Fatal Attraction

by BWSMILE

Summary

Blackhat never knew Flug's true personality and never cared to know until he found the doctor's secret room. Flug is much darker than he lets on and Blackhat finds it irresistible.

Notes

This fic has gotten me out of my writer's block. If any of you are reading my other fics I'll be updating them later this week. Hope you guys enjoy this weird fic.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Blackhat strolled out of his office to stretch his legs after a long session of working through paperwork. The mansion was oddly quiet usually his useless workers were exceedingly loud. The demon passed by the lab where Demencia was peering inside and Flug and the bear were nowhere to be seen. Blackhat cocked an eyebrow at Demencia and tapped her shoulder, watching her jump.

"What are you doing and where are the other two?", Blackhat asked coldly as a dopey grin spread across her face.

"Flug and Fives went to get groceries and I'm looking at the most handsome man in the world ~", The woman purred and Blackhat rolled his eyes.

"No, why were you staring at that door like it's the most fascinating thing in existence.", The demon snapped at her.

"Oooh well ya see, I've noticed Fluggie comin in and out of there a lot lately and I wanna know what's in there. I tried opening the door but it's got some heavy duty locks on it.", She explained gesturing to the door, "I'm thinkin he's got something to hide, I bet it's a weird porn collection.", Demencia giggled. Blackhat supposed it was unorthodox to have six locks on one door. Six locks he didn't have the keys to in his own home.

Whatever Flug was hiding he was trying to not only keep it from the two imbeciles but from Blackhat as well and the demon would not stand for it.

"He shouldn't have ANY locks without my permission...", The demon growled and Demencia's eyes lit up.

"We should break down the door and have a look-see.", She chirped bouncing into the lab.

"Indeed...", Blackhat never expected to agree with that girl on anything but there was the first time for everything.

He strode up to the large metal door and scented the air and cringed. Whatever was back there required a lot of cleaning because it reeked of bleach and sterile chemicals. Rubbing down the middle strip of his face the demon magically willed the locks open and let the bulky padlocks fall to the floor. Demenica let out a pleased giggle and ran in front of him shoving the door wide open.

They were met with a small walkway which led to a flight of stairs that went down into inky darkness. Curious, maybe there was something of substance to his pathetic doctor after all.

Demenica pulled out her cracked cellphone and turned on its flashlight as Blackhat made his way down the creaky steps. He didn't need the flashlight due to his night vision but it did help since he only had one good eye anyhow. The smell of chemicals got more intense the further they went down and Demencia began to sneeze from the smell. Finally, they made it to the bottom and the demon could not believe his eyes. On a metal operating table was a basin catching some fluid dripping from the ceiling. When Demencia moved her light to see the source her hand clapped over her mouth in shock as the demon's mouth split into a grin.

There above them was a human it's limbs completely removed save for the nubby arm stumps that were used to suspend it from the ceiling. Its head had been shaved and its face bruised the little nubs had been sealed with fire leaving it with webbed burn scars. The best part was that it had been vivisected with clean and precise cuts leaving its organs on full display. Its intestines spilling out
slightly with its shrunken stomach and liver hung limply atop them. Tubes that lead to a monitor were connected to certain places inside the cavity and a breathing mask had been put over its mouth. It was beautiful.

"Holy fuck...", Demencia whispered swallowing hard and moving her light to see more of the room.

She shined her light on a desk with a shelf of visceral organs and eyeballs in jars positioned over it. Blackhat sauntered over to the desk with a pleased smile on the desk were two books on anatomy, an ashtray with discarded cigarette buts, a bottle of formaldehyde and a photograph in a golden frame. The photo was of a middle-aged woman with curled red hair and blue eyes, she gave the camera a red-lipped smile and held a young boy with a stoic expression close to her. He had the same hair color of dried blood but with vibrant green eyes in stark contrast to the red. Blackhat assumed the boy was either Flug as a child or some secret son of his. Either way still interesting.

Demencia inspected the ashtray sniffing it like a dog and then sneezing. "I didn't know Flug smoked..", She said rubbing her nose on the back of her hand.

"Neither did I he hides it well along with this sadistic side...", Blackhat murmured shaking a jar of eyeballs. He smiled widely at how well preserved they were not an indication of decay or spoilage. How lovely. They moved their attention to the right side of the room which had a decapitated head on one table with its eyes gouged out mercilessly and its lower jaw removed although it still had its hair which was dirty blonde in color. The body was strapped down to an operating table and had multiple broken bones from what the demon could tell. Also from all the bruises on it, the human suffered a lot of internal bleeding as well. Next to that table was a series of shelves full of chemicals and a toolbox. Some of the chemicals were for cleaning and others were for either preserving body parts or other purposes.

The last two things were another door with three deadbolts and a sink next to that door. Fascinating how many more distorted corpses did the doctor have down here. The thought both pleased and brought another odd feeling to Blackhat's attention. One he didn't quite understand One he'd have to think more about later. Until then though He did not want to share this exhilarating new Flug with anyone else any longer and began to shove Demencia back up the stairs and locked her out of the room.

If anyone was going to see Flug's true potential it was going to be him.
Blackhat straightened his tie as Demenica fell to the floor with a thump. He made sure the door was locked back up and turned to the girl.

"You are not under ANY circumstances to go back down there. ", He ordered with a growl.

The girl touched her hand to her cheek and sighed wistfully with a smile. "Aww trying to protect me how romantic~", Demencia purred blowing him a kiss. The demon rolled his eyes and picked her up by her ponytail and carried her out of the lab. This had nothing to do with her. Blackhat wanted her to stay out so he could delve deeper into the newfound darkness Flug possessed without her ruining it for him.

He wanted to see the doctor in action more than anything at the moment and he always got what he wanted. The demon threw Demencia into the living room and began to think of a plan. He could simply just watch and not be seen when Flug went down there but that would require the use of his power, time and a good excuse. It wasn't the most elegant plan but he was out to see sadistic gore so elegance was the last thing on Blackhat's mind. Blackhat looked to Demencia as the woman stood up on wobbly legs and decided to tell her his excuse so he could get started.

"Demencia, listen up. ", Blackhat called out to her.

"Yes my love ~", The girl giggled swinging back and forth where she stood.

"I'm going to be out of the house for a while, let the other two know when they get back. I have a show to attend. ", The demon chuckled before disappearing down the hall.

"Sure thing my dark prince ", She cooed after him causing Black to cringe.

The demon turned himself invisible and waited by the door for Flug and the bear to return. Which thankfully didn't take long, after a few minutes of waiting they came in with bundles of grocery bags. The two started carrying the bags to the kitchen and The doctor looked over to Demencia playing video games.

"A little help would be just peachy, Demencia", Flug hissed at her and she ignored him. He mumbled something under his breath and Blackhat was starting to get bored. The demon rubbed his face and waited for something to happen. Finally, the bags were put away and Flug tapped Demencia on her shoulder.

"Hey um is the boss here?.... ", The doctor asked rubbing the back of his neck.

"No, Why?",She asked with a hiked eyebrow.
"I just wanted to know, maybe I can finish that model plane I've been working on."

"Flug chirped and the girl rolled her eyes.

"Psh-nerd."

"She scoffed and Flug chuckled.

"At least this nerd has done more with his life than you and that's saying a lot. "

The doctor said walking towards his bedroom.

Blackhat followed Flug to his bedroom which considering the doctor's busy schedule was extremely well kept. Almost like no one lived there. The demon waited on the doctor's next move and then it happened. The bag came off. For the first time, he could recall Flug's face was on full display for him to see.

He was right about the photo being Flug's childhood self since the hair, eyes and overall facial structure matching. Flug's face was a lot more aesthetically pleasing than he would have thought. His face was long and thin, the nose was straight with a long scar across the bridge slicing through a spatter of freckles, Flug's deep red hair was cut short and fluffy at the top. His lips were chapped and had teeth indents on them but the feature that gripped Blackhat the most were the eyes. They were such a vibrant yellow-green that they looked like someone had made a pair of glass eyes with shards of a bottle of absinthe. Flug's eyes seemed to glow in the dim light of the room as he pulled a key from out of his bag.

Blackhat raised an eyebrow as he watched the man unlock a drawer in his desk and pull out a ring of keys. So that's where he had been hiding them. Flug put the bag back on and quietly headed towards the lab and to the door. He unlocked each lock with care pushing the door open and making his way down the stairs. Flug made his way down the staircase Blackhat in toe. Once at the bottom he removed his bag once again and set it on the table brusing his hair back with his hand. A smile split his face as the doctor pulled a cigarette out of his lab coat pocket put it between his lips and to light it. The show was about to start and Blackhat had a front row seat.

Chapter End Notes

please give feedback and thoughts I love hearing them.
Flug lit his cigarette taking a deep drag, letting an elegant trail of smoke escape his lips. Blackhat watched as the doctor discarded his lab coat on the desk, stretching his back and cracking his knuckles. The doctor took another drag of his cigarette and walked over to the human hanging from the ceiling. Blackhat eagerly awaited the doctor's next move from the corner. Flug stood in front of the carved torso and snapped in its face.

"Hey wake the fuck up. I know you're not dead and faking it is only going to make me angry.", Flug spat and clapped loudly. The human's eyes snapped open at the loud noise and Blackhat was impressed Flug had kept it alive for so long.

"Wakey, Wakey.", He mockingly cooed at the victim as they blinked rapidly seemingly panicked that it was alive. The demon could watch as its lungs fluttered rapidly with hear as the doctor checked the monitor it was hooked to. The human kept its sunken and beady eyes on Flug to horrified of what the doctor would do if it looked away. Blackhat licked his lips as he watched its skin crawl and swallow dryly. It had been so long since he had witnessed this type of fear. The slow tedious kind he didn't have time for anymore.

"Please....", It's hoarse voice cracked through the silence, "Please no more....", tears fell down its cheeks as it's jaw quivered.

Flug met the begging with a cold and indifferent stare. Then a sickeningly sweet smile spread across his lips. Blackhat kept his eyes on the doctor's movements, they seemed almost calculated but fluid at the same time. It was oddly fascinating to watch. With that soft smile, he took the victims chin between his fingers with such gentleness it almost seemed genuine.

"Aww, do you want me to take away the pain? Sew you back up? Let you leave?", The doctor asked softly and got a hesitant but desperate nod in return. "Well let me tell you a little secret...", Flug whispered getting closer to his victim. Blackhat stepped in closer anticipating what was going to happen next.

A soft chuckle escaped the doctor's lips through a puff of smoke before his grip on the human's chin suddenly tightened. "NOBODY GIVES A FUCK WHAT YOU WANT!", Flug shouted in the victims face before returning to cold indifference. Blackhat's jaw dropped he had never heard the doctor sound like that before. So cruel, so powerful, so vicious, he didn't know how to feel about it. The human quivered and made a startled whimper in response.

Flug ran his hand over his coppery locks and smiled devilishly. "Now that's out of the way. I think our time together is about to end...um...er...", He paused before pulling a pair of black dress pants from the bottom of the cart. He pulled out the human's wallet taking out all the money in it shoving it in his pocket and pulling out the driver's license.

Flug read the card over then finished his sentence. "Ah...Jeremey. Boring name but oh well no one will be able to recognize your corpse when I'm done with you anyway...", The doctor chuckled before heading to get his toolbox. Before reaching the shelf he made a point to put out his cigarette in the eye socket of the last victim. The demon could hear the hiss as the blood reacted to the heat. The
sound alone put a smile on Blackhat's face.

The toolbox was set on the cart quite delicately as Flug flipped open its latches and examined its contents. Pulling out a pair of pliers a wide smile split the doctor's face as he ripped away the breathing mask. The insolent human clamped it's mouth shut and shook its head. Flug rolled his eyes and sighed. He then turned his attention to the stomach shriveled from air exposure and lack of use. The doctor clamped them around the flesh sack and began to twist and pull slowly and meticulously.

Flug took his time and smiled widely at the human's cries of pain as the stomach tissue began to tear. Blackhat was pleased as the organ ripped away from the body and was carelessly thrown at his feet. A loud scream rang through the room and Flug took that opportunity to hold the human's mouth open and begin joyfully ripping teeth from its gums. The white pearls clattered to the floor as a symphony of pained shrieks and cries filled the room.

Wires were pulled from the cavity in its torso and blood came flowing into the basin below it. Flug barehandedly ripped the intestines out of the body and threw them behind him with joyful abandon. The human's eyes rolled into the back of its head as it gave a gurgled cry as more blood seeped from its open wounds. It lost consciousness and Flug scoffed wiping his bloodied hands on his pants.

"You bore me..",Flug sighed leaving to go into the next room and coming back out with a sled hammer and a tub on wheels. The tub was full of unnaturally blue liquid. The decapitated head and its body were thrown into the tub and the chemicals devoured the flesh at breakneck speed. Flug pushed the silver cart out of the way and swung the hammer at the body.

The thud of flesh meeting metal and the crack of bones filled the room as Flug beat his human pinata. Blood flew from out of the cavity splattering the floor and some stray droplets hitting the demon's tongue. Which he lapped up quickly. Childish giggles filled the room along with the snaps and soft clink of the ribs hitting the floor. Flug completely lost himself in the carnage laughing in abandon before taking his last swing. A large smile tugging at his lips with soft chuckles rumbling up from his chest. Blood dripping gracefully down his porcelain skin setting his eyes ablaze.

Blackhat was taken aback by those eyes yet again. Oh, how they captivated him. Just as this version of Flug did. He didn't understand how it made him feel as of now. All he knew is he wanted it all for himself and that he craved to see more.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, boy Blackhat you've done fucked up. Hope you enjoyed please comment.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Hey readers I want to apologize for the wait school kept me really busy and I didn't have time to do much of anything. Let alone write, anyway I hope you like this new chapter and I will be posting more tomorrow. Writing on my phone so sorry for any spacing issues.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Flug set the hammer down and chuckled softly before returning to a stoic expression. The quick changes in emotion was something Blackhat enjoyed. He never knew how expressive Flug could be under that bag.

The doctor began picking the teeth and visceral organs off the floor until his eyes met the photograph on the desk. He stared at the photo for a moment then signed in exasperation.

"Don't look at me like that...", Flug grumbled under his breath before disposing of his mess.

Blackhat cocked an eyebrow at Flug's words, how curious. The demon watched as Flug released the battered corpse from it's binds. It fell into the table with a crash as the doctor moved to pick it up. He lifted the carcass and flipped it over his shoulder, it's limp jaw hanging in a permanent silent scream.

Flug unceremoniously dropped it in the bright blue tub and Blackhat felt a vibration go up his spine at the doctor's coldness. Once the liquid started to devour the body, the doctor opened the second door wide, wheeling the cart inside. The eldritch followed him and shivered in delight at what he saw.

An entire wall covered in cleavers, scissors, shears, and other sharp objects. Rows of corrosive chemicals and medical devices on a desk in the corner. The floors permanently stained with rust colored blood stains. A huge operating table with metal restraints in the center of the room.

The last interesting he noticed was an area fenced off in chain link fencing up to the ceiling. The only exit padlocked heavily. There was bloody stains on the bottom of the fence from those who tried to escape and failed. Apologies, prayers and notes to loves ones were scratched into the concrete walls behind the fence.

A wave of heat went through Blackhat's entire body as he realized that Flug was truly a horrifying beast under that sniveling facade. A ravenous animal satisfying it's desires for carnage. The demon bit his thumb thinking about what Flug could be capable of.

The sound of a shower caught him off guard as he turned to see Flug shamelessly stripping of his dirtied clothes. The demon swallowed thickly as Flug went down to just a pair of deep blue boxers. Showing off more pale skin marred with scars and splattered with freckles.

Flug's body looked exceedingly delicate with jutting hipbones, visible ribs and soft stomach. Although the scars gave an air of strength or at the least resilience. The doctor out his soiled clothes in a bowl of hydrogen peroxide and slipped out of his underwear.
Even though Blackhat remained hidden this strip tease felt like it was meant for him. Flug stepped into the shower off to the side and started to rinse the final remains of his victim away. A shame, the sanguine hues of the dead suited him. Possibly that was the reason the doctor's hair was the same shade of rusty red.

Blackhat watched as Flug scrubbed himself clean and turned off the water. Although Blackhat would have loved to stay and delve deeper into Flugs newfound darkness. The demon bit his tounge and decided to leave before anyone gained suspicions of his absence.

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Blackhat streched in bed before taking off his monocle and closing his book on the black death. Today has been very interesting and he couldn't wait to see more of his favorite show soon. Turing off his lamp and pulling his quilted comforter up the demon began to drift off.

Blackhat opened his eyes to being naked and submerged up to his chest in blood.

"Not a bad start to a dream..."The eldritch said to himself inspecting his claws.

Before he could sink deeper into the warm liquid, Blackhat noticed movement in the distance. Something was coming towards him. He quirked a brow as it started to breech the lake of blood. Then he saw them, those damned eyes. The vibrant green hue stood in stark contrast to the red around them as Flug moved closer.

Soon Flug was only arms length away from him and then he surfaced up to his naval. Slender arms wrapped around his neck and those eyes met his own. The demon settled his hands on Flug's hips willing to see where this dream was going. The doctor pet his cheek softly and smiled sweetly. It was the same smile from earlier giving off an almost genuine tenderness. Blackhat let out a soft growl and rubbed the soft flesh of Flug's hips.

"Such a sweet facade you put up...why not let me see the real you...",The demon purred and the figment of the doctor chuckled.

Before he could ask what was so funny Flug's hand plunged into his chest. The doctor gave a devious smile lifting Blackhat's chin to look at him.

"You can't handle the real me leibling...",Flug cooed in a whisper before ripping his prize from the demon's chest. To which Blackhat jolted awake.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed please comment your thoughts
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Sorry this one is so short guys.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Blackhat sat up placing a hand on his chest. That was the first time a dream had jarred him awake, it was strangely exhilarating. The demon rubbed his eyes before gabbing his monocle. After he could fully see Blackhat checked his alarm clock for the time.

His faded night vision made the hands of the clock look fuzzy but from what he could make out it was two in the morning. Sighing the demon stood up and decided to get a cup of blood mixed with some whiskey to lull him back to sleep. Blackhat came down the stairs, passing a mirror and smiling at the reflection. He truly was the most horrid creature in existence.

Once at the bottom of the stairs light emanating from the lab caught his eye. So he wasn't the only one awake at this hour, interesting. Sneaking around the corner Blackhat peeked into the lab. There Flug was in front of the open chest cavity of a large hat bot, bag off and face covered in oil. Not as appealing as blood but not bad. The doctor saured sites with the same cold expression from the basement.

Blackhat was about to leave as Flug wasn't doing anything intriguing before he heard a Bing! come from the doctor's phone beside him.

Who could be trying to reach Flug at this hour? Blackhat quirked his brow in interest as the doctor checked the device, bit his lip, and smiled. Why was he smiling like that? What could be so pleasing about a message at 2 in the bloody morning?? Flug typed a quick reply before returning to his work and Blackhat noticed an ugly feeling nestling his stomach.

Blackhat let out an indignant huff and stormed off to get what he came for. Once in the kitchen he pulled a blood bag out of the fridge and poured it into a mug. After putting it in the microwave the demon searched for his whisky and a spoon. After his drink was finished he headed back to his room.

Before he made back though another Bing! Blackhat snapped his head in the direction of the sound. The demon looked to see Flug check his phone staring at it for a few moments before letting out a chuckle.

"Nice~", the doctor said before looking at his phone again with a more analytical air "she must've had her clavicle fractured at some point .... fascinating."

Blackhat's face twisted in confusion. She? Who was she? Also why was Flug talking to this woman so late? The feeling in his stomach from earlier spread to the bottom of his chest and a deep growl crawled up his throat.

Flug put his phone away hearing the growl and quickly put the bag back on.

"Sir?..is that...is that you?", Flug played the act of the scared fool, hiding behind that paper mask.
"No it's the boogey man....", the demon growled stepping into view.

Flug disregarded his sarcasm "You're up late...", the doctor trailer off ignoring the Bing! from his pocket.

"Yes I am....is that a problem? ", Blackhat glared at that pocket in the doctor's lab coat keeping that internal device hidden.

"No sir not at all, did you need anything? ", Flug asked poking at a computer chip.

"What is that binging? ", Blackhat asked voice dripping in discontent.

"Oh...I'm that's my phone, I had a last minute clinic request you know timezones ", Flug lies through his teeth and Blackhat hummed in reply.

There was a pregnant pause with Blackhat trying to burn a hole in Flug's lab coat, as the doctor attempted to ignore him.

"Well please do answer it.", The demon encourged with a smile. The vile feeling crawling up his throat, attempting to strangle him.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave comments I love reading them. I hope you enjoyed the 5th chapter. I'm loving jealous Blackhat so much right now. Flug may or may not have been having a friendly chat with his next victim.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not posting I got really sick a couple of days ago but I'm better now and able to write.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Flug froze at Blackhat's question.

"I'm sorry...could you...could you repeat that sir?", The doctor stammered in disbelief.

"I said answer it, Flug..."., Blackhat hissed crossing his arms and sipping his drink.

Flug took a deep breath and shrugged before doing what Blackhat asked of him. The demon watched as the doctor typed out a reply quickly and put his phone back in his pocket. Blackhat ground his teeth at the doctor returning to his work.

That little brat thought he could pull through a loophole like that. The dark feeling crawled up the demon's throat as he loomed over the doctor. He'd find out who that woman is and he'd tear her to shreds right in front of Flug. Then he'd make the doctor lock the blood off his claws. That would show the little ingrate.

"Um...was that all sir?", Flug asked looking up from his repairs.

Blackhat's face cracked into an unnaturally wide grin "all for now Flug...oh be sure to send that client in for a meeting with me tommorow. Goodnight, doctor. ", The demon chuckled as he left the lab.

"....Goodnight sir....", a faint reply was heard by Blackhat from down the hall.

The churning, acidic feeling had tangled itself around his lungs and began to squeeze. Blackhat tried to ignore it with sips of his drink but that only made it worse. Digging his claws into the wall, he scratched gouges into the paint as he stromed into his room.

The demon slammed the door without care and downed the rest of his concoction. Throwing the mug against the wall and shattering it beyond repair. Blackhat panted and pulled off his monocle tossing it onto his nightstand. The eldritch sat on the bed and rubbed his face.

What ever the hell this feeling was it's presence wasn't welcome. Much like the harlot Flug was so eager to converse with. Although the later was much more unwelcome.

Broken clavicle what the hell was so interesting about that?! 

Blackhat could break and reconfigure his bones in any way he wanted.

What was so "fascinating " about some idiot managing to break her collarbone?

Blackhat seethed as the blood and whiskey started to work their magic. He threw his blanket back over himself and huffed. He hated this feeling it was very bothersome. Trying to take the air out of
his lungs. He'd have to smash that phone in the morning....

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Blackhat awoke in the ocean of blood yet again. Although this time black rocks breached it's ruby surface. They were haphazardly scattered across the landscape. Each a different size but all having smooth reflective surfaces like shining black diamonds glinting crimson light back at him. Blackhat then noticed the pale figure sitting on one of the onyx stones.

Flug was stark naked cream colored skin almost glowing compared to the rock beneath him. He was sitting holding something close to his chest, crimson droplets dripping off his lithe frame. Blackhat swam closer to the doctor desiring an explanation on why Flug had invaded his dream again. The demon had almost made it when Flug took a large bite from the object in his hand.

Blackhat froze as he watched teal liquid drip from the doctor's supple lips as the demon forgot how to breathe. Flug licked the substance from his lips as he set the object beside him. Soon those toxicly green eyes were upon him and a wicked smile spilt the doctor's face.

"Hello leibling ~ back so soon?", Flug purred slipping off the rock.

Blackhat swallowed as the doctor swam towards him. The demon did not move as the devious little minx pressed his chest against his own. Blackhat growled instead and dug his claws into Flug's soft hips.

"Who is she....", the demon growled as Flug buried his face into his neck.

"Aww are you jealous, jefecito? ~", Flug chuckled before licking a hot stripe up Blackhat's neck.

" I don't get jealous...", Blackhat hissed nipping at the doctor's shoulder.

A devious chuckle rang in Blackhat's ears as Flug traces idle patterns on the demon's back.

"It's cute that you think you can hide from me...", the doctor murmured pressing kisses along Blackhat's jaw.

"I hide from no...no one..", Blackhat sweared under his breath when Flug bit down on his neck.

"You're a terrible liar~" Flug purred in his ear.

Blackhat growled and pulled the doctor closer in warning. In response Flug pressed his lips against the demon's for only a brief moment.

"You want me don't you? You want this, but you're not the only one. Why don't you get rid of the competition? Afraid you'll lose?", The doctor whispered to him seductively rubbing the back of his neck.

Just before he was about to respond a loud bang awoke him. Shooting up he scanned the room to find Demencia on his floor.

Chapter End Notes
Quick note do you think I should keep the story solely in Black hats perspective or should I add in Flug's. Also what do you think of the dream scences?
I apologize this chapter was a bit rushed since I wanted to write something before going M.I.A for finals. I hope you all enjoy this chapter

Blackhat glared daggers into the woman sitting on his floor. How in the bloody hell did see get in here? That's when he noticed the open air vent. Taking a deep breath he decided to address her.

"Would you care to explain why you were in my airvent and are now on my floor?", the demon hissed pinching the space between his eyes.

"Weeeell you see I was watching you sleep like normal, then you started mumbling and fondling a pillow. Soo I wanted to take a closer look and I well fell. "Demencia explained with a smile.

"Get out. Now. ",Blackhat replied with a growl and the woman shivered.

"Oh pleaaasse can I stay??? I'm much better to squeeze and fondle than a pillow. " Demencia cooed wiggling her hips.

"NO.",The demon sternly answered but Demencia didn't budge.

Having enough of her childish ways the demon stood up and in a flash has Demenica by the hair. Flinging her out of his room. For a few delicious moments there was peace until she came right back into his room. This time with a confused and concerned expression.

"Black hat my love?",Demenica hesitantly asked.

"What? And don't call me that",Blackhat snapped at her.

"There's a man smoking in our kitchen, I don't know who he is. Should I get rid of him?",She replied face splitting into a grin.

Blackhat paused before answering. "...describe him to me..."

Demenicas face twisted in disbelief but she obeyed,"he was pretty pale with red hair scars and he was wearing boxers and blue tanktop."

"That's just Flug. " Blackhat answered.

"Wait really?? He's a ginger? Oooh I gotta get a picture prefect blackmail ~",Demenica squealed.

She bolted out of his room and Blackhat followed. Maybe that picture would enrage Flug, possibly to the point of using Demenica for his own sick desires for carnage. That would be a sight Blackhat would pay to see.

When he caught up to her she was getting ready to take the photo. Blackhat quickly turned the flash on without her noticing. This should be fun. Flug stood in front of the coffee maker face halfway
visible. Cigarette in hand the doctor smoothed his hair and turned just enough. Click! A bright flash exploded in the doctor's face.

Demenica looked mortified. All the color had drained from her face as Flug turned to face her. His face was unreadable but Blackhat could see the fire behind his eyes. The blinding heat that threatened to incinerate the woman in front of him.

"Demenica....delete it.", Flug hissed and received a smile in return. Her fear washing away.

"Watcha gonna do about it nerd??", She cackled waving her phone to tease the doctor.

"Now Demenica delete it.", Flug's voice dripped with malice as he clenched his shaking fists. Stepping closer to the woman.

"Oh no did I make Fluggy mad? Are you gonna bore me to death?", Demenica teased.

Flug stepped forward one more step calmly before snatching the phone from the girls loose grip. Instead of deleting the photo however, Flug smashed it against the tile floor. Bits of glass skittering across the kitchen.

"Oh no, someone broke your phone. .. ", Flug mocked Demenica.

The crazed woman screeched and lunged for Flug. Before a harsh grip on her hair stopped her. Blackhat wasn't going to let her damage Flug. If anything it would be the other way around no exceptions.

Chapter End Notes

Flug and Dem's dynamic is always fun to write.
Chapter 8

Demencia turned back to Blackhat looking from his hand in her hair to the eldritch's face. Her expression was one of complete and utter disbelief. She opened her mouth to presumably demand an explanation before her face was grabbed by Flug and jerked to face the scientist.

Flug had a one handed death grip on Demencia's cheeks. His expression stoic and unreadable. The doctor's eyes told a different story as they appeared to be on fire. Yet again Black hat found himself captivated by those eyes. They look like they wanted to burn the girl alive and he loved it.

"It's rude to lunge at people. It's also very rude not to mention disrespectful to take pictures with out permisson and I HATE being disrespected.",Flug growled tightening his grip on Demencia's face.

"Fwug yer hwerting meh....", Demencia replied her eyes wide like a frightened mouse in the clutches of a python.

The doctor chuckled the sound vibrating throughout Blackhat's being. Blackhat should've known it would happen but his reactions to Flug's sadistic side still caught him off guard.

"I'll let go if you'll actually listen and not take any more bagless pictures of me . That's what you're gonna do right Dem?",Flug answered her plea in an all too gentle tone.

"Yesh swir...",the girl squeaked in reply.

The doctor gave her the sweet smile that hid so many lies and loosened his grip.

"Good...because if you do and I catch you I'll break more than your phone.",Flug purred before releasing Demencia's face and handing her the broken phone.

Seemingly frightened the girl skittered away making Blackhat realize he must've relased her hair at some point during that display. Flug took a puff of his ignored cigarette relaxing as he inhaled the smoke. The doctor finally noticed Blackhat's presence on the exhale. Looking directly into the demon's eyes and raising an eyebrow.

"Jefe? When did you get here?",Flug asked taking another puff.

"I've been here the whole time,I must say doctor I never knew you could be so....aggressive~",the last word turned to a purr as the demon said it.

"....heh....Yeah I guess I can be pretty mean when I want to....",The doctor turned to retrieve his coffee, discretely pouring something from a small glass bottle into it.

"Yes very mean indeed~",Blackhat did not expect that sentence to sound as flirtatious as it did.

Flug gave Blackhat a strange look that made the demon feel as though he was being picked a part
and studied. The doctor dissected him with his gaze and poked around for answers. If Blackhat were honest the feeling was sort of arousing. Flug took a sip of his coffee and whatever else he put in it.

"Uh huh.....well I'll be getting back to work ....I'll send that client your way later...", Flug finally responded before throwing his cigarette out the window and leaving.

Blackhat growled under his breath at the mention of 'that client’. He knew Flug wouldn't be dumb enough to send his little girlfriend to his office. The demon instead would probably have some patsy take her place wanting to buy a costume made something or other. Eventhough he wanted to rip out the woman's organs other thoughts plagued his mind.

How long had Flug known this harlot? Did they go on dates? How often did they talk? Did they....do other things? What did Flug want from this whore anyway?

Each unanswered question made Blackhat's blood boil. He needed to know. He didn't know how but he needed to find out more about this woman. So the demon decided to do some digging and what better place to start than the doctor's bedroom.

He manifested himself in the small bedroom and began his search starting with the closet. He opened the sliding doors pushing past all the clothes he found text books, shoe boxes, and model plane kits neatly organized. First Blackhat opened the text books hoping for secret compartments, there were none. Next he opened each shoe box only to be disappointed once more. All the model plane kits were unopened and in plastic wrap so he didn't search them.

Blackhat then examined the work table opening drawers to find office supplies, notebooks full of equations and observations, along with a small scrapbook full of pictures of that stupid bear.

"Watcha doin, my love?", Demencia said from behind him making him fumble with the box of staples in his hand.

"Looking for something! What are you doing in here??", the demon snapped at her noticing the finger shaped brusies on her cheeks.

"Oooh let me help! Whatcha looking for handsome ~", she giggled bouncing on her heels.

"I don't exactly know I'll let you know when I find it....", Blackhat grumbled moving his search to the dresser.

"Did Flug hide something from you? I mean who knows what he's hiding he's a really shady guy. You know with the whole 'no bagless pictures ' , that basement dungeon thing, how he smokes and none of us knew. Real weird...plus he was kinda scaring me in the kitchen. Too intense for my taste.", Demencia fell into a tangent and Blackhat rolled his eyes.

"If you're going to stay at least help look...", The demon huffed sorting through Flug's underwear drawer where the only interesting thing he found was condoms.

Which might've inadvertently answered the 'did they do other things ' question. Blackhat felt the ugly black bile from the night before crawl up his chest as he shoved the contraceptives back where they went. Demencia had rooted her way under the bed to look for something. After a second of her scuffling under there she came out with a box.

"Does this count as what you're looking for , my darling? ", she gave a wide smile her face and hair covered in dust.

The box was a metal lock box with a combination lock attached to it. It had to have been old due to
it's condition. The sky blue paint had chipped off its surface leaving only flakey patches of the original color. There were nicks and dings in the metal from previous damage. Along with the top right corner being smashed in. Along the top in faded letters read "property of Flug Aron Sly." 

Blackhat didn't answer instead he snatched the box from her. Snapping the lock off impatiently, he'd fix it later any how. The demon swung the box open with Demencia behind him. Blackhat's mouth hung ajar as he could not believe what he saw.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry to leave in such a cliff hanger. What do you guys think is in the box?
Inside the box was a small navy blue journal next to a stack of photographs rubberbanded together. Along with what looked to be an old medical bracelet in the corner and a sliver ring with small diamonds adorning. Underneath the ring was a bloody fingerprint on what looked to be the bottom of the box.

Demencia was about to reach in before Blackhat snapped the lid shut. Almost crushing her fingers in the process. She didn't deserve to look through the contents like he did. This experience was for Blackhat and Blackhat alone.

"Hey what gives I found it." Demencia huffed crossing her arms.

"That doesn't mean you get to look through it",The demon snapped at her.

"Aww why not????",she whined like an impudent brat.

"Because I said so now go play in the yard or something while I look.",Blackhat told her clutching the box tightly.

"Fine.",The girl snapped before stomping out of the room.

Blackhat waited for her to leave before opening the box again. He picked up the stack of photos ,the top showing Flug and the same woman in the picture downstairs. Her hair was up in a ponytail wearing a yellow sweater and jeans. She was holding Flug who looked about four years old. The child stared blankly at the camera holding a teddy bear.

Blackhat then noticed the hand on the mother's shoulder. Following it to a man in khakis and green button up. It would've seemed like a wholesome family photo if the father had a head. In place of it was the scratched paper backing of the photo ,pilled and fragile. Someone must've scratched away at the man's head until it was scrubbed out of the photo. Strange but oh so intriguing.

Perhaps this man was Flug's father and a bad one at that. Why else would have Flug scratched his face out. Blackhat moved on to the next photo sliding the other to the back. This photo was of Flug and two other people. The bile from before intensified but the demon swallowed it down.

Flug gave the camera a soft smile while the other two beamed behind him. One looked oddly familiar ,it was a man in his late thirtes with dark brown hair and eyes. Something about this facial structure along with those beady almost black eyes,rung bells in the demon's skull. He couldn't pinpoint how but he had seen this person before.

The other was a young woman with dirty blonde hair and green eyes . The blonde held a wine glass in hand ,half empty. Written on the bottom in Flug's handwriting was: specimen 126 and 127

Blackhat quirked a brow and started to go through the stack. Each photo was very similar to the last. Flug smiling with different people each receiving their own "specimen " number. That was the only pattern the demon found in the people in the photos. There was no specific, sex,demographic, race,age ,nothing.

The mere quantity of these photos made the acidic bile from the night before come back ten fold. He
pushed it down setting the photos aside. Then pulling the ring out to look at later along with the journal. Picking up the medical bracelet the demon ran his thumb over its yellowed surface.

It read *Slys, Flug A. DOB: 5/16/90  Age :9 Sex:M  Dr. James Lynch PhD.*

The rest was a jumble of of numbers and letters he didn't understand. Setting the bracelet on top of the journal he noticed what he thought was the bottom of the box. It was a book or folder of some kind. There was a black printed crest on its gray surface along with the words *Saint Irma's children's hospital.* printed in bold type.

The booklet fit the dimensions of the box with little wiggle room. Blackhat tried to pry it out with his hands but that proved unsuccessful. The demon shook it upsidedown for a minute before deciding to teleport it out. In hindsight that should've been the first thing to try.

Blackhat held the folder looking upon all the items spread across the floor. All things Flug put so much effort into hiding. The doctor's secret life open for him to dig into and Blackhat couldn't wait to start digging.

Chapter End Notes

You guys guessed right on there being photos in the box. Although there was talk of body parts and organs being in there too lol. Sorry I couldn't get through all the items yet, I wrote this very late at night. What'd you think of the new chapter?
Blackhat opened the medical file first hoping to find something interesting in it's contents. The first page held a photo of a young Flug glowering at the camera along with some basic information. The first half was already on the wrist band or trivial information such as height and weight. Although it did include the names of his mother and father. Ursa and Adalward Slys respectively. The next part was much more interesting though.

It read, 11/15/99 : Patient brought in by father to psychiatric floor due to violent tendencies, emotional outbursts, and exhibiting bouts of sadistic behavior. Father insisted the boy be given nothing sharp and to keep him away from other children. The second request seemed unnecessary in my opinion but precautions should be taken. Patient is extremely intelligent, preforming at least at a highschool or early college level. He has a extraordinary grasp on medical knowledge using most of our therapy session to discuss the inner workings of the heart and nervous system and using the rest to discuss various planes.

11/16/99 : The mother has called twelve times today demanding her son be sent home. Normally I would have obliged but the boy had self mutilated overnight by tearing into his leg with some makeshift scaple he had managed to sneak in. The boy had cut down to the muscle pealing back the skin carefully and leaving major blood vessels in tact. This was clearly not an act of simple self destruction and seemed almost surgical in nature. When questioned as to why he had cut open his own leg he only replied with "I was bored and to see what was inside." He is currently receiving stitches and the mother refuses to stop calling.

Blackhat raised an eyebrow he hadn't expected Flug to be one for self mutilation out of boredom. He hummed and went back to reading.

11/17/99: The boy is very cold and distant today only replying in one word answers. We took away anything from his room that could be used for violence. He is very twitchy and seems to almost vibrate with the body language of a withdrawing addict-

Blackhat suddenly was pulled from reading when he heard footsteps down the hall along with muffled conversation. By the sounds of it they were coming this way the demon snapped turning both himself and the items on the floor invisible. The footsteps got louder and then the conversation became clearer. It was Flug and the bear.

"Don't worry ,5.0.5 . It's just a small scratch I have bandages in my room I'll be out in a sec.",the doctor tried to convince the bear as it let out distressed noises.

The door opened and Flug stepped inside closing it behind him. The palm of his yellow glove was orange with blood as he pulled it off and threw it in the trash. The doctor then paused and stared at his wound watching the blood shift along his palm. Rolling it around almost mesmerized. Flug wiped
some of it on his opposite thumb and hissed before pulling a small first aid kit from inside a jacket pocket in his closet.

Blackhat watched the doctor dress his wound before violin music filled the room. The demon looked around for it's source his gaze settling on Flug's pocket. It was that blasted phone. Flug pulled it out checked the screen before quickly flinging his bag off and answering it.

"Hey,what's up. ",Flug chirped into the phone making Blackhat grind his teeth. "Huh? Oh yeah tonight totally works for me. Uh huh ,yup,I'll see you sweetness",the doctor hung up and started to laugh.

The demon's face scrunched in confusion as the doctor lost himself in a fit of laughter, tugging at his hair with his uninjured hand. What was so funny about this meeting? Flug then hit the wall three times before regaining his composure. The doctor smiled at his phone before putting it away.

"You've still got it Sly...",the doctor chuckled before leaving the room.

Rage bubbled up in the from the demons chest spreading throughout his body. Quickly he snapped and he and the box were in his office. Blackhat let out a deafening roar and began his path of destruction.

He ripped the curtains off the window and tore them to shreds. Then he threw his desk across the room and into the opposite wall along with a self portrait. The demon smashed his chair into splinters and hurled a filing cabinet at the door. Ripping paintings off the wall and then pausing at a voice teasingly calling out to him,it was Flugs voice.

"Miss me ,Miss me ,now you wanna kiss me ~",the voice cooed from the back of his mind.

Blackhat growled lowly and raked his claws through the canvas. That's it he was going to get what he wanted,no matter how long it takes. He would have the dark violent little monster he craved.

The demon snapped reconfiguring his office and sitting at his desk. How does one romance a human? His kind didn't usually want another entity long term but here he was wanting to keep Flug in his office dismembering bodies for his eyes only. There was only one way to solve this he reluctantly hit his buzzer.

"Demencia get in here,NOW.",Blackhat grimaced into the pa.

Not even within a minute his door slammed open and the girl had flung herself on his desk. She reeked of perfume and had the most disgusting grin on her face.

"What can I help you with my darling? ~ A little bored with work I could provide some entertainment?",Demencia purred wiggling her eyebrows and Blackhat threw up in his mouth a little.

"No,actually I was looking for advice... What do you get for someone... You want to keep to yourself for eternity?",He explained through a forced smile as she nearly fainted.

"Weeeellll....umm....I'd say get them something they really like...like um some hot topic merch...or some new eyeliner....or maybe a kiss??",She puckered her lips and the demon wanted to turn himself inside out.

"I see...I'll be back shortly do be sure to gaurd the house. ",He patted her cheek and dissipated.

A gift Flug would like....well he had obsession with planes for some reason and he enjoyed harming
others. Blackhat could do that all he'd have to do is bring a plane full or torture devices perfect.

When he returned home the demon set the plane in the backyard and went inside to retrieve Flug. Upon entering Demencia was getting frustrated at a puzzle cube thing and the bear was vacuuming. Flug was nowhere to be seen. Odd, maybe he was in the lab so Blackhat checked nothing.

"Demencia where is Flug?". Blackhat asked her as she started to bite the cube.

"Um... last time I saw him he gave me this stupid rubix cube and dared me to solve it before heading off with that new costumer. ", She replied frantically trying to match the colors.

"New costumer?", The demon asked the dark feeling returning yet again.

"I thought you didn't get jealous? ~ ", Flug's voice rung through his head.

"Yeah that one lady... She didn't look much like a villian but she was pretty for some preppy looking bitch...", Demencia answered throwing the cube in frustration.

At that Blackhat sprinted to Flug's room slamming the door open expecting to find Flug and this woman mid cotius. Instead he found an empty room that reeked of sex and a neatly folded pile of women's clothing on the bed.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry about the length I have a class in the morning and couldn't stay up as late as I wanted for this.
EDIT: I went back and added more to this chapter because it was severely lacking in my opinion.

Any suggestions? Thoughts? Concerns?? Feel free to comment.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Thank random charater generator for the looks of our new captive. Her name is Charlotte. Also apologies for the wait drivers ed has been sapping my energy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Blackhat glared at the sunflower covered dress on Flug's bed along with the brown flats and cheap fake gold necklace atop it. The dressed reeked of sweet perfume that burned the demon's nostrils. On the nightstand was a needle, used. That gave Blackhat all he needed to know about Flug's whereabouts.

The demon stormed to the lab finding the door to Flug's secret room locked from the inside. Growling Blackhat turned to mist and slipped under the heavily locked door. It seemed to have just as many locks inside as out.

Once on the other side soft music with German flitered up the stairs. The only light was coming from the deepest part of the room. Blackhat concealed himself just to get a view of Flug and just what he was doing. With a plan to reveal himself and demand an explanation to the doctor whoring himself out to women who wore floral dresses and cheap jewelry.

There the doctor was leaning back in an office chair leisurely smoking. There was a thick leather purse on his lap and a wallet in his hand. On the desk beside him was a set of keys, lipstick, a perfume bottle and other little trinkets. Flug stubbed his cigarette out and threw it in the purse before setting it on the table.

The doctor riffled through the wallet as Blackhat brought his attention to the fenced in area across from them. Inside was the harlot Flug had been talking to dressed in a baggy white T-shirt. She wasn't even that alluring, mediocre at best. Short with quite a bit of meat on her, ugly blonde curls, and nastily tanned skin. Her face was plain no scars or interesting features. Makeup smeared all over her ugly face.

At least Blackhat knew the competition couldn't compare to his horrific beauty.

The bitch was curled up in on herself like an infant as Flug cut her credit cards. The doctor then pocketed a twenty as she began to stir making slurred mumbles. Flug perked up and turned to the whore and watched as she started to open her hideously brown eyes.

"Well hello there, sweetness. Have a good nap?", Flug cooed and the demon tensed his jaw.

Upon realizing her situation the little creature jumped about to scream.

"Ub bup bup!", The doctor held up a hand to her. "No need for that no one can hear you it'll just give me a migraine. I already have someone who does that, she's upstairs and I don't need another. You got that, kleine maus?", Flug smiled like a dog bearing it's teeth.

The sniveling creature nodded quickly and then went to speak again.

"Hold on, if you're going to say what I think you're going to say then...I don't want your money or
connections, I'm not going to kill you unless you don't listen ,and there is a bucket. ",The doctor rambled off before turning to the items on the table.

Flug tossed away the assortment except the keys . The bitch flinched at the action and the demon smiled at her skittishness. Flug then sat down in his chair and rolled closer to her confinement. Blackhat stood behind the doctor hands on the back of the chair. Soon...he wanted to see where this was going.

The two made eye contact Flug's piercing through to the trash soul behind her dark eyes. The hatlot tensed and tried to escape the doctor's gaze but then began crying like a screeching infant. She was the ugliest cryer blackhat ever saw.

Flug tilted his head and clicked his tounge . Feigning sympathy when Blackhat could just feel his sadistic desire. To possibly give her a better reason to cry instead of his stare. The feeling rolled over Blackhat and the demon relished in it.

"Now,Now,sweet little mouse...no need to cry...",Flug purred.

"You brought me to a....a DEATH CHAMBER... That's perfect reason to cry!" ,the bitch sobbed snot dripping down her face.

"I mean it's your fault for trusting me. Now stop crying or I'll cut off all of your toes with a butter knife. ",The doctor tilted his head with a smile his neck popping at the same time.

The whore sniviled and wiped her face on the front of her shirt, still hiccuping and shaking.

"Very good~ Now you're pretty interesting but I do have work so I'll keep our conversation today short..." ,Flug stated stretching.

The bitch stares at her feet as Flug clicks his tounge.

"Well you might be wondering why I'm doing this and why you. Now Why? Is a bold question to ask ,since there's multiple reasons....but why I picked you? Simple, you trusted me a big mistake I might add. ",the doctor drawled.

The whore tensed at his words. Eyes filled with shock and petrification staring at Flug. She bit her lip and went to speak.

".....who?...who made you like this?.." ,the bitch trembled.

Flug chuckled and put a hand to his forehead. "Wanting someone to blame huh?...well..you see I've always been this way. ",the doctor whispered the last part.

"Please let me go....I won't tell anyone.... I'll...i'll get you a new girl to do what you want with. Please please please." ,the harlot begged on the verge of tears which Flug grimaced in disgust.

"Ugh begging... HERE WE GO LET'S GET NOT ONLY BORING BUT NARRISTIC!" ,Flug snapped,"thinking you can swap out ,that makes you worse than me.....maybe you'd like to be on the other side of the fence....maybe you're like me? Hmm kleine maus? ",the doctor chuckled.

"I'm not like you....you PHYSCHOPATH!" ,she yelled her mood swinging to anger.

Flug scoffed at her"sociopath." ,the doctor corrected,"and for that outburst no food for you,have fun."Flug stood up ignoring her apologies.
Blackhat teleported back above ground bitter bile crawling into his chest. So that bitch thinks she could get Flug's interest as possibly more than a toy. Oh no no no, Blackhat would get what he desired. He waited for Flug to resurface then teleported to his office.

Becoming visible he pressed the intercom.

"Flug. My office. Right now.", Blackhat called before sitting back.

Flug was in his office bag faced in minutes.

"You need...needed me sir.", the doctor sounded out of breath.

"Yes have a seat..." Blackhat gestured to the seat in front of him.

Flug hesitantly took his offer.

Blackhat cleared his throat, "Flug I for some reason have taken an interest in you. So I am demanding we become...exclusive....and....involved with each other."

Flug went silent, most likely thinking it over.

Like he had a choice anyway.

"...that works for me.", Flug finally answered after almost a minute of silence.

"Ha well you don't have a choi...I'm sorry what?...", Blackhat reeled at the unexpected agreement

Chapter End Notes

Please tell me things you liked or would like to see I love hearing feedback. Thank you for reading, take care of yourselves. Flug may be a little power hungry accepting Blackhats.... Affections

Kleine Maus = little mouse.

End Notes

Please comment your thoughts and suggestions.

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