and now that it is, he wants to take things slow. He wants to make this a memorable night for the both of you and make sure he treats you how you deserve.

He grips the hem of your slip, tugging it up your body but stopping halfway to make sure this is still okay with you. After a nod, he pulls the material up the rest of the way, with some help from you, and discards it onto the floor.

“You’re so beautiful,” he whispers against your skin, kissing down your chest and between your breasts.

You find yourself arching into his touch as his hands come up to massage your breasts, taking his
time to run his thumbs over your pert nipples before taking one into his mouth. He uses his tongue to flick the sensitive bud, sucking on it shortly after, making you moan. He swears it’s the most beautiful sound he’s ever heard in his life, and he makes it his goal to have you moaning his name by the end of the night.

He takes your other nipple into his mouth, making sure to give it just as much attention as the first. Soon, he finds himself being pulled back up to your face by your hands, kissing you once more.

You flip him over so now you’re on top. You can feel his erection press into your core as you straddle him, making him moan at the feeling. You smirk and work to slide his pants down his legs, leaving him in just his underwear. You start to stroke his hard cock over the fabric of his boxers, making him let out another low moan. Before you can slide off his boxers, he’s stopping you.

“Please, let me take care of you tonight,” he says, looking directly into your eyes as he sits up.

“But I want to,” you almost pout, making him smile at how cute you are.

“Next time,” he replies, flipping you over once more. “Let me make you feel good.”

With that, he’s kissing back down your body, all the way to the top of your black lace panties. He takes his time to remove each stocking off your leg, kissing down your thighs as he goes, working you up in the best ways possible.

He locks eyes with you as he slides your panties down your legs and tosses them somewhere in the room. He spreads your legs slowly, noticing how your pussy glistens from your juices. He brings one of his fingers to your entrance, slowly gathering your wetness onto the tip, just teasing you with light touches.

“So wet for me,” he licks his lips, bringing his finger to them and sucking your juices clean. He hums in satisfaction. “You taste even better than I could have imagined.”

He hears you whimper in response and locks eyes with you once more. Ever so slowly, he brings his mouth to your folds, licking a long strip up to your clit with his tongue. He hears you whimper once more, a strangled gasp escaping your lips as he brings his tongue back down to circle your clit.

Your one hand comes to tangle in his hair, tugging on it, while the other fists the sheets beneath you. He watches your every movement, ingraining the image of you withering in pleasure into his mind for later.

He continues to focus his tongue on your swollen clit, sucking on it every now and then while he brings his fingers back to your entrance. He gently inserts two of them into your core, moaning at the feeling of your walls enveloping his fingers. Slowly, he begins to move them as he continues to suck on your clit.

Moans of his name fall past your lips as he continues his ministrations. He can feel you’re getting close to orgasm from the way your breathing has picked up, and from the way your walls are squeezing around his fingers. He picks up his pace, bringing you closer and closer to the edge until you’re arching your back off the bed while letting out a loud whimper of his name as your orgasm takes over.

Watching you come undone is one of the most breathtaking things he’s seen in his entire life. God, he can’t wait to feel his cock inside of you. To get you to come undone over and over again for
him. He’ll admit, he’s greedy, and he’ll take from you all that you can give him. He never wants this night to end.

He pulls his fingers out of your wet cunt and sucks on them while moving back up your body. Your breathing is still heavy as you come down from your high, tasting yourself on his lips as he kisses you once more.

Reaching over to his bedside table, he pulls open the top draw and grabs a condom. He quickly throws off his boxes, too impatient to wait much longer. Ripping open the package, he rolls the condom on and places the tip of his cock at your entrance, teasing you once more as he rubs his head against your folds.

“Are you sure?” He asks you once more, because he knows once he starts, he wont be able to stop himself.

“Yes, Junmyeon, I trust you,” you bring your hand up to caress his face while giving him a reassuring smile.

Your words are all he needs to hear before he’s pushing into you slowly, making sure to give you time to adjust once he’s fully inside you. You can feel his cock stretching your walls, making you moan. You give him a quick nod before wrapping your arms around him and pulling him down to you to connect his lips to yours once more.

He starts slow, slowly thrusting into you and making sure you can feel every inch of him inside of you. You feel even better than anything he could have ever imagined. The way your walls envelop his cock is like you’re made for him. He can’t control the moans and growls that escape his lips as he picks up the pace. He can feel himself getting closer and closer to the edge, and from the way you’re clenching around him, he can tell you are too.

He reaches down and grasps your hands in his, bringing them up so he can intertwine your fingers together. To him, there is no act more intimate than this, and he loves every single second of it. He’s only ever dreamed of having you this way, and now that he’s finally experiencing it, he’s overcome with joy.

He looks into your eyes the entire time, his eyes portraying all of his emotions for you to see. You see nothing but love reflected in his eyes, and your heart races in your chest. You can feel yourself getting closer to the edge for the second time tonight.

“I love you,” he whimpers against your skin.

“I love you,” you tell him back, meaning every word.

With that, you feel yourself being pushed over the edge, and with a loud cry of his name, you’re coming once more.

Seeing you orgasm for the second time that night is enough to have him following shortly after, a long moan of your own name falling past his lips as he stills inside of you. Both of you are breathing heavily as Junmyeon rests his forehead on top of yours. He kisses you one last time before slowly pulling out of you and disposing of the condom in the bathroom. He comes back a minute later with a damp cloth to clean you up, with you lazily smiling at him in thanks.

He crawls back into the bed with you, making sure the two of you are under the covers before wrapping you up in his arms. He places a gentle kiss onto your forehead, pulling you closer to him. He falls asleep with a smile on his face, happy at the events that have occurred this night, and
happy to know you return his feelings.

The next morning, he wakes up before you do. He reluctantly unwraps his arms from around you and gets out of bed. He thinks back to last night and a smile breaks out onto his face. He can’t believe that this has actually happened, and that the first night you actually stayed overnight at his place, he was able to make love to you.

He smiles to himself once more as he takes a look at your sleeping figure on the bed beside him. You look so adorable sleeping there, the very first thing he does to start his day is grab his sketchbook and draws your naked figure sleeping in his bed.

A little while passes before he sees you start to stir, his pencil moving across the page slowly, just shading. He watches you blink a few times before letting out a soft yawn. You sit up in bed, your back to him as you stretch your arms above your head. You turn to look at him sitting in his side chair and smile at him.

“Good morning, beautiful,” he says, closing his sketchbook and resting it on the arm of the chair.

“Morning, Myeon,” you smile at him, grabbing his discarded shirt from last night and slipping it on.

His heart races as he sees you in nothing but his shirt, you coming over to straddle his lap in the chair he’s in. You wrap your arms around his shoulders as his hands come to grip your waist.

“How did you sleep?” He asks, one of his hands coming up to brush a few stray hairs out of your face.

“Well,” you reply. “You?”

“Like a baby, with you in my arms,” he smiles at you, making you blush and bury your head in the side of his neck.

“Myeon,” you whine, slightly embarrassed.

“I have something to ask you,” he says, successfully grabbing your attention once more.

“What is it?” You ask, leaning back to look into his eyes.

“Will you be my girlfriend?” He looks at you nervously, scared you’ll say no.

“Of course I will, you dummy,” you chuckle. “I thought that was clear after last night.”

“Just making sure,” he jokes.

He stares at you with so much fondness, and love, you feel your heart start to race in your chest. You lean down and place a tender kiss to his lips, to which he immediately responds. You both pull away after a few seconds.

“Come on, I’ll go make us breakfast,” he says, to which your eyes immediately light up.

Jumping off of him, you grab his hand and practically drag him to his kitchen. You sit on one of his bar stools as he prepares the food for the two of you. You watch his back as he stands over the stove, cooking the eggs. He still hasn’t put on a shirt yet, so you take this time to admire the contours of his back muscles.

You didn’t notice that you’ve started staring off into space, resting your head on your hand. You’re
pulled out of your thoughts by Junmyeon chuckling at you. You blush and excuse yourself to the bathroom.

You walk down the hall to get to the bathroom when you find yourself stopped just outside the door to his spare bedroom. For as long as you’ve known Junmyeon, you’ve known him to be a fairly tidy person. Your curiosity gets the better of you as you think about what he classifies as too messy for you to see. Usually, he’s not this adamant about you seeing his messes though, so you can’t help but to feel he’s hiding something.

Slowly, you open the door to the spare bedroom, stepping inside. You are not prepared for the horror that greets you, a shocked gasp leaving your lips as you take it all in.

Drawings upon drawings of you line the entirety of one side of the room, enough to cover the whole wall. Most are just sketches torn out of his sketchbook, but three large canvases catch your eye. The painting in the middle of you in nothing but lingerie, holding a snake. The canvas to the right just a simple portrait of you smiling, done in charcoal, and finally, the canvas to the left, a family portrait of sorts of you, Junmyeon, and what appears to be a child with both of your features.

Your hand comes up to cover your mouth as you look over the other, smaller sketches hanging on the wall. Drawings of you in a wedding dress holding onto Junmyeon’s hands, who’s dressed in a suit, the both of you looking at each other with love and fondness. Drawings of you in various poses dressed in nothing but lingerie, but that’s not what shocks you the most.

Sketches of your naked body in various intimate positions with another, more masculine one, whom you can only assume is Junmyeon, line the wall. There seem to be the most of those, and you find yourself staring at them all, willing for this to all be some horrible dream.

A startled gasp escapes your mouth as you feel two strong arms surround your waist.

“Beautiful, aren’t they?” Junmyeon says into your ear.

You can’t find it in yourself to reply, too stunned to say anything at the moment.

“I tried to capture your beauty in each one, but some of them just can’t compare to you,” he rests his head on your shoulder, arms tightening around your waist. “My personal favourite is the painting. I remember that day so vividly. You looked so sexy, like a goddess, I just couldn’t help myself. I had to express that beauty so I could look at it whenever I wanted to.”

“How could you?” You manage to get out, breathless. No wonder he’s been acting strange lately when it comes to you.

“Do you not like them? I can alway make you more, after all, you’re mine now,” you feel him smile into your neck. “Now, let’s go eat breakfast.”
All your life, all you’ve known is your kingdom. The palace, the market streets, the town square, and all the regular places the locals love to hang around in. You make it your duty to constantly visit the marketplaces and towns in your kingdom, making sure everything is running smoothly and your citizens are well taken care of.

Your father couldn’t be more proud. You’ve taken on his kind and caring nature, wanting to make sure all those living under his rule are happy and healthy, doing whatever he can to make their lives better. Almost everyone living in your kingdom loves living here, except for the odd few who have nothing better to do than complain.

Your father has taught you compassion and kindness, to care for others instead of yourself. He also has taught you that your happiness should come before others, meaning that you should not make sacrifices for others if it hurts you in the end. You should always do what makes you happy, but also keep in mind the affects it will have on others. This is not to say that you should do things that make you uncomfortable, but to make sure that you are not doing things for your own selfishness.

While growing up as the princess, you have been surrounded by many types of people, cooks, maids, royalty from different kingdoms, but none are as close to you as your own private guard is.

He’s been with you since you were young, being five years older than you are. You’ve known him since he’s been fifteen, and you ten, but he only became your private guard once he turned twenty. It’s been over five years since he’s become your own personal guard, and you couldn’t ask for anyone better. His name is Luhan, and you are glad he is the one to protect you.

Growing up in the palace was not easy for him. He lost his mother at a young age, and his father had been taken captive by a rogue bandit and murdered before he had been born. His mother did her best to support him while serving as a maid in the palace, but once she succumbed to her illness, all hope felt lost.

The king, taking pity on the boy, allowed him to stay and work in the palace, providing him with a place to call home. Luhan reminded the king about his own daughter, and how her mother, the
queen, had died during childbirth.

Once Luhan reached the age of eighteen, the king trained him to become a palace guard, seeing as how strong and agile the boy was becoming. The king noticed how close the two of you were, and decided that Luhan would be the one best suited to become your own private guard once he finished training. Luckily for you, Luhan passed his training at the top of his class and became your personal guard within two years, and the commander of the guards within four.

Now, it is currently the week leading up to your twenty-first birthday, and things around the palace are getting more hectic as more time passes. Everyone is flitting around the palace, preparing everything for your grand coming of age ceremony this coming Friday, making sure to decorate the palace in your honour.

“Don’t you think this is a bit much, father?” You ask, turning to look at him with an almost pleading look on your face.

“Nonsense,” he smiles. “I only want the best for my sweetheart, after all, you only come of age once in your lifetime.”

“I know, dad,” you sigh, giving him a faint smile in return. “It’s just, I feel like this is all unnecessary. Wouldn’t it be better to spend this kind of money on the people instead of on one night just for me?”

“Oh, my sweet daughter,” he puts an arm around you and squeezes you briefly. “That’s why the kingdom is invited, and whatever is left over is to be handed out to those in need on the streets, or auctioned off and the money donated to those in need.”

“Oh, for goodness sake, Luhan!” Your father shouts, alerting the man standing next to the two of you to listen in. “Would you please tell (Y/n) to stop worrying, she seems to listen to you more than her own father.”

“Of course, your majesty,” he bows his head slightly before turning to you, amusement glinting in his eyes. “(Y/n), please stop worrying about everything. Your father’s right, you only come of age once in your lifetime, and it is a very special occasion.”

“Fine,” you huff, crossing your arms. “Doesn’t mean I still don’t like it.”

With that, you turn on your heel and hastily make your way inside the palace from the courtyard. The two males watch your retreating figure before sharing a quick glance.

“I’ll go talk to her, your majesty,” Luhan says, patting the king slightly on the shoulder.

“Thanks, Luhan, I really appreciate it,” the king smiles. “Ever since she was a little girl I’ve always done my best to make every moment special for her, and teach her to be kind and compassionate. Sometimes, I think I did my job a little too well.”

At this, they both give a slight chuckle.

“You did good, your majesty. You did good,” Luhan reassures him, giving the king one final nod of his head out of respect before taking off in the same direction you went off in earlier.

Meanwhile, you make it back to your room, closing the door softly behind you. You let out a sigh,
moving to look out the windows at the side of your room. You stare blankly at the trees in front of you as you think about the week you’re going to have, and the ceremony on Friday.

You appreciate everything your father does for you, but you still feel as if this is going overboard just for your coming of age ceremony. Many suitors are coming from various kingdoms to ask for your hand in marriage, and you don’t know how you’re going to handle that. You already have someone in your life that you want to spend the rest of your days with, but you know that this ceremony will put a pause to your relationship, or at least, you think it will. He’s the most important person in your life, and you wouldn’t have it any other way.

You’re pulled out of your thoughts when you feel a pair of arms snake around your waist and pull you into a firm chest. A small smirk tugs at the corners of your lip as he comes to rest his head on your shoulder.

“You know, princess, you shouldn’t run off like that, someone could break into the palace and harm you while you’re by yourself,” you can hear the smirk in his voice as you turn around to face him in his arms.

“Oh no, whatever would I do without my handsome, strong warrior to protect me?” You tease with a roll of your eyes, a smirk tugging at your own lips.

“Hmm, let’s see,” he pretends to ponder your question for a moment. “Probably get kidnapped, and held for ransom, allowing for me to rescue my damsel in distress.”

“Oh, Luhan,” you giggle. “What would I ever do without you?”

With those words, he presses his lips to yours in a long awaited kiss. You feel him pull you closer into him, smiling into the kiss as you take things slow. Eventually, the two of you break apart, him with his eyes still closed. He rests his forehead on yours as his breath fans your face.

“That was long overdue,” he breaths, pulling away from you slightly while opening his eyes once more to look at you.

“You kissed me yesterday, you big baby,” you tease, a light blush rising to your cheeks.

“I know, but I just can’t help myself, you’re just so adorable,” he smiles, kissing your nose gently, only serving to make your blush darken.

“Oh, shut up, you,” you playfully slap the side of his arm as he continues to smile down at you. “Sometimes I think you like making me get all flustered.”

“Why would you think that?” He teases, a small chuckle escaping his lips.

You don’t say anything in response, opting to just give him a look in return which only causes him to smirk.

“Okay, okay, you win,” he says. “I enjoy seeing you get all flustered because of me. It’s quite amusing.”

It’s true, he loves it when you get all shy and bashful when he showers you in compliments. He knows there’s no better sight than seeing the effect his words have on you. Sometimes, he can’t help but wonder what you’d look like if he whispered what he really wants to say to you in your ear. The sinful thoughts he has about the two of you together, sharing the most intimate of moments. God, he can’t wait until Friday.
Your coming of age ceremony is important for many reasons. Not only does it signify your transition into womanhood, but it also marks the official age where you are expected to get married and bear children. Hence why suitors are coming from various places, all hoping for your hand in marriage, and also to strengthen relations between the surrounding kingdoms.

This is also why it is important for you to remain pure up until your twenty-first birthday. No man may touch you intimately until you are of age, and even then, it will only be your future husband who is allowed to be with you. Doesn’t mean you still can’t have a bit of fun every now and then, you just cannot go so far as the physical act. Even so, you haven’t done anything too intimate with Luhan, for you’re worried about if anyone were to ever find out.

The relationship the two of you share is not banned, so to say, however, it isn’t exactly accepted either. A marriage between a guard and royalty is very uncommon, so you want to keep your relationship a secret for now until you know the two of you are in the clear. You have a feeling that your father will support you no matter what though, after all, he only wants what’s best for his daughter.

“You’re an asshole, you know that,” you grumble out, burying your face in his neck so he can’t see your expression.

“Such vulgar words coming from such a fair mouth,” he smirks. “Be careful princess, someone might overhear you.”

“Then they’ll know it’s your fault,” you joke, pulling away from his embrace to sit on your bed, him following your every movement.

“You know you love me,” he smiles, leaning into your sitting figure on your bed, successfully trapping you between his arms which rest on either side of you.

“Eh, debatable,” you smirk, pushing on his chest and making him stumble backwards slightly in shock, a pout on his lips. “I’m kidding, you know I do.”

At your words, another smile tugs at the corners of his lips, and he moves back in front of you, successfully trapping you between his arms once again.

“And I love you,” he stares into your eyes with so much sincerity in his own that your heart skips a beat in your chest. “So much.”

With those words, he presses his lips to yours once more. The kiss catches you off guard and steals your breath away. The desperation and longing you feel portrayed in the kiss makes your heart race in your chest, and Luhan knows the effect he’s having on you. He smirks into the kiss before pulling away from you and resting his forehead on yours once more.

It is silent between the two of you for a few moments until Luhan speaks, successfully pulling you out of your thoughts.

“I know you don’t want to hear it, especially from me, but you should really listen to your father,” he says, taking this moment to crouch in front of you.

“Luhan,” you sigh, closing your eyes and taking a deep breath before looking into his own eyes once more.

“He’s just doing what’s best for you, and you know how much you mean to him,” he continues. “It would mean the world to him, to me, if you would at least pretend to look forward to Friday, and enjoy yourself when the time comes.”
You let out another sigh as you stare into his pleading eyes, your own gaze softening the longer you stare.

“Fine,” you all but reluctantly agree. “I’ll do it for him.”

“What about for me?” There’s a hint of hurt in his voice that you almost miss.

“I guess for you too,” you shake your head teasingly, letting out a sigh.

He smiles at you, almost halfheartedly as he stands back up. You watch his movements with a small raise to your eyebrow, as if questioning where he is going.

“I wouldn’t want to overstay my welcome in the princess’ room, now would I? People may start getting suspicious,” he moves towards the door, looking back over his shoulder at your form still sitting on your bed.

“Nonsense,” you almost scoff, rolling your eyes slightly as you stand up and start to make your way over to where he’s standing. “Luhan, you’re my personal guard, it’s almost expected of you to spend time alone with me.”

“Still, I can’t bear the thought of someone taking you away from me,” he replies as he watches you pause mid-step to look at him. “I have to go do my rounds, I’ll be back later to check on you.”

Before you can stop him, he’s out the door. You let out a sigh as you move to sit on your bed once more. You wonder what’s gotten into him today. He’s more needy than usual, and then for him to just up and leave like that after what you’ve just said. You’re both used to teasing each other, that’s why the two of you have such a strong relationship, but something is different today. He seems almost jealous.

As Luhan walks around the palace and further away from you, he can’t help but to think back to the conversation the two of you have just shared. He knows he’s been desperate for your attention lately, but that’s only because he’s scared he’s going to lose you after Friday. He wants to spend the rest of your lives together, but he’s not sure if it will be possible. Whenever he would bring up his concerns, you would always brush them off, telling him to not worry, and that you’ll take care of things. However, he can’t help himself from worrying. After Friday, you’ll no longer be his, and that thought terrifies him more than anything.

He knows his fears are a little irrational. He knows how you despise the idea of choosing a suitor when the time comes, and despite your reassurance that he’ll always be with you, he can’t help but to think you won’t be. No one else deserves you, only he does. He’s practically grown up with you, he’s been with you since you both were young, and he can’t bear the thought of someone else swooping in and taking you away from him.

He also couldn’t stop his jealousy from coming through when you said you’d be happier for your father and not him. He knows you’re joking, but there’s a small part of him that doubts that. Is your bond not strong enough between the two of you that you wouldn’t think about doing this for him?

He hasn’t realized he’s zoned out thinking about you until he hears his name being called and his shoulder grabbed gently. He’s about to pin whoever it is that’s grabbed him to the floor until he realizes it’s the king.

“Well, what did she say?” The king inquires.

“She said she would stop worrying and start looking forward to Friday instead,” Luhan replies, giving a slight bow out of respect towards the king.
“Oh, that’s wonderful! I can’t thank you enough, Luhan,” the king smiles, motioning Luhan to walk beside him as they continue to walk down the hall. “I don’t know what it is about you that makes her listen to you over her own father, but whatever it is, I’m grateful.”

“It was my pleasure, your majesty,” he says, a small smile tugging at the corners of his mouth as the recalls the way your lips feel pressed against his own.

“You know Luhan, you’re like a son to me. I really appreciate everything you do, not only for me, but for her,” the king tells him, making Luhan’s breath catch in his throat. “I know you care for her and she cares for you. I can tell you both mean a lot to each other.”

“Thank you, your majesty, that really means a lot to me coming from you,” Luhan smiles back, heart racing in his chest from what the king has just told him.

They walk in silence for a little while until they reach the king’s study, stopping just outside the door.

“Well, I’ll leave you to it then, I have a few matters of my own to attend to,” the king says, nodding his head at Luhan in a parting gesture.

“As you wish, your majesty,” Luhan bows once more as the king retreats into his study, closing the door behind him.

Continuing on down the hall, Luhan lets out a small puff of air. The king’s words replay over and over again in his head, causing a smile to appear on his face. Maybe he does have a chance with you after all. Maybe, by some twist of fate, you’ll choose him instead of any of your other suitors. Regardless, this week is going to be a long one, he can just tell.

Tuesday comes and you take a trip into the town square and visit the marketplace. You love visiting all the little stands and talking with the people of your kingdom, as some of them have some pretty amazing stories to tell. Whether they’re true or not, well that’s for you to figure out on your own.

You’re just calmly walking down one of the aisles with Luhan beside you when you feel a small tug on the back of your clothing. You immediately stop walking and turn around to face a boy, no more than thirteen years old, holding out a sprig of forget-me-nots with a nervous smile on his face.

“I’m sorry to bother you, princess (Y/n), but I just wanted to give these flowers to you. They remind me of your beauty, and I also really want to wish you a happy birthday,” the boy holds the flowers out to you shyly, a light blush dusting his cheeks.

“Thank you, that’s very sweet of you,” you smile at the boy while accepting the flowers from his hands. “I’ll make sure to take good care of them, after all, they are a very special gift.”

By now, a small crowd has gathered around you to watch the interaction take place and see how you will react. The people try and make it look like they’re not watching, but it’s obvious to you that they are. They’re touched by the gesture of the boy and your kind response.

You make sure to gently place the stem into a portion of you hair at the side of your head for safe keeping. You turn back to the boy, tilting your head slightly so he can get a better look at the flowers now sitting in your hair.

“How do I look?” You ask, double checking to make sure the flowers are secure before returning your hand to your side.
“B-beautiful, as always,” the boy stutters, blush darkening.

“Why thank you, handsome,” you smile. “Now, get back to your parents, I’m sure they’re looking for you.”

“Yes, ma’am,” with a bow, the boy quickly turns around to go and find his parents.

Smile still present on your face, you turn around to see a slightly grumpy looking Luhan staring off into the distance. You raise and eyebrow at him, nudging him slightly to bring him back down to earth.

“Hey, earth to Luhan,” You giggle, successfully pulling him out of his thoughts. “You okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine,” he replies shortly.

The two of you continue walking along down the street until the two of you stop in front of a shop window to look at all the items on display. This gives you the opportunity to lean into his side to whisper into his ear. Luhan feels himself shiver as he feels your breath ghost over his skin.

“Don’t tell me you’re jealous of a thirteen year old,” you tease, smirk appearing on your lips.

“I’m not jealous,” his reply is quick, voice firm.

“If you say so,” you say, voice amused as you pull away from him slowly, making him miss how close you were to him only moments ago.

“There, I need to go check up on something really quick, are you okay to stay with Xiufei for a few minutes?” He motions to the other palace guard who’s accompanied the two of you to the marketplace.

“Of course,” you nod. “Meet us near Cap’s place when you’re done.”

With that, he gives you a brief nod and takes off in the opposite direction you are heading in. You watch as his figure disappears behind the mass of bodies at the marketplace, wondering what it is that’s so important for him to go check on. You shrug to yourself and continue on your way down the aisle, smiling to people as you pass.

About ten minutes pass by with you slowly making your way through the marketplace until you’re just around the corner from Cap’s shop and cart. Turning the corner, you notice a small crowd gathered around the stand beside Cap’s and hear some yelling taking place. The crowd parts as you draw near, allowing you to see what’s going on.

Once at the front of the crowd, you see a young girl, no more than eleven years old on the ground holding onto her wrist, as if she’s been pushed down and injured. You look up to see Cap holding back the owner of the stand that’s just beside his. With the two apples and three oranges on the ground between them, it doesn’t take you long to figure out what has happened.

“What is going on here?” Your voice commands, making everyone pause what they’re doing to look at your figure, standing tall among the crowd.

All are silent as they stare at you, the girl looking at you in slight fear while the stand owner begins to look smug. Cap looks almost relieved to see you before a look of concern takes over his features.

“This rat tried to steal from me, so I was about to teach her a lesson for stealing from me,” the
stand owner replies, glaring at the girl on the ground.

“This girl has a name,” you narrow your eyes at the stand owner before going over to crouch beside the girl on the ground. She flinches slightly and looks at you, letting out a small whimper in fear as you draw near. “Shh, it’s okay, sweetheart. I’m not here to hurt you, I’d just like to know your name.”

“A-Ahro,” she whispers, refusing to meet your eyes.

“What a pretty name for a pretty girl,” you smile at her, helping her stand to her feet as she blushes slightly. “Now, Ahro, would you please tell me what happened?”

“I-I,” she stutters, choking on her own tears that threaten to fall at any moment. “I’m sorry!”

You’re not expecting her to suddenly wrap her arms around your waist and bury her head into your stomach while wailing loudly. You can feel each sob wrack her body as she cries in your embrace. You gently stroke her head with one hand while the other pats her back gently, quietly shushing her.

“Shh, it’s okay,” you coo. “You’re okay.”

A few minutes later, the girl has stopped crying, only letting out a few sniffles here and there while still clinging onto you. You manage to pull her away just slightly so you can crouch down in front of her once more to look into her eyes.

“Now, do you think you could tell me what happened?” You ask, holding her hands gently in your own as she nods her head slightly. You notice the bruise starting to form on the girl’s wrist and your eyes soften.

“We’re just so hungry, and I-I thought he wouldn’t notice if I took a few fruit. We haven’t eaten in two days,” she trails off quietly.

“Who’s we? Do you have a sibling?” You inquire.

“A younger brother,” she nods. “I’m the only one we have left.”

You look into her tear ridden eyes, searching for any hint of insincerity, and finding none. Out of the corner of your eye you see a young boy, maybe seven or eight, peering around the legs of the people in the front row of the crowd. He manages to push through and runs straight to his sister.

“Ahro!” The boy yells.

“Min!” The girl breaks away from your gaze to embrace her brother.

“Leave my big sister alone! She didn’t do anything wrong!” He yells to no one in particular.

After a few moments of silence, you come to a decision. You gather the fruit that is laying on the ground in your hands, stand up and turn to face the stand owner once more.

“How much for triple of this?” You ask.

“Princess, you can’t seriously be willing to pay for this thief!” The stand owner’s voice is shocked as he responds to you.

“You didn’t answer my question,” you retort, looking into his eyes and steeling your gaze.
He looks away, no longer able to meet your eyes as he tells you the price. You fish around in your pockets for the exact amount and toss the money at the stand owner. You then turn to Xiufei.

“Fei, bag please,” you say, holding out your arm as he passes you a cloth satchel. “Thank you.“

Once you have the bag, you gently place the five fruits inside and move over to the stand and collect the remaining four apples and six oranges you paid for. When finished, you gently tie the bag closed and turn back to Xiufei just as you see a familiar mop of light brown hair making its way over to where you are.

“Fei, please escort these two lovely children to the palace and have the healer take a look at Ms. Ahro’s wrist. Afterwards, I’d like nice, warms baths drawn for the two of them, and then a meal prepared. Let them eat as much as they’d like, I’ll be back soon,” you inform him while handing him the bag full of fruits, to which he gives a nod of his head in understanding.

He takes the bag from your hands, and walks over to the two children to lead them away from the crowd and down the street towards the palace. You watch them for a moment before turning back to the stand owner, eyes hardening once more.

“You,” you spit, walking up to the owner to stand right in front of him. “Do you think it’s fun to terrorize children?”

“But princess, she was stealing-“ you cut him off before he has a chance to continue.

“Does that mean you can mistreat a child and almost break their wrist? And for what, a few pieces of highly overpriced fruit?” You seethe. “There are much better ways to deal with thieves than what you did, especially children. You should be ashamed of yourself.”

The man looks down at the ground in shame, muttering a small ‘I’m sorry.’

“I’m not the one you should be apologizing to,” you tell him.

“Yes, princess,” the man nods his head. “I understand.”

“Good,” you nod your head once in emphasis. “Now, I’m sure we all have better places to be then standing around in a crowd all day. Off you go.”

With your words, the people seem to snap out of whatever daze they’re in and start to pull away from the crowd, going back to whatever they were previously doing. As they depart, you can hear whispers of them talking about what you’ve just done and how ‘brave’ and ‘kind’ you are. A small smile tugs at your lips as you hear their praise.

“I leave for not even fifteen minutes and I come back to see you solving a dispute between a man and a child,” Luhan chuckles, amused.

“What he did was not right. I couldn’t just stand by and watch him hurt a citizen of my kingdom. A child, no less,” you reply, walking over to Cap who gives you a relieved smile.

“Thank goodness you stepped in when you did, I don’t know how much longer I could have held him back for,” he says.

“Well, it’s over now,” you say. “I just hope it doesn’t happen again.”

“Agreed.” Cap nods his head in response. “Anyways, would the two of you like to come in for a bit? I have a newbie watching the cart.”
“I suppose a few minutes would be fine,” you reply with a smile.

Both Luhan and you follow Cap into the shop, him leading the two of you into the back where you all sit around the counter. You spend about an hour and a half just catching up before deciding that you should probably get back to the palace to check up on Ahro and Min. Besides, you’ve been out for pretty much the entire day, and you’re starting to get a little sleepy. That and you know how your father feels about you coming back after it gets dark out, even with Luhan with you he cannot help but to worry.

The two of you bid Cap farewell, leaving his shop shortly after to return to the palace. While walking, you notice Luhan biting his lip nervously, as if he’s having a mental battle within himself. Your voice manages to pull him out of his thoughts.

“What are you thinking about?” You ask, nudging him slightly with your shoulder.

“Huh? Oh, nothing,” he replies absentmindedly.

“You and I both know that’s a lie,” you say, looking at him out of the corner of your eyes.

“It’s just-” he pauses to let out a sigh. “I was thinking about us, and just about what’s going to happen after Friday is over.”

“Luhan-” he cuts you off before you can continue.

“I just, I can’t bear the thought of losing you or letting you go,” he stops walking, turning towards you to look into your eyes. “I know in my heart that we’re meant to be together, and I don’t know if I could handle seeing you with someone else.”

“Luhan, we’ve talked about this,” you bring your hand up to cup his cheek gently.

“I know, I know,” he closes his eyes and leans into your touch, bringing one of his hands up to cover your own. “You keep telling me not to worry about these things but I can’t help it. I don’t want to see you happier with somebody else.”

“You won’t have to,” you reply, eyes softening as you watch the first tear slip down his cheek. You quickly brush it away with your thumb. “You won’t have to.”

You stare into each other’s eyes for a few more moments until he blinks a few times and lets out a deep breath. He gently releases your hand and you bring it back to rest at your side as the two of you continue walking once more. Luckily, the path the two of you are walking on is empty so no one else saw your interaction.

The two of you walk in silence for a bit until curiosity gets the better of you.

“So what was so important that you had to go and check on in the marketplace?” You question, raising an eyebrow slightly as you turn your head to look at him.

“It’s a surprise,” he teases, smirk pulling at his lips, letting you know his mood has done a complete one-eighty.

“Aw, come on,” you whine. “Not even a little hint?”

“Nope,” he grins, looking straight ahead and ignoring the pout you send his way.

“Fine, have it your way,” you shake your head slightly, a smile tugging at the corners of your own
mouth. “I’ll find out sooner or later.”

“If you say so, princess,” he replies, smirk still ever present on his face.

Soon enough, the two of you arrive back at the palace with both of you heading your separate ways. You go to check on the two children while Luhan goes to do his rounds and check on a few things of his own. You’re happy to know the children are well taken care of and are currently resting in a room of their own.

You make it back to your own room after eating a quick dinner with your father, and flop on the bed. What a day you’ve had, you can hardly believe everything that’s happened and the events are finally starting to catch up to you. You feel your eyelids start to droop as the exhaustion catches up with you.

Before you fall asleep, your mind can’t help but to wonder about what the upcoming days have in store for you. While you think of everything that is to come, he appears in your mind once more. A smile comes to your face as you think about what is to come. You’re actually starting to look forward to Friday.

The next day rolls around and a few guests have already started arriving at the palace early, coming from far off lands. You are expected to greet them with your father, so you spend the morning doing that, and around lunch, you head over to check on the two children once more. You even sit and have lunch with them, learning more about the two of them and what their lives were like.

Both of them are such sweet kids, that your heart aches for them, and you make a mental note to talk to your father about them later. There’s no way you’re letting them go back to living on the streets.

Friday comes all too quickly, and your maids are helping you prepare for the ceremony that will be taking place in a few hour’s time. You sit in front of your vanity as your hair gets brushed and styled away from your face. Soon, you’re stepping into your bright red ceremonial robe with golden accents. Your father had this made especially for you, just for today.

You smile as you look a yourself in the mirror, you look absolutely stunning. You’ve never been this dolled up before in your life, and you actually kind of like it. It makes you feel extra special.

A knock sounds at your door, and shortly afterwards, you see your father’s head peak into the room. A smile blooms onto his face as he enters the room fully, taking in your appearance.

“Oh, my beautiful daughter, look at you!” He beams. “You look so much like your mother.”

“Thanks, dad,” you smile shyly, a blush dusting your cheeks.

“She would be so proud of you, you know,” he continues. “You’ve matured into such a kind, beautiful, intelligent woman. You make me proud to be your father.”

“Aw, dad, you’re going to make me cry,” you go over to him and wrap your arms tightly around his waist, to which he does the same to you. “I’m so proud to be your daughter.”

You feel a few tears hit your shoulder as your father holds you close, making you squeeze him even tighter. After a few more moments, the two of you pull apart, your father wiping at his eyes.

“Luhan will be here shortly to escort you to the courtyard. Don’t take too long,” you dad gives you a knowing look.
“We won’t, I promise,” you giggle slightly. “I love you.”

“I love you, my sweet daughter,” comes your father’s reply.

He stands up just as another knock sounds at your door. Your father walks over and opens the door to reveal Luhan standing there. He gives a bow to your father and turns to look at you.

“Wow,” he breathes out, taking in your appearance. Never before has he seen someone look as beautiful, as stunning, as you do in this moment. You’re practically glowing, and you never fail to take his breath away.

“Isn’t she gorgeous?” The king smiles.

“Stunning,” Luhan replies, causing your blush to darken and the smile on your father’s face to deepen.

“Well, I’ll see you both in a few minutes, don’t be late!” You father says, exiting the room and closing the door behind him.

The both of you haven’t moved an inch since he’s stepped into the room. The way Luhan is looking at you, like you’re the only girl in the whole world, the only thing that matters, makes your heart race in your chest. Only one other person has ever looked at you like that, but with Luhan, it feels so much more intense.

Luhan can feel his desire for you growing even more each time he looks at you. You look so pure in this moment, so you, that he can’t help but be pulled in, and knowing you’re all his and his alone makes his heart pound in his chest.

“We should, uh,” he clears his throat. “We should get going.”

“Oh, yes,” you reply, slowly making your way over to him.

He extends his arm out to you which you gladly accept, and the two of you make your way down the halls of the palace until you reach the entrance to the courtyard. Despite the doors still being closed, you can hear the murmur of guests just behind them. Your heart rate picks up, and you don’t realize you’re squeezing Luhan’s arm until he gives yours a reassuring squeeze back.

“Relax, you can do this,” he reassures you, to which you can only nod your head in response.

“Ready?”

With another nod, he’s pushing open the doors. All chatter in the room dies out as you make your grand entrance. Everybody is taken away at how beautiful you are, and you see your father looking at you with so much love and pride, that you can’t contain the smile that breaks out onto your face.

You release your arm from Luhan’s and step forward to speak. However, you fail to notice the slight frown that appears on his face as you pull away from him.

“Hello everyone, and welcome to my coming of age ceremony. I’d like to thank all of you for joining me on such a special occasion, and I hope all of you have a wonderful time!” You stand tall as you address the crowd, to which they all applaud once you are finished talking.

They go back to mingling shortly after and you breathe a sigh of relief. Now, to get through the introductions of the suitors. You know there are four, and you already know two of them.

Slowly, you make your way down the side stairs of the courtyard to see four males standing at the
bottom. Two of them you recognize, however, the other two you do not, and the fact that your father is standing beside them with an excited smile on his face means only one thing. These are your four suitors whom you are meeting earlier than you would have liked. You lock eyes with one of them, and a smirk tugs at his lips as he takes in your figure walking towards them.

“Father,” you greet him with a nod, bowing politely to the other four men standing beside him, to which they all bow back.

“(Y/n), I know you already know both Zitao and Yukhei, but let me introduce to you Junhui and Yifan,” your father points to each man who bows respectively in turn.

You bow back and smile at each of the men standing before you. Your father stays for a little bit, introducing everyone to you fully, and getting a conversation going between the four of you until he bids you all farewell so you can all have your alone time.

You spend your time getting to know each of them better throughout the night and they each ask for a dance with you, to which you greatly accept. Each of them are kind in their own way, being nothing but gentlemen to you the entire night. However, you already know the one you want in your heart. He can’t keep his eyes off of you the entire night, and you can hardly stop yourself from looking at him every few minutes.

Eventually, the evening comes to an end, and you are escorted back to your room by both your father and Luhan. You can tell your father has had a little too much to drink tonight.

“Well?” your father inquires.

“Well what?” You know what he’s insinuating, but you didn’t think he would ask this quickly, especially not after the ceremony just ended.

“Who will you choose as your husband?” Your father asks, excited to know your answer.

You can feel Luhan tense beside you, and you turn to look at your father.

“I do not know yet, father,” you reply, not wanting to talk about this yet.

“I really think you should choose Junhui, he’s a fantastic suitor,” your father says, swaying a little with each of his steps. “He’s kind, compassionate, smart, funny, and not to mention very handsome.”

Luhan’s fists are clenched at his sides, and his breathing is starting to become irregular.

“You are not making my decision for me,” you firmly state.

“Well, you’re going to have to make one tomorrow evening in front of everyone, so you better make up your mind soon, or else I will have to choose for you,” your father replies, stopping just outside your room. “Get some rest, you need it.”

With that, he’s turning away from the two of you and marching down the hall. You let out a sigh and push open your door, entering your room once more. Luhan stays silent as he follows behind you quickly.

“I can’t believe him sometimes,” you sigh frustratedly while sitting on the edge of your bed. “How can he just expect me to choose just like that?”

“You’re going to have to,” his words sound forced, and he knows it.
“Please don’t make me think about that right now,” you turn to look at him and you see how tense he is. “Woah, what’s gotten into you?”

“Nothing,” he almost spits, crossing his arms defensively in front of his chest.

“Luhan, I can clearly see something’s bothering you. Is it my situation again?” You ask, standing up and making your way over to him. “You know, if I could, I would tell my father I’m going to choose you, and nobody else.”

Luhan’s heart skips a beat in his chest as he looks at you.

“Do you really mean that?” He asks, hope shining in his eyes.

“Of course,” you smile at him. “In fact, that’s what I’ll do.”

“What?” He swears his heart has stopped.

“Tomorrow,” you continue. “I’ll tell him I choose you.”

“In front of everyone?” He asks, hopefully.

“In front of everyone,” you confirm.

Luhan cannot contain the smile that spreads across his face as he hears your words. He runs over and wraps you in his arms, lifting you slightly and spinning you around. He places you back onto the ground and showers you in kisses, making you giggle.

“Luhan, stop,” your sweet voice rings in his ears.

“I can’t help myself,” he says, placing another kiss onto your lips. “I just love you so much. I’d do anything for you, you know. You mean everything to me.”

“Luhan,” you look into his eyes and see nothing but sincerity.

“You know, I never got to dance with my princess this evening,” he smirks, tightening his hold he has around your waist.

“What’s stopping you now?” You smirk, your own arms coming to rest around his neck.

“There’s no music,” he comments.

“Then let’s make our own,”

With your words, the two of you start to sway to an unheard beat. He stares into your eyes the entire time, just watching you. A small blush creeps up your neck at the intensity of his gaze. You feel as if something is different now, something has changed and you can’t put your finger on it.

Luhan could not be happier than he is in this moment right now, with you in his arms. He can barely calm his racing heart as he thinks about what this means, and how your relationship will be from here onwards. He’s glad to know he can finally be able to call you his and his alone after tomorrow, and knowing the fact that you want this as badly as he does fills him with no greater joy.

He also can’t stop his mind from wandering further into what this truly means. Not only are you going to be married, but he’ll be the first one you’ll be with intimately, as well as the only one. That thought makes his head spin. He can’t wait to see what you look like moaning just for him, to be the only one to bring you pleasure. He’ll be your first in so many ways, and he can hardly
contain his excitement. After all, he’s the only one you need, the only one who deserves you.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” he pauses his movements to dig through one of his pockets.

You give him a questioning look as he motions for you to turn around, but you comply regardless. You feel the cool of the metal hit your skin as he secures the clasp behind your neck. You look down to see a silver pendant in the shape of a bird has been fastened around your neck. You gently take it into your hand and stare at it in awe.

“Do you like it?” He asks, somewhat nervously.

“Yes, I do,” you reply, turning back around to give him a smile. “Very much so. It reminds me of my mother. My father always tells me how she was as free spirited as a bird.”

He breathes a sigh of relief as a smile takes over his face once more, wrapping his arms back around your waist.

“So, is this what you were so secretive about at the marketplace?” You ask, a hint of amusement in your tone.

“Guilty,” he chuckles, smirking ever so slightly.

“Thank you, Luhan,” you say, looking into his eyes. “I really mean it.”

You don’t even give him a chance to reply as you bury your head in his neck and pull him close to you. You feel his chest shake slightly as he chuckles, and his arms tighten their hold around you once again.

“You should get some rest, you have a big day tomorrow,” he says, reluctantly loosening his hold on you so you can pull away to look into his eyes.

You only nod your head in response, leading him to the door to your room. Before he leaves, he places his lips on yours, knowing that this will be the first of many kisses that will mean that much more. Reluctantly, he pulls away and leaves your room for the night, leaving you alone with your thoughts.

The next day comes and the time is growing closer to when you are to make your final decision in front of your suitors, as well as your father. You let out a sigh as you make your way to the grand throne room to put this whole thing behind you once and for all.

Pushing open the doors, all eyes turn to look at you. You stand tall as you make your way to your seat beside your father’s. You lock eyes with him, and even when you look away, his eyes continue to follow your every movement.

“There she is!” Your father cheers, standing from his throne to wrap you in his arms and place a gentle kiss onto your forehead. You smile and give your father a kiss on his cheek, patting his arm as he releases you from his hold. “Now, have you come to a decision?”

“Yes,” you reply, looking over the faces of everyone in the room.

The grand council members sit on either sides of the grand room, waiting to hear what their princess has decided. The four suitors kneel once more at the foot of the throne, their heads bowed in respect.

Luhan stands off to your right, and you notice how even though his expression remains stoic,
there’s a glint to his eyes that can only be described as happiness, pure, unaltered happiness. You smirk.

“Who then, my daughter, is the lucky man whom you will accept as your husband?” Your father asks with bated breath as the whole room grows silent to hear your response.

You lock eyes with him again, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth as he already knows your answer, but he does his best to keep his expression neutral.

“Huang Zitao,” your voice rings out, loud and clear.

Out of the corner of your eyes, you see Luhan’s expression falter slightly before he steels his gaze. His jaw is clenched as his fists ball at his sides. He looks at you with a mixture of hurt, anger, and sadness in his eyes. However, you don’t have long to process his reaction when you are being pulled into your father’s side and led down to your soon to be husband.

Everyone applauds your decision, and the rest of the suitors bow to you before taking their leave, the grand council following shortly after. You notice Luhan is a bit reluctant to leave at first, but with a quick from your father, he’s exiting the room, shutting the doors behind him quietly.

Luhan is furious. Words cannot even begin to describe the betrayal he is feeling right now. He tries to calm himself down, but it’s not working. He needs to talk to you and figure out what happened back there. You promised him you’d choose him, not anyone else.

His thoughts are all over the place as he sees Xiufei coming around the corner, nearly knocking him over in his path.

“Woah, Luhan, are you okay? What happened?” Xiufei asks, the concern for his commander evident on his face.

“I have some things to take care of, I need you to run my rounds tonight,” Luhan commands.

“Understood,” Xiufei salutes, watching as Luhan continues down the hall.

Luhan knows he needs to talk to you, you’ll explain everything and clear things up. Something must have happened between last night and now to make you say that. You’re not in your right mind. You’re meant to be with him, not anyone else.

He makes it to your room and enters, closing the door behind him. The two of you have a lot to talk about.

Half an hour later he hears your voice getting closer to your room, along with a somewhat unfamiliar male one. His eyes widen in slight panic as he realizes what this means. If anyone were to find him waiting in your room for you they would start asking questions, especially when he’s supposed to be running his rounds.

Moving quickly, he ducks down behind your desks and peers through the gap between the two just as your door opens to reveal you walking into your room followed by another man. His blood boils as he recognizes the man to be none other than Zitao.

“I love my father, but sometimes he can go on talking for ages,” you complain as your door swings shut.

“I know, baby,” he chuckles, wrapping his arms around your waist to which you immediately respond to by wrapping your own around his.
“God, how I missed you,” you sigh, burying your face into his neck and tightening your hold around his waist.

Luhan clenches his teeth in anger. That’s something you do with him, not anyone else. He can hardly believe you’re letting another man touch you like this.

“I missed you as well, darling,” comes his reply. “I knew you would choose me.”

“Of course I would, Tao,” you reply, pulling away to look into his eyes before huffing slightly. “Who else would I choose?”

“You and that guard seem pretty close,” Tao states, a hand coming up to fiddle with the silver necklace around your neck.

“Please, that fool will believe anything I tell him,” you scoff. “He believes I’m actually in love with him.”

“Are you?” Tao asks, searching your eyes with his own.

“No,” you reply without hesitation. “I love you.”

Luhan feels his heart stop in his chest. He can hardly believe what you’re saying. You don’t love him?

He continues watching the two of you interact and he notices the way you’re looking at Tao. You’ve never, in all your years you’ve known Luhan, looked at him the same way you’re looking at Tao right now in this moment. The want, love, and affection reflected in your eyes is blinding, a look that is mirrored on Tao’s face. A look he knows he’s given you plenty of times before. Crushed doesn’t even begin to describe what he’s feeling currently.

“Then why lie to him like that? I know you’ve known each other since you were young,” Tao asks with a slightly raised eyebrow.

“Simple, it’s fun,” comes your reply.

“Fun?” Tao repeats.

“Yes, fun,” you confirm. “My whole life I’ve been raised to be kind, and treat other’s fairly, no stepping out of line. It gets so boring. I need to entertain myself somehow.”

“Oh, that’s evil,” he grins, amused at your antics.

“But you love me,” you smirk.

“That I do,” Tao replies, bringing his lips to yours in a heated kiss.

Luhan can hardly bear to watch this. His head feels like it’s spinning and his heart is pounding in his chest, yet he knows he can’t leave just yet, then you’d both know he is here.

“God, I fucking missed you,” Tao growls, pulling away from your lips to trail his own down your neck.

You can only moan in response as he bites down on a particularly sensitive spot on your neck. Your can feel him smirk against your skin as you pull him closer to you.

“It’s been too long, baby, I need to taste you,” he leads you to the bed, pushing you down onto it
and crawling over your body.

Luhan watches as Tao strips you of your clothing and proceeds to pleasure your body, touching you in the most intimate ways. One thing is very clear to him, you’ve both done this before. The purity he thought you once had was just another lie, along with the lie of you loving him.

He sees red. Anger, jealousy, and sadness all run through his veins as he watches the two of you lie there on the bed. That should be him. No, that will be him. You belong with him, and him alone. You’re his, no one else’s, and he’ll make sure of that.

Once he’s sure the two of you are sleeping, he silently makes his way out of your room. While walking down the hall, he stretches his back, his muscles aching due to the prolonged time spent crouched hiding behind your desks.

After grabbing something quickly from the medical ward, Luhan slowly makes his way to the king’s study where he knows the king will be. He just hopes he isn’t too late.

A smirk appears on his face as he sees Mal, the king’s personal servant, with the king’s evening tea.

“I’ll take that, I need to speak with the king anyways,” he says, taking the tray from her hands.

“Oh, okay,” she replies. “Are you sure?”

“Yes, it’s fine,” he says, giving her a nod of his head. “Like I said, I need to speak with him anyways.”

She bows slightly to him in understanding, heading back the way she came as he makes his way to the king’s study once more. Before heading in, he adds a little bit of the powder he grabbed from the medical ward into the king’s tea. Not only was he trained in combat and stealth, but he was also trained in herbalism.

He knocks on the door and after hearing a faint ‘come in’ from the king, opens it and steps inside. The king doesn’t look up from his paper work as Luhan sets the tray on the side table. Finishing preparing the tea for the king, Luhan places the cup in front of him and takes a seat in front of the king’s desk.

“Your majesty, we need to talk,” Luhan says, folding his hands in his lap, and causing the king to jump slightly in surprise.

“Oh, Luhan, you startled me,” the king puts down his pen and takes a sip of his tea. “What is it that you’d like to discuss.”

“It’s about (Y/n),” he catches himself. “The princess.”

“What about (Y/n)?” The king inquires, sipping more of his tea.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea for her to be marrying Huang Zitao,” he states.

“Oh? And why is that?” The king asks, finishing off his tea and setting the mug back onto his desk. He fails to see the smirk tugging at Luhan’s lips.

“He has tainted her purity before the allotted time, he’s a bad influence on her, she does not belong with him,” Luhan almost spits, noticing how the king’s eyes are beginning to droop out of focus.
“He’s a bad influence on her, they don’t belong together,” he repeats. “Then who do you suggest I let take her hand in marriage?”

“Me,” Luhan replies simply. “You said it yourself, you already think of me as a son, and who better to protect her than the commander of the guards? I’ve known her for pretty much her entire life, your majesty, I think it’s clear she belongs with me.”

The king is silent as he lets Luhan’s words sink in in his groggy state before nodding his head.

“So be it,” he decides, pulling out a piece of paper and writing out his new decree and signing off on it for what is to come to pass. “We will have everything arranged in the morning.”

“As you wish, your majesty,” Luhan cannot keep the sinister grin off his face as he stands up and bows to the king, bidding him a final goodnight as he exits his study.

The next morning, you awaken wrapped up in Tao’s arms. A smile tugs at your lips as you take in his sleeping figure beside you on the bed. You gently trace your hand over his sleeping face, placing a chaste kiss to his forehead.

“If waking up with you is like this everyday, then I can’t wait for our future together,” Tao’s sleepy morning voice sounds out.

“Of course, baby,” you giggle as he rolls on top of you, surprising you with a kiss.

“I love you,” he whispers against your lips, making you smile.

“I love you,” you reply, and just as you’re about to bring your lips to his once more, your door flies open.

Guards file into your room led by none other than the commander himself, your own private guard, Luhan.

You sit up quickly in bed, pulling the sheets up with you to cover your chest, seeing as you’re only in a light nightgown. Tao looks just as confused as you do, if not more concerned.

“What is going on here!” You demand, wanting to know what all this fuss is about.

“By order of the king, Huang Zitao, you are to be executed for defiling the laws of the kingdom and tainting the princess before her coming of age, and treason against her future husband,” Luhan’s voice is sharp and commanding as a few guards move towards your bed and drag Tao to the floor in front of where Luhan is standing. They hold Tao with his back to Luhan, making him face in the direction you are in.

“Luhan, what is the meaning of this? Guards, release him!” Your voice booms as you toss aside your covers and stand up.

You’re about to make your way over to where Tao is being held until you are restrained by two different guards.

“Unhand me this instant! I am the princess and I should not be treated like this!” You voice falls on deaf ears as Luhan draws his sword. “No, no! Luhan, don’t!”

Tao looks up at you one final time, locking eyes with you and mouthing the words you know you’ll never be able to hear him say again, ‘I love you.’
Sobs wrack your body as you watch Tao’s lifeless body hit the floor. You fall to your knees, the guards no longer holding you back.

“Leave us,” Luhan commands, and the rest of the guards exit the room, carrying out Tao’s dead body.

The sound the door makes once it closes behind the last guard sounds like a final seal on your fate. You look up at Luhan through teary eyes, glaring at him.

“How could you do that?” You cry.

“He was in the way of our love,” Luhan replies, calmly. “Besides, it wasn’t my order, it was your father’s.”

“Why did you go through with it? I thought you loved me,” you sob, clutching a hand over your heart as the pain begins to become too much.

“I do,” he comes to kneel beside you, wrapping an arm around your figure, making you tense. “I do love you, and that’s why I had to do it. I know you don’t love me, but no matter, once we’re married, we’ll have all the time in the world to work on that.”

“I’ll never love you,” you spit. “I never have, and I never will.”

“Oh, princess,” he chuckles, eyes locking with your own. “You will, I’ll make sure of it.”
A laugh escapes your mouth at something your best friend, Heeju, says as the two of you make your way down the path. The cool air of spring brings with it a breeze that brushes past the two of you as you walk through the park.

The two of you chat idly as you make your way along the path in the early hours of the afternoon. You both have just finished grabbing lunch together at your favourite café on campus, and now have decided to enjoy the nice weather by taking a walk through the park that runs through the campus grounds. You notice that many other students have the same idea as you, lounging around on the open lawn space found throughout the park, as well as those taking walks with their own friends.

About halfway down the path, you spot two figures sitting under the shade of a tree, one of which you recognize right away. A small blush rises up your neck as he calls the two of you over to join them.

“(Y/n)! Heeju! Hey!” Jongin waves as the two of you walk up to him and his friend.

“Hey Jongin, how’ve you been?” You ask, joining the two boys in sitting on the ground, Heeju following shortly after.

“Pretty good, assignments are killing me though,” he rolls his eyes, making you giggle. “How about you?”

“I could be better, I have a midterm in two days and I feel like I’m not ready for it,” you reply.

“Oh please, we all know that you’re going to ace it! With the amount of studying you do and how well you can retain information, you’ll be fine,” Heeju comments, smacking your arm playfully.

“You’re talking about the psychology midterm, aren’t you? I had a friend take the course last semester and he said it was a breeze. The questions were taken straight from the lecture notes,” the
guy sitting beside Jongin pipes up.

“See! Nothing to worry about!” Jongin smiles at you, making your heart flutter in your chest.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t think I caught your name,” Heeju says, turning towards the boy.

“Oh, my bad,” he smiles. “I’m Tao.”

“Oh yeah! I think I’ve seen you in my sociology lecture before,” you smile back at him. “I’m (Y/n) by the way.”

He swears he’s never seen a more beautiful sight than you smiling at him, that he cannot keep his heart from skipping a beat in his chest. You know who he is, and he couldn’t be happier. He thought you’ve never noticed him before today.

If he’s being honest with himself, he’s probably been harbouring a secret crush on you since last year. You were in a few of the same classes and he found himself getting distracted each time by your beauty and your personality. The way you hold yourself, and the way you’re able to discuss your opinions in lecture openly and also be open to opposing views is what caught his interest originally.

He’s pulled out of his thoughts by your friend speaking.

“I’m Heeju, it’s nice to meet you!” She smiles at him.

“Likewise,” he replies, turning his attention back to you. “Yeah, Monday’s and Wednesday’s at four with Doctor Leon, right?”

“The one and only,” you smirk, recalling the very first lecture in which your professor said that exact same phrase.

He lets out a laugh, “wow, you remember that? God, I don’t think half of the class had even heard of him before that day.”

“No kidding,” you giggle, and he swears it’s one of the most beautiful sounds he’s ever heard.

“Uh-oh, Jongin, I think we should leave, they’re clearly going to be talking soc for the next hour,” Heeju teases, nudging your side playfully and making you roll your eyes at her.

Yes, leave us, his voice growls in his head.

“I think you’re right, Heeju,” Jongin grins, standing up and extending his hand out for her to take. “Besides, I promised Kyungsoo I’d bring him a coffee later and that was over an hour ago.”

“Oh, you did?” She replies, accepting his hand as he pulls her up.

“Yeah,” he says, sharing a quick look at you to which you flick your eyebrows at him in a questioning manner that he immediately understands. “You should come with me, I’m sure he’d be happy to see you.”

“Oh, I don’t know, I wouldn’t want to disturb him if he’s studying,” she trails off, looking at you while biting her lip.

“I’m sure he won’t mind, right Jongin?” You reply, raising your eyebrow at him.

“Actually, he’d be happy to see you,” Jongin smiles at her reassuringly.
“Alright then,” she says, making up her mind. “Let’s go.”

They wave a quick goodbye to the two of you before heading off together to the closest coffee shop on campus. You watch them walk down the path for a bit, a small smirk tugging at the corner of your lips.

“Am I missing something?” Tao’s voice sounds, successfully pulling you out of your daze.

“Huh? Oh, no, not really,” you grin. “We just enjoy teasing her about Kyungsoo. They both like each other, but neither will do anything about it.”

“Oh, that’s the worst,” he comments, frowning slightly.

“You’re telling me,” you sigh. “I believe that if you like someone, you should just tell them upfront rather than just dancing around the subject. It’s easier for everyone. Plus, that way you can tell whether they’re worth your time or not.”

“What do you mean?” He asks, looking at you with his head slightly tilted to the side.

“Put it this way, you ask them out, they either say yes or no. They say yes, then the two of you go out and you can see if the two of you actually have a connection or not. They say no, you have your answer and they aren’t worth your time in the first place,” you explain. “It’s also easier to move on than just clinging to the hope they like you back.”

“I see your point,” he smiles. “This way it just saves everyone time, and heartache.”

“Exactly,” you nod.

You know that you’re being a huge hypocrite right now. If only you would take your own advice, then maybe you wouldn’t be stuck pining after one of your closest friends. You know yours and Jongin’s relationship is nothing more than platonic, but you still hold the hopes of it becoming something more. He only sees you as a friend, at least, that’s what you think.

“Anyways, I should probably get going, I have a bunch of studying to do,” you say, standing up from the ground and wiping your pants off as you do so.

No, stay with me, his voice almost whines inside his head.

“For psych, right? If you want, I could help you study. I took the course last semester and I still have all my notes with me,” he suggests, standing up himself.

“Actually, yeah, that would be great, thanks!” You smile at him while he slings his bag over his shoulder. “I just need to grab my stuff first, it’s back in my dorm room, but we could go to the library right after if you’d like?”

“Sounds good to me,” he smiles at you.

“Great, follow me,” comes your reply, and you don’t even wait for him to answer you before you’ve turned around and start to walk back down the path to your dorm room.

He catches up to you quickly, falling into pace beside you as the two of you make your way down the path. You keep up small talk, getting to know each other better the more time passes. The longer he spends with you, the more he can feel himself falling for you. You’re perfect in his eyes and he wants nothing more than to make you his. After all, he’s waited long enough.
You make it back to your dorm room which resides on the first floor of the main residence building in the east wing. Your room has a view of the forest which sits across campus, and sometimes you’re lucky enough to see the deer that live throughout campus. You love being able to just sit and watch the wildlife from your room when taking a break from your studies.

You quickly unlock the door and step inside, Tao following shortly after. You collect your notes and textbook, shoving them into your bag, then zipping it back up. You move around the room, grabbing a few things here and there.

“Sorry my room’s such a mess, I’ve been meaning to organize things, but I just haven’t found the time,” you say, almost sheepishly.

Tao takes this time to take in his surroundings, and he almost laughs. You’re room is practically spotless, with a few things here and there. A small smile tugs at the corner of his lips, the room is so you.

“You consider this a mess? You’re room is practically spotless,” he comments, still taking his time to look around your room and learn all that he can about you.

I know a way we can make a mess of this room, his inner voice grins as he pictures grabbing your hips, lifting you onto your desk, and claiming you as his. He blinks a few times in order to clear his rather vivid thoughts of taking you in various locations throughout the room. After all, you did just meet him, you’re not ready for that. Yet.

You say nothing in response, instead opting to clear your throat awkwardly while slinging your backpack over your shoulder, “shall we?”

He smiles back at you while holding your door open for you on your way back out of your room. He makes a mental note as to where your room is located as you walk past him. He watches you as you lock your door afterwards, then turn to face him once more.

“All my notes are on my laptop, so we can head to the library now, if you’d like?” Tao informs you, smiling slightly.

“Sure,” you smile back at him.

The two of you now make your way to the library on campus, going to see if you can get a study room while you’re there. Again, the two of you make small talk on your way there.

A slight smirk tugs at the corner of his mouth as the two of you walk together. He can hardly wait to spend some alone time with you, his thoughts are going crazy with possible outcomes this day could end in. The voice in his head continues to make comments about you, and what the two of you should be doing instead, trying his best to convince himself to convince you to go back to your room and study there for ‘more privacy’. In reality, he just wants to be able to distract you, and hopefully end up with you in his lap kissing his lips, leading to other, more intimate things.

Once again, he holds the door open for you when you both arrive at the library. You smile at him in thanks, to which he nods his head slightly in response. He follows you to the second floor of the library and into an empty study room, making sure to close the door behind him.

You sit down at the table, placing your bag on top of it while unzipping it to pull out all of your things, Tao following shortly after. He takes the seat beside you, sitting close to you, but not too close so as to make you uncomfortable.

“Alright, so since you took this course last semester, what can you remember from the midterm
you took?” You ask him, while pulling up your class notes on your own laptop.

“Hmm, well, from what I can remember, there were about forty multiple choice questions, and then five short answers which you could choose from ten questions to answer,” he responds, opening his own notes on his computer. “There were a few different theories, but they were all multiple choice. We can still go over them if you’d like, though.”

“That would probably be a good idea, just in case,” you say. “I’m pretty comfortable with them, but I just want to make sure I fully understand them.”

You both spend the next two and a half hours reviewing all you can for the course, and by the end of it, you actually feel less stressed about the midterm in a few days. You’re grateful for all of Tao’s help, and from the looks of it, he’s enjoyed helping you study.

“I can’t thank you enough for all the help you’ve given me today,” you say as you pack up your things.

“It was nothing,” he smiles at you. “I’m glad I could help.”

“No, really, I owe you one,” you reply, turning to look at him, and he’s caught off-guard by the serious look on your face.

*Take advantage of this while you still can without pushing things,* his voice instructs him.

“Well, there is this party Saturday night that my buddy Luhan is throwing. I would love to see you there,” he mentions, nonchalantly.

“Oh, well, I don’t know,” you hesitate. “Parties aren’t really my thing.”

“You don’t have to stay for long, just come and check it out for a bit. Think of it as a small reward for completing midterms,” he reasons, and he knows he’s got you.

“Alright, fine,” you sigh, smiling slightly. “I did say I owe you one, and if you want me at that party Saturday, I’ll be at that party.”

At your words, a huge smile makes its way onto his face. He can’t wait for Saturday now, and from what he knows about you, you won’t go back on your word. Saturday is his chance to make a move on you and make you his.

“Great! I’ll see you Saturday then!” He cheers, standing up from his seat beside you as you do the same. “If you need any more help studying before your midterm, feel free to call me. Here, I’ll give you my number.”

With that said, you hand him your phone so he can add himself to your contacts. He sends himself a message from your phone so he has your number before handing your phone back to you. You smile at him in thanks.

“I feel like I’m going to be bothering you if I ask you anymore questions about psych,” you joke, half meaning what you’ve just said, and he can tell.

“You could never bother me,” his tone is serious, it catches you off guard slightly.

“Well then, expect about a dozen more questions from me in the near future,” you smirk, raising an eyebrow at him slightly.
“I look forward to them,” he smiles, moving to open the door of the study room.

You quietly thank him once more on the way out of the library for helping you study. Since it’s getting late, he offers to walk you back to your dorm room, but you politely decline, stating that you’ve already bothered him enough for one day.

Saying your goodbyes, you each head in opposite directions. He watches as you turn away from him and walk back to your dorm room, a place he wishes he was accompanying you back to. He watches you until you disappear around a corner, then, with a small sigh, begins to walk back to his room on the opposite end of campus.

The whole time, he can’t stop thinking about you. Your laugh, your smile, your hair, just everything about you. He can still hardly believe the day he’s had. He got to actually spend time with you, and you know who he is. He couldn’t be happier.

His mind starts to wander to this upcoming Saturday and the party. He’s excited to see you there, knowing he’s the reason you’ll be there, but he’s also starting to become nervous. He has to impress you, and make sure your focus is solely on him throughout the entire night, just like he knows his will only be on you.

As soon as he gets back to his room, he starts planing what he’s going to wear, wanting to look his best for you. He has to make sure he’s the best looking one there, and he has no doubt he will be. After all, who looks better than him? Nobody.

The next day you head to all of your classes, finishing the last one by three, allowing for you to have the rest of the day for you to do whatever you’d like. You decide to go back to your room and have a small nap since you stayed up a bit longer to study last night.

You make it back to your room, throwing your bag onto your desk chair as you kick off your shoes, and then falling face first onto your bed. Letting out a small groan, you allow yourself to adjust your position so you’re more comfortable. Closing your eyes shortly after, you allow yourself to drift off to sleep.

About an hour and a half later, you’re awoken by the sound of your phone buzzing on your nightstand beside you. You groggily check who’s calling you and see that it’s Heeju.

“Hello?” Your tired voice rings out once you accept the call.

“(Y/n)! What are you doing? Come grab dinner with me, I have so much to tell you!” Heeju’s voice is heard, loud and clear, through your speaker.

“I just woke up from a nap,” you yawn, as if to emphasize your point as you sit up on your bed.

“I can tell,” she giggles. “Well, get your sleepy ass out of bed and meet me in the commons in five for dinner.”

“Alright, alright,” you sigh. “I’ll be there soon.”

“Okay! See you shortly!” She cheers, not giving you a chance to respond as she’s already hung up on you.

Letting out another sigh, you toss your phone on the bed beside you and stretch your arms out. You stand up, grab one of your sweaters from your closet, and slip on your shoes. You grab your phone and head out the door, making your way to the commons area to grab dinner with an overly excited Heeju who obviously has loads to tell you. You wonder what exactly it is she’s dying to tell you.
Pushing open the door to the commons, you immediately spot Heeju looking over the menus for today. You make your way over to her quickly, standing quietly beside her.

“Should I get the pasta today, or the stir-fry?” She asks, more to herself than anything.

“Pasta,” your response makes her jump slightly, for she isn’t aware of you standing right beside her.

“Geez, (Y/n), way to give me a heart attack,” she exhales, placing a hand over her heart for dramatic effect.

“You asked, I answered,” you shrug, moving over to the pasta station to grab your food, Heeju following close behind. “Anyways, what’s so important that you need to tell me in person rather than over the phone?”

“Oh yeah, that,” she smiles. “I’ll tell you once we get our food.”

“Ever the dramatic, aren’t you?” You tease, placing each of your food onto two separate trays.

“You know it!” She giggles in response, the two of you grabbing some last minute things before going over to pay for your food.

Once the two of you have everything you need and have payed for your meals, you head back to your room for more privacy. Your glad your room is close so you don’t have to go very far until you’re in your dorm room once more. You sit on your bed while Heeju sits on your desk chair.

“Alright, now can you tell me what’s so important?” You raise an eyebrow at her giddy expression.

“Kyungsoo and I are going on a date!” She shrieks happily, causing you to cover your ears with your hands at how loud she’s being.

“Congratulations!” A smile immediately breaks out onto your face for your friend. You know how much the two of them like each other, so you’re glad to hear that they’ll be going out on a date.

“We’re going out for lunch on Friday since neither of us have any classes, and if that goes well, I’m going to see if I can convince him to come to this party on Saturday,” she explains.

“Luhan’s?” You ask, more to yourself than anything.

“Yeah, do you know him?” She answers, furrowing her brow slightly.

“No, but Tao invited me to that same party,” you reply, and you see her eyes go wide.

“Ou, sounds to me like someone’s got a crush on you!” She smirks, wiggling her eyebrows suggestively.

“I wouldn’t go so far as to say that,” you laugh awkwardly.

“Oh please, even Jongin noticed the way Tao was acting and made a comment on it. He told me that Tao rarely shares his notes with people he doesn’t know. Besides, he invited you to a party, (Y/n). A party,” she says, giving you one of her ‘come on’ looks.

“He did?” You ask, quietly, more concerned about what Jongin had to say about this matter, and you can tell Heeju knows what you’re hinting at.

“Yes, (Y/n), he did. If you ask me, Jongin seemed a bit jealous that Tao was stealing your attention
away from him,” Heeju remarks. “I told him that if he had an issue, then he should talk to you.”

“Oh,” you breathe, cheeks turning slightly red at the thought of Jongin being jealous. “Well, he shouldn’t be jealous, it’s not like we’re dating.”

“God, I just wish the two of you would open your eyes and see that you both like each other,” she sighs, falling back into the chair with a huff. “It’d make things so much easier.”

“He doesn’t like me that way, Heeju. We’ve been over this a dozen times, Jongin and I are just friends, that’s all he’ll ever see me as,” you let out a sigh of your own. “Maybe I should just take my own advice and move on, maybe give Tao a chance since you both seem to think he likes me already.”

“Don’t be so hasty to give up yet, you never know what may happen,” she says, sending a wink your way, to which you just roll your eyes at her.

You spend the rest of the evening just talking about anything and everything, staying up until the early hours of the morning just enjoying the other’s company. Not long after two, Heeju bids you goodnight and heads back to her own room. A smile crosses your face as you close and lock your door behind her. Heeju never fails to make you laugh, and she also has a habit of making you forget what time it is, but you wouldn’t trade her for anything.

Getting ready for bed, you quickly change into sweats and get under your covers, turning off the light on the way. You lay in bed for a few minutes just staring at your ceiling, thinking about all that’s happened the past two days. Your midterm is soon, and you’re feeling slightly nervous, but you know you still have time to study for it.

The next day, you only have one early morning class, and then the rest of the day off. After class is over, you return to your room and take another quick nap since you did fall asleep pretty late last night. After your nap, you decide to spend a few hours looking over your notes once again for the midterm, and then take a break for an hour or two, then go back to studying.

During your break in-between your two study sessions, you make a quick trip to the commons to grab some food, all the while texting Tao questions that you have about the midterm. His replies are quick and helpful, also carrying on a regular conversation with you at the same time. He even manages to make you smile a few times with what he sends you.

You make it back to your room with your food and get back to studying, taking little pauses here and there to text Tao. You’re feeling better about your midterm now, and instead of feeling nervous like you previously were, you’re feeling pretty confident about it, thanks to all of his help.

Soon enough, you call it a night, wanting to make sure you get plenty of rest for your midterm the next day. You crawl into bed, still clutching your phone in your hands. Even though you attempt to fall asleep, you find that you can’t. Instead, you find yourself talking with Tao until the early hours of the morning, and you don’t regret it at all.

The next day rolls around and you walk into your midterm feeling relaxed and well prepared. You finish your exam in record time and decide to treat yourself to your favourite drink at the café just outside the lecture hall. Waiting in the line, you feel a slight nudge on your shoulder.

“Fancy seeing you here,” Tao’s voice is heard from behind you as you turn around to face him.

“Oh, hey,” a smile immediately lights up your face, and he can feel his heart racing in his chest.

“I take it you just came from the midterm?” He inquires, raising a brow slightly even though he
already knows the answer.

“You’d be correct,” you reply, the corner of your lip tugging up into a smirk. “I can’t thank you enough for all your help. Your notes really came in handy, the test was exactly like last semester’s.”

“Really? I’m glad to hear that,” he smiles back at you, happy to know he helped you in some way and made you happy.

The two of you continue chatting as you order your drinks and wait for them to be made. After your drinks are ready, the two of you walk around campus for a bit, talking about anything and everything. About an hour later, you decide to head back to your room and just rest for the rest of the day. You bid Tao farewell, waving to him as you once again head in the opposite direction he’s heading.

We’re making progress, his voice almost purrs in his mind as a smirk crosses his features. She’ll be ours soon.

He feels as if the two of you now have a deeper connection with each other, even though you’ve barely know him for more than a week. All the time you’ve spent talking and texting back and forth, he’s sure has had a positive impact on your relationship. In his mind, you’re practically dating.

He can hardly keep you out of his mind for long. Every stray thought he has, is of you, and of different scenarios of what dating you would be like, what getting you to moan for him, and only him would sound like. He indulges in his thoughts of you, imagining multiple scenarios in which he has you screaming his name by the end of the night.

The voice inside his head doesn’t do much to make the situation any better. Instead, he adds fuel to the fire, insisting that these thoughts will become reality soon enough. Getting him to imagine deeper, darker things.

He doesn’t know how this voice came to be, but all he does know is that it only appeared as soon as he figured out he had a crush on you. It voices the thoughts he’s too scared to admit to himself. The thoughts he’d usually never dare think of or say, and even if he did, he’d ignore them, but now, they’re at the forefront of his conscience.

This voice acts as a stark contrast to how he usually is, being more violent and dark compared to his more timid nature. He’s always known himself to be a bit sassy at times, it’s what makes Tao, Tao, but this voice is something else entirely. In fact, if he were to compare it to anything at all, it would be like the difference between Sméagol and Gollum from The Lord of the Rings, which just makes him laugh. He guesses that makes you his precious.

He lays on top of his bed that night, arms crossed behind his head as he stares at the ceiling. Once again, his thoughts are consumed by you, and only you. He can’t wait for tomorrow.

Most of Saturday passes fairly quickly for him, and he couldn’t be happier. He’s excited to see you once more, even though he just saw you yesterday. Anytime spent away from you feels like an eternity to him.

That evening, he stands in front of his mirror, fixing his hair for the dozenth time, wanting to make sure he looks perfect. After all, he is going to see you, and he wants to make sure he’s looking his best. He has to make sure you fall for him, like he’s fallen for you.
Another ten minutes pass by with him fretting over his appearance before he gives himself one final once over and decides he looks presentable as is. His hair is styled up and away from his face, and he’s sporting his favourite leather jacket, black jeans and white t-shirt. His classic style that makes all the girls swoon, and some boys too.

Straightening his shirt once more, he gives himself one final glance at his reflection. He bites his lip, breathing unsteady as he grabs the edge of the sink to stabilize himself. He doesn’t know why he’s so nervous all of a sudden. He meets his own gaze in the mirror and hardly recognizes the person staring back at him.

Get yourself together, she’d be a fool if she didn’t see how good you look, his reflection says, eyes dark.

“What-“ he stumbles back, startled by his own reflection.

What? Scared of your own reflection? He taunts, smirk tugging at his lips.

“Who are you?” He asks, unsure this is actually happening.

I’m you, his reflection’s expression darkens into a sinister grin. Well, the you with no filters. The better, truer you. You can call me ‘Z’.

“Have you always been inside me?” Tao questions, confused as to how he’s having a conversation with himself in the mirror, but not at the same time.

You already know the answer to that, don’t you Tao? His expression grows darker in the image on the mirror. Now, let’s go get our girl.

He makes his way to the party shortly after that, shaking his head to clear his thoughts. He just had an actual conversation with himself but it also wasn’t himself at the same time. He doesn’t really know what to think about this at the moment, but he has more important matters to deal with, that being you.

He enters the main floor of the house, being greeted immediately by loud music and drunk partygoers. He spots Luhan off to the side and nods in his direction, receiving a nod back in response. His eyes scan the crowd until they focus on the most important thing in the room, you. He can feel his breathing stop as he takes in your appearance. He’s stunned at the moment, taking in you in all your beauty standing by the back door chatting with your friend Heeju.

He can feel a sort of happiness spreading through his body as he watches you from across the room. He watches as you laugh at something your friend has said, and makes it his mission to get you to laugh like that again for him. Although, his happy expression soon turns into a frown as he watches two very familiar males walk up to the two of you.

Deciding to make his presence known, he makes his way over to where the four of you are standing.

“You came,” a smirk is on his face as he watches you turn to face him at his words.

“Well, yeah,” you grin. “I said I would, so here I am.”

“God Tao, what kind of magic did you use on our (Y/n) over here to get her to go to a party?” Heeju jokes, slinging an arm over your shoulders.

“Yeah, we can hardly get her to even think about joining us when we go out like this,” Jongin joins
in on the teasing.

“Hey! I go out,” you defend yourself. “Occasionally.”

Tao just chuckles in response, “she made the decision to come on her own. Don’t look at me, I didn’t do anything.”

_She came because of you and you know it,_ Z’s voice sounds in his head, and he can hardly stop himself from smirking at the thought.

“Well, either way, it’s nice to see you out of your room on a Saturday night,” Heeju smiles, shaking you slightly with her arm still around your shoulders.

“You’re acting like I never go out,” you shake your head at her.

“You don’t,” Jongin chimes in. “Not really.”

“Geez, thanks for your support,” you roll your eyes at him. “Besides, I’m not the only one who like staying in, isn’t that right, Kyungsoo?”

At your words, the four of you turn to look at the other male that’s standing with your little group who has yet to speak a word. You figure the date went well yesterday considering they were both standing together talking before you showed up to the party. You’re happy for your best friend.

“I prefer staying in, but that doesn’t mean I don’t enjoy going out once in a while,” he comments.

“See! I’m not the only one!” You reason, using your hand to gesture for emphasis.

“Okay, okay, you’ve made your point,” Heeju giggles, finally releasing you from her hold. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, there is a drink calling my name.”

With those words, she grabs Kyungsoo by the hand and drags him into the kitchen where the drinks are stationed. You sigh and shake your head.

“Please tell me she hasn’t drank anything already,” you turn to Jongin.

“Nope, not yet,” he replies.

“Perfect,” you sigh in relief. “At least Kyungsoo’s with her so he’ll make sure she doesn’t go too crazy.”

“Am I missing something, again?” Tao questions, raising an eyebrow at you.

“Oh, nothing,” you giggle.

“Let’s just say Heeju likes to have a good time,” Jongin informs him.

“I see,” he nods his head slightly.

“Anyways, I need to go check on something, I’ll be right back,” Jongin tells the two of you, and before you know it, you’re left alone with Tao.

You stare off in the direction Jongin went for a few second before turning your attention back to Tao, a fact that does not go unnoticed by him. He frowns slightly but doesn’t think too much of it at the moment.
“So you don’t usually go to parties, huh?” He asks.

“Like I said before, parties aren’t really my thing,” you shrug.

“Well, I, for one, and glad you came,” he tells you with a slight smile tugging at his lips.

“I did say I owed you one,” you reply, nonchalantly with a shrug.

“Is that the only reason you came?” His expression falls slightly, his hopes of you coming because you wanted to, because of him, are falling.

“Maybe,” you smirk, your voice teasing him. “Maybe not. Maybe I came because I knew someone would be here and I wanted to see them.”

His heart soars at your words, thumping so loudly in his chest that he’s sure you can hear it over the booming music. The tips of his ears turn red as he thinks of who you could be talking about. He’s convinced it’s himself.

The two of you spend the majority of your time talking during the party. You see Heeju and Kyungsoo every now and then, but Jongin never makes a reappearance. You figure now’s as good a time as ever to start to move on from being in love with your best friend, and you know exactly how you’re going to do that. Besides, Jongin is probably doing the same as you’re about to do right now.

As soon as the words leave your lips, a smirk appears on his, “let’s get out of here.”

*I told you she wants us*, his voice rings through his head, only making his own smirk deepen as he leads you out of the party and back to his dorm room.

The whole time, his heart is racing in his chest as he holds your hand in his. He’s excited for what is to come, and he knows that this isn’t just going to be a one time thing, he’ll make sure of it.

Opening the door to his room feels like an eternity before it unlocks and the two of you are pushing to get inside. The door falls shut behind him as a tension builds between the two of you. His hands move to grip your waist, pulling you closer to his body, and you can feel the heat radiating off of him.

He wastes no time crashing his lips to yours, and to him, it’s the best feeling in the world. He makes sure to take his time with you, and show you just how good he can make you feel.

Morning comes with light streaming through his windows, casting a warm, golden glow over everything it touches. His mind is still hazy from sleep, but he remembers the events from last night clearly. The way you cried out for him, the way he made you moan for him, and only him. The way you looked coming undone for him in the most intimate of moments. Nothing could make him happier in this moment right here, right now.

He starts to think about the relationship the two of you will have now, and how you’re now his. A smile breaks out onto his face as he turns over to look at you, knowing you’ll look absolutely stunning in the glow the morning brings.

Except, you’re not there.

An empty room greets him as he sits up in bed, his eyes scanning the entire area for any signs of you. He finds none.
Crushed wouldn’t even begin to be able to described what he’s feeling in this moment. One thing’s for sure though, he’s angry. Angry and confused. Angry at himself for not waking up to stop you from leaving, but also confused as to why you left him. He thought the two of you had a connection, he thought the two of you were making progress.

He manages to convince himself that you’re just confused yourself about what’s going on. After all, he noticed you far before you noticed him, so he shouldn’t expect you to rush into things. You probably just need time to figure out your feelings, you’ll realize that he’s the only one for you in the end. You’ll realize that you belong together, and not with anyone else, just like he has.

He decides to give you space to figure things out. You’ll come to him when you’re ready. After all, he’s done nothing wrong. Now all he has to do is wait.

About a week and a half passes by and still no contact from you. Then again, he hasn’t really tried getting in touch with you either, instead convincing himself it’s better if you come to him first. He still sees you around campus, but he doesn’t want to approach you and make a scene.

Soon though, he decides he can’t take it anymore, and that he needs to see you, whether you want to see him or not.

*She doesn’t have to know you’re checking up on her, Tao. You know where her room is,* Z’s voice is heard, and against his better judgement, he listens.

Ten minutes later he’s crouched beneath your windowsill, hiding in the darkness the night brings. Only your desk light is on, casting a dim glow throughout your room. He watches as you pace back and forth, throwing clothes around your room, almost as if you can’t decide what to wear. His eyes narrow in suspicion as to why you’re acting like this. You’re not going on a date, are you? You can’t be, you’re his.

He spends the rest of the hour crouched by your window, just observing you. Once you decide on an outfit, you clean and reorganize your room, a fact that makes him smirk in amusement. He leaves only when he’s sure you’ve fallen asleep.

The next day, you wake up feeling nervous. You glance over at the outfit you picked out the previous night and your stomach does a flip at what this means. Tonight will be your third date that you’ve had with Jongin in the past week and a half.

After your encounter with Tao, you left early to clear your mind. You were grabbing coffee at the nearby café when Jongin walked in and immediately spotted you sitting by the windows by yourself. He came over and the two of you started chatting, and that’s when he finally asked you out. Your heart soared at the request and you agreed almost immediately. You went out for dinner the next night.

Your second date the two of you went to the movies and Jongin explained to you how he’s always had a secret crush on you but never acted on it since he was positive you only saw him as a friend. You scoffed and hit him upside his head before sheepishly telling him that’s also why you never acted on your feelings. He laughed at that.

Since then, the two of you have been spending more and more time with each other, making you forget momentarily about what you did with Tao. In fact, Tao hasn’t crossed your mind in a few days now, only being able to focus on Jongin.

The two of you are going out for lunch with Heeju and Kyungsoo, deciding to go on a double date of sorts with your best friends. It tends to take the pressure off when you’re with your friends for a
Soon, the time comes when you should head over to the agreed meeting place for lunch. You check your reflection in your mirror one last time before heading out and locking your door behind you.

Smiling to yourself, you walk down the path, enjoying the light breeze in the air. You’re not paying attention to where you’re going and end up bumping into something solid midway down the path. You look up, about to utter an apology to whoever you’ve bumped into when your breath gets caught in your throat.

“Tao,” your voice comes out, barely a whisper, yet he still manages to hear.

“Hey, I haven’t heard from you in a while, it’s almost like you’re avoiding me,” he jokes, but you can tell there’s a hint of seriousness in his tone, along with a bit of hurt.

“I’ve been meaning to text you, I’ve just been super busy lately,” you explain. “Sorry about that.”

“That’s okay,” he smiles, but you can tell it’s forced. “Where are you headed?”

“There you are!” A new voice interrupts your conversation with Tao as an arm snakes around your waist. “I’ve been looking all over for you.”

“Sure you have,” you giggle at Jongin as he places a kiss onto your cheek.

“Anyways, we should get going or else we’re going to be late,” he says, finally turning to look at the person you’re standing with. “Oh, hey Tao.”

“Hey,” he nods, expression hardening as he tries to maintain his composure. “I won’t keep you two then. I’ll see you two around.”

With that said, he brushes past the two of you. You turn to face his retreating figure, calling out an ‘I’ll text you’ after him.

Turning back to Jongin, a smile breaks out onto your face as he pecks your cheek once more, leading you the rest of the way down the path to where you’ll both meet up with Heeju and Kyungsoo for lunch.

Meanwhile, Tao’s fists are clenched at his sides as he walks back to his dorm room. How dare Jongin touch you like that! How dare he touch what isn’t his. His voice growls in his head.

He starts to pace back and forth in his room, trying to come up with a way to dispose of Jongin and get you back in his arms. You’ve already given yourself to him, you know you belong with him. Jongin’s just confused you, and Tao needs to get rid of him.

Kill him. Get rid of the threat. Dispose of him, he took what’s ours, his voice sounds in his head over and over again. Kill him!

With the state he’s in right now, it doesn’t take much convincing. After all, he’ll do anything to
ensure you being with him, with you back at his side where you belong. No one else get’s to have you, get’s to experience you like he has, only him.

The next day he texts Jongin to meet him at their usual hangout in the forest across the street from the campus. Without thinking too much of it, Jongin agrees and makes his way deep into the woods.

Around the same time, you text Tao asking to meet up to talk about things. You want to clear the air between the two of you since things are a bit tense at the moment.

A smirk crosses his features as he texts you his location, telling you to meet him here since it’s ‘a nice quiet place where the two of you can talk openly to each other’. You agree without thinking.

Jongin makes it to the little clearing first, seeing Tao sitting on the giant rock at the opposite end. He makes his way over to where Tao is sitting, calling out a greeting in the process and successfully catching Tao’s attention.

“What is it that you wanted to talk to me about?” Jongin asks, climbing up the boulder to sit beside Tao.

“So, you and (Y/n) are dating now?” Tao gets strait to the point, not wanting to waste any time since he knows you’re on your way here.

“Yeah, I finally worked up the courage to ask her out after putting it off for so long,” Jongin grins. “I think I’m in love with her, man.”

At this, Tao doesn’t say anything. His fists clench at his sides and his face hardens into an unreadable expression. Jongin is too busy gazing off into the forest to notice.

“That’s great man,” Tao states, voice full of false happiness as Jongin turns to look at the smile his friend is giving him. That is, until Tao’s expression falls, his face being covered by shadows. “Too bad you’ll be dead soon.”

“Tao, what the fuck?” Jongin is caught off guard by Tao’s words, immediately putting distance between the two of them.

Do it now! His voice screams in his head.

With those words, Tao lunges at Jongin, hands outstretched as they go tumbling off the rock. Jongin lands on his back with Tao on top of him, knocking the air out of his lungs. Before Jongin can get in another breath of air, Tao’s hands are around his neck, squeezing his airway.

Jongin struggles to get free out of Tao’s grip, but the hold he has on him is too strong. He can hardly recognize the monster staring down at him with a crazed, murderous look in his eyes.

“You thought you could take her away from me, didn’t you? Thought you could have her all to yourself? You don’t deserve her, she’s too good for you,” Tao spits, squeezing harder around Jongin’s neck as his attempts at freeing himself become weaker and weaker. “You can never have her, she’s mine.”

The last thing Jongin sees is Tao’s maniacal grin before everything goes black. Tao keeps his grip on Jongin’s neck for a good minute after he’s stopped struggling for good measure. Perfect. Now there’s no obstacles in the way of him taking you as his own. After all, no one comes between him and his love.
Standing up, Tao quickly hides Jongin’s body in the little crevice underneath the rock they were sitting on only moments ago. He finishes just in time to hear footsteps approaching from the woods behind him. He turns around to see your smiling face getting closer to him with each step you take.

“Hey, there you are, I thought I got lost,” you say, stopping just in front of him as he meets you halfway.

“Even if you got lost, I’d find you,” he tells you with a grin.

“Okay, sure, if you say so,” you tease back. “Anyways, I just wanted to apologize for everything that’s happened the past two weeks. I really did mean to text you but I just got caught up with things and then I thought it’d be awkward if I brought it up almost a week and a half later.”

“Hey, it’s okay, I get it,” he smiles back reassuringly.

“Seriously though, I feel really bad about just cutting you out like that after everything,” you look at your feet, rubbing your arm sheepishly.

“No, really, it’s fine,” he smiles at you when you look up to meet his eyes, and you see nothing but forgiveness and kindness reflected in his own, along with a certain fondness you don’t quite understand.

“You’re literally the best, thank you for giving me another chance to be your friend,” you surprise him by wrapping your arms around his waist and pulling him in close to you, to which he does the same to you.

He enjoys the silence that settles over the two of you, with just the sounds of the forest to be heard all around. Having you in his arms brings him no greater joy.

“Mine,” his voice practically purrs.

“Hmm, did you say something?” You pull away from him to look at his face.

“No, nothing,” comes his reply.

Wrapping his arm around you, he turns you around and leads you out of the forest, away from the clearing, and back to where you belong. With him and no one else.
Another day, another practice session of the nine of them rehearsing for their upcoming comeback. Pants fill the room as they all take a quick five minute break considering they have been practicing for the past two hours straight.

You sit in the corner of the practice room, scrolling through your phone while they try and get that one move perfect for the nth time that day. You flick your eyes over to your left where you just so happen to see some movement coming closer to where you’re sitting.

Moving your legs off the bench, both Yixing and Chanyeol move to sit beside you while they take their break, chugging their water on the way. You let out a sigh.

“I still don’t understand why you guys want me here while you practice,” you say, shaking your head slightly. “I’m pretty sure I’m just distracting you. Besides, I’ll see the end result when you’re all finished.”

“Don’t be silly, (Y/n),” Junmyeon smiles at you. “After all, this is the song you composed for us. We just want to make sure everything is to your liking before we show it to the world.”

“I’m sure it will be great no matter what you guys choose to do,” you smirk. “I mean, you are EXO and whatever you do is going to be amazing, and the fans will love it no matter what you do.”

“Oh course it’s going to be great,” Yixing grins. “You composed the song.”

“I still can’t believe you guys are going to be performing my song,” you say, a look of awe on your face. “How did you even manage to swing that one?”

“It’s not everyday your best friend comes screaming into your studio that she’s wrote a song for your group to perform,” Chanyeol chuckles. “A good song at that.”

“Are you saying my other compositions are bad?” You raise an eyebrow at him which receives
little ‘oh’s from the surrounding members.

“That’s not what I meant, silly,” he gives you a slight shove on your shoulder.

“I know,” you nudge him back, playfully. “I’m just not used to this yet.”

It’s true, throughout all the years you’ve been best friends with Chanyeol, you’ve barely shared your compositions with him. It wasn’t until recently that you felt brave enough to show him some things you’ve written, and thanks to his positive feedback, you felt brave enough to show him the song they’re currently practicing.

As soon as he heard it, he knew you wrote it for him and the boys, and he could tell who was supposed to have which part of the song. He told you to meet him the next day to show the rest of the guys, and then their production team. All of the guys fought for your song to be on their next album, but they didn’t have to put up much of a fight since the production team liked it so much.

“Some of the lyrics are a bit cheesy, though,” Sehun grumbles, and you turn to look at him.

“Oh?” You inquire, raising an eyebrow at him.

“Yeah, ‘I’ll protect you, and love you until the end of time’? Ugh,” he rolls his eyes.

“What? Don’t like singing what your fans want to hear?” You giggle, now wiggling your eyebrows at him. “Besides, who doesn’t want incredibly attractive men singing that to them?”

“Chanyeol was complaining that he couldn’t write another love song,” Minseok trails off.

“And who better to write a love song then someone on the receiving end of the song?” You raise an eyebrow. “In the end, I am your target audience, I know what they want to hear.”

“You could almost say you wrote this song for yourself,” Jongdae smirks. “What you want to hear us tell you.”

“Oh please,” you roll your eyes at him. “Love is nothing but a series of chemical reactions in your brain only meant to confuse and mislead you into thinking someone else cares for you. Love can be induced through a series of mock instances using drugs that trigger these reactions, or similar instances where these chemicals are released when doing something stimulating. Love is nothing but artificial.”

“Somebody’s bitter,” Baekhyun sing-songs.

“You know I’m right,” you state. “Love exists, yes that is true, I know that for a fact. I’ve seen it. I just couldn’t care less about it at the moment, thank you very much.”

Junmyeon lets out a low whistle, “sounds like you’ve been through it before then.”

“Yeah (Y/n), who hurt you?” Jongdae jokes, but there’s a hint of seriousness in his voice that you pick up on.

“No one has hurt me,” you say with a roll of your eyes. “Why does everyone think that when I tell them this?”

“Maybe because you sound sceptical about love?” Jongin offers.

“Eh, probably,” you shrug casually.
“Sometimes, I don’t understand you,” Baekhyun teases.

“You’re not the only one,” Chanyeol chuckles, which just makes you shrug once more in response.

Just then, your phone rings. You quickly answer it, signalling to the guys to give you a second.

“Hello? Oh, hey, Johnny,” your brows furrow slightly as you listen to what he has to say on the other end, before a smile breaks out on your face, “yeah, I’ll be right there!”

You hang up your phone and turn your attention back to the nine men surrounding you. Each of them stare at you with an expectant look on their face, waiting for you to tell them what that was all about. All except one, who looks more pissed off than anything.

“Well, this was fun and all, but I don’t think you guys need me here anymore,” you say while standing up. “The dance is looking great, keep up the great work!”

“And just where do you think you’re going?” Jongdae questions, crossing his arms in front of his chest.

“Johnny asked me to help him with something, then he said he’d buy me bubble tea afterwards,” you reply, grabbing your things and heading towards the exit. “I’ll see you guys tomorrow,” you wave to them, then look directly at Chanyeol, “later loser.”

With that, you take your leave, heading towards the elevators to meet Johnny in the lobby. You breathe a sigh of relief once the elevator doors close in front of you. You love the boys of EXO very much, but sometimes they can get a bit much, especially Jongdae.

For whatever reason, he seems to act different around you. The other boys always tell you how goofy and loud he is when you’re not around, but for some reason, when you’re there, he gets all stoic and silent. You know they aren’t lying, the amount of videos you’ve seen proves it. You don’t necessarily think he hates you, but you also don’t think he likes you very much. *If only you knew.*

Meanwhile, back in the practice room, Jongdae looks almost longingly at the door where you’ve just left from minutes ago. He’s shaken out of his thoughts by Baekhyun placing a hand on his shoulder, sending him a concerned filled look. Jongdae just rolls his eyes in response, getting back to practice.

For some reason, he can never get a read on you. To him, you’re an anomaly, the only one who doesn’t fall under the charms of his voice, and he doesn’t understand why. No one is able to resist his voice once he activates it, yet you’ve been able to, every single time.

He knows that not every time he opens his mouth to sing, he’s using his powers. He only uses his voice to lure those unsuspecting few into doing whatever he wants. Sometimes it’s to feed, other times it’s just to cause a bit of chaos. His favourite though is using his voice to make people fall in love with him.

He’s tried countless times to do this to you, and at first it was just for fun, but over time, he’s actually grown fond of you. He finds it intriguing how you’re able to resist him, and he guesses that’s what makes you so appealing to him. He actually has to try with you. Though at times, he does get frustrated that his regular charms don’t work on you.

It’s been at least a year and a half since he started to try and make you fall in love with him using his voice, yet it’s never worked.
He sees the looks of fondness you share with your friends, especially Chanyeol, and he can’t help but want that for himself. He wants to feel something genuine with you, and knowing that if you fell for him without the use of his voice to aid your decision, would bring him no greater joy. It would be a real, genuine love, not something artificial. It’s something he craves, something he desires more than anything.

He’s never been in love before, but he wants to be, with you. In fact, he’s almost positive he is already, but he’s not about to make it obvious. You have an effect over him, it’s obvious, and it’s getting harder and harder to hide everyday.

He’ll make you his one way or another, without the influence of his voice.

Meanwhile, downstairs in the lobby, you step off the elevator once the doors open to see Johnny waiting for you by the front windows.

“Howdy, stranger,” you tease, poking him on his shoulder once you’re close enough.

“Why hello there, m’lady,” he jokes right back, tipping a fake hat in your direction, making you both burst into a fit of giggles.

“So, still need help asking Vanessa out, huh?” You say as the two of you exit the building.

He smiles nervously in your direction, letting out an awkward chuckle as the two of you walk down the street. That’s all the answer you need to know you’re right.

“What am I going to do with you?” You sigh.

You’ve known Johnny for quite a few years now, meeting him while he was still a trainee and becoming quick friends. You’re pretty much as close to him as you are with Chanyeol.

“Help me, because I know you’re also her friend and you love me so much,” he continues to smile at you nervously.

“Hmm,” you hum, as if thinking about if you actually want to help him or not, making him even more nervous than he is.

“(Y/n)?” His voice almost sounds panicked.

“Relax, I’m just messing with you,” you giggle, sending him a reassuring smile. “Of course I’ll help you.”

“Oh, thank god,” he breathes a sigh of relief. “You’re the best!”

“I know,” you smirk, pushing open the door to the bubble tea place and stepping inside.

You spend the next two hours sitting and talking with Johnny, coming up with a plan for him to ask Vanessa out. After so many failed plans, you both finally come up with one that will work. In three days, at EXO’s comeback stage, you will bring Vanessa with you. Johnny will also be there seeing as he’s expected to be, and you will suggest they hang out afterwards together to go for something to eat.

“You only get one chance with this, so don’t screw it up like the last time,” you tease, pointing a finger at him to which he puts his hands up in self defence.

“I’m sorry okay, she just makes me so nervous,” He responds.
“You can perform in front of thousands of screaming fans but you can’t ask your crush out on a date, yeah that makes sense,” you laugh, shaking your head slightly.

“Hey! Performing is different, I’m trained for that, not asking someone on a date,” he crosses his arms with a small huff.

“I’m just kidding,” you smile at him. “Don’t worry, everything will work out fine.”

“I sure hope so,” he mumbles.

“What? Do you not have faith in me?” You ask, raising an eyebrow at him.

“I do, it’s me I’m worried about,” he chuckles.

“Wow, who would have ever thought the great Johnny Seo would be so nervous to ask someone out,” you gasp.

“Shut up,” he kicks your shin from under the table.


“Aw, poor baby,” he pouts back at you, teasingly.

“You’re the worst,” you kick him back laughing slightly as he jumps in surprise. “Anyways, it’s getting late and I need to get back home. I’ll see you soon, okay? If you need anything else, call me.”

“I will,” he replies.

At this, you both stand up, you gather your things as Johnny throws out your empty cups. He walks you outside and you turn to him once more, bidding him a farewell and giving him a quick hug to which he gratefully returns.

“See you soon,” he whispers to your retreating form as you get further away from him down the street.

The next two days pass by fairly quickly for you, as you’re busy each day leading up to the comeback. However, for Jongdae, those days feel like an eternity.

Currently, it’s the night before the comeback, and he’s the only one left in the practice room this late at night. He’s running through the dance again, wanting to make sure everything is perfect for tomorrow. He knows how much this song means to you, and now how much it means to him, considering you wrote it. He wants it to be his best performance, especially for the first time you’re going to see him perform it live.

He starts once more from the top, but this time he places a chair in front of the mirror, resting his phone on it with a picture of your smiling face open towards him. This time when he runs through it, it’s just going to be you and him. He’s singing your song for you.

His heart is racing in his chest as he practices the song for you, putting everything he’s got into it this time. He sings along quietly under his breath during the other’s parts, and when it comes time for his, he gives it his all.

Once the song finishes, he’s staring at his panting reflection in the mirror, noticing how golden his eyes have become.
“You’re still here?” A voice snaps him out of his thoughts as he whips around to face the figure leaning against the doorframe.

He can only manage a slight nod of his head in response, his eyes flicking to his phone and breathing a sigh of relief once he sees it’s shut itself off before anyone could see your picture on it.

“I thought you would have went home hours ago,” Chanyeol comments, pushing himself off the doorframe and making his way over to Jongdae in the middle of the practice room.

“I wanted to get in a few more practices before tomorrow,” he says, grabbing his water bottle and taking a swig. “Besides, I still had a bunch of energy.”

“Sure you’re not just trying to impress someone tomorrow?” Chanyeol quirks an eyebrow, and Jongdae tenses.

“Who would I need to impress?” He comments, relaxing his shoulders once more.

“The fans, idiot,” Chanyeol rolls his eyes. “Who did you think I meant?”

Jongdae avoids making eye contact with him, choosing to shrug his shoulders instead.

“Unless…” Chanyeol trails off, “there is someone you’re trying to impress.”

Jongdae stays silent, sending Chanyeol a look as if to say, ‘come on,’ which has his eyes widening.

“So there is someone you’re trying to impress!” Chanyeol smirks as if he’s cracked a secret code.

“There’s no one I’m trying to impress, Chanyeol,” Jongdae deadpans, collecting his things so he can go home.

“Dude, I’ve been your friend for a long time now, I can tell when you’re trying to impress someone,” Chanyeol jokes.

“Okay, Chanyeol, if you say so,” he replies with a roll of his eyes.

It’s quiet between the two of them as Chanyeol takes this time to stare Jongdae down as he continues to pack his things for the night. Chanyeol’s eyes narrow slightly as he watches Jongdae pick up his phone which is still resting on the chair at the front of the room.

“Can I ask you something?” Chanyeol is the first to break the silence.

“If all you’re going to do is ask about if I’m trying to impress someone-“ before he can finish, Chanyeol cuts him off with a shake of his head.

“No, that’s not what I was going to ask,” Chanyeol crosses his arms once more in front of his chest.

“Okay then, what is it?” Jongdae asks, slinging the strap of his bag over his shoulder.

“What’s your deal with (Y/n)?” At Chanyeol’s words, Jongdae tenses. “We’ve all noticed how different you act around her, and knowing my best friend, she’s noticed too. Ever since the two of you met you’ve been like this. Has she done something to elicit this type of reaction out of you? Why do you hate her so much?”

“I don’t hate her,” Jongdae sighs, closing his eyes briefly. “She’s done nothing bad to me.”

“Then why do you act the way you do around her? You make everyone think you don’t like her,”
Chanyeol raises an eyebrow.

“That’s not true!” Jongdae exclaims, before catching himself and calming himself down. “I mean, I-“

“Whatever man,” Chanyeol sighs, cutting him off. “Just be mindful with how you treat her from now on, she doesn’t deserve it. You may be my bandmate, but she’s my best friend, and I need to make sure I’m looking out for her. She doesn’t need anymore drama in her life, so calm down a bit, okay?” Before Jongdae can reply, Chanyeol is turning around and walking towards the doorway. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

With that, Chanyeol exits the practice room, leaving Jongdae alone with his thoughts.

Jongdae’s face is pulled into a frown as he turns off the lights and exits the practice room. He makes his way out of his building and towards his apartment complex. His private home for times like these.

Sure, he could go back to the dorms for the night, but he wants to be alone right now to figure some things out. He also doesn’t want to see any of the other boys right now, least of all Chanyeol. In fact, the only person he wants to see right now is you, but he knows he can’t.

He makes it to his apartment in record time, opening his door and tosses his bag onto his side chair. His frown is still ever present on his face.

His mind is racing, digging into the conversation he just had with Chanyeol about you. What did Chanyeol mean when he said you didn’t need anymore drama in your life? Is someone bothering you that he’s not aware of? With the way Chanyeol was acting, it was almost as if you’ve been hurt before.

Jongdae’s fists clench as he thinks of anyone hurting you in anyway, whether it be physically, emotionally, or anything else for that matter. Maybe you have been hurt before by love, but you just don’t want anyone to know. Maybe that’s why he can’t get close to you using his voice. Sometimes, when someone is guarded against love, or not looking for it, the power of a siren doesn’t work on them.

His frown deepens as he thinks of this.

Letting out a sigh, he checks the time on his phone, seeing it’s just past two in the morning. Perfect.

He quickly grabs a towel from his bathroom, as well as a set of keys off his hallway table as he heads back out the door. He takes the elevator to the main floor and heads down the hallway to the left where the familiar smell of chlorine reaches his nostrils.

Using the key he brought with him, Jongdae quickly unlocks the door to the building’s pool, making sure to lock the door behind him once again. He figures a swim will help to relax his aching muscles and clear his mind.

Normally, the pool closes at eleven at night, but he managed to convince the superintendent to make him a spare key to the pool area so he can use it whenever he pleases. Being a siren does have its perks.

Stripping himself of his clothes, he places them on top of one of the lounge chairs at the side of the pool, and then dives in. The water rushes around him and he smiles to himself as the comforting coolness surrounds him once more.
Opening his eyes as he swims underwater, he turns his head to look down at himself. He watches as his pastel orange tail shimmers beneath him with every swish through the water. His hair floats around his face as he floats just beneath the surface, allowing for the water to calm him down.

For a siren, he’s definitely one of the prettier looking ones, with his light coloured tail and fins which protrude from his forearms, helping to guide him in the water. His scales, however, are razor sharp despite how smooth they look. His ears once again gain their natural pointedness, his senses becoming that much more heightened in the water.

He keeps his teeth in check though, preferring to not have them elongate and sharpen into points as he leisurely swims through the pool, same with his nails. The only reason this would occur is if he was dragging someone down to the bottom of the ocean, and he hasn’t done that in years.

He lets his eyes take on their natural golden colour as he swims around beneath the surface of the water, letting the sound of the water hitting the edges of the pool bring him comfort in this time. The only thing that would bring him even greater comfort would be if you were there with him.

He can’t get what Chanyeol said about you out of his mind, and he wants nothing more than to be able to wrap you in his arms and hold you close to him at this time. He wants to feel the warmth of your body pressed against his as you bury your head into his neck and breathe him in. He wants to be intimate with you, like only lovers can be, but he can’t. At least, not yet.

He allows himself to indulge in his fantasies a bit, manipulating the water into reflecting your image. His eyes are shining bright gold as the water manifests into your figure and your image is now floating beneath the surface with him.

“Hi,” the image of you smiles at him, your voice ringing through his ears as clear as day.

He cannot help but to smile back, taking your hand into his and pulling you close to him. He swims around with you in his arms, imagining that this is real and not some vision he’s created to simulate having you in his arms. He just wants to know what it’s like to hold you in his arms for the night, and know that you want to be there as much as he wants you there.

He spends the next hour just swimming in the pool with that vision of you, imagining that this is real and not some vision he’s created to simulate having you in his arms. He pulls the vision of you close to him one last time before undoing the magic that’s keeping the shape of you in the water with him. You slip right through his fingertips once more as he lets out a sigh. He’s about to hoist himself up above the water and out of the pool when his fin twitches.

Immediately, he dives back down into the water, focusing his energy on listening to the water around him, for it’s relaying your voice. One thing he loves, yet also hates about being a siren is that he can hear everything when he’s underwater. Well, as long as said thing is in the water with him, or the pipes are connected somehow. However, as far as he knows, the pipes to the pool are stationary, meaning they run on their own private system, not connected to anything else.

He then realizes what this must mean. The pipes that relay to the pool are directly beside another set of water pipes which echo and transfer the sounds to each other. He also realizes that this means you live in the same apartment complex as he does, and he’s never even realized it.

He then focuses his energy into listening to your voice, using his echo location to follow the pipes through the building until he finds you, and when he does, his whole body shudders in delight.

You’re currently in your tub, taking a bath at three-thirty in the morning because you’re too nervous to sleep. A glass of wine sits on the edge of the tub as your hand gently fiddles with the
stem of the glass. You let out a sigh, bringing the wine glass to your lips, and taking a sip.

Meanwhile, Jongdae keeps himself stationary underneath the water of the pool, his breathing becoming slightly deeper as he focuses on you. Every curve submerged in the water, he sees. He can almost feel every breath you take as you soak in the tub. He wishes nothing more than to become the water surrounding your body so he can know what your skin actually feels like beneath his fingertips. What he wouldn’t give to be able to be there with you, pleasing you in every way he knows how, in any way he could to help you relax for the evening.

“I think I’m just nervous for the showcase tomorrow,” you sigh, turning your attention to something, or someone else in the bathroom with you, of which Jongdae cannot see. His jealousy flares as he pictures another man in the bathroom with you, anyone but him. Unfortunately for him, he cannot see past the water’s reach.

“No one has ever performed one of my songs before, I just hope the fans like it. I know not everyone is going to like it, but I hope the overall response is positive,” you receive only a ‘meow’ in response, one of which Jongdae cannot hear, yet he notices how you smile at something in response, letting out a slight chuckle, “you’re right, I’m just being foolish. I’m sorry for waking you. Go back to sleep.”

He breaks the connection once he feels the water start to drain from the tub and you getting out of it. His breathing is heavy in anger and jealousy. Who was that? Are you living with someone? Do you have a significant other he doesn’t know about? Maybe this is what Chanyeol is talking about.

Hoisting himself up and out of the pool, he’s quick to flick the excess water off of himself and have legs once again. He stands up, grabbing his towel to help dry him off completely before he grabs his clothes and heads back upstairs to his apartment.

He needs to come up with a way to make you fall for him, and also for him to find out who is with you in your apartment. That should be him, not anyone else. You belong with him.

Making it back into his apartment, Jongdae is quick to shower off and then get ready for bed. He has a big day ahead of him and he needs all the rest he can get, especially if he’s going to impress you. He’ll make you fall for him one way or another, and soon, that’ll be him you’re talking to while you take a bath at three in the morning. He’ll make sure he’s the one comforting you in your time of need, not someone else.

A few hours later, you pull yourself out of bed, groggy from what little sleep you actually did get. Your nerves get the better of you, and you only manage to sleep for a few hours, and as soon as you wake up, you know you’re not going to be able to fall back asleep no matter how tired you are. After all, you have a very busy day ahead of you.

Making your way to your kitchen to make yourself breakfast, you let out a big yawn. Today is the day it’s all going down. Johnny is going to ask out Vanessa after EXO performs your new song for their comeback, and then you’re going to treat yourself to a nice dinner. It’s the least you can do to congratulate yourself after everything that’s happened recently.

You grab a light breakfast since you know you won’t be able to stomach a heavy one with all your nerves for today, and then go to get ready. You take your time, seeing as you don’t have to be at the venue for another two hours for rehearsal this morning.

After you finish getting ready, you feed your cat, Bucky, patting him on the head a few times as you place his bowl on the ground.
“Thanks for putting up with me last night, little buddy,” you chuckle. “I’m sorry for disturbing your beauty sleep.

All you receive is a ‘meow’ in response before he’s digging into his food. You smile and grab your phone to check the time. You see you have a new text from Chanyeol, so you quickly open it to see what it says.

Disney Chanyeol: Hey, are you excited for today? The boy’s and I can’t wait to see you and for you to see the finished product ;)

You: More nervous than anything, despite the fact that I’m not the one going to be performing for thousands of screaming fans, lol

Disney Chanyeol: Don’t worry, the fans will love it! You’re bringing your friend Vanessa, right? Make sure she’s with you when you come in. Anyways, I have to get back to the guys, we’re about to leave, I’ll see you soon!

You: Yep, I will! See you soon!

You lock your phone shortly after you send your last text, a small smile gracing your features. It’s getting closer to the time when you have to leave to go pick up Vanessa before heading over to the venue. Since you get in early, so does she.

Grabbing your stuff, you say a quick goodbye to your cat and head out the door, locking it behind you. A driver is coming to pick you up, then you’re going to get Vanessa, and then the two of you will be dropped off at the venue.

You wait in the lobby of the building until you receive a text that the driver has arrived. You make your way outside, taking a deep breath as you push open the front doors and greet the driver.

“Daemin, it’s good to see you again,” you greet him once you see him.

“Good to see you as well, (Y/n),” he smiles at you. “Ready for today?”

“Physically, yes. Mentally, no,” you joke, climbing into the back of the car as he holds the door open for you.

“I’m sure everything will be fine,” he smiles at you once more as he holds the door open for you.

You’ve known Daemin for quite some time now, as he’s usually the driver whom drives you places, as well as many of the idols you know. He’s very friendly and easy to talk to, so you’re glad he’s the one chauffeuring you around today.

“Where to, madame?” He grins at you from the rearview mirror, already knowing where the two of you will be heading for the day.

“To pick up Vanessa, please,” you grin back. “Do you remember the way?”

“Of course I do!” He replies, feigning offence. “How could I forget considering the amount of times I’ve dropped you off at her place or picked her up?”

“Fair enough,” you nod back at him.

The ride to Vanessa’s is quick, the two of you maintaining small talk the whole time. Once you get
to her house, you see her sitting on the front porch. Her expression immediately lights up once she sees you. You smile and open the back door, allowing her to climb in beside you.

“Hey! I can’t believe you’re bringing me to EXO’s comeback!” She squeals, giving you a tight hug in greeting.

“Well, hello to you, too,” you chuckle and you see her blush slightly as she pulls away. “I’m glad you could make it, I don’t think I could have survived by myself anyways.”

“Knowing you, you would have been fine, but still,” she smiles, “I’m glad you invited me.”

You smile back at her as the car starts to move once more. The two of you make small talk on the way to the venue, with Daemin chiming in here and there as well. You can tell how excited Vanessa is to be accompanying you to this event, and you smile to yourself. You’re excited for her to be here too, but for more than one reason. You can’t wait to see how Johnny does when asking her out.

About half an hour later, the two of you arrive at the venue for the day, being dropped off at the back entrance. As soon as you step out, you’re greeted by three security guards, two of whom you recognize.

“Hey, (Y/n),” one of them greets, to which you nod your head back in greeting, wanting to get inside as soon as possible.

The third one which you don’t recognize stops Vanessa before she can follow you into the venue. You turn around just in time to catch her look of panic.

“She’s with me,” you tell him, to which he nods his head in understanding, muttering a small ‘sorry’ as he lets her pass.

The two of you make it into the venue, letting the door fall shut behind you. You both breathe a sigh of relief, looking at each other briefly before grins appear on both your faces, yours more nervous than anything.

“You ready?” You ask her.

“Oh, hell yeah! Are you?” She replies.

“When am I ever ready for things?” You laugh, and she gives you a look. “I’m just kidding, of course I am.”

With that, the two of you make your way through the venue and to the area where they told you to meet for rehearsal. Vanessa follows behind you slightly, letting you lead the way since you start running into people she’s unfamiliar with. Finally, you make it backstage and see Chanyeol talking with Johnny and Kyungsoo.

Chanyeol’s back is to you, but both Johnny and Kyungsoo notice your presence before he does. As soon as Johnny sees Vanessa his eyes widen slightly but he’s able to maintain his composure as you motion for both him and Kyungsso not to alert Chanyeol of your presence.

“Oh my god! Park Chanyeol, I’m your number one fan!” You squeal in a high pitched voice, jumping onto his back, successfully scaring the living shit out of him, making you burst out laughing.

“Geez, (Y/n), are you trying to kill me? I almost had a heart attack!” He complains, placing a hand
over his heart for extra emphasis as the four of you laugh.

“But you didn’t,” you tease him, to which he just pouts at. “Oh, relax you big baby, I have to keep you on your toes somehow.”

“Well, I’m glad the two of you are here now,” Johnny comments, and the two of you share a look as Vanessa greets Kyungsoo.

Meanwhile, Jongdae watches your whole interaction from the opposite side of the backstage area. His eyebrows are furrowed in distaste and the empty water bottle he is currently holding is now crushed in his hand. Why can’t you ever look at him the way you’re looking at Chanyeol, at Johnny. Hell, even Kyungsoo gets more of your attention than he does.

Baekhyun, who is passing by on the way to the dressing rooms, notices the state Jongdae is in and stops walking.

“You okay, man?” Baekhyun’s voice snaps Jongdae out of his thoughts, yet he cannot seem to take his eyes off you.

“Yeah,” Jongdae replies, shortly.

Baekhyun follows Jongdae’s gaze and sees you and your friend talking with Chanyeol, Johnny, and Kyungsoo. Baekhyun’s eyebrows raise in realization, and a mischievous smirk crosses his face.

“Come on, let’s go say hi,” Baekhyun smirks, grabbing Jongdae’s arm and drags him over to your little group despite the resistance Jongdae gives him.

You’re just in the middle of talking about what today is going to be like when you spot Baekhyun dragging Jongdae forcefully across the backstage area. The expression on Jongdae’s face does not look happy, and you start to get even more nervous than you already are. You can tell Jongdae is looking at you, and you sigh internally.

“Hey, (Y/n)!” Baekhyun cheers once he and Jongdae reach you.

“Hi, Baekhyun,” you greet him back with a smile.

Jongdae’s eyes are filled with anger as he watches you smile and interact with everyone else. You offer him a small smile, but it’s more of a grimace when you see the look on his face. He’s jealous of the attention you’re giving to everyone but him.

“Excited for today?” Baekhyun asks with a smile.

“You could say that,” you chuckle nervously.

“Oh, come on, (Y/n), relax,” Johnny smirks at you. “You’re overthinking things.”

“Yeah, Johnny’s right, you tend to do that a lot,” Vanessa chimes in, patting your back affectionately to help ease your nerves.

“I hate it when you’re right,” you narrow your eyes at them while crossing your arms in front of your chest.

“Just relax,” Johnny chuckles, to which you take a deep breath and nod your head.

“Well, we need to all get ready for rehearsal now, so we’ll see you in a bit, okay?” Chanyeol says, to which you just nod your head once more.
The four of them head off towards the dressing rooms to get changed while Johnny stays back with you and Vanessa. You send him a look while flicking your eyes to Vanessa who is still standing beside you. He looks at you in slight panic and fear.

Just then, Vanessa’s name gets called from off to the side which has her whipping around to find whoever has called her. You turn around to find Taeyong with a smile on his face as he approaches you.

Vanessa immediately wraps him in a hug, smiling wide at one of her best friends whom she hasn’t seen in a while. They pull away from each other and start talking animatedly, moving off to the side and away from you and Johnny.

“You know, I keep forgetting they’re also best friends,” Johnny mutters.

“I didn’t know Taeyong was also going to be here,” you reply, raising an eyebrow at him.

“Didn’t I tell you? I thought that I told you,” Johnny responds quickly, watching Vanessa almost longingly.

“Nevermind, you love struck puppy, let’s go wait in the audience for rehearsal to start, they’ll be fine on their own,” you pat his shoulder, leading him out onto the stage and down into the seats just below.

Meanwhile, Jongdae still has a bitter expression on his face as he enters the dressing rooms first. He tosses his crushed water bottle into the garbage, gritting his teeth as he remembers the way you looked at everyone but him.

“Okay, dude, what is going on with you?” Baekhyun is the first to speak once he enters the room, followed by a frowning Chanyeol and a curious Kyungsoo.

Jongin, who is currently scrolling through his phone, looks up at the entrance of the other members.

“Nothing, I’m fine,” Jongdae replies gruffly, crossing his arms in front of his chest.

“As soon as you saw (Y/n) you looked like you wanted to murder someone,” Baekhyun raises an eyebrow. “I wouldn’t consider that to be ‘fine.’”

“We talked about this,” Chanyeol’s voice is stern, staring down Jongdae from across the room. “Way to make her feel like you don’t hate her.”

“I don’t hate her!” Jongdae snaps.

“Than stop acting like it!” Chanyeol snaps back.

“Both of you calm down,” Junmyeon makes his presence known, stepping into the room and in-between the two arguing members.

By now, all the other members have entered the room to see what all the commotion is about.

“Look, I know you may not care, but this is an important day for her, so I’d really appreciate it if you didn’t act like such a dick towards her for one whole day,” Chanyeol says, narrowing his eyes at Jongdae. “Please.”

A silence settles between all of them as the two of them stare each other down.
“Alright, I’m sorry,” Jongdae is the first to break the silence by letting out a sigh, figuring it best not to argue any longer as he’s starting to get a headache from all of this.

“Well, now that that’s settled, hurry up and get ready, we have to rehearse,” Junmyeon instructs them, ushering the other members back out into the hallway.

The remaining members change and get ready for rehearsal while the ones that are ready get their mic’s ready. There is still a tension between Chanyeol and Jongdae, and all of them can sense it.

Meanwhile, you sit in one of the first rows of the venue talking with Johnny. You’re hyping him up to ask out Vanessa later on in the day and it seems to be working, for his shoulders have relaxed and a small smile tugs at the corners of his lips. You smile at him encouragingly as he tells you he’s going to put your plan in motion after the main performance tonight.

Turning your head towards the stage, you see some movement before Junmyeon, Yixing, Sehun, Jongin, and Minseok all walk onto the stage. They’re chatting amongst themselves in hushed voices and you and Johnny both share a look with raised eyebrows.

“Is everything okay guys?” Your voice manages to pull them out of their conversation, them all turning to look at you now with smiles on their faces.

“Oh course! Why wouldn’t it be?” Minseok replies with a nervous chuckle. You narrow your eyes slightly at him but don’t push it, it’s probably group related anyways.

A few moments later, out walks Vanessa, Chanyeol, Taeyong, and Baekhyun, shortly followed by Kyungsoo. Jongdae has yet to make an appearance so you figure he’s probably the last one to be ready out of all of them. You see both Taeyong and Vanessa making their way over to where you and Johnny are sitting in the audience. Once they reach you, Vanessa chooses to sit beside Johnny as Taeyong comes to sit beside you.

“Hey (Y/n), it’s great to see you again!” Taeyong says while sitting in the seat beside you.

“It’s nice to see you again as well, Taeyong,” you smile back at him. “How are things with you?”

You strike up a friendly conversation with Taeyong while you all wait for rehearsal to start. You notice out of the corner of your eye that Jongdae has finally appeared on the stage, but you don’t pay too much attention to him as you are currently talking with Taeyong.

Jongdae, on the other hand, notices your happy expression right away and sees how you share multiple smiles and laughs with Taeyong. His jealousy flares once more as he gets ready to start the sound check.

They all get into position and a voice comes over the speakers letting everyone know that rehearsal is about to start. Your conversation comes to an end with Taeyong as all your focus is now drawn to the stage where they’ll be practicing your song soon.

“A little birdie told me that you wrote the song that they’re about to perform,” Taeyong says, amazement clear in his eyes.

“I take it that little bird was someone named Johnny?” You giggle and receive a nod in response as the lights begin to dim.

Rehearsal starts and everything is running smoothly so far, a few lighting changes here and there, as well as adjusting the volume on a few mic’s are the only major things that occur.
The whole time, you watch each member as they perform your song. Even though it’s just rehearsal, finally seeing it being performed onstage with the lighting and everything really makes your heart swell in your chest. Everyone seems to be enjoying themselves while performing it, too. Well, everyone but Jongdae.

Your brows pull into a frown as you watch him with a pissed off look on his face. He looks more uncomfortable than anything and your expression drops slightly. Does he really hate the song that much?

Up on stage, Jongdae lets his emotions control his performance. Having to see you so close all day around other men, being friendly to everyone but him is really getting to him. Seeing you talking with Taeyong is the final nail in the coffin for him. That is, until he notices you watching him while they practice.

His heart starts to race in his chest as he feels your eyes looking at him for once, and not someone else. Although, with the defeated expression on your face, he realizes that you must be watching him due to his own expression of distaste on his own face. He curses at himself as he knows you’re probably beating yourself up over the fact that he looks so unhappy right now. Yet, it’s not for the reasons you think.

Knowing you’re watching him still, he forces his feelings of jealousy to the back of his mind and focuses instead on the feeling of your eyes watching him, and only him. All of a sudden, he’s singing with a new passion, performing each move of the dance with a new energy he didn’t feel before. All of this is for you, and he knows that if he’s going to win your heart, he needs to show you a better side of him, and start acting the the man you deserve.

His change in demeanour does not go unnoticed by you, it’s almost as if Jongdae has become a completely different person within the span of a few seconds. The frown you once wore is now morphing into a mild look of surprise and awe as Jongdae comes alive on stage. You watch as he performs the song like you’ve never seen him do it before.

The song ends and the boys are all panting from the practice. They quickly move on to practice a few of their other songs they’ve prepared for their comeback, and soon enough, rehearsal is over.

The four of you in the audience start clapping after the last song is over, congratulating them on a job well done. The boys all smile back at you, but you notice a type of fondness in Jongdae’s expression. A fondness that seems to be directed at you.

You shake your head. There’s no way Jongdae’s looking at you like that, you’re probably just imagining things. You’re pulled out of your thoughts by Vanessa speaking.

“Wow, you guys are amazing! I can’t wait to see the actual performance if you guys are this good during practice,” she comments, admiration clear in her eyes. She receives a few chuckles and smiles her way before the boys all head offstage to grab some food before they open the doors to the venue to start letting the fans in.

Standing up from your seats, the four of you follow them backstage and grab some food as well. You stand off to the side talking with Vanessa for the next hour seeing as the boys have all gone off to get ready and do their own things.

A little while before the show starts, Vanessa excuses herself for some fresh air leaving you alone backstage. However, you’re not alone for too long as Johnny makes a reappearance and comes to stand beside you. He sends you a questioning look, one which you understand right away.
“She went outside for some fresh air, don’t worry, she’ll be back shortly,” you tell him and he sighs slightly in relief. “You’re asking her after the show, right?”

“Yes, I already told you this,” he replies.

“Just checking,” you smirk at him while he just shakes his head slightly in response.

Just then, you see all of the members make their way backstage and to where you’re currently standing, Taeyong following shortly behind them. You look them over and let out a small whistle.

“Damn guys, are you going for the ‘I’m going to murder every single one of my fans with my charming good looks’ look, because if you are, you’re killing it,” you say. “Pun intended.”

A few of them chuckle in response at your statement while Chanyeol comes to stand beside you. Vanessa returns at this time and stands beside Johnny, taking in the appearance of everybody. Looks like she has the same reaction you do.

“Gotta look good for our fans,” Chanyeol smirks, flinging an arm lazily around your shoulder.

Jongdae nearly rolls his eyes at Chanyeol’s statement. He couldn’t care less about looking good for the fans right now. All that matters is him looking good for you, and judging from your comment and the way your eyes trailed over his figure a little longer than the rest, he’s succeeding in doing that.

“By the way, has anyone told you where the two of you will be watching this performance this evening yet?” Yixing asks you, also directing the question towards Vanessa. The two of you shake your heads ‘no’ as your brow furrows slightly in confusion.

“Let me show you,” Chanyeol says, beginning to drag you to the side of the stage where you can peek out from without being spotted by the crowd.

Looking out into the crowd filled with excited and anxious fans, you see two of the best seats in the house have been reserved for both you and Vanessa. You look back at Chanyeol in shock, a huge smile breaking out onto your face as Vanessa takes this time to check where the two of you will be sitting.

“Thank you so much, Chanyeol!” You surprise him by wrapping your arms around him and squishing him in a hug. He lets out a laugh and immediately hugs you back.

“There’s no need to thank me, you deserve it,” he replies, pulling away from you and looking into your eyes. “Now, the show is about to start, so I think the two of you should go take your seats.”

With a wink from Chanyeol, you both wave to the boys and wish them good luck before heading out into the audience to take your seats. The whole time, Vanessa is bouncing up and down, hardly able to contain her excitement just like the fans around her. However, the closer it gets to showtime, the more nervous you start to become, your worries from early in the day making themselves apparent once more.

Jongdae watches you disappear from his sight once more, looking after you longingly. He’s doing his best to control the anger he feels at seeing your interaction with Chanyeol. That should be him. All he knows is that he’s going to put everything he’s got into this performance, and all for you. This comeback is for you, no one else matters. Granted, he will still put on the charm and use his powers on the rest of the fans to ensure they like it, but for him, this will always be your song.

A few minutes later, the lights begin to dim and screams are heard from the audience as the
members make their way into their starting positions for the beginning of their comeback stage. You wait on the edge of your seat with bated breath as the opening plays in preparation for what is to come.

Soon, the lights come on much to the delight of everyone in the venue and your song starts playing over the speakers. You hear the excited voices of the fans screaming along to the fan-chants and a smile makes it’s way onto your face. You turn to Vanessa who seems to be greatly enjoying herself.

“They like it! They really like it!” You scream, a bright smile on your face as Vanessa nods vigorously.

“I told you they would!” She yells back, and the two of you focus your attention back to the stage.

Immediately, your gaze gets drawn to Jongdae. He’s performing the song ever better and more enthusiastically than he was during rehearsal today. Your smile grows wider as you watch him, for he seems to be genuinely enjoying performing your song.

Sensing you’re looking at him, Jongdae makes eye contact with you, giving it his all during his parts, singing all for you. To him, it’s almost as if there’s no one else there, just you and him.

He notices the gigantic smile you’re wearing, and can’t help it when his hear skips a beat and makes him even more breathless then he already is. You look so beautiful, so happy, and you’re looking at him like that. He can hardly believe it.

The song ends and the fans go wild, screaming their love for the members and the song they’ve just executed flawlessly. Though, you can hardly hear them over the sound of your own heart racing in your chest.

Your eyes are still trained on Jongdae, and you find yourself placing a hand over your heart to see if you can control the frantic pounding you feel in your chest. Tears gather in the corners of your eyes as you recall how he performed your song. He’s never, in all the practices you’ve attended, even once shown that amount of passion while performing your song before.

Another thing you’ve noticed is his voice. You’ve always known Jongdae has a powerful voice, and you’ve always been a silent fan of his singing talents despite how he’s treated you. This time, however, you really felt the power behind it, the emotion in his voice as he sung the lyrics you wrote. It makes your heart race.

The rest of the show you’re hyperaware of Jongdae’s voice. Listening to it intently every time he sings, especially during the heartfelt ballads. You can tell he puts a lot of effort into what he’s doing, and he does have a lot of passion for it.

You do occasionally switch your focus to the other members, as you know Chanyeol would have a fit if he found out his best friend didn’t watch him during the whole show at least once. However, each time you look at another member, you find your gaze being drawn back to Jongdae.

Throughout the show, Jongdae only uses the power of his voice once, that one time being during your song. He figures he doesn’t need to worry about the other songs, and your song is the only one he really cares about. That and some of the other songs are already fan favourites, so he figures he shouldn’t waste his energy or his powers on them.

Before you know it, the show has ended. You and Vanessa make your way once again to the backstage area, a giddy smile on your face. You can’t wait to see the boys and congratulate them
on a job well done, and you also can’t wait for Johnny to confess to Vanessa.

Once backstage, you immediately make your way over to the nine sweaty men with a large smile on your face.

“You guys did amazing, holy shit, I’m speechless,” you say, the smile on your face conveying all of your emotions of happiness to them.

“The show was fantastic and you could tell the fans really enjoyed it too,” Vanessa comments, nudging your side during the second part of her statement.

“See, what’d I tell you?” Chanyeol smiles, coming over to wrap you in a tight hug. “Nothing to be worried about.”

“Yeah, yeah, you were right,” you sigh, hugging him back before a disgusted look crosses your face. “Now would you please let go of me, you’re all sweaty.”

“Oops, my bad,” he teases, hugging you tighter just to annoy you.

“Chanyeol!” You shriek, pushing him away from you. “Gross.”

He just grins at you in response as the others laugh at the interaction between the two of you.

“By the way, we’re all going out for dinner as a sort of celebration after this and we were wondering if you’d like to join us?” Junmyeon asks you. “Chanyeol mentioned earlier that you didn’t have any plans after this, and you’re more than welcome to come out with us.”

“Oh, um, “ you trail off looking towards Vanessa and not knowing how to answer. You’re unsure if the invitation is also open to her or not.

“You’re more than welcome to come too, Vanessa,” Junmyeon adds, sensing your hesitation.

“That’s very kind of you, but I’m afraid I’ll have to decline, I already have dinner plans,” Vanessa says with a kind smile.

“I’ll go with you guys then,” you say, shooting him a grateful smile.

“Alright!” Baekhyun cheers. “Then it’s settled, you’re coming with us.”

“That’s what she just said, Baek,” Yixing deadpans.

The two of them start bickering back and forth as you giggle at their antics. Eventually, they all soon move off to get changed out of their performance attire, and get their mic’s taken off.

You notice Johnny making his way over to where you and Vanessa are standing and you smirk. He sends you a look in response as if to say ‘don’t you dare leave me alone.’ You shake your head at him and sigh.

“How did you two like the show?” He asks once he reaches the two of you.

“It was amazing! I loved every second of it!” Vanessa gushes, a bright smile on her face.

Johnny smile at her enthusiasm, “I’m glad you enjoyed yourself.”

“Oh, for sure,” she replies.
“Anyways, if you two would excuse me for a moment, I just need to check something real quick,” you say, sending Johnny a subtle wink as he looks at you in slight fear.

You move off to the side and away from them, watching the rest of their interaction from not too far away. You can still hear what they’re saying, and after five minutes of polite conversation, Vanessa excuses herself to the washroom.

Almost immediately after she’s disappeared you pop out and smack Johnny on the back of the head.

“Ow, what was that for?” He whines, rubbing the back of his head.

“Why haven’t you asked her out yet?” You ask, stepping in front of him as you cross your arms in front of your chest.

“I don’t know, I panicked, okay?” He replies, wrapping his arms around himself in nervousness.

“You just have to go for it, I know she’ll say yes, just trust me,” you try to reassure him.

“You don’t know that for sure,” he mumbles.

“Yes I do! Come on, just go for it,” you encourage him. “I know you can do it.”

“I don’t know if I can do this anymore, (Y/n),” he looks at you with eyes full of anxiousness.

“Sure you can, you just got to go for it,” you respond. “Here, practice on me before she comes back.”

He sighs, “okay, fine.”

You stare expectantly at him as he collects himself. He opens his mouth a few times as if he’s going to say something, but he stops himself each time, almost as if he cannot find the proper words to say.

Meanwhile, Jongdae is one of the first ones to finish getting ready, making his way back to where he knows you are waiting. He pauses, mid-step as he sees the intense silent battle you are locked in with Johnny. His eyes narrow at the situation he finds you in, and your next words have his eyes growing wide.

“Oh, for fucks sake, Johnny! How many times have you easily told me you love me, yet you can’t even do this one simple thing?” You exclaim.

Jongdae feels like his whole world has stopped. His heart clenches in his chest as he hears you utter those words. His mind is racing with questions, none of which he has answers to. Was Johnny the person with you in your apartment last night? One thing he’s sure of though, winning your heart has now become a lot more difficult than he thought it would be.

After the initial shock of your words wears off, anger courses through his veins. Johnny may be his friend and fellow label mate, but if he thinks he can steal you away from him, he has another thing coming. So, before either of you two can react, Jongdae is storming over to the two of you.

“What the hell did you just say?” Jongdae spits once he’s close enough to the two of you, yet both you and Johnny choose to ignore him for the time being.

“That’s different!” Johnny tries to defend himself.
“Please do explain to me how that’s different?” You quirk an eyebrow at him in challenge.

“Yes, do tell,” Jongdae crosses his arms in front of his chest, glaring at Johnny, and if looks could kill, Johnny would be dead thrice over by now.

“You’re my best friend, she’s the girl I like,” he explains as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world. “Men tend to act a little different around the person they like, a little crazy event!”

“Oh my god, Johnny, you’re acting as if asking her out is going to kill you,” you roll your eyes. Before he can say another word, Vanessa returns to your side, and she’s managed to hear the last bit of your exchange. She stands beside Johnny and pats his arm reassuringly.

“Don’t worry, Johnny, I’m sure whoever you like will agree to going out with you. Anybody would be lucky to have you,” she says, and you can see the wheels spinning inside his head. “Anyways, I have to go now, my brother is here to pick me up. Thank you so much once again for letting me accompany you to this, (Y/n). I had a great time. I’ll see you guys later!”

With that, she gives you a brief hug, nods in Jongdae’s direction, and sends Johnny one last smile before heading for the exit.

“What are you waiting for? Go after her!” You practically yell, turning him around and pushing him in the direction she went off in.

“Alright, alright!” Johnny replies, exasperatedly as he starts to follow in the direction Vanessa went. “I just have a hard time with words.”

“You seem to have no problem with words when it comes to telling (Y/n) you love her,” Jongdae spits, bitterly, and this time, you can no longer ignore his statement.

“Okay, Jongdae, what the fuck?” You turn on him, narrowing your eyes at him.

By now, the rest of the members have made their way back into the backstage area where you are. They’re all just able to catch the last bit of your conversation before you round on Jongdae.

“What?” He snaps.

“What do you mean ‘what’? What the fuck is your problem?” You snap back. “You’ve been acting like a dick all day, not to mention all the times you’ve treated me like shit for no apparent reason. So, I’d like to know, what the fuck do you have against me? Did I do something to offend you the first time we met? What did I do to make you hate me so much?” Before he can respond, you continue, “and you have no right what so ever to make comments about my personal life and relations. You are not my boyfriend. Hell, you’re not even my friend, so how dare you say anything against Johnny. He knows more about me then you ever will! I am so sick and fucking tired of this bullshit, I do not deserve to be treated like this!”

All the boys are silent, surprised by your outburst, Jongdae especially. He stands there, staring at you in shock, unable to say anything as he tries to comprehend what you’ve just told him.

“I can’t believe you,” you huff, turning away from him to face Chanyeol who is standing right behind you. “You guys go out for dinner without me, I’m not feeling up to it anymore. Congratulations on the comeback guys, you really did amazing.”

“(Y/n),” Chanyeol calls your name softly, reaching out to grab your arm but he’s too late, you’ve already turned around and left. His expression morphs into one of anger after he sees your form
disappear from his sight, rounding on Jongdae. “I asked you not to be a dick to her for one day. One fucking day, and you blew it! You told me you didn’t hate her but your actions are really contradicting your statement right now.”

Without another word, Chanyeol rushes after you down the hall, trying to catch you before you can leave the venue. Unfortunately, you’ve already managed to leave before he can catch up to you. He comes back to find Jongdae getting scolded by the other members, them also asking him what’s going on with him. They get minimal responses back from him, a sour look residing on his face. This just pushes Chanyeol over the edge.

Before anyone has time to react, or can stop him for that matter, Chanyeol lands a solid blow to the side of Jongdae’s face, successfully knocking him to the floor. Chanyeol goes in for another hit, but before he can make contact, he’s being held back by Sehun, Minseok, and Yixing.

“That’s enough,” Junmyeon’s voice booms. “Jongdae, I don’t know what has gotten into you lately, but you need to calm down and apologize to (Y/n). Chanyeol, control yourself.”

“I’ll control myself only if he learns to act like a decent fucking person for once,” Chanyeol spits, pulling himself out of the other member’s hold. “I’m going home.”

Without another word, Chanyeol storms out of the venue, shortly followed by Jongdae. Neither of them can take much more of this. Once they’re both out of sight, the seven remaining members share a look between each other, all asking the same thing. What the fuck just happened?

Meanwhile, Jongdae makes it back to his apartment in record time. He’s fuming, and he can hardly believe what has just transpired. Not only is he angry at himself, but he’s also disappointed. He can’t believe he let his emotions get the best of him, he’s acting like the monster he knows he is, but usually he can hide it. There’s just something about you, you just make him go so crazy.

He looks at the clock that hangs on his side wall and sees it’s only ten thirty at night. Usually there’s no one at the pool at this time so he deems it safe to go down for a swim. Grabbing everything he needs, as well as a pencil and a notebook, he makes his way down to the pool, figuring a swim ought to help clear his mind.

All he wants to do is be there for you, to have you as his own, and to protect you. He needs to find a way to express himself without scaring you off. He needs to fix things, and fast, otherwise there may be no coming back from this at all. He could lose you forever, and he doesn’t like the thought of that one bit.

Making down to the pool, he briefly glances inside before determining there’s no one else there. He opens the door to the pool area and sits in one of the lounge chairs on the opposite side. This way he can have a view of the pool and the giant clock that sits on the opposite wall.

Putting his stuff down beside him, he takes the notebook and pencil and begins writing. Maybe if he can’t express his feelings through regular words, he can express them through a song. Putting the pencil to paper, he begins writing, letting out his thoughts about you, and letting them transpire into words on the page.

About twenty minutes pass and he already has a rough outline for a song. He’s pretty proud of it so far, as it displays his emotions and feelings he has about you out in the open. He will admit, the song is turning out a little more personal than he intended, but he knows that he wouldn’t be able to express himself in any other way.

He’s pulled out of his thoughts as he hears the door to the pool open, and in walks you, the person
he least expects to see. However, as soon as you turn back around from closing the door and spot him already staring at you, you freeze like a deer in headlights.

Your eyes widen before they narrow at him in disgust, turning back around to exit the pool area, not wanting to deal with him right now. Before you can open the door, however, Jongdae is standing up, out of his seat and rushing over to you.

“Wait!” He calls out desperately, but you choose to ignore him. “Please!”

“Why should I?” You pause your movement of opening the door halfway, not daring to turn and face him for fear of the tears you have just managed to get under control an hour ago resurfacing.

“Please, just hear me out, I-“ his words get caught in his throat as you turn around to look at him and he sees your hurt expression.

“Well, are you going to say something?” You question, looking expectantly at him.

“You don’t have to leave,” he mumbles. “I mean, if you don’t want to.”

“And why should I stay? It’s obvious you can barely stand to be in my presence, so I think it’d be better for the both of us if I just left you alone,” you state.

“It’s obvious you came down here for a swim, so please, swim. I promise I won’t bother you,” he says, looking at the patterned tiles on the floor and refusing to meet your eyes. He wonders why he’s gotten so shy around you all of a sudden. He thinks it’s probably because he’s ashamed of how he’s been treating you lately.

You don’t say anything to him in response and once he hears the door close, he figures you’ve probably left. He looks up and his eyes widen in surprise when he sees you still standing there. He’s even more surprised when you let out a sigh and make your way over to the furthest possible chair away from him. He almost lets out a whine at how far away you’ve chosen to be away from him, but he hangs his head in shamed understanding.

Making his way back over to his own chair, he sits back down, picking up his pencil and paper once more. He can’t help but to steal glances at you every now and then as you shed you clothes to reveal your swimsuit underneath. The way it hugs every curve of your being, showcasing every asset you have, makes his mouth water in desire and hunger for you. He can feel his eyes turning gold and has to shake his head to clear his thoughts.

How badly he just wants to go over to you, wrap you in his arms, and never let you go. How badly he wants to be able to run his hand all over your body and feel every inch of your skin underneath his fingertips. What he wouldn’t give to have you trembling in ecstasy beneath him, moaning his name. He bets your voice sounds angelic when you beg, and so badly does he want you to beg for him to make love to your gorgeous body all night long.

He closes his eyes as he pictures these scenarios in his head before opening them once more to stare at you once again. You’re his biggest temptation, his biggest weakness. He licks his lips.

He’s pulled out of his thoughts by the clearing of your throat.

“Could you please stop staring at me,” you say, sounding more like a demand than a question.

“Sorry,” he blushes and turns his head away, embarrassed that you caught him fantasizing about all that he wants to do with you.
He forces himself to focus back on the song he’s writing, changing a few lyrics here and there, trying to hear what certain parts might sound like in his head. He glances up briefly once he hears you dive into the pool, following your figure submerged underwater with his eyes. He makes sure to look away once you come up for air. He’s already been caught once staring at you. He figures if he’s caught again, you’ll just leave, and right now, he’s enjoying your presence.

You are sure to swim with your back turned to him the majority of the time, not being able to find it in you to face him. You find you don’t want to face him regardless, not after how he’s treated you.

You’re just floating peacefully in the pool, finally relaxing after the day you’ve had, when you’re pulled out of your thoughts by a soft voice.

“I don’t hate you,” Jongdae says, speaking quietly so as not to startle you, yet his words still manage to do just that. You switch your position so you’re now treading water while facing him, sending him the most confused and hurt look Jongdae has ever seen in his life. His heart pangs in his chest. “I’m sorry if I made you think that.”

You scoff and roll your eyes, “it’s kind of hard not to think that based on the way you act around me, with the way you’ve treated me.”

“I know, and I’m sorry,” he says. “Really, I truly am. I just didn’t know how to act around you, I can’t really explain it right now, and I know that’s a horrible excuse but please. Please. I’m begging you, if you could find it in yourself to forgive me, and maybe we can start over? Without all the drama?”

By now, you’ve swam a little closer to him, being able to support yourself on your feet in the shallow end, but still keeping the majority of your body submerged. You let out a sigh, closing your eyes as you bring a hand up to rub at them.

“Despite my better judgement, I will give you one more chance,” you tell him, and you see his expression immediately brighten with hope. “But, you only get one more chance. If you blow it, that’s it.”

“Thank you, (Y/n), I really mean it,” he says, looking straight into your eyes. “This means more to me than you’ll ever know.”

You both hold each other’s gaze for a solid minute, neither one of you wanting to be the first to look away. You notice the same fondness in Jongdae’s eyes he had earlier when he was looking at you, and your heart skips a beat in your chest. This look is so different, so kind, so tender, compared to the other glares he has been giving you throughout the day, you’re a little taken back by it. You force yourself to be the first one to look away.

Jongdae feels as if a weight has been lifted off of his chest, and a small smile tugs at the corners of his lips He notices how you’ve gone back to swimming leisurely in the pool, seemingly more relaxed now.

After a while, your curiosity gets the better of you and you make your way over to where Jongdae is sitting in his chair. He’s so engrossed in his writing he doesn’t notice you lurking up to him in the water with only your head above the water line.

“What are you working on?” He nearly jumps out of his chair once he hears your voice, and you have to stifle a giggle.
“Just a song,” he answers, a blush crawling up his neck as he thinks of how he wrote this song about you and your relationship with him.

“What’s it about?” You inquire, genuine curiosity in your eyes.

“It’s a little bit different than I’m used to but I wanted to go for something a little darker,” he explains, almost cautiously. “It’s about a guy who’s so in love with a girl, she makes him go crazy with his love for her, wanting nothing more than for her to love him back.”

“Is this based off of personal experience?” You tease with a raised eyebrow.

“I guess you could say something like that,” he jokes right back.

“Sounds interesting,” you reply. “What’s the name of the song?”

“It’s not one hundred percent yet, but I’m thinking ‘Monster,’” Jongdae tells you, watching your reactions very closely.

“I like it, I think it’s fitting for the concept you’re going for,” you smile at him and he swears it’s the most beautiful thing he’s seen in his life.

He only smiles back at you in response, making a mental note to keep the title the way it is and not change it. He works on the song for a bit longer until he hears you getting out of the pool. This grabs his attention as he watches you wrap your towel around yourself and dry off. You grab the rest of your things and head to the exit.

“Goodnight, Jongdae,” you call over your shoulder, but before he can respond, you’ve already left.

He lets out a small sigh and closes his eyes in bliss. He can hardly believe that just happened for it feels too much like a dream. A dream he never wants to wake up from.

Once he’s sure you’re not coming back, he places all his things onto his chair, stands up, and dives into the pool.

His tail swishes happily back and forth behind him as he move around in the pool. He swears he can still feel the warmth from your body heat in the pool water, that he can still smell your scent radiating off of the surrounding waves. He hums a small tune to himself as he swims back and forth, a new one which he’s just come up with.

“She got me going crazy,” echos off the pool walls for the next hour and a half.

He returns to his apartment shortly after one in the morning, taking a quick shower and heading straight to bed. He falls asleep that night with a smile on his face, his thoughts filled with images of you smiling at him and what the rest of his life will be like with you by his side.

The next day, he arrives at the studio earlier than everyone else, too eager to start producing his new song and see what the others think. About an hour passes before anyone shows up, and the first person that does show up does not look happy to see him.

“You’re here early,” Chanyeol comments, and all he receives is a grunt in response, Jongdae too engrossed in his song to verbally respond. “I got a text this morning from (Y/n),” at your name, Jongdae perks up, “she told me the two of you talked things out last night and now you’re good with each other. Is this true?”

“Yeah, we talked last night and I apologized for being such a dick to her. She decided to give me
one more chance,” Jongdae explains.

“I see,” Chanyeol nods. “Sorry for punching you yesterday.”

“It’s alright, I deserved it, I was being an asshole after all,” Jongdae replies.

It is now that Chanyeol actually takes notice of what Jongdae is doing.

“What are you working on?” He asks, pulling up a chair to sit beside Jongdae.

“I wrote a song last night,” Jongdae replies simply, surprising Chanyeol at how casual he sounds.

“That’s great man!” Chanyeol says, grinning at Jongdae to which Jongdae grins back. “Let’s here what you’ve got so far.”

Jongdae plays Chanyeol the song, and the two of them spend the next few hours working together to perfect it. Once they’re done, they both share a proud look and call up the other members and their production team.

After playing everybody the demo that they’ve created in such a short amount of time, the production team jumps all over it, calling in some other people that can help get this track finished and produced faster. They now have their repackaged title song.

The next few weeks are spent performing at music shows and preparing for the second part of their comeback. There’s a lot of buzz surrounding this upcoming concept as it’s something they’ve never done before. No one is looking forward to this comeback more than Jongdae is though.

The weeks leading up to the comeback are spent practicing as hard as he can. He wants to make sure to impress you since he knows you’re going to be at this comeback show just like the previous one, only this time, he’s going to make sure to make you fall for him.

One thing you’ve both started doing a few times a week is hang out at the pool in your apartment building late at night. Usually, you’re the one swimming while Jongdae just sits at the side conversing with you. When you asked him why he doesn’t join you for a swim, he simply replies that he much prefers the ambiance of the pool rather than actually swimming in it. He says it helps him think, clear his mind, and calm down when he’s stressed. You don’t question it.

He keeps telling you how he can’t wait for you to see their new comeback, making sure the other members keep you in the dark about what it’s going to be. Every time you ask him about it and if it’s the song he wrote that one night, he only replies with a ‘you’ll see.’

A week after the music video is filmed, it’s released, and the very next day they’re all once again at the same venue for their new comeback, getting ready for rehearsal. You stand backstage this time, watching as they practice the song Jongdae wrote with a smile on your face.

They rush off the stage once rehearsal is done and make their way towards where you are standing.

“You guys are doing great, the song is amazing,” you tell them with a big smile. “I’m sure the fans can’t wait for this one.”

“It’s definitely different from what we’ve done before,” Sehun comments.

“Different can be a good thing,” you reply. “I think this one will be one of the fan favourites for a long time.”
“I hope so,” Chanyeol grins, slinging an arm around Jongdae’s shoulders, to which he grimaces.

Eventually, it’s almost time for the show to start and you take your seat once more, exactly where they had you sitting for the first one. You take a deep breath as the intro to the song starts and the fans go wild.

You watch them perform the song flawlessly, your eyes being drawn to one person in particular once again. You follow Jongdae’s movements across the stage as he performs the song with so much energy and passion, mesmerized by his every move.

You can tell you’ve been starting to fall for him over the past two weeks as he’s completely changed around you. He now treats you so kindly, always respecting you and not making a fuss over every little detail in your life. He’s really changed, and you couldn’t be happier.

Once again, you find yourself mesmerized by his voice, it captivating you and sending shivers down your spine when he hits his high notes. Now that the relationship between the two of you has changed, you’re not afraid to admit that you love his voice. Singing, speaking, no matter what it is, you could listen to him all day.

Sooner than you’d like, the comeback show ends and you find yourself heading backstage once more. However, as soon as you get backstage, you’re stopped by Taeyong who had come to the comeback show again, just like last time.

“Hey (Y/n), can I talk to you for a minute?” He asks you, somewhat nervously.

“Yeah, sure,” you agree immediately, “what’s up?”

“Well, you see, here’s the thing, I think you’re really pretty and I was wondering if you’d-“ before he can continue, he gets cut off.

“What are the two of you talking about?” Jongdae inquires, lazily slinging one of his arms around your shoulder.

“Taeyong was just about to ask me something,” you inform him, to which his eyes narrow at the man standing across from you.

Jongdae’s no fool, he knows what Taeyong was about to ask you. When someone else has eyes for his girl, he’s the first to know about it.

“No, he wasn’t,” Jongdae states, using his voice to manipulate Taeyong while sending him the nastiest glare he can muster.

“No, I wasn’t,” Taeyong repeats almost immediately. “Sorry for bothering you, (Y/n). I’ll see you around.”

“Oh, okay, bye Taeyong,” you call after his retreating form, and you can feel Jongdae’s grip tighten around your shoulders. Before you can Question him about it though, he’s running off to the dressing rooms to change.

You shake your head to clear your thoughts, texting Chanyeol that they all did a great job and that you’ll see them all later. You leave the venue shortly after, heading back to your apartment to relax for the evening.

Around quarter to eleven, you decide it’s time for your nightly swim to help you relax. You change and make your way down to the pool with everything you’ll need for the evening. Arriving to the
pool, you already see Jongdae lounging on one of the chairs. As soon as he spot you walk in, his whole demeanour perks up. You narrow your eyes at him, still confused about his behaviour earlier today.

“Hey,” he greets you, standing up from his chair.

“Hey, great job today, by the way. I never got to congratulate you after the show,” you say. “That high note really was something else.”

“Huh?” He blinks back at you, surprised.

“Well, now that we’re in better standings with each other, I’m not afraid to tell you that I really like your voice,” you inform him, a small blush dusting your cheeks as you turn away from him and start to take off your excess clothes you’re wearing over your bathing suit.

Jongdae watches your every movement, drinking in your figure once more as you reveal more of yourself to him. He watches as you move towards the edge of the pool, just standing beside it. He finds that no matter how many times he’s seen you, he still can’t get over how stunning you look to him like this.

He lets out a small ‘oh’ in response to your statement, not expecting to hear something like that come from you. Maybe his powers do work on you after all. He’ll have to test that later tonight. He’s pulled out of his thoughts by you speaking once more.

“So what was your deal with Taeyong today?” You turn to him, an eyebrow raised in questioning.

“Nothing,” he replies shortly.

“That certainly wasn’t nothing,” you press on. “It seemed to me like you were jealous he was going to ask me out.”

He gives you only a ‘really’ look in response, crossing his arms in front of his chest, letting out a huff as he does so. He turns his head to the side, avoiding your eyes while grumbling a ‘so what if I was.’

“Just because you’re jealous doesn’t mean someone else can’t ask me on a date,” you retort, getting upset that he would choose to do this to you, again.

“Let’s just drop it,” the statement is powerful, him infusing some of his power into it to see if his voice actually can effect you.

“No! I’m not going to drop it,” you cross your arms. “Maybe I want to find happiness with someone else. Who are you to dictate who I can and cannot go out with? I deserve love! I deserve to be loved!”

The pain in your voice tugs at his heartstrings. He never knew you felt this way before.

He’s also overcome with a sense of happiness he’s never truly felt before. Sure his voice may not effect you as a siren, but knowing you like his voice, his true voice makes him the happiest he’s ever been in his entire life.

“Don’t just stand there, Jongdae, say something!” There are tears gathering in the corners of your eyes and he takes this opportunity to close the distance between the two of you.

Bringing his hand up, he uses his thumb to brush away the first stray tears that fall down your
cheek.

“I love you,”

With those words, he closes the distance between your lips, placing his own gently on top of yours as he cups your cheek with his one hand. To him, kissing you is the best feeling in the world, better than anything he could have ever imagined, and he never wants it to end. You’re like the pull of the ocean to him, and he’d gladly get lost in your waves over and over again.

Your eyes are wide in shock as you shove him away from you. The angle the two of you are standing on causes Jongdae’s foot to catch the edge of the pool and for him to go tumbling in.

He quickly breaks the surface of the water, flinging the hair out of his face to see that you have fallen to your hands and knees at the side of the pool. He watches as more tears escape your eyes and he reaches out to wipe them away. He sees your eyes widen in slight fear as you stare at his changed form in the water.

“What are you?” You manage to choke out, and Jongdae mentally curses himself for allowing his emotions to cloud his self control.

“I’m a siren,” he decides that there’s no way for him to cover this up now, so he might as well just be honest with you about what he is.

“A what?” You shriek, trying to back away from him, but he reaches out his hand and pulls you into the water with him.

“A siren,” he repeats, brushing some of your hair out of your face that’s fallen due to you now being in the water with him.

“Jongdae, what the fuck, let me go,” you begin to struggle in his grip, trying to break free. You manage to kick his tail but immediately you yelp in pain as your foot gets sliced on his scales.

“(Y/n), I need you to calm down,” he sighs, doing his best to steady you in the water and not bring you anymore harm, but with how violently you’re thrashing, he can’t keep a steady grip on you.

He does let you go once he’s brought you to the centre of the pool, and he watches as you attempt, with injured feet, to swim away from him. His heart pangs in his chest before his expression hardens. Why are you looking at him in such fear? He’s done nothing to elicit that kind of expression from you.

“Stay still,” he commands, and he uses his powers to manipulate the water into holding you hostage while still keeping you afloat.

“What’s going on? Why can’t I move my body?” You start to panic, even more so than before.

“Why do you always insist on fighting me? Why do you always run away?” His voice is low, like an approaching storm. “Why do you look at me with such fear? Why can’t you look at me the way you look at the others?”

“Jongdae, what are you talking about?” You reply, trying, and failing, to back away from his approaching form, like a shark approaching its prey.

“I just want you to look at me like you do with Chanyeol, with Johnny. I want to know what it feels like to experience that look of love you get in your eyes when you look at them, but I want you to look at me, and only me like that,” his voice is sending chills down your spine as he starts to circle
your form before coming to rest right in front of you. “I just love you so much, and sure when we first met I was just going to use my voice to lure you into loving me, but you,” he takes a deep breath, “you’re able to resist my call. This intrigued me, as no one has been able to resist my voice before, so I kept my eyes on you. Eventually, that want turned into love and it just grew from there. I just knew I had to have you, and now that I do, I’m never letting you go. For too long I’ve watched you give your love and attention to others, but now? Now it’s my turn.”

“You’re crazy,” you say, eyes wide in fear as he wraps his arms around your body, pulling you close to his chest.

“You make me this way,” he hums, staring into your eyes.

“You’re a monster,” you whimper as more tears escape your eyes.

“You can call me monster all you want, baby,” he smirks, “but it won’t change a damn thing I feel about you.”
Waking up in an unfamiliar place is never a fun thing. Sitting up, you rub your head slightly and notice you’ve been laying on a bed of sorts. With a sigh, you stand up and head over to the adjacent bathroom to splash some cold water on your face to help you wake up.

You grab the towel next to the sink after turning off the tap so you can dry your face. Looking at your reflection in the mirror, you give yourself a once over. You don’t notice anything out of the ordinary, nothing that you can see, anyways.

You take this time to look around you at your surroundings. You appear to be in some sort of mansion from the state of things. Grand bathroom, nicely decorated bedroom and all, but the problem is, you have no idea how you got here.

Walking back into the room, you notice a strategically placed wooden baseball bat sitting in the corner of the room. You grab it quickly, thinking it better to arm yourself than to wander around the unfamiliar halls of this place unarmed.

Taking a deep breath, you open the door to the room you’re in and step into the hallway, ready to face whatever or whomever is waiting for you downstairs.

Meanwhile, eleven doors open simultaneously into one large room, twelve men stepping through their thresholds.

The room is lit fairly well, with large windows near the top, indicating that this room is in the basement of whatever building it is that they are in. The walls of the room are white in colour, with basic hardwood flooring. On one of the walls of the room, a mirror hangs.

This room just happens to be the largest, and emptiest in the house. Well, except for thirteen chairs all strategically placed to one side with one facing the other twelve which are situated in a semi-circle of sorts.

The twelve men take this time to observe their surroundings, a few of them gaining scowls as they recognize a few of the others. They timidly enter the room, the doors slamming shut behind them,
“Okay, guys, this is really weird,” a voice breaks the tense silence. “Could someone please tell me what the fuck is going on, and how are Kris, Tao, and Luhan here? I thought they left the company?”

“Company? What company?” Tao spits, crossing his arms in front of his chest, his guard high.

“What the fuck are you talking about? You’re supposed to be dead!” Baekhyun exclaims.

“Dead? Baekhyun, what the fuck are you talking about?” Jongdae retorts, narrowing his eyes.

“You were dead, I made sure of it,” he mumbles, more to himself than anything, but the others still hear.

Sehun and Kris share a glance at each other, each asking themselves what the hell is going on, and also, where are you?

“Funny how you should mention the dead coming back to life,” Jongin comments, glaring at Junmyeon who looks around questioningly.

“Yeah, you should be dead, too,” Tao remarks, staring Jongin down, who now shifts his gaze to Tao.

The two are caught in a stand off before Jongin smirks, “you can’t kill me.”

“I did, and I’ll do it again if I have to,” Tao retorts, moving into a fighting stance.

“I’d like to see you try,” Jongin smirks, mirroring Tao’s stance.

“Everybody, calm down!” Jongdae’s voice booms, immediately freezing all but two out of the surrounding men.

“Ah, so you’re a siren,” Minseok smirks, flashing his red eyes at Jongdae.

“And you’re a vampire,” Chanyeol replies before Jongdae gets a chance, flashing his own black eyes at them.

“A demon, great,” Jongdae sighs.

“King of hell, actually, but who’s keeping score?” Chanyeol boasts, standing up a little straighter while crossing his arms in front of his chest.

“What the actual fuck is going on here?” Sehun breathes, his head spinning with all this new information. “And where the fuck is (Y/n)?”

As soon as he speaks those words, it’s like the whole room has stopped, each head turning to look at him. The tension in the room is rising steadily and the silence is so deafening, one could hear a pin drop from two rooms away.

A growl rips through the silence.

“What the fuck do you want with my mate,” Minseok snarls, eyes turning a deep shade of crimson with senses on high alert ever since the mention of your name.

“Where are you keeping my princess,” Luhan is the next to be on guard, switching into a fighting
“Mate? Princess? What are you talking about? She’s my queen,” Chanyeol growls, eyes turning pitch black once more.

“Back off, she’s mine,” Jongin is the next to speak, ready to take these men on, despite the fact that some of them are supernatural creatures.

The room is filled with shouts, each louder than the last, all of them claiming that you are theirs, and not anyone else’s. However, five of the men still stand off to the side, still trying to process what is going on. That, and they figure that they can all slip away to find you while the rest are too busy fighting with each other.

Suddenly, a door opens in the midst of all the commotion, catching the attention of the five standing to the side. Grins spread across their faces as they take in your figure, now entering the room.

You, hearing the commotion coming from inside the room, decided to check it out, figuring there would be people inside who could help you. Instead, you are faced with twelve men you wish you’d never have to see again.

There you stand, frozen in shock in the doorway as the door slams shut behind you.

The sound of the door slamming shut behind you is enough to break the fighting males out of their combat to see what is going on. Once they see that it’s you standing in the doorway, they all freeze in their movements.

Your look of momentary fear transforms into one of confusion and anger. You tighten your grip on the baseball bat.

“(Y/n),” Yixing whispers your name, taking a step towards you, but Minseok is the first to get to you.

A resounding crack is heard as you bring the baseball bat down and hit Minseok on the side of the head. The others flinch in surprise as you turn to look at Minseok who is clutching the side of his head in shock on the ground.

“How the-“

“You son of a bitch!” You cut him off before he can question anything. “That is for compelling me to love you.”

“You what?” Jongdae nearly shrieks.

“Details, details,” Minseok mumbles, getting back onto his own two feet to try and approach you again, receiving only another hit from the baseball bat. “Alright, how the hell are you doing that? It’s not like I’m weak from vervain.”

“Magic, bitch,” you spit.

“Enough, you two,” Jongdae commands, and you just scoff.

“Your voice never worked on me before, what makes you think it will now?” You raise an eyebrow at him.
“This is getting ridiculous,” Chanyeol rolls his eyes, ready to make his way over to you and wrap his arms around you, but your voice halts him.

“Stay there,” you command, and he feels his body freeze in his spot, unable to move.

“(Y/n), what’s going on?” Yixing asks you, taking a hesitant step towards you to see how you’ll react. After seeing you just look at him questioningly, he takes another hesitant step forward towards you.

“Ah, Yixing, one of the most calm out of all of you,” you give him a slight smile as he continues to make his way hesitantly over to you. “I appreciate you taking care of Tim for me,” you take a step towards him, holding the baseball bat in your left hand as you bring your right up to cup his face. Your expression is soft as he stares into your eyes, before it hardens, and you find yourself gripping his face harshly in your right hand, “but if you ever drug me again, I won’t be as grateful.”

His eyes are wide as you shove him away from you.

“(Y/n), what has gotten into you? What’s going on?” Junmyeon pleads with you, about to take a step towards you but he catches himself before he can move.

“That’s it, we’re leaving,” Jongin snaps, marching towards you who conveniently has your back turned to him right now.

Before he can touch you, you’re spinning around and landing a solid hit to the side of his head, sending him tumbling to the floor. He looks up at you in shock, a trail of blood starting to trickle from his hairline.

“Oh, that felt way too good,” you smirk, swinging the bat teasingly in your hand. “Long overdue, don’t you think, Kai,” you spit out the second name as if it’s poison on your lips. “If only I had a knife, then maybe I could repay you with a few scars of your own.”

With that said, you pull the collar of your shirt down from your left shoulder, revealing the scar of his initials on your collarbone. A few gasps of shock are heard from the surrounding males, but none are as loud as the growl Minseok lets out.

“You branded my mate?” His voice booms as he readies himself to charge at Jongin.

“Oh for the love of- would you sit down,” your voice commands, and suddenly, he’s sitting in one of the chairs that are placed across the room. Out of the corner of your eye, you catch someone on their phone, trying to subtly make a few calls. “Baekhyun, stop trying to call people, it’s not going to work. No one is going to come and rescue you.”

His eyes narrow at you in challenge as he presses call on his phone. A few seconds go by and his defiant look seems to falter as your smirk widens. You raise your eyebrow at him expectantly, and he lowers the phone in defeat, hearing the familiar dial tone indicating there’s no service.

“We all have a lot to discuss. Sit,” your voice echoes through the room and immediately, the eleven other men move to sit in the remaining chairs without question.

Letting out a sigh, you bring your free hand up to rub at your forehead. This is not how you were planning for your day to go.

“Listen,” you start, noticing how all of them have their undivided attention focused on you. “I don’t know how you’re all in the same room together, or how this all happened, but here we are. Granted, I don’t exactly know where here is,” a dry chuckle escapes your lips, “but I suppose I
should explain who each of you are to each other. Well, let’s see… I have lived through each of your personal hell’s, Chanyeol stop smirking, I wasn’t making a pun, and let me just say, you’re all fucking crazy.”

Jongin smirks and is about to say something before you cut him off, “I swear to god, Jongin, if you say ‘crazy for you’ one more time, I will cut off your tongue like you did to Junmyeon, and feed it to Chanyeol’s hellhounds.”

“He what?” Junmyeon’s eyes go wide as the others turn to look at him in slight horror.

“Dude, what the fuck?” Tao comments.

“Oh, you’re one to talk,” you scoff, “considering you strangled him to death with your bare hands.”

“What?” Jongin inhales sharply.

“I told you, you are dead! Why can’t you just stay dead?” Tao snaps.

“Oh, will you please just shut up! Technically, you’re dead, too,” you sigh.

“What! Who?” Tao gasps, furrowing his brow.

“You had your filthy hands all over my princess, I couldn’t just let you live,” Luhan answers for you with a frown.

“Is anyone else supposed to be dead?” Kris pipes up, his brow furrowing in thought.

“Let’s see, Jongdae was killed for asking me on a date by Baekhyun,” you start, pointing at the aforementioned man.

“Technically, I didn’t kill him,” Baekhyun defends himself.

“You still had him killed, though,” you counter. “That’s about it in terms of deaths involving you guys. Oh, and if it wasn’t already obvious, Jongin killed Junmyeon after brutally torturing him.”

“This just keeps getting better and better,” Jongdae rolls his eyes.

“Imagine how I felt living through it,” you mutter.

“Living through what, exactly?” Kyungsoo speaks for the first time since entering the room.

“Everything,” you turn on him. “Granted, a few of you weren’t as intense as the others, but regardless, still not desirable situations.” All are quiet for a moment, just choosing to stare at you while you fiddle with the bat in your hands. “Let’s see, who’s story should I start with… hmm… oh, I know, let’s start with you.”

As you speak these words, you turn to face Junmyeon, raising the bat to point at him for emphasis. His eyes are wide as all attention goes to him.

“One of the more calmer ones, I must admit, but still creepy as fuck,” you say, lowering the bat once more. “Best friend who didn’t know where to draw the line, despite being an artist. Imagine my surprise when I walk into a room full of pictures drawn of me and him in intimate positions I’ve never even experienced. Not to mention the family portrait with what our kid would look like, or the wedding day that never happened. Exactly how many drawings were in that room of me? Not to mention the paintings. You really had a thing for that snake portrait, didn’t you, considering it was the centrepiece of the whole show.”
“I needed to capture your beauty, but nothing could ever compare to you,” he admits, feeling the harsh glares of the others on him as he looks at his feet.

“Dude, what the fuck?” Tao comments, turning to narrow his eyes at a guilty looking Junmyeon.

“Oh, you’re one to talk,” you turn on him next. “You couldn’t accept the fact that we had a one night stand, and then stalked me through my dorm room window at night, and then killed my boyfriend with your bare hands a few weeks later. Poor Jongin, your best friend, mind you, was shoved under a rock because you couldn’t handle him being with me.”

“How did you know that?” Tao asks, hands nervously gripping the arms of the chair he’s in, his whole body tense.

“You idiot, I know everything,” you glare at him.

“Wait, I was your boyfriend?” Jongin’s voice is heard, a pleasant undertone beneath the hint of disbelief.

“Different universe, but yes,” you shrug casually, receiving a few scowls from some of the other boys in response. “Just like how Junmyeon was my boyfriend in yours.”

“This is ridiculous,” Kris sighs. “(Y/n), we both know I’m your only boyfriend. Well, Sehun’s there too, but regardless.”

“Again, different universe,” you reply, letting out a sigh of your own.

“You’re not anybodies but mine,” Baekhyun growls out darkly.

“You need to stop talking before I kill you for talking about my mate that way,” Minseok’s voice is deadly calm, sharp like a hidden blade ready to strike at any moment.

“What’s up with this ‘mate’ nonsense, she’s mine. Her soul has been promised to me since it’s been brought into existence, so you better back off before you regret it,” Chanyeol threatens, sitting tall in his chair to intimidate the others.

You let out another sigh, but before you can say anything, you’re cut off.

“Oh, shut up Chanyeol, you have Stephanie, what do you want with my girl,” Kyungsoo snaps, eyes growing darker the longer he has to listen to this conversation.

“Who the fuck is Stephanie?” Chanyeol retorts, eyes narrowing at Kyungsoo.

“Your girlfriend, idiot,” Kyungsoo replies, narrowing his own eyes back at Chanyeol until the two of them are locked in a silent stare off.

“She’s not my girlfriend. In fact, I don’t even know a Stephanie,” Chanyeol retorts.

“Again, different universe,” you sigh, bringing your hand up to rub at the bridge of your nose. All of this back and forth is giving you a headache.

“So then, if we’re all from different universes, and you claim some of us ‘are better than other’s, which one of us was the best?’” Minseok asks, tense.

“I’m not sure of you’re all ready to hear that answer,” you state. “Look how tense all of you are, and I haven’t even touched on the worst stories.”
They take this time to relieve some of the tension they have in their stiff bodies. Their emotions are all on overdrive with each new detail that is presented to them, with them each wanting to take you for themselves and get away from the others. A few of them are even willing to go so far as kill the others, some for the second time, just to be alone with you once more.

“Just tell us,” Sehun practically commands, setting his jaw as he stares you down.

“Given the situation I was in,” you pause, lifting the bat to point once more, “Yixing.”

His eyes go wide as his heart races in his chest. A small smile tugs at the corner of his lips. He is the one you pick, no one else. Him.

“I thought you said he drugged you!” Kris spits out in disbelief.

“You don’t know the full story,” you trail off, a shudder running down your spine as you recall what you went through. “I was in a severely abusive relationship-“

“He abused you yet you’re saying he’s the best out of all of us? Are you fucking kidding me!” Baekhyun yells, interrupting you before you can finish.

You send him a glare, “no, he wasn’t the one who abused me, Tim was. I’m sure you heard me mention him earlier, no? Yixing was the doctor that took care of me.”

“I swear, if I ever meet this fucker ‘Tim,’ I’m going to rip him to shreds,” Jongdae snarls.

“I already took care of him,” Yixing comments, a smirk tugging at his lips as he sits there, content with himself.

“Yes, yes,” you roll your eyes, “you severely beat him, nearly to death, landing him in the hospital where you offed him once and for all. Need I mention while I was in the same hospital room?”

His eyes go wide, “how did you-“

“I told you,” you cut him off, “I know everything.”

“Okay, so if he’s the ‘best’ out of all of us,” Baekhyun leans back in his chair, crossing his arms while staring you down, “who’s the worst?”

You sigh once more, “are you sure you’re ready for that answer?”

“Tell us,” Minseok growls out.

“Fine,” you say, turning and using the bat to point at the next man whose story you’re about to share. “Him.”

Jongin’s eyes go wide as he takes in your words, “oh, come on, I couldn’t have been that bad.”

“No?” You raise your eyebrow at him in response, but before you can continue, you’re cut off.

“You’re telling me, you carved your initials into her skin and you don’t think you were ‘that bad,’” Jongdae spits, venom lacing every word.

“Not to mention it’s been stated that you brutally tortured and murdered me,” Junmyeon adds.

“I think the better question to ask would be, what didn’t he do?” Chanyeol narrows his eyes at him.
“The serial killer who fell in love with his next victim,” you scoff, “talk about ironic.”


“As if wanting to kill me wasn’t enough, he also enjoyed stalking me, and watching me have sex with my boyfriend,” you add, crossing your arms while letting the bat hang from your hand.

“What?” Both Junmyeon and Kyungsoo exclaim at the same time.

“Oh, you’re one to talk,” you say, rounding on Kyungsoo. “You’re one of the biggest stalkers here. Not to mention the cameras.”

“The cameras were your idea,” he counters, attempting to defend himself.

“I trusted you,” you spit, narrowing your eyes at him, “and that was my biggest mistake.”

“Cameras? What do you mean cameras?” Jongdae hisses.

“I discovered someone had been breaking into my apartment, stealing my personal belongings, and basically stalking me, so I called up the person who I though I could trust most to help me. I thought installing cameras would help me catch whoever it was, but it turns out the one doing the watching from the cameras wasn’t me, it was him,” you explain. “Imagine my surprise when I found out the person I trusted the most was the one stalking me, watching me at my most intimate and private of moments through a screen.”

“He didn’t,” Yixing gasps.

“Oh, but he did,” you answer.

“And I wouldn’t change a goddamn thing,” Kyungsoo smirks, leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes as he recalls what happened. “I can still hear the way your voice called out to me…”

“You’re disgusting,” Sehun states, expression hard as he glares at Kyungsoo.

“As much as I agree, you’re no better,” your voice is firm as you turn to look at Sehun.

“What?” He asks in disbelief.

“Granted, Kris is also no better, but the two of you combined, fucking hell,” you sigh. “You,” you point the bat at Sehun, “watched Kris and I have sex, and fantasized about me countless times. And you,” you turn your focus to Kris now, pointing the bat at him, “set it up so he would watch us have sex without me knowing, just to prove he could never have me.”

“That’s fucked up,” Tao states.

“Not to mention the fact that you,” you point the bat back at Sehun, “are so in love with me, you were willing to ruin my relationship just to spite Kris and have me all to yourself. Did you really think killing each other while I watched you two brawl right in front of me would solve anything? And now I’m fucking stuck with the both of you!”

“Wait, both of them?” Luhan gasps.

“Yes,” you sigh, leaning on the bat this time. “Both of them.”

“That’s fucked up,” he comments.
“Everything about this whole situation is fucked up,” you sigh.

“Okay, if their situation is so bad, what’d he do?” Jongin asks, nodding his head in Luhan’s direction.

“I guess you could say he’s the variant in this situation,” you start, looking towards Luhan and meeting his eyes.

“And why does he keep calling you princess?” Minseok scowls.

“He’s my personal guard, and in his universe, I am princess to the kingdom we live in,” you begin to explain.

“Wait, what do you mean ‘variant?’” Jongdae asks.

“I made him believe I loved him when my heart truly belonged to another,” you state. “Once he found out, he watched us have sex, drugged my father into agreeing to let himself marry me, and then beheaded the man I loved right in front of me in my bedroom the very next morning.”

“Wait, the person you mentioned that he killed earlier was me. So does the mean…” Tao trails off.

“Yes,” you confirm, and watch as his expression becomes one of pleasant surprise until he remembers he was beheaded.

“Oh,” he mumbles, sinking in his chair slightly.

“Harsh,” Yixing comments, to which you only nod your head to in response.

“Still, what’s up with these guys and watching you have sex all the time?” Chanyeol scrunches his nose, disgusted.

“Really?” You give him a look. “You may not have watched me have sex, well, technically, you probably have considering you stalked me for how many years from the shadows, listening in on my private conversations. Not to mention the countless times you watched me take showers,” you state, glaring at him as his eyes go wide. “I know.”

“I’m going to kill you all,” Minseok growls, grip growing tight on the arms of the chair he’s in.

“You’re one to talk,” you scoff, “you stalked me countless amounts of times from my bedroom window, and all because you’re hopelessly in love with your best friend. You couldn’t even handle the thought of rejection, so you compelled me to love you. Some friend you are.”

“You’re disgusting,” Jongdae says to Minseok, venom lacing his words.

“Oh please, says the one who originally was going to use his voice to make me fall in love with him,” you roll your eyes, turning to look at Jongdae now. “You’re an asshole, you know that, right? Couldn’t handle the fact that I was immune to your voice so you and your twisted mind actually made it your mission to get me to fall for you somehow. Not to mention how shit you treated me despite claiming to love me. Your jealousy rivals Baekhyun’s! It’s even almost as bad as Jongin’s!”

“Despicable,” Junmyeon shakes his head.

“I do love you, don’t you dare say I don’t,” he says, voice dark as he stares you down.

“Back the fuck off, buddy, she’s mine,” Sehun growls.
“Enough with this bullshit! I am none of yours, and I never will be! When will you all get that through your heads? I don’t belong to you,” you snarl, grip tightening once more on the baseball bat in your hands.

“That’s right, you don’t belong to anyone else,” Baekhyun states, eyes set in a harsh gaze.

“Thank you, some actual common sense! Although, that coming from you is surprisingly,” you remark.

“That’s because I own you,” he finishes, a smug look appearing on his face.

“That’s it!” Minseok snarls, and before you can react, he’s holding Baekhyun up by his throat. “You’re dead!”

At this point, all of the boys have jumped up from their chairs and are now standing, tense, as they face each other, just waiting for someone else to make a move.

Baekhyun struggles to free himself from the vicelike grip Minseok has on his throat.

“Let. Me. Go,” Baekhyun manages to choke out.

“Not until you’re dead,” Minseok says, tightening his grip even further and making Baekhyun gasp for air.

“You’re pretty weak for a vampire,” Jongdae scoffs. “Considering you didn’t just snap his neck and be done with it.”

“Shut up, or you’ll be next, fish boy,” Minseok threatens.

“I’d like to see you try,” Jongdae counters, head held high.

Soon, they all start yelling back and forth between each other, some choosing to start fighting with each other. You take this opportunity to back away slowly from them, baseball bat raised incase any of them were to notice and come after you.

By now, Minseok has tossed aside a wheezing Baekhyun and is now fighting with Chanyeol and Jongdae. Tao and Jongin are having a go at each other as Luhan deals with both Sehun and Kris.

You’ve just about reached the door you’ve entered from when you feel a pair of eyes on you. You turn your attention and see both Yixing and Junmyeon staring at you with wide eyes, with Kyungsoo already making his way towards where you are while the others are distracted.

“Shit,” you whisper to yourself, turning quickly and opening the door you entered through, running back the way you came to escape the men still in the room behind you.

“She’s,” Baekhyun lets out another cough, “getting away!”

This catches all of their attention, and the eight remaining who were all previously fighting with each other watch as Kyungsoo, Junmyeon, and Yixing all chase after you into the hall.

You can hear the pounding of footsteps coming from behind you, and you turn to glance over your shoulder. You can see that they’ve all started to chase after you down the corridor, and just as you turn your head back around, you see Chanyeol already standing at the end of the hall with a smirk on his face.

“Nope,” you state, turning down the hall to your right to avoid running into him.
You run upstairs as fast as you can, and you can see the front door. You let out a laugh in victory, but your victory is short lived as you feel yourself collide with a firm chest, sending you stumbling back.

Looking up, you lock gazes with Minseok, who is smirking at you.

“Thought you could get away this time, didn’t you?” He shakes his head, almost as if he’s amused.

By now, the others have caught up and now surround you on all sides, preventing you from running again. Some of them are panting as much as you are, and you smirk.

“No, I know I’m going to get away this time,” you smirk back at him confidently, and you can see his expression falter slightly.

You prepare yourself to strike him once more with the bat, but this time, he’s prepared. As soon as you swing at him, he catches the bat in his hand.

“Did you really think that would work a third time?” He continues to smirk at you.

“Eh, it was worth a try,” you smirk back at him.

Using his hold on the bat as leverage, you swing your leg around as hard as you can and kick him in his knee, making him stumble and loosen his grip on the bat. You use this to your advantage and free the bat from his grip, swinging it one final time against his head. This time, he is unable to catch it and it makes contact with a resounding crack. He goes tumbling to the floor as the others look on, stunned.

“I’ll be leaving now, and none of you are going to stop me, or come after me,” with your words, they feel their bodies freeze to their spots, unable to move. “Goodbye.”

With a final smile in victory, you walk right past them all, and out the front door to your freedom.
A soft groan escapes your lips as you wake up with a splitting headache. Bringing your hand up, you rub at your temples, helping to relieve some of the ache you’re experiencing.

Sitting up in bed, you take in your surroundings, blinking a few times to clear your vision. At first, your eyes narrow at the somewhat unfamiliar room you find yourself in, until your eyes are widening in recognition and disbelief.

Flinging the covers off of your body, you race to the adjacent bathroom. Taking a quick look inside confirms it, and you watch your reflection in the mirror, face full of disbelief and slight anger. You’re back in the house you mysteriously woke up in a few weeks ago.

“What the actual fuck!” You exclaim, letting out a large puff of air as you walk back into the main area of the bedroom.

Not even ten seconds go by and the door is being flung open, Minseok rushing into the room followed by the pounding of feet from downstairs. Chanyeol appears in the room just as quickly as Minseok does.

“(Y/n)?” Chanyeol asks in surprise, not believing he’s seeing you with his own two eyes.
“Oh for fuck’s sakes, not again,” you sigh, just as the rest of the boys storm their way into the room.

“I thought you weren’t coming back?” Baekhyun comments, smug smirk residing on his face as he crosses his arms in front of his chest.

“Believe me, so did I,” you reply, mirroring his stance as your face remains impassive.

“Well, I for one, am glad to see you again,” Yixing smiles at you.

“I think we all,” Kyungsoo says, receiving nods from the majority of them in the room.

You take this time to look over each one of them now, and notice how they seem calmer around each other. However, you can still sense tension between all of them, especially now that you’ve reappeared.

You think back to the last time you were in this mansion, and remember how it seemed to possess some sort of magical ability which gave you power over them. You wonder if that still holds true.

“Did I give any of you permission to be inside this room?” Your voice comes out stern, eyes narrowing as you look at them.

Immediately, Minseok is dragged out of the room by an imaginary force, and as he stands on the opposite side of the doorway, it's as if an invisible barrier has formed which he cannot penetrate. At the same time, Chanyeol vanishes from your room, appearing a few seconds later beside Minseok in the hallway. Slowly, one by one, each boy is dragged out of the room by an invisible force, some willingly leaving before it can drag them out. Once they're out, they cannot get back in.

“Looks like I still have some control in this house,” you smirk, moving to stand in front of the doorway where they’ve all been squished into the hall.

“How is this fair?” Jongdae pouts, pushing Baekhyun out of the way so he can stand in front of the doorway.
“You think what I had to go through with all of you was fair to me?” You counter. “News flash, nothing in life is fair.”

“(Y/n), please, we haven’t seen you in ages,” Junmyeon reasons. “Just let us spend time with you.”

“It’s been a few weeks, you’ll live,” you reply.

“Won’t you come out and talk with us?” Sehun asks, leaning up on his tiptoes to peer over a few heads to see you. He frowns at his current predicament.

“Why should I listen to any of you? You’re all fucking insane! Last time I was here, most of you were at each other’s throats, and now look at you. You’re probably getting along somewhat better now, who’s to say you won’t try and gang up on me. I know how you all think,” you spit.

“She does have a point,” Tao comments. “She’s good at figuring these things out.”

“She’ll have to come out of the room eventually,” Jongin smirks. “She still needs to eat, and last I checked, none of the rooms are stocked with food.”

As if to emphasize his point, your stomach growls, only causing his smirk to widen. You scowl in response. They wouldn’t really let you starve, would they?

“When she does, we’ll be waiting,” Kris nods.

“Well, good luck with that, because I don’t plan on ever leaving this room,” you say, walking over and slamming the door shut in their faces.

You rest your head on the back of the door, letting out a sigh in frustration. You can faintly hear them talking behind the door and arranging a schedule for them to watch and wait just outside the door incase you decide to do anything, like try and leave again. Luhan has the first watch.

Great. Just great. Out of the frying pan and into the fryer.
You thought you had escaped them. You thought you could put all this behind you and live a normal life once more, but no. You just had to magically end up back in this hellhole.

Letting out a sigh, you move over to the bed and sit on the edge.

Feeling your right hand hit something cool, you look down to see your phone resting on the mattress beside you. A large smile breaks out onto your face as you can’t believe your stroke of luck. Immediately, you call the police.

Except, it doesn’t dial through.

That’s strange, considering you have full bars of service and nothing should be impeding the call. Unless it’s the house. Your mind flashes back to when Baekhyun had tried making a few calls the first time you were here.

Deciding to try some other contact, you attempt to call your family and some friends, but you seem to encounter the same problem. Texting doesn’t seem to work either, for all your messages concerning where you are and the situation you’re in seem to magically disappear or don’t send. You even go so far as to post on social media, but you encounter the same problems you did when you tried texting.

A deep frown resides on your face as you try everything you can think of to use your phone to help you. Nothing works.

You start to believe your phone doesn’t work at all anymore, despite what the service provider is telling you. To test your theory, you text your closest friend a quick hello.

Within a few minutes, you get a casual response back; them asking how you are.

Immediately, you jump into explaining your situation, thinking that whatever happened when you first tried surely won’t happen again. You’re wrong.

With a sigh, you reply vaguely, and the message seems to go through this time. It seems you can use your phone for basic things to keep in touch with people and stay updated on social media, but
as soon as you attempt to reach out to someone and explain the situation you’re in, or to get help, it no longer works properly.

Great. Just great.

You do everything you can to keep yourself occupied in the room, doing your best to come up with ways to escape this crazy mansion again. You could probably tell them to freeze and walk right out like the last time, but you’re a little worried it might not work for a second time. Jumping out the second story window seems a little counter productive as you could do more harm than good, and then you’d really be stuck here.

You manage to keep yourself busy and distracted for about three hours, until your stomach twists in hunger. You did wake up in the morning, and after not eating a full meal last night before you went to bed, you’re starting to regret not eating more. Your stomach growls.

Searching the entire room for the next half an hour only confirms Jongin’s previous statement of there being absolutely no food in the room. All you have is water from the bathroom, and you know if you don’t eat something soon, you’ll start to develop tremors in your hands and become lightheaded. You might possibly even faint, and who knows what could happen to you if that happened.

Pacing back and forth at the bottom of the bed, your hand rests at the bottom of your chin. You think of a strategy to get food without getting caught, but your chances of everything going smoothly are quite slim, especially with Minseok’s supernatural hearing.

One thing you do know for sure, there is some sort of magic in this house, and you seem to be the only one who can control it. You just hope it continues to listen and obey you, especially now.

Taking a deep breath, you prepare yourself for what you’re about to do.

Opening the door slowly, you peer out into the hallway. Glancing to your right reveals Junmyeon sitting on a chair, leaning forward so that his arms are resting on his knees. His head is hung, but as soon as he hears the door creak, his head is flinging up to stare at you with wide eyes.

You mirror his surprised look for a second before bringing a finger to your lips to shush him. His mouth parts as he takes in your pleading expression, nodding slightly as his heart pangs in his chest seeing you like this.
You step out of your room, and immediately, he’s standing up from the chair. You look at him sharply, analyzing him to figure out his next move and make sure you can retreat into the safety of your room before he can do anything to you. To say what he does next surprises you, would be an understatement. Giving you a soft smile, he motions for you to follow him with his head.

He knows he should have alerted the others as soon as you opened your door, but seeing the look you gave him saddened him. The look of desperation filled with mild fear and surprise caused his heart to pang in his chest. He can’t let his best friend, the one he loves most, starve. Nor can he let the others take advantage of you. After all, he still wants to be the only one for you. Doing this might put him in good graces with you, too.

Since he’s been living in this house, Junmyeon has explored it top to bottom, finding all the secret nooks and crannies, as well as the best routes to take to get to wherever he wants to go. He leads you to the kitchen, checking to make sure the coast is clear before giving you the okay.

Letting out a small sigh, you walk into the kitchen.

“Well, that certainly didn’t take as long as I thought it would,” Jongin comments, leaning against a separate entranceway to the kitchen with his arms crossed. “What happened to never leaving the room?”

Your expression hardens as you look at him, noticing how Minseok and Chanyeol both appear seemingly out of nowhere as the others slowly trail in afterwards.

Closing your eyes as you take another deep breath for the nth time that day, you allow your features to relax. Opening your eyes once again, you keep your expression neutral as you observe them while they observe you.

“Fine. You want to talk? Let’s talk,” you state, leaning against the counter you’re closest to. “First, I’m going to eat something so I don’t pass out. Then, we can talk all you want. You give me space and respect my boundaries, then I might consider staying after everything I’ve been through. You don’t? I’ll have you turning on each other before you can take a step in my direction. You all claim to love me in some sick, twisted way. Prove it.”

You can see they’re all thinking over your words carefully, a few with scowls on their faces. Luhan is the first to break the silence.
“As you wish, princess,” with a slight bow, he’s leaving the room, leaving you in a state of pleasant surprise.

“Okay, fine, but I’m not leaving the room,” Jongin says, moving to sit at the table.

“Whatever,” you roll your eyes, moving over to look in the fridge to see what you can make yourself to eat.

You hear the scraping of chairs against the floor, and when you turn back around, you see Baekhyun, Minseok, Kyungsoo, Jongdae, Sehun, and Kris all sitting at the table with Jongin. The others seem to have left the room, respecting you enough to give you space.

A few minutes pass by with none of you saying anything, them just staring intently at you as you prepare your food. You let out a sigh, wiping your hands on a towel.

“If all you’re going to do is stare at me like I’m some science experiment, please leave,” you narrow your eyes at them, leaning one hand on the counter.

“We’re just happy to see you again,” Sehun replies, the others nodding slightly in agreement.

You say nothing in response as you finish preparing you food. Grabbing a water bottle from the fridge, you being to exit the kitchen and make your way to the basement. Both Chanyeol and Luhan look up from their conversation on the couch as you pass by.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Minseok is in front of you in the next second, blocking your path and almost causing you to drop your food.

“Last time, if I remember correctly, there was a room in the basement that was fairly spacious with a bunch of chairs,” you remark, stepping around him. “If we’re going to talk, we’re talking there.”

“The door won’t open anymore, we’ve tried,” Jongdae tells you, only for you to shrug in response.
You continue to make your way downstairs, the others following close behind. Reaching the door to the room, you turn the handle and open the door wide, the lights automatically flicking on. Turning around with a smug look, you smirk at Jongdae. They all look at you in disbelief.

“Maybe you’re just not me,” turning around, you walk into the room.

“You’re right, nobody else can compare to you,” Baekhyun sighs, being the first one to walk into the room after you. The others follow, either nodding their agreement or glaring at Baekhyun.

Ignoring his statement, you notice the simple wooden chairs that were previously in the room have been upgraded to one large comfy chair for you and couches for them.

“Oh sweet, upgrades,” you comment, settling into the chair with your legs crossed. “Well, are you all going to stand there all day, or are you going to come join me? You wanted to talk.”

This seems to snap them out of whatever kind of daze they’re in, and they all move over to sit on the couches facing you. They all stare at you expectantly as you take your first bite of food. You raise an eyebrow at them, waiting for one of them to make the first move.

“How did you get here?” Yixing is the first to break the silence.

“Believe me, if I knew, I wouldn’t be here right now,” you reply, letting out yet another sigh as you take a sip of water.

“Then why haven’t you tried to escape yet?” Kris raises an eyebrow.

You simply shrug in response, “if I do manage to get out, who’s to say I won’t just end up back in the house again? I’d rather not waste my energy.”

“Does this mean you’re going to stay?” Sehun asks, hopefully.

“For the time being,” you respond, and you see the fire light behind all of their eyes. “However, we need to lay out some ground rules.”
“Anything, if it means you staying,” Chanyeol says, and your lips twitch upwards at his sincerity.

“First, like I said upstairs, you give me space and respect my boundaries,” you begin, placing your now empty plate on the ground beside the chair you’re in.

They all begin to protest, not wanting to leave you alone for any period of time. After all, they can’t bear to not be in your presence since you’ve came back. It’s been torture giving you your space thus far.

“Oh boy,” you throw your head back as they continue to protest, growing louder each second. “At this rate I’m going to need protection. You hear that house? Whatever magic you have, send me a protector.”

A bang sounds from one of the closed doors off to your right. Immediately, they all become quiet, their heads turning to look at the door with smoke coming out of it as it gets flung open. Everyone’s eyes are wide, including yours.

“Wow, I never thought that would work,” you say more to yourself, but they still manage to hear you, causing them to frown.

Through the smoke pouring into the room, a tall silhouette becomes outlined in light as a figure steps through the frame. Revealed to them is an unfamiliar girl with long brown hair which fades to blonde at the ends. She’s wearing an oversized hoodie and black skinny jeans. She waves the smoke away with her hand, looking displeased with the whole ordeal.

“Why the fuck is there so much smoke?” She says, shoving her hands back into the pocket of her hoodie.

“Who the fuck are you?” Jongin questions, standing up from his spot on the couch.

Before he can do anything, both Minseok and Chanyeol have moved to either side of the mysterious girl. She looks unimpressed as they attempt to intimidate her.

“Someone called for a protector, so here I am,” she replies, flicking her eyebrows in amusement.
“Okay, but just who are you, and how did you get into this house?” Tao asks, crossing his arms in front of his chest.

“I’m Jackie, and technically speaking, you’re in my house,” she quirks a brow, crossing her own arms now.

“What house?” Your brow furrows.

“Before you ask, no, I was not the one who brought you back,” she sighs. “That remains a mystery even to me.”

“Then why do you keep us here?” Baekhyun frowns.

“You twelve? Do you really need an answer for that?” She smirks.

“I think I can answer that one,” you stand up, walking hesitantly over to where she’s standing, still being stared down by Chanyeol and Minseok. “To keep you all away from me.”

“Bingo,” her smirk widens as she dips her head in agreement.

“But then the question gets raised of how does she know about us,” Kyungsoo says, looking her over.

“Now that, is a funny story,” suddenly, she becomes tense, letting out a nervous chuckle.

“Yeah, how do you know of our situations? Considering we’re all from different universes,” Luhan comments, the rest of them standing up now and making their way over to where she is standing.

“What are you, some kind of divine entity that can transcend space and time?” Jongdae scoffs in disbelief.
“I wouldn’t go that far,” she shrugs, “but I suppose here I could be. Let’s see, how should I put this…” she takes this time to rest her hands on her hips, leaning onto one foot, “how do you think your universes all came to be?”

“So you are an entity of some sort?” Yixing’s brow furrows in confusion.

“No, no,” she shakes her head. “I did create you, so to say, but not in the way you might think. You see, I know everything there is to know about all of you because I wrote your stories, and your personalities.”

“You did what?” Your voice is heard as they all let the information sink in.

In the next moment, Minseok lunges at Jackie, but she simply sidesteps him.

“Typical,” she sighs, shaking her head while closing her eyes.

In the next second, her hand whips out and catches Jongin’s midair as he goes to strike her. She uses the momentum combined with her strength to flip him onto his back, successfully knocking the wind out of him.

“Don’t even try it,” she turns to look at Jongdae who has opened his mouth to use his powers on her. “You’re all too predictable. I know what you’re going to do before you do it.”

“You wrote them like this?” Your voice is heard again, your eyes wide in disbelief. “Why?”

She shrugs, “entertainment purposes.”

“You bitch!” In the next moment, you lunge at her, successfully knocking her over, as well as all the air out of her lungs.

In your rage, you manage to straddle her waist and wrap your hands around her throat. She watches you with wide eyes, and tries to pry your hands off her throat.
“You made me suffer through all of their… whatever you want to call it, for entertainment?” You screech. “How fucking dare you!”

“You might want to let me go,” she manages to choke out. “Before something happens that you all won’t like.”

“Oh yeah? What could be worse than this hellhole?” You spit.

A deep scraping sound can be heard from the room in which Jackie entered from, causing all of their heads to look in the direction of the open door.

“What the-“ Jongin’s voice is heard as something is seen moving out of the darkness.

You look back down at Jackie who is staring at you blankly, seemingly no longer affected by your hands around her throat.

“Just because I am a protector, doesn’t mean I don’t have ones of my own,” she says as a bang resounds from the doorway.

A gasp escapes your lips as you see none other than Pyramid Head from Silent Hill walk out of the door, dragging his large blade behind him.

Before he is able to take a swing at you, Junmyeon drags you off of Jackie’s body. In the next moment, Jackie snaps her finger and Pyramid Head disappears into thin air.

“How the fuck did you make a fictional character come to life?” Jongin stares in disbelief.

“Magic,” she says, standing up and brushing off her pants. “Now, I understand you being upset at me, but think about it,” she begins, watching as you remove yourself from Junmyeon’s hold, “there are plenty of ways I could have written the story, and you in particular. I wrote you with logic, not as some sissy who falls in love with the first man that gives you any kind of attention. Besides, who do you think gave you the magic to use in this house?”

“You mean you could have made her fall in love with us sooner?” Baekhyun scowls.
“Yep,” she confirms with a nod of her head. “Or made her fall for you at all for that matter. But hey, it could be worse, I could have added the ghost to this situation.”

“The ghost?” Tao echoes.

“Who- what’s that?” Sehun asks.

“Why don’t I let you all see for yourselves,” she snaps her fingers once more and another figure appears across the room.

“(Y/n)?” Jungkook’s voice is heard as he takes a step forwards in confusion, but he seems to run into an invisible wall. He begins to pound his fist on the wall, until he rests his palms against it, staring longingly at you from across the room.

“Yes, Jongin was the worst, but at least he didn’t go as far as actually killing you,” she comments.

“That bastard- that boy, did what?” Minseok’s anger spikes, eyes flashing red as a snarl rips out of his chest.

“Meet Jeon Jungkook, the ghost,” she gestures to him with her hand. “He invaded her dreams, one of which included a sex dream where he replaced himself with the man in the dream, and killed her in order to be with her.”

“I remember now,” your eyes widen, taking a step closer to where Jackie is standing.

“Hey, love,” Jackie calls to you, causing you to hum in response, and the boys to all scowl at the pet name, and how you responded to it. “You want to see something cool?”

You simply nod in response.

Jackie smirks, turning her harsh gaze towards Jungkook. Leading you in front of the twelve boys, she brings you face to face with Jungkook who is desperately trying to reach out to you.
“Tell me, how do you kill someone who’s already dead?” She asks rhetorically, smirk widening as Jungkook begins to clutch his head in pain.

“What the fuck!” Jongin exclaims, the others letting out gasps of their own as they witness the scene before them.

“Tell me, love, what would you have me do?” Jackie asks you, turning her gaze to look at your face.

“Make him feel what I felt,” you reply, emotionless.

Slinging an arm around your shoulder, Jackie turns her gaze back to the ghost who has fallen to his knees, “with pleasure.”

In the next moment, Jungkook clutches his chest, starting to hyperventilate. He lets out a pain filled cry as he feels his bones breaking and his heart stopping for the second time in his life. You watch this happen for another minute before Jackie snaps her fingers and Jungkook disappears into a cloud of smoke.

“What the fuck did you just do?” Baekhyun asks in fear as Jackie turns back around to face them with her arm still slung around your shoulders.

“How did you do that?” Kyungsoo looks at her with slight fear.

“I told you, you’re in my house now,” she grins maniacally. “Any one of you step out of line, or harm (Y/n), you’ll experience something just like that. That is, if you don’t tear each other apart first.”

“I don’t believe this,” Sehun huffs.

“Why don’t we just kill you and take (Y/n) for ourselves? You can’t hurt us if you’re dead,” Jongin moves into a fighting stance, some of the others mirroring his actions.
“Uh, yeah, did you not hear what I told you?” She rolls her eyes. “I created you, so if I die, you all die with me. Besides, you’re all too predictable. I know what you’re going to do before you do it.”

“That would have been nice to know beforehand,” you grumble. “Wish I knew that while I was going through what you put me through. Could have come in handy.”

“I get your slight resentment, but don’t worry, love, I’ll protect you now,” she squeezes your shoulders reassuringly.

“Stop calling her that,” Chanyeol growls.

“Get your filthy hands off of her,” Jongdae steps forward, face full of anger.

“I’m getting real tired of this shit,” Tao says, voice and expression dark.

“Ah, Z, so nice of you to join us,” she tilts her head back in slight mockery. “You’re not the only one I know with something else living inside him.”

“That’s it!” This time, Chanyeol is the first one to lunge at her.

All of them are getting sick and tired of seeing you being held in her arms, as well as her calling you ‘love’ all the time. They all want to dispose of her so they can have you all for themselves again.

Quickly dropping her arm from around your shoulder, Jackie pushes you behind her as she assumes a fighting stance. She manages to back you both up before Chanyeol can reach her, and right before Chanyeol can make contact with her, it’s as if the invisible wall which contained Jungkook has reappeared.

“What the-” Chanyeol flinches back.

“Maybe I should get a sign,” Jackie chuckles. “Salt line, do not cross.”
Chanyeol scowls at your words.

“He may not be able to cross salt, but we can,” Jongdae says, stalking towards you, golden eyes on display. You can tell she’s really pissed him off.

“Oh no, I’ve pissed the fish off,” she fake gasps, causing you to stifle a giggle, which only adds to all their anger, especially Jongdae’s.

As soon as he crosses the threshold, Minseok takes this opportunity to strike while Jackie is distracted. Moving quickly, and using his speed, he goes to strike her side, but his arm is caught by someone, no, something black and slimy.

“T ook you long enough,” she comments as the black sludge continues to grow out of the ground to form a giant, humanoid figure with pearl white eyelike slits and rows of razor sharp fangs.

“What is that thing?” Luhan gasps from across the room.

Hearing the unfamiliar voice, the being turns its head to look at Luhan, grinning widely as half of it’s face pulls back to reveal a man beneath.

“We, are Venom,” that being said, he flings Minseok across the room, causing him to go crashing into the wall.

“Really, big guy, don’t destroy my place, please,” Jackie sighs.

“Sorry,” he replies.

“It’s good to see you again, V,” Jackie smiles.

“How in the world is Venom here?” You ask in disbelief.

“Magic,” Jackie turns her smile towards you. “Like I said, I have protectors, too.”
“This is just great,” Jongin scoffs. “We’re all still stuck here, and now we can’t even get (Y/n) back.”

“Yeah, and I just got tossed like a rag doll across the room,” Minseok scowls, brushing some drywall dust off his shirt as he rejoins the group of them.

“Oh, cry me a river,” you snark, crossing your arms in front of your chest.

“We like her,” Venom hums.

“Yeah, so does everyone else in this room,” Baekhyun comments.

Jackie rolls her eyes, “he’s not a psychopath about it, nor is he in love or obsessed with her.”

“He’s my favourite, at the moment,” you confirm, causing a few growls to be heard around the room, while the rest of them scowl. Yixing simply frowns, but it’s more of a pout than anything.

“Alright, I think they’re done trying to attack me for the time being,” Jackie observes as they all glare her down. “Okay big guy, can you let Eddie out now?”

No response is heard as Venom begins to shrink down and retreat to reveal Eddie in his place.

“That thing is inside you?” Tao gasps.

“Told you you weren’t the only one I knew like that,” Jackie smirks.

“How come he’s still here, anyways?” Kris quirks a brow at her.

“I like him, he’s funny,” Jackie says, slinging an arm around Eddie’s shoulder. “He’s good company to keep.”
“Aw, you’re going to make me cry from your sentiment,” Eddie teases, his own arm wrapping around her waist.

“So what’s going to happen now?” You ask, eyebrow raised.

“I have an idea,” Jackie grins maniacally. “Anyone want to watch a movie?”

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