**Temptation**

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Graphic Depictions Of Violence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>M/M, Multi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>VIXX</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Han Sanghyuk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Han Sanghyuk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Angel/Demon Relationship, Alternate Universe - Angels &amp; Demons, Alternate Universe - Fantasy, playing fast and loose with the concept of demons, relationships are kind of vampiric in nature, I couldn't help myself, Hongbin is a little shit but a lovable one, religious inaccuracy, Sanghyuk is very special, Jaehwan is a cute mama bear, Fluff and Smut, Mildly Dubious Consent, hyuken are touchy, other random Kpop idols, Enemies to Lovers, Codependency, Jaehwan is a bit insane, but don't let that put you off, Angst</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2019-06-12 Completed: 2019-08-03 Chapters: 22/22 Words: 103148</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**Temptation**

_by Clytemnestrasrevenge_

**Summary**

"Can I tempt you?"

(Otherwise known as: that one where Sanghyuk literally fucks Jaehwan into the ground)

*un-beta'd. all mistakes are mine*

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**Notes**

See the end of the work for [notes](#)
Chapter 1

“Can I tempt you?”

The silky words slipped into Sanghyuk’s ear like liquid satin. He shook his head a little and turned away from the manikin in a navy suit he had been examining so he could face the speaker.

The demon before him was jaw-droppingly handsome. Taller than the average human male. Jet black hair swept up off his forehead, flawless skin of pale alabaster, luscious lips the color of a red rose in winter. A regal slope to his nose, jawline sharp enough to cut glass. His narrow shoulders were covered in an elegant black damask jacket, accented with gold thread, and long legs swathed in simple black slacks. The heels of his oxfords clicked together, buffed nearly as shiny as the demon’s brown eyes.

“Lee Jaehwan, custom tailor for those with the means to afford me. Welcome to my humble atelier, mister...”

“Mr. Han, Han Sanghyuk, it’s a pleasure to meet you,” Sanghyuk replied, forcing his voice not to tremble as he shook the demon’s hand. Humble, ha.

“Mm, the pleasure is all mine.”

To say that Sanghyuk was nervous would be an understatement. He was a young angel, only earned his wings the week previous, and he could not screw up his first mission.

The demon gave Sanghyuk a once over, long-fingered hand propped on a narrow hip as he tapped his chin. “You certainly seem like you have the means, and my poor boy, you are in desperate need of my services.”

The angel looked down at himself. His cream suit was standard issue, complete with red collar and gold lapel pin of a nine-pointed star. He thought it was okay, but his target clearly disagreed.

“What occasion?”
“Sorry?”

The corner of the demon’s mouth quirked up in amusement. He had caught Sanghyuk staring.

During training, the young angel had been taught that some demons were beautiful and that they used their appearance to their advantage while carrying out their nefarious schemes. He had never met one in the flesh before though, and it came as a genuine shock. Lucifer himself was a fallen angel, it was rumored by his classmates that he was the most enchanting being in both heaven and hell. But Sanghyuk doubted whether the devil himself could be more beautiful than the demon in front of him.

“What occasion do you need to dress for?”

Ah, Sanghyuk knew the answer to that question. It had been in his briefing material. His superiors really should have included a picture, maybe he would suggest it once he went back upstairs.

“Um, a black-tie wedding. One of my cousins,” he replied, managing not to stutter as the demon began to pluck at his shirt collar. “Black to a wedding, I like your cousins thinking,” Jaehwan said with a laugh. A throaty chuckle that edged on raspy. It sent an involuntary chill down the young angel’s spine.

“Yeah, he’s a fun guy. Anyway, what do you recommend that I wear?”

“Ohm. A tuxedo, that goes without saying, crisp white shirt, black dress shoes. And a bow tie, of course.”

The demons gaze swept from one of Sanghyuk’s shoulders to the other, as if he were measuring the angel with his eyes. “You’re so broad Mr. Han, and so tall. A tuxedo will suit you well. Come, let me show you fabrics.”

Sanghyuk let himself be led deeper into the shop. It was a lot larger than he first thought, oak paneled walls, copious amounts of emerald velvet and dark leather. Jaehwan sat him on a wide quilted sofa and then disappeared behind a curtain with a flourish of his slim wrist.
The young angel had been hand-picked for this assignment specifically because he fit the description of the demons preferred prey. They were always tall, broad, and fair-haired. The men were at least. From his briefing, Sanghyuk knew that the demon calling himself Lee Jaehwan had a habit of seducing and then bribing members of the aristocracy, sometimes corrupting both parties of a relationship separately.

The adultery (while still a terrible sin) wasn’t surprising, as he was a demon and sinning was part of the job description. But he had begun to stray into heaven’s territory in pursuit of his victims, bribing and blackmailing the wrong humans. Upstairs wasn’t best pleased with him. They wanted proof.

Sanghyuk’s job was to catch the demon in the act, formally charge him, and then exorcize him back to the fiery pit where he belonged. Shouldn’t be too difficult.

“I’m thinking double breasted jacket, with peak lapels and a front placket dress shirt. Highlight your figure. Do you prefer satin or silk?” the demon asked, reappearing from behind the curtain with a large book in the crook of his arm.

“What’s the difference?”

Jaehwan’s crimson lips spread into a patronizing smile as he sat beside the angel, flipping open his book of fabric samples and balancing it on his knees. “Never you mind pet, just point to whichever you think is prettiest. I’ll take good care of you.”

After looking at samples for a few minutes and making meaningless choices, the demon led him into a private dressing room for measurements. “Just out of curiosity, who recommend my services to you?” Jaehwan asked, glancing up at the angel as he wrote Sanghyuk’s name on a notepad with a green-inked fountain pen.

“Lee Junghwan, I told him I needed a suit and he said you were the best,” Sanghyuk replied, thinking quickly and rattling off the name of one of the demons more recent victims. “Tuxedo, not suit,” Jaehwan corrected with a wink. “Tell him to pay me a visit next time you see him, his new dinner jacket is ready. Now, please remove the extraneous pieces of this ensemble, I need to get my tape measure. Back in two shakes.”

Sanghyuk did as instructed so all that remained to protect his virtue were his button-up and slacks, both in the off-white that was so favored upstairs. He paced around the small room, hands in his pockets as he ran through the words of power he had learned in his head. Protocol was of the utmost importance to his superiors, everything had to be done by the book so there was no possibility for sins or mistakes. He had to keep his mind focused and sharp for this.
“Mm, you look even better without that monstrosity of a jacket, dressing you properly will be both a joy and a pleasure,” the demon said, reappearing behind the angel without a whisper of sound.

Sanghyuk cleared his throat and forced himself to relax. Jaehwan’s own jacket was gone as well, sleeves of his inky dress shirt rolled to his elbows and buttons open at the neck, tape measure in hand. “Easier to work like this, less constraints.” He had caught Sanghyuk staring again.

The demon’s fingers ran all over his body, the lines of his shoulders, around his waist, his hips, the sides of his legs. Sanghyuk blushed, he didn’t dare look in the floor to ceiling mirror for fear of seeing just how red his cheeks were. Angels weren’t touched this way, or any way at all really, physical contact was frowned upon upstairs.

“So… this has been a very amusing game, pet, but I’m getting bored.”

Jaehwan’s hand came to rest on his chest, one long finger hooking through the angel’s beltloop. Sanghyuk froze mid breath. He stared down at the demon with a growing sense of unease.

“You thought I wouldn’t recognize an angel when one walked into my shop, bold as you please? In your little uniform and all? You reek of purity, pet, I can smell it on you.”

The demon’s eyes flashed from brown to cobalt, smiling a smile that was all pearly white teeth. “I’m-what? What are you talking about Mr. Lee?” he asked, taking a half step back.

“Come now, don’t play stupid. It’s unattractive. We can finally start the real fun.” Jaehwan’s hand trailed slowly down the angel’s front, flicking the button on his slacks open with a single practiced motion.

This was it; this was the moment Sanghyuk had been waiting for. Attempting to corrupt an angel was a cardinal sin, and he had caught the demon red handed. “You- you’re formally charged for the sins of adultery, bribery, and corruption,” he managed, tone lacking the firmness he wished it held.

Jaehwan laughed, that throaty chuckle. A bedroom chuckle. Sanghyuk had read about those once, but hearing the sound first hand was very, very different.
“Charge me later, no reason to cut the fun off short,” he said, swiftly untucking the angel’s shirt.

Faster than Sanghyuk was expecting him to move, Jaehwan unhooked his collar, hissing as it singed the pads of his fingers, and tossed it into a corner of the room. “You can’t,” the angel exclaimed in panic. Nobody ever took their collars off; they weren’t supposed too! The collars were warded to protect them from malign influences and helped angels stay pure!

“Can and did,” the demon replied, glaring at the collar before turning his attention back to the young angel and asking, “May I have you? I’ve had angels before, but never one as handsome as you, pet.”

“No! You may not! I’m sending you back to hell- stop it,” Sanghyuk replied, trying to swat the demon’s hands away and speak the word of power that would do just that.

The word wouldn’t come. He tried to say it, felt the first letter forming on his tongue, but it stuck there. He couldn’t do it.

“By all means, send me back, but wait a bit longer. I’ll appreciate the free ride home when we’re finished.” The demon’s mouth burned Sanghyuk’s throat where it brushed his skin, right on the place the collar used to sit.

If the angel thought he was blushing before, now his cheeks were positively flaming. “Enough demon, move away,” he said, trying to get Jaehwan’s hands off him. The other’s infernal strength made doing so nearly impossible. Curse his unnatural demonic power.

“Aw, pet,” Jaehwan replied, pressing himself along the length of the angel’s body. “You’re so precious. I can’t wait to have you.”

“You aren’t having anyone or anything demon, you are returning to hell where you belong so you can’t hurt humans any longer.”

“I think you’re mistaken on that count. The Prince of Darkness is a dear friend of mine, I’ll be back up here in no time.”

Sanghyuk blinked down at the demon in shock. Nobody had said anything about that! His briefing had labeled Lee Jaehwan as a low-ranking demon who wasn’t all that important in hells hierarchy. Sanghyuk had learned a lot about Satan’s son, and so he was aware of how small the false prince’s
social circle was. He had also seen pictures of him and hoped to never have to look into those catlike eyes in person. A picture was scary enough. Demons did have a penitent for lying though, maybe Jaehwan was bluffing.

“Now,” Jaehwan said, guiding the angel’s hands to his own waist. “I want you to fuck me.”

Sanghyuk flinched as though he had been physically burned. “What?! No!” he exclaimed, prying the demon off him and jumping backwards. “Yes, you are going to fuck me right here and right now.” Jaehwan matched his pace, cobalt eyes glinting dangerously when he pushed the angel down, so he sat on the leather bench where he put his jacket earlier.

Sanghyuk kept his hands resolutely glued at his sides. He tried to say the word of power to banish the demon again, but it still stuck on his tongue, so he ended up stuttering “Na-na,” as the demon straddled his lap.

“Oh pet, did you think I wouldn’t have any protection? This room is warded,” Jaehwan purred, undoing the buttons on the angel’s cream-colored shirt one by one. Uh oh. That was really not good.

“Get off, demon!”

“That’s the goal.”

Jaehwan ground down on his lap, fingers tripping over his abdomen and nipping at his earlobe. The angel mentally cursed his traitorous human body, feeling his core temperature double. “Isn’t it tempting, pet? The idea of punishing me for being such a bad boy and hurting your defenseless humans? I need to be taught a lesson.”

Sanghyuk was breathing through his nose, doing his best to block out the demon’s silky words. He was in a messy situation, that much was clear, and he couldn’t let the demon get to him. He tilted his head back to lessen the contact between them, but that move turned out to be a mistake.

“Come on, pet, I deserve to be punished. Think about it,” Jaehwan murmured, rolling his hips again and grazing his teeth down the column of the angel’s neck.

“It’s your job, after all, your divine duty to discipline naughty demons and keep them in line. I’ve been so, so naughty.”
Sanghyuk took what he had hoped would be a calming deep breath. Another mistake. The demon used the opportunity provided to seal his lips to the angel’s, humming against Sanghyuk’s mouth in apparent pleasure.

A red stain slowly crept over the angel’s vision. He knew what was happening, it was corruption. He had learned about the horrible consequences of being corrupted by a demon, how his wings would shrivel up and fall off, how his virtue would be forever tainted, how the clear-cut line between good and evil would blur for him. He didn’t want to be corrupted, he was pure and good, but the stain continued to spread. He could taste the bitter tang of wickedness on the demon’s tongue, barely concealed under the tantalizing sweetness of indulgence.

“You need to lighten up a bit, let your hair down and have some fun. I’ve always said angels were too uptight. I used to be one and trust me, my side is much better,” Jaehwan purred, lowering his head to suck a mark into the skin at the base of the angel’s throat.

“Wait, hold on. You’re one of the fallen?” Sanghyuk gasped through his increasingly shallow breaths. The briefing material hadn’t said anything about that either, the angel thought Jaehwan was simply one of the lesser demons who had been created in hell’s depths. No wonder he had been overpowered so easily. His mind was swirling with confusion, momentarily losing track of what he was doing there. The stain had tinted almost half of his vision now.

“If you want to call it that, then yes, I’m one of the fallen.”

“What- who corrupted you?” Sanghyuk asked, his dazed brain trying to paint an image of Lee Jaehwan as an angel and finding it startlingly easy.

“Nobody corrupted me, pet. I simply grew bored.”

Jaehwan bit gently on his bottom lip, prompting the angel’s hands to grip his waist without any conscious effort on his part.

This fallen angel, this demon, had turned his back on the light of heaven because he was bored?! Because he was bored?! Not because he had been led astray by diabolical influence, as was so often the case, but because doing God’s will wasn’t interesting enough?!

Sanghyuk felt himself getting mad. Or he thought that’s what this feeling was called. He had never
been mad before, not once in his entire life. Scared, sure. Sad, yes. Disappointed, absolutely. But never mad. Even so, he could feel righteous anger boiling in his veins. He had to get rid of it somehow, let the feeling out before it damaged his now presumably tarnished eternal soul even further.

“You betrayed the almighty because you were bored?” he asked, feeling his fingers dig into the flesh of the demon’s torso. Jaehwan smiled up at him, azure eyes sparkling with mischief. “Yes, does that anger you pet?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

The urge to shove the demon off him crashed over the angel out of nowhere. He had never pushed anyone or anything before! He’d never wanted too! But he did now, he wanted to do it incredibly badly. And so, he did. The angel used his grip on the demon’s waist to shove him off his lap, watching as Jaehwan hit the mirror on the opposite side of the room.

“Ah, pet,” the demon purred, straightening up and smirking as he ran a hand through his hair. “That’s a very good start, come have some more.”

Sanghyuk’s vision bloomed entirely white and then blood red, leaving him momentarily blind.

Once it melted away, the angel saw things in much sharper relief. Outlines of objects he hadn’t noticed before became prominent, as if someone had traced them in magic marker. He glanced down at his hands and was now able to easily pick out all the tiny veins under his skin. Everything was vibrant. It was a really weird feeling, but not entirely bad. Just new.

“Pet,” the demon repeated, leaning back against the mirror with his eyebrows raised. Sanghyuk snapped his head up, and somehow Jaehwan was even more beautiful now than he had been seconds ago. It was utterly astounding. “Come here,” he prompted, and the angel was standing before him in a heartbeat.

The demon hummed in approval, tilting the angel’s face away from him so he could look at himself in the mirror. Sanghyuk choked on a gasp. His once clear dark irises were now ringed in cobalt, exactly the same color as the demon beside him. “What’s happening to me?” he asked, voice small as he tried to process the altering of his appearance.
“Well, you’re changing pet. You’re falling. It was happening anyway, I just sped up the process a bit.” The tips of Jaehwan’s long fingers traced the angel’s jaw, a fascinated expression on his face. “But- but I- I only trained for two hundred years! I earned my wings last Sunday! I can’t be falling, I just can’t!”

“Don’t fret, you’re going to like our side, I promise. And I’ll get a bonus for corrupting one of heaven’s lovely little soldiers,” Jaehwan replied, tugging on the open halves of Sanghyuk’s button-down.

The angel’s mind was reeling. He couldn’t comprehend what was happening to him, and the demon’s finger brushing the skin of his stomach wasn’t helping.

His body was thrumming with both anger and what he guessed was desire - if the overwhelming urge to hold the gorgeous man down and eat him was any indication - two feelings that he genuinely did not know how to deal with. This seriously couldn’t be real, he was still a good angel, he was. He knew he was.

“What are you thinking, pet?”

The fresh anger in Sanghyuk’s veins took over him entirely, pushing the demon again so hard that he collided with the dressing room door. He followed in a flash, dropping his hands on the demon’s shoulders and holding him in place as Jaehwan began to laugh. “Isn’t it nice to finally be able to harness your true strength?” he asked, circling the angel’s wrists and shoving him back several feet.

Jaehwan grabbed him, the demon’s smaller size no issue as he pinned Sanghyuk against the mirror. “Tell me how nice it feels.”

Sanghyuk was still an angel in at least a little capacity, and he couldn’t lie. He knew he had always been strong; all angels were as strong if not stronger than their evil counterparts, but none of them ever willfully chose to use that physical strength. Doing so wasn’t right. All the same, Sanghyuk felt more invincible than the time his class had trained with flaming swords.

“It feels good. Really good,” he hissed, staring down at the demon as his breathing grew heavier.

The demon’s smile changed and so did his tone, turning from amused to sultry on a dime. “Will you fuck me, then? Now that I have you?” he purred, cocking his head to the side and stopping only an
inch from the angel’s face, piercing Sanghyuk with his azure gaze.

Instead of answering, the angel leaned forwards, crashing their mouths together as he quite literally ripped the shirt from Jaehwan’s body. Tiny buttons pinged off the mirror, but the angel barely noticed, too enthralled with how hot the demon’s skin was under his fingers.

Jaehwan chuckled against his lips, his tongue licking into the angel’s mouth so Sanghyuk could taste that sweet wickedness again. It was exhilarating, Sanghyuk thought. This must be what humans felt like when they were on drugs. He had learned a lot about drugs and how to help free humans from them during his training, his stupid, useless training that ended up getting him absolutely nothing. He was falling despite it.

Sanghyuk spun them around, throwing the demon against the wall so hard that the plaster cracked in several places. He didn’t know what he was doing. At all. Angels didn’t touch one another, let alone have sex. But his irritating human body certainly seemed to have some ideas, so he let base instinct take the lead.

“Look at you,” Jaehwan breathed, tilting his head back with a victorious smirk on his face. “You don’t know your own strength yet, like an enormous demonic puppy.”

The angel heard him, but the words didn’t register. He was much too busy running his rapidly sharpening teeth across the demon’s throat. Jaehwan let out a little stifled moan as Sanghyuk licked a wide stripe up his neck and roughly sucked a mark on his pulse point.

Sanghyuk liked that sound, that moan. He liked it very much. Jaehwan was older than him, and no doubt stronger, he could feel the demon’s age and power radiating off him now. Jaehwan must have been concealing it somehow. That fact aside, the demon didn’t protest when Sanghyuk turned and dropped him on the floor.

He jumped on top of him lightning fast, catching both Jaehwan’s wrists in one hand and pinning them over his head. “You… corrupted… me,” he hissed, pausing between each word to nip at the shell of the demon’s ear.

“I set you free, pet. You should be thanking me,” Jaehwan replied, wrapping one leg around the angel’s waist and drawing him even closer. Sanghyuk growled. He had never made that sound before, a guttural noise that built in the pit of his stomach and pushed its way past his lips from the back of his throat. He liked that too, it felt like the right noise to make in this sort of situation. This day was full of firsts.
Jaehwan laughed quietly, straining to free his wrists only the slightest bit. “I’m enjoying you more by the second. We’ll have a fun eternity together,” he murmured, gasping in apparent surprise when the angel rolled them over.

The demon straddled Sanghyuk’s hips, a leg on either side and hands on his bare chest. He had taken off the angel’s shirt at some point. Sanghyuk wondered when he had managed to do that, what with being thrown around his dressing room like a ragdoll for the last five minutes, but it was a low priority question. Jaehwan leaned down and kissed him again, moaning into his mouth and sending Sanghyuk’s newly diabolical mind into overdrive.

His hands blindly found the waistband of the demon’s perfectly pressed slacks and yanked, the raspy tearing of fabric creating wonderful background music to the racing of his heart. “I made those myself, you know,” Jaehwan huffed, tone full of indignation as he sat up and fixed the angel with a dangerous glare.

It didn’t last long. Sanghyuk rolled again, and he heard a soft exhalation leave Jaehwan’s parted lips when his back made contact with the floor. Just the smallest puff of air, as if he had actually felt it. Maybe the angel had just caught him off guard.

“Then I’m sure you can make new ones,” he replied, flipping Jaehwan onto his stomach and shoving the demon’s legs apart the way his lizard brain was telling him too. “Obviously, but I liked those.”

“And I liked being an angel. Get over it,” Sanghyuk snarled, letting one of his large hands connect with the demon’s ass, slapping as hard as he could. Jaehwan groaned, his cobalt eyes heavy lidded when he turned back to watch the angel hastily remove the rest of his clothing. “You have such a pretty cock, pet, hurry up and fuck me with it.”

The fact that this was entirely new territory mattered none, Sanghyuk didn’t need telling twice. He followed his stupid brains screaming commands, spread the demon’s cheeks apart, and pushed himself in.

Jaehwan yelped, but Sanghyuk didn’t hear it. He had gone temporarily deaf, only a loud ringing in his ears. The demon felt so tight around him, so hot, that the angel’s breath choked off on a groan. He couldn’t begin to describe the sensation; it was something he wouldn’t have been able to concoct in even his most sinful dream.

The angel moved his hips forward experimentally. Just a little. It was- it was everything. The slide of
the demon against him, *around* him, nothing in all of heaven compared to the bliss singing in his veins from that simple action. He did it again, and *again*, and now faster, watching the muscles of Jaehwan’s shoulders tense each time he did so.

“Pet,” the demon said, a hint of a croak in his otherwise smooth voice, “You need to- to go sl… slowly, or you’ll rip me in half as easily as you r-ripped my shirt.”

Sanghyuk stopped increasing his pace, but he didn’t slow down. It was too enticing, it felt too *good*. “So what?” he asked, mouthing the nape of the demon’s neck. “You ripped my divinity from me, and I didn’t see you stop when I asked you too.”

It didn’t seem like Jaehwan had heard his last words, or if he had, he was choosing to ignore them. “I wasn’t expecting you to- ngh- be quite this s-strong.”

The angel bit down on the juncture between Jaehwan’s shoulder and neck, startling a cry from the other as he thrust a little quicker. “What does it feel like?” he asked, nipping at the ridges of the demon’s spine. He could taste the saltiness of blood on his own lips, but only a small amount.

Jaehwan’s waist looked tiny, gripped in his large hands. Sanghyuk marveled at the sight, *his* hands that had only ever before touched books or clothing or other innocent objects were touching a *demon*, touching a *body*. He squeezed, earning a quiet whimper from Jaehwan as his mind told him to push into the demon harder. Harder, faster, *harder, fasterharderfaster...*

“It feels like heh-heaven,” Jaehwan said, dropping his head forwards to pillow it on his arm. Sanghyuk disagreed. He tangled his fingers through the demon’s jet-black hair and yanked. “This is nothing l-like heaven, heaven would *hate* this,” he hissed, speaking directly into the demon’s ear. His ears were a bit funny, Sanghyuk noticed. Pointy. It was an incongruously cute feature when compared with the rest of him.

The floor beneath the carpet cracked, Sanghyuk heard it, but this was no issue for his newly evil sensibilities. Normally, he would have apologized profusely for breaking something that belonged to someone else and repaired it at once, but he didn’t *want* to apologize. The thought never even crossed his mind. Instead, he simply rolled the demon onto his back and pushed into him again.

“*Fuck*,” he hissed, looking down at the demon’s face in awe. Jaehwan’s previously neatly quaffed hair was in disarray, crimson lips swollen and parted around high moans that rang in the angel’s ears like the choirs of heaven. His sunken cheeks were flushed, hooded eyes glazed, sooty lashes fluttering. He looked... what was that word humans used? Ah yes, wrecked. The demon underneath him looked absolutely *wrecked.*
Jaehwan seemed be attempting to laugh, but all that left his mouth was a single ‘ha’ that sounded more like a groan of pain that an exclamation of humor. “Have you ever cursed -ah-before, pet?”

No, Sanghyuk hadn’t. Angels didn’t curse. But had just done so, and it was a very refreshing feeling. “No, I fucking haven’t,” he replied, enjoying the taste of the word just as much the second time. One hand was pressed to the floor beside the demon’s head, and the angel dropped the other on the center of his pale chest, leaning down to kiss the demon as he fucked into him with abandon.

Jaehwan whined against his mouth, his nails leaving scratch marks down the angel’s bare back. It stung, but Sanghyuk came to the realization that he actually enjoyed the pain. It made the pleasure that much better.

The floor cracked again where he held Jaehwan down, but he didn’t bother rolling them this time. It was close, he knew, he could feel heat building in the pit of his stomach. What it was, exactly, Sanghyuk had no idea. All he knew was that he wanted it. Craved it. Was desperate to feel it.

“Be ge-gentler… ngh-pet,” the demon whimpered, turning his face away and squeezing his eyes shut, panting shallowly. Sanghyuk blinked down at him. The bite on Jaehwan’s shoulder had already healed, nothing but a bit of dried blood to show it had been there at all. Sanghyuk wanted to put it back.

“I didn’t think demons knew the m-meaning of the word gentle,” he replied, leaning down and digging his teeth into Jaehwan’s flesh. The demon yelped again, fingers knotting in the angel’s fair hair as a shudder ran through his entire slim body.

Something warm and wet decorated both their stomachs, but Sanghyuk wasn’t too interested in it at the moment. The demon had clenched around him so tightly that he stuttered to a halt, his insides pulsating as bursts of white flared behind his eyes. Cracks spread through the floor, rippling out from where the palm of his hand rested, like they were in the middle of an enormous spiderweb. Sanghyuk’s mind floated in ecstasy.

That was what heaven disapproved of so much?! How was this possible?! It was the single best feeling the angel had ever experienced! He didn’t understand why it was so bad, other than the fact that the lead-up to the feeling was labeled a sin.

He trailed his mouth along Jaehwan’s collarbones, soothing his overheated skin with kisses. It was what his brain told him to do, and he liked it. The demon’s chest was rising and falling, breaths
coming from him unevenly as his long fingers carded through the angel’s hair. “Pull out now,” Jaehwan murmured, sounding thoroughly exhausted. Sanghyuk followed the instruction and collapsed on the floor at the demon’s side, tracing Jaehwan’s ear with one finger and staring at him.

“You’re… very strong,” the demon remarked, turning to catch Sanghyuk’s finger between his teeth. He didn’t bite, or, well he didn’t bite hard. “So, you kept saying,” the angel replied, glancing around the nearly demolished room in surprise, had he done all of that?

“I thought you were going to actually tear me limb from limb at several instances. And look what you did to my dressing room!” the demon continued, propping himself up on one arm and cringing at the pain in his shoulder.

He snapped his fingers and all the cracks sealed up, the floor returned to level, walls were smoothed over, and the broken fragment of mirror melted back into its proper place. Whatever that white stuff on their stomach’s was also vanished into nothing. “Oh, and you’re not a vampire, there was no need to bite me,” he added, shooting Sanghyuk a dirty look.

“You deserved it.”

“Fine, fine, I deserved it. Now, we have things to do pet, no lazing around all da-ah!”

Sanghyuk pulled the surprised demon up so he was sitting on the angel’s stomach. “Did I hurt you?” he asked, fascinated, as he ran his hands up and down Jaehwan’s thighs. He didn’t really care if he had hurt the demon, but he didn’t understand how doing so would be possible. He could still feel the weight of the demon’s age, as if there was an invisible sign handing over Jaehwan’s head that said, ‘Caution: Will Fuck You Up’.

“Yes, but not badly. I like a bit of pain with my pleasure, it makes everything more exciting,” Jaehwan replied, patting the angel’s cheek fondly. “You did very well, pet.”

Sanghyuk grinned, pleased at the affirmation. He pulled the demon down into a steamy, openmouthed kiss, the wicked taste of him no longer seeming bitter. It was sweetness of the purest kind, tingling on his tongue as Jaehwan hummed against his lips.

“As much as I would love to stay here and fuck you for the rest of eternity, we need to go get you registered,” the demon said, smiling and shaking his hair out of his cobalt eyes.
“Registered?” Sanghyuk asked blankly, his brain taking a second to catch up. Ah, the demon registry. He had learned about it at training, the record of each demon in existence used by the angels to keep tabs. Unregistered demons were hunted down and executed with holy water. His name would be part of that list now, forever tarnished by sins of the flesh. Hakyeon would be so disappointed in him.

“My friend upstairs is probably worried about me,” he said, imagining Wonshik waiting to hear how his job went. “This was my first mission, my friend was more nervous than I was,” he added, thinking forlornly about just how badly he ruined everything.

Jaehwan sat back up, giving the angel a pitying look. “Trust me, whoever sent you here is no friend to you. My penchant for enjoying...innocents... is well known.”

“But you’re a demon of the lower rank, or that’s what your file says. I didn’t even know you were fallen; how could they know you would do this?” Sanghyuk asked, feeling even more confused than before. The demon laughed, but it was a cold sound.

“You were given false information, pet. I am certainly well-known upstairs, and I am not hellspawn.” He spat the word ‘hellspawn’ like it was a filthy curse, Sanghyuk staring up at him in disbelief. Angels didn’t lie, he couldn’t have been given false information, it wasn’t possible!

“Who are you? What is your official name, I mean?” the angel asked, distractedly tracing the lines of Jaehwan’s abdomen with the hand that wasn’t gripping his hip.

The demon sighed like he had just set down a very heavy burden. “Well, my official name really is Jaehwan, but your idiotic church likes to call me Lilith, the sexist pigs. I am Jaehwan, true spouse to Adam of the First Men, Prince of Lust, and Duke of Hell. It’s a pleasure to formally make your acquaintance.”
Chapter 2

Sanghyuk was still gaping at Jaehwan when they walked out of his shop ten minutes later.

“I don’t get it,” he said, for probably the millionth time, trying to force himself not to feel uncomfortable in the outfit Jaehwan had crafted for him out of thin air. The neckline was much too low, and it wasn’t a shirt and pants so much as a kind of jumpsuit. It had a narrow belt and two shiny buttons, satin accents on the front where lapels should be.

But the entire thing was black. Sanghyuk had never worn black before, it was forbidden upstairs, and now he was covered in it from lace-up dress shoes to the new collar around his neck.

The collar was actually a surprisingly nice detail, something Sanghyuk would have never expected from a demon. Jaehwan had dug it out from a drawer in the back of his shop, and he fastened the circle of leather and gold around Sanghyuk’s neck as he explained that it had once been his own. That it would help the angel during his transition, so he could get used to being without heaven’s influence while still having the comfortable feeling of wearing something. It too was warded, the demon said, it would aid in controlling his new impulses.

“Wait just a moment longer, pet, and I’ll explain,” Jaehwan replied distractedly, staring at the shops door and making small, sharp movements with his left hand. “And why can’t I wear something like you?”

The demon had crafted himself a simple double-breasted suit the color of dark ash, white shirt and black tie all present and correct. He had even added a pocket square and a pair of thick-framed black glasses, the latter of which were apparently for aesthetics not function. In short, he looked like a normal upper-class human man on his way to a business meeting, while Sanghyuk looked… like something else.
A ripple past through the air, originating from tips of one of Jaehwan’s fingers. He must have been setting wards, most likely for security purposes. “Because, I think you look sexy in that. Now, would you like me to explain?” Jaehwan asked, looping his arm through the younger’s as they set off down the street.

Sanghyuk nodded, taking a perverse sort of pleasure from the warmth of the demon at his side and scanning the faces of passing humans as they walked. He didn’t know why he was doing it, some new instinct forced him to, keeping an eye out for things that may threaten himself or Jaehwan.

“Where to begin? I guess creation would be the first bit. I don’t know if you knew this, I don’t actually know if they are still telling people this upstairs, but Adam did not really spring into being from nothing. You-know-who asked one of the archangels to be the sort of… the base, I guess you would call it. When Adam came to life, the archangel would temporarily die, and then he would be returned to his original position after his human death. That’s the one thing those latter-day humans got correct.”

“You mean those people with the church in America?” the younger asked, and then promptly closed his mouth at the glace Jaehwan gave him.

“So, Adam, being all shiny and new and formed from angel stock, was expected to… procreate. That was the whole point of him, to make more humans. But he needed lessons, I guess would be the delicate way to phrase it, and I was selected to provide them. Being the good and holy angel that I was at the time, I agreed, but only on the condition that we were married so there would be no sin involved. And so, we were. We began practicing, and it was the first time I had inhabited a human body, and I fell more and more in love with him every day.”

“But the part I don’t get is, the demon Lilith is a woman, you are most certainly not a woman,” Sanghyuk said a bit loudly, earning a few weird looks from passing humans.

“Look at him,” the demon sighed, addressing no one in particular. “He keeps on interrupting.”

Sanghyuk snapped his mouth shut again, turning his face away to stare out at the street. He didn’t apologize though, and that felt like progress.

“Anyway,” Jaehwan continued, squeezing his arm a little to make sure the younger was paying attention, “I was stupid and naive and too pure for my own good, and I hadn’t thought through what our arrangement actually meant. He needed to make little human babies, and I didn’t possess the
correct anatomy for that. By the time I realized what was going to happen, he was already making plans to leave me for that *bitch*, and it was way too late."

“He left me, went off to fuck her in that stupid garden and put the things I taught him to good use, while I was relegated back to heaven on my own. When I say ‘*left*’, I mean he had an extramarital affair, because we were still *very much* married, but that’s neither here nor there. So, I went back upstairs to wait patiently for my husband to return, expecting everything to be fine. It wasn’t.”

“All my friends… *everyone* basically despised me. They thought I was a whore for sleeping with someone without the goal of childbearing in mind and told me so, and that constant stream of unyielding hatred began to wear me down. I think it would wear anyone down, angel or not, and the fact that you-know-who had *commanded* me to do it didn’t seem to matter. But without any friends to talk to or good books to read since they hadn’t been written yet, I decided to leave. I was bored and I didn’t think anyone would miss me, and they didn’t, so I ended up downstairs.”

Sanghyuk opened his mouth to interrupt again, but he thought better of it when Jaehwan looked at him sidelong.

“Since you’re so curious, the woman thing is just another piece of religious inaccuracy. I have taken many forms in the time I’ve been alive, but the fact that a *man* was the one to whore it up for the ‘first human’, that was incomprehensible to the early church. They decided that I had, in fact, been a woman, made up a name for me, and branded me as the slut who taught my husband how to fuck and then ran off. The contempt almost all religions and their leaders have for womenkind is *abhorrent*, honestly, it disgusts me. Impotent, unintelligent bigots, the lot of them. But the people upstairs hold *me* in about as much contempt, so nobody bothered to correct the humans. They thought it would be an insult to me, which it certainly is *not*.”

It took the younger about a minute to process that story, during which Jaehwan walked silently beside him staring straight ahead.

“So… you’re *not* a woman?” he clarified, once he had regained the ability to speak.

“Of course, I’m not! You saw my dick like twenty minutes ago,” the demon snapped, apparently fed up with the conversation as a whole. But there were more questions filling up the youngers mind.

“Wait, does that mean you’re still married?”
Jaehwan sighed and rolled his eyes. “Yes, but I haven’t seen or spoken to my husband in around six thousand years, we do not get along.”

“Oh shit, do I know him?” Sanghyuk asked, running through the list of archangels in his head. He didn’t think any of them had ever mentioned anything about being married to a demon. Also, it was very hard for him to stop swearing once he had started.

The demon shot him a dangerous look as they stopped before the doors of a tall glass building. “Do you even read? The name the humans gave him is Michael, because they have a weird aversion to using our real names for some reason. You would know him as,”

“Hakyeon?!”

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“Sir, the gift for your husband was successfully delivered,” the messenger angel said, as he walked into Hakyeon’s office.

The serine white walls and furniture always filled Hakyeon with a sense of peace, a peace which he required now and required in great quantities. “Good, thank you,” he replied, straightening the sleeve of his navy robes, the standard issue uniform for an angel of his rank, and turning his face up to the open ceiling. He looked at the swirling clouds above, taking deep breaths of the fresh autumnal air that breezed in.

It was always difficult, Hakyeon mused, not allowing himself to stand until the messenger had left. It was difficult, overseeing the training of the angel he was sending off to be corrupted. The angel Sanghyuk had always thought of himself as Hakyeon’s protégé and the archangel never corrected him, wanting the boy to have something to be proud of as he was prepared. At least Jaehwan had accepted him, the demon was fickle when it came to his companions and he had rejected Hakyeon’s offering more than once.

This arrangement had become something of a necessary evil. Each millennium, give or take a few years, the archangel would select and then personally train a gift for his ‘husband’ and send them unwittingly into his clutches. But it was necessary. It kept Jaehwan mostly out of trouble and that was the end goal. Mostly, being the operative word. The demon would cause damage whether he had a companion or not, but it seemed to narrow the blast radius a little. Hakyeon wasn’t even sure if Jaehwan knew he was sending them on purpose.
Hakyeon liked Sanghyuk. He liked the kid a lot. He was passionate and strong willed, exceedingly smart with the purest of souls. But those were traits Hakyeon’s awful husband liked as well, and the kid was Jaehwan’s type to the letter. There really hadn’t been a better choice.

But the archangel consoled himself with the knowledge that the almighty had plans for all their children, even those who had fallen. It helped, if only the smallest bit.

“Again?!”

Wonshik’s deep voice echoed around the office before he was even completely through the door. Hakyeon groaned, he didn’t need a telling off right now, he already felt bad enough.

“Not now Wonshik, I’m very busy.”

“Yeah, busy staring at the sky. You just sent Sanghyuk down to be corrupted, didn’t you?”

Hakyeon turned to face his friend with his arms crossed. “And what if I did?”

The angel sighed, disappointment rolling off him in waves. “He’s such a good kid and he would have made an excellent angel, why did you throw him to Jaehwan?”

“It was necessary Wonshik, you know that. Jaehwan must stay occupied for the good of humanity, and having constant attention from a consort takes care of that. You know how he gets when he’s lonely.”

A sudden bolt of lightning sliced through the clouds above Hakyeon’s office ceiling. “Yes, I do. I know how your stupid husband likes to act out when he’s lonely. I know better than anyone. We were best friends before he fell, in case you’ve forgotten in your old age. But that doesn’t give you the right to go around sacrificing innocents to simplify things for yourself.”

“Do not speak to your superiors so rudely, and calm down. I don’t want it to start raining in here again just because you can’t control your temper,” Hakyeon replied sharply. His friend was a rare one in heaven. The ability to feel anger was not common here, and neither was the talent for wielding thunder and lightning to match one’s moods.
“Sometimes I think you’re no better than he is! I’m going down to make sure Sanghyuk alright,” Wonshik snapped, before turning on his heels and stalking from the room.

Hakyeon watched his friend go with growing despair. He thought the same thing about himself too, especially in moments like this.

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Sanghyuk was in hell.

Literally.

He and the demon had taken a seemingly infinitely long escalator in the glass building, heading down under ground for almost ten minutes until they reached a black carpeted landing. Then, they had walked down two more flights of stairs apparently put there ‘just to piss people off’, before finally reaching a set of wide double doors.

The doors led into an enormous space that looked like a ballroom, chandeliers and vaulted ceilings, but everything in it was a violent shade of yellow. It was full of very sad people waiting in what looked to be an endless que, shuffling a step forwards every few minutes to make room for someone new at the back.

“Purgatory really is unpleasant,” Jaehwan muttered, taking the younger’s hand and leading him through a smaller door. It was flanked by two surly looking male demons with eyes that were entirely black, both of whom bowed to Jaehwan and mumbled ‘your grace’ as he and Sanghyuk went passed.

They walked briskly down a long hallway, the décor switching back to the black theme from the landing, carpets and drapery’s like smoky inkbots, before ending up at a panel of glass set in the wall. Behind it sat a woman with solid black eyes like the guards, typing on an old fashion typewriter. She looked like a demonic secretary.

“How may I serve you, your grace?” she asked, looking up at Jaehwan and smiling. The demon flashed her a sultry smirk in return, stepping aside a bit so Sanghyuk was now in front. “I have a new demon here that needs registering.”
The woman nodded and snapped her fingers, a sheet of paper that appeared to be a form materializing in her hand.

“Name?”

“Sanghyuk.”

“Age?”

“221.”

“Gender identity?”

“Male.”

“Rank?”

Sanghyuk looked at Jaehwan, unsure of what to answer. “Fallen,” the demon said, brushing his hand against Sanghyuk’s below the line of glass. The women nodded again and resumed her questions.

“Height?”

“186 centimeters,” he replied, stretching his mind back to the last time he had been properly measured. His visit to the shop didn’t count. Jaehwan hummed appreciatively, cobalt eyes glinting in the hallways low light.

“With fair hair and partially blue eyes, got it. Now, creators full name?”

Before the younger finished struggling to remember the long title Jaehwan had told him in the shop, the elder rattled off, “Jaehwan, true spouse to Adam of the First Men, Prince of Lust, and Duke of Hell.”
“Ah, you’re lucky Sir. His grace takes excellent care of his creations, not like some who abandon their charges the moment they’re corrupted.” Sanghyuk didn’t know what to make of that, so he stayed silent, noting the patronizing smile Jaehwan flashed the secretary’s way.

“Distinguishing characteristic or ability?”

Again, Jaehwan spoke for him. “Strength. Genuinely incredible physical strength.”

“Excellent, now I just need you to sign on the dotted line at the bottom.” The secretary slipped the form through a narrow gap at the seam of the glass window along with a fountain pen, and it was with no small amount of trepidation that the newly created demon signed his name in blood red ink.

“Wonderful, you’re all done Sir. Welcome home.”

He didn’t have time to think about those last two words because Jaehwan was already whisking him away back down the hall and into an elevator. He pressed a button marked nine and went up on tiptoe to kiss the younger softly, making Sanghyuk pleasantly dizzy.

“What was all that about creators and creations?” he asked, once the demon gave him an opportunity to breathe. He wasn’t thinking about Hakyeon, wasn’t even going near the subject of his mentor’s betrayal because he didn’t want to break hell the same way he had broken Jaehwan’s dressing room. It could wait, for a little while at least.

Jaehwan watched him carefully, tugging lightly on the belt circling Sanghyuk’s waist. “Well, I made you. Sort of. You fell because of me and now I am partially responsible for you. We’re bound.”

Maybe that explained why the younger had begun assuming every person they encountered was at least half a threat. Although that could also be because they were literally in hell, and hell wasn’t usually full of the nicest people. “So, you’re… what? Like my vampire master or something?”

Training had contained very little in the way of demonic politics, choosing to focus more on the catching and banishing aspect of their counterparts. Sanghyuk really had no clue, but he had read lots of books about vampires.

“No, no, as I said earlier, you are not a vampire. And neither am I. It’s more like I adopted you and I have to provide for you and watch out for you, so you don’t do something bad. Or good, as the case may be.”
Sanghyuk blinked down at the demon in confusion. “Do you have sex with all your adopted children?”

Jaehwan coughed. “Adopt was the wrong word. It’s more like you’re my little brother. Actually, that sounds just as wrong, but you get my point, right?”

The younger did. It was some kind of blood bond or something. He could deal with that. He had never had an actual family before, angels didn’t do ‘family’ so much as ‘universal togetherness’, so it might be nice to have someone close like that. It still sounded a lot like vampires to him, but maybe this was what those legends were based off of. He nodded, resting his palm on the nape of the demon’s neck just as the elevator pinged to signal their arrival.

“Didn’t you find it a bit odd that you like me all of a sudden? And don’t want to throw me around or banish me away? Our bond helps with that,” Jaehwan said, pulling Sanghyuk out of the elevator and down a corridor very similar to the first one.

Without giving him any warning, the younger grabbed Jaehwan by the lapels of his jacket and shoved him against the wall, holding him off the ground so they were at eye level. He felt a twinge of pride at the quiet sigh that escaped the elder, watching him intently as he asked, “What makes you think I don’t want to throw you around?”

“Ah, but you want to throw me around in a good way,” Jaehwan replied, mischief sparking in his azure eyes. He wrapped his long legs around the younger’s hips and cupped his cheek, running his lips along the line of Sanghyuk’s jaw. The young demon couldn’t disagree with that statement. The urge to rip Jaehwan’s clothes off again had been lurking in the back of his mind since the moment he put the damn things on.

“Where are we going anyway? Your file said you lived among the humans,” he asked, holding the demon up with one hand and using the other to turn Jaehwan’s face away so he could mouth at his neck.

The demon’s breathing grew almost imperceptibly heavier, the rise and fall of his chest a bit more pronounced. “I’m taking you to meet my friends. And I have rooms down here as well as several homes on the surface.”

“Which friends might those be?”
Jaehwan’s fingers pressed against his chest, moaning quietly as the younger nipped at his earlobe. “Hongbin and Taekwoon. Your heavenly registry calls them Azazel and the False Prince.”

Sanghyuk released the elder rather unceremoniously, Jaehwan managing to land on his feet only by the grace of his demonic reflexes. Azazel, demon of weaponry and deception. Taught the humans how to fight and alter their appearance with things like cosmetics during the revolution. The False Prince, son of Satan, Lord of the Void, Prince of Darkness. In short, two of the most frightening individuals Sanghyuk had learned about during his training. Dangerous. Incredibly dangerous. A threat.

His face must have betrayed the spike of fear and anxiety he was feeling, because the demon slipped an arm around his waist and kissed his cheek. “Don’t worry, pet. You’re with me. Everything will be fine. And I promise they are nice once you get to know them.”

The younger highly doubted that they would be nice no matter how well he got to know them, but he nodded anyway. It wouldn’t due to come off scared in a place like this. “You’ll like Hongbin, he’s sort of your brother, but give Taekwoon time to warm up to you,” Jaehwan continued airily, straightening the younger’s collar.

“Brother?”

“Yes, I corrupted him just before the revolution because I was lonely. We aren’t involved, though. He’s the only one of you that I truly see as my child.”

“Just how many siblings do I have?”

Jaehwan closed his eyes, lips moving soundlessly. He appeared to be counting. “Six in total, but your two sisters and one of your brothers were executed, so now just three. Three brothers,” he replied, a stricken expression crossing his beautiful face.

“Did you love them, the ones that died, I mean? I didn’t know demons could feel love,” Sanghyuk asked, wanting to understand this situation better. His new family was getting bigger, three sort-of-brothers. And one of them was the demon known by humans as Azazel. Hongbin.

Jaehwan scoffed, cobalt eyes glinting dangerously as he shook himself from his reverie. “Of course, we can feel love, why do you think everyone down here is so miserable all the time? Angels are the ones who don’t understand love. Only ‘peace.’”
A group of demons appeared through a door on the right, all of presumably low rank what with their black eyes. One, though… one of them let their gaze linger on Jaehwan for a moment too long, with just a bit too much interest. A switch flipped in the young demon’s brain. Sanghyuk growled, low and rumbling, baring his teeth the way his brain told him too.

“Easy, pet,” Jaehwan murmured, smoothing the younger’s hair back with his long fingers as the group of demons scuttled away in terror. “Be thankful you’re wearing my collar, otherwise you would torn that hellspawn apart already.”

“I want to tear it apart,” Sanghyuk snarled. The strangers weren’t getting out of his space quickly enough.

“I meant that you wouldn’t have considered not doing so, you would have acted on impulse alone. The wards inscribed on the collar helped dull that impulse, make it manageable.”

Sanghyuk tore his eyes away from the rapidly retreating hellspawn and focused on Jaehwan, finding that he was smiling up at him with what the younger thought might be pride. “You’re doing so well, pet, even if you are a bit more base than I expected,” he said, brushing his lips across the knuckles of Sanghyuk’s right hand.

The younger’s heart swelled with delight at the praise. “I broke the wall again,” Sanghyuk replied, grinning broadly and pointing to the long crack in the spot where he had been holding Jaehwan. “Is this going to become a pattern?” the elder asked, snapping his fingers so the crack sealed back up. “Probably.”

“When we were in your shop, you said something about speeding up my fall, what was that about? Actually, what was the whole thing about you being a tailor?” Sanghyuk asked as they began walking again.

“Designing clothing is a hobby of mine. All of the dark royalty wear my fashions, so it made sense to cater to humans as well in my spare time. It keeps me out of trouble,” Jaehwan replied with a wink. “And you began to fall the moment we met, I have that effect, unfortunately. It was pretty obvious with all the staring; angels don’t normally stare like that. So since it was already happening, and I’m nothing if not self-indulgent, I gave you a little push.”

Sanghyuk waited, and after a moment, the demon explained. “Remember when the clerk asked what your distinguishing characteristic was?”
The younger nodded. “Mine is venom. Someone once tried to explain it to me this way; I was so hurt and angry when I fell that those feelings turned to poison inside me. Like a physical manifestation of my pain. So now, if my saliva makes contact with someone pure, my venom is passed to them and it corrupts them very fast. I could have spit on you instead of given you a kiss and it would have had the same effect, but I’m not that vulgar. It’s a rather everyday ability down here, we have quite a few angry souls.”

“I can taste it,” the younger said suddenly. “At first it was bitter, but now it’s like… nectar.”

“Mhm, that’s it.”

Well, Sanghyuk thought. Well. Jaehwan had poisoned him and turned him into sin personified, and yet he wasn’t angry about it. He should be angry, frankly he should be furious, but he wasn’t. It was probably their bonds fault. “Why is my vision better?” he asked, wanting to find out as much information as he could before they reached their destination and he would most likely be murdered by the antichrist.

“That’ll be the vale lifting.”

“What?”

“The heavenly vale,” Jaehwan sighed, as they rounded a corner. “Not the one you travel through, the filter angel’s see through that makes everything seem happy and peaceful and blurry around the edges. It’s just another way for you-know-who to keep all their little soldiers in line. Think about it, if you saw the world how it truly is, with all the horror and fear and pain that humans bring upon themselves, would you haven been able to go on believing in all that universal harmony bullshit?”

“Yes,” Sanghyuk replied, without a moment’s hesitation. Jaehwan abruptly stopped walking and squinted up at the young demon. “Are you sure about that?”

“Yes, completely sure. Peace is the goal; it always has been. Just because humans haven’t reached true harmony with one another yet doesn’t mean they should stop trying. Nothing good ever came from someone giving up because a task was too hard.”

Jaehwan hummed, still looking up at Sanghyuk like he had never seen him before. “You’re entitled to your opinion, pet. Let’s agree to disagree and continue on, hm?”
Maybe it was because his transition had been so recent and there were still a few angelic particles floating around inside him, but Sanghyuk didn’t think so. He genuinely believed every word he just said. But getting in an argument about the concept of hope with a demon who fell over six thousand years ago wouldn’t solve anything, so he nodded.

They kept walking in silence, the young demon half worrying that he had said something bad or offensive since his companion’s expression had become void of any emotion, until they reached a set of double doors painted a red so dark it was nearly black. There were several hellspawn guards standing at attention, but they let the two demons pass with a chorus of ‘your grace’.

The room they entered was wide, accented with grey and black, but that was all Sanghyuk had time to notice before a deep voice said, “It’s about time.”

Outfit-spiration:
I know the angel crew seem a bit insufferable, but they get better. ish. Also, god (you-know-who) is gender neutral in this story.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Taekwoon mood board

Wonshik mood board

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The man who had spoken looked as though he had stepped from a renaissance era painting.

His hair was a rich chestnut brown, fluffy and straight where it hung to just below the tops of his ears. His eyes, while identical in color to Jaehwan’s, were rounder and wider, more alert looking. His features were perfectly proportioned, rosebud mouth pursed in a thin line as he regarded the two newcomers imperiously.

“My child,” Jaehwan squealed, swooping down on the exquisite man and pressing sloppy kisses all over his face. This must be Hongbin then, Sanghyuk’s sort-of-brother.

“Eww, get off! You’re disgusting!” the man exclaimed, his deep voice turning whiney as he attempted to wriggle free of Jaehwan’s grasp. “I haven’t seen you in a month, accept the affection and shut up,” he replied, a mischievous glint in his eye.

The young demon waited by the entrance, keeping an eye on his -for lack of a better wordmaker’s back. If Jaehwan’s energy said ‘caution: will fuck you up’, the exquisite man shouted ‘will fuck you up and enjoy doing it’.

“Come meet your brother,” Jaehwan said with a laugh, Hongbin managing to extricate himself from the unwelcome display of tenderness with a sharp jab to the others ribs. His wide cobalt eyes swiveled in Sanghyuk’s direction, walking slowly towards the younger in a manner that reminded him strongly of a prowling animal.

“What’s your name, new brother?” he asked, deep voice soft as his gaze swept languorously up and down the length of Sanghyuk’s body. It put the younger instantly on edge, but he resisted to impulse
to flit to Jaehwan’s side, standing his ground and replying, “Sanghyuk. And yours?”

“Hongbin, Prince of Deception and Duke of Hell,” the exquisite man said, his lip curling into a sly smile. “You’re already better than the last one, he’s a terror.”

Jaehwan was at his side in a split second, smacking Hongbin on the side of the head and fixing him with a furious look. “Do not speak of your brother that way,” he snapped, but Hongbin just rolled his eyes and slunk away.

“Oh good, Kong, I win,” a voice said, high and clear like the tolling of a bell.

Another man had swept into the large room, hair tipped in silver and floor-length coat of midnight purple swirling around him as he moved. He was followed by two black dogs that looked almost like wolves, and a small charcoal colored cat was cradled in his arms.

“Won what,” Jaehwan asked, crossing his arms and glaring suspiciously and the new comer. “We had a bet about when you would find a new plaything. He said this year and I said next,” Hongbin replied, sitting down and patting the floor, getting the attention of one of the dogs.

Hellhounds, Sanghyuk realized, and he already knew who the man was before he was introduced. The catlike red gaze was enough.

“I can’t believe you two make bets on my love life! How lowbrow!” Jaehwan exclaimed, scooping the kitten from the man’s arms and nuzzling it fondly. Was it normal to be jealous of an animal? Sanghyuk didn’t think so. And yet...

“Anyway, Taekwoonie, this is Sanghyuk, the newest addition to my family. Please be nice to him,” he continued, beaming up at the younger like he was showing off a hard-earned trophy.

“What’s wrong with his eyes?” the false prince asked, staring at the young demon with unflinching curiosity. Sanghyuk took half a step back, the gaze feeling too focused. He didn’t like being stared at.

Jaehwan frowned. “I don’t know, I think he’s still falling. They will settle soon,” he replied, handing the cat back and stroking Sanghyuk’s upper arm. “My eyes changed immediately,” Hongbin called, from the other side of the room.
“Yes, and you dismembered thirteen hellspawn and four humans before I calmed you down enough to be able to hold a decent conversation. Sanghyuk isn’t like that, are you pet? He’s perfect just the way he is,” Jaehwan replied, tone going from irritated to tender halfway through the speech. Sanghyuk suppressed a shiver, Hongbin had killed 17 people when he had fallen. No wonder Jaehwan made sure the younger had some help during his transition. That cleanup must have been messy.

“The others all changed right away too, it’s not just me!”

“Where are my other siblings?” Sanghyuk cut in, still purposefully avoiding the false prince’s gaze and wrapping his arms around Jaehwan’s shoulders.

Taekwoon laughed softly, an incongruously warm sound for someone that looked so cold. “The terror is barred from my apartments, as Jaehwan well knows. The other, I don’t know. We don’t see him often.”

So, three siblings were dead, one was a quote-unquote terror, one was missing, and one was Hongbin. This information didn’t speak too highly of his makers parenting skills. Sanghyuk resolved right then and there that he would be the good sibling. Or whatever the demonic equivalent of that was.

“The other one is none of any of your concern. As for Seokjin, I will not have you speaking about my Bound that way, I don’t give a shit if you’re the prince of darkness or not,” Jaehwan said, but where the young demon would have expected him to shout, his makers voice had gone deathly quiet.

One of the hellhounds growled, the one that wasn’t currently playing with Hongbin, no doubt set on edge at the sudden drop in the room’s temperature. Without realizing it, a low growl began building in Sanghyuk’s throat to match it, and he didn’t stop until he felt Jaehwan’s hand on his cheek.

“Shh, pet, Puppy won’t hurt me,” the elder said softly, slipping what was apparently a treat out of his pocket and passing it to the now very happy hellhound. The false prince grinned. “He’d rip your throat out if I told him too.”

“I’ll rip your throat out if you don’t shut up.”

“That did something, keep your throats where they are for a minute,” Hongbin said, standing up and
slinking back over to the little group. “New brothers eyes went full blue when he started to growl, did you not notice?”

All three of them looked at Sanghyuk, and it took everything he had not to shrink away. “Well, they’re half and half again. Maybe anger is helping you transition. What do you think, pet?”

“I don’t know,” Sanghyuk replied, pulling his maker into a hug and resting his chin on the top of his head. It gave him a measure of comfort, having Jaehwan within close proximity as well as out of Taekwoon’s reach. Hongbin, he didn’t mind. Effects of the brother bond or something. But the false prince’s energy was on another level. The invisible sign over his head read, ‘I’ll end you so don’t bother trying’.

“Come eat, I’m starving,” the false prince said abruptly, spinning away and disappearing through a high archway, animals in tow. Hongbin trailed after him, but Sanghyuk held Jaehwan back for a moment longer.

“What is wrong with my eyes being only half blue?” he asked, fingers tapping nervously on the nape of Jaehwan’s neck. The elder sighed, but he didn’t look angry or anything. That was good. “Usually a demon’s eyes change the instant they begin to fall, and they turn the same color as their creators. It’s how others know what family they belong too. You probably noticed that Hongbin and mine match and it’s the same with the rest of my Bound. You’re just taking a little extra time pet, there’s nothing wrong with it.”

That was both a relief and a worry. It was a relief because Jaehwan didn’t seem to mind him being physically flawed, but a worry that the first thing the antichrist asked was what wrong with him. Sanghyuk had a feeling that this was a bigger deal than Jaehwan was letting on.

“Oh, and when you introduce yourself, don’t forget to say Duke of Hell after your name. My family is royal and so are you.”

Sanghyuk was a bit taken aback by that. Jaehwan and Hongbin being dark royalty made sense, they were so old, and they had done so much on hells behalf. But him? He had done nothing but walk into the wrong shop at the wrong time. He had been an archangel’s protégé in heaven, but here, he was nothing.

“I don’t know if I’m,” he started to reply, but the elder waved his hand and Sanghyuk fell silent. “Let’s go eat with the others, I bet you’re starving after our vigorous workout this morning,” Jaehwan said, winking and wetting his bottom lip with his tongue.
It was a testament to his willpower that the younger didn’t tear the elder’s clothes off right then and there.

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“You eat really slowly, new brother.”

“You can just call me Sanghyuk.”

Hongbin was watching him across the long mahogany dining table from his spot on Taekwoon’s left, inconspicuously feeding the hellhounds pieces of steak when nobody was looking. Jaehwan was sitting on the false prince’s right, Sanghyuk on his other side, which was just fine with the young demon. He wanted to be as far away from Taekwoon as possible. The man unnerved him.

Sanghyuk wasn’t sure what he had been expecting when the others suggested food, but steak and French fries certainly wasn’t it. So far as he could tell, the demons at this table were strangely human, not like the serine angels he was used too. And none of them had multiple heads or tentacles or claws. They just looked and behaved like humans, if extremely beautiful and slightly rude ones.

“Okay new brother.”

“Don’t be a little shit, Kong,” Jaehwan snapped, glancing up from the bite of steak he had halfway to his mouth. He and Hongbin glared at each other across the table, but after roughly half a minute, the exquisite man gave up and rolled his cobalt eyes.

“Fine. Sanghyuk, what’s your special thing? Is it venom like Jaehwan?”

The young demon gave his maker a quick look, suddenly nervous, but he replied, “Strength I guess.”

Taekwoon looked up with interest, glowing scarlet eyes now fixed on Sanghyuk. “Mm, he likes throwing me around and breaking things,” Jaehwan said good-naturedly, shoving a French Fry into his mouth as Hongbin began to snicker.
“Show me,” Taekwoon murmured. The need to follow the false prince’s command seemed engrained in his diabolical programming, because the young demons brain started screaming at him to comply. But Sanghyuk held still for about three seconds, waiting until Jaehwan had swallowed his mouthful before letting his hand shoot out and connect with the center of his makers chest.

Jaehwan went flying. The room must have been nearly twenty feet long, but he hadn’t even begun to slow down when he collided with the far wall. Sanghyuk was frozen in place, watching his maker tumble out of the air, cracks radiating from the spot ten feet off the ground where he had hit the wall.

Thankfully, his brother was less shell-shocked and possessed extremely fast reflexes, and he managed to catch their maker before he hit the ground.

“Wonderful, that could come in handy,” Taekwoon said quietly, a smile spreading across his face, as Hongbin called, “You weren’t fucking kidding!”

“No, he wasn’t kidding. But I didn’t think you were quite-still getting stronger, pet,” a rather woozy looking Jaehwan said as Hongbin righted his overturned chair and sat him down on it.

Taekwoon was still staring as the young demon wrapped Jaehwan up in his arms and hid his face against the elders neck. He didn’t think he was that strong either, and frankly, it scared him. “His eyes turned entirely blue when he pushed you, but now I think they’re even less than before.”

Jaehwan tilted Sanghyuk’s face up so he could inspect him, blinking a little in surprise. “How curious,” he breathed, but his smile was quick to follow as he rubbed circles into Sanghyuk’s back. “Don’t worry, we’re nearly indestructible and heal very quickly. You didn’t hurt me.”

“Wish you had,” Hongbin muttered, grinning evilly when Jaehwan snapped, “What did I tell you about being a little shit?!”

“Who cares?”

“But that really was extremely cool, we’ll get along well I think,” Hongbin added, smiling at Sanghyuk for the first time they met. He had dimples, the cherry on top of the cake of his perfection, and the young demon couldn’t help but smile back. “I’m quick, you probably noticed. If we get in a fight, you and I are pairing up for sure.”
A soft knock sounded from a door Sanghyuk hadn’t noticed, Taekwoon calling ‘enter’, before a
dark-eyed demon scuttled in, head bowed respectfully. “Your highness, pardon the interruption, but
there is a guest in your waiting room. He was very insistent on being let in to see his grace
Sanghyuk.”

The hellspawn’s eyes darted nervously in Sanghyuk’s direction before refocusing on the floor. “I am
aware, I felt him arrive. I didn’t think present company would-“

“Who is it?” Jaehwan asked, voice razor sharp as he glared from Taekwoon to the hellspawn and
back again. “He gave his official name as the archangel Ramiel,” she squeaked, hastily ducking back
through the door as a plate shattered against the wall where her head had just been.

“Wonshik?!” Sanghyuk exclaimed, but his maker was already up and striding purposefully for the
door the messenger just disappeared through, hissing. “How fucking dare he?! How dare he come
here and ask to speak to my Bound! After everything he’s done?! I’m going to rip his wings off and
force them down his fucking throat the stupid piece of shit!”

The young demon was on his feet, jogging to catch up with his maker, but he still heard Taekwoon
murmur, “This is why I didn’t say anything. Go, Kong, make sure he doesn’t start another war. You
know I can’t be involved.”

Hongbin had passed Sanghyuk and caught Jaehwan’s arm before the young demon had blinked, as
though he had been carried by a divine wind. “Hey! Breathe, idiot, he wanted to talk to Sanghyuk
not you,” his brother said, yanking their maker to a stop in the middle of one of the identical dark
hallways.

When Jaehwan turned to face them, he seemed at least ten times larger than his real size, azure eyes
glowing so brightly they were almost blinding. His teeth were barred, a snarl escaping him that was
so deep it shook the floor beneath their feet slightly. The air around him had turned to black flame,
like it had become negative space. He was beautiful and terrible and oh so frightening.

Sanghyuk and Hongbin fell back in their haste to get away from their maker. The older of the two
pushed the younger behind him, circling his hand around Sanghyuk’s wrist as if to make sure the
young demon was still there.

Jaehwan’s rage evaporated as quickly as it had come, shrinking back to his normal height and eyes
dimming as the void surrounding him vanished. He looked small and worried, taking a quick step
towards them with his hand outstretched, but a pair of jet-black wings unfurled from Hongbin’s back
out of nowhere, pushing Sanghyuk further from Jaehwan and shielding him. Somewhere in the far
recesses of his mind, Sanghyuk longed for his own wings that were no doubt shriveled and gone now.

“You scared my new little brother. Are you going to do it again? If you are, I’ll take him back to Taekwoon and you can go yell at your best friend on your own,” Hongbin’s deep voice said, steady as a rock and clear as a bell. Sanghyuk’s chest swelled with pride that his new brother could be so brave in the face of their maker’s anger.

The young demon heard a throat being cleared, and then Jaehwan say, “No, I won’t. I’m sorry I scared you both.”

After a beat of silence, Hongbin’s wings folded back up into the nothingness where they came from, revealing their maker’s anxious face peering over his shoulder. “I’m so sorry, pet, are you alright?”

“Yeah I’m- I’m fine,” Sanghyuk replied, hating how high his voice had gotten. “Wonshik just pisses me off,” Jaehwan continued, hissing the angel’s name like it was poison on his tongue. He looped an arm through both Hongbin’s and Sanghyuk’s, walking between them as they continued down the hall at a much slower pace.

Hongbin gave him a look dripping with disapproval. “You care too much for angels, even after all this time. Hating them isn’t worth the energy.”

“On the contrary, my child, anything that goes against the will heaven is worth my energy,” Jaehwan replied, cobalt eyes sparkling. They reached the end of the corridor and passed through another set of double doors, ending up in a narrow room with tall ceilings. It had a claustrophobic feeling, Sanghyuk thought, probably designed thusly to make guests uncomfortable.

Leaning against the wall was the young demon’s friend, pure white wings folded at his back, wreathed in soft golden light that seemed discordant in this dark place. He wasn’t in uniform, rather in a sand colored suit with his silver hair swept haphazardly up off his face. In short, he was an unbelievably welcome sight.

“Shik!” Sanghyuk exclaimed, releasing his maker’s arm and fairly running at the angel. He nearly tripped over his own feet in his haste to stop when he realized Wonshik was backing away from him.

“Speak your piece, angel, and then get the fuck out of our realm.”
That was Jaehwan’s voice, but Sanghyuk barely heard him. His friend, his only friend if one didn’t count Hakyeon, was looking at him with a mixture of sorrow and disgust. It made Sanghyuk feel sick to his stomach.

“Hey Jae, I haven’t seen you since-“

“Don’t you dare say her name, you tarnish her memory with your pious filth,” Jaehwan hissed, appearing at Sanghyuk’s side and resting a protective hand on the young demon’s back. Hongbin was there too, just behind him. Sanghyuk could feel him. “And if you get within five feet of either of my Bound, I will reach down your throat and pull your spine out with my bare hands. Don’t say you weren’t warned.”

Wonshik held his hands up, whether in surrender or to show he meant no harm, Sanghyuk wasn’t sure which. “Fine, I’m not looking to pick a fight with you,” he sighed, like they had said those words to each other before. “How are you, kid? Are you okay?”

“No, of course I’m not, why would you think I was okay?” Sanghyuk asked, completely baffled. What could his friend possibly think was okay about having his divinity torn from him and being turned into a demon?!

“No,” Wonshik echoed, “You wouldn’t be, would you?”

“He will be perfectly fine here with us, are you quite finished?”

Jaehwan again. The angel ignored him. “Listen, Sanghyuk, I didn’t know what Hakyeon was going to do, he wouldn’t tell me anything about your job, and you kept saying it was top secret… I had no idea. If I knew, I would have stopped you from going.”

“It’s kind of late for that,” the young demon replied, hearing how chilly his own voice sounded. “I know, I know it is but I’m still sorry you ended up like this.”

“Like what?” Hongbin’s deep voice this time, full of challenge.

The angel glanced over Sanghyuk’s shoulder, an expression of haughty distain crossing his face for a split second before it melted into careful blankness. “Like a monster.”
“I am not a monster! How could you say that?! We were friend less than twelve hours ago?!”

“A lot can change in a short amount of time, kid. I’m sorry, but I just wanted to make sure you were alright and that Jaehwan hadn’t thrown you in a pit of snakes or something. I should get going.”

The anger that now lay just beneath his skin, ever present and unyielding, flared. “What the fuck, Wonshik? Seriously?! If anyone threw me anywhere it was Hakyeon! You know that, otherwise you wouldn’t be apologizing!”

The angel flinched at the curse but didn’t answer, his eyes growing more and more distant, like he was looking at a stranger rather than a friend. “He won’t have any pity for you, pet, no compassion. He’s never felt pity for anyone or anything in his life,” Jaehwan murmured, honey smooth voice curling around the younger’s brain like poison ivy, squeezing Sanghyuk’s arm.

“Jaehwan, don’t” the angel said in a warning voice, but the demon paid him no attention. “He murdered your sisters, you know. With his own hand and in cold blood.”

“I didn’t murder anybody, they were executed because of crimes you committed,” Wonshik retorted, wings shifting restlessly in agitation. “And how fair was that? You lot are supposed to protect innocents, not destroy them,” Hongbin said, deep voice as cold as ice.

“Hellspawn are not innocent, they went along with him and were just as guilty. Their deaths were Jaehwan’s punishment.”

Sanghyuk had no idea what was going on, but his maker leapt forward, snarling at the angel and hissing, “My children are not hellspawn, watch your fucking mouth.”

He only got about three feet before a bolt of lightning struck the floor an inch in front of where he was standing. Electricity sparked off the ceiling, the angel’s eye glowing subtly white. “Don’t be stupid, Jae. You never were the smartest, but you know I could burn you to nothing in an instant if I wanted too. Stay back.”

That was true. Wonshik’s thunder and lightning were imbued with the power of the almighty and was used to bring justice and truth to the world. Pure holiness. Distilled and condensed, and if even the tiniest spark made contact with a demon they would be vaporized. Killing demons was nothing to an archangel, in fact is was a good thing for them. Sanghyuk’s fury flared brighter.
“So, you came down here, insulted Jaehwan and I, and now you’re threatening the only people who give a shit about me anymore?” Sanghyuk asked, his voice starting off calm but getting progressively louder. “He doesn’t care about anyone, he’s a demon. Don’t kid yourself, Sanghyuk,” Wonshik replied, with the patronizing air of speaking to someone well below his station.

The young demon growled, and he was rewarded with the sight of the angel taking a quick step backwards. Hongbin darted around Sanghyuk to Jaehwan’s side, his unnatural speed making his appear nothing more than a blur, but another bolt of lightning struck and only missed him by millimeters.

“Stop it!” Sanghyuk cried, “Stop it, stop it, stopitstopitstop!”

His voice rose as his anger grew, blooming inside him like incandescent fire. All of them had turned to stare at him, and he didn’t know why until he registered the feeling of something wet on his cheeks. He raised a finger to touch it, and when he looked down, he saw a drop of pale golden liquid glistening against his skin. He was crying. Angels didn’t cry and neither did demons as far as he knew, and yet here he was. Weeping golden tears.

“Pet?” Jaehwan asked, approaching him slowly and resting his hands on the young demon’s waist. The touch calmed Sanghyuk, if only the slightest bit.

Fresh sprigs of lightning coiled around the angels finger tips as he eyed Jaehwan’s back. Assessing. Like a sniper lining up his target. Sanghyuk saw the moment his friend decided to act and screamed.

He screamed louder than he had ever screamed before, so shrill and piercing that it shattered the pitcher of water set on a side table. Jaehwan stumbled back, hands over his ears and shielding Hongbin with his slim body.

Sanghyuk felt the power coiled inside him burst. His wings unfurled from his back and extended to their full span, large hands curling into fists and teeth barred.

“Get out!” he screamed, stomping his foot as hard as he could. The earth split down the middle, a great chasm in the ground stretching from one end of the room to the other. The walls shook, dust and debris dislodged from the ceiling and rained down in clouds. Wonshik’s petrified expression was the last thing the young demon saw before the angel vanished into thin air.
Wonshik had been in front of a mirror, and with him gone, Sanghyuk took in his own appearance. His wings were larger than he remembered, the left as white as a dove while the right was black as tar. One of his eyes was fully cobalt, but the other was glowing like a miniature sun. His fair hair had turned to blue-black flame, in constant motion where it licked and danced atop his head. All the color had drained from his skin, leaving him deathly pale, golden tears streaming down his cheeks like unicorn blood.

“Sanghyuk,” Jaehwan called, voice shaky, but the sound of it was still reassuring. The young demon took a breath, feeling the power wane as it drained from him. His wings disappeared, hair returned to cool blonde, eyes dimming until they were dark brown ringed in cobalt.

“Remarkable.”

Chapter End Notes

*ANYONE WHO CAN DRAW: if you draw or make some kind of art of hyoggi when he loses it and transforms, I'll be eternally grateful because I cannot draw but I'd love to see it <3

(Also Hongbin is weird and my favorite lol)
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Hakyeon Mood Board

Hongbin Mood Board

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sanghyuk was breathing heavily, hugging his maker with all his strength as he watched the waiting-room piece itself back together.

“You really are something special, pet,” Jaehwan murmured, nuzzling the young demon’s cheek. Sanghyuk let out a shaky sigh. He had wiped away the golden tears as soon as Wonshik left, but there were still glittering streaks smeared across his face where they had dried. The most frightening part of how he looked when he lost his temper, Sanghyuk thought, was his eyes. They didn’t match. They didn’t match each other, and they didn’t match those of his new family. He longed for them to settle into his family’s cobalt color, Jaehwan’s color, and stay that way. He wanted to belong.

“You looked like... I don’t even know what you looked like, I’ve never seen anything like it before,” Hongbin called from where he hovered by the ceiling, black wings flapping steadily to keep him aloft.

“I have not either. We should consult his highness,” Jaehwan replied, his long fingers curled around the young demons’ biceps. Sanghyuk felt sick again. What could be so wrong with him that 6000-year-old demons didn’t understand it?!

“Can we, please? I want to know what’s the matter with me,” Sanghyuk asked, shutting his eyes. He felt impossibly tired, like his little display of power had wiped his body of energy. Maybe it had.

“Of course, pet,” his maker replied, Hongbin fluttering around their heads as Jaehwan led Sanghyuk from the room. The young demon kept his arms locked around is maker, so they walked like a weird four-legged insect, refusing to let Jaehwan get more than an inch away. He needed Jaehwan’s warmth, his body heat. “Are you alright, Sanghyuk?”
His maker turned his face back to look at the younger, the sound of his real name slightly jarring. It seemed that Jaehwan only used it when the young demon was in distress. He didn’t like it; his name was a reminder of everything he’d lost.

“Call me pet, I like it better,” Sanghyuk whispered, burying his face in Jaehwan’s hair. His maker chucked softly, the slightly rough, throaty sound of it fortifying his senses. It wasn’t a mean laugh; it was a kind one. A demon being kind, and not for the first time. What a concept. “Okay pet, whichever you prefer.”

“Wonshik was scared of me, did you see his face?”

The words were slightly muffled by Jaehwan’s black locks, but they were audible enough. “Serves him right. He’s been up on his high horse for too long, it was about time someone put the fear of you-know-who in him,” Hongbin replied, floating to the ground and walking beside them, his wings folding up and vanishing.

“Do you think he’s going to come back and kill me? Because he thinks I’m some unnatural monster?”

Jaehwan scoffed, stopping their retreat and turning to cup Sanghyuk’s face in his hands. “He will not- I repeat not- touch you, pet. If he gets near you again, I’ll corrupt him so fast his head spins. Then he will be lower than the lowest demon, he’ll be on his own in the pit and I’ll leave him there to rot by himself for eternity. You are precious and I will let nothing happen to you.”

“Neither will I,” Hongbin added, the steel in his voice matching Jaehwan’s intensity, patting the young demon on the shoulder. “Tha-Thank you,” Sanghyuk stuttered, feeling like the smallest, weakest creature in all the realms.

“Aw, pet, it’s alright, that’s what family is for.”

The three demons reached the doorway to the false princes’ apartments, but it was flung open before they had the chance to knock. “What, in the name of all that’s unholy, did you fucking idiots do?! The entire residence was shaking like it was about to cave in!”

Taekwoon’s scarlet eyes pierced them, his coat rippling in an unseen breeze and flanked by growling hellhounds. “It sort of did? But I fixed it. We need to discuss something with you,” Jaehwan replied, his voice remarkably calm considering everything that just happened.
“You had better have cleaned up your mess Jaehwan and cleaned it properly! If you broke my home again, I will cast you into the lowest circle of hell and make you climb back out on your own, I swear to Lucifer!”

“I did, I did! Everything is ship shape, just let us in. You’re going to want to hear this!” Jaehwan replied, the last few words coming out as a squeak due to the tightening of Sanghyuk’s hug. His arms squeezed the demon like an over-affectionate boa constrictor.

“You should have seen it, Woonie, it was marvelous! New brother broke the ground and turned into this white and black thing with fire for hair!” Hongbin exclaimed, sounding very proud as the three hurried into the antichrist’s chambers.

“Fire for hair?”

“Yes, well that wasn’t all. His wings and eyes appear to be split between forms. It was rather startling actually, and he screams like a banshee. No offense, pet,” Jaehwan added, speaking to Taekwoon over Sanghyuk’s shoulder.

The young demon couldn’t see the false princes face, but he felt the pressure in the air shift subtly. “Explain In more detail.”

“One eye and wing are white; his other wing is black and other eye cobalt like ours. And his hair is black fire. That’s really all I can say.”

Taekwoon was silent for a moment, but he hummed in contemplation. “What brought this transformation on?” he asked, soft voice somehow unnerving. “I don’t know, Wonshik tried to zap me but then- oh! He cried, he cried gold, Taekwoon!”

More humming.

The false prince stepped to around them, so he was facing Sanghyuk. “What brought this on, child?”

“They were- Jaehwan’s back was turned and Wonshik was about to electrocute him. I saw- I saw the instant he decided to do it, and I couldn’t let him hurt- I just couldn’t so I screamed. I didn’t- I’m
sorry I broke your house, but I promise it’s fixed!”

A gentle smile crossed Taekwoon’s face. He clasped his hands in front of himself, nodding thoughtfully. “The attempted murder of one’s creator would certainly bring about a change in any creature. I will do some reading and contemplating, but for now, go to Jaehwan’s rooms and get some rest.”

Without a word of protest, Jaehwan wriggled out of Sanghyuk’s smothering hug and took him by the hands, bidding Hongbin and the prince goodnight before leading the young demon from the room.

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“You didn’t see him, Hakyeon! I’ve never seen anything like it before! Ever!” Wonshik was shouting, the clouds above Hakyeon’s bedroom ceiling crackling with unspent electricity.

The archangel known as Michael was sitting in his favorite armchair, legs crossed, lips pursed, and hands curled around a steaming mug of peppermint tea. “I’m sure you’re overreacting.”

“I absolutely am not!”

“I think you are. The child had no remarkable powers or talents, and I tested him extensively. After what happened with- well I no longer take chances where this arrangement is concerned. I will not personally deliver another weapon to hell,” Hakyeon replied, primly taking a sip of tea.

His friend huffed angrily, coming to stand directly in front of him, hair standing on end from all the static. “I think you messed up. Go see him for yourself and then tell me he’s not a weapon.”

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“Would you like to have a bath, pet?”

Jaehwan’s apartments turned out to be a jumble of different rooms in all shapes and sizes. There was a sort of mid-century modern parlor where they first entered, with an angular navy chaise longue and a table of light-colored wood. But from there, it branched out in every direction with no obvious
organization or design. The young demon was going to need a map.

Jaehwan had taken Sanghyuk through a room containing nothing but fluffy arm chairs and a frankly humongous television (demons apparently love daytime tv) which he called the movie theater, then a library that Sanghyuk couldn’t see the ends of it was so large, before ending up in a bedroom with the biggest bed he had ever seen. It was a gold and oak Victorian monstrosity, the bedspread and wall-hangings the same cobalt as Jaehwan’s eyes.

“Sure,” Sanghyuk replied, tracing the tiny blue veins under the skin on Jaehwan’s wrists with his index finger. “Come, I’ll get you some clean clothes while you relax.”

The young demon didn’t let his maker go, following close behind him as they entered a large bathroom. There was a cream-colored porcelain claw foot tub that looked more like a miniature swimming pool, with a ceiling painted like Venetian clouds and wide vanity table, complete with a small rosy stool. “Hell has the best bathwater, nothing hotter,” his maker murmured, snapping his fingers so water began to gush from one of the seashell shaped faucets.

“Your house is weird,” Sanghyuk said, staring around at what was probably the sixth interior design style he’d seen so far. His room in heaven had been ultra-modern, furnished sleekly and totally in white. This was not that. “The word you’re looking for, pet, is whimsical,” the demon replied, grinning and twirling the younger around like a ballroom dancer.

Sanghyuk smiled a little despite himself. Jaehwan was so beautiful, his maker was so, so beautiful. But then he remembered that he himself wasn’t beautiful. He was, as Wonshik so eloquently put it, a monster. “What are you thinking about? You look sad.”

“About how pretty you are.”

Jaehwan grinned, turning to preen in front of the large gilt framed mirror that hung above the sink and covered most of one wall. “I am, aren’t I?” he asked, squeaking in surprise when Sanghyuk lifted him off his feet.

The water slowed to a trickle and then stopped when the tub was full, but neither noticed. Sanghyuk was too absorbed in trying to memorize each dip and curve of Jaehwan’s mouth. His lips were so mind-blowingly soft, plush and cushiony against his own. That sweet taste like peaches on his tongue.
“Let me help get that gold off you,” Jaehwan said softly, palming Sanghyuk’s cheeks and swinging his feet back and forth where they dangled in the air. The young demon stayed still, watching as Jaehwan licked his thumb and rubbed gently into his skin. His fingers were gold now too. “We need a washcloth, strip.”

Sanghyuk hesitated for only a moment, looking on as his maker upended several small bottles into the steaming water. Floral perfumes bloomed in the bathroom, nearly intoxicating and making the young demons head start to spin.

“In,” Jaehwan commanded, eyeing the lines of Sanghyuk’s body as he stepped gingerly into the bath. The warmth soaked through his skin immediately, his muscles relaxing like sigh into the soothing water. Jaehwan knelt by the side of the tub, dipping a light pink washcloth in the steaming water and dabbing it gently across the young demons’ cheeks.

Sanghyuk traced his makers jaw, his nose, the tips of his pointy ears, completely mesmerized as Jaehwan cleaned him up. “I don’t scare you, do I?” he asked, head lolling against the rim of the tub. “Of course not, pet, why would you even ask?”

“You don’t hate being bound to a weird gross ugly monster? I’m sorry I didn’t tell you before hand- I mean I didn’t know but I would have told you if I did.”

“Listen to me, and listen very carefully,” Jaehwan said, setting down the washcloth. He leaned over the rim of the tub to look directly into the young demon’s eyes. Sanghyuk did his best to focus, his slightly dizzy head making the task harder than it should be. And his maker was so stunning… and had such cute pointy ears… it was distracting.

“You are not weird. You are not gross. You are not ugly. You are not a monster.” His maker paused, making sure Sanghyuk was paying attention and taking both the younger’s hands in his. “You’re unique, you’re bewitching, you’re radiant. You are emotional and tender and so, so sweet. And you’re also strong and passionate and fierce. You are brave, pet, you’re so vigilant and so smart. That’s what really matters, Sanghyuk, who you are inside. You may have fallen but you haven’t lost the spirit of who you really are, your true self is still there, and it is beautiful. You are beautiful. I don’t care if your eyes are blue or brown, whether your wings are black or white or pink! I found you lovely as an angel, I found you magnificent when you transformed, and I find you enchanting now. I like you for you, and I’m bound to you, not to your appearance. Our hearts are bound, pet, everything else is just window dressing.”

Sanghyuk stared back into Jaehwan’s cobalt eyes, so overwhelmed with emotion that he felt like he wanted to cry again. How could this person, this ancient demon, be so kind an accepting of his flaws? In heaven, everything had to be perfect. Angels had to be perfect. Sanghyuk had spent his entire 221 years of life training to be the almighty’s perfect creation. Who he was as an individual
was unimportant, it was a defect in the eyes of his superiors. He had never had anyone appreciate him like this. Ever. Not even Hakyeon.

Jaehwan wove their fingers together. Sanghyuk’s damp skin probably felt clammy, but the elder didn’t seem to either notice or care. “You are special to me, pet, as are all of my Bound. Even the ones who are gone from this life. I will tell you this every day for the rest of eternity until you believe me.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really.”

Jaehwan smiled at him, a warm, sweet, affectionate smile. It felt like the sun was shining down upon the younger, shining just for him. “Now, relax and take some time to breath, I know how difficult the change is. Clean clothes are on the,” he snapped his fingers, “Vanity table. I’ll be in the bedroom when you’re finished.”

“Wait,” Sanghyuk blurted, twisting around and grabbing his maker by the elbow when he tried to walk away. “Do you need anything else?”

“Stay,” the younger said, his tone more pleading than he meant it to be. Jaehwan had been within arm’s reach since the moment he began to fall, suddenly being without him was an intolerable thought. “Okay.”

It wasn’t said begrudgingly, not like Jaehwan thought staying was a chore. The single word breathed understanding.

Jaehwan made to sit back down on the floor but Sanghyuk tugged on his arm. The request was left unspoken, but his maker understood it all the same. He blinked down at Sanghyuk for a moment longer before gently freeing himself from the younger’s grasp and shrugging the charcoal suit jacket off his narrow shoulders.

Sanghyuk watched as each item of Jaehwan’s clothing was dropped on the bathroom floor, his movement steady and graceful. The younger admired him, taking in every subtle bulge of muscle, the arch of his back. He steadied his hand on the edge of the tub and gingerly stepped in, allowing Sanghyuk to pull him onto his lap.
The young demon felt his body temperature rise and it had nothing to do with the hot bath. His maker sat facing him, the apples of cheeks dusted a rosy pink, flashing those pearly white teeth when he smiled. Sanghyuk’s hands settled on his waist and he watched, astonished, as the elder leaned back and dipped his head in the water to wet his black hair.

His back arched prettily, Sanghyuk able to feel the stretch and shift of sinew under his hands. Once he was upright again, the elder let his fingers play across the younger’s broad chest. “Better?” he asked, azure eyes gleaming when he felt Sanghyuk’s grip tighten a fraction.

The younger didn’t answer, well he did, just not verbally. He pulled the elder closer and kissed him, desperately and full of unspoken longing, his tongue exploring Jaehwan's mouth when his plush lips parted. He felt rather than heard the elder gasp when he experimentally let his thumb graze the head of his cock.

“Let me take care of you,” Jaehwan murmured, running his hands up the younger’s stomach until they were resting on his shoulders. Sanghyuk nodded dumbly, unsure of exactly what he meant but getting the general idea.

Jaehwan sat up on his knees a little so their chests were flush and reached a hand behind him, Sanghyuk groaning quietly when he felt the other’s long fingers wrap around his cock. The elder smiled and lowered himself back, his mouth dropping open further and further until the younger was fully inside him.

Sanghyuk felt that overpowering heat again, his hands sliding lower to the curve of Jaehwan’s ass. He wanted to move, wanted to push up into his maker, but Jaehwan’s hands pressed harder against his chest to keep him still.

“Let me, pet,” Jaehwan’s murmured, rolling his hips in smooth, slow circles. The young demons head was swimming in floral perfume and the feeling of his maker. Jaehwan was so tight around him, and he was being so gentle.

His fingers came up, curling in the youngers blonde hair and tugging a little. “You feel so g-good pet,” he moaned, leaning closer to Sanghyuk’s chest, his breath coming out as soft pants.

Jaehwan arched his back, the water sloshing a little as he moved up and down, taking the younger deeper and faster.
“This is -ah-this is dif-different than this m-morning,” Sanghyuk stuttered, gripping the other tighter and lifting him a bit to help. This was only his second time having sex, after all, and it was remarkably unlike the first time.

The elder lowered his head, sucking gently on the delicate skin of Sanghyuk’s neck, just behind his ear. His mouth burned, no not burned, tingly. It tingled, sending a shiver down the younger’s spine when he moaned into his skin, the vibrations reaching all the way to the tips of his toes.

Jaehwan tilted his head back and began to bounce up and down, resting his hands on Sanghyuk’s abdomen, circling his hips in a ‘figure of 8’ pattern, riding the younger slowly as his breathy moans got louder. His throat was exposed, adam’s apple bobbing up and down each time he swallowed, and Sanghyuk leaned in to run his lips across the swath of pale skin.

The young demon still didn’t feel like he was doing enough. He wanted more and more and more, Jaehwan’s high whines igniting a fire in the pit of his stomach and urging him on. He gripped the elder’s hips and pushed him down, pulled him up, pushed him down, up, down, up, down, updownupdown…

He was so small, Sanghyuk mused, barely able to form the thought with the rose and lavender and jasmine scents swirling up from the steaming water around them. He was so small, easy to maneuver into exactly the spot Sanghyuk wanted him, and so pliable in the younger’s hands.

Sanghyuk pressed his thumbs into the hollow above Jaehwan’s hipbones, prompting the elder to half collapse against him. Their foreheads rested against one another, Jaehwan’s hot breath fanning out across the younger’s lips.

Jaehwan melted into him, trailing kisses along Sanghyuk’s jaw, his cheek, his temple. His long fingers flexed against the hard muscle of the younger’s abdomen, a breathy moan escaping him when Sanghyuk thrust his hips upward.

The water droplets glistening on the elder’s flushed, exquisite face made him appear like he was made of the finest crystal, crafted by the almighty’s own hand until each feature was absolute perfection. He looked up at Sanghyuk, cobalt eyes dark and glistening, lower lip caught between his teeth.

Sanghyuk’s brain was screaming to try another experiment, and he was in no mind to refuse. Aiding the roll of Jaehwan’s slim hips was just as easy with one hand, and he moved the other lower, stroking slowly along the length of the elder’s cock.
The effect was instantaneous. Jaehwan choked on air, gasping as his muscles tensed under Sanghyuk’s fingers. The younger did it again, setting a steady pace, watching his own large hand move up and down in time with Jaehwan.

“Pet, pet that’s- ah fuck,” the elder cursed, drawing the younger’s attention back up to his face. The rocking of Jaehwan’s hips was becoming frantic, erratic, gripping the rim of the tub with one hand and letting his nails dig into Sanghyuk’s shoulder. The younger could feel it again, the pleasure boiling in his stomach like lava.

He chased it, chased that rush of euphoria he knew was coming, thrusting up into his maker as much as he could with their positions. Jaehwan kissed him full on the mouth, the younger inhaling his moans as his walls clenched around Sanghyuk, derailing every thought the younger had been trying to process.

Sanghyuk released Jaehwan’s hip in favor of trying to anchor himself on the tubs edge, still stroking the elder’s hard length as he reached for it. The porcelain crumbled beneath his fingers, jagged cracks rippling out from the palm of his hand and water gushing onto the bathroom floor.

It didn’t look like Jaehwan noticed; his eyes squeezed shut as the young demon was overwhelmed with heat and light and wetness and most of all pleasure.

Jaehwan panted raggedly, shoulders slumping as he tangled his arms around the younger’s neck. They slowly came down from the rush, Sanghyuk hugging the elder against his chest and dropping light kisses on to top of Jaehwan’s head.

“You should fix the tub,” the young demon murmured, looking around at the half-destroyed bathtub they still sat in, now empty of all but an inch of water. Jaehwan tiredly raise and hand, snapping his fingers without even looking so the broken shards of porcelain leapt back to their original places and melted together.

“You were fantastic, pet,” the elder said, standing on shaky legs and helping the younger back onto dry ground. The praise filled Sanghyuk with a sense of contentment, planting a kiss on the tip of Jaehwan’s pointy nose before reluctantly releasing him and reaching for the stack of fresh clothes.

Only minutes later, Sanghyuk and Jaehwan were both covered in soft silk pajamas, curled together under the fluffy covers in the elder’s massive bed.
Already feeling drowsy from the craziness of the day and the events of the last hour, Sanghyuk held the elder against him and let his head sink into the feather pillows.

“Don’t go wandering off without me, I don’t know who else is home,” Jaehwan whispered, hiding his face in the juncture between the younger’s shoulder and neck.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 5

Sanghyuk woke to darkness. He was disoriented, mind foggy from sleep, and it took him a moment to remember why there was a warm body tucked against his side. He usually woke to the cold feeling of his own sheets tangled around his waist, long and narrow bed empty of anyone but himself.

He was in hell. He had fallen. He was in his makers bed in a strangely organized apartment, too far underground for him to fathom. The realization hit him hard, all at once. Sanghyuk sighed quietly, wrapping his arms around Jaehwan’s shoulders and clutching his maker against his chest. He wouldn’t cry. There was no reason to cry when he had Jaehwan.

Jaehwan snuffled in his sleep, a quiet little contented noise as he burrowed against the younger. It made Sanghyuk’s heart sing.

“Good morning, pet,” the elder murmured, yawning widely and stretching his arms over his head like a kitten. “Hi,” Sanghyuk replied, pressing kisses to the top of his wavy-haired head. Sanghyuk hadn’t noticed last night, but his makers hair had gotten a little curly after their bath. It made him look even more beautiful.

“Are you hungry?”

“A little, but I’m actually thirstier.”

Jaehwan hummed, his cobalt eyes still firmly closed. “Go out, down the hallway with the purple carpet and make a left. The third door is the kitchen.”

“You told me not to wander around without you,” Sanghyuk replied, stroking the elder’s cheeks with a fondness that was still very new to him. “Oh, it’s okay, I can’t feel anyone other than
Sanghyuk nodded, trying not to be nervous about exploring a demon’s home on his own. He tilted Jaehwan’s face up and pressed a kiss to his plump lips. It ended much too soon.

The elders hand trailed across his back as he scooted to the edge of the mattress and stood up. The stone floor was surprisingly warm under his feet. It must be because they were so far underground. In hell.

He decided to move quickly rather than slowly, choosing efficiency over caution. The young demon hurried down ‘the hallway with the purple carpet’, his footsteps echoing, and opened the third door on the right. It wasn’t a kitchen.

What is was, was a bedroom. The entire thing was furnished in cream and purple with a bed so low it was almost on the floor. And there was a girl. A girl was sitting at a desk that appeared to be made of roughhewn sandalwood. She had long chestnut hair and broad shoulders, but that was all Sanghyuk would see since he was standing behind her.

“Hello? Sorry, I was looking for the kitchen,” the young demon spluttered, stepping back out of the room as fast as his long legs could carry him. Jaehwan had said both his sisters were dead, who could the girl be?! A mistress? His maker was the prince of lust, after all, it wouldn’t be too surprising if he had a few people stashed around to sate his cravings.

“The kitchen is across the hall, third door on the left,” the girl whispered, turning around presumably to look at the young demon. Her hair fell across her face in a waterfall, hiding all her features from Sanghyuk’s view.

“Okay, thanks,” he said hastily, backing out of the room and closing the door. Sanghyuk took a very deep breath once he was alone in the hallway. There weren’t a lot of female angels in heaven, or none that he had access too, and the young demon had no idea how to act around them.

Sanghyuk hurried to the appropriate room, a weirdly farmhouse style kitchen, filled a glass he found in a human dishwasher with water and downed it, and then hurried back to Jaehwan’s bedroom.

“I thought you said there wasn’t anybody here but Hongbin,” he murmured, once he had climbed back into the enormous bed. “There isn’t” his maker replied sleepily, accepting the kisses the younger trailed across his cheeks. “Well, I just met a girl. I don’t even know if ‘met’ is the right
word. I walked into her bedroom and then basically ran right back out.”

“Are you sure it wasn’t Hongbin? He likes to do that sort of thing. He is the prince of deception, after all,” Jaehwan said, tilting his face up and pressing his lips to Sanghyuk’s. The younger paused. Had it been Hongbin? He didn’t think so, but the mischief of demons wasn’t really his area of expertise.

He ran one large hand up the side of Jaehwan’s torso, a bit fixated on the elder’s sternum, visible through the oversized pajamas that clad his thin frame. “I don’t think so, but I just assumed you had people around because… you know… you’re you.”

Jaehwan opened his eyes to look at the younger in confusion. “No, I only have my Bound in this place. The only female’s I was acquainted with are gone.”

“Hmm,” Sanghyuk hummed, all too distracted by his maker’s appearance to give the matter much more thought. “May I touch you?” he asked, earning a small, knowing smile from the elder. “Of course, pet, anything you want.”

The young demon’s hand found its way under the elder’s pajama shirt, the silk flowing like water over his fingers, touching Jaehwan’s bare skin. “Where exactly do you want to touch me?”

“I don’t know. I just want to feel you,” Sanghyuk replied, staring down at the exquisite being next to him in awe. “Well,” Jaehwan said, groaning a bit when the younger’s fingers dug into the flesh of his waist. “You know how you fuck me with your cock? You can do that with your fingers too.”

Sanghyuk blinked. He felt himself blush, his cheeks heating up until he thought they must be on fire. “How?” he asked, tapping the spot just below his maker’s belly button. “You start slow with just one finger, and then you can add more if you want,” Jaehwan replied, still half asleep and letting his legs fall open.

“You’re wearing pants.”

“Then take them off.”

The young demon hesitated, but he reminded himself that he was not, in fact, an angel anymore and he could do these sorts of things now. It didn’t take much convincing. Sanghyuk sat up on his knees,
grasping the waistband of Jaehwan’s pajama bottoms with both hands and gently tugging them off.

Jaehwan hummed, lacing his fingers together and holding his hands over his head as the younger spread his legs enough to kneel between them. Sanghyuk placed his palm on the elder’s abdomen, looking up at Jaehwan for instructions.

“See that bottle on the nightstand? That’s called lube. Wonderful human invention,” the elder murmured. “Put some on your hand and then go to town.”

Sanghyuk nodded, the thick, cold fluid making him shiver when it drizzled over his skin. He rubbed it between the pads of his fingers. He had no clue what to do with it, but Jaehwan lowered one hand and circled the younger’s wrist, spreading his own ass cheeks with the other and guiding him down so his slick fingers prodded gently at the elder’s hole.

Jaehwan gasped lightly. “Just be careful not to break me. Don’t forget how strong you- ah…”

The young demon had slid the tip of his finger past Jaehwan’s rim, the ring of muscle so tight and hot it made his head spin.

He pushed it in a little further, and then a little more, until Jaehwan was stretched around his knuckle. The lube stuff made it easy, his finger sliding back and forth effortlessly. He pressed Jaehwan against the mattress more firmly to stop his squirming, looking from his own hand to the elder’s face.

Jaehwan’s pupils had blown wide, his cheeks almost as red as his scarlet lips. “Yeah… just like that,” he groaned, fingers knotting in his own raven hair. Sanghyuk watched him in fascination, the way his sooty lashes would flutter each time he pushed in.

“Does it hurt?” the younger asked, worrying his own lip between his teeth as he felt his cock hardening under his pajama pants. “Only- only a little… at the beginning. The lube he-helps with- ngh fuck!”

Sanghyuk move a second finger into place beside the first, feeling the elder clench around him. Jaehwan talked a lot, he mused, watching the elder’s hands as they scrambled for purchase, eventually ending up tangled in the front of Sanghyuk’s shirt.

Some new demonic impulse tugged inside Sanghyuk’s mind, the wards on his collar having no
affect. Or maybe they were. The young demon wanted it to hurt. He wanted Jaehwan to feel it. But
maybe, without the collar, Sanghyuk would have wanted to literally tear the elder to shreds.

Breaking his slow and steady rhythm, the younger thrust his fingers in hard. “Pet- shit ah,” Jaehwan
gasped, his sweet voice rising an octave as his back arched off the mattress. “What about now?” he
asked, the sound of his own tone weirdly conversational. “Ye-yes.”

Sanghyuk’s mouth twitched up in a smirk, doing it again and again until the elder’s heat was
wrapped around all the way to the base of his fingers. He liked this game. Liked making Jaehwan
feel things. There was something strangely satisfying about the tightening of his maker’s muscles, the
way he whined.

Jaehwan’s cobalt eyes had gone glassy, glazed and hazy as he stared up at the younger through half
closed lids. “Really?” Sanghyuk asked, voice breathy with anticipation as he added a third lube-slick
digit. Jaehwan let out an absolutely filthy moan, so high it was almost sinful.

“Yes, pet, yes re-really,” the elder cried, legs twitching, his cheeks the color of a candy apple.

Sanghyuk was enjoying himself immensely, but he had enough presence of mind to try and control
the power he usually ignored. It wouldn’t do to accidentally kill his maker in a fit of passion, that
wasn’t what he wanted anyway. He leaned down, still fucking his fingers into the elder in short,
sharp movements, his face hovering an inch above his maker’s.

The look on Jaehwan’s face was indescribably beautiful. A sheen of sweat glistened on his temples,
mouth hanging open like he wasn’t get enough air. Sanghyuk could feel his warm breath fanning
across his face, could see the dark blue pinpricks in Jaehwan’s irises when he was this close. “You’re
very pretty when you feel things,” he murmured, loving the way his words made the other shudder.

“Fuck, Sanghyuk… gentle- re-remember,” Jaehwan whimpered, his hands traveling upwards to run
jerkily across Sanghyuk’s clothed chest. “No.” The young demon rammed his fingers into his maker
even harder for good measure, reinforcing his word.

Jaehwan made a soft hurt sound. Soft was the wrong word for it. Loud. “Brat,” he hissed out, jaw
clenching in time with the ring of wetness Sanghyuk was working open. It still sounded affectionate
somehow, and the younger’s smirk widened. He could do this literally all day if Jaehwan would let
him.
He lowered his head further, gripping the elder’s hip to hold him still and grazing his teeth over Jaehwan’s Adams apple. He nipped and bit and sucked, leaving an impressive trail of red marks on the elder’s skin, very pleased with his own work. Jaehwan’s neck was his canvas, and this was his masterpiece.

His maker had lapsed into a daze, panting around the little ‘ah-ah-ah’ noises pouring from his mouth and clinging to Sanghyuk’s shirt. The younger had another idea, still focusing most of his energy on not ripping the elder to shreds as he released his hip. Jaehwan didn’t pull away from him, a good sign, so the younger followed the impulse and traced his maker’s lips with two fingers.

“Pretty,” he whispered, pushing into the other’s mouth so Jaehwan’s crimson lips were wrapped around his knuckles.

The elder sucked on them obediently, almost lazily, his tongue soft against the pads of Sanghyuk’s fingers, humming. The younger liked this too, seeing his beautiful maker completely filled up with him.

He thrust his digits into Jaehwan faster, crooking them and curling them, making the elder’s body jerk and wriggle and writhe underneath him. Sanghyuk sat up, pushing his fingers further into Jaehwan’s mouth until the elder gagged.

That was something he hadn’t been expecting. How Jaehwan’s throat clenched around his fingers in a way that was very similar to the ring of muscle situated lower. He liked it as much as the other way. Definitely. So, he did it again, pulling Jaehwan’s mouth open so he could watch more closely.

“Lease lemme um!”

“What?” Sanghyuk asked, unable to understand the elder what with the fingers being shoved down his throat. He slowly pulled them out, licking the spit off his middle finger so he could taste Jaehwan’s sweet venom, looking down at his maker intently.

Jaehwan’s hips bucked when Sanghyuk tried scissoring his hand open and closed. “Please let m-me come,” he repeated, voice now rough and cresting in a yelp as the younger pulled his hair. Sanghyuk didn’t exactly know what that meant, but he guessed it was what the euphoric rush at the end was called. The ‘please’ was a nice touch though.

“Go ahead,” the young demon replied, yanking his maker’s head back, the arch of his neck
complimenting that of his spine.

Jaehwan moaned, low and sultry, his forehead creasing and muscles clenching, bottom lip caught between his teeth. Sanghyuk had never actually seen that expression before, usually kissing the other at the end, but he felt a swell of pride at the sight.

With a final thrust, that white stuff spurted onto the elder’s stomach from the head of his cock, Jaehwan’s body shuddering with a sob as Sanghyuk pulled his fingers out and wiped the lube off on his pajama shirt.

He lay down on his front, pillowing his head on one arm so he could watch the elder come down. “You’re getting more adventurous, pet,” Jaehwan panted, turning to look at the younger with an exhausted half smile.

“I guess I am,” Sanghyuk replied, admiring how his maker’s hair looked flowing between his fingers. Like strands of night, the moon reflecting off a still pond at twilight. “And you’re lucky I am who I am, or I’d be in literal pieces right now.”

“I was holding back considerably.”

Jaehwan’s eyes widened. “You were?”

“Yes,” the young demon said, grinning at the look of shock on his maker’s face. The marks on his slender neck had already faded, a damn shame in Sanghyuk’s opinion. “You didn’t shatter, did you?” he added, lightly tugging the elder’s hair before releasing it.

“No, I didn’t. That’s good, pet, learning to control yourself. You’re progressing remarkably quickly for someone so new.” Sanghyuk loved how gruff Jaehwan’s voice sounded, the result of his own actions. He wondered if he could make it gruffer.

Absently, the younger ran his index finger along Jaehwan’s jaw and then settled it on his bottom lip. “You like my mouth, pet? I’ll show you what my mouth can do if you like,” his maker murmured, swollen mouth curving into a pleased smirk. That was an intriguing comment.

*Knock, knock, knock.*
Sanghyuk jumped, so startled by the loud and sudden interruption that he had scooped Jaehwan up and settled him on his lap, arms wrapped around the elder protectively before the person outside even started speaking.

Jaehwan shushed him, brushing a gentle and calming hand across the younger’s forehead as he called, “What is it?”

“You and your new plaything have been summoned by his highness,” said a voice that Sanghyuk didn’t recognize. It wasn’t as high as Jaehwan’s, soulful and deep instead, but it had a similar lilting tone that put the young demon in mind of a singer. And the ‘s’ sounds were elongated to a near hiss.

“Thank you, darling, we’ll be out in a moment and you can meet your new brother,” Jaehwan called back. The only response was a rather disgruntled noise and the sound of retreating footsteps. So, that was another one of Jaehwan’s Bound. Sanghyuk liked Hongbin, but he had no idea what to expect from the others. He wondered if it was ‘the terror’ or the one that was ‘none of their concern’.

His maker turned to face him, expression hopeful. “Maybe Taekwoonie has discovered something. I’ll show you what my mouth can do later.”

Chapter End Notes

*Give me some Hyuken smut prompts, either here or on Tumblr or where ever you’d like. I need inspiration <3

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forgive my weird and sporadic update schedule.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Jaehwan, what do you like to be called?” Sanghyuk asked, stepping into a pair of dark wash jeans his maker had conjured for him. He zipped up his fly, watching the elder button a navy-blue collared shirt, adding, “I call you Jaehwan in my head, or my maker, but would you prefer I use your title? Like Your Grace?”

Jaehwan turned to him, hands frozen in the act of slipping the penultimate button through its loop. His face was utterly expressionless, not a crease in his brow or crinkle around his eyes. “You call me Maker? You want to call me Your Grace?” he asked, voice flat and toneless.

“Is that wrong? I’m sorry I don’t know what else to- you’re so important I just thought you might prefer your title or something.”

Sanghyuk felt uncomfortable. He wasn’t used to feeling uncomfortable or ashamed, like he had done something bad or offended someone. But his maker was simply staring at him, not moving a muscle.

“You may call me whatever you like. Would you prefer that I address you formally as well, Your Grace?” Jaehwan asked, still in that empty voice. Oh, right, the younger was a duke of hell now to, part of Jaehwan’s family. He really didn’t like that name. “No, no. I was just asking since we never really discussed it.”

“Well you may call me whatever you wish. I think you’ll find that only hellspawn and one of your brothers address me by that title, but if it provides you with a comforting degree of separation between us then go ahead.”

Sanghyuk ran a finger under his collar, the band of leather suddenly feeling too tight around his neck. He watched his maker finish closing his shirt and then loop a slate grey silk tie around his throat, fastening it with a simple knot. “Put on your sweater, we shouldn’t keep his highness waiting.”
The young demon shook himself, dragging his eyes away from the elder and pulling a black cashmere sweater on over his head. It was soft, hugging the curves of his body but not uncomfortably constricting. “Good, shall we?”

Jaehwan held out his hand and Sanghyuk took it, unsure of what he had said that was wrong. He felt off balance.

The two exited Jaehwan’s bedroom and made their way down the hallway with purple carpet until they reached the kitchen. “There you are, it took ages,” that same unknown voice hissed from a darkened corner of the room. It didn’t feel like a threatening presence, but the surprise caused the young demon to yank Jaehwan back against him all the same. The elder laughed quietly, resting a hand on the youngers forearm.

“I didn’t expect for you to be here, darling. You don’t come see me- come home very often.”

“What’s it been, three hundred years?”

“Almost to the day.”

Jaehwan freed himself from the youngers grip, stepping into the shadows and put a hand on the shoulder of a looming figure. “It really has been too long, Your Grace. You look good,” the stranger hissed.

“Is there any point asking you not to call me that?” Jaehwan inquired, pressing a kiss to the stranger’s cheek before pulling them into the artificial light.

“Not really, it’s never worked before,” the boy replied, eyes locking on Sanghyuk. Those eyes were startling, the same cobalt as Jaehwan and Hongbin, but when the boy blinked, his pupils became slits like a snake. He blinked again and they were normal. Weird.

Sanghyuk’s brother was roughly the same height as their maker, built broad and strong like Hongbin, legs almost as long as Sanghyuk’s own, but with hair like dark chocolate that floated around his high cheekbones in straight wisps. His facial symmetry was damn near perfect, lips thick and rose petal pink, gleaming white teeth pointy and K-9’s abnormally sharp. He was beautiful, definitely striking to look at like the young demon’s other sibling, but something about him seemed... off.
“Taehyung-ah, this is Sanghyuk. He’s your new brother,” Jaehwan said, voice soft as though he were trying to calm a startled animal.

“Sanghyuk,” the newcomer said, drawing out the ‘s’ much longer than he needed too, “It’s a pleasure to meet you. My name is Taehyung, Duke of Hell, but everyone calls me the Prince of Chaos.”

“To what do I owe the good fortune of having you home?” Jaehwan asked, cutting in before Sanghyuk had a chance to speak. Not that the young demon actually wanted too. “I am not staying long, there is a democratically elected government in The Middle East that isn’t going to overthrow itself. A revolution. That shit is like catnip to me. I just need to breathe your air every now and then, recharge my mojo if you catch my meaning.”

“Of course, darling. I’ll come see you after we speak to his highness,” Jaehwan replied, patting the newcomer’s cheek. “What is the matter with his eyes?” Taehyung asked, staring at Sanghyuk and blinking again so his pupils became slits. As if he were one to talk.

“We’re trying to find out, but go visit Hongbin and Seokjin while you wait, they both miss you terribly,” Jaehwan murmured, fussing over the other boy and fixing hairs that had floated out of place.

Taehyung snickered. “If you please, Your Grace, I would rather fall into the infinite blackness of the void than speak to the freak or the terror.”

“Don’t call them that. You just can’t make things easy for yourself, can you?” their maker murmured, smacking the side of the boy’s arm before stepping back and screaming at the top of his lungs.

Sanghyuk jumped, instantly moving to his makers side and lifting him off his feet. Taehyung was right there too, a low hiss escaping from his bared teeth where he crouched in front of the young demon, scanning the room for unseen threats.

Just like that, the blur that was Hongbin breezed into the kitchen, followed a moment later by a pink haired boy Sanghyuk had never met.

“Crazy!? You’re home, holy shit!” Hongbin exclaimed, a huge smile breaking across his face as he
charged at the hissing boy. “You’ll pay for this later, Your Grace. That was a cheap move,” Taehyung whispered, voice still carrying well enough as he grudgingly accepted their brothers’ hugs.

“I’m counting on it,” Jaehwan replied with a wink, bouncing a little on the balls of his feet when Sanghyuk set him back down. “Come now, we have to go see Taekwoonie,” he said, pulling Sanghyuk towards the kitchen door.

“It was nice to meet you, little brother,” Taehyung called after them, sounding a bit sarcastic if the young demon wasn’t reading him wrong. “Little brother? What little brother?!” a very loud voice shouted, probably from the boy Sanghyuk didn’t know, but they were already back in the hallway.

“So that’s Taehyung,” Jaehwan said, leading the young demon through a maze of rooms to the exit. “Which one is he? Is he the terror? And what’s his... deal?”

“No,” his maker breathed, a quiet, humorless laugh sighing from him in a rush. “My Bound affectionately refer to one another as ‘terror’, ‘freak’, and ‘crazy’. I do not tolerate these nicknames, but you may as well know because they ignore everything I say. Seokjin is the terror, Hongbin is the freak, and Taehyung is Crazy... with a capital C. You haven’t met Seokjin yet, he is the one with pink hair, but I thought introducing them one at a time would be less overwhelming.”

They were silent for a few moments, the young demon falling into step a pace behind Jaehwan as they left his apartments and made their way down the main corridor. “His deal, as you so eloquently put it, is that he is uncomfortably evil. What your lot upstairs say about demons, about the warmongering and hate fueling and violence, he is the most like that out of everyone in the family. Other than Heeyeon of course, but she isn’t here to compete with him any longer.”

“I am unsure what the heavenly registry refers to him as. He isn’t well represented in that Judeo-Christian bullshit they adore so much upstairs, but if you have heard of him it would be under the name Apep. The Egyptian god, Ra’s angsty little brother who ran around causing earthquakes and thunderstorms and generally fucking shit up. They got the snake part right at least. Loved the early Egyptians, by the way, knew exactly how to treat the dead. And their cats.”

Sanghyuk didn’t know much about ancient Egypt, he would have to find some books on the subject. “Why is he- I mean what happened to make him that way? The rest of you seem so normal.”

“Hard to say. He is my first Bound, as old as I am, well a year younger but what is a year when compared to six thousand? That much time can do strange things to one’s mind, it’s true, but he was evil from the get-go. His special ability is animal transformation, specifically a snake. He lured that bitch to the tree of knowledge as revenge for slighting me. Served her right.”
Sanghyuk blinked. That would explain the hissing and the weird pupils, he guessed, but it didn’t make him feel any more comfortable with his new brother. “I thought Hongbin was the oldest.”

“No,” Jaehwan replied, a fond smile crossing his face for the barest of seconds. “He was the youngest, my little baby trickster. Why do you think he was so excited to finally have a little brother?”

“I didn’t actually give it much thought, if I’m honest.”

“Well, Your Grace, no need to think of it now.”

“Stop,” Sanghyuk said abruptly, following his own instructions and coming to a dead stop in the middle of the dim corridor. Jaehwan halted as well, looking over his shoulder at the young demon with a bemused expression on his beautiful face.

“I don’t like when you use my title,” he said, catching the elder’s hand and spinning him around so they were facing each other. “I don’t actually like having a title at all. And I don’t like being formal with you. It makes me feel apart and I already feel like enough of an outsider, what with being a defective demon and everything. I like when you call me pet.”

“Then neither of us shall address the other that way, since we both understand the feeling of alienation that sort of formality inspires,” Jaehwan replied, going on tiptoe to press a quick kiss to the younger’s lips before continuing down the hall. “Who ever says I’m bad at parenting is wrong.”

Sanghyuk stared after him, taking a moment to comprehend the mind trick he had just fallen for. “Wait, what?”

He unglued his feet from the floor and jogged to catch up with the elder, but the only answer he got was a very self-satisfied smirk.

“Okay, I get it, I won’t be formal with you, but why do you let crazy snake guy do so?”

“That’s none of your concern, pet,” Jaehwan replied airily, slipping an arm around the younger’s waist as they reached the end of the hall.
The black-eyed guards in front of the antichrist’s chambers opened the red double doors, allowing a smug Jaehwan and bewildered Sanghyuk to enter. “What took you so long? I sent a messenger to have Hongbin wake you up!”

“Your messenger found the wrong person. The other one is home,” Jaehwan said, approaching the middle of the wide room where Taekwoon sat surrounded by what was probably a thousand books. Sanghyuk dropped an arm over his maker’s shoulders and nuzzled his black hair. He suddenly felt nervous, what had Taekwoon found? He realized that he almost preferred not knowing. Knowing would make it final.

The false prince blinked up at them, taken aback. “Why? That’s never good.”

“What he does and why he does it is none of your concern.”

“It kind of is, actually, as he is one of my subjects and not above the laws of-“

“Did you discover anything useful or did you just call us here to chat?” Jaehwan interrupted. Taekwoon narrowed his eyes, one of the hellhounds at his side growling quietly, but the false prince let the rudeness slide without comment.

“Your new child is not a demon.”

“Excuse me?” Jaehwan asked, his entire body going stiff.

Sanghyuk’s breath caught in his throat, lungs refusing to either inhale or exhale. He couldn’t move, couldn’t blink, couldn’t speak. Frozen.

“At least, I do not think he’s a demon.”

“What the fuck do you mean he’s not a demon?! He is bound to me; I can feel it and so can the others!”
“Shut your mouth and listen for a second,” Taekwoon snapped, closing the book that had been open on his lap with an echoing crack. “I have narrowed it down to three possible things. He is either a Jinn, a Nephilim, or some kind of mutated human.”

“But I was an angel! I lived in heaven I trained with other angels Hakyeon tutored me personally I was an angel, not a human or another creature! Heaven wouldn’t have allowed me to continue training if I wasn’t an angel! I was a good angel and I was learning, and they even gave me jobs to do! I have to be a demon now because that’s what corrupted angels become and I was an angel—“

Sanghyuk’s frantic babbling was cut short when Jaehwan’s nimble fingers came up to press against his chest. “Shh, pet, everything is alright,” he murmured, letting the younger back hug him. Sanghyuk hid his face against Jaehwan’s neck, his heart racing with panic. If he wasn’t a demon, they would throw him out, leave him alone on earth and he wouldn’t get to stay with Jaehwan. He couldn’t not be with Jaehwan, being without Jaehwan was unthinkable. His maker disowning him, having no family, just himself.

“The bond wouldn’t have worked if he wasn’t one of us. For that matter, my collar wouldn’t be helping him if he wasn’t one of us. There are thousands of different types of demons, you must not have looked hard enough,” Jaehwan said, voice resolute even though he was still tense.

“I have looked, and I will keep looking, but no demon in our records has ever matched what you described,” Taekwoon replied, squeezing his eyes shut for a moment and sighing. “I could ask my father.”

“No!” Jaehwan squeaked, his voice at least two octaves higher than it was normally. “Don’t disturb him, there is no need to- it’s not necessary.”

Jaehwan was scared. Sanghyuk could feel it, smell his fear like acrid smoke. Why wouldn’t he be scared? Lucifer was the most terrifying person Sanghyuk could think of, other than Hakyeon when he was in a rage.

“Alright, I won’t. There is one other thing, but it doesn’t make sense.”

“What, tell me what it is,” Jaehwan snapped, patience clearly worn thin from anxiety and fear. Sanghyuk hugged his maker tighter, feeling the elder’s hands settle atop his own.

Taekwoon hesitated, looking down at a small book bound in cerulean leather that was sitting beside
his knee. It had gold lettering along the spine in a language Sanghyuk couldn’t read, a black ribbon peeking out from the jagged edged pages.

“There was a prophecy. One of those pesky oracles in Rome some time ago. She and she alone saw it, spoke of it to no one, but wrote it down and kept it hidden,” he said slowly, measuring each word.

“She wrote about a child of both heaven and hell, light and dark. Born of angels and raised by demons. Lux De Caligo. That’s what she named the child.”

“Light from the mist,” Jaehwan whispered, standing stock still. Sanghyuk couldn’t see his face, but the set of his jaw was telling enough. “Yes, exactly. She described several different outcomes of the child’s actions, but specified that everything would depend on their choices, the path they followed. Whether they embraced darkness or light. The only thing she was certain of is that the child would change the world.”

All three were silent for a moment, the only noise coming from one of the hellhounds as it chased the grey kitten around the room. “That’s not me, I’m not special,” Sanghyuk said, his voice shaky and muffled against Jaehwan’s skin. “I’m just a normal demon, I have to be.”

“You are pet, you’re perfect. There are lots of other options, no need to listen to silly human prophecies. We will keep looking,” his maker replied, trying to be reassuring but not quite pulling it off.

“Jaehwan...”

“No. We will keep looking. There is a rational explanation that doesn’t involve the ramblings of a mad woman,” Jaehwan snapped, turning in Sanghyuk’s arms so his back was to the false prince. “Even if someone like him hasn’t been classified before, there is a first for everything. He could just be a new type of demon.”

Looking over his makers shoulder, Sanghyuk could see that Taekwoon wasn’t convinced.

“Now, I must go attend to my eldest child. Thank you for checking, your highness,” Jaehwan said, voice sharp and leaving no room for either argument or opposition.

He wrapped his arm back around Sanghyuk’s waist and guided the young demon to the door, not
pausing to turning around before they left.

Sanghyuk felt himself shaking, his nerves on high alert, mind racing with panicked thoughts. He was a demon. He felt like a demon, could feel that rage still bubbling beneath his skin, righteous anger he had never possessed as an angel. And he had been an angel, a completely ordinary one. There was nothing special or remarkable about him at all. He could stay here, Jaehwan would keep him. He would.

They rounded a corner into a section of hallway that was free of hellspawn and Jaehwan came to a stop. He released the younger and leaned against the wall, forehead resting on his crossed arms. “Jaehwan,” Sanghyuk ventured, unsure of how exactly to apologize for this. Apologize for himself.

“I’m sorry, pet, I just need a moment,” his maker replied quietly, breathing deeply so the younger could see the slow rise and fall of his narrow shoulders. He felt wretched, knowing he was the cause of Jaehwan’s stress. He wanted so badly to be normal, to be exactly what his maker wanted him to be.

“I wanted to be the good sibling, but that doesn’t seem like it’s going to be the case now,” the young demon said quietly, palm of one hand lying flat across his maker’s spine. He could feel Jaehwan trembling with weariness.

“You what?”

Sanghyuk swallowed hard. “When I met Hongbin and heard about the others, I decided that I wanted to be the good one, the easiest to handle. You know, like how in stories human families always have one good child in them. I wanted to be the good one.”

Jaehwan lowered his arms and slowly turned to stare at the young demon in confusion. “You wanted to be the good one?”

“Well, yeah, I guess. I wanted you to be proud of me.” Sanghyuk began to fidget, plucking at his sweater and tapping his foot. Jaehwan’s cobalt gaze felt too intense on him.

“I,” his maker replied, and then paused. “Thank you for being so considerate, pet, but don’t you want to be troublesome?”
“No, I just want you to be proud of me, that’s all,” Sanghyuk replied, realizing belatedly that a demon would probably be proud of him for being evil, not for being good. *Shit*, he was bad at this.

Jaehwan blinked several times, before his gaze softened a little and he held his arms open. Sanghyuk slid between them instantly, reassured by the contact if nothing else. “I will be proud of you no matter what you do, pet, you’re my Bound,” he said, stroking the back of the young demon’s hair and pressing a kiss to his temple.

Sanghyuk felt, if possible, more off balance now than he had earlier. His insides boiling, stomach queasy, breath shaky, limbs twitchy. He had too much energy, too much insecurity, and a sense of inadequacy so vast it covered his mind like a blanket, smothering anything and everything else. His skin crawled, prickling unpleasantly and was only soothed by the brush of his maker’s fingertips. He was strung tight as a bow string just waiting to be drawn.

“You know, pet, even if you are the child of that prophesy, it wouldn’t matter to me. We would still be bound, you and your brothers would still be bound, you would still be part of our-“

A pair of feet rounded the corner, footsteps loud and echoing in the dim hallway. Sanghyuk spun in place, glaring furiously at the large hellspawn male that *dared* to interrupt his maker’s words. The demon didn’t *back away* fast enough, didn’t *get out of his space* fast enough, all the anxiety roiling inside Sanghyuk reaching a fever pitch. He *snapped*.

The collar around his neck burned white hot but it did nothing to stop the snarl pushing past his barred teeth as he leapt at the creature. He felt his wings spring free, unfurling from his back and fingers elongating into talons, clawing at the demon now pinned underneath him with unrestrained savagery. Flesh tore, ripping as easily as thin cloth, black blood oozing and spurting over his skin as the creature screamed in terror and agony.

Sanghyuk had gone fuzzy, vision blurry, empty of everything but the need to demolish this thing, destroy it utterly so it was beyond repair. He couldn’t even see what he was doing, not really, not with his eyes. In his mind, a vision bloomed, this hellspawn bursting into ice blue fire, crumbling to ash. He wanted that; he wanted this creature to become *nothing*. To *make it nothing*.

Flames exploded to life around him as the ground cracked, but they didn’t burn. Merely a pleasant tickling against his skin, warm but not hot. Unfortunately for the hellspawn, the blue fire didn’t have the same effect. Its screeches cut of instantly, flesh charring black and then disintegrating into fine powder until the flames extinguished and Sanghyuk was left sitting in a pile of grey dust.

His wings flapped once, twice, and then vanished, the young demon breathing hard as though he had
just run a marathon. He looked down at himself, seeing that his skin and clothes were stained with ichor the color of tar, watching his hands reshape themselves back to normal fingers. The collar still burned at his throat, apparently unhappy with his sudden display of uncontrolled violence and attempting to punish him for it.

“Pet…”

Sanghyuk froze, belatedly remembering that Jaehwan was standing right behind him. He turned his face back to look at his maker, chest still heaving after the physical exertion. “He interrupted you,” the young demon said, by way of an explanation. It probably wasn’t good enough, but it was the only explanation he could give.

“Well, yes,” Jaehwan replied, blinking down at the younger in a mixture of shock and something else. Something like admiration. His maker snapped his fingers, the ash and ichor disappearing, leaving no trace of the fact that Sanghyuk had just murdered someone in this hallway. “How did you do that; the fire, I mean?”

“I don’t know. I saw it in my head and then it just… happened. I wanted it to happen.”

“Fascinating.”

Jaehwan stepped lightly to him, closing the small distance and holding his hand out palm up for the young demon to take. He did, winding his fingers through those of his maker, getting to his feet and straightening his clothes with the other hand. Sanghyuk felt immeasurably better. He had just done something very demonic indeed, as if to prove to himself that he was what he thought he was. It reassured him, knowing that he had a brutal instinct buried deep in his unconscious. It made sense. He smiled.

“Did you enjoy yourself, pet?” Jaehwan asked, voice low and a ghost of a smirk on his lips as he wound his free arm around the younger’s neck, speaking the question against the shell of Sanghyuk’s ear.

“Immensely.”

“Good. Now, as I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted,” the elder purred, sighing in pleasure as the younger’s hand pressed possessively against the small of his back. “No matter what you are, you will always be bound to our family, bound to me. You will always be mine.”
Chapter End Notes

If you're wondering WHY I chose Taehyung to be the crazy brother, This was my inspiration

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3

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“So, you killed your first hellspawn, huh?” Hongbin asked, leading the young demon through the labyrinth that was Jaehwan’s apartments. “Yeah. It was… satisfying.”

Their maker had left the youngest in Hongbin’s care with instructions for the moody demon to help Sanghyuk pick a bedroom, while he himself had retreated somewhere private with their oldest brother to ‘recharge his mojo’, whatever that meant. It was the first time Sanghyuk had been without Jaehwan’s comforting presence, quite used to having him within arm’s reach, and he could feel the lack of their maker like a physical ache in his bones.

The two brothers had been traipsing up corridors and down staircases, poking their heads into rooms of varying shapes and sizes. So far, each had either been so plain it reminded the young demon too much of heaven, or so gaudy that it made the elder of the pair mock gag in disgust. Despite claiming to hate physical affection of any kind, Hongbin had Sanghyuk’s hand firmly clasped in his own, reassuring, but leaving the fact that he understood how the younger felt unspoken. Sanghyuk was grateful for it.

“You’re still doing better than I did when I was corrupted. One is better than fourteen. But hellspawn are disposable trash so you don’t need to worry about the law against killing your own kind, that only applies to demons like us. Sometimes I think the void keeps spitting the hellspawn out simply for our entertainment.”

Sanghyuk glanced at his brother, the shorter slinking at his side with a vicious smile on his handsome face. Slinking, the youngest had figured out, was Hongbin’s default way to move when he wasn’t running around at breakneck speed. “I guess it could be, their only real purpose is to serve the fallen, serve us, I mean.”

“It takes some getting used too, I know. Let’s try this one.”

The two stopped in front of an oakwood door painted forest green, ornate spirals carved in it like
vines creeping up from the floor. “Sure,” Sanghyuk replied, squeezing the elder’s hand a bit as he pushed the door open.

The room inside was surprisingly pretty, eclectic, a perfect balance of simple and elegant. It had oatmeal colored walls with a high, beamed ceiling, an iron chandelier hanging down between two lengths of the light wood. There was a large bed, not as large as Jaehwan’s but large enough, creamy linins contrasting pleasantly with the headboard of quilted sage velvet. A comfy looking sofa of the same material backed up to the foot of the bed, its denim blue throw pillows matching the two armchairs that sat opposite on either side of a redbrick fireplace.

“Your whole demeanor just changed. I take it that means you like this one?” Hongbin asked, following as Sanghyuk let his socked foot sink into the fossil grey shag carpet. It squished beneath his feet, springy and soft, as the younger moved to inspect a mural of empty picture frames on the closest wall.

Sanghyuk had felt himself relax the moment he entered. He really did like this room. Could easily imagine himself curled up in that cozy looking bed, the warmth of a crackling fire soothing as he turned the pages of a good book. With Jaehwan next to him, of course. That reminder gave the younger pause.

“I really like it, yeah. But how far are we from Jaehwan’s room? And why are all of these empty?” he asked, running his brother-free hand along the edge of one rectangular metal frame.

“I assume so that you can choose your own art or photographs to display. Customize it. And we’re one floor lower and on the other side of the apartment, but trust me, you’ll be grateful for the space in a hundred years or so,” Hongbin replied, nodding appreciatively as he poked the shade of a glass bodied lamp on one of the wooden nightstands.

“I don’t know if I’ll ever want space from Jaehwan. I don’t get how you stand being away from him all the time, let alone how the snake one can go without seeing him for three hundred years. Even just this past hour has been torture.”

Hongbin sighed, not an impatient sigh, but one of understanding. “The craving fades after a while. It never goes away entirely, always there like a quiet tapping at the back of your mind, but you stop needing him. Like how human children grow up and stop being dependent on their parents. If he’s in danger though, or hurt, we can feel it. We can also always hear when he screams the way he did earlier.”

Sanghyuk was skeptical. He couldn’t imagine a scenario where he would ever purposefully distance
himself from their maker, but Hongbin was older than him and had a lot more experience being a demon, so he decided not to argue the point. “The snake guy, Taehyung, why doesn’t he live here like you do?”

“He does, his room is upstairs a few doors down from the terror’s. But he and Jaehwan had a falling out… I guess it was two thousand years ago now. He stays away for as long as he can but, in the end, the tapping in his head gets to be too much and he has to come back for at least a few hours.”

“Is that why he addresses Jaehwan by his title?” the younger asked, stepping up to the mirrored doors of a wardrobe in the corner. “Yeah. Neither of them has given me details, its ‘none of my concern’, so that’s all I know,” Hongbin said, doing air quotes with the hand Sanghyuk wasn’t holding.

“I know details, but I won’t tell you either,” the same loud voice Sanghyuk heard earlier sing-songed from the threshold.

It was the boy with carnation pink hair. Now that the younger was looking at him properly, he could see that ‘the terror’ had shoulders as broad as the false prince, was close to Jaehwan’s height if a little shorter, and had ivory skin that glowed against the bright cobalt of his eyes. He also had a wickedly charming smile that Sanghyuk instantly liked.

“Don’t be a bitch,” Hongbin snapped, glaring at the other boy with surprising ferocity. “How did you find us anyway?”

“A little birdie,” the boy hummed, eyes glinting with mischief.

“So, you followed us.”

“Naturally.”

Hongbin huffed. “You’re our new little brother then? Not so little,” the boy continued, turning to Sanghyuk and flicking his hair out of his eyes. “My name is Seokjin, Duke of Hell, Prince of Doubt. Officially known as the demon Astaroth. And you are?”

“I’m Sanghyuk, it’s nice to- oh wait, Sanghyuk, Duke of Hell. Sorry, the title is still new, but it is nice to meet you.”
The boy, Seokjin, hummed again. “Interesting room choice, but the freak is right. You will want some space later on.” The young demon watched him stroll inside, hopping up onto the middle of the bed and patting the spot beside him. Sanghyuk made to follow but was stopped by Hongbin who tugged him back by the hand.

“What do you want?” he asked, eyeing Seokjin with a suspicion Sanghyuk wasn’t sure he deserved. “Oh, you know,” the elder replied, lazily letting his head drop backwards, mouth twitching at the corners. “I needed some distance from our lord and savior. Listening to Crazy fuck his brains out gets tiering after a while.”

Sanghyuk’s mouth dropped open, gaping at the pink haired boy as Hongbin made a gagging noise. “I thought he made a vow of celibacy or some shit. Also, the fact that you eavesdrop on peoples intimate- gah- moments is revolting.” Hongbin spat, making another retching sound in the middle of the sentence. Sanghyuk quite agreed with him, if he was honest.

“Oh, he did. But having the Prince of Lust as your creator only allows for so much asceticism. What did you think they were doing?”

“Having a long, heartfelt conversation, painting their nails, and eating lots of chocolate. Or something equally sappy and gross, I don’t fucking know, but I don’t want any more details,” Hongbin replied, starting to look genuinely nauseous. Seokjin laughed, his ‘haha’ reminding the youngest of windshield wipers on a human car.

“I have incredibly good hearing, it’s my special talent.” the pink haired boy said, shifting his gaze from Hongbin to Sanghyuk. “You’re literally a fucking bat, it’s awful.”

Seokjin ignored their middle brother, his smile growing wider as he continued, “A little birdie told me that you wanna be a good boy for daddy, isn’t that right?” Sanghyuk choked on the breath he had just taken, feeling himself blush to the roots of his fair hair. “I wish you luck with that, but a word of advice, our lord and savior likes bad boys.”

“You really are the most unpleasant individual I’ve ever had the misfortune to meet,” Hongbin snapped, squeezing Sanghyuk’s hand harder, but the eldest continued to ignore him. “It definitely sounded like you were enjoying yourself last night, though. And this morning.”

“What- don’t talk about that! It’s private!” Sanghyuk exclaimed, his voice a little higher than normal in his embarrassment. The young demon was completely mortified that his brother had heard them.
He wanted to melt through the floor and hide in the darkest corner of the void. “So adventurous, but I don’t think Jaehwan enjoyed it quite as much as you. He sounded like he was faking.”

“Don’t listen to him, he literally just told you that doubt is his thing. I’m sure your… prowess- ick- is perfectly fine,” Hongbin interrupted, cringing at his own word choice and closing his eyes. Seokjin shrugged, crossing his legs at the ankle and running a hand through his pink hair. “If you really want him to feel it, maybe you should try harder.”

“Will you get out and leave Sanghyuk and I alone?” Hongbin asked, a note of pleading in his deep voice, as if this conversation couldn’t end fast enough for him. Sanghyuk agreed with that too. “Why don’t you get out, and I can give the little one some pointers?”

“Pointers on what?”

Jaehwan materialized on the threshold, swathed in a long black robe embroidered with silk flowers and wearing what appeared to be pajamas underneath. Sanghyuk had never seen a more welcome sight in his entire life. He released his brother’s hand and flitted to their maker’s side, picking him up and spinning him around before Jaehwan even made it fully into the room.

“Pointers on how he can be the best demon possible so he can make you happy,” Seokjin replied, voice pure sugar and smile so sweet it was almost nauseating. “Aww, aren’t you precious! Such a good big brother,” Jaehwan replied, making a kissy face at the pink haired boy and receiving an identical one in return.

He hadn’t allowed it, hadn’t accepted the elder’s words, but the young demon felt it now. Now that he was touching Jaehwan again after what felt like an eternity. Doubt. Just a tiny seed of doubt planted in the furthest depths of his mind. Slowly but surely taking root. Had Jaehwan been faking those beautiful sounds? Was the way his back arched and the raggedness of his breathing simply artifice? Were the words of praise he had spoken nothing more than a lie to make Sanghyuk feel good about himself?

The young demon didn’t think so, it felt real, sounded real, and he didn’t think people were actually capable of speeding up the beat of their heart. It was there, though, so small it seemed inconsequential. Just the faintest blip on Sanghyuk’s radar, a soft nagging voice that taunted ‘not good enough’. He would discuss it with his maker later, in what privacy they had with a brother equipped with supersonic hearing. He tried not to picture how embarrassing that conversation would be.

“Seokjin is being vulgar and awful, and he’s fucking with Sanghyuk’s head. Can you make him
“leave?” Hongbin asked, the pleading note more obvious now.

“Am not!”

“Are too!”

“Both of you, stop bickering! Why can’t any of you be in the same room for two minutes without going at each other like rabid dogs?” Jaehwan sighed wearily, folding himself into the youngest’s embrace and chuckling at Sanghyuk’s whispered ‘I missed you’ and ‘don’t leave me again, it’s too hard to deal with right now’.

Seokjin slid off the bed, pinching Sanghyuk’s cheek as he waltzed passed. “It was nice to meet you little one, and if you ever need dirt on anyone, just come find me.”

“Where are you going? I thought we could all have family dinner!” Jaehwan asked, turning in Sanghyuk’s arms so he could watch the pink haired boy walk away. “No can do. Crazy and I have a dinner date on the surface, we can do family stuff another time.”

Jaehwan made a noise like ‘huh’, surprise plain on his beautiful face. “Really? But he said he needed to go…”

Seokjin looked over his shoulder, that wicked grin returning as he winked. “He did need to go, so he wouldn’t be late. It’s not my fault he likes me better than you,” he called, waving goodbye as he rounded the corner and disappeared from view.

“Huh,” Jaehwan repeated, eyes thoughtful and unfocused as he absently fiddled with the cuff of Sanghyuk’s sweater, leaning his head back against the younger’s chest. “Fucking snap out of it, both of you!” Hongbin exclaimed, smacking the side of Sanghyuk’s and their maker’s heads. “How is it so easy for him to mess with you?! You’re fine at whatever it is you’re doing that I don’t want to know about, and Jaehwan, Crazy hates him more than I do, which is saying something!”

“No respect, I may as well be a baby sitter,” Jaehwan said in a tone of disbelief, staring at the hand Hongbin had just hit him with. “Sorry not sorry. Anyway, Sanghyuk chose this for his bedroom.”

Their maker peered around, only now noticing exactly where he was. “Mm, a good choice, pet. It suits you,” he replied, a fond smile crossing his face as he looked up at the young demon. “What are
you going to frame? And you need to fill up that bookshelf.”

“I don’t know. You have a good library from what I saw, and I never owned any art in heaven. Creative expression was frowned upon.”

Jaehwan looked like he was about to spit on the floor but thought better of it. “Upstairs is so horrid. We’ll get you some nice art, pet, anything you’d like. And lucky for you, Hongbin-ah is a very talented photographer so he can take pictures for you. Isn’t that right, sweetling?”

“Yes, but please don’t start calling me that again,” Hongbin replied, smacking his lips like he had just tasted something bitter. “Anything I’d like?” Sanghyuk asked, only half hearing his brother’s words. His maker’s smile was too enchanting to be able to focus on much else.

“Of course.”

Another game.


Jaehwan arched a brow, understanding that Sanghyuk was testing how true his words were, understanding the request for the challenge it was.

He snapped his fingers, stepping aside as something small, rectangular, and a rather unappealing blend of green and brown thumped onto the carpet in front of him. Sanghyuk made a squeaking noise he hadn’t thought his vocal cords capable of producing, crouching down and reaching for the woman’s portrait, but pulling away at the last second. Skin oil was bad for art, he had read that somewhere. He wouldn’t be personally responsible for ruining the Mona Lisa!

“Put it back! Fuck, Jaehwan, put it back!” he pleaded, flapping his hands frantically as he stared up at his maker. Jaehwan was smirking, inspecting a nail that obviously had no dirt under it. “You asked, and I provided. Why are you getting so worked up?”

“You probably should put it back, you know how touchy the humans are about having their treasures stolen,” Hongbin interjected, kneeling at the young demon’s side so he could get a better look at the priceless piece of artwork. “If it will save my youngest from a heart attack, then fine.”
Jaehwan snapped his fingers again, the painting vanishing into thin air the same way it had come. Sanghyuk let out a shaky breath of relief. “Take that as a lesson, pet. I’m a very competitive interdimensional being, and I always play to win.”

+++ 

Dinner wasn’t necessary, but Sanghyuk, Hongbin, and Jaehwan were having it all the same.

Being creatures born from the grace of heaven’s light (no matter how far they had fallen since), food was something their bodies simply did not require. It was a guilty pleasure. Yet another reason why the young demon had been surprised by the proposal of lunch yesterday with the antichrist. Angels did not partake in such mundane things as eating, considering the enjoyment of food to be a sin of the flesh.

Sanghyuk had seen other people eat though, humans that he observed on field trips with Hakyeon or his class. And he had read about eating in numerous books. He’d always wanted to try it, but never allowed himself to contemplate a desire that would be so against heaven’s wishes. Until he fell.

“This is so fucking delicious,” Jaehwan said around a mouthful of mac n’ cheese, his moan proceeding the sentence bordering on obscene. Hongbin scoffed at their maker from his seat opposite the young demon, stabbing a piece of lettuce with his fork as he looked down at his rather fancy salad in admiration.

His brother, it transpired, was not allowed within ten feet of the kitchen (“I will not have you burn down my apartment again!” Jaehwan had exclaimed, forcefully dragging his second youngest child from the room before the meal preparation even began) for safety reasons, and due to his inexperience with cooking, Sanghyuk wasn’t allowed in either. Their maker was a fine chef, or so he claimed. Not a gourmet, but passible enough to feed himself. However, he preferred to leave such laborious tasks to the swarm of hellspawn created for no other reason than to serve him.

Sanghyuk took a bite of his crepe, warm and fluffy and oh so decadent. Strawberry, sweet whipped cream, just the slightest hint of chocolate syrup. It was the young demon imagined love would taste like.

They had been discussing how to decorate Sanghyuk’s bedroom, the younger very wisely making no more bold claims of desire towards priceless human relics. What he had asked for was a photograph of himself and Jaehwan, as well as one of himself and Hongbin. And one of just
Jaehwan. While his other two siblings weren’t strictly threatening (unpleasant maybe, but not threatening), he didn’t fancy having their cobalt eyes watching him each time he entered his room.

“Now, books for that poor neglected bookshelf. What’s your taste? We have no bibles down here, I’m afraid,” Jaehwan said, picking up the thread of their earlier discussion and eating a spoonful of vanilla ice cream that was served along with his pasta. An odd choice, but who was Sanghyuk to judge?

Now it was the young demon’s turn to scoff. “I’ve read lots of things other than religious texts. Lots and lots of things, actually. The classics, obviously, biographies and romances and mysteries and the like. But I prefer stories from the golden age of science fiction. Asimov is a particular favorite, and works from the later years of the period, things by Clark or Bradbury, are just as excellent.”

Both Jaehwan and Hongbin were staring at him with their utensils frozen halfway to their mouths, identical expressions of shock on their beautiful faces. Sanghyuk blinked and then promptly felt himself blush, hastily shoveling another bite of crepe into his mouth. He had been showing off, on purpose. Arrogance was a sin. But he was allowed to sin, if not encouraged to do so. Maybe a little arrogance wouldn’t hurt.

“They let you read sci-fi upstairs?” Hongbin asked, squinting at the younger like he couldn’t quite believe what he was hearing.

“Well, yes. Not for enjoyment, mind you, as instruction on one of the many way’s humans can be led astray by false doctrine. But I’ve always been- a bit…fond of them anyway?” Sanghyuk replied, sounding more and more unsure of himself as the sentence progressed.

Jaehwan barked out a laugh, wiping his mouth on a black linin napkin as a wide smile spread across his face. “Look at that! My Bound is not an uneducated heathen like the rest of those heavenly idiots! How lucky am I?” he exclaimed happily, sliding off his chair and bending at the waist to press a kiss to Sanghyuk’s cheek.

The young demon caught his wrist, leaning into his maker’s warmth like a moth drawn to a flame. “A bit of a rebel as well, enjoying things you-know-who explicitly told him not too,” Hongbin added, grinning broadly at him across the table.

“I mean, I did kill a hellspawn earlier, I’m not a saint,” Sanghyuk replied, proud of himself and grinning right back. He turned his face up to Jaehwan’s, expecting a sharp-witted comment, but none came.
His maker had gone completely still, not even breathing, bent over and hand slack in Sanghyuk’s grip. His azure eyes had gone wide and glassy, staring at nothing, pretty mouth pressed into a thin line. “Jae?” Hongbin asked, rising from his seat.

Then, Sanghyuk felt it.

A ripple, rolling through the dining room and sending gooseflesh erupting across his skin. Something making its presence known. Something powerful, much too powerful. Someone or something that did not belong.

“No,” Jaehwan breathed, and then again, louder, “No!”

“What the fu-“

“Go to your room, now,” Jaehwan said, his tone like ice as he straightened up. “Hongbin, go with him and lock the door. The wards I placed should take effect as soon as you do.”

“What’s happening? What was that?” Sanghyuk asked, caught off guard by the sudden shift in his maker’s demeanor.

“Do as I say and go to your fucking room. Do you understand me?”

“What’s wrong?” Hongbin tried, but he instantly backed off when their maker’s glowing cobalt gaze pierced him. “Disobedient- Uhg, no time for this. I’ll take you there myself and lock you in,” Jaehwan snapped, pulling Sanghyuk up by the arm and hauling him to the exit, catching Hongbin along the way.

The two brothers exchanged worried glances as their maker dragged them down a hallway and through the library, muttering curses under his breath as they went. They reached a deep grey door that Sanghyuk vaguely remembered seeing earlier, but when they went through it, Jaehwan stopped so abruptly that the two ran into him.

“Go back, go, both of you,” Jaehwan hissed, trying to push the younger demons back into the hall without looking, his eyes fixed on a point in the middle of the room.
It turned out to be a parlor of sorts, mahogany paneled walls and couches of maroon leather, a wide wooden coffee table and a fireplace that looked very similar to the one in Sanghyuk’s bedroom. Large gilded frames hung on each wall; oil paintings of cold looking landscapes contained within them. In one corner, standing beside a tall lamp that bathed the room in a warm amber glow stood Wonshik. In uniform this time, his expression grim. And in the center, reclining on one of the couches with his legs crossed at the knee, not a hair or fold of navy fabric out of place, sat Hakyeon.

Sanghyuk felt his bones turn to glass. He would shatter as easily as a dropped coffee cup, facing his mentor in all his heavenly glory while Sanghyuk had become nothing but an embodiment of sin. He could sense Jaehwan’s anger, potent and vast and unforgiving. But underneath that, the acrid tang of fear. His maker was frightened. So was he.

“Get the fuck out of my house and get the fuck out of my realm,” Jaehwan snarled, the rigid set of his narrow shoulders expressing his rage just as eloquently as if the young demon could see his face.

Hakyeon smiled, as exquisite as any of the demons he had encountered so far. “I don’t think so,” he replied, voice that dangerous purr Sanghyuk only recalled hearing before the archangel rained down divine justice on a supremely unlucky sinner.

“Why are they here?” Hongbin whispered, but Sanghyuk couldn’t bring himself to speak. To answer his brother’s question. What he was focusing on right then was control. Controlling the strength and power inside him so the spike of his anxiety wouldn’t make it erupt outwards and demolish the room.

Jaehwan took a single step forwards, a growl rising in his throat, hands clenched into fists. The air around him had taken on that quality of nothingness, roiling black void that danced around him like a turbulent forcefield.

“I’ll leave when I have what I came for,” Hakyeon said, tilting his head to the side, gleaming golden eyes assessing the three demons before him in a single sweeping glance.

His hasty mental calculations told Sanghyuk that Jaehwan could probably take Wonshik in a fight if it came to that. And Hongbin, being a demon of war, would most likely stand in even better stead. But Hakyeon… nobody could take Hakyeon. There was no living being strong enough or old enough or smart enough to match the archangel. He certainly couldn’t, his mentor would grind him to dust before he was even able to try.

“And what might that be, exactly?”
The voice that spoke was high and cold, like the sound of snow falling atop a mountain peak. From the shadowy corner opposite the demons stepped Taekwoon, the false prince materializing in the parlor on a whisper of raven’s wings. Maybe there was one person after all.

Hakyeon turned his head slowly, eyes leaving Jaehwan for barely a second to register the presence of the antichrist.

“My husband’s new toy.”

His maker sprang forwards, diabolical dexterity making the movement appear as fast as one of Wonshik’s lightning bolts. A chord of white flame flicked from Hakyeon’s hand, cracking across Jaehwan’s face like a whip. The archangel hadn’t even flinched.

“That was unwise, you will have summoned his other children,” Taekwoon said, blood the color of molten silver dripping onto the burgundy area rug from the deep cut on Jaehwan’s cheek.

Sanghyuk saw red, his own flesh burning, a phantom pain that was twin to his makers. By the sound of Hongbin’s gasp, his brother must have felt it too. What had Hongbin said earlier? ‘If he’s in danger though, or hurt, we can feel it.’

The pressure in the room shifted as two more figures appeared from nothing behind the young demon. “Long time no see, angel. It’s been quite a while since I lured you and your harlot from Eden with the promise of sinful knowledge.” The drawn-out S’s made it clear that one of them was Taehyung, and then, “Do you honestly believe you can win against five fallen and the antichrist himself? I think you’re overestimating your abilities, sweetheart.” Seokjin.

Hakyeon remained composed where Wonshik did not, obviously more effected by the elder brothers’ words. Electricity had begun to wind between his fingers, silently shifting his weight to the opposite foot. “I believe I’ll be just fine. Now show me the child.”

It was nigh on impossible for Sanghyuk to hide even if he had wanted too, being so much taller than his siblings. But he didn’t want to. Hakyeon had hurt Jaehwan. His mentor had injured his maker without a second’s hesitation. Controlling himself was becoming more and more difficult, the collar hot around his neck as Sanghyuk stepped further into the room.

Jaehwan turned to him, a fast, jerky motion. Silver ichor dribbled slowly from the scarlet lash on his
right cheek, eyes wide with fear as he hissed at the young demon to “Get back.”

“Try anything else, Jaehwan, and I will bind you to the floor and seal your mouth shut. Do not test me,” Hakyeon purred, finally standing up and smoothing nonexistent wrinkles the front of his robes.

“You will refrain from threatening my subjects, angel. You are in my territory and came here of your own free will, and so are subject to our laws. Heaven cannot protect you down here,” Taekwoon said, voice unnaturally calm. Sanghyuk felt hands on him, restraining him, but he continued forwards until they fell away.

Anger, Hakyeon always said, made people stupid. It made them act rashly and without thought for the consequences. Sanghyuk had learned that lesson now from personal experience, but it wasn’t an emotion he was capable of suppressing any longer. Anger might make him stupid, but it also made him brave.

Sanghyuk reached the spot just behind his maker, curling and arm protectively around Jaehwan’s waist as he inspected the wound. If it had been inflicted by a blade or mortal weapon, it would already have begun to heal. But heavenly fire was different. The cut may never heal. A scar on Jaehwan’s face he hadn’t earned in a fair fight was something Sanghyuk would not allow.

Just like it did earlier in the hallway, a vision bloomed in the young demon’s mind. The torn flesh of his maker’s cheek knitting itself back together, leaving his supple skin clean and unmarred. He blinked, looking down at his maker in mild surprise to see his wish already being carried out. He smiled.

“Why did you invade the privacy of Jaehwan’s home? What could be so important that you would risk doing something so reckless?” Sanghyuk asked, turning his face in the archangel’s direction.

“He wants to take you he wants to hurt you to kill you just like he did with the others Sanghyuk run!”

Jaehwan’s panicked whispers were floating in through the young demon’s ear, weaving themselves seductively around his mind, calling for him to comply, but he did his best to ignore them. His maker’s hands were flat on his abdomen, trying to push him towards the door, make him back away from the clear and present danger standing before them, but Sanghyuk ignored that too. If Hakyeon was here to see him, then let him see.
“Yeah, why did you do something so reckless? Stupid, in my opinion,” Seokjin sing-songed from behind them. The young demon could feel his brothers fanning out against the wall, a defensive formation of sorts.

“To see you, child. I’ve heard there’s something wrong with you.”

“There’s nothing wrong with him, you evil, twisted, son of a-“

Jaehwan’s snarling was cut short, Hakyeon’s fire whipping out once more. This time, however, Sanghyuk was ready for it. He caught the chord of flame with one hand before it could touch his maker, feeling it wrap around his palm, but nothing happened. No burning sensation, no slicing of skin, no sizzling. It shouldn’t have been possible, Sanghyuk’s fingers should have been cut clean from his hand. But the young demon wanted to be able to catch it, saw it in his mind’s eye. And so, he could.

He yanked, the end of the cord slipping from Hakyeon’s grip, slackened in shock. He wound it slowly, taking extra care not to accidentally let it touch one of the demon’s surrounding him, and then let it fall to the ground a few feet away.

“A neat trick, but you are only confirming my suspicions,” the archangel said, regaining his composure and managing to look down his nose at the young demon, despite being nearly a head shorter. “What suspicions are those?” Taekwoon asked, still sounding frighteningly calm.

“He is unnatural, even for one of you, and he must be disposed of.”

Hongbin appeared directly behind Hakyeon for a split second. His body was not quite opaque, and Sanghyuk thought he had imagined it until he saw his brother blink into existence in front of Wonshik, and then at Taekwoon’s side. And then two Hongbin’s were each standing in a different spot. Deception.

Hakyeon must have noticed his brother’s illusion, because he snapped, “You have only been allowed to live this long by my good grace and the grace of the almighty, Jaehwan, keep your children in line.”

“Stay still sweetling, stay with your brothers,” Jaehwan murmured, and the two Hongbin’s vanished into a cloud of mist. He was back behind Sanghyuk now, the young demon could feel him there, whole.
Without any warning, all the glass in the room exploded. Wonshik fizzled ominously, both angels shielding their faces. Sanghyuk took the opportunity provided to scoop his maker into his arms and flit back to the safety of the wall. His brothers closed in around them, as Jaehwan said with obvious panic, “Taehyung, darling, that’s enough!” Chaos.

The room felt silent once more, the only noise made by the crunching of glass under Hakyeon’s feet. “This isn’t even a fraction of what we’re capable of. I don’t think you’re strong enough to take us all, do you angel? Do you really?” Seokjin asked, tone of mocking condescension. Doubt.

“Hold your sinful tongue unless you want me to cut it out of your mouth, hellspawn filth,” the archangel said, commanding, but his golden gaze was fixed unblinkingly on the youngest.

Deception, chaos, doubt. All his siblings had something. They were all extremely powerful and useful, while he didn’t have anything. He was an unknown. He could be of no help in a situation like this.

“The child will be taken to the in-between and held for observation until we determine exactly what went wrong with him, so flaws like this can be avoided in the future,” Hakyeon continued, coming to stand only a few paces away, Wonshik flanking him as he did so.

Taekwoon cleared his throat. “He will not. The child is under my protection and doing so would be an act of war.”

“Then I will take Jaehwan. There are plenty of crimes to his name and it is my right under the law to punish him for them. If the child does not want to be separated from his creator, he may come along.”

Glittering gold cuffs appeared around Jaehwan’s slim wrists. A soft whimper of pain escaped him as Seokjin asked, “Taking him won’t just bring Sanghyuk, it will bring all of us. Do you really want four demons running around heaven and messing shit up? That sounds like an unmanageable ruckus, don’t you think? It would be so much easier, simpler just to leave us alone, right?”

Sanghyuk felt himself bristle. The collar around his neck began to burn more insistently, his temper flaring as he looked down at the steam rolling off the enchanted metal binding his maker’s hands together. “Show them your strength, show them our family isn’t so easily leashed.” A whisper in the young demon’s ear, nothing more than a hiss of breath from somewhere to his left.
“Fine, take me, lock me up, whatever you want, but leave my Bound alone. Sanghyuk has done nothing wrong, you can’t hurt him,” Jaehwan said, a note of begging in his tone that the young demon hadn’t thought possible. His maker was trying to protect him, sacrificing himself. It would not happen.

“As you wish,” Hakyeon replied, crooking a finger. If Sanghyuk hadn’t been holding onto his maker so tightly, Jaehwan would have been yanked to the archangel’s side by an invisible tether. “No.”

“Pet, it’s okay, you’re okay. Everything is fine.”

“No.”

“Sanghyuk, pet, let me go. Stay with your brothers.”

“No.”

“Put me down now,” Jaehwan murmured, in his softest, most reassuring voice, lifting his bound wrists so he could cup the young demon’s cheek in one hand.

“Show them who you truly are.” That whispered hiss again.

“No!”

The word left Sanghyuk in a snarl so intense it shook the floor, not addressing the whisper, but rather the angels. “Pet breathe for me, it’s alright,” Jaehwan was murmuring frantically, obviously trying to stop what he knew was coming. Imminent.

“You... will not...” Sanghyuk growled, clutching his maker tighter to his chest, collar burning so hot his skin should have been charred black. “Take. Him. Away. From. Me.”

“Sanghyuk, no!” Jaehwan exclaimed, but it was too late. Far too late. The infinite well of power within the young demon erupted. Surging up and out like a tidal wave. His miss-matched wings
unfurled, curving around to shield his brothers from harm as pandemonium began to rage.

The paintings on the walls were incinerated to nothing more than ash, rips and gashes manifesting themselves in the couches as though they had been shredded by a pack of very angry hellhounds. The mahogany panels burst into blue flame, all of them, surrounding the group of celestial beings in a ring of icy light. The wide coffee table exploded like a stick of dynamite (or twelve), sending jagged splinters flying through the air like throwing knives.

“He will not,” Sanghyuk repeated, allowing his voice to reach that shrieking pitch his maker had likened to the scream of a banshee, “Be taken from me! Ever!”

Hakyeon had one hand pressed to his ear, his flaming broadsword in the other, pearly wings spread wide and staring at the young demon in a state of horror. Lightning that was not of Sanghyuk’s making crackled through the room; the pieces of shattered glass Taehyung detonated earlier whirling around the angels like a very sharp tornado.

The floors and walls and ceilings cracked, groaning in their weakened state as the sheer force of the young demons will began pulling them apart, molecule by molecule. Atom by atom.

Jaehwan had gone quiet in his arms, no longer trying to convince Sanghyuk to calm down, to stop, to think about what he was doing. It was too late to back down now. The young demon would show Hakyeon. Show his mentor exactly what kind of diabolical forces he was picking a fight with.

Sanghyuk saw it all in his mind’s eye, the destruction, desolation, the terror in his mentors’ golden eyes. In his vision, flames of void like those that surrounded his maker whooshed from him like a sigh. What he saw came to pass, as he opened his mouth and screamed, roiling blackness passed through his lips. Mist of the abyss itself swallowing everything it touched as it billowed toward the two angels.

A word came to Sanghyuk then. A word that encapsulated what his power was. What he was. It wasn’t deception or chaos or doubt like his siblings. Nor was it lust like his maker. What Sanghyuk thought became truth. What his mind conjured, no matter how impossible, became reality. His imagination was his strength, he knew then, his creativity, his vision, his dreams.

Fantasy.

Sanghyuk saw the word clear as the sun on a summer day. It swum before his eyes, calling to him.
Claiming him. *Fantasy*. Sanghyuk understood. He was the Prince of Fantasies.

“Leave him *alone!*” Sanghyuk screamed, and with a final burst of power he stole the energy from Wonshik’s lightning and sent it cracking into the ceiling in a blinding flash. Hakyeon’s heavenly sword flared, just once, and then both angels were gone.

As quickly as it had started, Sanghyuk’s demonstration stopped. The fire extinguished itself, glass and wood fell harmlessly to the floor, the walls that had been trying to tear themselves apart went rigid. Sanghyuk’s wings furled into his back, his labored breathing already slowing as he gently set his maker on his feet.

The only residual effect from the young demon’s display was the *fizzing*, the air in the room still charged with electricity from the hijacked bolt of lightning.

“Oh fuck.”

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Chapter End Notes

Hyukbin are fluffy babies

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“Fuck!” Jaehwan repeated, louder and more vehemently this time.

His maker clutched Sanghyuk to him, cradling the young demon’s face against the crook of his neck, his entire slender body trembling as he rubbed circles into Sanghyuk’s broad back.

“That was... something, certainly,” Taehyung said in his usual hiss of a voice, he and Seokjin staring around the ruined parlor with a mixture of incredulity and amusement.

Just as he did after their previous angelic confrontation, Hongbin was flapping around the remnants of ceiling, inky wings in constant motion like a trapped sparrow. “Who was whispering to me? Was it you?” Sanghyuk asked, lifting his head a little so he could look into Jaehwan’s sparkling eyes.

The young demon held his maker in an iron grip, not hard enough to cause Jaehwan discomfort, but securely enough that the chances of the shorter demon getting more than an inch away were nil. The golden cuffs that had been around his wrists had vanished with the angels, but thin bands of red remained. A reminder of just how close a call it had been.

“Whispering?”

“Yeah, someone was whispering in my ear.”

“No, pet, nobody was whispering to you, other than when I tried to stop you, but I gave up that attempt rather quickly,” Jaehwan replied, peering up at the young demon’s face with a look of concern.

There was a shuffling of feet from behind them. “Not... nobody, precisely.”
Jaehwan’s head snapped up to glare at his eldest child over Sanghyuk’s shoulder. “You were egging him on?! What did you say?”

“Oh, come now Your Grace. The storm was already brewing, I just gave him the little push he needed. The mayhem was too enticing to resist.”

“So,” Seokjin interrupted cheerfully, “We’d better get going! If you feel like scaring the piss out of another archangel, don’t hesitate to call!”

The air in the room shifted and the two demons were gone. “You do,” Taekwoon murmured, stepping from the shadows where he had been skulking with one of his hellhounds, scarlet eyes glowing in the dimness. “You do understand the magnitude of what has just occurred.”

“Thoroughly, but I am not sure my Bound are able to see past what’s right in front of their noses, so the full picture is probably lost on them,” Jaehwan spat, still shaking. Sanghyuk rather thought it was from anger now, instead of fear.

The young demon looked from his maker to Taekwoon, not understanding that exchange one bit. “We got them to leave, they aren’t going to arrest you now! What’s wrong with that?” Hongbin asked, floating down to the ground and landing lightly on his feet. “Yeah, they won’t bother us anymore,” Sanghyuk added.

“Incorrect,” the false prince replied, and that single word sent a chill down the young demon’s spine.

“Jaehwan was not their goal. He has been arrested several times before, but they always give him back because he is so annoying. He would have been home within a week if they had taken him, emphasis on the word if. Hakyeon was bating you, child. He wanted an excuse to take you.”

Sanghyuk’s blood began to run cold. “He wanted to see you transform, he said so himself, if in different words. And what better way is there to anger a newly fallen demon than threatening their creator? He already knew it would work; it was the reason you transformed when Wonshik came to apologize.”

“In essence, pet,” Jaehwan said, distractedly weaving his fingers through the younger’s fair hair, “Your temper tantrum has given them the upper hand. Why did you think I was trying so hard to stop you?”
“I- I don’t know! Because you were scared, I guess, I could smell it on you! But I had it under control.”

“No. You did not have anything under control.”

Sanghyuk felt about two feet tall. He had been trying to help, to be the demon he knew he was, the kind of demon that would make Jaehwan proud. All he wanted was to keep his maker safe, but now…

“Why is this a bad thing? I don’t understand. Shouldn’t the angels knowing how strong Sanghyuk is work in our favor?” Hongbin asked, his tone edging on defiant. “Theoretically, yes. If this were a perfect universe. But it is not and knowing as much about Hakyeon’s personality as I unfortunately do, he will not rest until he has discovered the prophecy as Taekwoon did, and probably take it seriously. He will require an explanation for Sanghyuk’s… uniqueness.”

“Prophecy? What prophecy?”

“Never you mind. We have bigger concerns than the daydreams of a lunatic,” Jaehwan snapped, interrupting before the false prince could elaborate on his findings. “I’m four thousand years old, not a baby! Fucking explain it to me, your grace, or do you think I can’t see far enough in front of my nose to understand?” Hongbin replied, snapping right back at their maker with a heat the young demon hadn’t been expecting.

“Don’t you dare speak to me that way! I created you, show me some fucking respect!” Jaehwan hissed, trying unsuccessfully to slither out of Sanghyuk’s grasp. “Why? Because you respect me so much? You never tell me anything!”

“I tell you what you need to know in order to remain safe and happy, Hongbin. Why do you feel like you need to be a part of literally everything?”

“I would say you should go to hell, but we’re already here, so why don’t you go choke on a dick.”

Hongbin was flickering in and out of opacity, apparently so pissed off at being left out that he was having trouble keeping his illusions in check. “We’re all a little tense, so how about we don’t fling pointless insults at each other?” Taekwoon interrupted, smoothly stepping between the two snarling demons and effectively ending the disagreement.
“I’m sorry I made things worse,” Sanghyuk whispered, apologizing for what felt like the thousandth time and pressing repeated, soft kisses to Jaehwan’s temple. His maker sighed, leaning back against the younger as all his residual fight left him. “I’m not angry with you,” he replied, glancing at Hongbin for a split second before continuing, “Either of you. I’m angry with the situation.”

“Putting the situation aside for a moment,” Taekwoon said, his unnerving gaze fixing on Sanghyuk, a small smile curving the corners of his mouth, “You discovered your name, didn’t you?”

Every archangel and Fallen had a name. Not a name for themselves, they had those already, but when they came into their full power, the almighty would bestow the gift of a formal title upon them. Hakyeon, for example, claimed the name Warrior Saint, and Wonshik was referred to as The Thunder of God. It went the other way as well, with Jaehwan being the Prince of Lust and Hongbin, the Prince of Deception. It was said that the almighty was not very keen on the idea of human royalty, and so gifted those who had left their service with the same honorific. It was a sort of joke, if not a very funny one.

Sanghyuk, being an unremarkable angel of relatively low rank, had never expected to be granted a name. But it seemed that the almighty had something else in mind for him. Maybe.

“Yeah- yes, your highness,” the young demon replied, still uncomfortable with the idea that he could be informal with the antichrist.

Taekwoon, as well as his brother and maker, looked at him expectantly.

“Fantasy,” Sanghyuk said, letting a vision of Jaehwan’s injured wrists becoming healed bloom in his mind’s eye, and looking down at them as it began to come true. The blistered, angry skin smoothed over, not even a patch of redness to show anything had been amiss.

“Fantasy?”

“Yeah. The Prince of Fantasies.”

Hongbin blinked. “I’ve never heard of that gift before.”

“Neither have I, but it sounds wonderfully mysterious,” Jaehwan replied, cobalt eyes sparkling as he looked up at the young demon with a wide smile. “Congratulations, pet. I’m very proud of you.”
It had been a year. Almost.

The sun had risen and set three hundred and sixty-four times, and Hakyeon had made no progress in discovering the cause of his ex-protégé’s abnormality. A year was nothing when weighed against the immensity of his long, immortal life, no more than the blink of an eye. And yet, the archangel was reaching the point in this mystery where he was beginning to want to tear out his own hair.

But, today.

This blessed day when the almighty in all their grace and glory was most definitely smiling down on him, Hakyeon found it.

It was in very possibly the last place he thought to look. Not in a religious text, neither doctrine nor scripture. But, in a human’s diary. The human woman long dead now, alive some nine hundred years ago. Forgotten. A prophecy.

Hakyeon stared down at the page, the small book bound in cerulean leather resting open in his hands, in shock and dismay. Lux De Caligo. The light from the mist.

So… so. The child described within was Sanghyuk, no doubt. A demon in truth, and just as much an angel. A child of such immense power and strength of will that he could bring the very fabric of reality to its knees. This was… catastrophic.

How could he have missed it?! Hakyeon had done extensive (if covert) testing on the boy, and he was absolutely sure Sanghyuk was nothing but ordinary. After his mistake with… the other one, he had been so careful and cautious. So cautious, in fact, that the last four companions he had sent unwittingly into Jaehwan’s clutches had been rejected by the demon for being too boring.

What Hakyeon needed now was a second opinion. Normally, he would go to Wonshik. His fellow archangel and friend was always a good listener, but it was becoming increasingly difficult to pull his head from the clouds. And his lingering affection for the boy would do Hakyeon no favors.
He would not speak to Jaehwan, the boy’s creator and keeper, either. Firstly, because interactions with Jaehwan should be avoided at all costs, his demonic husband would either corrupt Hakyeon or attempt to disembowel him, most likely with the aid of his awful children. But secondly, and more importantly, because Jaehwan simply would not understand. The fact that one of his Bound was a child of prophecy (if he believed it, of course, which he most likely would not) would be thought of as nothing but good news. Exciting news. And the Prince of Lust enjoyed nothing more than excitement. He would be delighted that one of his Bound was so special, a treasure to be kept and admired, but nothing more.

So, left with no other option, no matter how unsavory the thought was, he needed to look to the top of the demonic hierarchy.

With the little book secured in a fold of his robes, Hakyeon took a deep breath, shut his eyes, extended his wings, and…

“What brings you all the way down here, angel?”

Hakyeon opened his eyes, now standing in the middle of a wide study. The room was furnished in greys and blacks and purples, but the archangel’s golden eyes were instantly drawn to the tall, broad man sitting behind a steel desk, hellhounds growling at his side.

“We have matters of great importance to discuss, false prince,” replied Hakyeon, strolling forwards and taking a seat opposite Taekwoon without being invited to do so. The antichrist looked at him with a mixture of distrust and curiosity in his scarlet eyes, gaze never once wavering from the archangel’s face. “That, we do.”

“You’ve found it then?” he asked, pulling out the book and sliding it across the desk.

“Naturally, but I found it some time ago. One year ago, tomorrow, as it happens.”

“Then I assume you understand the gravity of the situation?”

“I do.”

The false princes cool, high voice was steady, but his expression betrayed only the smallest hint of disquiet. “The boy will be the ruin of all of us. The death of all of us, the end of all of us. Why have
you not dispatched him to the void yet? Or given him back to me so I may do so myself?"

“Because, angel, the child is not troublesome with me. True, he has an occasional temper tantrum that lays waste to whatever room he happens to be in, but other than that, he is perfectly benign. That fact aside, his creator would no doubt start a civil war if I tried, and he has some rather powerful friends.”

“Don’t lie to yourself,” Hakyeon replied, his tone becoming more and more terse. “What guarantee do you have that he won’t realize exactly what he can do and seal you all down here for good? What protections do you have in place that allow you to sleep at night with that abomination running free?”

“Well… his power is capped, I guess is the word. A warded collar that keeps him mostly in control, given to him by his creator on the day of his corruption. And then there is his creator himself. He will do everything Jaehwan asks of him, everything possible to keep Jaehwan out of harms reach.”

Hakyeon looked at him skeptically, so Taekwoon continued to speak.

“One of his tantrums some months ago left Jaehwan with a broken hand. It was entirely an accident, he had been trying to calm the boy down and his arm was struck by a flying book, but as soon as the boy realized what had happened he stopped and healed Jaehwan’s hand before his demonic powers had the chance to heal him themselves. Sanghyuk has not had another tantrum since that day. He will do nothing that puts his creator at risk, and killing every demon he sees would do just that.”

“And what will happen on the day when Jaehwan isn’t there to stop him? Because the day will come and then we will all be finished,” Hakyeon snapped.

Taekwoon stared at him, eyes unreadable. “He is young, angel. I am genuinely impressed that he has this much control as it is, control that will only grow with time. And, as much as it pains me, he follows the words of the prophecy to the letter. He is a good child as much as he is a bad one, helpful and kind and respectful. He is as much one of you as he is one of us.”

“That’s not good enough.”

“What do you propose then? And do not bother suggesting execution because I will not allow it.”

“He needs to be trained, and properly. Jaehwan will not be able to-"
“Jaehwan does not believe the words of the prophecy to be true.”

Hakyeon blinked. He didn’t think his husband would believe it, but still! The sheer stupidity! “I assumed so. But in any case, Jaehwan would not be capable of training him properly even if he did believe. It’s outside his realm of knowledge. But, you…”

“Why do you not ask to train the boy yourself?”

“Because, he will not learn from me. The betrayal and hurt I caused were too great to be repaired.”

Taekwoon cocked his head. “What makes you think he will learn from me?”

“Going by your own logic,” the archangel replied, doing his absolute best to keep his tone in check. “He trusts Jaehwan. Jaehwan trusts you. Therefore, he will trust you.”

“Mm,” the false prince hummed, nodding thoughtfully. “I will see, you may be right. The boy needs a firm hand to guide him anyway, his creator is much too soft.”

“Good. Then I will take my leave.”

Hakyeon stood, snatching the book back and replacing it in the fold of his robes. “Oh, and angel?” Taekwoon called, his lips twitching up in a small smile and eyes glinting dangerously as Hakyeon spread his wings.

“If you wish to continue coming and going in my realm whenever the mood takes you, I will be happy to accommodate. You would make quite a unique addition to my family.”

Hakyeon spat on the floor, the sound of the antichrist's laugh ringing as he returned to the safety of heaven.

+++
“Eek!” Jaehwan squeaked, his elegantly tailored suit melting into nothing but rapidly dissipating mist the moment he entered his youngest’s bedroom.

Sanghyuk was lounging on his couch, feet propped up and one arm folded behind his head, a paperback copy of Slaughterhouse-Five by Kurt Vonnegut open to page 98 in his free hand. He smirked at the page, not bothering to look up as his maker grabbed a fleece blanket (“fantastic human invention, fleece. Should have come up with it centuries ago”) off the foot of the bed and wrapped it around himself to regain a bit of decency.

“This new habit of yours, vanishing my clothing whenever it pleases you,” he said, coming to stand over the young demon with one hand propped on his hip. “It’s very inconvenient. Especially when I want to talk about serious matters.”

“Seeing you without clothing always pleases me,” Sanghyuk replied, still not looking up and keeping his eyes fixed on the book. Jaehwan huffed out a sigh. “Seeing me without clothing pleases everyone, but that’s not the point.”

“Would you like me to stop? Would you prefer if I did it by hand, peeling each piece off you agonizingly slowly, and thereby prolonging the time it would take to sate your inextinguishable desires?”

The blanket melted away, reappearing on opposite end of his bed and leaving his maker decidedly indecent once more. “Sanghyuk! Don’t be a brat!” Jaehwan exclaimed, swatting at him and reaching for the blanket again, but it slithered out of his reach.

“Watch me walk out and take my inextinguishable desires elsewhere,” he snapped, giving up on the fleece and pulling the fluffy comforter off the bed instead. “Or, I could just scream, and then all of you would be here. That’s an interesting idea!"

“Hongbin would puke on you, better to not,” Sanghyuk advised sagely, turning to page 99. “My tastes are not limited to my Bound, as you well know! I could seek pleasure on the surface, or in the arms of another fallen, the possibilities are endless- huh.”

Sanghyuk had caught his maker’s arm as he walked past, simultaneously dropping his book and yanking Jaehwan down onto his lap. “Not on our anniversary, you can’t,” he murmured, settling his hands on the folds of crème colored linen that covered Jaehwan’s hips.
“You remembered?”

“Of course, I remembered. It’s a bit hard to forget the day some crazy tailor literally flipped my world upside down.”

A bouquet of gardenias he had already prepared in his mind before Jaehwan arrived appeared in Sanghyuk’s hand, and he presented them to his maker with a practiced flourish. Jaehwan squeaked again but in delight. “Aren’t you precious!” he said, settling his weight more comfortably on the younger and smelling the white blooms.

Sanghyuk smiled, his heart swelling with pride that he had made his maker happy. “I got you something else, but I wouldn’t have bothered if I had known you’d like flowers this much.”

“Got me, or made me?” Jaehwan asked, cobalt eyes sparkling. “Got.”

The young demon wrapped one arm around the elder’s middle and stood up, Jaehwan’s blanket trailing over the shag carpet as Sanghyuk carried him to one of the nightstands. “I didn’t think someone like you would put such stock in human traditions, pet.”

“Do you not find me romantic?”

“Well, I-“

“Close your eyes.”

Sanghyuk set his maker down on the now bare mattress, Jaehwan’s eyes shut obediently as he reached into his bottom drawer and retrieved a small wooden box that he had concealed under a stack of novels he was planning to read.

It was true that he had gotten the present rather than conjuring it like he did with most things. He and Hongbin had been on one of their rare field trips to the surface when they happened upon a small shop containing a myriad shiny trinkets. His brother had lent the young demon some human money (which was apparently only a fraction of the family’s supply), and Sanghyuk used it to purchase a thin silver chain with a small, solitary sapphire charm.
He had held the jewel next to Hongbin’s eyes to make sure the colors matched, which they did, perfectly, and they had left with a very pleased Sanghyuk and a much lighter wallet. His brother told him later that the money was akin to leprechaun’s gold and would vanish when the sun set, so Sanghyuk made sure to envision the right amount of real money in the shopkeeper’s cash register. He trusted that his ability wouldn’t let him down at that junction, and he felt more content in the knowledge that he had found his maker an excellent present and acquired it honestly.

Sanghyuk set the box beside his maker and clasped the chain around his neck, the little sapphire resting atop his sternum, and then stepped back to admire his work. It glimmered prettily against his milky skin, swaying a bit as the elder’s fingers prodded it blindly. “You can look.”

Jaehwan cracked one eye open, looked down, looked back up at Sanghyuk, and then promptly burst into tears. “What?! Why are you- why?!”

Rather early on, Sanghyuk had found out that demons, unlike angels, could in fact cry. But they cried silver tears, the same shade as their blood, which was what made his own tears of pure gold so strange. Seeing silver streaking down his maker’s face, though, put Sanghyuk right back to the day Hakyeon had slashed his cheek, ichor dripping from the scarlet cut, and the frames on the wall began to shake ominously.

Jaehwan shook his head, twisting his long fingers around the younger’s wrist as he choked out, “Happy.”

The concept of ‘happy tears’ was something Sanghyuk had read about numerous times but had no grasp of in life. He cried when he was angry, when the energy bubbling inside him got so great that it began to leak from his eyes. He did not cry when he was sad, and he certainly did not cry when he was happy, so while the pictures shook a bit less, they didn’t entirely stop. He didn’t trust the sight of happy tears.

“You’re just so- so cute,” the elder mumbled, wiping silver from his cheek as Sanghyuk stared down at him, unconvinced. “I thought I could get you a sapphire every year so you could add it to that, and then a new chain when this one won’t hold anymore,” he said cautiously, standing perfectly still.
Jaehwan sobbed, and the glass in one of the frames cracked.

He glanced up at the wall, noting that the print of the Mona Lisa (a gift from Hongbin that was clearly a joke, but Sanghyuk liked anyway) had taken the damage. He imagined it whole, the glass melting back together like water on the surface of a pond, and it was.

“Please- please stop,” he said, wishing his maker would just be happy instead of this confusing happy sad happy whatever. It was stressing him out.

Jaehwan hiccupped, but his tears immediately ceased to fall, skin a bit blotchy but free of silver. He smiled brilliantly, his eyes crinkly and cheeks all squishy, bouncing up and down on the mattress like an overexcited puppy. Sanghyuk grinned, relieved.

“I love it, thank you pet! It’s the sweetest gift,” his maker chirped, tackling the younger when Sanghyuk sat down beside him. “Good, I’m glad,” he replied, gently gripping the elder’s waist as Jaehwan settled on top of him. The perfume of gardenias from the bouquet beside his head pricked at his senses, pleasant but not overpowering.

The metal pendant was cool against his skin, caught between them as Jaehwan kissed him, his lips soft and warm against the younger’s. Sanghyuk hummed a little, Jaehwan’s fingers tangling in his hair.

Jaehwan’s blanket had vanished at some point but the elder hadn’t noticed, slowly, rhythmically grinding his hips against Sanghyuk’s with that brilliant smile still on his face.

“You’re so pretty,” Sanghyuk murmured, a bit amused at his maker’s good mood, running his large hands up the length of Jaehwan’s torso. “Well you’re really cute,” Jaehwan replied, nuzzling the younger’s cheek, kissing his jaw.

With a year as the youngest Bound of the Prince of Lust under his belt, Sanghyuk had become relatively proficient in the arts his maker prized above all else. As he said earlier, Jaehwan’s desires were inextinguishable. His craving for pleasure was never sated, no amount of sex was enough, no amount of love was enough. He always needed more.

Sanghyuk was more than happy to oblige him in this arena, feeling the need to touch his maker like it was a human addiction. He was in Jaehwan’s bed, or Jaehwan was in his, every day at least once. And on one night during which he’d learned a considerable amount, when Jaehwan was doing his
thing on the surface and the longing for physical contact became too great, in the bed of one of the others (“Not such a good boy after all”). When he had told Jaehwan what happened, expecting chastisement, all his maker had done was smile like a cat and said, ‘You’re learning well.’

He was... proficient enough.

“Pet, you seem distracted,” Jaehwan said, sitting up with his legs bracketing Sanghyuk’s hips and smiling down at the younger with that lopsided, incredibly endearing smile.

He was exquisite. Truly divine, more divine than all the angel’s in heaven put together. Sanghyuk thought he should have gotten used to the sight of his maker’s naked body after a year, but Jaehwan’s beauty struck him dumb even now. “I’m distracted by you, that’s all.”

Jaehwan chuckled, that deep throaty chuckle that Sanghyuk adored so much. He pushed his wavy dark hair out of his eyes, other hand resting on the younger’s chest. “It’s your blue, the jewel,” the younger said, nodding to the sapphire around Jaehwan’s neck.

“Mm, now we each have a necklace from the other,” his maker replied, running his index finger under the length of Sanghyuk’s black leather collar. The young demon stared up into Jaehwan’s hooded eyes. Enchanted.

Sanghyuk blinked. He forgot most of the time that he wore anything at all, so used to having the wards humming against his skin that it felt like an extension of his body. He nodded.

The young demon gripped his maker’s narrow waist, marveling for the umpteenth time at how small it looked between his hands. He rolled, pinning the elder under him and pressed their mouths together again. Jaehwan giggled like a child, giddy, sending tingly vibrations through the younger’s body.

The elder’s arms circled his neck, one of Sanghyuk’s thighs between his legs, tasting Jaehwan’s venom on his lips. Sweet peaches and a dash of sugar. The most delicious flavor in the entire universe.

He rolled his hips, just a little, propping himself up on an elbow and nipping at the spot just below his maker’s ear. Jaehwan whimpered quietly, his back arching off the mattress enough for Sanghyuk to slide and arm beneath him. He held the elder against his chest, barely even noticing when Jaehwan snapped his fingers and his clothes disappeared.
The session that followed was slow. Sanghyuk liked to take his time, paying no heed to his maker’s whines that he should hurry up. Work him open slowly, fuck him almost languorously, because he knew that having to wait would make the ending exponentially better for both of them. ‘The journey is the reward.’ He had read that once in a book about a human inventor and taken the quote to heart.

“Shit, you’re good at that,” Jaehwan mumbled, eyes half closed as he licked the come off Sanghyuk’s middle finger. The young demon smirked, still panting a little as he admired the deep red bruise blooming on the base of his maker’s throat. He had figured out the trick to making them last longer before healing and was once again grateful for his particular gift.

“I learned from the best.”

The elder was still smiling, hadn’t stopped in fact, and the younger was ecstatic in the glow of Jaehwan’s happiness. A happy Jaehwan, in Sanghyuk’s opinion, was the best Jaehwan.

“Do you want to fix the bed, or should I?”

Sanghyuk glanced up at his cracked headboard, realized that his mattress was now mostly on the floor, bouquet of gardenias a bit squished and wooden box tossed on the other side of the room. He grinned to himself. He pictured the bedframe whole and unbroken, immediately feeling it shift under them until it stilled, back to its original state. Jaehwan’s powers took longer to mend things than his did, and he decided to spare his maker the extra energy it would take.

Jaehwan laughed softly, lacing Sanghyuk’s now clean fingers through his own. “I’m so proud of you, pet, you’ve come so far in using your gift. Do you think you’re ready to take off your collar?” he asked, curling up against the younger’s side.

A wave of jittery nerves ran through the young demon at that suggestion. Sure, he thought he was probably ready. He had gained control of his abilities, could wield them exactly how he wanted, and he hadn’t had a ‘tantrum’ in months. He was even better at controlling his physical strength. It had been a year; he didn’t miss heaven’s influence anymore and he honestly didn’t think he needed the wards pricking at him like an anxious babysitter to remind him not to tear Jaehwan apart. But having a collar had become something like a security blanket to him. Maybe, he could take this one off and wear a plain velvet choker instead. Something less intrusive.

“Worth a try,” he replied, tracing the curve of Jaehwan’s waist with his thumb and leaning down so his maker could fiddle with the small buckle at the back of his neck.
Sanghyuk heard it click open, felt the leather fall away from his skin, felt the tingling stop, and then…

And then…

The world turned… grey?

Chapter End Notes

*did anyone catch that?*

Also, people giving Jaehwan gifts is apparently my kink. He deserves everything.

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3

Twitter
Tumblr
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Melodic Minor

Harmonic Minor

*Sanghyuk makes a mistake and then gets mad at everyone else for it* ah, adolescence.

Hongbin's pronouns switch to gender neutral for a hot minute so don't be confused.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Sanghyuk?”

Jaehwan’s voice was gentle, his bright smile unchanged, leather collar clutched in one hand as he looked down at the young demon expectantly.

Sanghyuk was frozen, eyes darting all over his bedroom. Everything was now painted in varying shades of grey. His denim blue chairs were the color of smoke, carpet more of an off-white, headboard just short of charcoal. It didn’t make sense; the room had been technicolor less than three seconds ago.

His gaze settled on his wall of picture frames. The Mona Lisa print had turned black and white, a picture of his two favorite hellhounds (Puppy and Dog) mostly the color of lead, the photograph of himself and his maker smudged and lacking any hue at all. He stared at the photo. It was of himself, grinning like an idiot at Hongbin’s camera with his arms around his maker, Jaehwan kissing his cheek and standing on tiptoe. He knew he was wearing a dark red shirt in the photo, but now it was flint. His blonde hair was white, eyes black, and the previously blue wall they stood in front of was slate grey.

“Pet, are you alright? Your eyes are different.”
“How?” Sanghyuk asked, still distracted as he tried to find any hint of color in his surroundings. “One is pure blue and the other white, like when you transform.”

The young demon turned to look at his maker and jumped.

At first glance, Jaehwan was normal. His hair a wavy black and the cobalt of his irises as piercing as ever. But on second look, Jaehwan was completely changed. His black hair, a little sweaty and stuck to his forehead, had turned a warm tawny brown, fluffy and clean. His skin was half a shade darker like he had gotten a tan, and his lips were coral pink, not their usual crimson. Instead of azure eyes, they were a dark gold that almost looked like honey. His body was thinner, less curvy and toned than the body Sanghyuk knew as well as his own. His makers wispy frame was swathed in a robe of light pink silk, slipping off his narrow shoulders and tied loosely around his waist.

Sanghyuk sat up and scooted away from his maker, nearly falling off his bed in his haste. That was Jaehwan, but it also was most definitely not. Not the Jaehwan he’d met in the atelier. His maker looked like... looked like an angel.

“Pet, what’s wrong?”

Still smiling, sweet and innocent like a ray of brightest sunshine. No way.

Sanghyuk blinked, and the Jaehwan he recognized returned. He was smiling like the weird one, but the curve of his plush red lips was more sultry than virginal. The young demon let out a very shaky breath.

“You- you’re a- what’s wrong with you? What’s wrong with me?”

Jaehwan’s brow creased in confusion, but his smile didn’t falter, like he wanted to be let in on a joke. “Nothing’s wrong, pet. You gave me a beautiful necklace and we just had amazing sex. It’s our anniversary. Why would anything be wrong?”

“Stop smiling.” Sanghyuk exclaimed, blinking, and his maker shifted back to the unknown angel boy. Weird-Jaehwan frowned, his perfect mouth scrunching up in a pout. Instead of pink silk, now he was in white with a collar around his neck the young demon recognized all too well. Heavens collar, warded to keep an angel pure. There was hurt in his honey colored eyes, like Sanghyuk had just insulted him.
“Why?”

His maker changed again, his complexion sallow, lips chapped and crepe instead of coral, face angular and thinner than before. He was wearing loose black pants and a silver cardigan that was unbuttoned, appearing more and more hurt by the second.

“Stop it! Stop doing that!”

Jaehwan returned to normal immediately, expression now full of concern rather than pain, peering down at the young demon with worry clear in his cobalt eyes. He snapped his fingers and both himself and Sanghyuk were clothed in warm cotton pajamas, the exact same shade of grey.

“What the fuck is happening?” Sanghyuk asked the room at large. “Pet I don’t- what do you think is happening?” his maker replied, sounding much too skeptical for the younger’s taste. “You are an angel, that’s what the fuck I think is happening!”

Now Jaehwan did look genuinely insulted, and really, who could blame him? “I am most certainly not an angel, Sanghyuk. I haven’t been an angel for over six thousand years,” he replied, sitting up primly on his knees and shaking black hair from his eyes.

“You are though! You’re an angel!”

At his words, Jaehwan switched back to the first one, the willowy boy in pink. His big golden eyes bore a striking resemblance to a doll, all shiny and round. His maker looked down at himself and squeaked in surprise. “What’s going on?! I haven’t worn this in millennia!” he asked, apparently addressing himself and plucking at the pink robe. Sanghyuk noticed he had on creamy white pants underneath, but his feet were bare.

“I fucking told you!” Sanghyuk almost shouted, hopping off the bed and backing away until his shoulders met the grey wall. Jaehwan had wings. Pearly wings like those of a dove, and they unfurled from his back, flapping nervously and creating a breeze that shifted the papers on the young demon’s coffee table.

“But I’m- I’m not! I’m and archdemon and Duke of Hell!” weird-Jaehwan replied, his voice getting more and more shrill and looking on the edge of tears.
Loud footsteps could be heard in the hallway outside, and Sanghyuk glanced away from his maker just in time to see Hongbin push open his bedroom door. “I heard shout- who the shit is that?!”

His brother was staring at weird-Jaehwan with a horrified expression on his handsome face, his back pressed to the door and physical solidity debatable at best. He looked like he was about to melt through the floor. But then…

“No fucking way,” Sanghyuk hissed, watching aghast as Hongbin’s chestnut hair grew down to his elbows, jaw softened, figure became slimmer and more supple at the same time. That girl he saw on his first morning in the apartment when he had gotten lost looking for the kitchen. “You’re a… you’re a girl?!”

“Gender is a human social construct, goodie-goodie! Don’t try to define- wait what?!”

Girl-Hongbin’s voice was higher and touch raspier, but he looked down at his (her?) body and shrieked, going completely transparent for a second. He- she- oh fuck it, they were dressed all in black with skin the color of skim milk, high heeled shoes on their noticeably smaller feet. Somewhere behind the hysteria swirling in the young demon’s mind, he made a note to ask Hongbin what their preferred pronoun was. It just seemed polite at this point.

“Did you do this?! With your fantasy stuff?! Oh, fuck wait, do you fantasize about me as a girl?!” Hongbin asked, their expression contorted in anger and confusion.

While it was true that Sanghyuk may have possibly had an unspeakable dream or two about the girl he ran into, it was not the case that he ever had fantasies about Hongbin. That would be… ick. That would be ick on so many levels. “No! I didn’t- I don’t think so! I didn’t picture you as a girl, you just turned into a girl!”

“Hey!” weird-Jaehwan squeaked, his soulful voice sweeter and breathier than it normally was. “You do see me, don’t you?! Kong, you turn yourself into a female all the time, but it’s not every day that I transform into a stupid angel!” Both Hongbin and Sanghyuk turned to stare at their maker, his cheeks flushed the color of strawberries and coral lip caught between his teeth.

He was beautiful in a way he hadn’t been before. Where he was normally as hot as a raging bonfire, he had become warm like smoldering embers. Normally strong and solid with a presence like a beacon, he had become as supple as a flower petal. Just as much presence but not dragging Sanghyuk’s attention to him like a magnet, simply calling the young demon like a lover to his bed. If he looked at his maker’s normally toned stomach, Sanghyuk guessed he would find a soft tummy instead. It was all wrong.
“What do we do?” Hongbin asked, nervously running their hands through their long wavy hair.

Weird-Jaehwan swallowed hard, his honey eyes drifting down to stare at his knees. He snapped his fingers, but nothing happened. He tried again. Still nothing. “I can’t- I am unable to change myself back.”

“I’m going to get help,” Hongbin said, raspy voice containing a firmness that Sanghyuk didn’t believe. “Okay, but get Taekwoon, not your brothers. If they see me like this, I will never hear the end of it!” Jaehwan called, looking forlornly at his second youngest child’s retreating back as Hongbin left the room at an unnaturally fast jog (heels be damned).

Sanghyuk’s focus had not wavered from his maker. He should be repulsed right now. He could almost see the purity around him like a ring of light. Could see innocence in Jaehwan’s normally mischievous eyes. Could see, in painful clarity, the young angel that insisted on marrying the person he was ordered to sleep with, for fear of tarnishing his eternal soul. It was all so wrong.

When the young demon had tried to imagine Jaehwan as an angel, and he had tried often, the picture his mind painted was different. He thought his maker would look broadly the same, strong, with subtly defined muscles and red lips, just with a pair of angel wings and golden eyes. This was… Jaehwan looked tiny right now. His already narrow waist looked small enough for Sanghyuk to touch from one side to the other with his hand.

He thought Jaehwan would be beautiful to the point of being imposing, like Hakyeon. Like all the other archangel’s Sanghyuk had known. But, then again, Jaehwan hadn’t been an archangel, had he? Like Sanghyuk, he had been of low rank, unimportant and easily overlooked. His only real purpose had been to act as a practice dummy for the first human.

“What do I do, Hyukkie? I can’t change back what do I do?”

Jaehwan pulled his knees up to his chest and crossed his arms atop them, hiding his pretty face as he began to tremble.

Slowly, very slowly, the young demon approached his bed, feet making not a whisper of sound in the plush grey carpet. The rest of the world was still wrong, but at least his maker and brother possessed color, even if neither of them looked like themselves anymore. He picked up the collar and silently refastened it around his neck, needing the comfort of the wards if he couldn’t have his Jaehwan.
In an instant, the familiar hues and colors returned to the world like a breath of fresh air. Sanghyuk’s own breath caught in a gasp, but his maker didn’t notice. The young demon made the split-second decision not to say anything. He hadn’t said anything about the colors disappearing, and he was worried that if the antichrist knew of this development, he would kick him out. Taekwoon took the prophecy seriously, and while Sanghyuk didn’t, he also didn’t want to add any weight to the false prince’s suspicions.

Hongbin was back faster that should have been technically possible. “Taek is on the surface, I couldn’t reach him, but I sent a hellspawn messenger to find him and tell him to come home as soon as he can,” they said, flicking their head so their long hair fell back off their shoulders.

“What about the second in command?” weird-Jaehwan whispered, continuing to snap his fingers even though doing so produced no result.

The second in command, as Sanghyuk knew all too well, was a tricky son of a bitch. One of the few fallen that survived after the first wave, and therefore one of the oldest in existence, the demon officially known as Belial was the Prince of Vice and Lord of the Wicked. When human’s imagine Lucifer, Sanghyuk thought, they would probably actually be picturing Belial. He was a nasty piece of work, in Sanghyuk’s opinion, cold and calculating where the young demon preferred his friends to be open and honest. He was always scheming, always planning, and always had a metaphorical dagger up one sleeve and would stab you with it if you weren’t careful. The Jewish faith had a particular dislike for him, which Sanghyuk thought was a good idea. Smart people.

But despite all of that, he was one of Jaehwan’s close friends outside their family, if not the closest. Lust and Vice went well together, it seemed, and he was always popping up in the apartment unannounced to steal their maker off for a session of mischief making, much to Hongbin and Sanghyuk’s chagrin.

“Do you- do you think letting Jaebum see you so weak- so unlike yourself is wise?” Hongbin asked, somehow managing to keep all the distrust from their voice.

“Do you have a better idea?” weird-Jaehwan asked, lifting his head so the young demon could see his terrified face. His doll eyes were so shiny, it made Sanghyuk’s heart ache. His makers elfin features, namely his pointy nose and pointy ears, didn’t look at all out of place on this delicate boy. Normally, they made Jaehwan’s striking good looks more approachable, but now, they just fit. Wrong.

Honestly, if a bit shamefully, the first person to pop into Sanghyuk’s head was Wonshik. His ex-best friend, and as far as he was aware, also Jaehwan’s. Wonshik, his murderous lightning aside, was
usually a calm and steady person in a crisis, thoughtful and understanding, kind in a way that Hakyeon was not. Sanghyuk had relied on him more than once when training became too overwhelming and he just needed to talk to someone. And Wonshik was smart. Whip smart. He might actually be able to help, if Jaehwan would allow it.

“Uh,” the young demon muttered, averting his gaze and staring up at the ceiling. “What about Wonshik?”

Weird-Jaehwan sucked in a sharp breath. The room was quiet for a moment, a moment in which Sanghyuk could feel the disapproval rolling off Hongbin, until their maker spoke. “Maybe, I mean- maybe. Before I fell, we had a code- sort of. A kind of spell we made together. I can try and see if he hears- if he answers?”

Sanghyuk nodded, Hongbin staying uncharacteristically silent. Their maker sat up straight, crossed his legs, opened his mouth, and sang the most beautiful scale the young demon had heard in his 222 years of life. It was a harmonic minor scale, if Sanghyuk hadn’t missed his guess, C4 up to G4, and then back down to C5, and it put the choirs of heaven to shame.

“La Ti Do Re Mi Fa Si La Si Fa Mi Re Do Ti La”

It took everything in the young demon’s power not to clap. Weird-Jaehwan appeared to be waiting, doe eyes trained upwards and holding his breath. All was quiet for nearly a minute, when…

“La Ti Do Re Mi Fi Si La So Fa Mi Re Do Ti La”

A deep, sonorous, disembodied voice, unmistakably Wonshik’s and replying with a melodic minor scale. Jaehwan jumped a little, but he immediately copied the scale Wonshik just sang. They appeared to be communicating… with music?

There was a flash of bright white light, and when Sanghyuk had blinked the imprints from his eyes he saw the archangel himself, standing in his bedroom like it was the most natural thing in the world, in a long sleeve white t-shirt and jeans (he never wore his uniform if he could help it).

“Jae? I thought I was hearing things! Didn’t realize you remembered the code, or actually ever wanted to talk to- what the?!”
Wonshik hadn’t even noticed the two younger demon’s in the room, his golden eyes fixed unblinkingly on weird-Jaehwan with his mouth hanging open. “Something is wrong,” their maker whimpered, and then burst into tears for the second time that day.

In a blink, the archangel was at his side, wrapping the smaller boy up in a hug and shrouding him with his pearly wings. Hugging. They were hugging. Angels did not hug. Ever. “How are you touching him right now? You aren’t allowed! Doesn’t it make you want to peel your own skin off?” Sanghyuk asked, blinking at them in disbelief.

“Of course, we’re allowed. It’s just frowned upon,” Wonshik replied, not seeming too interested in either the young demon or his question. Fucking angelic semantics making everything confusing.

“What?!”

“You know how you liked to read those strange human books about magical things?”

“Yeah, and?!”

“I like cuddling. So does- so did Jaehwan.”

“That’s not even… you should be corrupted for doing that! I was just reading!”

“Everyone has a flaw kid, even angels. Nobody’s perfect.”

“But Hakyeon-“

“Hakyeon drinks tea, sin of the flesh,” weird-Jaehwan sneveled, golden tear tracks streaking down his flushed cheeks. Gold. Not silver. He was crying gold.

This was a far cry from the other time Sanghyuk had seen his maker and the archangel one on one. When Jaehwan had almost corrupted Wonshik and Wonshik had nearly incinerated Jaehwan with his lightning. The young demon didn’t know what to make of it. He should be flaming mad that an angel was touching his maker in any capacity, but he wasn’t. He didn’t feel anything at all. This wasn’t his Jaehwan, he didn’t actually want to touch Jaehwan himself.
“You- Jae you look like *yourself* again. How is this even possible?” the archangel asked, stroking the smaller boy’s hair and dabbing at his cheeks with his sleeve, staining the white fabric a translucent gold.

Weird-Jaehwan hiccupped, pressing his forehead against the other’s cheek. “I don’t know, and I- I can’t change myself back! I can’t use any of my gifts at all! I can’t ever summon a glass of water and you *know* I hate this awful weak body I can’t stand it! It makes me think of-“

Jaehwan, admitting weakness?! To someone who was his open enemy no less?! This was getting wrong-er but the second! “Shh,” Wonshik murmured, cradling the smaller boy against his chest. “I know. I know you hate it, we’ll find a way to- put you back. Why did you call me, though? I’m sure the false prince would be able to-“

“Taekwoon isn’t here and we didn’t know what else to do,” Sanghyuk interrupted, this entire situation putting him on edge. He felt uncomfortably off balance, wishing he had never suggested this solution in the first place, the wards on the collar sparking silently against his skin.

“Why didn’t you ask Hakyeon?”

“Because *Hakyeon* is a lying piece of shit and would kill him on the spot!”

“And there’s nobody else down here who could help?”

“Not that we can trust! Not saying we can trust you, but an untrustworthy angel is a little better than an untrustworthy demon!”

Wonshik huffed out an exasperated sigh. “Look at him- he hates me! So does Kong! They won’t get within ten feet of me in this stupid body!” weird-Jaehwan sniffled. Sanghyuk glanced around and realized that he was, in fact, on the opposite side of the room. Being too close to the angel(s?) made his skin crawl. He also realized that Hongbin was gone, either having left or made themself invisible. He guessed the latter.

“Come on, Shikkie, you’re the sma-smart one. Help me,” weird-Jaehwan whimpered, prompting the archangel to start cooing at him in a way that was honestly nauseating to watch. “I’m trying to think of a way to make you all- all evil and mean again but I have no idea.”
Weird-Jaehwan sobbed, high pitched and breathy. That was the last straw, and the young demon’s reserves of patience abruptly depleted.

"Stop crying," he snapped, before turning his eyes on Wonshik and adding, “The real Jaehwan is neither mean nor evil. He’s perfect.”

Immediately, his maker’s tears dried up, his sobs cutting off in a cough.

“Did you… did you just make him stop crying?”

“I don’t like it when he cries, Wonshik, it stresses me out,” Sanghyuk snarled, turning away and running his hands through his fair hair.

“That’s… that’s not okay.”

“He didn’t do anything, I wanted to stop crying. Think harder,” weird-Jaehwan said, his awful soft voice a bit hoarse. Sanghyuk shut his eyes and counted to ten. He was half expecting his maker to become normal again and stab the angel in the throat. Like this had all been an elaborate trap. That would be an excellent anniversary present.

There was a whisper of sound behind the young demon, and then Hongbin’s new voice murmured in his ear, “We have a problem.”

“We have several of those, but what are you referring to specifically?” Sanghyuk breathed, too quiet for the other two to hear over their cooing. Not that they were paying attention. “One of the second in command’s devotees saw me looking for Taek, he’s here, just outside.”

“Taekwoon is here?”

“No.”

“Oh.”
“You know that thing you can do, turn a place into a maze?” Sanghyuk asked, thinking very hard. He wanted to avoid speaking to the Prince of Vice at all costs, and needed him to stay away until real Jaehwan came back.

“Yeah.”

“Do that to the apartment, so if he tries to come in, he’ll end up hopelessly lost.”

There was another shift in the air, a soft swish of long hair, and then Hongbin was gone. Sanghyuk couldn’t feel his sibling’s presence beside him anymore.

“Hey kid, I have an idea,” Wonshik said, and the young demon turned back around. “Maybe- maybe he needs to be corrupted again. Can you do that?”

Sanghyuk hesitated. “Yeah, I can, but not the way Jaehwan can. My corruption takes a lot longer,” he replied.

It was a true statement. The young demon had been playing around with his corruption abilities, figuring them out. So far, all he had done was grant the wishes of a few humans.

A girl who wanted to be beautiful, a boy that wanted to be loved. Sanghyuk had made the girl beautiful, and her beauty had made her famous, a highly sought-after model. She was beautiful, but thanks to that beauty she was now slowly dying from an eating disorder. And Sanghyuk gave the boy love. Obsessive, all-consuming love. All of it. He was mobbed by women and men, young and old, everywhere he went. He was loved, but his harem scared off the one girl who loved him for true. Sanghyuk’s corruption took its time. Be careful what you wish for, he thought.

“You should try. He’s the prince of lust, right, so do something lusty,” the archangel said, looking very uncomfortable at the thought.

“That’s not how it works.”

“Try anyway, can’t you see how miserable he is?”
Sanghyuk took a breath. That was a mistake. Breathing deeply caused the reek of their purity to slither into his lungs. He coughed, but slowly approached the bed again.

This boy looked like Jaehwan, the young demon could see pieces of him there in the boy’s face. But it wasn’t—

He felt like he was slinking the way Hongbin did, prowling as he put a knee up on the mattress and crawled toward his maker. Wonshik had flitted back against the wall, apparently trying to avoid the taint of what Sanghyuk was about to attempt.

If this were the real Jaehwan, he would have grabbed Sanghyuk by this point and pinned him on the bed, smiling like a cat the entire time. But, as if the young demon needed further proof that the boy before him wasn’t his maker, Jaehwan was trembling, his wings flapping a little and fingers twitching nervously in his lap.

Sanghyuk was hit with an awful feeling of Deja vu, his own corruption. Only now, their roles were reversed. How did Jaehwan do this? Sanghyuk’s diabolical mind was repelled by the thought of kissing an angel.

But he had to try. If it would fix his maker, he had to suck it up and try.

The young demon rested a hand on the smaller boy’s shoulder and pushed him so his back was flat against the mattress. It was way too easy, but Sanghyuk banished that thought and focused, crawling on top of him and propping himself up on his elbows.

Panic swum in weird-Jaehwan’s big eyes as Sanghyuk pressed his thigh between his skinny legs. If he was going to do this, he was going to do it properly.

“No, wait don’t, don’t!” Weird-Jaehwan squeaked in that terrible, different voice, hands pushing at Sanghyuk’s chest to try and get him off. He wasn’t strong enough, not by a mile, clearly unable to use his full strength when in this form.

Sanghyuk caught his wrists, holding them above his tawny head in a grip so weak it was almost comical. This wasn’t right, none of it was right.
The smaller boy was wriggling underneath him, shaking his head and murmuring “no, no, no,” his sooty lashes fluttering. This would only work if Jaehwan wanted him, which he very obviously did not. Or, not yet at least. Sanghyuk crooked a finger and turned his makers face towards him, ignoring the fact that Jaehwan’s eyes were squeezed shut, and pressed their mouths together.

It was wrong. Felt all wrong. Jaehwan wasn’t kissing him back. He wasn’t humming, wasn’t moaning, wasn’t arching up to get as close to the young demon as possible. His lips were still soft, but they weren’t hungrily chasing Sanghyuk’s like normal. It was like kissing Jaehwan’s corpse.

The worst thing of all, though, was that Sanghyuk couldn’t taste his makers venom. Not even the barest hint of it. No tingle of peaches and sugar on his lips. His favorite taste. The best taste. The taste that had been with him from the moment he fell.

“Gah,” Sanghyuk hissed, employing all of his demonic speed to push himself up and off the bed, flitting back to the safety of the far wall. He wiped his mouth on his sleeve, trying to get rid of the not-taste. He noticed the picture frames shaking again and tried to force himself to calm down.

“Did it work?” Wonshik asked, looking a bit sick. “No,” the young demon snapped, turning away and resting his head against the wall. Jaehwan was still on his back, hands over his face and shaking so hard Sanghyuk was surprised he hadn’t fallen to pieces yet. He couldn’t look at that right then, not when he needed to be calm.

“No, no, no, it’s just like him, no,” his not-maker was whimpering, and Sanghyuk resisted the urge to put his hands over his ears. He couldn’t stand this.

There was a flap of black wings, a soft growl, and then a high, cool voice asked, “I am here, what seems to be the problem?”

Chapter End Notes

*did you catch it now?*

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3
Twitter

Tumblr
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Little Snow White

Prince of Vice Inspo

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

‘There will come a child. Lux De Caligo. An angel and demon, hybrid of both but stronger than either. A child of dark and light. A child born of heaven and raised by hell. A child with the power to take what is and make it what it has once been. Mastered by lechery and lightning, cherished by duplicity, instructed by fire and ice.

When the child comes, everything will change. Reality itself will bend to their will, so strong are they. They must choose between their first home and their last love. Good or evil. Attack or defend. Go or remain. The child will have the power to remake the world as we know it. Will see past, flip through the pages of one’s history as easily as perusing a book. Will be able to see every journey, both points of pain and points of joy.

The child will change the past, the present, the future, but how, I do not know. All depends on what lies most sacred in their heart.’

- Fragment of 'Lux de Caligo', Tasia Salinator, 1153 A.D.

+++ 

Like the night itself, the false prince materialized in Sanghyuk’s bedroom with two hellhounds at his side.

He was clothed in a sable suit, unmistakably of Jaehwan’s making, his scarlet eyes glowing ominously at the sight of two angels in his domain. Sanghyuk sighed with relief. If anyone could fix his maker, it was Taekwoon.

Apparently, weird-Jaehwan didn’t notice or care, his arms folded over his face and murmuring
ceaselessly, too low for the young demon to hear.

“Something really bad happened, your highness, and we don’t know how to fix it. Jaehwan, he- he turned into an angel and he can’t change back! I tried corrupting him but I don’t have venom so it didn’t work and he isn’t him. He doesn’t act like him or cuss like him or taste like him, he barely even looks like him and he can’t be stuck like this forever he seriously can’t.”

Sanghyuk’s babbling was cut short when Taekwoon lifted a hand. He made a motion, so his hellhounds sat down and then walked purposefully over to the bed. “Why are you here, angel? How did you get in without your boss?” he asked, shooting Wonshik a look of pure disgust.

“Jae and I used to have a way to communicate, and we could find each other no matter where the other happened to be. I followed his voice and it led me here.”

“Well, stay a moment longer in case I need to send my duke up to heaven with you.”

In his already panicked state, Sanghyuk began to growl. That boy may not look like Jaehwan anymore, but Taekwoon was talking about his Jaehwan. If this boy left, Sanghyuk would lose any chance of getting his maker back. That was unacceptable.

“Jaehwan,” the false prince asked, standing at the side of the bed so he was looking at him upside down, “Tell me exactly how this happened.”

“Sanghyuk and I were... celebrating our anniversary. And he’s gotten so good at controlling himself that we thought- we thought he was ready to take off his collar.” A gulp. “He got all strange and started cursing at me and told me I was an angel, and then this happened! And Kong turned into a female the moment he walked in here!”

Taekwoon turned halfway, eyes skewering the young demon like a pair of daggers. “You took off your collar?”

The question was barely more than a breath. Sanghyuk stilled, only noticing he had been inching forwards when the movement stopped. “Yes, your highness.”

Taekwoon stared at him, measuring, assessing. The room was silent as a tomb for a full ten seconds.
“Then... this is your doing, child.”

Sanghyuk was alone in the dark. His hell-clear vision blurring at the edges. His doing. *His doing.* He had turned Jaehwan into this wretched creature of divine innocence and didn’t even realize he had done so.

The glass in every single picture frame *shattered.* That wasn’t a strong enough word. It was *pulverized.* Ground down to nothing more than razor-edged powder as it exploded out of the mismatched frames. The wards at Sanghyuk’s throat sparked like an exposed wire.

“Calm yourself, a tantrum will be of no help to any of us.”

“Goodie-goodie, don’t break your bedroom,” Hongbin said, somehow appearing behind the young demon. *Goodie-goodie.* The mostly affectionate nickname he was christened by his siblings. A nickname that their maker detested more than all the others. Crazy, Freak, and Terror, he found those merely irritating. But Goodie-goodie, he hated. Found it offensive in a way Sanghyuk couldn’t quite understand. Angel Jaehwan would probably like the nickname.

His couch fell apart, and Sanghyuk’s anger flung the pieces about like a child with a broken toy. The walls buckled, *groaned,* the shadows in every crack swelling as the tortured stone crumbled apart.

“*Sanghyuk.*”

Still that awful, unfamiliar voice, but it was enough to make the young demons fury stutter to a halt.

“*Sanghyuk,*” Jaehwan repeated, sitting up on his knees now, big doll eyes glistening, pink robe ripped in two places, wings conspicuously missing a few pearly feathers. A scrape across his forehead where a piece of wood hit him sparkling, staining his tawny fringe gold with ichor.

Shadows rippled around the young demons’ feet. Pieces of brick, torn from the innards of his wall, shreds of wood, once the legs of his wonderful couch, sparkling dust, clouds of glass that used to protect his treasured pictures. All of it hung in the air, motionless, like the moment had been frozen in time.
“If you changed me once, you can do it again.”

All the detritus fell to the floor, harmless now. He had had worse tantrums, far worse. At least his bed was still in one piece, his pictures undamaged despite their ruined frames.

“He is correct, child. He is a love-blinded fool, but he is correct.”

The false prince turned to Wonshik. “Leave now, angel, before you are turned into what your kind most despise,” he said, the words full of that unnatural calmness that unnerved the young demon so much.

Wonshik hesitated, looking to weird-Jaehwan who gifted him with a small smile. “I’ll probably hate you again later, but thank you all the same,” he said, breathy voice holding a note of real affection. The archangel nodded, glanced at Sanghyuk, and then vanished in a flash of bright light.

“Now, child. You have read the prophecy and yet pay it no heed. Why is that?”

“Because I am not special, it’s not me that the prophecy is talking about, and Jaehwan agrees! I trust Jaehwan’s judgment over that of a crazy human,” Sanghyuk replied, frustration apparent. They had had this conversation before numerous times, always with the same result.

The false prince didn’t reply for a few moments. “Take off your collar.”

“What?”

“Take it off.”

Sanghyuk blinked. “If I take it off, and what you think about me is true, you might turn into an angel too.”

“No, I will not,” Taekwoon replied, the ghost of a smile on his thin lips. “I have never been anything other than what I am. The same is not true for Jaehwan and Hongbin. You will not change me.”
The young demon paused, reluctant to remove the comforting wards no matter how much they stung, unhappy with his tantrum of moments before. They were a reassurance, and he didn’t have the luxury to go without them, now that the real Jaehwan was gone.

But he forced a courage he did not truly feel, the slightest bit fortified by Hongbin’s hand on his back. His sibling always made an exception to their rule of ‘no physical affection’ where the young demon was concerned. When Sanghyuk was upset or anxious.

Sanghyuk lifted his fingers, slowly, so slowly, clumsily unclasping the circle of leather and gold from around his neck.

The colors of the world fell away along with his collar. Everything in shades of grey once more.

Sanghyuk sighed, resigned. This bleak view was almost more disheartening than Jaehwan’s change. But as he had claimed, Taekwoon’s quiet dominance remained unaltered.

“Look at your creator.”

The young demon did, focusing his eyes on Jaehwan’s face, familiar and unfamiliar at the same time.

“What do you see?”

Jaehwan in pink. Jaehwan in white with a red collar and pin of a nine-pointed star. Jaehwan in silver. Just as he had seen before.

“He— he keeps flickering.”

“Explain.”

“An angel in pink, then an angel in white, now in silver and black. He keeps looking more and more sad. And thinner.”

As he watched, Jaehwan took on a form the young demon had not yet seen. Still skinnier than the
maker Sanghyuk knew. In a suit of cobalt wool with satin lapels, the exact shade of his now cobalt eyes. Beneath it, his pale chest was bare, hair darker, skin tone lighter, the black collar he had gifted Sanghyuk around his own throat.

He looked angry. Angrier than the young demon had ever seen him. His irises were blue flame, crimson lips curled in a snarl, sharp jaw clenched tight and teeth bared. But under it was pain. Another may not have been able to see it, but Sanghyuk could. In the furrows of Jaehwan’s brow, the shininess of his eyes. What was it his maker had said? ‘Someone once tried to explain it to me this way; I was so hurt and angry when I fell that those feelings turned to poison inside me.’ What he was seeing now was Jaehwan as a newly fallen demon, he was sure of it.

“You are viewing his past, child. Flipping through Jaehwan’s life as easily as you turn the pages of one of your precious science fiction books,” Taekwoon murmured, echoing the prophecy in a way Sanghyuk didn’t like.

“It’s not about—”

“Silence.”

Sanghyuk snapped his mouth shut, the false princes command unable to be ignored.

“Now, picture your creator the way he is in the present, the way you remember him.”

The young demon did. He focused, thought of his maker in all his radiant perfection. His glory. Hair like waves of onyx, knowing eyes like glittering blue jewels, lips the color of freshly decanted wine. The satiny flawlessness of his unblemished skin, sunken cheeks, sculpted bone structure. He had read the fairytales of the brothers Grimm, and if any character in any book fit the description of his makers beauty, it was little snow white. White as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony wood. His maker was fair, the fairest person Sanghyuk had ever seen, his body one that the almighty had crafted to the epitome of magnificence. Strong and healthy and absolutely exquisite.

He closed his eyes, his imagination painting a portrait of the Jaehwan Sanghyuk knew, cherished, and adored.

“Thank fucking Lucifer!”
Sanghyuk’s eyes flew open. His maker was sitting there, stretching his arms above his obsidian head like a cat. His chest was bare, legs and hips covered in loose pants of black silk, sapphire pendant hanging around his neck. “Jaehwan!” the young demon breathed, relief crashing over him in a wave. It was right.

He moved so fast he didn’t even see the room blur. At Jaehwan’s side, peering into his eyes from an inch away, able to feel his maker’s hot breath against his lips. The world around him was grey, that was true, but his maker was as vibrant as the full moon at midnight. It was the real Jaehwan, his Jaehwan.

“So loyal, pet. So brave.”

If Jaehwan heard the nickname he despised, he didn’t show it. His arms wrapped around the young demon’s neck, rising, kneeling on the mattress so he could press his crimson lips to Sanghyuk’s.

It was joy. It was bliss. It was ecstasy. His maker was vibrating with life, humming with pleasure, the taste of his sweet venom once again present when Sanghyuk licked into his mouth, just to be sure. Peaches and a dash of sugar. The young demon was so enthralled he didn’t even notice when Jaehwan’s quick fingers refastened the collar around his throat.

“You… are… remarkable,” his maker said, words broken up by soft kisses dropped on Sanghyuk’s cheek. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone hate me as an angel as much as I hated myself. It was truly gratifying.”

Instead of sounding insulted, Jaehwan’s tone was laced with mirth. His eyes sparkled with mischief; one side of his mouth curled in a smirk. “So loyal, pet. So brave.”

A throat was cleared somewhere behind them. “As pleased as I am at not having to send one of my most trusted dukes to heaven, do you see the truth in the prophecy now?” Taekwoon asked, sharp gaze flicking from Jaehwan to Sanghyuk and back again.

His maker hummed noncommittally in that way he seemed to have mastered with millennia of practice, eyes for no one but his youngest Bound. “You saw my past, did you pet?” he murmured, carding one long fingered hand through Sanghyuk’s pale hair. The young demon nodded dumberbly, too enchanted by his makers perfect face to reply out loud. “What did you think?”
“You were… so angry, love, so angry,” Sanghyuk whispered, remembering the furious boy in blue. Jaehwan chuckled softly, thumb brushing back and forth over the young demon’s cheekbone. “Indeed, I was. And for good reason.”

Hongbin coughed pointedly. “Now that we’re all normal again, we should probably deal with the archdemon I have trapped in a maze outside,” he said, tapping his foot. Their maker turned, lightning quick as he leapt off the bed and pounced on his second youngest.

Sanghyuk followed, sticking at Jaehwan’s shoulder as his brother hissed in protest, trying to fend off the kisses their maker was pressing all over his handsome face. “You are excellent as always, sweetling, I’m proud of you as well,” he exclaimed, smiling at Hongbin’s grimace.

With a single swift jab to their maker’s stomach, Hongbin extricated himself from Jaehwan’s embrace and flitted away to hide behind the false prince. Sanghyuk’s arms snaked around his maker’s bare waist, not particularly caring about the second in command lost in the labyrinth of the apartment, forming words against Jaehwan’s temple as he spoke. “You said nobody cared about you before you fell. But Wonshik came for you, he hugged you, seemed to genuinely care.”

Jaehwan laughed again. “He hates me this way, the way I truly am, but you’re right, pet. He was the only one of my friends, my best friend, that stuck by my side when I returned after my brief foray to Eden. But… he didn’t stand up for me, never told the others to stop, never tried to get them to leave me alone. He stayed silent in the face of their hatred, didn’t want to rock the boat. In my opinion, that’s worse than being outright mean. The **fucking coward.**”

His lyrical voice had become a dangerous snarl. “He only came, if I don’t miss my guess, to try and make up for his treachery, the murder of my daughters, because I was an angel again. He always liked me as an angel, weak and helpless and stupid. No matter how much he righteously despises me now, he will always be soft for my past self. If you hadn’t sent him away so soon, I would have **killed him** for trying to take advantage of my frailty.”

“You didn’t answer my question,” Taekwoon said, completely ignoring Jaehwan’s anecdote. Sanghyuk wanted to look at the false prince but found that he was physically unable to do so. His maker had his undivided attention, index finger running along the waistband of Jaehwan’s black pants, just on the side of too large and slung low on his hips.

Jaehwan hummed again, azure eyes glistening, the back of his head tucked in the crook between Sanghyuk’s shoulder and neck. “I admit... **some** parts of it ring true, but that could just be because my youngest is exceptional, not because some human woman had dreams about him nine hundred years ago.”
“As I said, a love-blinded fool,” the false prince sighed, rolling his eyes. “And you, child? Do you see the truth in it?”

“No. It’s not about me.”

“Are you dumb or stupid?” Hongbin asked, incredulous. His brother was always inclined to trust Taekwoon’s word over Jaehwan’s, a mistake in Sanghyuk’s opinion. The false prince may be the strongest of the demons, but nobody knew them better than their maker. “You just changed the very heart of Jae’s being, you turned him into a *true* angel, not just a copy of one! Taek can’t even do that!”

Sanghyuk shrugged. *Disinterested* couldn’t begin to encapsulate how he felt at that moment. Jaehwan’s skin was silky under his hands, muscles hard, incredibly distracting and causing a buzzing in his ears.

He had been so close to losing his maker, the longing to have Jaehwan to himself was all-encompassing. He nuzzled the elder’s cheek, inhaling his familiar smell, clutching him the way a child holds their favorite doll.

The door behind Hongbin clicked open with a swish, prompting Sanghyuk’s brother to hiss, “Shit I lost focus,” as a dark-haired man roughly an inch short than Jaehwan prowled into the room.

“Why are you skulking around, little brother?” Taekwoon asked, narrowing his catlike scarlet eyes at the newcomer. The Prince of Vice and Lord of the Wicked was swathed in black leather and metal studs, hair combed off his forehead in an elegant coiffure, silver lip ring glinting in the bedrooms low light. His dark green eyes were rimmed in kohl, flicking around to analyze the situation like the *snake* he was.

“I heard there was something amiss and came to check on my dear friend, but your rather unpleasant child snared me in a trap, Hwannie.”

Jaehwan grinned, blowing his friend a kiss. “You’re too sweet, Jaebumie. So caring. But boys will be boys, I trust you found your way out with little difficulty,” he crooned, sounding like a patronizing parent and snuggling a bit closer to the young demon.

As he always did when he and the Prince of Vice were in the same room, Sanghyuk was overcome with a very strong urge to smoke. His maker smoked, delighting in the rush tobacco provided and the
fact that, as an immortal being and embodiment of sin, he could partake and still lay claim to a pristine set of lungs. The young demon liked the sweet and spicy smell, but he didn’t usually smoke himself. The Prince of Vice, though, as his name suggested, encouraged his unhealthier cravings.

“What’s going on? It’s not every day that walls begin to shift in front of my very eyes.”

“Just a family meeting,” his maker replied, voice now that seductive purr that earned a sly smile from Taekwoon’s second in command. “Interesting. But I can smell angels,” Jaebum said, emerald gaze sliding to Sanghyuk.

The rumor about the prophecy, most likely spread by an eavesdropping hellspawn, had moved through Hell like a wildfire only days after the young demon’s corruption. Naturally, this led to a rash of distrust amongst the demonic community, which Jaehwan classified as nothing more than spiteful jealousy and then proceeded to beat the ever-living shit out of several lower ranked fallen for bringing it up. That put an end to the majority of the gossip very quickly.

Despite the clear threat of physical violence that the subject presented, the Prince of Vice never shied away from it. In fact, he seemed to take particular joy in mocking Sanghyuk for his supposedly tainted lineage, even once going to far as to call him ‘heaven’s bastard.’

Jaehwan’s eyes sparked dangerously, his sultry smile now possessing a razors edge.

“I can smell it on your skin even from over here, Hwannie, is your young thing leaking or something?”

“Watch your tongue, my naughty little lamb, before I bite it off and shove it up your admittedly shapely ass,” his maker replied, all traces of friendliness gone, only menace remaining in his smooth purr of a voice.

Jaebum winked, but wisely dropped that line of conversation. “Anyway, I wanted to see if you would venture to the surface with me,” he said, green eyes flicking to Hongbin before returning to their maker. “My Bound could keep yours company for the night, I’m sure.”

The Prince of Vice’s two Bound, the Lord of Lies and the Lord of Envy, actually weren’t all that bad. Especially Envy. But apparently, Jaehwan wasn’t in the mood for a session of literal hell raising.
“Sorry, lamb, but I wish to spend the evening with my family. Come find me tomorrow,” he replied, pleasantness returning as he idly reached up to toy with a lock of Sanghyuk’s fringe. Jaebum nodded, flashing his ‘elder brother’ a deceptively innocent smile, and backed out of the room the way he had come.

Hongbin slammed the door after him, and the group waited a full minute to be sure he had gone before Taekwoon spoke. “Why, Jaehwan, do you insist on being so friendly with such an unpleasant individual?” he asked, glaring at the door. His maker smiled, impish. “Because, Taekwoonie, I always have a contingency plan in case I fall out of favor with your high, high, highness."

The false prince turned his glare on Jaehwan but chose not to comment. He knew, as well as the rest of them did, that Jaebum was currently the biggest threat to his power over the void. Jaehwan allying himself with both of them was simply a prudent course of action. Not an honorable course, true, but demons were never known for their honor.

“Your poor taste in friends aside, we have more important things to discuss.”

They all waited, watching Taekwoon scan Sanghyuk up and down before he elaborated.

“Starting tomorrow, child, you will begin training with me privately.” Sanghyuk opened his mouth to protest, but the false prince held up a hand. “I don’t give a damn if you believe in the prophecy or not. Your power is out of control and it poses a danger to all of us if you don’t learn to handle it.”

Jaehwan tensed. “I can train my Bound myself, thank you very-“

“No, you cannot. If you had any understanding of the significance of your Bound’s very existence, Jaehwan, you would have done so already,” Taekwoon snapped, returning his attention to the young demon and paying no mind to the fact that Sanghyuk was trying his best to hide behind his softly snarling maker.

“You have three choices, child. Train with me, train with Hakyeon, or leave my realm forever and live out the rest of your immortal life alone on the surface. I made the assumption that you would choose the first option."

There it was. The ultimatum Sanghyuk had been dreading. Taekwoon kicking him out. Being without his family. Without his maker. All alone.
He nodded before the growled curses were even out of Jaehwan’s mouth. “You foul, loathsome, *despicable* fucking bastard! How *dare* you threaten to take my Bound from me! You’re a hateful bully! How you even have the balls to-“

Let it never be said that his maker didn’t care for his children. Jaehwan’s protective streak was somewhat legendary in the void, able to spew vitriol as well as he was able throw fists, could be as cruel as he was seductive, and his threats were not known to be empty ones. However, picking a fight with the *antichrist* was almost never advisable.

Taekwoon blinked, scarlet eyes like pools of liquid fire. Jaehwan’s mouth sealed itself shut of its own accord, and whatever he saw in the false prince’s face made him cower against Sanghyuk, whimpering in fear. Hongbin was at the young demon’s side in a split second, instinct to watch over their maker’s safety flooding them both at the acrid tang of terror.

“All *not*. Address me. With *disrespect*,” the false prince murmured, pausing to let his words take root. “If you speak to me so again, I will hand you to Hakyeon for execution and let your children watch as your flesh boils and melts under a torrent of holy water. And if you choose to test the *seriousness* of that threat, all of my little brother’s considerable influence will not be even close to enough to protect you. Am I understood?”

Jaehwan nodded frantically, hiding his face against Sanghyuk’s chest, gasping when Taekwoon blinked again and he was able to open his mouth.

“All good. I will see you after breakfast for training, child. Do not be late.”

With a flourish of black wings and swirling of shadows, the antichrist turned and glided from Sanghyuk’s bedroom without a backward glance.

**Chapter End Notes**

*im a sucker for baby vixx and JJ project*
*and, as a Slytherin, I love a good villain*
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

oh, you thought I was capable of writing something that wasn't ken-centric? I'm so sorry to disappoint you then, I am a weak human being

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“You have explaining to do,” Hakyeon snapped, pacing back and forth behind his desk, his fellow archangel standing before him with arms crossed and a defiant expression on his face.

“I told you already, Jaehwan was himself! He was an angel again, Hakyeon! He sang to me!”

“I don’t care if he got on his knees and called you his lord, Wonshik, you went to hell without official sanction! Just sauntered down there like you owned the place!” Hakyeon exclaimed, ignoring the thunder claps echoing from the clouds on his ceiling. “Do you understand what that means?”

Wonshik huffed in obvious annoyance. “I didn’t know where he was! He could have been on the surface! But he was my friend, Hakyeon, our friend! I wasn’t going to give up a chance to see him right again!”

Hakyeon was incandescent with righteous fury. “He isn’t our friend anymore, Wonshik, what you saw was a shade of the thing he used to be and nothing more.” The thunder wielding archangel let a crack of lightning split the clouds, but Hakyeon was in no mood.

“You broke the rules, Wonshik. And since you’re so eager to visit hell, I have the perfect way for you to atone.”

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“Fuck, Jae, fuck,” Sanghyuk groaned, looking down at the elder demon situated between his legs and licking the head of his cock like a lollipop.
His maker’s eyes gleamed, face flushed, mouth hot and hungry. Sanghyuk’s fingers wove through his ebony hair, breath shallow panting as Jaehwan worked his indescribably magic.

Every time, Sanghyuk thought it couldn’t possibly get better. The feeling of Jaehwan’s crimson lips wrapped around him couldn’t possibly get better, and yet every time, the elder topped his previous experience with the skill of a master.

Jaehwan had played the young demon like a piano the moment he had woken up, sitting on his lap, kissing his neck, kissing his chest, that sweet mouth working its way lower. Nipping at his hip bones, grazing his teeth over the flesh of his inner thighs. And now they were here, Sanghyuk’s cock down his throat while the young demon did his utmost not to come apart too fast, never wanting the feeling to end.

The elder swallowed around his length, gagging slightly as the younger weakly thrust up into his mouth, those exquisite ruby lips pressed against the lowest part of his abdomen. Sanghyuk’s heart beat out a ragged rhythm on the inside of his rib cage. Drowning in ecstasy.

Jaehwan pulled off him slowly, licking a wide stripe up from the base as he did so, those long, narrow fingers wrapping around him and beginning to pump up and down. A gentle flick of his wrist.

“Do you like it when I suck your cock, pet?” his maker purred, the corners of his swollen mouth curled in a smirk, the tip of his tongue toying at that sensitive spot just below the head.

“Yes yes yes, shit, love, yes,” Sanghyuk replied, voice pitching a bit higher on the last ‘yes’ when Jaehwan thumbed his slit, applying just enough pressure to make the younger see stars.

“Mm,” the elder hummed, mouthing at the side of his shaft as he continued to expertly jerk him off. Goosebumps erupted along the young demon’s heated skin, the vibrations from that hum sending a shiver down his spine.

Sanghyuk’s eyes fluttered shut but he opened them immediately, not wanting to miss a second of the demonstration of pure debauchery taking place between his legs. “You’re so pretty, pet, when you’re at my mercy.”

That fucking tongue swirled around his head and working its way back down along the vein of his
cock, so *hot* and so *hungry*.

The hand Sanghyuk had tangled in Jaehwan’s hair tightened, the elder sucking him hard enough to hollow his rosy cheeks. Pupils blown wide.

It never took much when they were like this, his maker *using* his body, drawing the pleasure from him like the artist he was.

“Shit, Jae I’m gunna-“

And it was over in a burst of light flaring behind the young demons’ eyelids, his lips parting in a silent gasp and a rush of pure pleasure as he painted the inside of his makers throat white.

Jaehwan sat up, swallowed, and licked his lips, running a hand up and down the young demon’s thigh as he came down. “Was that good, pet?” he asked, soulful voice hoarse and a smile splashed across his lips like poison. Sanghyuk nodded, unable to formulate any coherent thoughts other than ones about *why* his maker’s voice was hoarse.

“My pretty, *pretty* pet. Have you gone mute?”

Jaehwan crawled up the youngers body, long legs bracketing him, and hands braced on his shoulders. Sanghyuk looked up at him, still catching his breath. Jaehwan was glowing. Shining like a beacon of hellfire in the darkest depths of the void.

“No... you’re just- just so... *fuck*...”

Sanghyuk’s reply ended in a sighed curse, unable to think of anything else to say. His maker chuckled, that throaty, lascivious chuckle that made Sanghyuk’s heart leap. “So precious.”

The young demon traced the lines of Jaehwan’s inner arm, his faint blue veins gliding up into the crook of his elbow. “I’d fucking die for you,” he murmured, staring into his makers sapphire eyes. Jaehwan’s expression was so radiant it made the sun hang its head in shame.

“That’s just the blowjob talking,” he said with a soft laugh, booping Sanghyuk’s nose.
In a blink, the young demon sat up and dropped Jaehwan on his back, caging the smaller in between his arms and delighting in the quiet gasp that left Jaehwan’s lips. “I’m not joking, love, you’re everything to me.”

His maker hummed, hands cupping the younger’s cheeks and tapping a slow beat against his temple. “Thank you, pet, but such sentiment is not necessary. If we are to die, then we die together, no?”

Sanghyuk didn’t even hesitate before nodding. The heat of his maker’s body underneath him was making him lose focus again.

“Good. Now get dressed. You really shouldn’t be late for training after his highness nearly smothered me yesterday.”

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His knock on the door of the false princes’ apartments echoed through the dark hallway like footsteps.

Sanghyuk had come alone, and nervousness was writhing in his veins in anticipation of what was waiting for him. He had come alone, but his maker had promised to drop by and check on him, sealing that promise with a kiss that still lingered in the young demon’s lips.

“Enter!”

It was with no small amount of trepidation that the young demon obeyed, pushing open the door and walking into the false prince’s living room. Puppy bounded up to him and nosed at his hand, expecting a treat and getting one. Jaehwan had slipped a few into his pocket before he left, and Sanghyuk was grateful for it now.

“Welcome to training, child. It’s long overdue,” Taekwoon said, rising from his long, low couch in a midnight blue waistcoat that accented his figure too well to have been made by anyone but Jaehwan. “Hi, your highness. What exactly are we doing?”

Taekwoon set his little grey cat down on the floor, fondly watching it scamper away before he
answered. “We are going to practice.”

“Practice?”

“Practice.”

“But,” Sanghyuk said, a bit confused, “I can’t change you, you said so yourself. How can I practice on you?”

The false prince’s mouth twitched in a smile. “You will not be practicing on me. But… I think you will enjoy the guinea pig I’ve arranged for you.”

He paced to his steel frame of a desk and lifted an old-fashioned white rotary phone off its cradle. “Greetings, angel. Send down my prize. I’ll make sure he returns to you in one piece,” he said, tone one of complete amusement. He listened to a sharp reply, only muted muttering to Sanghyuk’s ear, before hanging up the phone.

“Was that- did you just… call heaven?” the young demon asked, incredulous. Taekwoon nodded, turning to stare at the middle of the room with his arms crossed. “My privilege as lord of the void, I have a direct line to your old mentor’s office. Not that I use it very often, of course.”

In a flash of white light, one of the last people Sanghyuk expected to see appeared with a scowl on his face.

“Greetings angel,” Taekwoon repeated, his small smile a notch wider. “Okay, I understand that you don’t like me being in your realm without permission, but what exactly am I doing back here so soon?” Wonshik asked, brushing imaginary dust off his navy uniform.

“No fucking way,” Sanghyuk breathed, grinning at his ex-best friend. “I get to practice on him?”

“Yes. Now, angel, prepare yourself to lose everything you hold dear. You will return to this unpalatable form before lunch, as I have been threatened under pain of death not to let you be corrupted for true,” Taekwoon replied, petting the top of Dog’s silky black head. “Take off your collar, child, and tell me what you see as you look upon your old friend.”
Sanghyuk, still mostly unable to believe he was actually allowed to do this, raised his hands to unclasp that circle of leather from around his neck. “Hold on, hold on, hold on, what do you mean practice on me?” Wonshik exclaimed, looking alarmed.

“He needs to hone his skills on someone, and as this is a matter that directly affects both heaven and hell, your boss and I have agreed to work together. Hakyeon volunteered you for the job, he isn’t best pleased about your unscheduled venture into my realm, is he?”

As the world fell into shades of grey, Sanghyuk stared at his ex-friend’s face. He remained unchanged for a moment… and then…

“You used to be kind of pitiful looking, you know that?” he asked, taking in Wonshik’s softer jaw, softer eyes, softer hair. It was longer, still that glowing silver, but now hanging in loose waves down to his chin. Big puppy dog eyes more mustard than gold.

“Hey! Knock it off! I didn’t agree to this,” the archangel snapped, tone much sharper than the expression of undiluted anxiety on his face would suggest he was even capable of.

Taekwoon stepped up to the young demon’s side. “Now,” he murmured, speaking directly into Sanghyuk’s ear, “Focus your mind, focus your will, and tell him that he is a demon. Believe he is a demon and tell him so.”

Sanghyuk focused. This angel, his ex-best friend, had killed his sisters. Had let his maker be bullied into falling by the other occupants of heaven. Had abandoned the young demon himself as soon as he realized Sanghyuk had been corrupted. Indulged in sins of the flesh. Tried to zap Jaehwan in the back and would have helped Hakyeon arrest both Jaehwan and Sanghyuk if it had come to that. Wonshik deserved to be a demon. If it wasn’t already, cowardice should be a sin.

“You’re a demon,” Sanghyuk said, firm and sure. “You are a demon, Wonshik, a demon through and through.”

No lead up, no preamble, Wonshik just changed.

Apparently, the angel’s famous lightning was easily translated to match his new demonic inclinations. He became a swirling amalgamation of purple and grey. His hair bled orchid from the roots, tinting each strand so it had a curious ombre effect, shifting from the darker purple to bright silver at the ends. His hair also grew longer, stick straight all the way until it curled in at the bottom,
halfway down to his shoulders.

His golden eyes flared into an electric shade of amethyst; the outer edge of his irises ringed in graphite. His previously blue jacket lined with cream disappeared. It was replaced with a floor-length robe of pure violet, made from what looked to be chiffon and accented with narrow piping of the same color, but shiny taffeta instead. It closed with a small knot at his waist, the long, thin strings tailed from the closure all the way down to the floor. It had slits reaching up to around his knees, the hem of iron grey pants visible underneath, but his feet were bare.

And he had wings. Not like Hongbin’s, that looked the same as angel wings only black instead of white. No, Wonshik’s wings were made of billowing smoke. The exact shade of a shadow at midday, ever shifting, ever moving, wire-thin streaks of what appeared to be lightening the color of frost running through them like veins.

“Holy… shit…” the newly formed demon before him whispered, his deep voice like rumbling like thunder in the wide room.

“Holy shit is right! You look awesome!” Sanghyuk replied, both amused by his friends curse and stunned by the improvement in his appearance, momentarily forgetting his dislike.

Wonshik looked down at himself, his hands, and then raised them up to his sides, fingers trembling slightly. With no warning, bands of electricity shot from him, the exact color of the tips of his hair, sparking off both the far walls and charging the air surrounding all of them, leaving it crackling.

A peel of incredulous, near manic laughter rang from over by the door, high pitched and familiar. When they all turned to look, they found Jaehwan, almost doubled over, wearing a frock coat of black damask over a wine-red vest that made him look like he had just stepped from the salon of Louis XVI after poisoning half the noble guests in attendance.

“Well, why are you here? I explicitly said that Sanghyuk’s training was to be private,” Taekwoon asked sharply, radiating annoyance. The young demon had actually forgotten his maker would be dropping by once Wonshik showed up and he was unsure of what to do. He didn’t think Jaehwan would take this development in stride. He wasn’t that kind of person.

Jaehwan was giggling now, one hand braced on the door frame, the other on his stomach. “I’m so -hehehe- sorry for interrupting, your highness. I simply came to make -hehehe- sure you weren’t feeding my Bound to the hellhounds, but… -hehehe- this is honestly too fucking rich.”
“I’m fine, love,” Sanghyuk murmured, unconsciously inching away from the false prince in the direction of his maker. Jaehwan’s words were broken by laughter, his voice still a bit husky but containing a note of glee that was almost indecent.

“No, but… you made pure little Shikkie into a demon! A fucking demon! You have got to leave him like that!”

Lightning sparked off Wonshik’s fingertips, his wings of smoke whirling a little faster. Now that Sanghyuk gave him another look, they appeared more like storm clouds. “Go away, vile bitch,” he spat, and hearing curses in his familiar voice gave the young demon a twinge of surprise for the second time.

“Just as vile as you are now, my sweet paramour, but I am probably still a touch more of a bitch.”

Sanghyuk and Taekwoon stared, both frozen in shock, as the newly demonic Wonshik growled like a clap of thunder and then bolted at Jaehwan, coils of white-hot electricity ringing his lilac head like a halo.

Still being freshly changed and unused to his own speed, he reached Jaehwan too quickly, stumbling when he tried to stop. And unluckily for him, Jaehwan was faster. Sanghyuk’s maker flitted behind him and yanked on his purple hair, still giggling like a maniac and ducking out of the way when Wonshik spun around and aimed a bolt of lightning at the space his head had just occupied.

“Gotta do better than that!” Jaehwan chorused, eyes glinting like a struck flint. He didn’t seem to care about the singe marks smoking on the grey plaster walls, entirely absorbed in taunting his best friend turned enemy. Wonshik was snarling at him like a jaguar that had been poked with a stick. “Stand fucking still so I can tear your throat out,” he growled, swiping at Jaehwan and missing, Sanghyuk’s maker taking the opportunity to bite him on the wrist.

Taekwoon sighed from beside the young demon. “How long should I let this go on, do you think?” he asked quietly, looking a bit amused even though he was trying to hide it. Sanghyuk hesitated. Opened his mouth, closed it, and opened it again. “I think this was a long time coming. Maybe let them work out their… animosity for a little while but stop them before they kill each other.”

The false prince didn’t reply, a brow arched at the sight of Jaehwan bopping Wonshik on the nose, leaving him distracted enough that Jaehwan had no trouble sweeping his legs right out from under him.
Wonshik hissed, electricity sparking up his arms as Jaehwan leapt on him. He grabbed a fistful of Jaehwan’s hair and pulled hard enough to rip it off his scalp, impervious to Jaehwan’s elongated and razor-sharp fingernails tearing at his chest. “Not good enough, sweet paramour,” Jaehwan breathed through his mad laughter, rolling over and throwing Wonshik about ten feet across the room, “How does it feel to be the weak one for a change?”

“I’m not the weak one, you toxic, reprehensible slut,” Wonshik growled, already up on his feet and shooting a bolt of lightning so fast that Jaehwan nearly didn’t jump out of the way in time. He seemed to be getting the hang of it now. The hem of Sanghyuk’s maker’s black coat was singed and smoldering, any resulting fire immediately extinguished by the speed at which Jaehwan whipped to face the other, black void flame blooming around him like flower petals.

“You,” he snarled, the slow steps he took towards Wonshik somehow more menacing than when he was moving fast. “You ruined my fucking jacket!” All the laughter had fallen from him in an instant, searing with rage and terrifyingly beautiful. “I did a favor to anyone blessed with the gift of sight then,” Wonshik replied, his baritone smooth as silk, shaking his purple hair out of his eyes, a mocking smile on his face.

Jaehwan hissed like a cat that had been doused with water. He lunged at Wonshik, dodging bolts of lightning like they were nothing more than rays of sunshine before tackling his ex-best friend and sinking his pearly teeth, just on the side of too sharp to be of human origin, into the column of Wonshik’s neck. For all his talk of not being a vampire, Sanghyuk’s maker had never done a satisfactory job of proving it.

And they were rolling around on the floor again, Jaehwan’s black locks standing on end from the static but clearly winning the childish brawl. His lips were smeared with silver ichor from Wonshik’s already healing wound (further proof of the reach of Sanghyuk’s abilities to change the very fabric of ones being), long finger’s knotted in the other’s newly grown hair and slashing at Wonshik’s violet robe.

For his part, Wonshik wasn’t losing as badly as Sanghyuk would have expected, not having his own unnatural strength to use as an advantage. What he did have, though, were wings. They beat once, twice, and he lifted off the ground, using his grip on Jaehwan’s now ruined coat to carry him up as well.

With a whirl, he spun in midair and used the momentum to fling Sanghyuk’s maker against the wall, shooting a bolt of lightning after him.

It was only a glancing blow, only one branch off the jagged rod of electricity, but it struck Jaehwan right across the temple. It didn’t possess distilled divinity at the moment, thank Lucifer, but it still left a black smudge on Jaehwan’s skin, silver ichor splattered in his hair and rolling down the side of his
perfect face from a deep gash next to his eye.

Sanghyuk bristled, his own temple stinging and vision going red for a blink. The floor cracked under his leather shoes and his three brothers materialized behind him, called by their maker’s physical pain like a siren song.

They all stepped forward in unison, Wonshik sparing a glance over his shoulder and amethyst eyes widening in surprise, but Jaehwan was on his feet again. “Get out, this training session is private,” he hissed, eyes for no one but his ex-best friend. His breathing was short, cobalt eyes flashing, crimson and sliver lips pulled back in a snarl.

Hongbin and Taehyung both took another hesitant step, but Jaehwan growled, “Back off! Don’t make me say it again!”

“It’s probably wise to heed his words, or Sanghyuk may accidentally turn you all into angels,” Taekwoon murmured, still watching the fighting pair with undisguised fascination. With a rush of awareness, Sanghyuk remembered he wasn’t wearing his collar. He heard Seokjin’s singsong voice say, “No thanks,” squeezing his eyes shut and forced his mind to focus on not doing what the false prince said. He pictured white paint drying on a white page covered in words written in white ink. Sitting on a larger white page, covered in other white pages joining together to form an even larger page and then painting that white as well.

He thought of nothing, pristine white blankness, until he felt his siblings vanish around him. Exhaling a shaky sigh, he cracked open one eye. He hadn’t done anything. Nothing was wrong, nothing changed. “Good job, child. Progress,” Taekwoon murmured, dropping a hand on the young demon’s shoulder just as Jaehwan’s black fire came alive.

Tendrils of void curled from his outstretched hand like vines, snaring Wonshik and dragging him slowly back to the ground. It occurred to Sanghyuk that he had never seen his maker do that before. Had never seen his maker quite this angry.

When they had tussled with Hakyeon, Jaehwan had been on defense. When he beat up those fallen for gossiping, he had been asserting dominance. The only time that even came close was when Wonshik had shown up to apologize on the day of Sanghyuk’s corruption. The mere mention of the angel’s name had thrown his maker into a rage. The Jaehwan he was looking at now was like the younger version, newly corrupted with a collar around his throat and teeth bared. This fight was personal. With the one person that could have stopped his fall. His ex-best friend and would-be salvation. The one person that had failed him worse than anyone else.
The light in Jaehwan’s azure eyes was homicidal, ferocious smile on his face promising a brutality Sanghyuk couldn’t quantify. He was pulling Wonshik closer, ever closer, the new demon finally realizing exactly who it was he had picked a fight with and what he had to lose.

The void flames had his wrists and ankles curled tightly in their grasp, holding him down on the floor as Jaehwan dropped on top of him, sitting on his abdomen in pressing one dagger-like nail against the base of his throat, drawing a single drop of silver ichor.

“Just go find a dark corner so you can fuck and get it over with,” Taekwoon murmured, Sanghyuk looking down at the false prince in shock. “Shut up, you know not of what you speak,” Jaehwan snapped, but his gaze never left Wonshik.

Leaning down and cocking his head, face only a breath away from the lightning-wielding demon’s, Jaehwan carded his free hand through Wonshik’s long hair. It looked gentle, tender, almost loving, until he curled his hand into a fist and yanked the other’s head back, baring his throat further. Wonshik choked on the air in his lungs, looking up at Sanghyuk’s maker with genuine fear.

“You are a coward, my sweet paramour. A weak, wretched, treacherous coward,” he purred, tone lilting with menace and edged, as always, with that melodic seduction that Sanghyuk (and the rest of the world) found impossible to resist. A second nail now, digging into the spot next to Wonshik’s adams apple, and a third, resting in the hollow between Wonshik’ collarbones. “You want to tear out my throat? The feeling is mutual.”

“Jaehwan, I promised I’d give him back in one piece,” the false prince sighed, “And at the moment, he is technically a fallen, so if you kill him you will be guilty of murdering one of your own kind and be sentenced to execution. You’ve had your fun but it’s enough now.”

Sanghyuk’s maker didn’t respond, didn’t move, didn’t blink, didn’t breathe, and it set the young demon’s nerves alight. “Come on, love. I know you hate him but- he’s not worth it.”

“Hate, pet, is not a strong enough word. I fucking loathe him,” he whispered, roiling black forcefield apparently soaking up the spurts of electricity leaking from Wonshik’s hands.

“I know, but remember what we said earlier? Together? You can’t be executed without hurting me too.”

His maker didn’t seem to be able to hear him.
“You were my best friend, Shikkie, my best friend. The other half of my fucking soul. I sang for you. I don’t sing for anyone, but I sang for you. And you still let me go, let me wither away to nothing while you hid behind that shield of righteousness you hold so dear, you let me fall.”

And there is was. The pain. Lurking just beneath the surface, almost but not quite covered by his anger. Sanghyuk’s heart gave an excruciating twinge.

Jaehwan sighed, and Sanghyuk saw Wonshik flinch at the warmth of his maker’s breath as it fanned out across his mouth. “Thank you, sweet paramour, for showing me just how much of a spineless wretch you truly are. If you hadn’t, I would still be trapped up in that prison you call home.”

Letting his nails scrape along Wonshik’s neck for a final time, Jaehwan’s black fire disappeared. He flitted off the other and came to stand at Sanghyuk’s side, pressing a slow, lingering kiss to the young demon’s lips.

“She doesn’t deserve the freedom we have,” he murmured, forming the words against Sanghyuk’s mouth. “I’ll be at home when you’re finished. Come find me and tell me about the rest of training.” And then he was striding purposefully towards the door and out into the hall, Sanghyuk’s hand still hovering where it had rested on his maker’s hip.

“Jae!” Wonshik called, propping himself up on an elbow, voice sounding half strangled like he had a lump in his throat, but Jaehwan was already gone.

“As entertaining as your little lover’s quarrel was, let’s get back to work, shall we?” Taekwoon asked, extending a hand for Wonshik to take and pulling him to his feet.

Sanghyuk felt like he was glued to the floor, unable to process exactly what it was that he had just witnessed. His maker had stopped, hadn’t killed Wonshik despite threatening to do so on multiple occasions. He had been about to do it, Sanghyuk saw the murder in his eyes, been so close, so close, but… stopped. And he had called Wonshik his sweet paramour. Not that that was very surprising, using pet names like that was part of Jaehwan’s character, his charm, and he did so with almost everyone. But that one seemed to actually have some weight behind it, not just airy flirtation like usual. It didn’t actually make sense.

“Why does- why does it feel like someone stuck a knife in my chest?” Wonshik asked, amethyst eyes slightly unfocused, shinier than that had been before, one hand flat over his heart. “Maybe because Jaehwan cut you to ribbons?” Sanghyuk replied, nodding at the shredded tatters that had
once been his long purple robe.

Wonshik shook his head, staring down at his bare feet so his curtain of ombre hair fell over his eyes. “Oh, I always forget angels can’t feel it… That’s heartbreak you’re experiencing. Probably for the first time,” Taekwoon murmured, not looking at all sympathetic.

Sanghyuk glanced at him. “Heartbreak?” Wonshik asked, clearly not understanding.

“Yes, heartbreak. Angels cannot feel love and therefore cannot feel the aftereffects of its loss. You may have cared about Jaehwan, liked him, been friends with him, but until now you haven’t truly felt your love for him. And he despises you. That’s got to hurt.”

Wonshik was quiet for a full thirty seconds before he turned to Sanghyuk. “Put me back, change me back I can’t stand this please, make it so I can’t feel this— this… pain anymore,” he pleaded, silver tears leaking from the corner of his eye.

Sanghyuk was tempted. So tempted to leave his ex-friend as a demon so he could drown in that pain. Drown in the guilt he felt for abandoning Jaehwan, let him rot in it for the rest of eternity. It would be a fitting punishment, Sanghyuk thought, hatred for the person in front of him swelling in his chest and turning his mind black. But Jaehwan had told him to change Wonshik back. And, as his loyal and loving Bound, Sanghyuk would do as his maker instructed.

“Do you remember how to do it?” Taekwoon asked, murmuring in his ear like a whisper of wind. “Yeah, give me a moment,” Sanghyuk replied, closing his eyes and painting a portrait of Wonshik as an angel. Close-cropped silver hair, golden eyes, white wings. Sun kissed skin and divine lightning curling around his fingertips.

Sanghyuk heard a sigh and chanced a peak, seeing that his portrait had become truth. Wonshik the angel stood before him, conspicuously lacking silver tears but still looking very sad. “Go now, tend to your wounds and be back here same time tomorrow,” the false prince ordered, and Wonshik vanished in a flash of white light without a word.

“That was merciful of you, child. Most demons would have left him to suffer,” Taekwoon said softly, waving his hand so the damage in his living room began to repair itself. “I wanted to, but Jaehwan told me not to,” Sanghyuk replied, running his hand over his own bare throat. He missed the wards.
Taekwoon looked back at him, catlike scarlet eyes burning holes in the young demon like lasers. “And do you not think Jaehwan was being merciful as well?” Sanghyuk stared blankly. He didn’t think so, why would his maker take pity on a person who had been so cruel to him? “No.”

“What was between them, do you know? They’re so hot and cold,” Sanghyuk asked, once the silence had stretched on for too long.

He was curious about his maker’s past, the image of the angry boy in blue stuck firmly in his mind as he looked around at the grey room. If anyone would know it would probably be Taekwoon. Taehyung would know as well, but he wasn’t there for Sanghyuk to ask and most likely wouldn’t tell the young demon even if he was. The secrets between him and their maker were always closely guarded.

“Hmm,” the false prince hummed, a thoughtful expression on his face. “When Jaehwan came to me so many millennia ago, he was broken, child. He had been used, hated, and abandoned, and all he wanted was someone to be kind to him. He was ferocious, feral, out of his mind, but stuck to my side like glue. And even after he fell, Wonshik would sneak out and come try to speak to him. What we just saw… that was two kittens wrestling over a ball of string compared to the brawls I witnessed. Wonshik stopped coming after Jaehwan tore one of his wing’s half off, and that’s when I made him a collar to subdue his anger and suggested he find himself a companion. The collar you yourself now wear.”

Sanghyuk was silent, not wanting to interrupt the false prince’s train of thought but absolutely staggered by these revelations.

“Wonshik has never been able to understand the depth of Jaehwan’s pain. He knew Jaehwan was upset, but his angelic programing simply would not allow him to comprehend the scale of it. I have always been of the opinion, and Hongbin agrees, that there was more between them than simple friendship. And your brother knew them in heaven, witnessed their behavior first hand. The hate Jaehwan feels is too strong to have been born of a mere platonic relationship.”

“But that’s not possible, they were angels,” Sanghyuk said, earning a look of pity from the other. “Angels have flaws too, child,” he replied, echoing Wonshik’s words from yesterday. “It would have been innocent, nothing like the burning passion you and your creator have, probably just soft touches and softer words, but still something.”

“Oh,” the young demon breathed, shaking his head a little to clear the image of angel-Jaehwan tucked in Wonshik’s arms like he was born to be there from his mind. “There is no need to be jealous, child.”
“I’m not jealous,” Sanghyuk replied truthfully. “It was a long time ago, and Jae clearly doesn’t feel that way anymore. And even if he did, there’s no such thing as monogamy with the Prince of Lust. He wouldn’t love me any less, or Hongbin or Seokjin or Taehyung. He has more than enough love for all of us, it’s just who he is.”

A small smile crossed Taekwoon’s face, the barest hint of pride. “Quite wise, child. Now, you controlled yourself very well, but you still cracked my floor, so let’s work on your physical strength instead of mental.”

He took three paces back and turned to the young demon, rolling up his sleeves. “How can we do that?”

“Attack me.”

“Pardon?”

“Attack me,” Taekwoon repeated, grinning for real now. “I can take you; I promise. So come on, show me what you’ve got.”

Sanghyuk hesitated, but eventually squared up to the false prince. He took two deep breathes, clenched his hands into fists, and let go.

Chapter End Notes

DO WE LIKE DEMON SHIKKIE? BECAUSE I HAVE A THING PLANED BUT I NEED IMPUT

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3
Twitter
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Five sapphires hung on the silver chain around Jaehwan’s neck. True to his word, his youngest Bound had procured a little jewel for him at the start of each new year, and the Prince of Lust wore them proudly. Never took them off.

Five years, Sanghyuk had been at his side. Five years of sweet kisses and undying passion. His youngest was a precious treasure, beautiful on the outside and possessing and even more beautiful soul. Jaehwan loved his child with his whole being, the way he did the others, but his youngest held a special place in his heart.

He had progressed well with his training, moved on long ago from changing angels into demons (an admittedly easy feat) and now was working on turning demons back into angels. His control was precise and all encompassing. He could let go when he chose, demolish ten square blocks if he chose, but also could summon a single sheet of paper from another room or vanish a speck of dust into thin air without causing the slightest breeze. Jaehwan burst with pride.

At the moment, the Prince of Lust was in his library, reclining on a divan and swathed in nothing but a long bathrobe of midnight silk and his sapphire necklace, perusing a book of Lord Byron’s best poetry. His beloved pet was adventuring on the surface with Hongbin, no doubt up to mischief that made Jaehwan smile to imagine. The relationship between his two youngest delighted their maker to no end. It was a sight to see Hongbin actually be soft with anyone, and Sanghyuk adored his brother for it.

Jaehwan sighed a contented sigh, resting his book on his stomach and closing his eyes. He could nap, he thought, a nice long nap in this pool of artificial, alchemical sunlight shining down on him from a high faux-window.
A ripple ran through the apartment just as light flared before his closed lids. His wards of protection being triggered. Wards to let him know if an unwelcome force entered his home. The Prince of Lust knew who the intruder was, could smell the orange peel shampoo he had always favored despite having no real need to bathe. An indulgence. Jaehwan kept his eyes shut, stretching one arm over his head as if he were unbothered by the trespasser.

“How can I help you, my sweet paramour?” he asked, urging his tone into a honeyed lilt, adorning it with a sultry note, drawn-out vowels. He knew Wonshik disliked that, and the knowledge made him smile.

“What, aren’t you going to throw a knife at me or something?”

That deep, rumbling voice. So familiar. Too familiar.

It just so happened that Jaehwan did have a silver dagger concealed beneath the divan’s cushion. A knife in the throat, he had found after millennia of experience, was an excellent disciplinary tool. Mortal blades would hurt, sting like a bitch, no doubt, but his victim would heal swiftly and almost never did whatever they were being punished for again. Jaehwan had them hidden all over the apartment for just such an occasion.

“Not quite yet, I want to see why you risked a trip down here after being so soundly reprimanded for the last one,” Jaehwan replied, his eyes still shut.

A step in his direction. Hesitant by the sound of it.

“I wanted to ask you for a favor.”

The Prince of lust broke out in ringing laughter. He felt his own mind slip, only a little, but he yanked it back into place. There really was no-one that could throw a wrench in his carefully crafted mask of sanity better than Wonshik. He needed to hold fast now, losing his mind when alone with this particular angel could have… regrettable consequences.

“You want to ask me for a favor?” Jaehwan asked, letting his eyes flutter open in a way he knew always made his lover’s core temperatures increase by at least three degrees.
There stood Wonshik. Not in uniform but in a loose white button down and flint colored denim. His affinity for the worst of the human fashions was honestly pitiful, in Jaehwan’s learned opinion. His wings were folded behind his shoulders and silver hair apparently combed for once. It was difficult for the Prince of Lust to think of a sight he hated more.

“Yes, I do.”

“And where did you find the balls for that? Lucifer knows you’ve never had any before.”

Wonshik’s golden eyes, previously locked on a bookshelf ten feet away, flicked to the demon for a split second before returning to their position.

“You’re the only person who- that should do it.”

A savage smile split Jaehwan’s face. His fingers twitched, feeling the silkiness of his own raven hair where his forearm rested, folded atop his head.

“I am, am I? That’s an awful shame for you then, sweet paramour.”

“Jae, I-“

“No, no…” Jaehwan said, doing his best to keep a firm grip on his rapidly slipping mind. He sat up slowly, incredibly slowly, letting his robe slip off his shoulder in an artful swish, “Use my proper name. Vile bitch or reprehensible slut, which ever you prefer.”

The angel flinched. Jaehwan smiled wider.

“You came into my home, without being invited, obviously waiting until you knew all my children were out to do so. This must have been important, and it gives me great pleasure to deny you.”

“Jaehwan, listen.”

A note of pleading. Like music to the demon’s ears.
“What did I just tell you? Use my proper name.”

A sigh.

“You know I can’t say those words, and I wouldn’t even if I could.”

“Oh, really? You wouldn’t?” Jaehwan heard the breathiness of his own voice, pitched a quarter of an octave higher than it should be. Tried to school it back down with little success. His sanity had started to run through his fingers like sand in an hour glass. It was only a matter of time now. “You’ve never had trouble with them before. If you’re pretending to be kind in an attempt to get me to grant your wish, sweet, you should give up now.”

The pain. It had begun to prickle inside Jaehwan’s skull. The memories. He shoved them away, suppressing them, denying them. Don’t look.

“Shut your stupid mouth and listen to me for once!”

Annoyance. Impatience. That damned superiority that seemed to be etched into every angel’s bones.

“Shut my mouth? Are you sure you don’t want me to open my mouth?”

Jaehwan leaned forwards, bracing his hands before him on the cushions and arching his back. He licked his lips and let his mouth fall open, burning gaze fixed on the angel only a yard away.

“Stop it.”

“Ah, ah, ah, ah!”

A string of whiney moans. Pretending he was being fucked, rough and dirty, fluttering his lashes and catching his bottom lip between his teeth.
“Seriously, Jaehwan. Stop it.”

“Ngh, Shikkie **harder**, fuck me, **just** like that!”

Running his hand down the front of his own chest, tripping over the sapphire and silver chain, letting his head loll to the side, robe slipping off a little further.

“Enough!”

Lightning coiling around the angel’s fingers, golden eyes flashing, stiff set to his jaw. Anger.

Jaehwan dropped down onto his back, legs lying one on top of the other and bent at the knee like a newborn colt. A hand pillowed on his forehead, the other tangled in the belt of his robe. Looking at his enemy upside down.

“Ahh…”

A long, drawn out moan.

“You feel so **good**, my sweet, **fuck**!”

A bolt of lightning arching over him, singeing the wall of his library a burnt black. Sparking. Fizzing particles of air.

“I said, **that’s enough!**”


“What’s the matter, sweet? Am I insulting your pure little virgin sensibilities?”

“Why are you doing this?”
Mad laughter, the demon realized it was pouring from his own mouth.

“Because I’m a reprehensible slut, of course, didn’t you know?”

“Jaehwan…”

Don’t look. Don’t look into that darkness.

Too late.

“What was it you used to call me, sweet? Your little rose, little blossom, little flower? I’m having trouble recalling after this long.”

He wasn’t. He remembered.

“Little daisy.”

Jaehwan’s body shuddered without his mind’s permission. Hearing that spoken in the too familiar rumble stung exactly as much as he guessed it would.

“That was it. So kind of you to aid my aged memory.”

“We’re the same age.”

Giggling.

“I wear it better, sweet.”

“Can I speak now without you writhing around on that ugly couch and moaning like a dog in heat?”
“Only if your cock is in my mouth.”

Opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue.

Another lightning bolt. Two charred scars on his wall now. Slipping. *Look away from the dark.*

“I want you to corrupt me.”

High-pitched laughter spilling out of him. Cold laughter, loud laughter, insane laughter. Laughing so hard he accidentally rolled right off the edge of the divan.

“Your *hehehe*-cock in my mouth would *hehehe*-do wonders for achieving that *hehehe*-goal!”

“I’m not joking.”

“Are you sure? Because it’s extremely *hehehe*-funny!”

Slipping. Not long now.

“Jaehwan.”

Laughing so hard that his cheeks ached, stomach hurt, couldn’t stop. Wouldn’t stop. *Look away, child. Look away from the darkness.*

The quite voice in his head was fading.

“Jaehwan?”

A warm hand brushing the back of his own.
He flinched, bolting upright, hand finding the hilt of his dagger and pulling it from between the cushions quicker than the angel’s lightning.

Scrambling back, keeping his gaze locked on his enemy, blade held out before him until his spine collided painfully with the wall.

“Don’t fucking touch me!”

Laughter drying up like water in a desert. Staring at his enemy with so much hatred that his limbs began to tremble.

A whisper of raven’s wings.

“Jaehwan, child, don’t look.”

“Get out of my fucking head!”

Scarlet eyes peering down at him, blindly swiping out with his dagger. Breath coming short.

“Leave angel. I don’t know what you’re doing here but leave before he does something that cannot be undone.”


“Not until he listens to me.”


Head lolling, blade shaking, breath coming fast, shallow. Memory.
‘Harlot!’

‘Defiled!’

‘Abomination!’

‘Don’t listen to them little daisy.’ A quiet murmur in his ear.

Dark gold eyes looking into his. Warm, sun kissed skin. Flowers and bright green grass all around him. A hand on his own. ‘Husband.’

‘Embarrassment to the almighty!’

‘Embarrassment of heaven!’

“Look away, child.”

Black flames around him, licking his skin, not burning, a friendly sort of tingle. Comforting. Reassuring.

“Jaehwan?”

Leaping forwards, pinning his enemy underneath him and digging the point of his dagger into his enemy’s chest, right over where his heart would be if he had one.

“Why. Tell me why you want me to do this.”

A statement, not a question.

Slight gasping of breath
From his own mouth

“When Sanghyuk used to practice on me-“

“Do not speak my child’s name!”

“Fine! Fine! When your Bound used to practice on me, I felt things. Lots of things I’ve never felt before. And I was stronger than I am now. Better. Freer.”

digging harder into his enemy’s flesh

“What makes you think you deserve to be free, sweet paramour?”

a gulp

“I don’t. But I want to be. And I want you to do it.”

shaking

“Why me?”

“You’re my best friend.”

slashing

bladeofhisknifecuttingawidearcfromonesideofhisenemysthroattotheother

acrimsonsmile
hotichorsprayingacrosshisfaceandpaintingitgold

plunginghisknifeintohisenemy'sheart

hisbestfriendsheart

“Say that again, my sweet paramour, and I won’t use a mortal weapon when I open up your chest cavity and feed your entrails to the hellhounds.”

choking

gasping

healing

“Ow! Why did you -cough- do that!?”

hissing

wiping the flat side of his dagger across his enemy’s shirt

“You had it coming.”

wounds closed up

Nothing but ichor, staining them both with glittering gold

“Will you -clearing his throat- help me? Now that you’ve cut me up?”
Black flames tickling his skin

Calming him, cooling him.

“Because you always helped me so much?”

“I helped you once.”

“That wasn’t me.”

“Yes, it was-“

Holding the tip of his dagger against the soft underside of his enemy’s jaw.

“Let me finish! It was you, but it’s not who you are anymore!”

“You’re damn right it’s not.”

Lowering the blade, clutched tightly in his hand. Looking down at his enemy.

“Will you do it? Please? I need to feel again; I didn’t know what I was missing but now… it’s like I’m all cloudy and I don’t like it.”

A low chuckle began to build in Jaehwan’s throat. Wonshik was begging him.

“You don’t have too, child. You owe this angel nothing,” Taekwoon murmured, standing by the far wall but his soft voice carried anyway. It took a moment for Jaehwan to realize that it was the real thing, not just the quiet whispering in his head.
His enemy was completely still, but his chest was rising and falling rapidly against Jaehwan’s thighs with the raggedness of his breath. Jaehwan stared down at him, contemplating.

“This isn’t something you can change your mind about half way through, my sweet. And think of how displeased Hakyeon will be.”

“I don’t care, I just need to feel. Please.”

Regaining control, his sanity slowly returning to him.

“You’re aware of my methods of corruption.”

“Yes.”

“You nearly electrocuted me a few minutes ago for doing something similar, sweet.”

“You were taunting, not actually offering.”

Jaehwan sat up, his still talon-like nails toying with the hole he’d just stabbed through the breast pocket of the angel’s shirt.

He could… maybe. If he really wanted too… but did he? He could-

“You executed both of my daughters,” he whispered.

“I was just following Hakyeon’s orders, you know that.”

Jaehwan ran the sharp edge of his knife down from the angel’s shoulder to his elbow, absently slicing, deep enough to see bone through the torn fabric and parted flesh, more golden ichor pouring onto his hand. “Wrong answer.”
“Almighty above, Jae! What do you want me to say!?” Wonshik hissed, gritting his teeth against the pain but managing to keep his lightning under control.

“You’ve never apologized. Not once.”

“I’m sorry, okay? It was wrong, they didn’t deserve it!”

“No,” the demon murmured, “They did not. But you killed them anyway. You have no idea what that felt like. What losing someone really feels like.”

“That’s exactly why I want you to help me! I want to be able to feel it. Feel pain, love, all of it!”

“You want to feel pain?”

“Yes.”

Jaehwan lifted his hand and slashed his blade across his enemy’s disgustingly handsome face, feeling ichor splash against his chest. Seeing the glittering golden droplets staining the fabric of his robe. Ignoring the angels cry.

“That is pain! Losing a person you love is agony, Shikkie! It’s torture, desolation, it’s anguish!” he growled, but lowered his knife. The gash along his enemy’s cheek was already closing up.

“I know! I’ve felt it!”

“Liar.”

“I have!”

“He has.”
Jaehwan let his eyes flick to the false prince. He didn’t have a creator, had corrupted himself. But the closest thing to one he did have was Taekwoon. Taekwoon wouldn’t lie to him, especially not in a situation like this.

“When?”

“The first time Sang- your Bound changed me. I felt love, I really felt how much I love you. And then you called me a coward, enumerated on exactly how much you hate me, and nearly ripped my throat out. I felt it then. I felt the anguish but now I can’t even remember what it was like and I can’t stand it.”

Jaehwan stared down at his enemy, not with pity, exactly, something else he could quite describe.

“And after everything you’ve put me through, you expect me to just help you?”

Wonshik’s eyelids were fluttering, aftershocks of pain tensing his entire body. His golden eyes looked so sad. So much like a puppy. The same way they used to look after-

“I hoped you would.”

“Hope is something the unintelligent use to make themselves feel better about the unfairness of this universe, sweet. You didn’t hope, you wanted.”

It dawned on Jaehwan that this could be a ruse.

Some sort of elaborate trap of Hakyeon’s to get a strong enough conviction that he could finally execute Jaehwan and be rid of him for good. His eyes became slits. He had no reason to trust this angel, lots of evidence to the contrary, in fact.

But Wonshik wouldn’t, he wouldn’t, not again. He would, though, wouldn’t he? Yes. He would. It wouldn’t be the first time he had used the demon’s admittedly slower wits to his advantage.

Bile bubbled in the back of Jaehwan’s throat. Hatred and despair pulsing inside him with every beat of his immortal heart.
“You’re lying, aren’t you?”

Tears began to prickle at the corners of the demon’s eyes. Hot, furious tears.

“What?! No! I can’t lie, I’m an angel!”

“You can tell half-truths and leave things out! It’s the same fucking thing, so admit it and then get out of my apartment!”

Wonshik’s expression was honestly wounded, and it made Jaehwan feel like he was going to throw up. Don’t look.

“I’m not lying, little daisy, I swear to the almighty!”

“That means less than fucking nothing! I’m Prince of Lust and Duke of Hell, True Spouse to Adam of the First Men! How can you try and use my own weakness against me?! How dare you!”

“Listen to me, you aren’t thinking clearly-“

With a heartbroken cry that unconsciously reminded the demon of his youngest Bound’s banshee scream, Jaehwan brought his dagger down. The hilt was clutched in both hands, and he drove it into the hollow between the angel’s collarbones with all his considerable force. Again and again and again. If Wonshik couldn’t breathe, he couldn’t talk. Couldn’t lie.

After the knife pierced the angel’s flesh for the eighth time, a bone white hand wrapped around his wrist and held fast, forcing him to stop.

“Mutilating him with mortal blades may be satisfying, but it will be of no help to you,” Taekwoon murmured in his ear. The real Taekwoon, not just the echoing voice that always tried its best to keep the demon sane.

With real effort, Jaehwan drew a deep breath. He looked down through glazed eyes, realizing that
the angel’s fingers were pressing against his bare skin, just above his knees, but no electricity sparked from them. None of his fatal lightning, his ace in the hole so to speak. He was choking, convulsing, gasping in pain, but he still had control over the thing that would kill Jaehwan in a split second. He was using Jaehwan to anchor himself as he endured it.

His own silver tears had mixed with the gold ichor shining on Wonshik’s shirt.

“It’s a trap, so Hakyeon can finally rid me from this universe the way he’s always wanted too,” he whispered, feeling as Taekwoon pried the knife from his hands.

“This doesn’t smell of half-truths, but you can still send him away unaided. You owe him nothing.”

Jaehwan’s hands trembled, body shook, heart ached.

“Look away from the darkness, child. It will do you no good.”

His enemy’s index finger twitched against his skin and the demon flinched.

“Come on, little daisy. Would I lie to you about -cough- something like this?”

Yes.

Yes, he would. Had done so before, more than once.

_Don’t look._

Curling his fingers, sticky with ichor, around his silver and sapphire necklace.

Sanghyuk’s necklace.

What his children would think if they saw him like this. So disappointed. Thank Lucifer they could
only sense his physical pain.

‘Don’t listen to them little daisy.’

A big hand entwined with his own.

‘They’ll forget about it soon. Once Hakyeon gets back, they’ll understand. They’ll see how happy you are together.’

‘Harlot.’ A whispered insult, snickering from those who used to be like his family.

Silence at his side. Had to speak up for himself.

‘Don’t call me that! I was just following the almighty’s orders!’

‘Adulterer.’

Silence at his side.

‘He is my husband! If anyone is the adulterer, it’s him!’

‘Why don’t you go back to earth so you can teach all the human’s your vile craft?’

‘We don’t want you here.’

‘You don’t belong here.’

Silence at his side.
His best friend, silent at his side.

‘You’re nothing.’

‘You’re tainted.’

‘You’re ruined.’

‘Don’t listen to them, little daisy. It will be better once Hakyeon gets back.’ A lie. It only gets worse.

“Look away, child.”

Slipping again.

Bile burning his throat. He began to laugh. Slapped a gold-stained hand over his mouth to stifle it but the sounds kept pouring out of him. Uncontrollable.

“Of course, you -hehehe- would lie to me, sweet. Of course, you would.”


Where was he again?

Anger.

So much anger it felt like it was fueling his very existence.

He hadn’t truly known how hurt he was before. Until he could feel it. Really feel it.
‘Hey little daisy, I haven’t seen you in a while.’

Feet planted, sinking into the desert sand. Glaring across at the object of his hatred.

‘I miss you upstairs, you know. It’s lonely without someone to sing for.’

Growling.

‘Lonely without someone’s hand to hold.’

Shaking. Hands shaking and clenched into fists.

‘Sing with me? Just once? I miss your voice.’

Lunging. Burying his talons in his best friend’s chest. His arms. His hair.

‘Shut the fuck up!’

White feathers in his hands. Yanking.

“Jaehwan, little daisy. Listen to me.”

“Shut up! Shut up shut upshutupshutup!”

Gouging his elongated nails into the flesh of his enemy’s arm. A gasp of pain. Where was his knife where he couldn’t see it wanted to hold it so he could cut the tongue out of his enemy’s mouth

Hot ichor pulsing against his fingertips, nails buried deep
“Little daisy, please, you’re hurting me.”

Mad laughter

“I’m hurting you?! You don’t know what -hehehe- it means to be hurt!”

don’t look

tears streaming down his cheeks

laughing

never stop laughing

‘Jaehwan, Prince of Lust, Duke of Hell. You and your Bound have been found guilty of the crimes of warmongering and adultery. And Lady Heeyeon is charged with murdering one of her own kind. As punishment, both your Bound will be executed and you will be imprisoned in the void for one hundred years. My decision is final.’

His husband’s voice. His husband’s words.

Golden cuffs burning his wrists.

Two angels holding him.

‘Hakyeon, please don’t do this! Execute me instead but let them go! They’ve done nothing wrong please!’


‘Keep your eyes on me darlings, I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry I couldn’t protect you but keep looking at
The terrified expressions on his daughter’s faces. Eyes wide and lips trembling.

Struggling against his bonds.

Clear glasses of holy water held above their heads.

‘Look at me, I love you both so much I’m sorry!’

Dripping.

Screaming.

The smell of burning flesh, melting hair.

Twin bolts of lightning.

Gone.

Both gone.

Nothing but dust.

‘It’s done now.’

Murderer.

No emotion on his best friend’s face.
He killed them.

‘Fine. Take him to the void.’

Screaming from his own mouth.

“Help me little daisy.”

“You owe him nothing.”

He could do it

He could corrupt

He would never be rid of his enemy

Might as well keep him close then

Right?

Laughter

“I want to feel what you feel. I want to understand.”

“You don’t know what you’re asking of me. And once you do, -hehehe- it will be too late.”

“I want to love you again, little daisy. You’re my best friend and I want to be able to love you.”
tugging at his heartstrings

using his own weapon against him

infuriating him

softening him

weakening him

“No, you -hehehe- don’t.”

“Yes, I do.”

Don’t look into the darkness

“I deserve it, I deserve to feel the pain I’ve caused you. Feel how much you hate me, don’t I? So, make me feel it.”

manipulating him

tricking him

large hand on his waist

large hand on his thigh
when had his nails gone back to normal

“Let me feel it, little daisy. Share the pain with me. It’s too much for you to carry on your own.”

a trick

pretending

pretending to be kind

pretending to have a heart

balancing on the edge of the cliff

could sense it

the imminent fall

“You know what it means if you help him. You’ll be responsible for him. You won’t be able to abandon him, child, you know you won’t. It’s not who you are.”

“I have four Bound, Taekwoon. I understand -hehehe- what it means.”

used to be seven

now only four

five?
laughter

tears dripping from the tip of his chin

slipping

landing on his enemy’s shirt

“Can’t you see how -hehehe- much your favor is hurting me, sweet?”

“Yes, I can see. But I don’t understand it. Help me understand. Help me so I can help you.”

gasping

laughter choking him

“I don’t need your help.”

“Yes, you do, look at yourself little daisy. You’re coming apart at the seams.”

“Because of you. I’m fine until -hehehe- you show up and ruin everything.”

where had his black fire gone

no more comforting flames

cold

large hand at his waist squeezing
a finger under the belt of his robe

one foot over the cliffs edge

only a matter of time now

“Come on, little daisy. It will be easy.”

depth rumble of a voice

too familiar

large hands

too familiar

where was his knife

he wanted to cut those hands off

sever them at the wrist

“Let me love you. Help me love you.”

laughter

gasping
hard to breathe

“You used to love me; I know you did. You still do, don’t you?”

chest hollow

so empty

his children would be so disappointed

he was so weak

“I’ll be bound to you if you help me, little daisy. We won’t have to be apart anymore.”

“Don’t look, child. Close your eyes and breath.”

hollow laughter

“We can sing together again; don’t you want that?”

no

he didn’t sing anymore

had no voice anymore

sang once

sang no more
“Please stop, you’re -hehehe- hurting me.”

voice small

so small

“How? I don’t understand.”

“Please, just go away.”

“Why?”

empty laughter

“I can’t understand until you help me.”

would never be rid of his enemy

would never be rid of his best friend

would never be free

couldn’t speak

choking on air

silver hair
The streets of London were dark, only illumination coming from the streetlamps. Smelling of burning oil. Raucous laughter, his body swathed in jewels and satin. A beautiful girl on one arm and a handsome boy on the other. So happy.

Lighting cracking across the sky. It started to rain. His black hair was soaked, plastered to his forehead.

‘Long time no see, Jae.’

His human companions jumped at the sudden voice, deep as the ocean and melodic as the waves. The angel appeared in front of them, no emotion on his face. Something tickled at the back of his mind.

‘Why are you interrupting my fantastic evening, sweet paramour?’

The angel flinched at the pet name. Jaehwan smirked. The girl was clutching his arm tighter, the boy’s hand inching for a knife that Jaehwan knew he had concealed under his coat.

‘I came to warn you.’

‘Warn me about what?’

‘This city will burn tonight. Too many sinners. The Almighty is unhappy with how their humans are behaving.’

The Prince of Lust arched an eyebrow. ‘What does it matter to me?’

Delicious anger eating all his fear.
'I thought you would want to scuttle back underground so you don’t get hurt.'

'I don’t scuttle anywhere. Light your fire, I don’t care a wit what you do.'

A spark of lighting. Bolt of energy from the sky. A fire was born in a building to the right of them, hot and insatiable.

Jaehwan laughed as his human companions began to scream. ‘Heavens little soldier, through and through, aren’t you sweet paramour?’ Tickling at the back of his mind.

Wonshik glowered at him. Feet shifting restlessly, eyes flicking to the fire.

‘What are you really doing here? Why do you risk speaking to me at all?’

‘I wanted to warn you.’

A shriek echoed inside Jaehwan’s head. His vision flaring red for an instant.

His child was in pain, calling for him.

Couldn’t be a coincidence.

‘You… you were distracting me?!’

The angel didn’t answer.

Another scream in his head. Burning in the side of his arm.

‘You hateful coward! Fuck you! I hope you burn to death in your stupid fucking fire!’
No emotion on his enemy’s face.

Jaehwan stepped back and faded into a shadow. He followed the sound of his Bound’s cries and materialized in his own bathroom.

Silver ichor everywhere. A blade foraged in the deepest fires of the void clutched in his daughter’s hand. His son-

‘What did you do?’

‘Jaehwan! I don’t know what happened! There was an angel they were whispering in my ear and it made us both so angry I didn’t mean to- he tried to kill me! I didn’t know what I was doing!’

‘No. no no no…’

‘I’m so sorry I didn’t know what I was doing! Where were you?!’

His daughter crying. Himself… crying.

‘I was detained, I’m so sorry darling.’

“Look away, child.”

“Look at me, little daisy.”

toes creeping over the edge

not long now
it would be easy

it would make the pain stop

wouldn’t it?

golden eyes looking up at him

“Let me.”

his own hands

long fingers twitching

resting upon his enemy’s chest

“Change me.”

laughter

mad laughter

“Help me.”

a trick

probably a trick

his children were out
they could be hurt

they could be dead

only keeping him occupied

distracted

so distracted

so weak

“Proceed with caution, child. You will never be free of the dark if you do this.”

“Stop -hehehe- reading my fucking mind!”

large hand sliding up his torso

lingering on his shoulder

his cheek

pinching his ear so gently

too familiar

“Little daisy…”
golden eyes swirling

shifting

“Let us be together again. Just let yourself go. I’ll catch you; I’ll make it better.”

“Sweet, please…”

no one caught him when he fell

no one was there

all alone

*don’t look*

large hand drawing his face lower

closer

fingers wrapped around the nape of his neck

he could-

worrying his bottom lip between his teeth

biting hard enough to bleed

“Let me take care of you, little daisy. My perfect little daisy.”
“Sweet… you are killing me.”

“I don’t understand.”

a broken record

never understood

“I know you loved me once. Let yourself love me again.”

spine folding

hollow chest against the enemy’s tattered shirt

soft lips on his own

pressing

gentle

laughter dying

fingers weaving through his hair

a gasp caught in the back of his throat

lips moving
quiet humming

“You have made your bed, child. Now you have to lie in it.”

a whisper of raven’s wings

the false prince was gone

pulling back

just an inch

catching his breath

looking down into startlingly blue eyes

“You’re so beautiful, little daisy, it’s hard to look away.”

drawing him back down

holding him close

mouths moving against each other so easily

so sweetly

large hand lightly squeezing his thigh
“You’re so warm little daisy. I can feel you through my clothes.”

words shaped against his lips

“I can taste… something. Bitter but also so sweet.”

“My venom,” Jaehwan gasped, his lashes fluttering and heart leaping

“Fuck… it tastes good… you taste good.”

licking into his mouth

tongue running across his teeth

his stomach was tying itself in knots

his palms sliding up to his enemy’s shoulders

coming to rest under the collar of his white shirt

stained with ichor

both of them covered in ichor

skin sticky with silver and gold

over the edge now
falling

it had only been a matter of time

he could taste the fall on his enemy’s tongue

he could feel it in the fingers tangled in the belt of his robe

“How long…” he breathed, squeezing his eyes shut, trying to clear the fog from his mind

“How long have you been contemplating it? How long did you wait before you came here?”

cobalt eyes blinking up at him

mirrors of his own

“Four…. Years. Since the first… time I felt how much… realized how much it hurt… to lose you.”

four years

not long enough

his lower lip caught between his enemy’s teeth

his best friend’s teeth

nibbling gently

“I should never have… allowed them to… practice on you…”
kissing the corner of his mouth

his cheek

the tip of his nose

“Then… this never would have happened… I would still… be free.”

“He’s perfect little daisy. You are free.”

lips tracing the line of his jaw

nuzzling his cheek

smearing the tears now drying on his skin

that deep voice

he was putty in his enemy’s hands from the beginning

it had only been a matter of time

mouth on his neck

just below his ear

sucking on his skin so gently he almost couldn’t feel it
his own hands shakily tripping up to weave through his enemy’s hair

it wasn’t the way Sanghyuk had pictured it when he changed his enemy the first time

not purple and silver

only two inches or so longer than it had been before

a brown so dark it was nearly black

rich

soft

large hands sliding down to the small of his back

mouth on his

kissing him gently

everything gently

lips molding to his like they were purpose built for it

strong arms wrapping around him

hugging him tightly

the feeling of a heart beating against his own
it was happening

it was starting

the bond

his muscles ached from being tensed for so long

his mouth was dry

couldn’t let himself relax

wasn’t safe

wasn’t real

was it?

an iron band was constricting his heart

“Are you alright, little daisy? Are you happy?”

sparkling eyes blinking up at him framed in dark lashes

happy

he didn’t know what he was anymore
large hands skimming lower ever lower down his body

“Sweet… are you sure?”

as if he had a choice anymore

as if either of them had a choice

large hands bunching the silk of his robe up around his hips

looking down at the gold ichor staining his best friends face where he had slashed his cheek

glittering brilliance against his honeyed skin

beautiful

“Yes, I’ve been sure for a long time.”

hasty now

long fingers scrabbling to open the buttons of his best friend’s shirt

there was no real need

so torn he could almost just rip it off

fumbling the buttons slipping between his fingers

belt of his robe sliding out of its secure knot
folds hanging open

pushing the ruined shirt off his best friend’s shoulders

catching his breath

perfect body

sculpted like a fucking Adonis

“That’s not fair.”

rumbling chuckle

smiling a smile that was all unnaturally white and unnaturally sharp teeth

sitting up and shifting back so he sat on his best friend’s thighs

let the stained silk fall from him

not ashamed

never ashamed

used to be ashamed

*don’t look*
but not anymore

drinking in his best friend’s appreciative groan

reaching down to open the flint colored denim

silk pooled around his hips

large hands softly stroking up and down his bare thighs

impatient now

denim not coming free fast enough

snapped his fingers and vanished it away

jaw dropped

slapped his best friend on the chest

“That’s not fair!”

quiet laugh

“Life isn’t fair, little daisy.”

“You’re preaching to the fucking choir.”

“Come here.”
large hands cupping his cheeks and pulling him back down

kissing him

hot and messy

index fingers rubbing small circles into his temples

sapphires heavy around his neck

too heavy

didn’t want to damage them

lifting his hands and unclasping the chain

pulling away for a moment and setting his treasure on the divan

a hand on his wrist

dragging him back down

drowning in those cobalt eyes

breath coming short

“Ready?”
wrong

right

“Stop talking.”

strong arms around his waist

his best friend sitting upright

legs wrapping around his best friend’s middle

hands knotting in his best friend’s hair

bare chests flush together

no collar

but archangels didn’t wear collars did they

not an archangel anymore

his best friend’s mouth hot against his neck

nipping and sucking and licking at his skin

tingling

a soft whine escaping his parted lips
growl

quiet so quiet he almost didn’t hear it

felt it vibrate against his throat all the same

leaning forwards

bending him backwards

his best friends mouth trailing along his collarbones

rows and rows and rows of kisses

his body getting warm

too warm

tugging his best friend’s hair

pulling his best friend’s face up to meet his

kiss hungry and open mouthed

felt his best friend hardening against him

shifting up
holding himself up with one arm still tight around his best friend’s shoulders

wrapping his long fingers around his best friend’s length

less shaky now

documenter familiar territory

wasn’t it?

head turned halfway around

his best friend growling quietly against his cheek

sinking back down

slowly so slowly

breath choking off in a gasp

fullsofullsofull

his best friend groaning into his skin

stretchedsofarsomuch

large hands holding him

fingers digging into the curve of his ass
“Sweet…”

voice a croak

not breathing

couldn’t breathe much

“Fuck… little daisy you’re…”

staying perfectly still

giving himself a moment to

a moment to adjust

“So tight.”

a moment to adjust to

to being so full

to who he was so full of

wrong

right
don’t look into the darkness

gentle shifting movement

clinging to his best friend as he was laid on his back

gentle always gentle

plush carpet beneath him

hard muscle above him

a slight push

somuchsomuchsomuch

inhaling the smell of orange peels lingering in his best friend’s hair

Jaehwan’s head was pillowed on Wonshik’s lap, listening to his best friend humming as he wrote musical notes on a sheet of parchment he had sitting on a book, balanced on his knee. His fingers were smudged with charcoal, but he didn’t notice. His head was always lost in the clouds. Jaehwan shut his eyes, letting the music fortify him, sink into his heart, give him strength. He smiled, feeling his best friend pinch his earlobe. “Did you turn my ear black, sweet?” An answering chuckle like a rumble of thunder.

another push

gentle so gentle but still so much

air catching in his lungs
now a pull

less

a little less

but he didn’t want less

he wanted more

wrong

right

“Are you still… - groan- breathing little daisy?”

no

“Yes.”

voice small and hoarse

clutching his best friend

holding onto his best friend like a drowning man held a life preserver in the middle of a storm
drowning in the storm raging in those sapphire eyes

further in
deeper

deeper inside him

deeper into the turbulent waters

and then less

a rhythm now

like calm waves cresting and crashing on the sandy shore

in and out

he was made of sand

millions of tiny particles

crumbling under the waves unrelenting embrace

sofullsomuchtoomuchnotenough

an arm curled around his best friend’s shoulders still

a hand glued to the small of his best friend’s back

feeling his best friend’s hot breath fanning out across his lips
a strong hand gripping the top of his thigh

a strong hand tangled in his soft raven hair

didn’t realize he was moaning until his own voice crested high

a brilliant flash behind his eyes

pleasure

searing pleasure burning up the inside of his veins

rightwrongright

“Just like -ng- that, sweet, just like th-that…”

biting his own lip

tasting the sweetness of his own blood his own ichor

feeling sweat begin to prick on his brow

“You like it little da-daisy?”

familiar deep voice deeper now

the growl seeping into his tone

yesnoyesnoyesyesyesyes
“Yes.”

only a quiet word exhaled on a shaky breath

couldn’t inhale

choking on water

choking on pleasure

moremoremorealwaysmore

don’t look

“Tell me.”

looking up into those bright blue eyes

waves of euphoria crashing over him

lips parted in a silent cry of his best friend’s name

“Tell me, my perfect little daisy. Tell me how mu-much you like it.”

rightwrongrightwrongrightrightright

it had only been a matter of time
“So good, my sw-sweet… -ah- so good so good so good it fe-feels so -ngh- good…”

a growl of pleasure against his own swollen lips

mouth tingling

faster now

somuchsomuch

mind nothing but a swirling fog

no memories

no thoughts

only oblivion

his lids fluttering shut for the briefest of seconds

a tug on his hair

gentle always gentle

“My beautiful little daisy.”

feeling himself writhe feeling himself wriggle

trying to get away
trying to get closer

“Sweet- m-my sweet I’m-“

the fire building in the pit of his stomach exploded

he wasn’t ready for it

hadn’t prepared for his best friend making him feel this

eyes blind

vision flaring white

high-pitched mewling

pleasure rolling over him crashing over him

a soft growl into his hair

kisses pressed to his temples

soft and soothing

“Can you come for me again little daisy?”

a purr
panting gasping breathing ragged

lungs felt raw

body trembling

hisbestfriendshouldn’tknowthatword

he could probably but he felt so weak

moremoremorepleasemore

“Yes.”

looking up into his best friend’s face hovering just an inch from his own

jaw sharper

eyebrows more defined

rich brown hair parted on the left

a few strands stuck to his forehead with sweat

skin smooth too smooth to be natural

lips a shade of darker red

thick black lashes
irises swirling cobalt so striking against his sun kissed complexion

not impressive like the image of a lightning demon Sanghyuk had created

but beautiful

so beautiful

dangerously beautiful

a suicide beauty

the kind of smile that would remain unchanged even as he held you under water and watched you drown

the kind of face that twisted you up inside and left you blind to the rest of the world

onlyhimonlyhimonlyhim

“You’re staring little daisy.”

a sharp thrust

a whine crawling its way up his throat and clawing out of his mouth

this was what he was good at sex was what he was best at but he felt so powerless

completely unable to do anything
none of his normal tricks couldn’t even roll his hips he just clung to his best friend and let himself be used

his nails digging into his best friend’s back

sharperharderfastermoremoremore

a large hand sliding down his thigh until it hooked around the back of his bent knee
drawing him closer holding him closer

their bodies sticky with sweat and gold ichor and silver tears

he couldn’t breathe hadn’t breathed in so long

how long

he didn’t care

wantwantwant

unnaturally sharp teeth dragging across his adam’s apple

his mouth trembling limbs shaking

needneedneed
“Shikkie- my sw-sweet can you -ngh- feel it?”

he could

he could feel it

the bond like a piece of string tying their hearts together

for eternity

forever

“Yes, little daisy.”

that growl

that smile

he whimpered

a soft hurt sound

so weak he was so weak

hid his face in the crook of his best friend’s neck

let his tongue dart out to taste his best friend’s skin

salty sweat but something else
like opium

a gentle yank on his hair and he didn’t protest

“I want to see your perfect face, little daisy.”

looking up into those eyes

mirrors of his own

hypnotized

a deep rumbling chuckle

lips the color of rosewood pressed to his softly so softly

so softly he almost couldn’t feel it

he chased his best friend’s lips like an alcoholic chased a sip of whisky

fit together so perfectly

humming against his mouth making him shudder

his best friend pulled a millimeter away

that smile
“You really do taste delicious.”

harder faster fucking into him deeper

his body was out of strength

limp in his best friend’s tender embrace but still craving more more more

broken sobs spilling from his lips

unable to speak unable to think only him

sparks in his hair sparks against his thigh the exact shade of his brilliant eyes

not burning not charring only fizzling

his best friend’s breath was coming heavier and more labored

“You’re screaming, little daisy.”

growl

he was screaming he just hadn’t heard it

deaf to everything but the beat of his best friend’s heart as he rocked into him

screaming with ecstasy

long fingers twitching
he let himself go

didn’t feel the hands holding him didn’t feel the lips on his jaw didn’t feel the pulsating inside him

only pleasure

always pleasure

driving him out of his mind until he was totally

completely

gone

Chapter End Notes

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3

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Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

CAN I just say that I love every single one of you that reads this trash fire because I do! <3

thank you for taking the time to travel this weird road with me

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A curious thing happens when an angel dies. When demons die. It happens when an angel falls as well, that but scenario is always less pleasant to think about, isn’t it? Better to die clean than be turned into a monster.

But the curious thing is... they are always replaced. The almighty, in all their glory and infinite wisdom, loves order. The one who is lost, their power does not simply cease to exist in the universe. It's transferred to another. If Jaehwan were to die, for example, the concept of lust would not vanish from the universe. It would float around aimlessly, poisoning everyone it touched, until an angel fell to claim it. Better to have the power contained in something, even something as unpleasant as a demon, than running free and causing havoc, right?

Taekwoon sat behind his desk as he mulled that thought over, his little cat Smoke curled up and purring on his lap. It was a good thing she was there, otherwise he probably would have put a hole in the wall from sheer annoyance.

He thought this problem had been dealt with fifty years ago, but no. He had been lying to himself.

That was what his scheming little brother and all the rest of them didn’t understand. Being the Lord of the Void wasn’t so much a role as the Prince of Hell, no, it was more like being hell’s omnipresent babysitter.

He had been deluding himself to think that this problem was over. To think that this irritation had been put to rest. Nothing was ever truly put to rest.

“Greetings angel,” he said, holding the white phone against his ear.
'What do you want false prince? I'm very busy.'

A small smile crossed his lips at the sound of that voice.

“I think you’re missing an angel.”

‘I am but how do you... he didn’t!’

“Unfortunately, he did. But we have a thing to discuss. An important thing. Come if you are able.”

‘On my way.’

He hung up the phone and sighed, leaning back in his chair just as white light flashed and the incredibly handsome angel materialized in the middle of his living room. Pearly wings spread wide like an eagle.

“Greetings, angel.”

“I do not have much time so speak plainly.”

Taekwoon looked the angel up and down, watching his long legs fold gracefully as he sat down in the chair across the desk.

“Do you remember the little problem we dealt with about half a century ago?”

An irritated huff. “The one with the very frustrating gift? Yes, almost being driven out of my own mind is hard to forget.”

“Well I’m afraid... it’s back.”
Blinking rapidly, golden eyes darkening almost imperceptibly. “But I thought... when Sanghyuk didn’t catch it...”

“As did I. The natural thing would have been for Sanghyuk to inherit the gift when he fell, since he was the most recent after we dispatched the other one, but when it skipped him, I thought it may have just vanished.”

“But it didn’t.”

“No.”

The angel stared at him with a thoughtful expression on his stunning face. “I’m just going to assume that my missing angel is now infected with it?”

Taekwoon nodded solemnly.

“How did you find this out?” Words as sharp as knives, the tone of someone who expected to be obeyed at once and without question. The false prince paused, waiting until he could see the archangel shifting with impatience.

“I saw him fall. Or I think I did.”

“Who ruined him?”

“Who do you think?”

Golden eyes flashing.

“My awful husband, I’m sure.”

“He didn’t want too. It was hard to watch, actually.”
A derisive snort. “What do you mean he didn’t want to do it? Corrupting innocents is Jaehwan’s greatest pleasure in his immortal life.”

“Jaehwan is...” he began, trying to word this delicately. It was a difficult topic for all involved. “He is like an adopted child to me, although not of my creation. I care for him deeply and his Bound are like my kin.”

A sharp nod. “I know you think he is nothing more than a heartless archdemon, but you would be incorrect in that assumption. He has a heart large enough for a lion and an even larger share of love. And he holds himself together well, but your missing angel is... a wound that should not be prodded.”

“What nonsense is that? He cares for nothing but himself, his shows of affection are mere artifice.”

“That is where you are wrong, angel. I know you are determined to hate him as you hate all of us, but he is a fragile being in truth, and is fiercely caring towards those he loves.”

Taekwoon paused, taking a moment to think the thought to its completion before he spoke. His angelic companion, however, seemed to be in no mood to wait. “What does this have to do with my missing angel, false prince?”

“Did Wonshik ever behave… strangely after he finished training with Sanghyuk and I?”

Hakyeon opened his mouth but immediately closed it, his lovely eyes narrowing. “Why?”

“He... his fall was abnormal.”

“In what way?”

“He, I don’t know if tricked is the right word. It was like he talked Jaehwan into doing it, I saw it clear as day. I tried stopping the child, but he was so far gone into his dark place it did no good. The way he spoke... it was not the way angels normally speak when they are being corrupted. For that matter, they generally do not want to be corrupted at all. So, I ask again, has he been acting strangely?”
The enchanting archangel, so strong it felt like he was sitting across the table from a hurricane, blinked. His mouth pressed into a thin line. “He- he wasn’t upstairs all that often actually. Recently… he was spending more time on the surface. Claiming that he was trying to take more of an interest in the humans.”

“That in of itself is odd, no? Don’t your lot prefer to stick to the clouds you know and observe from above? Interfering on the surface is more my area.”

“What exactly are you suggesting?” Hakyeon snapped.

“I am suggesting that he may have been tainted by the prophecy child’s experiments.”

“I can put that fear to rest, false prince. I don’t trust you, as I’m sure you know, so each time he returned from those sessions I would check his ichor. Just a prick of the finger, but it was always gold, as it should be.”

Taekwoon hesitated. How much to tell? The distrustful feelings were mutual, and he didn’t want to give this angel more information than was absolutely necessary.

“It’s not the ichor, I saw his ichor and it was gold, but-“

“How did you see his ichor?!“

“Jaehwan stabbed him. Several times.”

“Of course, he did.”

“Anyway,” Taekwoon charged on, “It’s not in the ichor, it’s in his actions. He went to Jaehwan’s home when all his Bound were gone. They still are gone. But he went there of his own free will, asked Jaehwan to corrupt him, let Jaehwan cut him up and I didn’t see even a spark of his famous lightning the entire time. And the way he talked… his words… it was just off. Something was off.”

He could see the gears turning in the archangel’s head. “I will make inquiries into his time on the surface. Try and find out exactly what he was up too. But if he is what you think he is... the...
Obsession, wasn’t it?”

“Supremacy, but close.”

“Yes that. If he has inherited that gift, then I pray to the almighty that he doesn’t know about it yet. Maybe we can contain it.”

+++ 

“Did you feel that?”

Hongbin looked up from his wineglass.

“Feel what?”

Sanghyuk frowned. He wasn’t sure how to describe it actually. Maybe it was the alcohol. Maybe he had imagined it. A tickling in the back of his mind.

“I don’t know.”

His brother grinned. “Maybe you should sober up?”

“No, no. I’m good,” the young demon replied, fiddling with the strap of the girl’s shirt who was sitting at his side. He missed his maker.

+++ 

his raven hair was damp

teeth of an ivory comb running gently through the strands
a large hand on his cheek as his best friend combed his hair off his face

“How are you feeling, little daisy? Sore or anything?”

how was he feeling

overwhelmed

those prettyprettypretty eyes were looking at him like they could see inside his skull

“I don’t get sore.”

“Is that part of your whole… lust thing?”

deep voice soothing

large hands soothing

fluffy towel around his shoulders soothing

“I’ve never really thought about it.”

“I wonder what my thing is. I mean lightning, obviously, but my special demon thing.”
“Beautiful. That’s probably it.”

rumbling laughter

could feel it vibrating through his best friend’s chest where his hands rested

“You think I’m beautiful?”

“Terrifyingly so.”

“Are you scared of me, little daisy?”

“I couldn’t be even if I wanted to be. You are my Bound.”

that smile

those teeth

onlyhimonlyhimonlyhimsobeautiful

“You seem fuzzy, are you with me?”

fuzzy

fuzzy was a good word for it

“Come back to me, little daisy.”

scooting forwards and wrapping his arms around his best friend’s neck
nuzzling his best friend’s jaw

felt like a child

seven thousand years old but still felt like a child

a child at his best friend’s mercy

“I meant up here, relax your mind.”

finger tapping gently at his temple

relax his mind

relax

Relax.

“Oh, sorry,” Jaehwan murmured, releasing Wonshik and scooting backwards a little. He didn’t get very far. His best friend gently caught his wrist, rubbing small circles into his palm.

“It’s okay, little daisy. You didn’t do anything wrong.”

*Lucifer*, his voice was hypnotizing. And he was so unbelievably handsome, just looking at his face made Jaehwan’s breath catch in his chest. His Bound, now. Part of his family. He would have to tell… who would he have to tell? Ah, his other children. They should know about their new brother. He would need to explain what had happened. What *had* happened?

But not yet, not until Wonshik was ready. He liked having his best friend all to himself.
“Do you want to get dressed?”

Jaehwan looked down at himself, realized he was mostly dry but still was covered only in a towel, and nodded. He had crafted a simple black pants and black shirt for Wonshik, at the others request, and the cotton was soft under his fingers where they trailed along his cuff. They were both clean now, ichor and sweat and come replaced with perfume of mint and orange from the bath.

“What should I wear?”

It was an honest question, he looked good in everything, he knew, but he wanted to look pretty for his new Bound. “What are your options?”

A little smile quirked up the corners of Jaehwan’s mouth. “Come and see.” He took his best friend’s hands in his own and scooted off his bed, pulling Wonshik backwards across his bedroom and into his closet.

“This… little daisy, why do you need so many clothes?”

“Fashion is my passion, sweet,” Jaehwan replied, releasing his best friend and twirling around his rack of shirts. Wonshik grinned, his cobalt eyes tracking the Prince of Lust’s movements with an unsettling amount of focus. “Pick something, I’ll wear whatever you want.”

Wonshik looked from rack to rack, the dim amber light oozing from the alchemical bulbs glowing on the ceiling made his caramel skin shimmer like a butterfly’s gossamer wings. Jaehwan almost tripped over his own feet he was staring so hard.

“See anything you like?”

“You.”

Jaehwan, a seven-thousand-year-old lust demon, blushed. He couldn’t remember the last time he had actually blushed, but the telltale heat rushing to his face was enough to know that he probably looked ridiculous.
Wonshik reached out and pulled a hanger from the closest rack. He handed it to Jaehwan, who looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

“Red?”

“Burgundy.”

“Correct, as ever, my sweet.”

Pulling the garments off and throwing the hanger to the side, Jaehwan dropped his towel. The outfit his best friend had chosen was a choice indeed. Black satin shorts that made his already long legs appear to stretch on for miles. A shirt of sheer burgundy silk, the barest hint of a bell sleeve, ending just below his waist in the front. But at the back, the fabric pooled around his feet in a sort of high-low fluted hem. He had made it once when he wanted the appearance of wearing a cape but didn’t want to deal with the extra effort dawning such a garment entailed.

“My perfect little daisy.”

“Do you like it?” Jaehwan asked, turning slowly in place so the train of his shirt curled around his legs in a way he knew would be flattering. “Yes, you look beautiful. Like a rose.”

“I’d love to see you in white again.”

In white again. Why would he- white was not permitted down here. He didn’t have any white clothing.

Didn’t like the color. Or absence of color. Or combination of all the colors.

“I can’t sweet. I can’t- we can’t…”

Slipping…

He looked at Wonshik then, something empty and awful in his bright blue eyes. He looked
disappointed. Maybe he needed more time to adjust to the fall.

His best friend wanted to see him in white

In white

Heaven’s color

*Don’t look*

Wonshik wanted

he wanted

he raised a hand

about to snap his fingers

make every garment in his closet a pearly white

make his best friend happy

“I know little daisy. I like burgundy too. I like you in every color.”

a large hand on his

spreading out his fingers

lacing their fingers together
relief

it was okay

his best friend grinning down at him

a large hand pulling him closer

resting on his hip

want want need want

dropping to his knees

pressing his hands to his best friend’s abdomen

wanted to feel hard muscle

a crooked finger under his chin

tilting his face up

“Smile for me. You look so pretty when you smile.”

he smiled

smiled his most brilliant smile
wanted to look pretty

had to look pretty

“There you are, my perfect little daisy.”

smiling so wide his cheeks began to ache

the tip of his chin caught between his best friend’s thumb and forefinger

gentle always gentle

gently opening his mouth

looking up at his best friend into those mesmerizing eyes

his best friend’s thumb brushing across his bottom lip

pressing down just a little on the center of his lip so his mouth opened a centimeter wider

cobalt eyes boring into him

his hands sliding to the top of his best friend’s thighs

needneedneed

swallowing thickly

“Love?”
“Jae, we’re home!”

who

who was calling to him

sounded familiar

oh his children

his two youngest had been on the surface

only

kneeling on the floor of his closet

had lost his best friend’s attention

still smiling

tugging on the hem on his best friend’s shirt

his best friend’s face turned away from him

“You’re Bound are home, little daisy.”

a whispered purr
“Jae, where are you? I can smell your weird bath oil stuff!”

who

voice almost as deep as his best friend’s

oh his second youngest

his handsome child

his tricky child

his Hongbin

onlyhimonlyhim

“Love, can we come say goodnight?”

oh his

his Sanghyuk

his prodigy

his remarkable child

himonlyhimonly

couldn’t answer had to keep smiling
“Sure!”

his best friend called back to them
to his children
not a good idea
notgoodnotgoodnot

“Relax, little daisy, breathe.”
a soft whisper
stopped smiling
resisted the urge to rub his sore cheeks
footsteps
silhouettes in the doorway of his closet
his children
his handsome child and his enormous child
love them so much onlyhimonlyhim
a pair of blue eyes and a pair of brown rimmed in azure

looking at him

on his knees in his closet

“Oh, shit are we interrupting? Sorry- wait…”

that raspy voice his youngest’s voice

“Hey kid. We were just getting dressed.”

deep voice the deepest voice

his handsome child’s brow curved up in an arch

“Right. Getting dressed. So, here’s my main question, what the actual fuck?!”

“The actual fuck about what?”

a nonsense conversation

his enormous child coming closer

“Uh, the actual fuck about you! What’s the matter with your face?! And you swearing?!”

“And you being here in the first fucking place!”

his handsome child following
best friends brothers so cute

only him

“I’m one of you guys now.”

a large hand carding through his hair

“Like hell, you are! Jae what’s going on?!?”

speak up for himself

speak

“I corrupted Wonshik.”

way to not sound like a robot Jaehwan good job

try harder

“We- we can see that love, but why?”

breath catching

not good not good

speak
“Wonshik is my best friend.”

“Yeah, we know, but you also hate him and want to murder him!”

he does?

he did…

did he?

“No, I don’t.”

“He stabbed me a bunch.”

blank looks on his children’s faces

love them so much love only him

“Yes, you do, love! We all hate him! He’s the worst!”

“He killed Heeyeon and Byulyi!”

his sweet daughters gone gone gone

*don’t look*

should stand up

speak
“He apologized.”

“Yeah, I apologized.”

going to his feet

still didn’t have his best friend’s attention needneedneed it

had to show his children he was normal

couldn’t let them see that he was gone

couldn’t let them see that he was no longer free

hands shaking stop it

stepping into his youngest’s embrace

giant arms around him felt safe love him so much

watching his best friend out of the corner of his eye onlyhimonly

his best friend watching his handsome child needneed his attention now

“Why don’t you look the way you did when I changed you, is my first question?”

felt the question reverberate inside his enormous child’s chest
deep chuckle

shiver

“No clue. But Jaehwan doesn’t mind, do you little daisy?”

mind what mind

“No, he’s so beautiful.”

his handsome child making a gagging sound

giant arms hugging him tighter so safe

“Where’s your necklace?”

his what

his necklace

oh his necklace his treasure

“In the library, I need to wash it.”

“You need to wash it?”

“Yeah. It got sticky on it when I slit his throat.”

silence ringing silence
“Okay so walk us through how you got from slitting his throat to apparently wanting to -ick- suck his dick because this makes no sense.”

pause

trying to collect his thoughts trying to come back

you can’t come back Jaehwan you’re gone remember

oh yeah

still couldn’t let his children worry though they would be disappointed

speak

“He came to visit me, I cut him, he apologized, and I corrupted him. So he’s your brother now, be nice to him please.”

his children staring at him blankly

must have said something wrong shit

or maybe didn’t say enough

he usually talked a lot

“Love, are you… are you alright?”

brown eyes rimmed in blue peering down at him love those eyes
looking concerned

couldn’t let them see

“Yes, pet, I’m fine. Just overwhelmed and tired from sex.”

probably shouldn’t have added that last part

not like it was a secret though

his handsome child made a gagging noise again

“Little daisy…”

finally

had his best friend’s attention back

those eyes on him that smile just for him

a large hand held out towards him

flitted to his best friend’s side so fast he nearly tripped

lacing their fingers together and holding on tight

like a child
his best friend gently pinching his earlobe

“Oh Lucifer! I feel like I’m back upstairs and I have to watch you two be disgusting again! I’m having war flashbacks!”

“Oh yeah, we weren’t really friends before Jaehwan’s fall though, when did you even see us?”

rumbly rumble

“Everyone knew you two were dating, that’s why we all thought it was strange when they sent Jae to Eden.”

“We weren’t dating, angels don’t date.”

rumble

nonsense conversation

speak up

“We were best friends.”

“Okay fine you were whatever the angelic equivalent of dating was. I don’t actually care. This still doesn’t make any sense though.”

his handsome child ignoring him

could feel Sanghyuk’s eyes on his back

but he had eyes only for his best friend onlyhimonlyhim
silence

ingring silence

should speak

“It is what it is I guess.”

more silence

barely noticed

drowning in those eyes

needneedneed

his hand settling on his best friend’s shoulder

that smile

“Okay were going to go now.”

looking around

his handsome child had his enormous child by the arm and was trying to drag him away

his children deserve and explanation
a real explanation

love them so much love them both so much

but he couldn’t tell them he was gone

ey would be so disappointed with him

lovethemsomuch

onlyhimonlyhim

“Come on, love. You’re tired right? So, let’s go to bed. We can sleep in my room tonight.”

such a soft look on his youngest’s face so hopeful

go to sleep

sleep would be good

in his youngest’s bed

hadn’t slept alone in five years

always with his Sanghyuk in one bed or another

always warm always snuggled between those giant arms so safe

but
“Not tonight pet, go get some rest and we can have breakfast together.”

a hurt look in his youngest’s brown eyes rimmed with blue

a wounded look

he was letting his children down

*don’t look*

“Alright, whatever. Sleep well.”

turning his back

following his handsome child out of the room

not smiling not waving no goodnight kiss no I love you

his remarkable child

didn’t try to stop them couldn’t try to stop them

wanted to cry

wanted to cry

wanted to cry
a large hand curling around the nape of his neck

“Are you alright, little daisy?”

no

“Yes.”

“Did your Bound hurt your feelings?”

he let them down

*don’t look into the darkness*

“No.”

“Are you sure?”

yes it was his fault not theirs

“Yes.”

“Then why do you look so sad?”

he was sad

shouldn’t be sad when he was with his best friend

no need to be sad
“I don’t.”

a raised eyebrow

don’t look sad

don’t look sad

forcing a smile

“That’s better.”

white teeth catching the light

vision swimming out of focus

only him

would smile for him no matter how much it hurt

index finger stroking down the side of his neck

soft so soft

“No need to be sad when we have each other little daisy.”

reading his mind
feeling his own breath

wantwantwant

aware of how shallow his breathing sounded

heart beating faster

need

“So beautiful. My perfect Jaehwanie.”

tucking himself between those strong arms

pressing his lips to that toosharp jaw

skin hot against his mouth

“I thought you were tired. Haven’t you had enough?”

“Never enough.”

whisper

deep laugh

“I’m so glad you’re mine again, little daisy.”

minemineminotfreehis
strong hands on his waist

thumbs under the hem of his see-through shirt

“I’ve missed you little daisy.”

don’t look

‘I miss you upstairs, you know. It’s lonely without someone to sing for.’

look away from the darkness child

where was he

where was Taekwoon

the one who found him lying in the desert sand nearly dead and out of his mind with grief

gave him hot tea and a home

his oldest friend

but he was with his oldest friend

onlyhimonlyhim

“I’ve missed you too, swe-sweet.”
his back up against the thin strip of wall

only spot not covered in clothing racks

room for more then

wrists caught loosely and held above his head

a thumb being pressed into the spot below his hipbone

lips a whisper away from his own

“You left me, though.”

nono

didn’t leave fell

“I didn’t think- I didn’t think you would ca-care. Nobody cared.”

strong body pressed up along the line of his own

only lightly only barely

a ghost of contact

wantwantwant

his best friend’s hand flat against his crotch
palming him through those you-know-who damn mother fucking shorts

get rid of them make them go away

too light too gentle

“You thought I wouldn’t care that you left me?”

running slowly up and then down and then up then down

felt himself getting hard

“You... sweet you never said anything.”

pressing against him through the fabric just the tiniest bit harder

breath coming faster faster

his back arching without his permission

arching closer to his best friend

trying to get closer

needing to get closer

his best friend taking half a step back
whining

wantwantwant to be closer

“You always spoke up for yourself, you didn’t need me to speak for you.”

what

what what

nono needed so badly

fingers twisting in his best friend’s loose grip

“Yes... I did I needed you, I do need you!”

stroking his length too slow too gentle

torturing him

“You what?”

what

“I need you!”

“Sorry, what?”

bastard
such a fuckable bastard

“I need you, sweet!”

his best friend’s head turning to the side just a bit

his best friend’s eyes flashing smile widening

satin rubbing against him so slick

not enough friction too much sensation

“Didn’t quite catch that.”

toes curling into the carpet of his closet

wriggling in his best friend’s grip trying to free his wrists

you’re not free Jaehwan might as well give up

oh yeah

but still

needed more needed to touch

unable to say it
unable to speak it

“Tell me, little daisy.”

fire burning in the pit of his stomach

tooth clenched to stop from moaning

couldn’t say it

“Tell me.”

large hand moving faster still

damp raven hair stuck to his forehead

that beautiful face only a breath away but a breath was too far

nonono

wouldn’t say it

“Tell me, Jaehwan.”

large hand gone

lack of touch left him gasping

stomach roiling
too hard to not be touched

hands still trapped above his head

“Sweet, please!”

whiney stupid child

“Tell me.”

so close to getting what he wanted

what he needed

so close but so far

just submit get it overwiththenhecouldgetwhathewanted

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry I left you upstairs, I’m sorry, I need you Shikkie, please I’m sorry!”

smirking

leering at him smug

too late not to say it now

too late to take it back
so fucking weak so fucking disappointing

still wasn’t touching him still-

his hands were free finally

jumped on his best friend wrapping himself around his best friend’s body like a snake

silk pooling around his feet couldn’t even feel it anymore

only need onlyhim

rolling his hips

grinding against his best friend’s thigh too hard not hard enough

knotting his hands in his best friend’s hair

kissing his best friend like it would save his life

kissing him hard biting his lip licking into his mouth needed morealwaysmore

his best friend was barely kissing him back

too soft

his best friend tilting his head up

breaking the kiss and grinning like an idiot fuck that
pressing his mouth to his best friend’s throat

sucking red marks into his flesh lapping at his skin

too hot fuck he was getting too hot needed-

“Are you with me, little daisy? Or are you gone?”

gonegonegone of course he was fucking gone

what kind of question was that

needed more needed to touch be touched no time for questions

howdoeshisbestfriendknowhesgone

hewashidingitsowell

“Don’t ask me questions just fuck me!”

large hands on his waist forcing him to stop

nonono

“Come back Jaehwanie. Relax.”

can’t relax how could he relax when he needed to-
“Relax.”

Relax.

Jaehwan felt like his insides were on fire. How could Wonshik want to stop right now?! Right when they were getting to the good part after that horrible teasing?! “I haven’t gone anywhere my sweet, I’m right here! And since I’m right here, start taking off your clothes before I vanish them!”

Wonshik was smiling down at him like a cat that had just cornered a mouse. How was it so endearing and so frustrating all at the same time?! Maybe he did actually want to murder his best friend after all!

“How are you feeling?”

“How horny!”

His best friend chuckled quietly, those hands of his effectively stopping Jaehwan’s attempts to get loose and tackle him by gripping his waist so tightly. “How else are you feeling? Do you want to go check on your Bound? I think that conversation could have gone a lot better, don’t you?”

His Bound?! How could he go talk to Hongbin and Sanghyuk in this state?! Actually, on second (or third) thought, that wasn’t a bad idea. Wonshik clearly wasn’t going to give him what he wanted but Sanghyuk absolutely would. His youngest may be annoyed with him right now but Jaehwan could make up for it. He would give him the best blowjob of his immortal life, not that easy shit he’d been doing so far.

“You want me to go talk to my Bound? Fine.”

One of his older children, he couldn’t remember which at the moment what with his brain being so clouded by longing, used to make fun of him when he got like this. Called it his ‘fuck or be fucked state of mind’. Whichever one of them it was, they weren’t wrong. Probably Seokjin.
The train of his burgundy shirt swirling behind him, the Prince of Lust spun in place and managed to slip out of his best friend’s unnaturally strong grip. “You, stay!” he called over his shoulder, stomping out of the closet like the toddler he obviously was. The sound of that deep laugh followed him as he hastily left his bedroom, the echo making him shudder just the slightest bit.

The further he got down the hallway with the purple carpet, the louder the tapping on the inside of his skull became. He reached the library and was almost unable to hear anything else. Through the pile of rubble that used to be a parlor (he really needed to fix that, it had been over five years since his youngest tore it to pieces) and down the stairs, it was nearly deafening.

*Lucifer* that tapping was annoying! Every fiber of his being was telling him to turn around and run back to his room, run back to his best friend and glue himself to Wonshik’s side, but he wouldn’t. He was more stubborn than the tapping in his head gave him credit for. The tapping wouldn’t win. Fuck he sounded as unhinged as he felt!

What he needed right now was Sanghyuk. His remarkable, wonderful, gigantic, perfect child. He reached Sanghyuk’s bedroom door, knocked twice and then twisted the knob.

The room was empty.

“*Mother fucker!* Sanghyuk!? Where are you?!!”

Chapter End Notes

*Taek is smitten with boss-yeon and so am I*

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3

Twitter
Tumblr
Chapter Notes

Happy Fourth of July to all my fellow American babies, and happy day in general to all my non-americas babies!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Hongbin’s bed was not comfortable.

It wasn’t like this was a revelation. Sanghyuk had sleepovers in his brothers’ room occasionally when Jaehwan was out, so he should have remembered how hard the mattress was. It was like trying to sleep on a block of wood. Full of other, smaller blocks of wood. And nails.

“I don’t like this.”

“You mean Wonshik showing up out of the fucking blue and is apparently our sibling now? I don’t like it either.”

“Yeah that, but I was talking about your awful bed.”

With a noise that sounded a little too much like a hiss for comfort, Hongbin used the hand Sanghyuk wasn’t holding to yank all the covers off the younger and wrap them around himself. “Shut up, it’s good for your spine.”

“You’re immortal. You don’t need to worry about bone health you colossal weirdo.”

For that comment, the young demon received a pillow to the face.

His brother had dragged him straight here after their discussion (weird and slightly passive aggressive confrontation?) with their maker and his new whatever. Well they paused once, but that’s all. He hadn’t even stopped by his own room to get PJ’s. So now, he was lying on his back in his brother’s horrid bed, holding his brother’s hand and wearing only his boxers, with no more blankets and one
incredibly uncomfortable pillow. And he didn’t want to leave. Hongbin made him feel safe, even if he was just a tiny angry fuzzball.

The wards on his collar fizzed like a soda that had been left open for too long. That is to say, they were mostly dormant. Sanghyuk didn’t really need the collar anymore, Taekwoon told him that he had gained enough control to take it off several years ago. But seeing the world only in shades of grey was extremely unpleasant, so he kept it on.

“Your bed it also too short, my feet hang off the end.”

“My bed is not too short; you are too tall.”

Sanghyuk snorted. His amusement didn’t last too long though. “What do you think could have caused this whole thing?”

“You complaining about my bed even though you’re a guest? Probably because, goodie-goodie, you’re incredibly spoiled.”

“Not that, the Wonshik thing. Also, that’s rude.”

“Rude but true. And I have no clue. He seemed off, Jae seemed off, the whole situation just seems off.”

Sanghyuk turned to glance at his brother (who was also lying on his back and staring at the ceiling, only under a veritable mountain of blankets). “I’m worried about him.”

What the young demon was expecting was something along the lines of, ‘I know you think the sun rises and sets with him but Jaehwan is ancient and can handle himself’ or ‘He’s just being an idiot the way he is about everything’. What he wasn’t expecting was for his brother to turn and look at him, a very concerned expression on his face as he replied, “Me too.”

“We should go talk to his highness tomorrow. Just us two.”

“Agreed.”
“Sanghyuk!? Hongbin, do you have my baby hidden away in there?! Are you mad at me?!” their maker’s voice shrieked, apparently stomping down the hallway outside as he was known to do.

“I’m not a baby! You’re a baby!” the young demon shouted back, not making a move to get up. It was a lie. They were both babies.

A squeal of relief. He sounded high strung.

“Oh, thank Lucifer! I’ve turned the apartment upside down looking for you two!”

Hongbin groaned and tried to hide deeper inside his blanket mountain, giving the younger’s hand a little squeeze. “You looked for me everywhere before checking my bedroom? You really are an idiot!”

“Shut it and let me in!”

The doorknob began to jiggle frantically, but the lock held.

“Unlock this door right now!”

“No!”

“You are aware that I set this lock ward myself and can, in fact, break it?!”

“Who cares what you do?!”

“Hongbin, Prince of Deception and Duke of Hell! I swear to all that’s unholy, if you don’t let me in, I will hide all your stupid human videogames in void for the rest of eternity!”

Jaehwan really did sound shrill. And so loud.
“Why aren’t you with your murderous love hate fucktoy boyfriend?”

The young demon tried his best not to snicker. He really did.

That was met with a very menacing growl from the hallway.

“Wonshik is not my boyfriend! He’s my Bound and your new brother and you will be nice to him!”

“Fine! Ex murderous love hate fucktoy boyfriend then! And will you go away?! We’re trying to sleep!”

If he was honest, Sanghyuk wasn’t all that tired. He just hadn’t wanted to be alone, and Hongbin was excellent company.

Their maker changed tack at top speed, no longer shrieking but purring through the bedroom door. “Sanghyuk, pet, I require your assistance right this fucking minute. So please, if you wouldn’t mind, come out in as little clothing as possible.”

The young demon knew that tone. Knew it well. “No! You didn’t want to sleep with me so go find someone else to take care of your hard on!”

“Pet! Don’t be so vulgar!”

“What would you prefer I call it when you use me like dick on demand?!”

Hongbin made a retching noise.

“I would prefer you don’t call it anything other than love, and I would prefer it if you would come out here and fuck my tight little ass until I can’t breathe because I’m screaming your name so loud!”

Hongbin actually gagged this time. “Now who’s being vulgar?! Away with you, demon, you have no
power here!” he shouted, throwing the pillow he used to smack Sanghyuk at the door. An odd choice of words, but the young demon decided not to comment.

“Sanghyukkie, baby? Pet? Won’t you come help me please?”

That crooning, it was starting to get to him. Sanghyuk was a weak man where his maker was concerned. A fact that shocked absolutely no one.

“Pet? Please? I need you baby, I need you so-“

“Shut up!” Another well aimed pillow collided smack in the center of the locked door.

“Do you want to come out here instead sweetling? I’ll suck your cock before you ride me!”

More gaging.

“Exactly! So just give me my giant baby and I’ll leave!”

Sanghyuk decided to spare his brother the living nightmare he was being put through. “I got your necklace!” he called, reluctantly releasing Hongbin’s hand and standing up.

“Oh good! Did you wash the sticky off? I couldn’t find it when I lit the library on fire!”

“You did what?!” both brothers shouted in unison.

“Metaphorically speaking!”

“What the hell does that mean?!”

“Oh, you know! Metaphorical fire! Now hurry I’m dying and- will you shut the fuck up stupid tapping I’m going to bang my head on the fucking wall!”
Stunned silence followed that incredibly strange exclamation. Nothing seemed off right now, Jaehwan was functioning in one of his three settings. Loud, horny, asleep. Actually, he was functioning under the first two. But-

“What tapping?! Nobody’s tapping!”

“Who’s nobody?!”

“*Fucking*- you are really, really stupid!”

“It was a joke! Come on, baby!”

Sanghyuk and Hongbin exchanged looks. ‘Go shut him up and let me sleep,’” Hongbin whispered, making a shooing motion at the younger before ducking all the way under his blankets.

The young demon briefly contemplated getting dressed, but really, what would be the point? He made the pattern in the air that would open the lock ward, turned the knob, and was nearly knocked flat on his back when his maker pounced on him.

“Damn it, Jae!” he gasped, trying to catch his breath. Forcing the elder out of Hongbin’s bedroom by pushing wasn’t working, so Sanghyuk gave up and just lifted Jaehwan off his feet and shut the door behind him. ‘What is your problem tonight? We left you alone for less than five hours and you go and corrupt your mortal enemy, stabbed him, lose your necklace, and apparently also lose your mind!”

Jaehwan, thank lucifer, had stopped wriggling in Sanghyuk’s arms as the younger carried him down the hall. He looked like he was thinking very hard about something, a worrying sight in of itself, but being quiet was even more alarming. He headed towards the staircase, meaning to take his maker down to his bedroom, but Jaehwan suddenly exclaimed, “No! Stay up here! The tapping isn’t as bad up here.”

“What *tapping*, love? What are you talking about?”

“The tapping in my head that’s going to make my brain melt out of my ears,” Jaehwan replied,
absently running his fingers through the younger’s hair. That was it. They needed to have a serious discussion.

Sanghyuk ducked into the closest unoccupied bedroom and dropped him maker on the wine-colored comforter. “What’s going on?” he asked, crossing his arms and doing his best not to fall victim to the others puppy dog eyes. “Nothing!”

“I don’t believe you, not even a little bit. So, spill.”

“There’s nothing going on, pet. Everything’s fine.”

The young demon tried to keep his growl at bay, but it slipped past his clenched jaw anyway. “Then why did you come shriek at me even though you told me to go to bed alone?! I get that you want to be with your new Bound, like I get that the bond makes you want to stay with him. But then go stay with him! It’s not that I like it, I don’t like it and I don’t understand why you corrupted him in the first place but go do what you’re supposed to!”

Jaehwan stared up at him, red silk framing his slim figure in an irritatingly distracting way. His pretty face was empty. No expression at all. Just blank. “Jaehwan! Snap out of it!”

His maker didn’t answer. Just blinked.

Sanghyuk knelt in front of him, taking both his hands in his own. “Love?”

“What did you mean, the bond makes me want to stay with him?”

“Uh,” the young demon replied, hesitating before he continued, “You know, the craving thing. Hongbin told me about it, how you always want to be near your creator.”

“That’s only how Bound feel towards their creator, not the other way around, pet.”

“Oh,” Sanghyuk breathed. He wasn’t sure why this new information affected him so much, but it felt like he had just gotten his feelings really hurt. The idea that Jaehwan didn’t need him the way he needed Jaehwan, it… what was that human word? Oh yeah, sucked. It sucked.
“Not to say I don’t love you; I absolutely do! But there’s just no instinctual drive forcing me to love you!” Jaehwan hastily explained. It helped a little.

His maker shifted in his spot, his eyes constantly flicking towards the door Sanghyuk had slammed shut. “Please, tell me what’s going on. I want to help.”

“Nothing’s going on, pet. It’s just… it’s a lot, okay? It’s overwhelming! I wasn’t planning on corrupting anyone else until you outgrew me, and now I have another Bound and it’s Wonshik of all people.”

“I’m not going to outgrow you!” Sanghyuk exclaimed, half offended and half upset. “Why would you think I’m going to outgrow you?!”

“You say that now, Sanghyukkie, but the- the craving stops. I’ll still love you all the same, but you probably won’t. You might even move away, get your own apartment… I don’t know. That’s a long time away. But Wonshik’s… Wonshik is my best friend and it’s a lot to deal with.”

Jaehwan seemed to crumple in on himself, pulling his legs up and hugging them against his chest. “Okay, I get it. But if you want to talk about it, you know you can always talk to me, right?” the young demon asked, sitting next to his maker and nuzzling his cheek. He hated seeing Jaehwan sad, he wanted to put a smile back on the face he adored.

“I know,” Jaehwan replied quietly, leaning into the younger’s embrace.

“So, are we gonna fuck, or what?” Sanghyuk asked, obviously as a joke. He wanted to get his maker to laugh, and he succeeded. “Can we just sleep? I feel like the walking dead.”

“Of course. We can sleep here so the tapping doesn’t get too bad.” Sanghyuk was trying to be sympathetic about that even though he didn’t actually understand it, but if here is where his maker wanted to be, then here they would stay. “But take that crazy shirt off, it’ll suffocate you.”

Jaehwan nodded, allowing the younger to stand him up and lift the shirt over his head. Sanghyuk folded it neatly and set it on the nightstand, taking an extra second to fasten their anniversary necklace around his makers neck, before getting under the covers. He held his arms open and Jaehwan cuddled up to him immediately, snuffling in a stupidly adorable way as he pressed his face against the younger’s chest.
“You really are my perfect child, pet, I love you so much,” he murmured, kissing Sanghyuk’s sternum. The young demon’s heart swelled, and he hugged his maker a little tighter. “I love you too.”

This didn’t really change anything. He and Hongbin would still go talk to Taekwoon tomorrow and try to get some background information on what happened and why it was such a mess. He still didn’t like the fact that Wonshik was now a demon and part of his family. And he really didn’t like the look in Jaehwan eyes when he saw them together. Like he wasn’t actually there.

It took Sanghyuk at least an hour to fall asleep, even though his maker dozed off almost at once. He lay in the dark, burring his face in the elder’s hair, trying to ignore Jaehwan’s murmured ‘I’m sorry’ and ‘Gone’ that he kept repeating under his breath in his sleep.

+++ 

‘My sweet? Are you in here?’ Jaehwan called, strolling into his best friends’ room.

He was forcing himself to act with a confidence he did not feel. He needed to talk to his best friend, needed to see him, needed to tell him. And it most likely wouldn’t be an easy conversation.

Wonshik stuck his head out from the door to his bathing room, long curls mussed and a quizzical expression on his handsome face. Jaehwan’s heart began to beat a touch faster.

‘Hey little daisy, what’s up?’

Jaehwan beamed, stepping further inside and sitting down on his best friends’ fluffy bed. He patted the mattress beside him and Wonshik came over, plopping down and pinching the young angel’s earlobe.

‘I wanted to talk to you about something,’ Jaehwan began, watching as his best friend lay back and folded his hands under his head. ‘What about?’

The young angel leaned down and pillowed his head on his best friends’ bicep, earning a cooing sort of laugh. This was going to be so difficult.
'Well... you know you’re my favorite person. And my best friend.’

‘Duh,’ Wonshik replied, smiling at the young angel in a way that made his heart leap. ‘And you know the stuff I did in Eden?’

How could either of them forget? It was all anyone talked to him about anymore, and his best friend was almost always at his side to overhear. ‘Yeah, what about it?’ Wonshik asked, his eyes turning a bit wary.

‘So... well...’

Might as well get on with it, get the worst part over with. The young angel’s heart was thumping against the inside of his rib cage, and he swallowed hard.

‘I- my sweet, I love you. Truly I do and I have for a long time, I think. I just didn’t know what love was until I went to Eden, but now, I realized that I love you and I want to be with you.’

The confession left his mouth in a rush, doing his best not to stutter and to stop himself from shaking. He searched his best friends’ golden eyes for something, anything, any hint that his feelings were even slightly reciprocated. He saw nothing but confusion.

‘You what?’

‘I love you, sweet. You have my heart. I’m yours.’

His best friend stared back at him and didn’t say anything for a minute, until he suddenly sat up, dislodging Jaehwan’s head from his arm so his cheek landed on the white coverlet.

‘Jaehwan, what... your eyes!’

The young angel blinked. ‘What do my eyes have to do with anything? Didn’t you hear me, sweet? I want to be with you!’
And he did want. He wanted so badly it was like a physical ache in his chest.

He sat up too, catching his breath as his best friend leaned in so their faces were only an inch apart.

‘Your eyes, they’re shifting...’

‘Don’t be silly, Shikkie, my eyes are gold like yours!’ Jaehwan replied, but he stopped breathing all together when his best friend cupped his cheek in one large hand.

‘How do you know you love me? What does it feel like?’

The clinical sounding question baffled the young angel. How to describe love? ‘I feel like I’m dying every time I’m away from you. My skin tingles when you touch me and when you hold me, I want to cry. My heart beats for you, sweet, I can’t think of anything but you when we’re apart.’

‘That means you love me?’

‘I guess?’

‘But,’ Wonshik muttered, running his thumb across the young angel’s cheekbone, ‘You’re married, little daisy. I know you did some... things when you were in Eden, but you’re an angel again, remember? You can’t go around doing things like loving people.’

Jaehwan’s heart stuttered. ‘What... but, my sweet, it’s not like I can help it! I love you, I do, and I’ve loved you since before I went to Eden!’ he tried, dropping his hands on his best friends’ knees. It wasn’t even a conscious move, touching his best friend was more of a reflex at this point, and instinct.

‘What do you mean? Can’t you just decide not too?’

‘Decide not to love you? No, sweet, that’s not how it works! I- I love you and I always have, always will.’
Without thinking, without considering, Jaehwan closed his eyes and leaned in, about to press his lips to his best friends. He was stopped by a finger against his mouth.

‘Little daisy, I know- I know you have special permission to sin, but I don’t.’

Jaehwan felt like his stomach was in his throat. ‘Permission to... love isn’t a sin, Shikkie!’

‘It is when it leads to the kind of things you want. It is when you love someone who isn’t your spouse.’

‘But, but sweet, you’re the one who told me to marry him! And I want you so badly I feel like I’m going to tear myself to apart!’

His best friend sighed. ‘Want is a slippery slope, my perfect little daisy. Want gets you in trouble.’

Jaehwan’s courage evaporated. His best friend, his most cherished, most dear, most loved. His sweet paramour. Didn’t... he didn’t-

‘You don’t love me back?’

His voice cracked on the word love, looking pleadingly into his best friends’ golden eyes. He saw nothing but pity reflected back at him. Pity and something that looked almost like regret. The young angels’ limbs started feeling heavy, his heart falling to pieces as he waited.

‘I don’t even know how to answer that, little daisy. I don’t even understand what that word means.’

Jaehwan choked on a sob, pulling away from his best friends’ warmth and covering his face as he stood up.

‘Jaehwanie? Little daisy, where are you going? I don’t understand!’
‘Don’t call me that, please, I have to go.’

The young angel reached the door and flung it open, his limbs getting heavier and heavier, and he almost ran smack into a beautiful boy with long brown hair and wide golden eyes. The boy looked a little familiar, something-bin, Jaehwan thought vaguely, but he pushed past the boy and jogged away down the hall, ignoring his best friends calls for him to come back.

He turned the corner, stopped to catch his breath, and then his body got too heavy. He didn’t even have time to scream before he was falling through the floor, through the clouds, and plummeting down to the desert below.

Jaehwan woke with a start, the sensation of falling still clear and present in his mind.

But he wasn’t falling. He was fine. He hadn’t fallen for six thousand years. He was safe in bed, his youngest Bound snoring softly next to him. He looked over at Sanghyuk. His youngest was dead to the world, face peaceful in slumber, and it made Jaehwan smile.

The nightmare had him shaken, though, and the damnable tapping on the inside of his skull wasn’t doing him any favors. Water. He would get some water and then come back and fall dreamlessly asleep in his youngest’s arms. Jaehwan could summon a glass of water as easily as breathing. But he needed to move a little, walk, shake the falling feeling from his limbs before he would be able to fully relax again.

Quiet as a whisper, he slipped out of bed and crept out into the hallway, leaving the door open just a crack so the sound of it latching wouldn’t wake Sanghyuk.

Jaehwan scampered across the purple carpet, his bare feet not making a sound. Something felt wrong, he realized then, a shudder wracking his whole body and the hair rising on the back of his neck. His first instinct was to run right back to his youngest child and crouch over his sleeping form like a gargoyle, but Jaehwan resisted. He had too many Bound to protect all at once when they were in different rooms, and it would be better if he neutralized whatever the threat was before it became a real problem.

He scanned the hallway, nothing seemed out of the ordinary. As he continued forwards toward the kitchen, the feeling got worse. He hadn’t felt his wards trigger, all though he had been sound asleep so he may not have realized. Maybe that was what woke him. But the others could feel the wards triggering too and would no doubt have come to investigate. Right?
Jaehwan reached the door of his own bedroom and paused. Where was his best friend? He slunk inside, sticking to the shadows as best he could. Nothing. Wonshik wasn’t there. No astonishingly handsome and freshly corrupted demon in his bed, not in his closet, and not in his bathroom. Where could he have gone? Weird.

He backed out of his room and continued on until he reached Hongbin’s. When he put his ear to the door, all he could hear was his second youngest’s rhythmic breathing. Only one person in there. Good. He hastily formed the pattern that would lock the door, an extra measure of protection, and then kept going.

Jaehwan couldn’t sense either of his older children in the apartment, but there was something or someone in here. He could feel it. It wasn’t right.

He made it to the kitchen, his nerves fairly screaming at him to run, to leave, to hide. That was usually an indication that he was doing something right. What was that quote? Sanghyuk had been reading one of his sci-fi books out loud to him last month and he had thought it interesting. Oh yes. ‘I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration.’

With the apartment’s lighting on its faux-nighttime setting, the kitchen was too dark to properly see much of anything.

He took several measured steps, so anything lurking in here would think he hadn’t realized that something was wrong, and lifted a glass from the dishwasher. He held it under the tap, letting his eyes slide out of focus so he could sharpen his hearing.

A creak of floorboards behind him.

His nails elongating into talons.

Waiting.

“Hello, Jaehwan.”
Chapter End Notes

*The quote is from Dune by Frank Herbert*

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3

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I’m so sorry to anyone who believes in the bible, I’m just having fun at this point lol

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Green grass under his back like a plush, rather ticklish carpet. His husbands’ golden eyes peering down at him, haloed in sun light filtering through the canopy of trees. His pastel pink robes fanning out around his now resolutely human body.

‘Do you like it, dove?’

That musical voice ringing in his ears, that voice he adored.

‘Ye-Yes my heart, yes, it’s so nuh-nice.’

Jaehwan covered his mouth with his arm, blushing furiously as he tried to stifle his moans. His husband smiled at the young angel’s modesty, he always found it endearing when Jaehwan blushed.

His husband combed his fingers through his hair, pushing it off Jaehwan’s forehead as he rolled his hips so smoothly and so gracefully that it forced the young angel to bite the back of his arm to stop himself crying out.

‘I love you, my beautiful little dove, I love you.’ The words were whispered into Jaehwan’s skin. He was barely able to comprehend them, so flooded with pleasure and need.

He curled his hand around the nape of his husbands’ neck, gasping, ‘I love you too, muh-my heart.’
“Fuck, Hakyeon! You nearly gave me a damn heart attack!” Jaehwan hissed, spinning around at the sound of that musical voice, that voice he hated. “What, in the name of all that’s unholy, are you doing prowling around my home in the middle of the night?! Are you an angel or a serial killer?!”

His husband had been standing right behind him, arms crossed, wings folded, and he barely ducked in time to miss getting slashed by Jaehwan’s elongated nails.

“I’m not actually here for you. I came to get a look at your newest Bound.”

“Great, I don’t care. Get the fuck out!”

Hakyeon spared him a single, extremely condescending glance. “Your language could use some improvement.”

Jaehwan felt the snarl building in the back of his throat, but before he could spit a nasty retort, the archangel continued, “Where is he? Where is Wonshik?”

“None of your damn business,” the demon replied, tactfully leaving out the fact that he didn’t actually know where his best friend was. The incessant tapping in his head was making it very hard to focus on his least favorite angel.

“And why didn’t you bring your pack of wild dogs- excuse me, your children along when you came to figure out who was trespassing in your home?”

“My Bound are not wild dogs you vicious bitch!”

Hakyeon sighed, waving his hand as if he could make Jaehwan’s anger simply disappear. “Call him. Call Wonshik, I require his presence.”

“How did you even get in here without triggering my wards?!” Jaehwan hissed, ignoring the angels order and tapping his nails on the counter. There was a hole in his security, and he needed to fix it. His children’s safety was at stake.
“I have my ways. Now, do as I command.”

Infuriating. That’s what Hakyeon was. He was fucking infuriating. “Have you forgotten, dear husband, that you have less than no power over me anymore?”

“Have you forgotten, demon, that even in this distasteful form you are the almighty’s creation and so are subject to my will?”

“Fuck you-know-who and fuck you too!”

“Do it, Jaehwan, call him.”

The Prince of Lust needed to get off the subject of Wonshik. “I want a divorce,” he spat, even though he could practically mouth along with the response he knew he was going to get.

“Angels do not get divorced.”

“I’m not an angel.”

“Does it look like I care? Now, call him!”

Well, that didn’t work.

“Are you still mad that my son killed yours?” he asked, smiling his best fuck-you smile and choosing a line of conversation that was sure to piss the archangel off.

Hakyeon’s golden eyes flashed dangerously. “Are you referring to when you quite literally ruined humanity? Because yes, I’m still angry about that.”

One of Jaehwan’s greatest achievements in the revenge department, in his humble opinion, was his son. His only biological child, as it happened. Mothered by his husband’s stupid whore. And the best part was that Hakyeon hadn’t found out until his own son was dead at Cain’s hand. Seducing her had been almost painfully easy, and Jaehwan discovered his name that day.
“You’re just lucky that whore was shitty in bed, otherwise I would have stolen her away.”

The Prince of Lust’s insides filled with a sick sort of glee at the expression of fury on the archangel’s face. “Don’t try and distract me, Jaehwan. Call your Bound or I’ll do it myself.”

“No.”

Quick as lies, Hakyeon’s chord of heavenly fire whipped out from his hand and slashed a scalding line across Jaehwan’s bare stomach. A cry of pain escaped before he could stop it, and he doubled over at the sheer, undiluted agony. That wasn’t playing fair.

Jaehwan sensed his children materialize behind him, all four of them. But… where was Wonshik? Hongbin and Sanghyuk were there, both looking incredibly sleepy, Seokjin looked drunk, and Taehyung just looked pissed off.

“What kind of game are you playing, Jaehwan? Where is he?” Hakyeon asked, his voice a menacing purr. Jaehwan didn’t know. Wonshik should be here, all his children had to come when he was injured. They felt it in their minds as surely as he did when one of them was hurt. “No clue,” he gasped, gritting his teeth against the pain.

He felt an arm wrap around him and pull him backwards, the wound on his stomach mercifully healing. Thank Lucifer Sanghyuk had the power to think him better. “Why do people love breaking into your apartment so much?” Hongbin asked, rubbing sleep from his eyes in a way that made Jaehwan want to coo.

“Probably my winning personality.”

One of his Bound snorted with laughter, and Jaehwan grinned.

“Can I go? I was right in the middle of something, and you seem fine,” Taehyung asked, stretching out the ‘s’ in his sentence as always. “Of course, darling,” Jaehwan replied, trying not to let his feelings be hurt by his eldest Bound’s callousness. He knew Taehyung still hadn’t forgiven him for—but it had been over two thousand years! The boy could hold a grudge like nobodies’ business.
Taehyung vanished, and Jaehwan was now left with his other three children. But three was plenty.

“Why isn’t he here?! He should have come!” Hakyeon exclaimed, looking on the verge of an angelic temper tantrum. He cracked the chord of heavenly fire again, this time down Jaehwan’s thigh, singeing a tear in his shorts as well as his skin. The demon bit back his whimper, squeezing his eyes shut. That tapping was getting quieter.

“I don’t know, but burning me clearly isn’t helping,” he hissed, exhaling a ragged breath as his leg healed. “Call him now, or I’ll burn your little mutt next!”

“Shikkie, sweet?” Jaehwan whispered, hating himself as he did so. But any threat to Sanghyuk was one he took seriously. Hakyeon could whip him all he liked, but not his Bound. Jaehwan wouldn’t allow it, pride be damned. “Shikkie, where are you? Come to me, please.”

That was when he felt it. A rush of relief, the tapping finally stopped, and a figure cloaked in darkness appeared in the corner of the kitchen.

“You called, little daisy?”

“Yeh-yes. Hakyeon would like to speak with you, I don’t know why,” Jaehwan replied, his legs going all wobbly. He hadn’t even realized how tense he was until his muscles relaxed. He heard a low growl by his left ear and reached up to pet his youngest’s silky blonde hair.

“How can I help you, Hakyeon?” Wonshik asked, stepping out of the shadows with a dark smile on his beautiful face. For his part, the archangel seemed too stunned to say anything, staring at his old right-hand in complete shock. “Why didn’t you come sooner?! You have to come when Jae’s hurt!” Hongbin growled, distrust clear in his tone. “So, am I missing something?” Seokjin asked, but Jaehwan waved them both to silence.

“Do I? I didn’t realize,” his best friend replied. That voice, that smile… it was so much.

Wonshik held out a hand, and Jaehwan was powerless to ignore it. He paused long enough to press a kiss to his youngest’s cheek before flitting to his best friend’s side. What was wrong with him?!

His mind swum, as it always did in the combined presence of his husband and best friend.
You put up a good front when they’re not there, Jaehwan, but don’t forget. You are still gone.

He knew that. Tried to stave off the memory, but it was too late to stop it.

‘I know, Jaehwan. It’s going to be hard, but we have no choice. The almighty works in mysterious ways.’

The young angel was trembling where he stood, looking across the archangel’s new office at one of his closest friends. Hakyeon wasn’t meeting his eyes, shuffling parchment around on his desk for something to do.

‘Of course, we must follow their commands,’ he murmured. He didn’t want to do this. He really didn’t. But he was an angel, born to serve the will of the almighty in all their wisdom and glory. It wasn’t his place to question.

Hakyeon finally looked up, his golden eyes flashing with something Jaehwan couldn’t quite decipher. “You’re dismissed.”

The young angel turned and tried his hardest not to run as he fled the office. He kept his head bowed, exchanging quiet greetings with friends he passed, but ended up jogging the last few yards to his best friends’ room.

‘Hi little daisy, how’d the meeting go?’

That deep voice, the voice that always made Jaehwan feel like he was coming home. He collapsed on the threshold, hiding his face in his hands as he began to cry.

‘Hey, hey! What happened?’ his best friend asked, kneeling at his side and wrapping the young angel up in a hug. The lump in his throat made it hard to speak, but Jaehwan did his best. ‘The almighty is se-sending me to Eden with Hakyeon!’

A look of puzzlement crossed Wonshik’s face. ‘Isn’t that a good thing? It’s an honor to be chosen, little daisy! Don’t cry!’
‘No that’s not it, I have to-’ Jaehwan sniffled, clearing his throat to no avail. ‘I have to have intimate relations with him,’ he whispered, widening his eyes so his best friend would understand.

Wonshik stared back at him in shock. ‘What?’

‘You know! Intimate relations! Physical relations!’

‘I know what you mean, I just find it extremely hard to believe,’ his best friend replied. ‘It’s a sin! Sin of the flesh, the worst sin of the flesh! How can the almighty ask you to sin?’

Jaehwan’s heart sank. ‘I don’t know, but it will tarnish my immortal soul! Will they even let me back up here when we’re done?’ he asked, burying his face in the crook of his friend’s neck. The familiar orange smell fortified him only the slightest bit.

Wonshik was silent for a few moments, petting Jaehwan’s hair and holding him tight. But then, he tugged on the young angel’s earlobe. ‘You should marry him. Then it wouldn’t be a sin, little daisy, then you will be allowed to come back.’

‘Marry him?! Angels don’t usually get married, sweet, and I don’t want to marry Hakyeon!’ Jaehwan replied, looking up into his best friend’s warm gold eyes. ‘Well, do you want to be allowed back in?’

The young angel hesitated. He was confused, the whole situation was confusing him. ‘Yes of course! I don’t want to live the rest of eternity without you, and especially not’ -he shivered- ‘downstairs!’

‘Well, then you only have one choice.’

Wonshik’s silver hair framed his handsome face in long, soft ringlets. His best friend was so beautiful, Jaehwan thought, wrapping one curl around his index finger, he was so lucky. ‘Why can’t I marry you instead? I wish I could marry you.’

His best friend smiled down at him, brushing his thumb across the young angel’s cheek. ‘That wouldn’t do any good, would it my perfect little daisy?’
'No, but it would make me happy.'

'It would make me happy too.'

Jaehwan snapped back to reality in an instant, feeling sick to his stomach. He had been so stupid. So naive. Such a child.

“Sorry to disappoint you, but I don’t know yet,” his best friend was saying, and Jaehwan realized he had missed a good portion of their conversation.

“Well, where were you when you should have been at your creator’s side?”

That deep laugh sent a chill down Jaehwan’s spine. He looked up at his best friend, curious about the answer but also just needing to see him. To make sure he was really there.

“Taking a walk.”

“Taking a walk?” Hakyeon repeated, incredulous. “Yes, taking a walk. For the amount of times I’ve been down here, I don’t actually know hells layout very well.”

The room was silent, only a quiet hiss from one of his children as Wonshik tugged Jaehwan a little closer. The demon tucked himself against his best friend’s side, absorbing the heat from his body in an attempt to calm his trembling limbs. “Did you miss me, little daisy?”

*Don’t look.*

Jaehwan nodded, tilting his head up to accept a kiss on the lips. His mouth tingled even though it had lasted less than a second. “You may as well leave, Hakyeon. I can’t help you,” Wonshik said, turning his attention back on the angel standing before them.

Hakyeon looked furious, but he seemed to accept the futility of his inquest, all be it belatedly. He spread his white wings, sparing a single, hateful glace for Jaehwan before he vanished in a flash of
blinding light.

“You’re shaking, little daisy,” his best friend murmured, fixing the demon with his mesmerizing cobalt eyes.

“I was going to ask what the fuck is going on, but I’m genuinely too tired, bye,” Seokjin drawled, throwing up a peace sign before vanishing the way of his brother. “Lucky for you, Jae, I’m not all that tired anymore! Would you care to explain why I woke up to a locked door and an archangel whipping you in our kitchen?” Hongbin exclaimed, hands on hips.

Jaehwan looked at his second youngest, eyes pleading. Hongbin may not be tired but he certainly was. A confrontation with his husband on top of everything else had drained him completely. “Let’s get you back to bed, little daisy. You look dead on your feet.”

“Nu-uh! We deserve answers!” Hongbin nearly shouted, but Wonshik ignored both him and the now growling Sanghyuk, dropping an arm around Jaehwan’s shoulders and leading him out of the kitchen. “We can all have a nice, long family meeting tomorrow,” Jaehwan called, looking behind him just in time to catch a glimpse of his two youngest’s resentful glares. He loved them both so much, why was he doing this to them!?

You’re gone Jaehwan, remember? Better to keep a safe distance than hurt them to their faces.

Oh yeah. Right.

+++ 

“You’re highness, are you in?” Hongbin called, knocking sharply on the front door of Taekwoon apartment.

After that little stunt with Hakyeon last night, the two youngest of the family were more desperate than ever to have a word with the false prince about every awful thing that was unfolding before their bewildered eyes.

The door opened of its own accord and the two young demons exchanged a quick glance before entering the room. Taekwoon was sitting on the floor in the middle of playing tug-of-war with one of his hellhounds, but he let the hound win when he saw Sanghyuk and Hongbin approach. “To what
do I owe this pleasure? It’s unusual to receive guests before breakfast?” he asked, customary soft voice softer than it normally was as he stood and brushed lint off his trousers.

Hongbin kept a firm grip on his brother’s enormous hand. He was well aware that Sanghyuk was still slightly wary of the false prince, even after the considerable amount of time they had spent together during his training, but Hongbin was of a different mind. Usually, he came to this very room to avoid his maker’s smothering affection. He considered Taekwoon to be one of his closest, if not his best friend. Apart from Sanghyuk, of course. They were tied.

“Jaehwan is being a dipshit again and we wanted to see if you knew anything about it.”

He felt his brother stiffen a little at the insult but relax again relatively quickly. Sanghyuk had figured out early on that rudeness and insults were how Hongbin expressed his -ick- love.

“About a particular matter, or are you speaking generally? I know it can be hard to distinguish between the two.”

Sanghyuk growled quietly but Hongbin shushed him. “A particular matter. Wonshik, to be more specific.”

“Ah,” Taekwoon replied, resting the tips of his fingers against his lips for a moment. “Yes, I am aware of that… issue.”

“Are you also aware that Hakyeon showed up in the middle of the night last night and bullied Jaehwan into letting him interrogate Wonshik?”

The false prince’s gaze never wavered, but he pressed his mouth into a thin line. “I was not but thank you for informing me.”

“It didn’t go over too well, but that’s not actually why we’re here,” Sanghyuk continued, letting himself be dragged to Taekwoon’s long dining table without protest. “I understand that this kind of situation can be… uncomfortable. Accepting a new Bound into the family can be difficult, you two were very lucky to get along so well from the beginning, but-“

“That’s not it,” Hongbin interrupted, hoping Taekwoon would let the rudeness slide. He did. Mercifully the younger of the pair took the lead. “Jaehwan sent us away when we tried to talk to
him, but then came looking for us and kept shrieking about some kind of tapping nobody else could hear, and then passed out with me until the Hakyeon thing, and then he just fucked off back to Wonshik like we didn’t even exist! And he said we could have a family meeting this morning, but he was gone when we woke up!”

Sanghyuk was breathing a bit shallower, and Hongbin saw him wince out of the corner of his eye. The wards on his collar must be acting up. “Oh, and even though Hakyeon whipped Jaehwan bloody, Wonshik didn’t show up until Jae called him! Like he had to actually call for him!” Hongbin added, racking his brain for anything else of import.

Taekwoon stared at them, his expression completely unreadable as he stabbed a sausage from one of the plates that had materialized in front of them.

“You two know, I’m sure, that you are fortunate enough to have a creator who is both exceedingly brave and fiercely loving,” he murmured, waiting for Hongbin and Sanghyuk to nod their ascent before continuing, “But, as is so often the case with brave and loving people, he is also tremendously stupid when he wants to be.”

Hongbin was the only one to nod this time. The armrest of Sanghyuk’s chair made a rather ominous cracking noise. “Calm yourself, child. You know I speak the truth and do not mean it maliciously.”

Grudgingly, the youngest released the armrest in favor of catching Hongbin’s hand in a death grip, the elder of the two half-hoping that his fingers wouldn’t be the next thing to break. Sanghyuk so rarely lost control anymore, Hongbin sometimes forgot just how strong his brother was. Taekwoon watched him appraisingly for a moment before he decided it was safe to go on.

“Hongbin, you witnessed the seconds just before your creators fall, think on that for a moment.”

So Hongbin did. He thought about the expression of pure despair on Jaehwan’s angelic face. The golden tears running down his rosy cheeks, barely sparing a glance for Hongbin before he had hurried away down the hall. And when he looked back through the open doorway, meeting Wonshik’s eyes and seeing nothing but bafflement there. The other angel had jogged after his creator, but by that time Jaehwan had already disappeared. Hongbin had been as taken aback as Wonshik at the emotional display. Not all angels had the ability to cry, Hongbin certainly couldn’t, and at the time he had written it off as a side effect of sinning in Eden for too long.

That thought progression brought Hongbin around to the circumstances of his own corruption.
He had liked being an angel, genuinely. He liked the routine and he liked his white wings; he liked the innate feeling of superiority that went along with being the almighty’s perfect creation. He had been in Cyprus, watching over an elderly human woman as her soul left the earth, making sure her death was quick and painless. That was his job, accompanying righteous souls up to heaven and delivering them to the gates where one of Wonshik’s subordinates would check their names off the enormous list of Saved.

So, he was on earth for work, hovering unseen outside the woman’s home, watching her children and grandchildren gather around her and speak quiet words of love. Or, he thought he was unseen until a voice that was somehow both high and husky whispered his name.

‘Hongbin, if I’m not mistaken? Aren’t you a handsome one.’

He had whirled around to find the crying angel he had all but forgotten sitting atop the wooden fence that surrounded the woman’s garden. ‘Be gone demon, I have no business with you,’ he had whispered back, but Jaehwan had just smiled. ‘Would you like to see a magic trick?’ he asked, and it was only then that Hongbin remember exactly what had become of this angel. That he was no mere demon, but an archdemon and a duke of hell. Hongbin had never seen a magic trick before and he was instantly intrigued despite himself.

Without waiting for an answer, Jaehwan had raised his hand flat out before him, a small and somehow green fire springing up in the center of his palm. It sizzled and sparked, shivering and dancing in the cool night breeze, but it didn’t burn the demon. Jaehwan had watched it for a moment and then held his other hand above it, twisting his fingers like he was opening a bottle cap. The flames had spun, twirled like a miniature vortex, until the column of green fire was stretched between his palms. Hongbin had stared at it as though he had been bewitched, and when Jaehwan tossed the flames in the air and they burst into tiny green fireworks, the angel had been unable to stop himself from clapping.

‘Would you like me to teach you how to do that? Would you like me to teach you about magic?’ Jaehwan had asked, and Hongbin had nodded without hesitation. He knew somewhere way back in his head that magic wasn’t allowed. That magic was inherently untrue, so it constituted a sin. That it was a tool of Lucifer. But Hongbin didn’t care in that moment. He felt the power calling to him and had been physically unable to refuse it. And so, he stood completely still as his creator had approached him, hadn’t flinched when the demon kissed him lightly on the cheek, unhooked his collar, and gone willingly with Jaehwan, hand in hand, down into the depths of hell.

It was only later, centuries after he had been given his name and greatly surpassed his maker in the arts arcane that Hongbin found out. Jaehwan had been -yuck- turning on his charm, exuding that thing that made him as irresistible to Hongbin’s siblings as magic was to Hongbin. But it hadn’t worked on the young demon, probably because he was who he was and no amount of -ick- seductive mojo would make him want the things his brothers wanted. And Jaehwan had sensed that about him
without it needing to be spoken, hadn’t forced the young angel into anything, simply kissed him once on the cheek and held his hand. *‘I saw the power stirring in your heart, sweetling, and I wanted to watch it bloom. That’s all there was to it.’*

The feeling of his hand being squeezed brought Hongbin back to the present. “You were there, you witnessed your creator’s sadness, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” Hongbin replied. Taekwoon knew all of this, they had spoken of it before. “And you knew both Jaehwan and Wonshik when you still lived upstairs?”

“Yes,” he repeated. It was true that Hongbin was a relatively young demon when compared to the rest of his family, but he had still been born- or made- around the same time. Cumulatively, he was of an age with Jaehwan.

He hadn’t known his creator very well back then, or at all really, but Jaehwan had been popular even before Eden. It wasn’t every day that such a low-ranking angel gained the favor of two archangels, and his especially close friendship with Wonshik had been the subject of much gossip. Angels liked to gossip, there hadn’t been much else to do upstairs yet. Jaehwan had been sweet and shy, so little and pretty that everyone he met was instantly smitten (platonically of course). It was only after he had been sent to Eden that things changed.

The angels, not having much to do but hang around and wait, had liked to spy on Eden from up in the clouds. They had snickered at the person who had once been their friend, now reduced to nothing more than a toy for the first human to play with. They had all known what was going to happen, they had all known about Eve, and the fact that Jaehwan didn’t know just made them laugh harder. It had been like watching the universes most horrid practical joke unfolding in real time.

Hongbin hadn’t watched, it wasn’t interesting to him, but he had still heard the rumors. The gossip. Pleasant greetings and lively conversations were replaced with mockery and name calling when Jaehwan returned to heaven. He had witnessed it several times, seen the way his creator had tried to defend himself only to be met with harsher criticism. Seen how uncomfortable Wonshik looked, always staying silent but standing by his friend all the same. And he had seen them holding hands, even going so far as to hug once! He hadn’t been the only one to see, and this just added fuel to the fire that had become Jaehwan’s reputation. Other angels counseled Wonshik that Jaehwan was a bad influence, that he should keep his distance from the little and pretty and disgraced angel.

But Wonshik hadn’t listened to them, staying resolutely at his friend’s side until that day. That day Jaehwan nearly ran into Hongbin and then vanished. The day it finally became too much. The day Jaehwan fell.
“You have, I think, a basic understanding of what was between Wonshik and your creator, yes?”

“I think so,” Hongbin replied, “They were best friends, but always just a shade too close.” He glanced over to see his brother glaring so hard at the table Hongbin was surprised the force of it didn’t leave scorch marks. “But, do you understand the centuries upon centuries of unrequited love there?”

That was news to Hongbin. “Angel’s cant love,” Sanghyuk interjected, his tone just slightly sharper than necessary, but Hongbin nodded anyway.

Taekwoon sighed, eating a bite of his sausage. “Why do you think Jaehwan fell, child? And why do you think I said unrequited?”

Both brothers sat stock still, staring at the antichrist across the table in utter bewilderment. “But- but Jae told me that he fell because he got bored,” Sanghyuk said, more to himself than the others. “Did he specify what he was bored of?”

When that question was met by nothing but silence, Taekwoon pushed his plate away and stood up. “You mentioned something about tapping in his head?”

“Yeah, he wouldn’t shut up about it,” Hongbin replied, still too lost in thought to care. Analyzing every moment he had ever seen, both of Jaehwan and Wonshik being all -yuck- lovey dovey in heaven as well as their spectacular fights down here. It made so much sense, his makers burning and undying hatred for the angel. How could he have missed it?! He always thought there was something, but never that it had been one sided!

“Well then, I require your assistance, children. We are going to conduct a little experiment.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this was kind of a boring chapter

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3
Twitter
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Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

THIS is what I want you to hear every time Jaehwan says 'Wonshik is my best friend'.
its what I hear in my head every time I write it.

its fun, make sure your volume is on

also full disclosure, Taek calling Hakyeon 'angel' was inspired my good omens

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jaehwan stared up at the underside of his best friend’s chin, wondering how he never noticed how perfectly pointy it was. It wasn’t overly pointy, and it wasn’t overly round. It was just perfect. Pointy.

His head was pillowed on his best friend’s stomach, rising and falling gently with the rhythm of his breathing. They were cloistered away in a bedroom on the apartments lowest floor, a room that Jaehwan hadn’t actually entered in centuries, but the mattress was comfy enough. Not that he actually cared whether it was comfy or not, his best friend was comfier than the comfiest bed in the universe.

“You really like staring at me, huh Jaehwanie?”

Jaehwan blinked rapidly, pulling himself out of his tangle of messy thoughts. “It’s hard not to,” he replied, smiling at his best friend’s chuckle. “Your chin is pointy.”

“Your ears are pointy.” A finger tracing the shell of his ear. “And your nose is pointy.” Poking the tip of his nose.

Jaehwan smiled wider. “I still have wings, you know,” Wonshik murmured, holding his hand in front of his face and watching the azure lighting curl around his fingers like a snake. Jaehwan sat up, the dark blue bedsheets slipping off his torso as he propped himself on his elbow. He hadn’t noticed any wings.

His best friend sat up as well, closing his startling eyes. He exhaled a breath, and the most extraordinary pair of wings Jaehwan had ever seen unfurled from Wonshik’s bare back. If wings were
even the right word. They were shaped like wings, but not like Hongbin’s or Sanghyuk’s feathered ones, and not like the wings made of smoke his youngest had conjured up during his training. They were shapes cut from the darkness itself, as if the veil had been strategically torn right behind him. Darkest black, the color of the deepest part of the ocean where no light would ever reach.

“Beautiful,” Jaehwan breathed, watching the shadows undulate around his best friend, cloaking everything his wings touched with nothingness. Wonshik slit his eyes open, cobalt irises glinting as he curved his wings around the shorter, both demons now shielded within the darkness. “Let me see yours.”

Jaehwan opened his mouth, shut it, and then opened it again, a faint flush beginning to heat his face. “I don’t- I don’t have wings. You-know-who took mine away when I fell,” he replied, a combination of loss and embarrassment curdling in the pit of his stomach.

Don’t look into the darkness.

How could he not look into the darkness when he was completely surrounded by it?

“What about your infernal fire?”

The comforting flames licking at his skin, tickling. He loved his fire, but-

“That’s not wings.”

“Let me see it anyway.”

Jaehwan hesitated again. “I can’t just summon it, it only works when I’m- upset. Scared or sad or angry. The flames protect me,” he mumbled, squirming a little at the sight of his best friend’s smile. “But I want to see. It’s so pretty, little daisy.”

“I’m sorry,” Jaehwan replied, wrapping the sheet around his chest. He felt too exposed, too lacking. No wings, no fire, no anything really. Just talons and venom. Nothing special in the grand scheme of things. “Do you remember your fall?”
“What?”

Wonshik’s smile grew larger, reaching out to take one of Jaehwan’s hands as he repeated, “Do you remember your fall?”

“Yes,” Jaehwan said quietly, wishing with all his heart that the answer was no. Don’t look.

“Tell me about it. Tell me how it felt.”

Jaehwan was curled up in a ball, his forehead pillowed on his arms and sand in his hair, silver tears staining his cheeks.

He was gasping for breath, his chest empty and lungs raw, crying so hard it was a wonder he hadn’t drowned himself yet.

If he opened his eyes, blue now instead of gold, he would be able to see the gates to Eden in the far distance. But he didn’t open his eyes, they stung too much.

He was alone. Alone in the scotching desert. No friends, no family, all he had for company was a shattered heart. He was-

‘Hello.’

A soft, high voice spoke from somewhere nearby, and Jaehwan raised his head. A man was sitting cross legged on the sand a pace away. A man with dark hair tipped in silver, catlike eyes of deepest scarlet, cloaked in black with a dog sitting at his side.

‘Who are you?’ Jaehwan croaked, trying to rub tears from his face but only succeeding in getting sand in his eyes.

‘My name is Taekwoon, who are you?’

‘Jaehwan.’
The man gifted him a small smile. ‘What are you doing out here all alone, Jaehwan?’

Jaehwan turned his face up to the cloudless blue sky. ‘Fell,’ he choked out, a fresh wave of sobs sending him shaking.

A hand caressed his hair, petting him and dabbing the tears from his face with a handkerchief. ‘When did you fall, child?’

‘Yesterday, I think. I don’t... I can’t go back!’

The man cooed at him, resting Jaehwan’s head in his lap and rubbing circles into his back until his sobs died away. ‘Would you like to come home with me, child? I have tea. And cake.’

Jaehwan looked up at the kind man and nodded. In a blink, they were sitting on the floor of a wide room, accented in black and grey and purple. A small cat sauntered up to them, its rough tongue licking at the tip of Jaehwan’s nose.

‘Hello, little friend,’ he whispered, reaching out to stroke the creature’s soft fur. The man snapped his fingers, a tea set on a silver tray and a plate of iced cakes appearing a few feet away.

‘Sit up, child, have some of this. It will make you feel better.’

Jaehwan did as he was told, accepting a steaming cup from the kind man. It smelled of chamomile and lavender, he recognized them from his time in Eden, and took a shaky deep breath.

‘Where am I, Taekwoon?’

The man smiled again, brushing his hair off his forehead and dislodging some of the sand. ‘You are in my home.’

Jaehwan looked at him blankly, not understanding and not aware enough to try and riddle it out. ‘And where is that?’
‘Hell, child. I’m Lucifer’s son.’

“It was the worst— I was so sad… but Taekwoon found me and rescued me,” Jaehwan said, pulling himself back from his vast well of memories. He blinked quickly, realizing his best friend’s smile had slipped for a second, frigid anger hidden just under the surface.

“I didn’t ask about your love affair with the antichrist, I asked about your fall.”

“There was no love affair, sweet, he’s like a creator to—“

“Tell me about your fall, little daisy. Tell me how it felt to learn that I did not love you.”

Jaehwan shook his head back and forth so fast he was surprised it didn’t topple off his shoulders. To contemplate such would bring him pain. Pain of the first water. He could not, couldn’t—

“Tell me...” his best friend murmured, leaning in to trail his mouth along Jaehwan’s jaw, “How it felt to bare your soul to me...” large hands on his waist, “And have my give it right back.”

“No, sweet- why?” Jaehwan asked, trying to swallow the lump in his throat. Don’t look, child, don’t look.

Too late.

“Because I want you to.”

Nonono

“Sweet, no, please?”

felt himself being gently lowered back onto the mattress
kisses on his collarbones

cobalt eyes glistening where they looked up at him

“What was it like... falling through the clouds... having your wings ripped from your shoulder blades?”

he whimpered

emptiness, nothingness, the vastness of space caging him in, suffocating him

nails growing, elongating into talons

fingers tangling in his best friend’s hair

tugging

trying to make him stop

needing him to stop

“My paramour, please, don’t!”

“Almost there, little daisy.”

whatwhat

almost where
shuddering

shaking

couldn’t breath couldn’t see

“What was it like... when I used to hold you while you cried?”

nonono

a storm with no pity for the one he was going to drown

“You were always so tearful, beautiful daisy, some things never change.”

hadn’t realized he was crying

“Remember how we used to hold hands? I was never sure why; it wasn’t like I loved you back then. I felt nothing for you more than friendship.”

a finger pressing into his sternum

gasping

“There, see? Wasn’t that hard, was it?”

flames dancing around him, fire of the void itself racing across his skin

just tickling just warm
bright white teeth shining in that smile

knives inside his chest

cutting up his insides

shredding him

his best friend just wanted to see his fire

scared him

made him sad

sad wasn’t enough

broke him

gone gone gone

“You- you just- just wanted...”

laughter

his own hysterical laughter

“Shh, little daisy. It’s alright. I love you, you can come back now.”
strong arms gathering him up

petting him

soothing him

gigling

kissing his lips gently

gentlealwaysgentle

clinging to his best friend onlyhim

needing to hear that again

“You -hiccup- you love me?”

soft deep chuckling

“Of course, my perfect little daisy. I love you.”

trembling down to his bones

relief

laughing harder now

knuckles white
flames gone

shrouded by his best friends’ wings

protected

“Now, how about you stop crying, huh little daisy? And we can talk of happier things.”

+++ 

“Sit there, children, act like you’re a mix of angry and disinterested.”

Following Taekwoon’s instructions, Hongbin pulled Sanghyuk over to the couch. He plastered a look of irritated indifference on his face (he didn’t actually need to act overmuch) and began to pet Puppy’s soft fur. Dog had curled up in front of them on the rug, while Smoke had settled around Taekwoon’s shoulders like a purring scarf, long grey tail swishing back and forth.

With all the animals accounted for, Hongbin gave his brothers hand a squeeze. Acting had never been Sanghyuk’s strong suit. He wasn’t one for finesse so much as running at his problems with a knife in each hand and screaming. And he hated keeping things from their creator. “Maybe just don’t say anything. Then you technically wouldn’t be lying, if it comes to that,” he whispered, a look of disgust growing in his brother’s blue-rimmed eyes. “That’s an angel’s excuse.”

Hongbin snapped his mouth shut, taken aback at the heat behind that accusation. Sanghyuk was correct, though, so he decided it would be best not to reply. Its not like they would be the ones talking. Or interrogating. If everything went as Taekwoon thought it would, Jaehwan wouldn’t notice them at all.

“Jaehwan, child, come here.”

Taekwoon’s murmur was met with… nothing. Hongbin huffed, his creator knew better than to ignore a summons from the false prince. The idiot.
“Jaehwan, now.”

In a whirl of azure mist, so overly dramatic that it was almost endearing, their creator materialized in the middle of the wide room. The mist settled down around his shoulders like a cloak, and as expected, his newest Bound stood at his shoulder.

“Are you allergic to being patient?” Jaehwan asked, running his hands through his jet-black hair and stretching. Sanghyuk had started to growl again so Hongbin pinched him on the thigh. “I did not ask you to bring your Bound, send him away.”

Jaehwan glowered at the false prince, he hadn’t even noticed that his two youngest children were watching. “I don’t want too,” he replied petulantly, leaning into the arm his friend had wrapped around his middle. It was still… disgusting? No… confusing? No, it was unsettling, seeing his creator embrace a person that he had resolutely despised not three days ago. Holding his— for lack of a better word- arch enemy like a lover. It filled Hongbin with a sense of disquiet.

“Are you feeling threatened, your highness?” Wonshik asked, his unnaturally beautiful face dark with amusement. Jaehwan smiled at that, but it was a beat too late. Taekwoon’s scarlet eyes sparked, as he replied, “I am threatened by nothing and no one, fledgling. Get out of my sight.”

Panic streaked across his creator’s face for an instant before it turned carefully blank. “We will go then,” he murmured, catching his friend’s free hand and turning to steer him to the door. “You will not go anywhere, Jaehwan. Send him away, don’t make me order you, I’m not in the mood to play games.”

Hongbin chanced a glance at his brother, flinching at the murder written in his blue-rimmed eyes. The silence in the room was heavy, charged, but after a moment, Wonshik said softly, “It’s alright little daisy.” Hongbin cringed at the nickname but it achieved the desired effect. His maker slung his arms around his friend’s shoulders and kissed Wonshik so deeply that Hongbin wanted to puke.

“Call for me when you’re finished with his highness,” the new demon added, before he whispered something in Jaehwan’s ear. Jaehwan beamed up at him, and with that, two enormous black wings like nothing Hongbin had ever seen unfurled from Wonshik’s back, and he vanished.

Jaehwan’s fingers twitched and he shook his head a little, only turning back to face them when Sanghyuk cleared his throat. “Pet, sweetling? What are you doing here?”
“They came to talk to me about your recent behavior, sit down,” Taekwoon replied, gesturing to the couch. He snapped his fingers and a black armchair of quilted velvet appeared, striding over to sit opposite the young demons. Jaehwan approached more hesitantly, his movements jerky, and he took a seat at Sanghyuk’s side. “What have I done that requires a trip to the principal’s office?”

The quip was expected, a very Jaehwan-like thing to say, but where it should have been reassuring it just made Hongbin that much more uncomfortable. The words were a beat too late, the way his smile had been, like he had to think about the actions. They weren’t natural.

“Wonshik.”

“Wonshik is my best friend.”

Taekwoon just watched him, waiting until Jaehwan began to shift restlessly in his spot before he asked, “What can you hear?”

“Tapping,” Jaehwan breathed, resting his head on Sanghyuk’s shoulder. “Incessant, quiet tapping.”

“And, when did this tapping start?”

A pause. “When I went to look for Sanghyukkie last night.”

“Has it stopped at all?”

“Yes, in the middle of Hakyeon’s unscheduled visit which, thanks for not showing up! It’s always nice having archangels break into my home in the middle of the night!”

“I did not know he was there.”

“And how is that possible?! You always know when an angel is down here! You knew when Shikkie came, so why not Hakyeon?”

The false prince sighed. “It is a problem to be dealt with later. But what happened in the middle of
Hakyeon’s visit, what do you think prompted the tapping to stop?”

“I don’t fucking know! He was whipping me with that stupid fire, maybe that was it! Smacked the crazy out of me!”

Again, it was just a little off. Jaehwan wasn’t an argumentative person. Sure, he was sly and (if not being outright threatening) would talk circles around anyone who displeased him. Taekwoon included. But he always had a smile on his face when he did so. He didn’t argue like this, didn’t bicker.

“I know the answer,” Sanghyuk said, speaking up for the first time since their creator appeared. The experiment was over, and whatever the false prince’s suspicions were, they were proven true. Jaehwan lifted his head to look at his youngest, and Hongbin saw the pure terror in his eyes before they shuttered over again. “Wonshik showed up. You almost fell over; I could feel the tension leaving you as soon as you called for him. I caught you, love, remember?”

It took Hongbin a moment, but he remembered it too. Remembered the relief slackening his creators face, how he went almost boneless and half collapsed back on the youngest the instant Wonshik materialized in the kitchen. But it didn’t make sense.

“Jaehwan, child, have you considered-“

“No!”

Their maker shot to his feet, only stopped from flitting to the other side of the room by Sanghyuk’s hand on his wrist. “I know- I know what you’re thinking but you’re wrong.”

“What, what is it?” Hongbin asked, but he went ignored. “So, you have considered it?”

“Of course, I’ve fucking considered it, but I don’t have one! I don’t want one I’m fine!”

“You are... I’m trying to think of a word to encapsulate just how not fine you are, but I can’t find one poignant enough. I know what he does to you, I’ve been working through those wounds with you for millennia, Jaehwan, but you need to think about this.”
“I’m free! I’m still free!”

“That has nothing to do with it.”

Taekwoon was on his feet now as well, speech clipped, and hands clasped behind his back. Jaehwan opened his mouth but the false prince cut him off before he could say anything.

“Can either of you feel the bond with Wonshik?” he asked, turning to Hongbin and Sanghyuk.

The brothers looked at each other, Hongbin’s confusion mirrored on Sanghyuk’s face. When he really thought about it, he didn’t. He may not particularly like his eldest sibling, and the Terror was downright awful, but he still cared about them, felt connected to them. He didn’t feel that for Wonshik, and if the growling before was any indication, Sanghyuk didn’t either.

“No,” Hongbin said, his brother nodding at his side.

“Why not?!” Jaehwan asked, voice shrill and cracking. He sunk to the floor and covered his face with his hands, but not before Hongbin saw his mask of composure drop away. He looked broken.

“They don’t feel the bond, he didn’t come when you were injured, and from the sounds of it, you crave him when he isn’t there. How do you explain that if not-”

“It’s not true!” Jaehwan said, sounding like he was trying to convince himself rather than the false prince. A thin layer of void flames bloomed around him, moving in time with the shaking of his shoulders.

Sanghyuk, ever the weak one where their creator was concerned, was on the floor at this point, kneeling in front of Jaehwan and folding their creator up in his giant arms. The flames didn’t burn him, which Hongbin took to be a good sign.

“Will someone please explain what you two are talking about?” Hongbin asked, but nobody responded.

Taekwoon’s fingers were forming a pattern in the air too quick for the young demon to follow.
Jaehwan went ridged, frozen mid breath and blank eyes staring off into the distance. “Jae, love?! What’s wrong? What’s wrong with him?!” Sanghyuk asked, looking from their maker to Taekwoon as the plates they had been eating off of earlier shattered without any warning.

The false prince waved his hand, so the porcelain dust was contained to the other side of the room. “Calm, Sanghyuk, he’s fine! I froze his timestream for a moment so I could speak to you both.”

“What?!”

Three of the alchemical bulbs glowing on the ceiling detonated, sparks of magical light raining down around their heads.

“Get yourself under control or I’ll leave him like that.”

Sanghyuk snarled wordlessly, eyes shifting so one was cobalt and the other white. His impressively large mismatched wings unfolded from his back, but his hair didn’t turn to blue flames. That was also a good sign, kind of. He had himself partially under control. Hongbin felt it too, the need to save his creator, but he knew their other siblings wouldn’t. He only felt it because he could physically see that something was wrong. Jaehwan wasn’t hurt, and he knew Taekwoon wouldn’t do anything to harm him, but Sanghyuk’s protective streak rivaled that of their creators.

“Hyukkie, breathe,” he said, getting as close to his growling brother as he dared. “Jae is fine, you didn’t feel anything, right? You would have felt it if he was hurt.”

Slowly, the plum colored wallpaper stopped stripping itself off the walls and the globes above them stopped popping. “Fix him,” the youngest hissed, wings flapping in agitation. The wards on his collar must be burning him badly.

“I will fix him once we talk, now calm down.”

Sanghyuk squeezed his eyes shut, brow creased in concentration as he buried his nose in their creator’s hair. After roughly a minute, whatever he was doing worked, because his wings folded back up and disappeared as the rest of the chaos in the room halted.

“Good, are you ready to listen to me?” Taekwoon asked, crossing his arms, scarlet glaze flicking between the two young demons. Sanghyuk looked up, his eyes still shifted even though his wings
were gone. “Talk quickly your highness, please.”

“As far as I can tell, Jaehwan and Wonshik’s bond is not as I first thought. It reversed.”

Hongbin’s mouth fell open. “What does that mean? What do you mean?”

The false prince took a deep breath, raising his chin and switching his hands so they were clasped before him. He spoke directly to Hongbin, not looking Sanghyuk’s way as he said, “Jaehwan always says that he corrupted himself, as I’m sure you know.”

Hongbin nodded. “That never made sense to me. Angels do not corrupt themselves; it simply does not happen. There has to be some sort of influence. I thought there was a first time for everything, it could happen, anything can happen. But have you ever met another archdemon without a creator?”

“Yeah... all of them,” Sanghyuk replied. “No, child, they all had creators, those who fell in the first wave. And as you know by now, only one demon from the first wave is still alive. The rest were killed during the revolution.”

Hongbin had fallen just before the revolution, and now that he thought about it, Taekwoon was right. Even if the archdemons’ creators were dead, they still had them at some point. “What does that have to do with Wonshik?” Sanghyuk growled, spitting his old friends name. The couch began to shake, but he shut his eyes again until it stopped.

“Wonshik... Wonshik hurt your creator very badly just before he fell. It seems to have been the catalyst for Jaehwan’s corruption, and they were technically sinning before, and I think- I think in some twisted way, he created this Jaehwan.”

“He was responsible, he- I think he is Jaehwan’s true creator.”

Stunned silence filled the wide room, the hellhounds pacing restlessly back and forth. They were on edge after Sanghyuk’s loss of control, but Smoke remained unphased and unbothered, licking her little paw from her spot on Taekwoon’s shoulder.

“But,” Sanghyuk said, clearly thinking very hard. “Wonshik was an angel. Angels do not corrupt people. And his eyes are Jaehwan’s blue now.”
“It is not the being themselves that corrupts a person, child. It is the feelings they inspire. Even venom such as your creator’s is just concentrated anger made physical. Jaehwan was extra sensitive to those kinds of feelings after Eden, and I think… it wouldn’t have mattered that Wonshik was an angel.”

Hongbin’s mind was spinning. “But they hated each other! This doesn’t make sense! Nobody can hate their creator!” he exclaimed, trying to force the antichrists theory to make less sense.

“The two of them have always had a bond, the kind of bond that I do not have the capacity to understand nor explain. But what other angels do you know that touched each other the way they did or could communicate from nothing but song? Once Jaehwan fell, their bond just changed. And now it has changed again.”

“You haven’t explained why Wonshik’s eyes are Jaehwan blue.” Sanghyuk didn’t appear to be breathing any more.

“How do you know Jaehwan’s eyes aren’t Wonshik’s color?”

That seemed to be the last straw for the youngest. With a scream that sent Smoke hissing and the hellhounds scurrying away in fear, he ripped his collar from his neck and the room around them burst into flames.

“It is Jaehwan’s. Blue!” he growled, hovering six inches off the floor with their creator still clutched in his arms. “Control yourself!” Taekwoon shouted, straining to be heard over the noise of the raging fire, but Sanghyuk wasn’t listening. He was staring at Jaehwan with laser intensity, not blinking until their creator began to move again.

Hongbin was standing on the couch to avoid the flames, and he looked at Taekwoon to see the false prince gaping up that youngest. “I did not teach you to control time!” he shouted, but Sanghyuk was still entirely focused on their creator.

Jaehwan shrieked, noticing the fire and the fact that his youngest Bound was holding him in the air. “Pet, Sanghyuk baby look at me,” he exclaimed, grasping the situation quickly enough without it being explained.

Those weird gold tears were pricking at the corners of the youngest’s eyes and Jaehwan cupped his
cheek, running the fingers of his other hand through the blue flames that were Sanghyuk’s hair. “Take a deep breath for me pet, I’m right here with you, we are okay.” The position they were in meant that Sanghyuk was able to rest his head on their creator’s chest, still holding the elder bridal style but now clearly copying Jaehwan’s breathing pattern.

The two of them had gotten good at this routine during Sanghyuk’s training, figuring out the best and quickest ways to calm the youngest down when he lost control. Jaehwan kept stroking his hair, his brow, his cheeks, murmuring in Sanghyuk’s ear until the flames grew low enough to snuff out.

Sanghyuk sunk back down to the ground, sitting cross legged with Jaehwan in his lap. “What did you do to set him off, did I fall asleep?” their creator whispered angrily, glaring at the false prince over his shoulder and refastening the collar without looking. “I froze your time stream so I could explain without being interrupted,” Taekwoon replied, tone matter-of-fact and entirely unapologetic.

Jaehwan huffed but turned away to keep soothing his youngest Bound. Taking the opportunity provided, Hongbin pulled the false prince several feet from the others so they could talk privately.

“What does this mean for us? For Sanghyuk and I, and the others? If Jaehwan is- Wonshik’s Bound, then what does that make us?”

Taekwoon glanced back at the others for a moment. “He will have no claim over you, the only thing you will have in common is Jaehwan. But... no other Bound have Bound of their own for a reason, Kong. It makes for- for a strained familial relationship.”

“Does Jae...”

“Jaehwan craves Wonshik as strongly as Sanghyuk craves Jaehwan. The bonds were formed too close to one another,” Taekwoon replied, answering Hongbin’s unasked question.

“Is there anything we can do to fix it?”

After some hesitation, the false prince looked at Hongbin head on. “Sanghyuk can always change him back.”

Hongbin’s mind went blank at that. His brother could theoretically change Wonshik back into an angel, but the consequences of that would be-
“We are all better now, nice and calm, aren’t we pet?”

Both turned around to find Jaehwan being back-hugged by a rather shaken looking Sanghyuk, the room around them normal and undamaged.

“Sorry,” the youngest said quietly, but Taekwoon didn’t appear to be in a forgiving mood. “We are restarting your training tomorrow, clearly you have learned nothing if you took off your collar when you were already angry! Go to one of the guest rooms and stay there, both of you!” he snapped, waving at the hallway on the opposite wall. “Stay there until I tell you otherwise, now!”

Surprisingly without protest, Jaehwan led his youngest away, leaving Hongbin alone. Not that he actually minded, he had too many questions.

“Go home and keep an eye on… just keep an eye on things. Call for me if anything goes wrong.”

Taekwoon whirled away towards his desk, and the younger demon was powerless to ignore a direct order like that. Maybe introspection would reveal some answers. He spread his wings, thought of his neat bedroom, and vanished.

+++ 

It took a full thirty seconds of meditative breathing for Taekwoon do be calm enough to pick up the white phone.

His adopted son was having a crisis, his student was regressing, and his realm was playing host to a threat he did not yet know the scale of. Life was not easy for hell’s babysitter.

“Angel, we have a situation.”

‘What now? I don’t have time to run around cleaning up your messes, false prince!’

“For starters, I want to know how you got down here without me sensing it. And also, Wonshik is—“
The door was unceremoniously opened from the outside, and a dark-hair fallen stumbled into the wide room. He was out of breath, and it took Taekwoon a moment to place his face.

‘Wonshik is what?’

“I’m going to need to call you back,” he muttered, hanging up the phone and ignoring the angel’s protests.

“How can I help you, Lord of Lies?”

The fallen looked stricken, and he ran his hand through his hair before clearing his throat. “It’s my creator, your highness, he’s gone!”

Chapter End Notes

*if you saw this coming a mile away, hit me up because I tried to make it obvious lol*

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3

Twitter

Tumblr
Jaehwan was playing twenty-one. His friend had lured him up to the surface with the promise of an evening of debauchery, and the Prince of Lust couldn’t help but accept. So here he was, cigarillo in one hand and cards in the other, a glass of very fine wine on the table by his elbow and his friend at his side.

‘Let’s raise the stakes a bit, Hwannie,’ his friend said, nudging his arm and grinning. ‘What do you have in mind to try and win off me, little lamb?’

Jaebum grinned wider. ‘That necklace your daughter wore to his highness’s party, how many years ago was it? Not important, you know which one I mean, and I have a friend it would look fantastic on.’

‘You have a daughter?’ one of their human companions asked, another one’s eyes going wide as he exclaimed, ‘You look so young! How do you have a daughter?’

Jaehwan ignored them, gifting his friend a fuck-you smile. He did know the necklace in question, an exquisite choker of emeralds and diamonds that always grabbed the attention of everyone in the room when his Byulyi walked in with it sparkling at her throat. And she always kept it hidden.

‘I do not gamble with my children’s possessions, little lamb,’ he purred, slipping his fingers under
the neck of his friends rather extravagant doublet. ‘Pick something else.’

‘A night with you then?’

Jaehwan smirked, winking and blowing his friend a kiss. ‘That can be arranged.’

‘Sorry to interrupt the festivities.’

The Prince of Lust whipped his head around at the sound of the familiar deep voice. ‘Is that you, sweet paramour? Stop skulking in the shadows, it doesn’t suit you.’

As expected, his enemy stepped from the dark corner of the room. His facial features were harder, more defined than when the demon last saw him. Gone were his curls, a short crop of silver replacing them. He looked handsome as always, but more grown up. More like the archangel he was. Jaehwan downed the entirety of his wine in an attempt to suppress his nausea.

‘You have been summoned to heavenly court, Jaehwan.’

No emotion on his best friend’s face.

‘What did I do this time?’

‘Philippe, the Duke of Orleans? Ring any bells?’

Jaehwan huffed out a labored sigh. ‘Darling boy, beautiful eyes. What about him?’

‘You cannot go around corrupting royalty, Jaehwan. Not when they are under heavens protection.’

‘Me? Corrupt him? You have that the wrong way around, my sweet. He practically dragged me into bed!’
Wonshik rolled his eyes, the humans in the small room veritably trembling in fear. ‘Explain that to Hakyeon and the court, let’s go.’

‘I have an idea,’ Jaebum said, leaning over and bracing his elbows on the table. ‘Why don’t you leave my friend alone and go scurry away back upstairs, angel. You are trespassing on my property, something I don’t take kindly to.’

Lightning crackled around his enemies’ hands. ‘Watch how you speak to me, understudy.’

When his friend began to growl, the Prince of Lust decided it wasn’t worth the fight. He didn’t want Jaebum to get zapped for no reason, it would be such a waste.

‘Easy, lamb. I’ll go peacefully,’ he murmured, running his fingers through his friend’s hair. And as he stood, because he knew it would piss his enemy off, Jaehwan leaned down and captured the Prince of Vice’s mouth in a long, lingering kiss.

Lightning flared, brightening the room as his friend caught him around the waist. It was nice, but he had achieved his goal. Jaehwan nipped at his friends’ lip and pulled away, walking over to his enemy as he straightened his hair.

‘Let’s get this over with as quickly as possible, sweet. I was winning.’

Wonshik rolled his eyes again but rested his hand on Jaehwan’s arm. The Prince of Lust did his best to suppress the urge to rip his arm from its socket, and he heard his friend hiss, ‘Watch your back, angel’ as he and Wonshik vanished, appearing at the back of the heavenly courtroom.

‘Why do they always send you to pick me up?’

‘Because they know I won’t let you slip away from me again.’

+++  

“How do you feel, pet? All better?”
Sanghyuk was trying to regulate his breathing the way Taekwoon had taught him. *In, 1, 2, 3, 4, out, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. And repeat. And repeat again. And again.*

He let his hands roam along his maker's upper body, memorizing it all over again. The troughs and valleys of his abdomen. The V shaped divot of his hips. The subtle swells of his biceps. Jaehwan looked down at him, sapphire eyes soft, holding his gaze.

“Getting there,” Sanghyuk replied, lifting his maker a little to settle him more comfortably on his lap. “How are you feeling? Is the tapping... is it bad?”

They were sequestered in one of the antichrists' guest bedrooms, on lockdown until Taekwoon decided to let them out, but Sanghyuk didn’t mind. No matter where he was, if Jaehwan was with him, he was home.

His maker blinked, something like pain flashing in his eyes for a moment, but he shrugged. “It’s manageable.”

“Don’t lie to me, love. Is it bad?”

*In, 1, 2, 3...*

“I’m not lying, pet. I’m not going to say it’s fantastic, it’s not. But it *is* manageable.”

Jaehwan’s fingertips traced Sanghyuk’s collarbones, massaging his shoulders, rubbing the stress from his muscles. “You haven’t lost control in a while; how do you feel about that?”

There was no judgment in his maker’s voice, no reprimand, no disappointment. *Out, 1, 2, 3... “I’m pissed about it. I was doing so well, and now- did you see his highness’s face? He’s so angry.”*

“What his highness feels means less than nothing to me where you are concerned, pet. How do you feel? You haven’t taken off your collar in several years, it must have been difficult.”
Sanghyuk swallowed hard, wrapping his arms around Jaehwan and pulling the elder down so he could hug him close. “I only took it off so I could fix you, he was saying your blue wasn’t yours and that you belonged to someone else and you were all stiff you weren’t even blinking and I needed you to come back I needed-“

“It’s okay now, pet, breathe for me.” Murmured in his ear, his makers most soothing tone. The young demon refocused in his breathing, hiding his face in Jaehwan’s hair. He still smelled like orange and mint, essential oils lingering on the jet-black strands from his bath.

“Why did you switch smells? I like your floral ones better.”

Jaehwan raised his head, a look of confusion on his beautiful face. “I don’t- I don’t know.” Shook his head. “I’ll be sure to use jasmine and rose next time.” A small smile that lit up Sanghyuk’s heart.

“I missed you, love.”

Jaehwan flinched.

“I missed you too, pet. We haven’t been apart for more than a day in over five years. It’s a bit... odd, don’t you think?”


“I’m not really a fan of you shutting yourself away with that asshole, but... is what Taekwoon says true? Is he your creator?”

Jaehwan’s bottom lip began to tremble and he closed his eyes for a moment, stroking the younger’s hair while he composed himself. “I hope with every ounce of my being that he is wrong. I don’t want- I do not want this.”

A lump formed in Sanghyuk’s throat. “It’s alright love, he could be wrong.” He watched his makers Adam’s apple bob as he swallowed. “Yes, it’s alright. Nothing for you to worry about, pet."
That wasn’t very reassuring, but Sanghyuk didn’t feel up to arguing. “Kiss me?” he asked quietly. He was unused to asking for such things, Jaehwan normally did so without him needing too. But his maker seemed distracted. Probably the tapping’s fault.

Jaehwan leaned down, one hand braced on the pillow under Sanghyuk’s head as he brushed his lips against the youngers. Sanghyuk kissed him back, feeling his makers breath hitch, plump lips parting for his own.

“Pet,” he murmured, Sanghyuk’s hands making their way under his azure cloak, his flowing shirt of black satin. He trailed up and down the length of his makers spine, the bumps of his vertebrae, the raised ridges like tiny mountains under his fingertips. “Yes, Love?”

Jaehwan hummed, pressing kisses to the corner of Sanghyuk’s mouth. “Do you... still want me?”

“Always.”

The sapphires around the elder’s neck slipped free of his shirt, hanging heavy against the younger’s chest. Sanghyuk loves those sapphires, loved how they looked in contrast to his makers milky skin, loved what they represented. Sanghyuk loved counting them, thinking about the five years he and Jaehwan had spent together and dreaming of the eternity they still had to come. They were Jaehwan Blue. Sanghyuk’s favorite color. Jaehwan Blue was the most important color to the young demon, just as the taste of peaches was important. That color would not be claimed by anyone else, no matter how powerful they were.

The young demon cradled his makers face in his hands, drinking him in. A wave of possessiveness hit him hard. He needed to touch his maker, all of him, hold him as close as possible. Protect him. Banish the fear and anxiety he could sense bubbling under his makers skin. He could smell it. And he wanted it gone.

He kissed Jaehwan hard, tasting his sweet venom as long as he could until he had to pull back to breathe. He gasped, gulping down air as his maker jerkily slipped open the buttons on his shirt. Sanghyuk had no patience right then and he took a calculated risk. He indulged his power and pictured his makers clothes falling apart, disintegrating down to the very fibers they were woven from. It wasn’t the smartest thing to do so soon after a tantrum, but he was with Jaehwan. His world his life his everything. He would never hurt Jaehwan.
“Ah, pet!” his maker squeaked, his clothing falling off him and floating around in the air. “I need you, love, I need you now,” he gasped, his fingertips digging into the flesh of Jaehwan’s hips.

Jaehwan snapped his fingers. Sanghyuk couldn’t even remember what he had been wearing but it didn’t matter anymore because it was gone. Skin to skin contact. So much contact all at once that it made the young demons head spin.

“Talk to me love, I need to hear you,” he groaned, feeling his makers long fingers circle his length. Jaehwan began to pump him, running his mouth along the youngers jaw. “What do you want me to say, pet?”

Sanghyuk shuddered, the sound of his makers voice, his question twining around his brain like ivy. “I love you, I love you, Jae I love you.” He kept chanting those words under his breath, his voice cresting almost falsetto as the elder sat up before slowly sinking back down onto him.

“My pet, my puppy, my favorite,” Jaehwan murmured, resting his hands on the young demon’s chest. His sooty lashes fluttered, mouth falling open as he began to slowly, so slowly, roll his hips. “My loyal Sanghyukkie, I love you baby.”

His maker was so tight and hot, Sanghyuk’s craving for him spiked. His blood sang at the praise, there was nothing he longed for more than that. Jaehwan’s love. Jaehwan to be proud of him. He gripped his makers feather soft thighs, trying not to moan to loudly as he elder pulled almost all the way off him and sank back down. “My perfect puppy, you’re so good to me.”

Sanghyuk’s mind was jerked back to the day of his corruption. ‘Look at you, you don’t know your own strength yet, like an enormous demonic puppy.’ He knew his own strength now and knew it well, but his maker still called him puppy. His heart sparked with delight.

Sanghyuk thrust up into the elder, gaze locked on his makers. Jaehwan’s pupils were blown wide, so black they almost obscured the sapphire. The young demon was thoroughly captivated.

His maker moaned, loud and breathy, and Sanghyuk’s body temperature dialed up at least five degrees. He indulged his power a little more, using his considerable strength and relatively admirable speed to lift Jaehwan up and hold him against the wall across from the bed.

“So strong, pet -ngh- you’re so big, so strong,” Jaehwan whimpered, wrapping his legs around the younger’s waist, his long fingers knotted in Sanghyuk fair hair. The young demon growled quietly,
not even realizing he was doing it, nuzzling the underside of his makers jaw. He began to suck gently on the side of the others neck, leaving a trail of red marks down to his collarbones. The crook of his neck. The hollow at the base of his throat. “Harder pet, please… kiss me,” Jaehwan whimpered, trying to keep his speech coherent in between moans and failing.

Sanghyuk complied, fucking into his marker harder and faster and deeper. He captured Jaehwan’s mouth with his own, inhaling the staccato whines pouring from between his parted lips. “I love you.” He formed the words silently, pressing the elder into the wall to keep him in place. Sweet peaches overwhelmed his senses. Addicting. “Fuck- pet, fuck!”

Jaehwan’s hair was stuck to his forehead, skin glistening, his delicious body so hot that it urged the fire burning in Sanghyuk’s stomach to a fever pitch. He felt hungry, needy, craving for his maker and craving release. He was getting sloppy, but he didn’t care, the majority of his attention was focused on not snapping Jaehwan in half. His lower lip was caught between Jaehwan’s sharp teeth, and he felt a sting, salty iron mingling with the sweetness of venom.

The jolt of pain pushed the young demon over the edge, stars behind his eyes and euphoria rolling over him in waves. He clutched his maker tight to his chest, feeling the elder clench around him, feeling the release coating sticky on his stomach. Heard the whine of his own name in his ear.

They came down slowly, breathing ragged, chests heaving. “Baby- that was so… fuck,” Jaehwan murmured, his eyes fluttering open, a glittering smile spreading across his flushed face. Sanghyuk set him gently back on his feet, keeping his arms around his maker’s waist and dropping kisses against his temples. Relief, release, contentment is what the young demon felt in that moment, his everything kept safe in his arms.

Jaehwan pulled back slightly, lopsided grin on the edge of goofy as he stared at Sanghyuk. But… Sanghyuk and his maker noticed at the same time. The younger raising one hand to lift some of the ichor off Jaehwan’s temple, Jaehwan lightly prodding the center of the younger’s lip. “That’s… huh.”

Unlike the pure silver of a demon’s ichor, the substance on both their fingers was mottled. A marbled swirl of silver and gold, both and neither. Sanghyuk had never actually bled before. Jaehwan’s weird vampiric tendencies had never… not on him… even in his tantrums he was never physically injured.

His maker looked from the ichor, to Sanghyuk’s face, and back again. “Remarkable.”

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“Greetings, angel.”

Hakyeon took his customary seat across the desk from Taekwoon, wings folded and navy robes perfectly pleated. The false prince watched him closely. Events of the morning had only strengthened the sense of distrust he felt, and he decided to approach their discussion with more than his customary caution.

Taekwoon snapped his fingers, silver tea set materializing on the desk by his right hand. “I’ve heard you’re fond of tea. May I tempt you?” he asked, not waiting for an answer before lifting the pot of already steeped tea and pouring a generous amount into each cup.

He had been trying to wrongfoot the angel, and it seemed he had succeeded. Hakyeon scowled at him, ‘righteous indignation’ burning in his golden gaze. “Thank you,” he replied, polite with an edge.

“So, you have come to my realm uninvited again. Why?”

“You weren’t answering your phone.”

Taekwoon sat back, pausing to sip the warm beverage and smack his lips before answering. “I am under no obligation to communicate with you, angel.”

“No, you are not. But seeing as you were the one that called me first, I want to know why.”

“Did you miss me?”

Hakyeon scoffed, single syllable laugh clipped and humorless. “I miss you like a prostitute miss’s gonorrhea.”

“Do you practice that sarcasm in the mirror, or are you just improvising?”

“Get on with it, false prince. Explain what you called me for. Something about Wonshik?”
Taekwoon paused again to sip his tea. This… temporary détente between them was less than ideal. He did not like this angel, never had. Hakyeon was unpalatably rigid, not entertaining company so much as annoying, so superior that the emperors of years past could take a lesson. And untrustworthy as a snake. At least he was easy on the eyes, that help assuage Taekwoon’s irritation a bit.

“Wonshik, I believe, is exactly what we feared. Supremacy, Dominion, all the worst qualities of the one now dead.”

The demon in question, Wonshik’s predecessor and a thorn in Taekwoon’s side, had been something of a recluse. Fallen during the first wave, he had done his job well. He gathered the armies for Taekwoon’s father, cultivated the devotion and reverence for Satan in the darkest places in the world. Once the revolution ended, once hell lost and almost all his kin had died, he retreated deep into the void. His Bound had gone with him, his only child, and they had been mercifully quiet for almost four thousand years.

And then, his bound had been executed. Taekwoon couldn’t even remember the crime she committed, some trumped up charge about breaking into heaven, but she had died regardless. He had been utterly devastated. Mad with grief, he had gone on a corruption spree or sorts. He had dragged at least ten angels away from heavens ranks, forming a vicious group of devotees he used to sew disharmony throughout hell. He had been trying for a second revolution, take down Taekwoon and heaven in one fell swoop, gain power over the humans for himself. Working in tandem, they had managed to kill him and dismantle his ‘organization’, but it had been a close thing. The Prince of Supremacy and Lord of the Lost was an unpleasant enemy.

“What makes you so sure?”

“Since you weren’t working quickly enough,” the false prince said, voice calm as ever, “I took a look at what he was doing during his time on earth. Your archangel was masquerading as a musician. In the four years since the child of prophecy began training, Wonshik has been collecting a cult like following among the humans. I was correct in thinking that he was tainted.”

Hakyeon stared at him, looking genuinely surprised for the first time in over a millennium. Taekwoon basked in it. It felt wonderful, having the upper hand.

“That makes no sense. Sanghyuk changed him back, I checked his ichor!”
“What Sanghyuk did was picture Wonshik as a demon and then picture him turning back into an angel. He was not fully trained yet; he didn’t understand the need to alter one’s mentality the way he altered one’s physical appearance. Yes, Wonshik did look like an angel, he had the blood of an angel and the powers of an angel, but his mind was still at least half demonic. A synthetic personification of the child’s own gifts.”

“But,” Hakyeon murmured, trying to grasp some sort of understanding. “If he was already a demon, why did he need Jaehwan to corrupt him?” The sort of abstract concepts Taekwoon was referencing were generally out of the realm of an angel’s comprehension. But the false prince didn’t give him much time to think.

“He was not fully demonic; have you been listening to me? He was in limbo, trapped in the body of an angel with the mind of a demon. He messed around with the humans but something in him obviously realized that he could not reach the full capacity of his power until the entirety of his being was infernal.”

It was a calculated move, leaving the part about Wonshik being Jaehwan’s creator out of his explanation. Hakyeon didn’t need to know that, not yet at least. The finer points of their bond weren’t something the angel was privy too.

“And now,” Taekwoon continued, taking another sip of tea to calm his nerves, “My strongest political rival has gone missing, angel. Vanished last night without a whisper, around the same time Wonshik’s whereabouts were unaccounted for. What do you make of that?”

The archangel seemed to be at a loss. Speechless for the first time in Taekwoon’s memory. He would gloat if the situation weren’t so dire.

“This was planned. Entirely planned and perfectly executed. We played right into it, Jaehwan played right into it. And now, we need to figure out a way to stop something that has already been in motion for years, angel, years.”

“Your brother… the extra sinful one… he is gone?”

Such an awful- if Taekwoon could bring this issue to literally any other archangel, he would have. But Hakyeon was a piece on his chessboard and the false prince needed to maneuver him accordingly.
“Yes. And now, if there is another revolution and I die, Jaebum will probably not be there to take my place. The natural successor after my brother is Jachwan, my adopted child, however I believe it would not come to that. Wonshik would step up and become the Prince of Hell, it would only be natural. And we cannot let it come to that.”

Chapter End Notes

If this was confusing, it was kind of supposed to be. im sorry. also im sorry my update schedule is so weird.

Also codependency that borders on unhealthy is a theme in everything I write, sorry about that as well.

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3

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Chapter 18

“Hello, little daisy.”

Jaehwan sat bolt upright, hand on his chest as he scanned the unfamiliar bedroom. He was still in Taekwoon’s home, Sanghyuk was still sleeping at his side, and there was a pair of glowing blue eyes peering down at him from a shadowy corner of the room.

“Sweet paramour?” Jaehwan asked, the tapping in his head mercifully silent. Wonshik stepped from the dark, gaze flashing as he looked from Jaehwan to his youngest and back again. “I thought you were going to call for me when you were done with his highness, you said you would.”

His best friends murmur hit Jaehwan like a slap. The disappointment. Tinged with anger. Dripping with annoyance. “I’m sorry, sweet, Taekwoon told me to wait here, I didn’t think he was actually done with me,” he replied, reaching a hand out for his best friend.

Wonshik didn’t take it.

“You chose him over me?”

Jaehwan’s eyes widened, watching his best friend nod in the sleeping Sanghyuk’s direction. “I didn’t choose anyone, sweet, I’m doing what his highness told me to do! I don’t want to piss him off!” Was his best friend jealous? But, no… that was an absurd thought.

Jaehwan felt Sanghyuk’s fingers twitch against his thigh. They had been whispering, but his youngest slept lightly when he was stressed and the hours after a tantrum were always very stressful. Jaehwan made a point to lower his voice when he added, “I was going to call for you as soon as he let us out.”

“You know,” Wonshik murmured, his startling eyes now fixed on Sanghyuk’s face, “He used to call me best friend the way you do.”
“I know, he told me he had a best friend upstairs when I corrupted him. He said you would be worried when he didn’t come back.”

“Mm, and then he stopped me from killing you when I tried to apologize,” his best friend replied, blinking slowly. “I would have done it without a second thought, but aren’t we both glad the situation turned out differently?”

It was said so casually. His best friend would have killed him. Jaehwan tried not to feel hurt, he would have killed Wonshik eventually if he was still an angel, and it wasn’t the first time they had fought, but hearing it spoken allowed was jarring. “Yes,” he agreed, word not but a whisper.

“You two get along so well. I was furious when I found out that Hakyeon had picked him for you, but now I can see why he did.”

Jaehwan’s hand, which had been caressing his youngest Bound’s shoulder under the blanket, stilled. His entire body stilled in fact, staring at his best friend with a growing sense of disquiet. “What do you mean, sweet, what are you talking about?”

Wonshik chuckled, the sound of that deep chuckle pushing Jaehwan an inch closer to the cliff that his sanity was always teetering on the edge of. “You don’t know?”

“No…”

“Oh… wow. Hakyeon always said you didn’t, but I never believed him.”

A beat of silence.

“Hakyeon sent him to you on purpose. A wedding anniversary present of sorts. He’d send you a new companion every thousand years or so to keep you happy.”

Jaehwan’s universe flipped upside down. He felt like he was falling, falling, falling…

Don’t look.
He didn’t realize his fingers had curled in the fabric of Sanghyuk’s cotton t-shirt, he couldn’t feel it. He didn’t hear his breathing speed up, didn’t see the black flames erupt across his skin like gooseflesh.

Hakyeon had… his husband had sent angels to him, knowing they would be corrupted, knowing who Jaehwan was and what he liked. Jaehwan dragged his mind back to that day five years ago, Sanghyuk on the bench in his atelier, the white uniform of heaven on his gorgeous body and red collar around his neck. He had been surprised to learn that Jaehwan was a fallen. And then, later, the bitemarks on his shoulder healing and the floor around them in broken pieces. ‘But you’re a demon of the lower rank, or that’s what your file says. I didn’t even know you were fallen; how could they know you would do this?’

“Jae, love, what’s wrong?”

Jaehwan couldn’t see past the haze of… sadness? Rage? Whatever it was it was clouding him in his entirety. He didn’t hear Sanghyuk hiss in pain and scoot away, didn’t see the blue rimmed eyes looking at him in anxious confusion.

“He… he, he…” Jaehwan stuttered, his lungs shredded, ribs crack, stomach in knots. The ringing in his ears was so loud that he didn’t hear his best friend begin to laugh.

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“How did you get in here, did his highness let you in?! What did you say?!” Sanghyuk growled, looking from Wonshik to his maker and back again.

His hand and forearm stung like a bitch where Jaehwan’s fire had burned him. It had never actually burned him before, and Sanghyuk hoped it would never burn him again because it was not a pleasant sensation. Today was a day of firsts. First time bleeding and first time burned.

“Nobody let me in, I just came to check on him,” Wonshik replied, a devious smile on his frightfully dazzling face. “You cannot simply walk in to the antichrist’s home! It’s not possible!”

“Nobody let me in, I just came to check on him,” Wonshik replied, a devious smile on his frightfully dazzling face. “You cannot simply walk in to the antichrist’s home! It’s not possible!”

“I’m almost positive we’ve been over this before,” Wonshik said, crossing the room and laying his hand across Jaehwan’s forehead. How was he not getting burned?! The fire was roiling around him like oil in water. He glanced at the young demon out of the corner of his eye, the similarity between
them and those of his maker and brothers causing Sanghyuk’s temper to jump up several notches. “I can always find him no matter where he is. Walls and magic are no obstacle. Nothing can keep us apart, kid.”

Jaehwan couldn’t see him, of that much Sanghyuk was sure. His maker was staring up at Wonshik, eyes wide and imploring, sobbing tearlessly. His cheeks were dry, but his chest was rising and falling unevenly, lip pushed out resembling a pout, looking at Wonshik like he was salvation personified.

“Aw, little daisy, why does that make you sad? You love presents,” Wonshik continued, addressing Jaehwan now, Sanghyuk forgotten on the foot of the bed.

Jaehwan was speaking, kind of, forming syllables but nothing actually coherent as he searched Wonshik’s face for something Sanghyuk couldn’t fathom. “Use your words,” Wonshik said, his sentence carrying a bit too much sharpness for the young demons liking. It was an order.

“My- my, my Bound are- I always believed it wa-was fate, finding them. Our fa-family was meant to- to be together, a magical game of cha-chance bringing us together. It was a- a lie? Hakyeon ju-just dropped them in front of m-m-me like bait?”

Wonshik cooed, somehow managing not to notice that Jaehwan was sitting there like a puppy that had just been kicked. Sanghyuk didn’t understand what they were talking about, but he instantly hated it if it was hurting his maker so much, making Jaehwan smell so scared. Bitter lime.

“Nothing happens by chance, little daisy, fate doesn’t exist.”

Jaehwan whimpered.

The void flame still wasn’t burning Wonshik, not even when he lowered himself onto the bed and allowed Jaehwan to crawl into his lap. It was fucking déjà vu. Two angels, two pairs of golden eyes, huddled together on Sanghyuk’s bed. But now it was two demons, two pairs of cobalt eyes, huddled together on Taekwoon’s guest bed.

Sanghyuk wasn’t even listening to them at this point. Once upon a time, he had told Taekwoon that he wasn’t jealous. That he wouldn’t be jealous because if his maker loved Wonshik, it wouldn’t mean he would love Sanghyuk any less. And that was still true. But this wasn’t love. It was a twisted and messy dependency that Sanghyuk detested. Seeing his maker, the strongest and bravest individual the young demon had ever met, reduced to a sniveling jumble of turmoil and terror. It
made Sanghyuk’s skin crawl.

And their eyes. Wonshik had Jaehwan’s eyes, everyone had Jaehwan’s eyes! Everyone but him. It made him feel insignificant, an outsider, the wrongness of his being just that bit more obvious.

Jaehwan looked so small, diminished, broken. Sanghyuk silently got off the bed and started to walk around it, intending to rescue his maker from the clutches of this panther in wolfs clothing, when he was violently shoved against the wall.

His feet weren’t touching the ground, nothing had pushed him, only the sensation of being dragged backwards and pinned in place. The breath was knocked from his lungs and he tried to gulp in air, unable to move against the force holding him, and it was then that he realized Wonshik’s hand had flicked in his direction.

“What- the fuck!” he gasped, but neither of the demons on the bed were paying attention to him.

“Stop crying, little daisy,” Wonshik said, that edge back in his tone, his arms loosely circling Jaehwan’s waist. Jaehwan’s dry sobs stopped instantly, blinking like he was in a daze.

Another order.

More déjà vu.

“Stop crying,” he snapped, before turning his eyes on Wonshik and adding, “The real Jaehwan is neither mean nor evil. He’s perfect.”

Immediately, his maker’s tears dried up, his sobs cutting off in a cough.

“Did you... did you just make him stop crying?”

“I don’t like it when he cries, Wonshik, it stresses me out,” Sanghyuk snarled, turning away and running his hands through his fair hair.
“That’s… that’s not okay.”

Only now, everything was backwards. Wonshik shouldn’t be able to do that. He also shouldn’t be able to throw Sanghyuk against a wall with nothing more than a flick of the wrist. Those are things only Sanghyuk could do. Right?! He was a fucking child of prophecy according to everyone, right?! His power was unrivaled by anyone in heaven or hell, right?!

“Won… shik!” Sanghyuk tried, his breath slowly trickling back but it was like he was invisible.

“Shikkie, sweet, tell me you were joking, tell me it’s not true, please,” Jaehwan said, his lip trembling a little as he stared up at Wonshik with those sapphire doll eyes. Wonshik clicked his tongue, turning his shoulders side to side so Jaehwan wiggled like a bobblehead on his lap. It was an incongruously cute movement, and Sanghyuk’s maker smiled a bit in response.

“Of course, it wasn’t a joke, my beautiful daisy. Would you put it past him to do something so despicable? Your other Bound are just his pawns, but not me.”

His baritone had a sing-song quality that made Sanghyuk want to scream. Why weren’t they paying attention to him?! Jaehwan should be cutting his friends throat and coming to Sanghyuk’s rescue, not sitting there, docile as he hid his face in the crook of the others neck. “Don’t be sad about it Jaehwanie. There’s always a solution, a simple one.”

Jaehwan looked up again, just as Sanghyuk tried to say, “Jae, help!”

Tried being the operative word. All he actually got out was the J sound before the air was punched from of his lungs once more. Jaehwan didn’t react. Didn’t flinch didn’t blink didn’t turn his head. His maker hadn’t heard him. Wonshik’s hand had flicked towards him, but it was behind Jaehwan’s back, so the other hadn’t seen.

“Solution? To what?”

“To stop your other Bound spying on you for Hakyeon.”

“They’re spying on me? That can’t be, they wouldn’t!”
“I mean, why wouldn’t they? They were his agent’s before you corrupted them.”

Jaehwan seriously could not be buying this! He wasn’t stupid! If anyone had been Hakyeon’s agent, it was Wonshik! He knew Sanghyuk would die for him, they would die for each other! So why did his expression look so conflicted?!

“They wouldn’t do that to me, we love each other too much.”

“There’s a way to make sure they don’t spy on you, tell him all your secrets so he can use them against you.”

“What?”

Wonshik leaned closer, whispering in Jaehwan’s ear and letting his startling eyes flit in Sanghyuk’s direction. His words were too quiet for the young demon to hear, but the way his pretty lips twisted in a knowing smile spoke volumes. Jaehwan flinched. He was still straddling the other’s thighs and didn’t attempt to get off, but he did pull back a few inches.

“No, I couldn’t- I would never!”

“Shh, it’s alright. You don’t have to do anything, little daisy. Hakyeon wouldn’t expect you to do it anyway, he knows you, knows that you love too deeply for such a thing.”

Jaehwan opened his mouth and closed it again, those long fingers skittering nervously across his friend’s chest. “I didn’t ask to be this way. I didn’t choose to love so- didn’t…”

“I know, Jaehwanie, but how could you be anything else? You are silken softness drenched with lust. It’s just who you are. I know it, Hakyeon knows it, and you-know-who clearly knew it too. It’s why they chose to send you to Eden, there could be no other reason.”

Sanghyuk was listening so raptly that he almost forgot to try and get free. He looked down at himself to make sure there wasn’t anything substantial holding him there, and nearly screamed. He would have screamed if he could have drawn breath to do so. He couldn’t see his legs! Couldn’t see his feet! He wasn’t able to see his arms or hands! He was invisible! Invisible and stuck to a wall, unable to rescue his maker from this master manipulation he was falling victim to.
“It’s one of the reasons I love you so much. You’re just so perfect, my little daisy.”

At some point, Jaehwan’s void flames had petered out. But he had also started giggling. It was quiet at first, but it was getting louder and louder by the second. Wonshik grinned, bouncing the other on his knees so Jaehwan laughed harder. “You really love me?” Sanghyuk’s maker asked, eyes round an expectant.

“I love you like the night loves the day.”

Jaehwan shrieked happily, throwing himself forward and pouncing on his friend, one hand on the mattress beside Wonshik’s head as he kissed him. Sanghyuk felt a wave of empathy for Hongbin, the unnecessarily dramatic wording of Wonshik’s proclamation filling his stomach with bile.

He tried again, struggling against the invisible bonds, but to no avail. How could he get himself out of this? He needed to stop them, needed to stop Wonshik from… oh Lucifer he was an idiot! Why hadn’t he just-

Sanghyuk focused all his energy, the entirety of his mind, concentrating on picturing himself becoming visible. The navy pajamas his maker had conjured for him once they had fallen back into bed, the warded collar around his throat, the bedhead he was undoubtable suffering from. He looked down after a moment and saw that it was working. His limbs were returning to their normal opacity!

The young demon glanced up, just in time to see Wonshik’s hand flick in his direction once again, fingers forming lightning fast patterns that Sanghyuk had never learned, and he faded. Invisible. Invisible and mute thanks to the intangible force now pressing against his windpipe. His ex-friend hadn’t even looked at him to do it! This wasn’t. Fucking. Possible.

“What’s your ability, -hehehe- sweet?”

“No clue.”

Fucking liar! Wonshik clearly knew how to use whatever power he had, Sanghyuk invisible and glued to a wall was proof enough of that!
“You... would tell me... if you -hehehe- were my creator... right?” Jaehwan mumbled, the question broken up by laughter and kisses. “Do you think our bond is that simple, daisy? So mundane?”

Jaehwan lifted his head a few inches, still giggling but looking confused now. “Hmm?” he asked, stroking his friend’s cheek as Sanghyuk continued to struggle.

“We’re star-crossed, Jaehwanie. Think about it, together in heaven and together again in hell over six thousand years later. We can always find each other, we’re always together in spirit even when we’re apart. Don’t you miss me when I’m away from you?”

This asshole was fucking lying! Sanghyuk could see the lie written plainly in the curl of his stupid mouth! The young demon gasped on nothing, getting more panicky by the second and still resolutely invisible.

“Yes, it’s like tapping in my head, sweet, like -hehehe- screaming.”

“Then we shouldn’t be apart, right? You don’t need to suffer for no reason, right?”

Jaehwan seemed distracted, his laughter the slightest hint shriller. “I have my Bound, sweet, I cannot abandon them just so my own -hehehe- torment is less.”

“Okay, keep your little flock of traitors if you’d like. But just remember, my beautiful little daisy, they will never measure up to what we have.”

Sanghyuk’s tongue cleaved to his teeth; mouth snapping shut around the scream of protest he had been attempting to utter. Hearing someone else speak about his and his makers relationship like that made the young demons blood boil.

“You can trust me Jaehwanie, I am more loyal to you than anyone else.”

Jaehwan blinked a few times, stroking his friend’s hair. He leaned down to kiss Wonshik again, but the other turned his head away. Sanghyuk’s maker squeaked indignantly, tapping his friend’s chest.

“What’s that?”
Jaehwan glanced down to find Wonshik’s fingers curled around the silver chain at his neck. No no no way!

“I’ve been meaning to ask about it.”

Sanghyuk strained his mind, trying to change himself back so hard it was a miracle he didn’t burst a blood vessel.

“It’s a present from my youngest, my -hehehe- Sanghyukkie. A jewel for each year we are together.”

Wonshik rolled his eyes, dropping the chain like it was covered in slime. “You let someone collar you again? For five measly years? We have been together more than a thousand times that many and I would never collar you the way heaven did.”

“It’s not like-“

“You don’t have to justify it to me, little daisy. I can see that the kid is precious to you.”

The instant Sanghyuk got free, he was going to paint the walls an interesting shade of Wonshik.

Jaehwan’s laughter was on the edge of manic now, his whole body shaking. Wonshik laced their fingers together, looking up at the young demon’s maker as he murmured, “You’re gone again, aren’t you? Come back little daisy, come back to me.”

_Gone_? Jaehwan had talked about being gone in his sleep the other night, but what could that mean?!

Sanghyuk had assumed it was just dreamy words of no real importance but now-

Sanghyuk, desperate, began chanting the false princes name in his head. To call him, it was usually necessary to speak aloud, but he prayed to Lucifer that Taekwoon would hear.

Wonshik glanced over at him, eyes flashing with rage for a split second before he formed the pattern with his fingers again. Sanghyuk felt the weight on him begin to dissipate, his arms and
legs becoming visible as Jaehwan asked, “Wait, where is my beloved pet? My puppy, he was here, wasn’t he?”

Sanghyuk drank in the cool air filling his lungs, almost lightheaded at the rush of oxygen. Wonshik nodded, a smile of pure poison making his features that much more beautiful. “He’s been right over there the whole time, Jaehwanie. You just didn’t notice, you were gone.”

“Fucking liar!” Sanghyuk shouted, just as the bedroom door was flung open and an extremely put out looking Taekwoon swirled into the room.

The young demons power returned to him with the speed of a lightning strike, alchemical globes above them clattering together as he leapt toward the bed. “I’ll fucking kill you, crazy son of a bitch!” he yelled, only making it about three feet before the false prince grabbed him and shoved him backwards. Jaehwan’s eyes began to glow, crouching in front of his friend, using his body to shield the other.

“Calm the fuck down, Sanghyuk! What’s wrong with you today!? And you, how did you get in here fledgling!?”

“He called me a traitor, he called me Hakyeon’s spy I’m going to tear him limb from fucking limb!”

Wonshik was smiling like Satan himself, hugging Jaehwan against his chest and murmuring in ceaselessly in his ear. “Stop it! Go outside and cool off!” Taekwoon shouted back at him, the force of the antichrists command unable to be ignored. Sanghyuk growled, low in his throat and deep in his chest, but stomped out into the hallway.

He paced back and forth, attempting to regulate his breathing as much as possible. He knew Taekwoon would not let him do or say anything until he was calm, but it was so fucking difficult when his maker was in the arms of a viper!

Sanghyuk could hear arguing mixed with peals of laughter. He heard Wonshik say something about keeping him away from Jaehwan being impossible, something like a hissed curse from Taekwoon, and Jaehwan saying (for what felt like the thousandth time) that Wonshik is his best friend.

“Go home, go and stay there until I let you out, both of you are under house arrest!”
“Wait, your highness just a moment, please?” Jaehwan’s voice, quiet and meek, giggles coming softly under his breath.

Sanghyuk didn’t see what happened next, but the silence was broken by a low snarl that sounded like Wonshik, and then the young demon’s maker slipped from the room.

“Pet,” he murmured, letting himself be swept up into Sanghyuk’s crushing embrace. “I’m not a spy Jae, I promise you I’m not! He’s fucking poison, stay away from him,” the young demon replied, clutching his maker so tightly that he heard Jaehwan’s breath stutter.

“He isn’t poison pet, but everything is alright now. I have to go home; will you be calm?”

“He is! He’s a liar and he’s trying to manipulate you love, you can’t go with him, please!”

Jaehwan shushed him gently, smoothing the lines from his brow and petting his fair hair. “I know- I know you don’t like him Sanghyukkie, but you trust me, right?”

“With my life, but that’s not the-“

“Then,” his maker whispered, laying a soft kiss on the younger’s lips, “Trust that I have it under control.”

Sanghyuk gaped down at him in disbelief. “I love you,” Jaehwan said, slipping out of his arms and blowing him a kiss. “Everything is fine, we are fine.”

The other two had appeared in the doorway, Wonshik watching the exchange with undisguised hatred, Taekwoon just looking frustrated. Jaehwan took Wonshik’s outstretched hand, a pair of wide black wings spreading from his ex-friends back, and the last thing Sanghyuk saw before they vanish was that conflicted expression back on his makers face.

“Now, if you are done throwing your second fit of the day, explain to me exactly what the fuck just happened!”
Feel free to come yell at me in anon because Wonshik is pissing you off. he's pissing me off too lol

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3

Twitter

Tumblr
“Do you remember why I call you little daisy?”

Hongbin and Sanghyuk were crouched in the corner of the parlor that Wonshik and their creator were sitting in. They were eavesdropping. It wasn’t the most mature thing to do and hiding behind one of Hongbin’s mirages wasn’t strictly necessary, but Sanghyuk had insisted on the extra layer of concealment.

His younger brother had stormed into his room three days ago, shouting and stomping and breaking shit with his mind (the classic Sanghyuk tantrum), and started going off about how much of a gaping dick hole Wonshik was. Hongbin was on board from the get-go. There was no question for him that the archangel turned creepy-fuckhead-dad(?)-stealer was the worst person currently hanging out in hell. Nothing put Hongbin’s love for Jaehwan in perspective better than his life being in peril.

That being said, the crazy things about Wonshik’s supposed power that Sanghyuk told him were genuinely worrying Hongbin. He had never heard of anyone doing the kind of things his brother did, and he disagreed with his theory that Wonshik had a similar kind of ability. From Sanghyuk’s description, it sounded to Hongbin like Wonshik was using magic of some kind. Magic was Hongbin’s area of expertise, and even he didn’t know how to make anyone invisible other than himself. Invisible to someone else? Sure. Cloak them? Camouflage them? Make them unseen in a crowd? Yes to all. But turn someone so invisible that they couldn’t even seen themselves? No. Frankly, it scared him.

“Yes, but tell me anyway,” Jaehwan replied, eyes closed and a soft smile on his face. His head was
pillowed on his friend’s lap, ruby satin spilling around him as Wonshik carded his inky hair. They were curled up together on one of the long velvet couches, and Hongbin was almost positive he remembered seeing them in a similar position back before his creator fell.

“When we still lived upstairs, you always wore white. And your golden eyes were so striking, with their flecks of bronze and honey, were the most beautiful color I had ever seen.”

Jaehwan’s smile widened, Hongbin’s lip curling.

“And when it was time for us to create things during Eden’s construction, I saw some of the flowers the other angels made. They were so delicate and lovely, I wanted to make one for you.”

Wonshik dropped his head back against the cushion, eyes closed like he was lost in a dream.

“So, I decided to create a little flower, small enough to fit in the palm of my hand. White petals like your clothing, shaped like the feathers on your wings, long and narrow, with a center of golden yellow like your eyes.”

Sanghyuk squeezed Hongbin’s hand tighter, the elder noticing his brother wince out of the corner of his eye. He had absolutely forbidden Sanghyuk from doing any of his crazy mind stuff because if the wall cracked or something it would be a dead giveaway. He didn’t think getting caught spying after they were accused of being spies would go over too well.

“It was a dainty flower, just like you. I don’t know when I started calling you daisy. Jaehwan, then Jaehwanie, then Jyani, then Jayni, then Dayni, then Daisy. It was a gradual change, but I liked Daisy. So, I called the little yellow and white flower Daisy and planted them in one corner of Eden.”

Wonshik paused, apparently taking his time to word this disgustingly mushy story.

“I gave them innocence and purity. I told them that they were like the sun, that they should grow like little bulbs of light because you were the brightest person I had ever met. And I made them resilient, I wanted them to spread and grow all over the garden because I couldn’t think of a more beautiful thing to encapsulate paradise.”

Hongbin’s creator hummed, nuzzling the other’s knee.
“I remember once, when I was looking down on you from heaven during your time in Eden, you picked some and made them into a chain, wearing it around your head like a crown. Or a halo. And you had on that pink… you looked up at the clouds and smiled, waving like you knew I was there. I waved back, but you probably couldn’t see me.”

“I saw you,” Jaehwan murmured, rubbing small circles into Wonshik’s thigh with his thumb.

“Really?”

“Yeah. It made me so happy to know you were there, watching over me.”

Wonshik smiled, gently stroking Jaehwan’s hair off his forehead. “You’re different now, heartier and stronger and… pricklier. With all your silk and venom, you’re like a scarlet rose. But you’ll always be my little daisy.”

“This is bullshit,” Sanghyuk hissed under his breath. He looked absolutely furious, but Hongbin elbowed him in the ribs.

“You used to be a storm cloud, but now you’re more like the ocean.”

“Hm?” Wonshik asked, opening his eyes as Jaehwan sat up. Hongbin watched his creator, his loud and vicious and incredible creator climb onto his best friend like a child. It was starting to make him feel sick, and not for the usual reason. Not because they were being overly affectionate, but because Wonshik did not deserve Jaehwan’s affection. After everything he’d done, after Hongbin’s sisters…

Hongbin had been there, at the execution. All of the siblings had been, it wasn’t like they had a choice. Their creator had been sentenced to one hundred years in the void, that prison of dark nothingness, solitary confinement. Hongbin’s heart had broken when he watched his sisters die, but Jaehwan’s pleading had been worse. Not having Jaehwan around for a century had been worse. It was like he really had died.

The young demon had counted the years, the months, the days, the minutes until his creator came home. And when Jaehwan had gotten back, he had been a little shaken, sure. How could someone not be shaken after spending a hundred years floating alone in the void and watching their Bound be killed? It would drive a person mad. But he had still been himself, still nearly throttling Hongbin each time he tried to give the younger a hug, still shouted at the top of his lungs about absolutely nothing,
still unwavering in his love of his Bound. But Wonshik had let Hakyeon lock him up in the first place.

According to heavenly court, Jaehwan had been punished for corrupting someone he really shouldn’t have. A princess in the middle east somewhere, Hongbin didn’t even know the woman’s name, and Jaehwan had done it. But the punishment did not fit the crime, not even close. Yeah, both his sisters had been at the party where it happened, and yeah, it had caused a minor war, but corrupting humans was what Jaehwan was purpose built to do! And Heeyeon was called the Behemoth! Warmongering was what she was good at! Isn’t it funny, everyone was so terrified of such a small woman that they painted her as an enormous monster?

But heaven was scared of her, she was a threat, and through some twisted divine logic they saw fit to command her to murder their brother and then execute her for it. And they killed his other sister for good measure. Three of Hongbin’s sibling’s dead in one day, not because they were guilty, but as a warning. A warning that if Jaehwan didn’t stop causing trouble, more of his children would die. And Wonshik had dealt the killing blow. Twice.

“You used to be all silver and quick to anger, upstairs, you know?”

Wonshik nodded, his hands resting on Jaehwan’s hips and eyes locked on Jaehwan’s own. Eyes that were now the glittering cobalt of Hongbin’s family.

Jaehwan wound his arms loosely around his best friend’s neck. “And you would just zap people all the time for no reason? Like super zappy?” Wonshik nodded again. “But now… you’re calm. I can still feel your energy, unrelenting and so strong, but it’s more like a steady swell rather than a sudden surge.”

_The ocean can drown you as easily as lightning can electrocute you, Hongbin thought. The ocean can flood where lightning can burn. They aren’t all that different. Both equally deadly._

“That’s interesting. I never really noticed when I got all… zappy, as you put it. I think it was after the last time I visited you.”

Jaehwan didn’t say anything, and Hongbin felt his brother go very tense. The two young demons couldn’t see their creators face from this angle, but the set of his shoulders spoke of sadness.

“Do you remember, or were you too gone still?”
“I- I remember… but it’s fuzzy,” Jaehwan replied quietly. “I tried to tear off your wings… and I let my fire… hurt you.”

Wonshik nodded again, but slower. “That was when I finally accepted that you weren’t coming back. Until then, I had hope that you would- even though I knew it wasn’t possible. I still have the scar; I don’t think you noticed since you’ve been gone so much.”

“What the fuck does gone mean?!” Sanghyuk whispered, but Hongbin elbowed him once more, in the same spot for maximum impact.

“You do?”

“Yeah, your fire is made of the void, little daisy. It leaves it’s mark the same way Hakyeon’s heavenly flame does.”

“Can I see?” their creator asked, the tone of his voice conveying just how hesitant he was. Wonshik released him, looking down at his wrist as he flicked open the button on the cuff of his emerald green shirt. He rolled his sleeve back and held up his hand, so Jaehwan could see clearly. Their close proximity made it easy.

The action meant that Hongbin could see as well. There was a line of discoloration up the inside of Wonshik’s forearm, the skin two shades lighter than the rest of him. It looked like he had been whipped or something. Hongbin watched his creator take his best friend’s hand and press his lips to the scar, lingering there for a moment before lowering their clasped hands onto his lap.

The young demon thought back. He had been in heaven, and consequently around Wonshik, for two thousand years after Jaehwan’s fall. He could not remember seeing that scar. Ever. Weird. Sure, the heavenly uniform was modest and could have hidden it, but if Wonshik ever raised his hand the sleeve would pull back. It would have been visible… huh.

“I’m sorry. Sanghyuk can heal it if you’d like,” Jaehwan murmured, but Wonshik shook his head.

“Like hell I will.” Another elbow.
“It’s okay, Jaehwanie. I like it. And I don’t think the kid would help me even if you asked him too, none of your spies would. They really, really hate me,” Wonshik said, a smile tugging at the corner of his lips, one Hongbin couldn’t quite figure out.

“You keep saying that but I still don’t believe my Bound would spy on me, sweet. They couldn’t go against their creator like that. There’s no proof.”

Wonshik sighed, rolling his eyes as he rolled up his sleeve. “Whatever you say, little daisy.”

Hongbin noted that neither Wonshik nor Jaehwan were including him in the ‘Bound’ category. What did that mean? Was Taekwoon right about their bond being reversed?

“Shikkie, you don’t understand. They love—“

“You don’t have to convince me of anything, I’m just looking out for you. I can see just how much they love you,” Wonshik replied, tugging on the silver chain around Jaehwan’s neck. His eyes flashed with hatred for a split second, before they smoothed over. Hongbin always thought that necklace was a sweet gesture on Sanghyuk’s part. And he didn’t like the way Wonshik said love.

“Anyway, let’s talk about something else. Would you like to sing?”

Jaehwan stilled, his body going ridged under Wonshik’s hands. “I don’t sing anymore.”

“Well then… why do you have a piano?”

Hongbin had often wondered about that, actually. The jet-black grand piano, so large it was almost intimidating, loomed in the corner of the room like a colossus of shadow. He had never seen Jaehwan touch it, never went near it, and never stayed to listen when the terror played. Hongbin guessed that it was a gift for Seokjin, but his brother told him the piano had already been there when he was corrupted.

The room was silent. Jaehwan didn’t seem to have a good answer, so he simply shrugged. “Come on, little daisy, I’ll play, and you sing. It will be fun, therapeutic even,” Wonshik encouraged, cupping the others cheek and smiling.
“No.”

“Please?”

“No.”

“For me, Jaehanie? Please?”

Wonshik started making cute faces, successfully getting Jaehwan to lower his guard after only a minute of back and forth. This fucker seriously had their creator brainwashed if he could make him change his mind with that little effort. Hongbin tried his best not to vomit.

“You really want me to?”

“Yes, it’s just me here. You like singing with me.”

“Then… fine, if it will make you happy. Only for you.”

Wonshik grinned, standing and twirling the young demon’s creator around in a circle. The smell of jasmine wafted over to them, perfume on Jaehwan’s skin stirred up by the swirling air. At Hongbin’s side, Sanghyuk twitched.

“My voice isn’t- it’s not the same anymore,” Jaehwan murmured, allowing himself to be led towards the piano. “No less beautiful, I bet,” Wonshik replied.

They sat side by side on the bench, the young demon’s creator visibly pale. Nervous. Wonshik tapped a key in the center once, twice, and then played a quick scale without missing a single note. Hongbin had never been big on music. He liked listening but didn’t play an instrument, and he was a bit surprised at Wonshik’s skill.

“Do you remember the first song I wrote for us?”

Jaehwan nodded sharply, rolling his shoulders and clearing his throat as his best friend began to
It was a slow song, not sad exactly, but not happy either. Melodic and tranquil. There was something imbued in the music, something hypnotizing, something that put Hongbin in mind of divine harmonies. And then, Jaehwan began to sing.

Hongbin had only heard his creator sing twice before. Once in Sanghyuk’s room when he was accidentally changed into an angel, and once upstairs when he was still a real angel, the sound audible from inside his room when Hongbin had walked past. Jaehwan had never been a part of the heavenly choir, and Hongbin had always wondered why. Now, his breath caught in his throat at the sound.

As an angel, Jaehwan’s singing voice and been high and clear, almost falsetto. But now, the words that left his mouth were a touch deeper, husky and soulful. No less beautiful, Wonshik had been correct in that assumption, but so different.

As soon as their creator began to sing, a small crater was gouged into the floor at their feet. Hongbin elbowed his brother and hastily smoothed the hole over, but he thought he saw Wonshik’s eyes flick in their direction. His playing didn’t falter though, and Jaehwan hadn’t noticed. Maybe it was just his anxiety making him think they had been discovered.

I’m flying, flying with you
Inside the fantasy spread in this dream
You’re getting closer
Blossoming in my heart once again
Just one thing, only you know
The place I’ve been looking for if you
When I open my eyes again
You only come into me

Jaehwan’s voice died away as the song ended, the room falling silent after a few more notes on the piano. Hongbin had to stop himself from clapping.

“Magnificent, my little daisy, simply magnificent,” Wonshik said, smiling as he scooped Jaehwan into his arms. Their creator laughed shakily, squeaking in surprise when his best friend conjured a
bouquet of crimson roses from thin air, the exact shade of Jaehwan’s robe.

“I’ve been working out a new song for you, but I don’t think now is the time to show it to you,” Wonshik said, watching Jaehwan smell the flowers before he set them atop the piano. “Thank you, sweet,” he replied, leaning in and pressing a kiss to his best friend’s lips.

Hongbin shut his eyes, but that couldn’t block out the —blechh— sounds. He focused on keeping his mirage in place, squeezing his brother’s hand so Sanghyuk wouldn’t lose control again. This was probably as uncomfortable for him as it was for Hongbin.

After about a minute of listening to their make out session and wishing for swift and merciful death, Hongbin breathed a sigh of relief as the room returned to quiet. Any longer and he may have puked on the damn carpet. He opened his eyes and immediately regretted doing so, finding his creator sucking on his best friend’s neck like a fucking leach and hastily trying to unbuckle Wonshik’s belt.

“Not now, little daisy,” he murmured, Jaehwan looking up in confusion. “Not in front of the kids.”

“Oh shit,” Hongbin breathed, unable to react quickly enough. The hand Wonshik had behind Jaehwan’s back formed a pattern so fast that the young demon had no time to decipher it before he felt his mirage melt away, control slipping out of his grasp like water running through his fingers. That couldn’t have just happened, it wasn’t possible!

Jaehwan stood up, his bare feet sinking into the plush dark carpet, nails elongating as his ruby robe began to billow around him. His blue eyes went from surprised, to empty, to furious in the span of 0.7 seconds as he looked at his two youngest Bound across the room.

“How long have you been there,” he asked, voice so low it was genuinely terrifying. Hongbin tried to stand up from his crouch, tried to extend his legs, tried to uncurl his spine... but could not. He physically could not move.

“Since you two came in here half an hour ago,” Sanghyuk spat, clearly suffering from the same problem and not too pleased about it. They could move their mouths, swivel their eyes, breathe, but the rest of their bodies were paralyzed. Hongbin’s wings were spread halfway, he had been intending to vanish with his brother to the safety of another room. That wasn’t possible now. He couldn’t even form a ward of protection.

“Why? Why were you concealing yourselves?!” their creator asked, his voice getting louder and
shriller with each word. Hongbin was about to answer, what he would have said, he didn’t know, and it didn’t actually matter because Jaehwan cut him off the instant he opened his mouth. “Are you—are you spying on me?! Is Shik right?! Are you both spying on me?!”

“No, we’re making sure he doesn’t try to pull anything shady,” Sanghyuk growled. Hongbin strained his eyes to look at his brothers face and found him glaring at his ex-friend. Wonshik was half a step behind their creator, whispering an endless stream of what were undoubtably lies into Jaehwan’s ear as they slowly moved forward.

Hongbin tried to relax. So, he couldn’t use magic, fine. He was good at other things though. He was fast, really, really fast! But that wouldn’t do much good when his body was frozen, would it? No. It wouldn’t.

Jaehwan’s head was tilted a bit to the side so he could listen to whatever it was his best friend was saying, but his eyes were fixed unwaveringly on Sanghyuk. That was a little reassuring, Hongbin thought, trying not to let himself panic. Jaehwan wouldn’t hurt Sanghyuk, not his precious puppy, not a chance. Hongbin was another story. Maybe if he was really angry (in all fairness, Jaehwan had stabbed him with a mortal blade on several memorable occasions, so it wasn’t too hard to imagine), but only if Hongbin was really trying to be a little shit. And he wasn’t trying now. He wasn’t stupid.

“Can you use your power to unfreeze us?” Hongbin breathed, hoping Jaehwan wasn’t close enough to hear him yet. “I’m trying, I don’t think so. He’s blocking me the way he did before.”

“Shit.”

“Pet,” Jaehwan purred, not his usual flirty purr, the one he used when he was about to remove the dangly bits from a persons body.

Sanghyuk stared up at their creator, unflinching. Not that he could flinch if he wanted to, what with being paralyzed and all. “Yes, love?” he replied, watching Jaehwan approach. It was then that Hongbin noticed the sprigs of cobalt lightning twisting around Wonshik’s right hand. The breeze stirring Jaehwan’s robe was probably his doing as well. Once this was all over, Hongbin was going to need to have a heart to heart with his creator about wearing something other than a bathrobe when at home. It was becoming excessive, honestly.

Jaehwan stopped a pace before the youngest, looking down at Sanghyuk, eyes flashing. “Are you keeping things from me, puppy? My loyal one? My good child? Are you keeping secrets?”
“I could ask you the same question, love.”

Hongbin winced, internally of course. His brother really needed to learn when to keep his mouth shut. Encouraging a fight while you’re frozen solid is a very stupid thing to do.

A branch of electricity, needle thin and brightest blue, clapped across Sanghyuk’s wrists. The youngest sucked in a sharp breath, silver/gold ichor dripping slowly down his hands. He had told Hongbin about discovering the strange color of his ichor, and Hongbin had no answers to that riddle either.

“Don’t be so impertinent, kid. Haven’t you learned to address your creator with respect?”

“Fuck you,” Sanghyuk spat, earning another splash of lightening an inch higher up his forearms. “Be courteous to your elders.”

From over Jaehwan’s shoulder, Hongbin saw a smile twisting Wonshik’s features into a mask of cruelty. Why wasn’t Jaehwan stopping him?! All their creator was doing was stare at his youngest Bound. He wasn’t even blinking. It was true that Jaehwan was under no obligation to protect them from anything. They shared a bond, yes, but it was an extremely unbalanced one. Creators could abandon their Bound as easily as breathing, while the Bound themselves would be utterly devoted to the one that corrupted them until they drew their last breath. They were lucky to have Jaehwan, but even he wasn’t perfect.

Jaehwan sank to his knees in front of Sanghyuk, not to inspect his bleeding wounds, no, so that he could look directly into the youngest’s eyes.

“Did you enjoy our song, pet?” he purred, silver chain around his neck visible atop his ruby satin. His talon-like nails tapped rhythmically on the floor, sound muted in the carpet, cold fascination on his beautiful face.

“Yes, it was wonderful.”

A pause.

“Are you going to tell my husband about it? Tell him that I’m getting soft? Weak?”
Sanghyuk let out a humorless laugh. “I haven’t spoken to Hakyeon without you being present since the day I walked into your atelier. You know that Jae, I don’t understand why you’re even entertaining such an insane idea.”

“I’m entertaining it, pet, because I just discovered you lurking in my parlor, hidden behind a magical shield so you could watch me without me seeing you. That doesn’t sound the least bit suspicious to you?”

“If it were anyone else. Anyone other than me, other than Bin, yes. But its us, Jae. My allegiance to you is unyielding, my fidelity is resolute, Lucifer Jae, my love for you is unstoppable! Have I ever, ever given you a reason not to trust me?”

Jaehwan didn’t speak, searching Sanghyuk’s face as golden tears began to drip from the corners of the youngest’s eyes. Their path matched the ichor pooling around his fingers, and the sight made the brotherly love Hongbin felt flare up.

“Let him go so he can heal! He’s bleeding all over the fucking floor, it’s not-“

“Silence,” Jaehwan hissed, shooting Hongbin a wrathful look.

His attention was back on the youngest, gaze fierce, breath short. “You have never given me a reason until today, pet. You do not trust me, an archdemon over six thousand years old and your creator to boot, enough to let me walk around my own home unobserved?”

“Jae! You’re being so stu-“

Stinging pain bloomed across Hongbin’s cheek where his creators’ nails had slashed him, cutting off the word ‘stupid’ before it was fully out of his mouth.

“What is it his highness likes to call me? A love blinded fool? You could have been spying on me since you walked into my atelier,” Jaehwan looked down, counting the sapphires around his neck for dramatic effect. Wonshik chuckled. “Five years ago. You could have been watching me for five years and I’ve just never noticed because I love you so much.”
“You don’t believe that love, I know you don’t. He’s poisoning you, look at me,” Sanghyuk said. His voice was gruff, not crying but close enough. The tears were something that just happened, but Sanghyuk had never truly cried. “You’re being paranoid, he’s making you paranoid! Come on, make him release me and we can go to your room, have a bath, talk this through. Just us, yeah?”

“Nobody is making me anything!”

"You told me to trust that you had it under control, but how can I when you won't even listen to me?!!"

"That has nothing to do with it! If you trusted me to begin with you wouldn't be here right now!"

Sanghyuk sobbed. Just once. A growl tore itself from Hongbin’s throat at that sound, unable to stand hearing his brother hurting. He earned a fresh slash on the cheek for his trouble.

“How can you be so fucking blind? Does he have you brainwashed, or are you just gone?”

Sanghyuk’s words hit Jaehwan like a slap. He winced, irises glowing, lip curling in a snarl. The brothers did not know the significance of ‘gone’, but it clearly had an impact. Hongbin felt a twinge of pride.

“I have gone nowhere, Sanghyuk, I’m right here,” their creator replied, rising and stepping a pace backward. “I’m of half a mind to kick you out like a human parent would, you both deserve it.”

Hongbin stared up at Jaehwan in disbelief. He wouldn’t kick them out. If he did, they would go to Taekwoon, but it wouldn’t come to that.

“Go to your rooms, separately, and do not come out. I’ll come speak to both of you later. Be grateful that I’m a merciful person.” Wonshik wrapped an arm around their creator’s middle, forming those wards again with his free hand. Like the first time, the pattern was done too quickly for Hongbin to see in full, but he felt his body thaw instantly.

Sanghyuk snarled, springing to his feet, but before he had a chance to leap at his ex-friend, Jaehwan growled, “Now! Go to your fucking room!” The force of their creator’s command was too much to ignore. Jaehwan so rarely ordered them to do anything, it was an unfamiliar sensation, that fiery tone to his voice, the clear note of alpha. He may not act like it, but he was the only one top of this
particular demonic food chain, he was in charge of them, completely and utterly in charge, and both young demons lowered their heads in submission.

Hongbin grasped his brother’s hand and tugged him away, feeling the cut on his cheek heal and seeing the skin of Sanghyuk’s wrists smooth over as they hurried from the room.

As the door was shutting behind them, Hongbin clearly heard his creator sigh, “Parenting is so hard.”

Chapter End Notes

*it started so sweet, idk what happened*
*I hate myself too lol*

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3

Twitter

Tumblr
Sanghyuk felt like he was dead.

Actually, he wished he was dead. It was like the young demon was a drug addict going through his first days of rehab. Being treated for his Jaehwan addiction. He had been confined to his bedroom for a week and a half. Alone. Alone for eleven days. Alone for two hundred and sixty-four hours. Alone for fifteen thousand, eight hundred, and forty minutes.

The young demon was lying upside down on his bed, staring at the ceiling, surrounded by a graveyard of novels. He had exhausted his book supply by the end of the sixth day, and his brain was melting to pudding without stimulation. He didn’t know if Hongbin had been let out yet. Didn’t know if they would ever be let out. His maker had probably forgotten him.

Sanghyuk longed for Jaehwan the way an amputee longed for a missing limb. His bond was still fresh in the grand scheme of things. 5 years was nothing, barely a blink when weighed against eternity. Hongbin had told him that his craving for Jaehwan hadn’t begun to fade until a thousand years after his corruption. Compared to that, Sanghyuk’s bond may as well have been formed hours ago.

His bones ached; skin prickled, unable to think of anything other than his maker.

A soft knock on his bedroom door sent the young demon shooting upwards. “Come in!” he called, voice raspy with disuse. The knob turned, and as though Sanghyuk’s thoughts had conjured him there, Jaehwan stepped lightly into the room.

His maker wore a shirt of creme colored linen, flowing off his shoulders and down his arms. The neckline was open, a sharp V ending just above his sternum. A half-corset of black leather was cinched around his narrow waist, making him look absurdly small in contrast to the billowing shirt. His pants were tight and black, knee-high boots of matching leather stretching up his legs. His inky hair was wavy, skin a pale luminescence, lips red as freshly drawn blood. Sanghyuk could have happily died right then, the imprint of this vision, his exquisite maker, burned into his retinas.
“Jae?” Sanghyuk croaked, trying to assure himself that this was real. That his maker was not simply a mirage produced by his lonely mind.

Jaehwan held out a hand, palm up and fingers spread, and Sanghyuk leapt toward him. He scrambled off his bed and flitted to the door, wrapping his maker up in his arms. Sanghyuk hid his face in the crook of Jaehwan’s neck, breathing him in, his smell, jasmine from the oils in his bath. The smooth texture of his skin, the softness of his black locks.

“Hello, pet,” Jaehwan murmured, stroking the back of Sanghyuk’s hair, his other arm draped about the young demons’ shoulders. Sanghyuk couldn’t speak, his tongue swollen from relief. “You are officially no longer grounded.”

“I missed you so much,” the young demon whispered, his heart on the verge of a cataclysmic explosion. Jaehwan hummed, not seeming to mind that his feet were dangling an inch off the ground. “His highness will meet you in the ballroom for training in an hour.”

“What training,” Sanghyuk asked, carrying his maker over to his couch and collapsing atop it. “He is resuming your training after the events of last week, pet. He wants to ensure your control is complete,” Jaehwan replied, stretching his legs out over the cushion and crossing them at the ankle.

“I don’t want to train,” the young demon murmured, shaping the words again the column of his maker’s neck. It was true, Sanghyuk did not want to start training again, and especially not right now. He didn’t want to be parted from Jaehwan for even a millisecond, and Jaehwan was always barred from his training sessions. Plus, what else could Taekwoon teach him that he hadn’t already?

Jaehwan’s sapphire eyes scanned his face, expression neutral. “You do not actually have a choice, puppy. His highness said that if you wish to remain in his realm, training is required.”

“I guess that is technically a choice after all,” his maker mused, tracing the younger’s eyebrow with the tip of his index finger. “Do you wish to train, or do you wish to leave?”

Sanghyuk looked at Jaehwan blankly. “Is that even a question?” he asked. Jaehwan shrugged, averting his gaze. “I understand that you are... displeased with the newest addition to our family. If you or Hongbin want to leave, I won’t stop you.”

“Would you not miss us? Miss me?” Sanghyuk whispered, trying to figure out the meaning of his maker’s empty expression. “Of course, I would, my precious puppy. I would miss you very much.
But that doesn’t mean I would force you to stay at my side if you wanted to be released.”

Sanghyuk hid his face again, nipping gently at the juncture between his makers shoulder and neck. “I never want to leave you. You’re my everything.”

Jaehwan exhaled, his body relaxing a little, and it was only then that Sanghyuk realized the elder had been holding his breath. “Did you actually think I would leave you?”

“I was honestly not sure.”

Sanghyuk’s heart skipped. “How could you not be-“

“It matters not, pet. Now, let’s get you fed and ready for training, hm?”

“I- I guess,” the young demon murmured, distracted. Jaehwan tried to stand up but Sanghyuk pulled him back. He could let go of his maker yet. They had been apart for too long. Jaehwan squeaked at the sudden movement, his and Sanghyuk’s fingers tangling together as the younger clutched him close. “Not yet though. You said I had an hour, right?”

“Yes, pet. An hour.”

“Well then we don’t have to go yet. I haven’t seen you in eons, can we just sit for a second, can I just hug you?”

Jaehwan clicked his tongue, a small smile curving the corner of his mouth upwards. “Whatever you’d like, pet.”

Sanghyuk wrapped himself around his maker like a very cuddly serpent. He lay on his side, Jaehwan on his back, the elder tucked between his arms so they were both horizontal on the couch. He nipped Jaehwan’s shoulder then his ear, hands caressing his side through the leather of his corset. “Don’t human females wear these?” he asked, trying unsuccessfully to slip his fingers under the tightly fitted garment.

His maker sighed. “Hasn’t Hongbin taught you that you can wear anything you want? We pay no
heed to *ridiculous* human gender stereotypes here, pet,” he replied, turning his head a little to let the younger hide his nose in his hair. “I like my waist, why shouldn’t I show it off just because I’m a man?”

Sanghyuk nodded, his brother *had* told him several times, but he always forgot. “Why did you leave me alone for so long? I literally wanted to die, it fucking sucked,” Sanghyuk whispered, watching Jaehwan’s eyes flutter closed. “You were grounded.”

“For what?”

“Spying.”

Before he could argue, Jaehwan held up a hand. “I do not want to hear it.” Sanghyuk closed his mouth, swallowing back the retort that was poised on the tip of his tongue. “Okay, but why *so* long? Imagine what it would be like, being separated from your creator for eleven days?”

“I have no creator,” Jaehwan snapped, before taking a deep breath. Sanghyuk thought of Wonshik for the briefest of moments, suppressing the spurt of hatred that swelled inside his chest. “Where’s your best friend?” he asked, trying to be tactful.

“I do not know; he was gone when I woke this morning.”

Sanghyuk felt a lump rise in his throat, but he had to ask. “Would you... would you have come to see me if he had been there?”

A very heavy pause.

“Yes pet. I was planning to unground you today no matter where he happened to be.” Big blue eyes framed by dark curling lashes opened, peering up into Sanghyuk’s own. “Can you understand how it looked to me, Sanghyukkie? Do you understand why I was hurt?”

“I do,” the young demon breathed, taking a moment to think his response through properly.

“Can you understand how it looked to *me*? Do you understand why *I* was hurt?”
Jaehwan blinked, his eyes glazing almost imperceptibly. “Seeing you be so intimate with someone we both hated. Needing you, craving you, and knowing you were in someone else’s bed, someone else’s arms? His bed, his arms? Knowing that you weren’t going to come back, that you couldn’t hear me if I called for you, that you were happy with him?”

“You’re jealous?”

Sanghyuk held in an exasperated sigh. “No, love. He is jealous, it’s why he keeps lying to you, it’s why he’s trying to manipulate you. To trick you into forgetting us,” he replied, laying kisses against the nape of his maker’s neck, nuzzling the spot behind his ear.

Jaehwan had gone limp in his arms, head lolling to the side and hand hanging down so his fingers trailed on the floor. “Let’s not speak about this anymore. Please,” the elder whispered, gaze empty as he stared at the fireplace. Sanghyuk shook him a little, being gentle but also trying to get his maker to come to his senses. “Jae, you locked me in my bedroom for a week and a half, and now you just want to forget about it?”

“Yes.”

“Love…” Sanghyuk tried, but he didn’t know what to say. His maker wasn’t looking at him, wasn’t looking at anything, really. It was like… like he was listening to something. “Jaehwan, love, is it the tapping?”

Jaehwan nodded, but he didn’t speak. Just bit his bottom lip like he was trying not to cry.

“Is it- is it manageable? Or no?”

“I hate it. It makes me want to crawl out of my skin and bang my head against a wall.”

Sanghyuk flinched, sitting up and resting Jaehwan’s head on his shoulder. “What can I do? How can I help you?” he asked, looking down into his maker’s kohl rimmed eyes. “You could kill me. Or hit me so hard I lose consciousness. Then I wouldn’t be able to hear it.”

“Don’t say things like that! I could never, never ever ever ever hurt you! You know I
wouldn’t!” Sanghyuk exclaimed, trying to make himself as clear as he possibly could. An image flashed unbidden in his mind. Jaehwan on the floor, silver ichor dripping from the corner of his mouth, his beautiful eyes shut. Sanghyuk flinched again, staring down at his maker to try and stop his instant surge of panic.

Jaehwan wasn’t looking at him, holding the young demon’s hand in both of his and playing with Sanghyuk’s fingers. “Love, are you listening to me?”

“Yes. I know you wouldn’t, it’s fine pet don’t worry,” his maker said, shaking himself and turning to sit up on his knees. He smiled at Sanghyuk, brushing his thumb across the young demon’s jaw. “I ungrounded Kong just before I came here. He wouldn’t speak to me, but I think he’s wandering around somewhere if you want to see him.”

Sanghyuk was taken aback at Jaehwan’s abrupt attitude change. He dropped his hands to his maker’s waist. That face, the face that made the word beauty hang its head in shame. “I love Bin, but I want to stay with you,” he replied softly, trying to think of something, anything he could do to-

What if…

Maybe, it could work…

Why wouldn’t it work?

“I have an idea,” the young demon said, sitting up straighter and lifting his hands to his own neck. Jaehwan blinked once, twice, and then, “Pet what are you doing?!” he exclaimed, eyes wide and brow creased in confusion.

Sanghyuk fiddled with the clasp on his collar, getting his breathing under control the way the false prince taught him. *In, 1, 2, 3, 4, out, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.* And repeat. “I’m going to help,” the young demon replied, a smile starting to spread across his face.

“No, no pet! You can’t fuck around inside my head!” Jaehwan squeaked, grabbing Sanghyuk’s wrists and trying to pull his hands away. “It won’t be like that, love. I’m just going to... turn the tapping off. Like flipping a human light switch.”

The world fell into shades of grey as the collar fell from around Sanghyuk’s throat. As usual, his
maker was still in technicolor, flickering from present day Jaehwan, to angel Jaehwan, to the angry Jaehwan in blue. By now, Sanghyuk had learned to control himself enough to not take stock of the flickering images. He simply watched them, not thinking them into reality.

“Sanghyukkie, stop. My head is a very dangerous place to be and you don’t want to start snooping around, I’m serious!”

Tapping. Let’s go find the tapping. Invisible tethers snaked out from Sanghyuk’s own brain, wispy curls of intangible smoke that wound their way inside his makers head. The young demon shut his eyes. When he opened them again, his physical eyes were still very much closed. And what he saw was a picture of Wonshik’s face. His angel face, silver hair in ringlets and golden eyes. ‘Little daisy, I wrote us a song’ rang through the young demon’s mind, like he was eavesdropping on a conversation in another room with his ear pressed to a wall.

Then everything shifted. Angel Wonshik was gone. In his place was a blur of dark, of caramel, of blue. Sanghyuk recognized it as Wonshik the demon, if barely, but it was like he was seeing the man through an opaque sheet of glass. A flash of sapphire iris here, a curl of a soft pink lip there. ‘Jaehwanie, my little rose, my little daisy, I’m so happy you’re mine.’

A pair of hands roughly shoved Sanghyuk’s shoulders and his physical eyes opened, looking directly into his maker’s own. “I said, no, ” he growled, cobalt gaze fixed on the young demon, unwavering and ferocious, and it was only then that Sanghyuk realized his maker was pinning him to the floor.

“That’s what’s going on inside your head? Just Wonshik? Normally I can see lots of things, what a person wants to eat, quotes from a recent conversation, their feelings about a person close to them, but that was- that was all Wonshik.”

“Are you trying to get yourself grounded again, pet? After just going on about how awful it was?” Jaehwan hissed, tightening his grip on the younger’s wrists. “No, I'm helping,” Sanghyuk replied, extending his invisible appendages once more. So what if he was grounded, then at least he wouldn’t have to go to training.

‘Beautiful daisy, you’re all mine,’ fuzzy demon Wonshik murmured, like a feather caressing Sanghyuk’s earlobe. Soft. Deep. ‘Where would you be if you were a craving? Where would you live?’ Sanghyuk asked himself, poking around into the furthest corners of his maker’s mind. Ah. it was so obvious, why hadn’t he thought of it?

The young demon let his immaterial hands waft up to the mirage, let them float inside demon Wonshik’s chest. Through his shirt, through his skin, down... down... until-
'Gotcha’ Sanghyuk thought, wrapping his intangible fingers around the mirage’s heart. He tugged, just a little, and it all fell away.

“Pet! Sanghyuk, what did you do?!”

The young demon let his real eyes flutter open. “I helped,” he replied easily, freeing himself from his maker’s grip with little to no actual effort. Jaehwan was staring at him, a mixture of shock and horror on his beautiful face, his bloody mouth forming shapeless words.

“Can you hear it?”

A pause.

“No.”

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“You aren’t using your head, child, now stop me properly!” Taekwoon said, a frustrated grimace on his face as he lit trails of scarlet fire in the young demon’s path.

“I am using my head! How else am I supposed to get to you!” Sanghyuk shouted back, pulling the particles of water from the air and using it to douse the flames. This was why he didn’t like training. The false prince may be a good teacher, but he was absolutely infuriating!

“No, you are not! Think!”

Sanghyuk growled, using the water he had gathered to form a spinning ball and freezing it solid before sending it flying towards his opponent. “Not good enough,” Taekwoon snapped, easily dodging and throwing a fresh chord of flame directly at the young demon’s head.

“I swear to fucking- stop moving!” the young demon hissed, pulling the chandelier off the ceiling and letting it fall where the antichrist had been standing mere seconds ago. “You have learned
“Yes, I have!” Sanghyuk shouted, neatly stepping away from a hole that opened up in the path he had been following. The young demon had figured out a long time ago that accidentally falling into one of those was no fun. Climbing out of the lowest circle of hell took hours. He reached out with his mind, the wooden floor panels beneath Taekwoon’s feet writhing and sending him off balance.

Sanghyuk used his momentary distraction to send his own flames, blue where Taekwoon’s were red, shooting out and scorching jagged lines across the ballroom floor.

His effort was futile. The air around him whipped up into a whirlwind and knocked him flat on his back. Sanghyuk snarled, the walls parallel to him exploding and sending showers of brick and plaster everywhere. “You are trying to stop what I am doing, when you should be trying to stop me.”

Sanghyuk paused for barely half a second, shutting his eyes and picturing the antichrist held against the wall by invisible, unbreakable chains. He heard a slam, and then a gasp.

“Better,” Taekwoon breathed, looking down on the young demon from where he was stuck, dangling ten feet off the ground. “Better, but still not good enough.” The decorative Persian rug beneath Sanghyuk’s feet was yanked out from under him, breaking his focus so the false prince was able to get loose.

‘Powerless. He’s as powerless as a human,’ Sanghyuk thought, forcing the words to take root in reality.

Everything stopped. The holes in the floor closed, scarlet fire extinguished, furniture standing still. “Good, now fix me so we can go again.”

“I don’t want to go again! I’ve done enough for one day, training and fixing Jae is plenty!” Sanghyuk replied, grudgingly restoring the false prince to his factory settings. Taekwoon’s eyes were intent on the young demon as he helped Sanghyuk to his feet. “What do you mean, fixing Jae?”

“I turned off his tapping.”

“You did what?!”
Chapter End Notes

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3

Twitter

Tumblr

Curious Cat
What was five years? Nothing.

Barely a blink of the eternal consciousness. In the span of Jaehwan’s seven thousand two hundred and nineteen cumulative years of life, he had suffered through one thousand four hundred and forty-three 5-year periods. These past five could be written off as ashes and be forgotten.

“Oh... Mignonette. Why must life be so fraught?” the Prince of Lust murmured, stroking the soft ear of the jaguar he was currently using like a recliner. The large cat purred, nuzzling Jaehwan’s face when he rested his head on her shoulder. He felt a large, rough tongue lick kittenishly at his bare foot, his other jaguar lying on the floor beside him, long tail swishing from side to side. “Do you know, Bijou?” She didn’t answer either.

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“Where is your creator?” Taekwoon asked, whirling into the library with his hand firmly around Sanghyuk’s elbow. He needed to assess the level of damage that had been done and assess it immediately.

Seokjin looked up from his book. “My illustrious lord and master is in the menagerie.”

That never boded well.

Taekwoon pulled Sanghyuk from the room and down a spiral staircase, down and down until they
reached the lowest floor. “He’s- he’s with the cats?” Sanghyuk asked, trailing along in the false prince’s wake. Taekwoon didn’t reply, his head was swirling with too many other and much more important things.

They reached the menagerie door and Taekwoon threw it open, stalking into the misty green faux-jungle. Jaehwan was curled up on a low divan, using one giant cat like a pillow and the other like a footrest. Both Jaguars trained their eyes on the newcomers, as startlingly cobalt as their master, not growling yet. But, then again, Taekwoon wasn’t stupid enough to try approaching without paying his respects.

He bowed, training his eyes on the floor and making sure Sanghyuk had done the same before slowly rising. The jaguars, or the demons in jaguar form, were older than he was. Placed on the earth by you-know-who during creation along with the rest of the animals. He had liked to watch them as a child, but always kept a bit of a distance. When Jaehwan had fallen they had taken a liking to him. For some unfathomable reason.

“Oh, hello sisters,” he said, nodding to each cat in turn before taking a few hesitant steps forward. Neither seemed to have any objections, so he pulled his young pupil the rest of the way.

“Why have we never fucked, your highness? I believe you have the honor of being on the very short list of my friends I haven’t slept with.” The words were light, like his adopted son didn’t particularly care about the answer.

“Because, unlike you Jaehwan, I have no interest in fucking my children.”

Jaehwan sighed, shooting the false prince a look of sheer derision. “Don’t be vile.”

“Where is Wonshik?”

“Wish I knew.”

“Did he conveniently forget that he is under house arrest?”

Jaehwan blinked, running a finger along the diamond collar around one of the cat’s necks. He had gifted both jaguars the collars soon after his fall, reasoning that ‘queens deserved to wear something sparkly’, and neither had protested.
“Hi, love,” Sanghyuk said quietly, peeking at his creator over Taekwoon’s shoulder.

Jaehwan blinked again. A blink can mean many things. A players tell in a poker game, a demonstration of confusion, a call to a lovers bed. Blinks were very important. They were weapons, and the Prince of Lust was well versed in their use. Well versed in the language of silence.

“I heard about Sanghyuk’s experiment this morning,” Taekwoon ventured, scanning the demon before him. Wavy hair tousled, sterling silver dressing gown, cerulean chord knotted at his waist. Feet bare, jewelry glinting on his hands and at his throat, eyes glazed and staring at nothing. A soft giggle.

“Yes, my remarkable child went on a little expedition inside my -hehehe- head.”

“Do you feel different at all? Any adverse side effects?”

Jaehwan blinked twice, long and slow.

“Is the tapping still gone, love?” Sanghyuk asked, stepping around the false prince and approaching his creator. The cats let him, tails swishing as the young demon knelt on the floor.

“Oh, gone? No. It is not. It left me for merely a moment but now… now it is -hehehe- stronger.”

“I need you to call Wonshik, child. We have to figure out the extent of the damage to your bond,” Taekwoon said quietly, watching as Jaehwan reached out to stroke Sanghyuk’s hair.

“Can you not call him yourself, your -hehehe- highness?”

The laughter may be the worst thing about his adopted child’s state of mind. It always set the false prince’s nerves on edge. “I could, but I want you to do it.”

“My best friend. The beauty of freshest -hehehe- death.”
“Don’t look into that darkness child, you are better served in the present.”

“Have you ever seen a -hehehe- suicide, your highness?”

“Jaehwan,” Taekwoon said, letting a note of warning into his voice. Going off on a tangent would do no good.

“That exquisite nothing, beauty that will not -hehehe- last, rot away after only hours in the ground?”

“Love, what are you talking about?” Sanghyuk asked, peering into his creator’s face as Jaehwan gently tugged on his ear. “Look away, child, look at your youngest.”

“My puppy, my Sanghyuk, my remarkable one, my -hehehe- loyal one.”

“Yeah love, that’s me,” the youngest replied, smiling with relief. Jaehwan blinked, smiling back at him and leaning in conspiratorially, one of the jaguars shifting. Taekwoon was immediately filled with a sense of disquiet.

“He is stronger than you, pet,” Jaehwan whispered, a crazed little giggle lilting in his tone. A long-handled knife was in his free hand, previously concealed behind his back. It was a completely unnecessary weapon, mortal in origin, and his extended talons could cut flesh just as well. But still-

“He is stronger than -hehehe- everyone.”

Sanghyuk’s face fell, even as his creator wrapped an arm around his shoulder, pressing his cheek to the youngest’s and murmuring directly into his ear. “You have to try harder, pet. Try harder for me, please.”

“Love, I don’t-“

“That is enough, child. Call Wonshik,” Taekwoon interrupted. Jaehwan’s eyes flicked in his direction for a moment before he leaned back against the larger of the two cats. “As you command, your high, high -hehehe- highness. But I warn you, Mignonette and Bijou will not like it.”

The false prince sighed heavily, watching his adopted child twirl the blade between his nimble
fingers. He was, to use his own term, gone.

“Sweet paramour, will you heed my call now? His highness wants to -hehehe- speak to you sweet,” he whispered. “Wonshik-ah please?”

Both demonic jaguars began to growl, their muscles growing tense. Sanghyuk leapt back (like the smart boy he was) as the cat affectionately referred too as Bijou stood and slowly circled the divan, Mignonette’s tail curling around Jaehwan’s middle. The creatures inky fur puffed up, their sharp blue eyes staring on a point shrouded in shadow.

“You look like a Patrick Nagel print, little daisy.”

Jaehwan giggled, beaming as he reached out to soothe the cats. “You may go now, kittens, thank you for your comfort,” he murmured, hands stroking their fur, but his eyes fixed on the shadow. The jaguars seemed to hesitate, gazes turning in unison to pierce the false prince before they melted into smoke.

“Sweet, I’ve -hehehe- missed you,” Jaehwan purred, kneeling on the cushions and extending his hands, like he had forgotten Taekwoon and Sanghyuk were in the room. “I will never get tired of hearing you say that.” The fledgling strolled from the shadows, swathed entirely in black (modern suit pants and a button-up, no doubt of Jaehwan’s creation), bending down to collect a kiss that lingered just that bit too long.

Taekwoon cleared his throat since Sanghyuk’s growling apparently wasn’t enough to get the lovers attention. “You wanted to see me?” Wonshik asked, walking around the divan and lazily sitting down, grinning at the false prince and conspicuously leaving off Taekwoon’s title. Jaehwan knelt behind him, draping himself around Wonshik’s shoulders like a very clingy shawl.

“Yes,” Taekwoon replied, clearing his throat again and dropping a hand on Sanghyuk’s back to try and stop his growling. “I don’t know if you are aware, if you felt-“ he began, but cut off when Wonshik whipped his head around. He looked into Jaehwan’s giggling face, eyes darkening and smirk falling away.

“You’ve been messing with things you shouldn’t, kid,” he said quietly, turning his eyes on Sanghyuk and reaching up to pet Jaehwan’s cheek. The Prince of Lust nibbled on his finger, sucking on it like a human baby with a pacifier.
Deep black pupils lit with a peculiar intensity. Cobalt irises glistening. Unnaturally handsome face cold. “I was trying to fix him, get rid of the taint that spreads from everything you touch,” Sanghyuk snarled, but he didn’t move from the false prince’s side. A smart boy all-round then.

“Good luck with that, kid. And I apologize, your highness, but I need some time alone with my… with Jaehwan. If you’ll excuse us.”

He wrapped his hands around Jaehwan’s thighs and hoisted him up, carrying the laughing demon piggy-back out of the room. Taekwoon wanted to argue, to order them to stay, but he found himself nodding. He had his worries about their bond being tampered with confirmed, that was really enough, wasn’t it? He didn’t need to put more stress on them, right? Yeah it was.

Taekwoon watched until they disappeared through the menagerie door and shook his head back and forth a little. Wait, no he needed to talk to them, needed more details! He hurried after them but when he looked into the hall, Jaehwan and Wonshik were already gone. The false prince didn’t summon them back, he needed to think now. The fledgling, whether he knew it or not, had just very eloquently demonstrated his power. Supremacy. Dominion over every living thing. Taekwoon would not approach him again until he was suitably protected, warded and armed. This situation required the most extreme of cautions.

“Get them back! He’s taking Jae away, he spews nothing but vitriol and lies we need to get Jae away from him your highness we have too!” Sanghyuk exclaimed, rounding on the false prince with an expression of terror mixed with fury.

“No, child. We must wait. This… I must consult Hakyeon.”

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a lovely dark sound

his best friends low groan

a heavy weight on his tongue

a large hand knotted in his hair
“Your mouth is magic, little daisy, *fuck...*”

humming

lips stretched around his best friends’ length

thrusting into his mouth

hitting the back of his throat

soft gagging

“Take as much as you can daisy...”

fingers tight

holding his head against the wall

opening his mouth wider

as wide as he could

relaxing against the intrusion

looking up into those startling eyes

startling blue
his blue

jaehwan blue Sanghyuk called it

loved his youngest so much only him

not as strong as he thought he was

or maybe stronger than he accepted he was

poor puppy

sweet puppy

only him

“You’re so beautiful- shit...”

feeling himself sparkle

feeling himself shine

had missed his best friend so much

loved him

moaning around the cock in his mouth

his best friends’ sooty lashes fluttering
ran his tongue under the head

sensitive spot

his best friends’ other hand braced against the wall

his best friends’ breath heavy

rhythmic

movement desperate getting frantic

wool against his fingers

hard muscle of his best friends’ thighs under that

choking gagging moaning

hot wet spilling down his throat salty sweet

panting

his best friend panting as his eyes squeezed shut

pulling out of his mouth

throat raw so happy
“Good, so good little daisy.”

smiling down at him so white teeth so sharp

so so so gone for his best friend so gone

speak

“I love you.”

voice raspy heart warm mouth sticky

swallowed

licked his lips

pulled gently to his feet

back against the wall

large hand still in his hair

warm red lips on his own

kissing him deep

kissing him filthy

licking into his mouth
“You taste like venom... and come...”

growled against his lips

felt lightheaded at the hands on his hips

“I love... you...”

“Mm perfect daisy...”

teeth on his skin teeth on his neck

his belt his chord cerulean blue where was it

palm against his chest that hand so large so strong

gasping

chord soft around his wrists

no not soft tight so tight

behind his back

“We need to work on your discipline skills little daisy.”

giggling gasping felt the words
“Do you want me to punish you, sweet paramour? We can make it -hehehe- sexy.”

sharp snap teeth grazing felt ichor wet

drip drip

“Not my punishment, Jyani, your disobedient children’s punishment.”

nono

not his loves

couldn’t punish them anymore hated having to punish them before

didn’t like being harsh didn’t like being mean loved his Bound so much onlyhim

speak

“Sweet, I don’t like disciplining them, I’m-“

his best friend cooed

still a gleam in his shinyshinyshiny eyes

“I know, I know little daisy you’re so soft.”

nodding
his best friend understood him

his best friend knew him so well

“That’s why I’m going to teach you.”

what

whatwhat

chord yanked tighter behind his back

staring up into those eyes

“That Think about it, even his highness won’t let you train your own Bound.”

roughness in his throat

speak anyway

speak

“I love my children.”

nipping at his earlobe

“Sometimes, daisy, a firm hand is required with those we love.”
no

speak

“I love you.”

“And I love you, did you not hear what I said? Sometimes love requires a firm hand.”

that white sharp smile

“Now, one way to discipline children is to take away their favorite toys.”

large hand creeping up his neck

wrapping around his

no

nononono

his treasure his necklace his sapphires of Jaehwan blue

“No, sweet not those!”

yank

chain snapping

silver breaking
reaching for it couldn’t

hands tied

five sapphires dangling in front of his face

“No sweet paramour not *those* please give them back!”

that smile

blue sparks

azure electricity

nonono had to stop this

snapped his fingers to vanish the chord

nothing happened

cutting into his wrists

snapped them again

nothing

eyes fixed on his treasure his youngest’s treasure
couldn’t do magic

like he was an angel again

“Shikkie, my love my paramour don’t!”

“This is another lesson daisy, learning to say no.”

cobalt smoke

cobalt fire

vaporizing his treasure

turning it to ash

reducing it to dust

sobbing

heart breaking

breath ragged throat scratched

“My- my treasure!”

“I know daisy, it hurts to lose something we love.”

legs going weak
sobs wracking his body

gentle kisses on his cheeks

soothing him

eyes fixed on that little pile of precious dust

his pet will be crushed so hurt loved him so so so much only him

tears hot running down his cheeks

“I know how much it hurts, my beautiful little daisy. I lost you, remember? That was just a necklace.”

shoulders shaking

choking on his own breath

“Those are two ways to discipline, Jyani. There’s one more.”

gasping

“What—what could be worse than that?”

“Oh, my soft daisy, there is so much worse than that. Like when your daughters died. When your son died. Being imprisoned in the void.”
choking

couldn’t speak

no more

nomorenomorenomore

“I’ll show you the last one.”

shook his head

sobbingcrying

“It’s a lesson daisy, you need to learn.”

looking up into those startling eyes

vision blurry

his black flames weren’t coming his nails weren’t growing powerless as a child

“Pain.”

pain

painpainpain
pain would call his children

his children would save him always saved him always had his back

“My b-buh-bound...”

his best friend clicking his tongue

smiling

“Your Bound can’t get in here daisy. This room is warded against them, don’t worry.”

his children

they wouldn’t come

couldn’t come

good

they shouldn’t see him like this they would be so disappointed

shouldn’t see him when he’s gone

“Pain?”

“Pain.”

“Why?”
large hand carding through his hair

“A lesson, daisy. A lesson not to let your children intrude into our life together. So you remember to keep them out of your head.”

felt it bubbling

felt it burning

the laughter

“Why?”

“Because you’re mine. Your mind is mine and no one else’s. We are bound daisy, we are the only ones who matter.”

laughter growing

“I love you.”

tears streaming down his cheeks

silver staining his silver dressing gown

chords tight around his wrists behind his back

pain

pain was good
pain cleared the mind

pain brought him back

*You’re gone Jaehwan remember?*

how could he forget

*So, what are you going to do about it Jaehwan? Huh?*

embrace it

running from it for so long

running from the darkness his darkness

embrace the darkness

*look away child*

no

no more looking away

brave

*Be brave, Jaehwan*
laughing

laughing as the tears poured from him like raindrops from a cloud

“Pain.”

“Yes daisy. Pain.”

laughing

laughing into his best friends smile

embracing it

embracing him

chasing his best friends’ mouth

laughing into the kiss

crying

crying from laughter

crying from relief

no more hiding
no more cowering

brave

gone

and no coming back

“Show me.”

“As you wish, Daisy.”

laughing

his best friend laughing

laughing together

together

his sweet paramour’s large hand spread across his chest

“Give it to me.”

deep chuckle

blue sparks
heat against his skin

lightning

azure lightning

sparking

*burning*

screaming from his own mouth

screaming with laughter

screaming against his best friends’ lips

pain such pain

all encompassing

life’s constant

pain eternal

a handprint etched into his skin charred

screaming from the other side of the door

he couldn’t really hear it
only his own laughter and the laughter of his sweetest paramour

only him

holding him

holding each other

banging on the door

cobalt fire burning him clean

cleansing fire

open mouth against his sweetest

the taste of opium melding with the taste of peaches

burning singeing freeing

“I love you, daisy.”

“I love you more.”

clear

sharp
pure

*Free.*

Chapter End Notes

**COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3**

Twitter
Tumblr
Curious Cat
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

I can’t believe it but this is the final chapter. Thank you so much for making it this far, I hope you enjoy the end of Temptation. Also, I apologize for writing the way Michael Bay directs. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jaehwan was gone. Sanghyuk was gone. Wonshik was gone.

Hongbin was sitting on his bed, thumbing through the pages of one of his brothers most treasured novels, Neuromancer by William Gibson. The young demon had taken it from Sanghyuk’s room after he vanished into the void.

‘I can’t just sit here and do nothing!’

‘There’s nothing we can do! Jae said it himself, Wonshik is stronger than you!’

‘That doesn’t mean I can’t try! He told me to try harder for him, Bin! He said please!’

‘Don’t you remember what he did to us in the parlor?!!’

‘Fuck that, I need to get out of here, I need to help him’

Hongbin felt useless, worse than helpless, sitting here now. Alone in his creator’s house, his brothers all out, presumably on the surface. Causing mischief.

Being stuck outside of that room with his brothers, powerless against whatever wards Wonshik was using the keep them away. Feeling his own chest burn in an illusion of a hand print. Unable to get in. Sanghyuk crying… the sound of his creator’s manic laughter.
‘Jaehwan, Jae love, Jaehwan!’

‘Breathe, little brother! We can’t sssave him now, he’s gone!’

‘He’s not gone he’s right there can’t you feel him?! Can’t you feel how badly he’s hurting?!’

‘Yes, of course I can, we can all feel it but we can’t get in there!’

And then, his youngest brother had demolished the entire first floor of the apartment. Just like that, it had gone from neat and pristine to ashes. It looked like there had been an explosion. There had been, kind of. But either way, when the dust had cleared, nothing but the walls of the warded room had been left undamaged. And his creator was gone.

Hongbin stretched his arms over his head, setting the book aside. Briefly, he contemplated going to the surface, but threw out that idea as quickly as it came. Maybe he could go look for his friends down here? No, that would require going to the Prince of Vice’s home, and even if the second in command was currently missing, he still didn’t fancy it. Taekwoon, maybe? His highness had been so preoccupied with the problem of Wonshik these past two months. He wasn’t the best company, almost never speaking with his nose in a book, but Hongbin didn’t mind quiet. And seeing the hounds would be nice. The cats were good, but they didn’t like the young demon as much as they liked Jaehwan, and they wouldn’t come at anyone’s call other than his creator’s.

The young demon stood and cracked his back, forming the hand position the make a light jacket appear on his body, when he heard it.

Knocking. But not at his bedroom door, soft, quiet knocking. Like someone was tapping on his temple. Hongbin stopped moving, wings frozen in the process of spreading from his back.

A voice, whispering in his ear. “Brothers… brothers I need your help. I have a plan.”

+++ 

“Listen angel, I know this sounds like a very stupid thing to do but it’s all we can—“
“Absolutely not! If you think-“

Taekwoon slammed his hand on the top of his desk. This argument had been going on for weeks, and they needed Hakyeon if Sanghyuk’s plan had any chance of working!

“Think about how hard it was last time! Wonshik is stronger, we need every edge we can find! Don’t get me wrong, you’re plenty strong in this,” he gestured at the angel’s chest, “This form, but think about how much more powerful you’d be without the heavenly veil! And how much more tempting you would be!”

“How dare you even ask such a thing of me?!“

“It wouldn’t be permanent! The prophecy child can fix you when this is taken care of, if you so choose!”

“Oh, because he has such a great track record in that department?! If he hadn’t practiced on Wonshik, we would not be in this situation!”

“He has improved tremendously since then! He can do the transformation flawlessly and he will do it if I ask him too!”

The archangel before him was burning bright. But he could burn so much brighter if he just-

“Trust me in this one thing, angel, I know you don’t trust me, and the feeling is mutual, but we need to work together! Come on, I understand your thing about universal togetherness, so join with me! Just for a day! Please?”

Hakyeon faltered. Just barely, just briefly, but it was enough.

“Please, angel?”

Silence. But silence was better than outright refusal. The false prince wasn’t above pleading when it was absolutely necessary. And it was now. Hakyeon was intelligent, and strangely reasonable in some cases. He could see the sense in this even if he did not like it.
“Will it hurt?”

“Oh, angel, no. It will be like a weight lifting off your shoulders. Just let go for a single moment and you will be free.”

Those golden eyes blinked, thoughtful. “And, if I agree, you will have the child change me back once the threat is neutralized?”

“Of course, anything you wish, just help me now.”

Not even archangels were immune to temptation. Nothing was.

A slow, hesitant nod. “How do you- how do you corrupt? My husband has venom, that would be easiest, but do you?”

Taekwoon took a careful step forward. “Yes, I have venom.”

“Okay, but nothing vulgar, just-“

“Breathe, angel. Close your eyes.”

Those golden eyes shut. Wings shifting restlessly as the false prince approached. He reached up, cupping the angel’s exquisite face in his hand. Nothing vulgar, he would oblige that request. Hakyeon was helping him, sacrificing himself to help the world. The universe. It was the least Taekwoon could do.

He was so close, feeling the angel go tense. Gently, softly, he leaned forwards and pressed his lips to Hakyeon’s forehead.

Hakyeon shuddered, exhaling sharp.

“Can you feel it starting?”
“Yes.”


+++ 

“When do you ever miss your husband?”

Jaehwan snorted, grinning at his paramour from his spot on the white fur rug.

“If I had the capability to fall ill, I would miss dysentery, pneumonia, and chicken pox *more* than I
miss my husband.”

“That’s what I thought.”

The Prince of Lust stretched luxuriously, arching his back with his hands over his head. He knew
Wonshik was looking at him, could feel the intensity of his gaze. Jaehwan loved how those eyes
would track him across a room.

“Do you miss having fair hair,” he asked, tilting his head back to look at his paramour upside down.
A small smile quirked up the corners of Wonshik’s mouth. “Do you miss me having fair hair?”

Jaehwan pursed his lips. “You have always been beautiful, sweet.”

“That’s not an answer, little daisy.”

“Mm… it’s not who you are anymore. You’re a shadow now. You’re the ocean.”

Wonshik stood from behind his desk, crossing the wide, *wide* office to crouch beside Jaehwan. The
Prince of Lust had become well acquainted with this room, this office, over the past months.
Wonshik’s office. At the very top of one of the cities skyscrapers. His human company, his magical
music that would lead the humans in any direction he wanted.

He looked down at Jaehwan and in the span of a single blink, his thick dark hair shifted to loose silver ringlets. Jaehwan bolted upright, kneeling before his paramour and staring at him, bewildered. “Sweet, how did you… oh.”

“I think you did miss it, little daisy. You look like you’ve seen a ghost,” Wonshik said quietly, chuckling when Jaehwan reached out a hand. He wound a single curl around his index finger, tugging a little to make sure he wasn’t seeing things. “Would you like the full portrait?”

Jaehwan blinked, his mouth falling open as sunflowers bloomed in Wonshik’s irises. They obscured the cobalt, turning to those warm gold eyes that Jaehwan had loved so much, once upon a time. Wonshik smiled and it felt like the floor had fallen away from beneath the Prince of Lust’s feet.

“You… sweet- my angel?”

“Only in appearance, little daisy.”

A large hand slid around his waist, bunching the fabric of Jaehwan’s loose emerald blouse between his fingers. Jaehwan could touch him now, touch him like this. Really touch him-

“Allow me, Daisy, to right a millennia-old wrong.”

Jaehwan’s heart stuttered and then promptly leapt into his throat. His paramour, his best friend, his angel’s exquisite face was only a breath away from his own. The moments before his fall, the time he had tried to embrace Wonshik when he looked like this. All the heartbreak that followed, the anguish, the-

Wonshik kissed him then, kissed him slow. Tremors shuddered through the ground beneath them, forty stories bellow. Jaehwan went limp, tangling his fingers in his paramour’s shoulder length curls. He had dreamt of this moment for so many years before his fall, but that didn’t matter anymore. At last, he had gotten his kiss.

“I love you too, beautiful little daisy. You have my heart. I’m yours.”
Jaehwan whimpered. His confession. Returned. Finally.

“Oh, my sweet paramour, you have no idea how happy that makes me,” he whispered, chasing that opium taste on his best friend’s tongue. Wonshik chuckled softly, pulling the Prince of Lust against him. “You’re acting like I don’t tell you I love you every single day.”

“Never… enough.”

His best friend moved away, the smallest bit, nudging Jaehwan’s nose with the tip of his own. “I love you… like the night… loves the day.” Jaehwan giggled, tugging on that beautiful hair.

On the far side of the office, one of the double doors opened. The Prince of Lust growled under his breath, looking around before flicking his eyes back to his paramour. Wonshik’s hair and eyes had returned to normal, that brown so deep it was almost black, sparkling pure cobalt. He was no less striking, more so even. That suicide beauty. Dangerous.

“Sir, you have a phone call in two minutes, you asked me to remind you,” Wonshik’s secretary said, eyeing them quickly before hurrying over to his desk. The human female was astonishingly infatuated with both of them, Jaehwan tended to have that effect on their little minds, and he could almost read the suppressed longing written in the firm line of her mouth.

“Why don’t you have a human do these silly phone calls for you, sweet? Then we could enjoy each other’s company without interruptions.”

Wonshik smiled, pulling the Prince of Lust to his feet and slipping an arm over his shoulder. “These kinds of things require my particular talents, Daisy. Just be patient for a few minutes.” He sat in his large desk chair, letting Jaehwan settle sideways on his lap. “You know patience isn’t my strong suit.”

Jaehwan didn’t pay attention to whatever his paramour was saying into the stupid plastic phone thing. He stared at the secretary and toyed with a lock of Wonshik’s hair, watching her squirm. The Prince of Lust didn’t have to feed, not exactly, but he did enjoy it every now and again. The church called him the father (mother, actually, but who cares what they think) of Succubi for a reason.

Without conscious effort, Jaehwan turned on, what his children referred to as, his Mojo. He felt Wonshik shift a little but he stood up, smiling and walking slowly towards the human woman. Her pupils had dilated, eyes dark, chest rising and falling that bit faster. He reached out for her, fingers
splayed wide on her hip. He felt her trembling.

“Leave it, Daisy.”

Jaehwan’s lids fluttered, his mouth not even an inch from the human’s. He shot a look of annoyance over his shoulder to find his paramour watching him, his hand covering the phone’s mouthpiece.

“But I’m hungry. And she’s very pretty.”

“She’s more useful to me with a soul that’s intact, come here.”

The Prince of Lust rolled his eyes, sparing a moment to give the human a kiss on the cheek before slinking back to his paramour. “Sweet, you’re being a bit of a buzzkill,” he purred, adjusting his soft leather leggings and dropping back down on Wonshik’s lap. His paramour grinned at him, pinching his earlobe and resuming his conversation.

“Yes, sorry about the interruption. My… associate had a question for me. I need the release date of my new song pushed up.”

Jaehwan stared, memorizing the lines of Wonshik’s jaw. So sharp, but not as sharp as Sanghyuk’s. Sanghyuk-

“No, not next week. Today.”

*Let’s not go down that road, Jaehwan.*

Fine.

“Are you having trouble hearing me? I said today. Now, more specifically. Do it now.”

Jaehwan listened to the garbled exclamation from the phone, licking kittenishly at his best friend’s neck. Opium.
“No, I am not joking. Get it done.”

Wonshik hung up the phone and dismissed his rather woozy secretary, tugging on Jaehwan’s hair and nipping at his bottom lip. “You can’t go around sucking the souls out of my employee’s mouths, Daisy, and please don’t spike your energy like that when I’m on the phone. It’s distracting.”

“I told you, I was hungry,” Jaehwan replied, sighing as his best friend’s hand found its way under his shirt.

In unison, all of the buildings ringing Wonshik’s office began to collapse. The sound was deafening, like Jaehwan was sitting in the middle of an explosion. Clouds of dust and rubble turned the air opaque, and the two demons could hear the sounds of human’s screaming even from all the way on the 40th floor. “What the fuck is this?!” Jaehwan shouted, jumping off his best friend’s lap and jogging to the window. He may be immortal, but it was still rather alarming!

Wonshik groaned, standing up much slower and strolling to Jaehwan’s side. “I saw this coming, but still, I really hoped they would reconsider. It’s going to be messy.”

Oh, premonitions. It went along with being the whole Prince of Supremacy thing, but Jaehwan didn’t think he would get used to Wonshik anticipating his every move for a very long time.

“Who would reconsider what?” the Prince of Lust asked, bemused, watching his best friend lazily punch a hole in the floor-to-ceiling window. The glass fell away, tumbling down to the ground many stories below.

“Hakyeon and the antichrist have enlisted your children to help them kill us, Daisy. We finally get to stretch our legs.”

“A fight?! With Hakyeon?! I’m so entirely down,” Jaehwan laughed, letting his paramour scoop him into his arms and hanging on tight. Wonshik stepped off the newly created ledge, Jaehwan screaming with laughter at the exhilarating sensation of freefall. At the last moment, Wonshik’s pair of pitch-black wings unfurled and caught them, flapping until they were gently deposited on the pavement.

“When this is finished, I’m going to ride you so good you won’t remember your own name.”
“Looking forward to it.”

“Oh, and just a heads up, Hakyeon has been corrupted,” Wonshik murmured, he and Jaehwan taking in the scene before them in a single sweeping glance. Seokjin, Hongbin, and Taehyung, standing in an evenly spaced line, wings spread and claws out. Sanghyuk, fully transformed and hovering above his second youngest. And behind them, Taekwoon and his hell hounds. But… behind him… his husband. Dressed in black and red, eyes deep scarlet and wings of charcoal grey. Like he’d accidentally burned them. Let’s burn them for real.

“Wonderful, now we can finally get divorced,” Jaehwan snarled, feeling his nails grow into talons as his paramour began to laugh. He clapped once, void flame blooming across his skin and he threw his arms forward. The black fire shot out, living and breathing and powerful, roiling around him as he took off at a dead sprint.

+++ 

Sanghyuk watched his maker run at them, teeth gleaming and eyes bright, an absolutely stunning smile on his beautiful face. Wonshik was close on his heels, cobalt electricity sparking around his hands.

Well, the plan to lure them out into the open had certainly been effective, but phase two would be the tricky part.

“You really think you can take us, Jae?! Don’t be stupid!” Seokjin called, attempting to make their maker doubt himself, but Jaehwan didn’t even flinch. The two eldest brothers had to dodge twin bolts of lightning that erupted from the sky, striking right where their feet had been milliseconds ago. The others were going to deal with their maker, but Wonshik was for Sanghyuk and Taekwoon.

Hongbin leapt forward, his infernal speed making him nothing more than a blur to Sanghyuk’s eyes, but his brother stumbled as Jaehwan unexpectedly dodged. Their maker dropped backwards, skidding right under Hongbin’s outstretched hands like a baseball player sliding into home plate, and kept running without missing a beat. Their extra bit of angel bait seemed to be working as well.

On cue, Taehyung detonated the asphalt beneath their feet with a truly remarkably boom. It looked like the street was being mortared. All of them had wings but Jaehwan, and they had hoped the explosion might slow him down a little, but no dice.
“Shik-ah!” he called, beginning to laugh as he stepped up onto an invisible channel of air, presumably provided by his best friend. Sanghyuk watched, astonished, as coils of back fire oozed off his maker in every direction. Hakyeon, still rather new at the whole ‘being a demon’ thing, was beating his wings frantically in an attempt to get away, but he wasn’t quick enough. Jaehwan jumped straight up, grabbed his ankle, and then yanked him violently back to earth.

Sanghyuk had to duck away from a lightning bolt, but his second oldest brother wasn’t so lucky. A branch of the azure electricity caught Seokjin’s left wing when he turned to try and catch their maker, screaming shrill as he tumbled out of the air. Taehyung snatched him up before he hit the ground, Sanghyuk’s attempt to trap Wonshik in an invisible bubble was soundly stopped before he even thought it all the way through.

“Taekwoon, he’s blocking me, go-“ the young demon shouted over his shoulder. He knew full well that this would happen, but his attention was suddenly and entirely wrenched to focus on his maker. His words choked off, nearly losing the rhythm of his wing beats.

Jaehwan had jacked up his Mojo to maximum, Sanghyuk could smell it. He could taste it. The heat of ambrosia overwhelming his senses completely. Flooding his nose flooding his brain flooding his lungs. The others were clearly affected by it too, the battle of wind and water Taekwoon and Wonshik had been engaging in coming to a stuttering halt. Taehyung almost dropped Seokjin, Hongbin looking around in confusion at why everyone had frozen.

But his maker’s intended victim seemed like he had been hit the hardest, being so close to the source. Hakyeon was panting, still flat on his back where Jaehwan had thrown him, scarlet eyes glowing fiercely. “Oh, I haven’t seen that look in a long time!” Jaehwan purred, loudly enough for the rest of them to hear.

In a beat, he swiped at Hakyeon’s chest, his talons slicing clean through the red satin of his shirt and cutting the flesh beneath. “Catch me if you can!” his maker laughed, the noise too closely resembling a cackle for comfort, before he jumped to his feet and took off down the street, easily hopping from one clear patch of road to the next. Hakyeon was up and after him in a flash, reason clearly taking a backseat to instinct and snarling deep enough to make the ground rumble. He should have worn the stupid collar.

“By the way, dear heart, I want a divorce!”

Shit. This wasn’t how it was supposed to go! Jaehwan had never used that power in a fight, it was always all claws and teeth and void flame! Sanghyuk couldn’t go after his maker. He knew his own mind, and so he knew that if he tried, he would end up flying Jaehwan away somewhere and literally fucking him into the ground. That couldn’t happen right then. There was only one demon for this job.
“Bin! Go get him!” Sanghyuk shouted, swerving away from another lightning bolt and flying to the curb. He may not be able to use his mind, but he was still incredibly physically strong, so he picked up a car by the bumper and flung it in Wonshik’s direction. His maker was smart, evening out the odds by separating Hakyeon from the main group, but Hongbin would tip the scales back in their favor.

His brother had warded them up, painting patterns on their skin that would repel Wonshik’s paralyzing spell, but they did nothing to help prevent physical injuries. Sanghyuk skidded out of the way just in time when the car he had thrown stopped midair before tumbling right back at him.

The young demon looked around, noticing that Taehyung was struggling to hold up a now unconscious Seokjin. He flitted to them, pulling his pink haired brother into his arms as he said, “I’ll take him somewhere safe and come right back! In the meantime, will you blow all this shit up please? We need to distract him enough that his block on me slips!”

His eldest brother nodded, pupils turning to slits as Sanghyuk beat his wings and vanished. He deposited Seokjin on his bed in the apartment, wishing he could just heal him and now even more angry that he couldn’t use his power. He flashed back to the street and immediately took flight, narrowly avoiding a chunk of concreate from one of the newly demolished buildings. He didn’t always like his eldest brother, but Taehyung was incredibly skilled in the explosion department.

“I know what you’re planning, your highness, and it won’t work,” Wonshik was saying, dodging a jet of Taekwoon’s scarlet flame and hurling a wave of icy looking water in the false prince’s direction. He had conjured it the way Sanghyuk did, pulling particles of moisture straight from the air and condensing them, but on a larger scale than anything the young demon had ever tried during training.

They needed to get Jaehwan back here and get him back here quickly, the entire plan hinged on being able to catch him first. Sanghyuk looked around for something else to throw but had to shield himself with his wings as every single window pane on the surrounding pieces of building shattered to razor fragments, raining down like very painful snow. At the exact same time, humans began streaming onto the streets, screaming and crying and running, but then… they all turned into Jaehwan?

+++
his creator’s and Hakyeon’s conversation.

“Why do you smell like that!??”

“You’ve never actually been susceptible to my energy before, have you dear heart? Isn’t it lovely?”

“It’s making me want to eat you! Stop running!”

Jaehwan let out a peel of manic laughter, jumping onto the hood of a car and sliding right over the top. “You wish!”

“Hakyeon! Focus on catching him not -blech- fucking him!” Hongbin shouted, vaulting over a bent fragment of rebar and using his magic to keep a steady flow of obstacles flying into his creator’s path. Jaehwan either dodged them or just flat out incinerated them with his black fire, laughing all the while. He was having an indecent amount of fun.

“Be quiet child, the adults are talking,” his creator shouted back, whirling out of the way of a pile of rubble. “And, in case you’ve forgotten dear heart, you have wings! Why are you still on the ground?”

Jaehwan was being cocky, and as usual, it got him into trouble. Hakyeon, who’s own void flame had started bubbling around him (his heavenly fire had manifested itself into something nearly identical to Jaehwan’s own), took off and finally managed to snag Jaehwan’s wrist.

Their flames melted together in the strangest way, Hongbin couldn’t help but stare. Hakyeon’s were a shade lighter, more grey than black, moving around Jaehwan’s like oil in water. Neither seemed to be able to hold the other with the fire, so it fell to hands, Hakyeon tackling Jaehwan with enough force to shake the earth beneath them.

“You really are the worst person!”

“Hakyeon, no!”

Hongbin’s shout had come a second too late. Hakyeon succeeded in pinning Jaehwan on the ground,
and with a loud snarl he sunk his newly sharp teeth into Jaehwan’s flesh just above his collarbone.

Jaehwan screamed, Hongbin’s vision going red as the pain manifested on his own skin. Two of his brothers materialized beside him as Hakyeon spat a mouthful of silver ichor onto the street. “You taste as good as you smell, how is that possible?” he growled, leaning down again and essentially nibbling on Jaehwan’s throat.

“Hyukkie, do something!” Hongbin exclaimed, whirling to face his younger brother in a growing state of panic. Sanghyuk was standing frozen, his mismatched eyes fixed unblinkingly on their creator and mouth hanging open. With a sigh of pure aggravation, Hongbin grabbed a rock and threw it at his brother’s head to get his attention.

Jaehwan’s void flame had all but died away, his skin and emerald shirt stained silver. “Pet! Help me!” he cried, and it seemed to snap Sanghyuk back to reality. He tried approaching closer but jumped away as soon as the flames touched his skin. His younger brother spun around, grabbed a chunk of cement the size of a basketball from the ground, and breathed “You’ll thank me later, Hakyeon,” before throwing it straight at his ex-mentor.

It was more effective than Hongbin was expecting, not actually hurting him but knocking Hakyeon off balance so he let their creator go, rolling five feet away. But then, the other shoe dropped.

Jaehwan didn’t run to his youngest, didn’t say thank you, didn’t stop fighting. He snarled ferociously, bolting after Hakyeon and pinning him to the cracked ground so their positions were effectively reversed. “Not you! Never again, dear heart, never again!” he spat, his own fire blooming as Hakyeon’s extinguished.

“Handle him, I need to go help his highness,” Taehyung hissed, beating his wings and vanishing. Their creator had used his moment of surprise to grab a fistful of his husband’s hair, straddling his chest and pressing his lips to Hakyeon’s.

They were… kissing? Oh… oh no much much worse than that. “Jaehwan! Stop!” Hongbin shouted, moving to grab his creator but freezing just in time to avoid being burned. “Love, don’t! Even if we get you out of this mess, you’ll be executed for it!” Sanghyuk exclaimed, catching on a beat slower than the elder.

Watching Jaehwan feed was like watching a grotesque parody of love’s embrace. Hakyeon was shaking, his arms wrapped tight around the young demon’s creator, eyes closed and hugging him close. His body began to glow scarlet, moaning as Jaehwan drank in the life force pouring from between his parted lips.
“He won’t let it hurt me, he won’t let it hurt me,” Sanghyuk was mumbling, chanting the phrase under his breath as he inched toward their creator. Hongbin’s anxiety was messing up his concentration, staying opaque and in one place was becoming increasingly more difficult. He didn’t know what to do, didn’t know how to help!

Hakyeon’s halo of light was fading fast, but Sanghyuk was faster. He took a deep breath and streaked into the ring of void flame, hissing as it began to singe the tips of his wings but succeeding in dragging Jaehwan off his husband before he could finish the job. Hakyeon started coughing, clutching his chest as Hongbin tentatively approached him.

Jaehwan began screaming again, from rage rather than pain, baring his teeth and swiping at Sanghyuk’s face with his gleaming talons. Interrupting a demon as they fed was never a smart move. “It was for your own good,” the youngest said, trying to trap their creator’s arms against his sides. “Help him, Bin, I need to go back!”

With that, the youngest disappeared along with their creator in a flap of mismatched wings. “Are you okay? I bet that was… unpleasant,” Hongbin said, kneeling at Hakyeon’s side and peering at him. Hakyeon glanced up, expression one of dazed confusion. “It felt like heaven.”

“He tried to eat your soul!”

“Still…”

Hongbin huffed impatiently. “Can you walk?” he asked, extending a hand and pulling the other to his feet. Hakyeon stumbled a little but righted himself. “Yeah, let’s go finish this,” he replied, taking Hongbin’s hand and beating his wings.

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“I was hungry, you fucking brat! He deserves it after everything he’s done,” Jaehwan was snarling, trying to free himself from Sanghyuk’s hold. It wasn’t working very well, and the young demon wasn’t planning on letting go of his maker any time soon. “I wasn’t just going to stand there and watch you condemn yourself to death for a little snack!”

Sanghyuk was watching his maker so intently that he almost missed the human’s swarming around them. They were working themselves into a panic, and who could really blame them, but… they all
had Jaehwan’s face? He hadn’t imagined it?

“You think I care? You think I’d surrender my life for him?” Wonshik was calling, hovering twenty feet off the ground, coils of lightning ringing his body like electrons around a nucleus.

Of course, he would, Sanghyuk thought, struggling to keep his maker still. Jaehwan was their bargaining chip. They were going to use him to lure Wonshik downstairs and then trap him in the void for the rest of eternity. That way, he wouldn’t be killed, and his gift would never be passed to any other fallen. It would remain in stasis. They would be safe. So why was Wonshik laughing.

Sparing a moment to take in the situation in more detail, the young demon saw that his eldest brother was lying unconscious on the roof of a nearby building. There was a long gash running the length of his arm, but he seemed otherwise unhurt. Hongbin and Hakyeon materialized several yards away, his brother immediately ducking to check on Taehyung. Hakyeon didn’t look any worse for wear, if a bit dizzy.

There was an ear-splitting crash from the distance, Taekwoon whipping out a chain of scarlet flame that his adversary banished with a snap of his fingers. “He’s my Bound, he’s as disposable as the rest of them.”

Jaehwan went very still, freezing mid-thrash as the rumbling noises got louder. “You said we were different! You said we were star-crossed!” he cried, voice breaking in the middle of the sentence. Wonshik didn’t even look his way. Only smiled.

“You were very entertaining company, Daisy, but you’ve served your purpose. If I want a Jaehwan to play with, I can just make one. Look down, they’re all over the place.”

Sanghyuk hissed. These humans wearing Jaehwan’s face like masks were nothing more than pale imitations! Shades that would never measure up to the real thing! He could smell the terror starting to roll off his maker’s body.

“You told me you loved me!”

“Never let something as unimportant as the truth get in the way of a good story, Daisy.”

His maker sobbed hard. Once. The rumbling sound was nearly deafening and Jaehwan used the
distraction to finally wriggle free of Sanghyuk’s grip. He fell ten yards down to the ground, managing to land on his feet amid the mass of identical humans, screaming, “My sweet paramour, you can’t do this to me again!” just as a real tidal wave crashed into the street and Wonshik disappeared.

“Love!” Sanghyuk shouted, staring down at his wingless maker in horror as the water rushed over him and obscured him from view.

This couldn’t be happening, how had it all gone so wrong?! Making a split-second decision, Sanghyuk dropped from the sky, looking all over the surface of the brand-new raging river for Jaehwan. But everyone looked like Jaehwan! How was he supposed to find him?!

Leaving the others to deal with the now invisible Prince of Supremacy, Sanghyuk flew down the street, following the current in the direction he guessed his maker would have been carried.

It had all been true. Taekwoon suspicions. Wonshik was Jaehwan’s maker. A maker who just thoroughly and heartlessly abandoned him. How superior his abilities were, even stronger than the antichrist himself. And his magic music that Hongbin had been trying to figure out, snaring the humans under his spell like the Pied fucking Piper.

Sanghyuk raced down block after block after block, just able to make out the waters source in the distance. The retaining wall along the city’s boarder had been shattered. He needed to find his maker, he needed to find his love, he needed to find-

“How the fuck did a six-thousand-year-old archdemon who loved baths not know how to swim?!” Maybe it offended his inner cat, Sanghyuk thought vaguely, swooping down and plucking his maker from the water, carrying him up to a nearby roof.

“Take me back, take me back to him he’s lying! He loves me! I know he does!” Jaehwan sobbed, standing on wobbly legs and trying to run to the roofs edge the moment Sanghyuk set him down.
“No, love, he’s gone!” the young demon replied, managing to catch his maker before Jaehwan could jump to the next roof. “Good, we can be gone together just take me to him Sanghyukkie please!”

“No. I could have tried to catch him but I’m here with you. He left you Jae, he used you.”

Jaehwan was sopping wet and looked akin to a drown rat, but Sanghyuk held him anyway. Warming him and trying to soak up the sadness drenching him as the water had just done. His maker would never be free now. Wonshik would never let them get that close again. He would never be imprisoned in the void. His Jaehwan would never come back.

“Puppy please! Please!” Jaehwan was crying, weakly beating at the youngers chest and trying to squirm away. Sanghyuk didn’t let him. Hugging him and pressing kisses to the top of his head. Wonshik didn’t love Jaehwan, but Sanghyuk surely did.

It hit him then, everything coming clear in that single moment of glorious truth. Sanghyuk thought back to the words he had read in that small blue journal, written by a Roman woman over nine hundred years ago. He had to make a choice. A choice that, really, was no choice at all.

He chose good. He chose to defend. He chose his last love, his only love, his one true blinding love.

A rush of relief crashed over him as the block on his mind fell away. He could fix this. He could fix all of it, if he just gave into the power that had been sizzling beneath his skin since the day he fell.

It would be a sacrifice, it would mean the loss of more than five years of precious memories, precious moments, but he would do it. He would do it to save his injured brothers, to save his friends, to save them from harm that was yet to come. He would do it so Jaehwan could be free.

There were no words to say in a moment like this, none but three.

“I love you,” the young demon whispered, pressing a kiss to his makers forehead and hugging him tight.

Sanghyuk focused his mind the way he had done that day in Taekwoon’s apartment, when he had unfrozen Jaehwan’s time stream. He thought of the day of his fall, pictured himself walking into the atelier in his white uniform with the pin of a nine-pointed star. Remembered how nervous he had been, how he ran through Hakyeon’s instructions over and over and over in his head.
“I love you,” he repeated, one last time, before he closed his eyes and screamed.

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Sanghyuk opened his eyes.

He was in his long, narrow bed. Sheets tangled around his waist, mattress of softest cloud. He looked around. His bedroom, white everywhere, simple. Ultra-modern. He was in heaven.

Sanghyuk sat up, unfurling his wings, and he looked to either side of him. One wing white as a dove, two wings white as a dove. He lifted his hand, feeling the strip of fabric at his throat. Not leather, no weight of warm gold. Slick, and if he looked in a mirror, probably red. Not that he would look in a mirror, couldn’t if he wanted too. Angel’s didn’t look in mirrors, vanity was a sin. There were no mirrors here.

He stood and dressed, changing from the white cotton pajamas into his white suit. After nearly six years in Jaehwan’s hand tailored masterpieces, it felt clunky. Not like a second skin so much as having his limbs trapped inside a bag.

The others wouldn’t remember. The humans wouldn’t remember. His family, his friends, his maker. None of them would remember. But he did. Sanghyuk remembered.

‘Love, am I boring you?’

Jaehwan snuggled closer to his chest, tucked under his arm, snuffling softly with his beautiful eyes shut. ‘You never bore me, pet. I just enjoy listening to your voice. It’s like a lullaby.’

Sanghyuk smiled, closing the book he had been reading aloud and setting it on his nightstand. He easily wrapped his maker up in a hug, feeling the ease with which the elder melted against him, shifting them deeper under the covers. The young demon was so content, so happy, he would have lived in that moment for eternity.

‘I love you, pet.’
'I love you too Jae.'

The young angel sighed, the vision of his maker’s exquisite face hovering invisible behind his eyelids. That phantom taste of venom on his tongue. Peaches and a dash of sugar.

There was no breakfast in heaven, angels did not eat. And it was his big day, Sanghyuk realized. The day of his first job, he had been handpicked for it by Hakyeon, his archangel and his mentor. Sanghyuk knew what the job was now, understood the finer points of his mentor’s betrayal. The young angel was an anniversary present. A gift to placate Hakyeon’s lovely, vicious husband. Sanghyuk smiled to himself.

He slipped from his white bedroom and made his way down the white hallway, exchanging quiet greetings with angels he past. He knew they were the same angels that bullied Jaehwan into falling, but he wasn’t angry at them. He couldn’t be angry; his programing would not allow it. So, he went quietly, walking through the halls of the lower ranked angels until he reached the larger, broader one. The archangel’s domain.

Knocking softly on a door, the faint sound of humming on the other side. Hakyeon soon, but first-

“Hey kid! Todays the day!”

The liar, the poison, the monster. None of it remained. None of it had ever been. This was just Wonshik. A short crop of silver hair, white t-shirt and light wash jeans, deep golden eyes. A goofy smile.

They did not hug. Angels didn’t hug (aside from the way this particular angel held his maker, but that habit carried no weight where Sanghyuk was concerned.)

“Yep, it’s the big day,” Sanghyuk replied, smiling at his friend. Wonshik didn’t know where he was going. Hakyeon had commanded the young angel to keep the details quiet. It was a top-secret mission.

Catch the hellspawn calling himself Lee Jaehwan in the act. Get the hellspawn calling himself Lee Jaehwan to attempt to corrupt him. Go only so far as to have undisputable proof of his crimes and then exorcise the hellspawn calling himself Lee Jaehwan.
Only a description, no picture. Taller than the average human male. Black hair. Blue eyes. Fair skin. And then his formal paperwork, placed in the heavenly register on the date of his creation.


All lies. There had been a hellspawn fitting that description, and the young angel’s maker had actually killed said hellspawn for daring to have the same name as the great Prince of Lust. Their files had just… conveniently been mixed together. An innocent clerical error.

“Are you ready? Feel good with all of Hakyeon’s tutoring under your belt?”

“Yeah, I’ll be fine. You don’t have to worry Shik.”

His friend grinned at him, bowing his head a little. “You’re going to do great. Come straight here when you’re done, I want to hear all about it.”

“Will do,” Sanghyuk replied, smiling back at Wonshik, bowing, and taking his leave.

Knocking again, this time at a pair of double doors right at the end of the hall. Hakyeon’s office. Seated primly on his chair, back arrow straight, all gold and white. The archangel of archangels.

“Hello Sanghyuk, ready to go?”

The young angel nodded, respectfully averting his eyes and folding his hands behind his back. “Excellent, come.” Sanghyuk stepped to the center of the room, watching with mild interest as the archangel stood and came to stand before him. The expression on his face was fond, proud even. But the second time around, Sanghyuk noted the small tinge of regret written there. Regret at sending his pupil to his corruption. The young angel smiled.

“Remember everything I’ve taught you and be on your guard. Be smart, Sanghyuk.”

A hand on his forehead, just for a moment, just enough to-
Sanghyuk shut his eyes, and when he opened them, he was standing in a shaded corner of a busy city street. His wings were furled, invisible, hidden from the humans milling around him. He stepped onto the sidewalk, noting that the store he was looking for was only two doors away. Wide windows shrouded with emerald velvet curtains. Mannequins in all different types of eveningwear.

He approached slowly, not walking right in like the first time. No, he paused, just on the other side of the door, peering in. Looking upon his maker. His maker who did not yet know him.

Jaehwan looked healthy. Strong. Nothing like the wild little thing he had held in his arms. At the end. No, in his black damask jacket accented with gold thread and simple black slacks, Jaehwan was himself again. Brave and bright and oh so beautiful.

The young angel watched his maker skitter around his atelier, moving from shelf to shelf, shifting bolts of fabric. He didn’t feel that love, not yet, but it wouldn’t be long now.

To his surprise, Jaehwan glanced over at the door and caught him staring. That blood mouth turned up into a smile, those cobalt eyes narrowing just a touch, chin held high. The Prince of Lust scenting prey.

Jaehwan set down the tape measure in his hand and moved slowly towards the door, Sanghyuk tracking his movements. One long-fingered hand moving to pull it open. Tiny bell jangling. Smiling down into the face he cherished above all others, void of recognition. Only desire.

Silky words slipping into Sanghyuk’s ear like liquid satin.

“Can I tempt you?”

Chapter End Notes

*Look out for a bonus chapter, coming soon*

COMMENTS AND KUDOS ARE LOVED <3
Welcome to my circus of madness. The characters are based VERY loosely off angelic and demonic theology. The basic concepts are there, but I added on a bunch of details. Also, the demonic relationship/family structure ended up sounding really like vampire stuff, don't hate me. It's one of my favorite dynamics.

ALSO go check out THIS amazing art by @MonsterBoyf and their spin off comic to this AU!!!

Enjoy!

*Your comments are what inspire me the most, and feel free to come talk to me on Twitter or Tumblr. I made mood boards for each character that I'll be posting on Tumblr as I go, so check those out*

Twitter
Tumblr
Curious Cat

Works inspired by this one: Close to Godliness by MonsterBoyf, Temptation 2.0 by Clytemnestrasrevenge

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