Built for Abuse

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Built for Abuse

by kaedenconstellations

Summary

Engaged and set to marry Chae Eunhyuk, the warden of the District 0713 Penitentiary, Hoseok tries to find some happiness despite being horribly abused by the man he thought
loved him. Timid yet good natured, the young nurse is a favorite amongst the normal divisions of the facility, and his work with the lower level patients has earned him praise with his boss- and has earned even more ire from his fiance.

But Hoseok has been growing more and more unstable as the madness that hadn't been there before was slowly seeping through the crack in its cage.

Now assigned to the Agma Division, home to the most dangerous criminals in all of South Korea, Hoseok introduced to six very insane men who have all taken an interest into him and his own hidden insanity. The pinkette never realized just how much his mind struggled with its self, but with his darker side now breaking free he is faced with two choices; go back to the hell that is living with his abusive fiance, or find freedom in his own madness.

Notes

Full Summary:

There had been a time where Hoseok had known madness, a time where the timid nineteen year old that he was now didn't exist, but those days have long since passed and the pinkette is nothing more than a shy nurse working in one of the most dangerous criminal asylums in the entirety of East Asia.

Engaged and set to marry Chae Eunhyuk, the warden of the District 0713 Penitentiary, Hoseok tries to find some happiness despite being horribly abused by the man he thought loved him. Timid yet good natured, the young nurse is a favorite amongst the normal divisions of the facility, and his work with the lower level patients has earned him praise with his boss- and has earned even more ire from his fiance.

But Hoseok has been growing more and more unstable as the madness that hadn't been there before was slowly seeping through the crack in its cage.

Now assigned to the Agma Division, home to the most dangerous criminals in all of South Korea, Hoseok introduced to six very insane men who have all taken an interest into him and his own hidden insanity. The pinkette never realized just how much his mind struggled with its self, but with his darker side now breaking free he is faced with two choices; go back to the hell that is living with his abusive fiance, or find freedom in his own madness.
Disclaimer

Hello darlings, this is your author, Kaeden Constellations, and I have come to not only welcome you, but also give some insight about my book series, Beautiful Madness.

As cliche as it is, this series was inspired by DC’s Suicide Squad that premiered three years ago in 2016 and by the song Gangsta by Kehlani which was featured on the soundtrack. When I first started writing the book, I was using it as a way to see if the Archive of Our Own readers would be receptive to my writing the way that my audience on Wattpad was as I was switching platforms after officially going on hiatus from Wattpad. Now, this series will be crossposted on both platforms, and possibly fanfiction.net if I feel like it, but the series will be completed on Ao3 before being posted onto other platforms.

What I came to tell you is that before writing Black and Blue, I was a fairly lighthearted writer and I tried not to focus heavily on dark themes, however, I will not lie to my readers by pretending that the true face of the Beautiful Madness Series is a very dark one. I am someone who enjoys researching missing persons, kidnapping, murder and cold cases in both mythology and real life, I am also a very big fan of crime shows and movies that have topics that have some dark themes outright (ex: Split) or subtle themes (think Captain America: The Winter Soldier). I am not a writer who does straight up fluff or smut, I am a writer who is fascinated by the darker nature of humanity - hence why I am writing this story.

Now, before we get into the warnings about this story, I need all of you to understand that I am well aware that mental illness, abuse of all kinds, rape, murder, behavioral disorders and other dark/taboo topics are very serious. I have been through my fair share of dark moments in my life, things that I will never tell anyone but a psychologist, so yes I understand that the topics that I’m placing into my book are incredibly serious. Please trust me when I say that I have researched the things that I needed further knowledge on as well as consulting with the people that I know who suffer from things such as Bipolar Disorder, ADD (Attention Deficit Disorder), ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactive Disorder), etc.

That being said, I also want to address the Harley/Joker dynamic that I have seen in the movie and what I myself have read, as I myself do have my guilty pleasure fanfiction. I am fully aware that the dynamic between Harley and Joker is abusive, incredibly unhealthy, and fucked up - and I honestly celebrated when Harlivy became canon - so please do not that I am not using the comic book version of the relationship as my inspiration, but rather the movie adaptation because it fits with the characters that I am creating. The entirety of the relationship that I’m building is unhealthy due to the dependency that they have on each other, but the Joker/Harley aspect I’m using from the movie is how far they are willing to go for each other - they would seriously burn the whole world until they were together again.

Now that I have said what I need to say, let’s get to the warnings, shall we?

First warning, if you are not comfortable with the things that will be mentioned and/or depicted in these books, and for some reason you didn’t read the tags and just clicked the title in order to read: This book is not a lighthearted story even though it may have light hearted moments. This book contains very dark themes that will make you squeamish or even question as it does contain rape, suicide, child abuse, torture, etc - I am urging you to find a different story to read as none of my books are lighthearted. They are fictional but have serious topics, however I do not want anyone to be triggered by the material within this book.
So please take caution, but enjoy the story.

The warning? READ THE GODDAMN TAGS BEFORE YOU CONTINUE.

Love,

Kaeden Constellations
CASE FILE: AUTHORIZATION NEEDED - ACCESS GRANTED

Chapter Summary

CASE FILE: ROYAL TERROR - RED BULLET GANG

AUTHORIZATION FROM WARDEN NEEDED

AUTHORIZATION GRANTED

IDENTIFICATION RECOGNIZED

WELCOME DR. ZHANG YIXING AND NURSE JUNG HOSEOK

Chapter Notes

Meet the wards of District 0713

See the end of the chapter for more notes

HOSEOK, JUNG

File: #GR0218194

Government Name: Jung Hoseok

Status: Alive

Current Location: Seoul, South Korea

Identity: Public

Origin: Non-enhanced human

Date of Birth: 18 February 1994

Age: 19

Blood Type: A

Sex: Male

Gender: Male

Species: Human
**Height:** 5 feet 6 inches

**Weight:** 126 lbs

**Hair Colour:** Pink and grey

**Eye Colour:** Brown

**Race:** Asian

**Ethnicity:** East Asian

**Nationality:** Korean

**Place of Birth:** Gwangju, South Korea

**Citizenship:** South Korean

**Current Alias:** UNAVAILABLE

**Previous Aliases:** UNAVAILABLE

**Titles:** UNAVAILABLE

**Relatives:**

- Jung Jihyuk (father)
- Jung Mijin (mother)
- Jung Jiwoo (sister)

**Education:** Yonsei University

**Occupation:** Nursing apprentice

**Alignment:** Unknown

**Affiliation:**

- Yonsei University: School of Medicine
- Seoul Police Department
- District 0713 Penitentiary: Agma Division for the Criminally Insane

**Base of Operations:** Seoul, South Korea

**Home World:** Earth
Physical Evaluation:

- Jung seems to suffer from malnutrition as well as minor deformities within his skeletal system due to breaks that healed improperly.
- Slight signs of anemia due to improper diet, however, this is treatable.

Mental Evaluation: Jung has a history of mental instability from age two to age ten, however he hasn’t had an episode since undergoing an Electroconvulsive Cognitive Recalibration (ECCR) procedure at age eight. This was believed to be a very severe case of Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID), and one of the most severe one’s in South Korean history.

Diagnosis: Jung has been previously diagnosed with Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID), as well as anxiety and depression, though they aren’t as severe as his Dissociative Identity Disorder.

Disability: UNAVAILABLE

Date of Capture: UNAVAILABLE

Criminal Offenses: UNAVAILABLE

Sentence: UNAVAILABLE

Place of Incarceration: UNAVAILABLE

Prisoner Information: UNAVAILABLE

Abilities:

- Skilled Gymnast
- Enhanced Healing Factor
  - Foreign Chemical Resistance
- Gifted Combatant
  - Jung has shown exceptional skill in Jiu Jitsu, Aikido and Taekwondo.
- Multilingualism
  - Korean
  - English
  - Japanese

Background: Jung Hoseok was born to Chief of Police Jung Jihyuk and professional ballerina, Jung (née Bae) Mijin, in Gwangju, South Korea. When he was two years old, Jung was admitted to the Cheol Nabi Mental Hospital after killing his family’s pet cat and displaying unnerving violent
behavior; he was a resident for six years under the diagnosis of severe Dissociative Identity Disorder
(DID). At the age of eight, he underwent an Electroconvulsive Cognitive Recalibration (ECCR)
procedure that was successful, however the only known effect was the influx of anxiety and timid
behavior, as well as purposeful memory loss due to trauma. Since the procedure, there have been no
reports of any violent episodes, and Jung now has an apprenticeship with District 0713 in the Agma
Division as a nurse under the tutelage of Dr. Zhang Yixing.

**Threat Level:** GREEN - NOT A THREAT

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**NAMJOON, KIM**

**File:** #RD120991

**Government Name:** Kim Namjoon

**Status:** Alive

**Current Location:** District 0713 Penitentiary: Agma Division for the Criminally Insane

**Identity:** Public

**Origin:** Biochemically-Enhanced human

**Date of Birth:** 12 September 1991

**Age:** 22 years old

**Blood Type:** A

**Sex:** Male

**Gender:** Male

**Species:** Human

**Height:** 6 feet 2 inches

**Weight:** 147 lbs

**Hair Colour:** Blonde

**Eye Colour:** Brown
Race: Asian

Ethnicity: East Asian

Nationality: Korean

Place of Birth: Ilsan, Gyeonggi-do, South Korean

Citizenship: South Korean

Current Alias: RM

Previous Aliases: UNAVAILABLE

Titles: King of Chaos

Marital Status: Married

Spouse: Kim Seokjin

Relatives:

- Kim Daehoon (father; deceased)
- Kim Jiseon (mother; deceased)
- Kim Namji (sister)
- Kim Jisoo (adopted daughter)

Education:

- Apgujeong High School
- Global Cyber University: Honours Program

Occupation:

- Gangster
- Hitman (formerly)

Alignment: Evil

Affiliation: UNKNOWN

Base of Operations: UNKNOWN

Home World: Earth
**Physical Evaluation:** Peak physical condition

**Mental Evaluation:** Kim has a sadistic personality and shows no remorse for his actions, as he is a highly manipulative individual that enjoys playing with the mental states of others; all traits of sociopath with psychotic tendencies. He is incredibly violent when provoked, however, he does have a level head in comparison to his companions in terms of instability, and just like the others, he refuses to harm children and will kill those who do. Kim acknowledges that he is mentally unstable, which does bring about the question if he is actually suffering from mental illness or is playing with everyone.

**Diagnosis:** Kim has been diagnosed with Antisocial Personality Disorder, Narcissistic Personality Disorder, and Sadistic Personality Disorder.

**Disability:** UNAVAILABLE

**Date of Capture:** 12 June 2013

**Criminal Offenses:**

- 324 counts of murder in the first degree
- 22 counts of murder in the third degree
- 220 counts of assault and battery
- 228 counts of extortion
- 10 counts of car theft
- 300 counts of terrorist actions
- 2 counts of illegal drug distribution

**Sentence:** 8 life sentences - no chance of parole

**Place of Incarceration:** District 0713 Penitentiary: Agma Division for the Criminally Insane

**Assigned Doctor:** Dr. Zhang Yixing

**Assigned Nurse:** Jung Hoseok

**Prisoner Information:** The cell crafted for Kim Namjoon is created entirely of titanium reinforced with an electric force field, as well intersected bars to prevent him from escaping.

**Abilities:**

*Biochemically-Enhanced Physiology*

- *Enhanced Durability*
- *Peak Human Speed*
- *Enhanced Strength*
- *Peak Human Reflexes*
- *Peak Human Stamina*
• Enhanced Healing
• Enhanced Senses
• Enhanced Longevity
• Foreign Chemical Resistance

Peak Mental Resistance
• Indomitable will

Master Manipulator
• Master at Psychological Warfare
• Master Seducer

Master Marksman
• Firearms
• Artillery

Master Combatant
• Lethal Armed Combatant
• Dangerous Unarmed Combatant
• Master Martial Artist: Kim has mastered Boxing, Mixed Martial Arts, Judo, Taekwondo, Muay Thai, Kickboxing, and Aikido
• Pressure Point Striking
• Body Reading

Tracking Mastery

Multilingualism
• Korean
• English
Gifted Intelligence

- Chemical engineering
- Master Strategist and Tactician
- Expert Hacker

**Background:** Not much is known about his past, however what authorities managed to find out was that he was a natural prodigy, having a very high IQ of 184, and had once been a promising student until his parents were killed. He and his younger sister Namseon went off the grid, as a hitman and hacker respectively, until a string of crimes were committed by the older Kim sibling alongside his “court”.

**Threat Level:** RED - HIGHLY DANGEROUS

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**SEOKJIN, KIM**

**File:** #R120492

**Government Name:** Kim Seokjin

**Status:** Alive

**Current Location:** District 0713 Penitentiary: Agma Division for the Criminally Insane

**Identity:** Public

**Origin:** Biochemically-Enhanced human

**Date of Birth:** 4 December 1989

**Age:** 24
Blood Type: O

Sex: Male

Gender: Male

Species: Human

Height: 5 feet 11 inches

Weight: 139 lbs

Hair Colour: Pink and blonde

Eye Colour: Brown

Race: Asian

Ethnicity: East Asian

Nationality: South Korean

Place of Birth: Red Light District, Gwacheon, Gyeonggi-do, South Korea

Citizenship: South Korean

Current Alias: Widow

Previous Aliases:
  - Bae Mina
  - Tempresstree
  - Jung Jaemin
  - Takaba Akihiro
  - Huang Ai

Titles:
  - Bloody Beauty
  - Widow of the Raven

Marital Status: Married

Spouse: Kim Namjoon

Relatives:
  - Kim Jisoo (daughter)
Kim Namseon (sister-in-law)

**Education:** League of Ravens

**Occupation:**
- Assassin
- Prostitute (formerly)

**Alignment:** Evil

**Affiliation:**
- League of Shadows: Korean Sector, Gwacheon Division (formerly)
- League of Ravens (formerly)

**Base of Operations:** Seoul, South Korea

**Home World:** Earth

**Physical Evaluation:** Peak physical condition

**Mental Evaluation:** Kim Seokjin is an incredibly vindictive and manipulative person, and who uses his body as a weapon. Kim, like his companions, is also highly intelligent in terms of the human psyche and has been known to be capable of breaking whoever crosses him in nearly irreversible ways. Similar to his partners, Kim refuses to harm children and is known for killing or torturing rapists and child abusers.

**Diagnosis:** Kim has been diagnosed with Antisocial Personality Disorder, Narcissistic Personality Disorder, and Histrionic Personality Disorder. Currently, there is not enough information to determine if his attachment to his partners is enough for an actual diagnosis, though it appears to be unhealthy.

**Disability:** UNAVAILABLE

**Date of Capture:** 12 June 2013

**Criminal Offenses:**
- 26 counts of third degree murder
- 132 counts of assault and battery
- 16 counts of extortion
- 3 counts of kidnap

**Sentence:** Life in prison, no parole

**Place of Incarceration:** District 0713 Penitentiary: Agma Division for the Criminally Insane

**Assigned Doctor:** Zhang Yixing
Assigned Nurse: Jung Hoseok

Prisoner Information: Kim is kept inside of a double barricaded cell with an electrified fence and thumbprint identification scanner.

Abilities:

Deception Mastery

Biochemically-Enhanced Physiology

- Enhanced Durability
- Peak Human Speed
- Enhanced Strength
- Peak Human Reflexes
- Peak Human Stamina
- Enhanced Healing
- Enhanced Flexibility
- Enhanced Senses
- Enhanced Longevity
- Foreign Chemical Resistance

Peak Mental Resistance

- Indomitable will

Master Manipulator

- Master at Psychological Warfare
- Master Seducer

Master Marksman

- Firearm
- Artillery
• Knives

Weapons Mastery

• Firearms
• Artillery
• Knives
• Senbon
• Swords

Master Combatant

• Lethal Armed Combatant
• Dangerous Unarmed Combatant

• Master Martial Artist: Kim has mastered Jiu Jitsu, Aikido, Ninjutsu, Mixed Martial Arts, Kendo, Taichi Quan, Pigua Quan, Hapkido, Eskrima, Boxing and Capoeira

• Pressure Point Striking
• Body Reading

Master Gymnast

• Master Acrobat
• Master Aerialist

Multilingualism

• Korean
• English
• Japanese

Gifted Intelligence

• Master Strategist and Tactician
• Expert Hacker
Background: The full extent of Kim Seokjin’s history is not known, however he became a prostitute in the Red Light District of Gwacheon at an early age and had not only became a prostitute, but had also had a daughter, became an assassin and had come in contact with Kim Namjoon. He is the one responsible for the kidnapping of Kim Taehyung, Min Yoongi and the Jeon Jeongguk.

Threat Level: RED - HIGHLY DANGEROUS

YUNKI, MIN

File: #BU030993

Government Name: Min Yoongi

Status: Alive

Current Location: District 0713 Penitentiary: Agma Division for the Criminally Insane

Identity: Public

Origin: Genetically altered human

Date of Birth: 9 March 1990

Age: 23

Blood Type: O

Sex: Male

Gender: Male

Species: Metahuman

Height: 5 feet 8.5 inches

Weight: 130 lbs
Hair Colour: Blonde

Eye Colour: Brown; gold when photographed

Race: Asian

Ethnicity: East Asian

Nationality: South Korean

Place of Birth: Buk-gu, Daegu, South Korea

Citizenship: South Korean

Current Alias: Agust Snow

Previous Aliases: UNAVAILABLE

Titles: UNAVAILABLE

Marital Status: UNAVAILABLE

Spouse: UNAVAILABLE

Relatives:
- Min Daehoon (adoptive father; deceased)
- Min Yoonji (sister; deceased)

Education: Global Cyber University: School of Science, Biochemistry

Occupation: Botanist (formerly)

Alignment: Evil

Affiliation: UNKNOWN

Base of Operations: Seoul, South Korea

Home World: Earth

Physical Evaluation: Min is peak human condition, however his physical appearance doesn’t reflect his physical capability.

Mental Evaluation: Min is not as violent as his counterparts, as he is withdrawn from the world and
the only sign of response shows in his actions rather than his words. He is fairly antisocial, preferring to keep to himself and entertains himself with his powers, however Min is capable of extreme violence just like his partners. He is also highly manipulative, using his body to his advantage to unsuspecting targets.

**Diagnosis:** Min has been diagnosed with Antisocial Personality Disorder, Schizoid Personality Disorder and Schizotypal Personality Disorder.

**Disability:** Chemical instability due to

**Date of Capture:** 12 June 2013

**Criminal Offenses:** 40 counts of third degree murder

**Sentence:** Life in prison, no parole

**Place of Incarceration:** District 0713 Penitentiary: Agma Division for the Criminally Insane

**Assigned Doctor:** Zhang Yixing

**Assigned Nurse:** Jung Hoseok

**Prisoner Information:** Min is kept within a cell made of glass that can only be entered with a handprint scanner, and he has been fitted with electroconvulsive wrist cuffs made from reinforced glass and a specially made plastic alloy.

**Abilities:**

*Deception Mastery*

*Biochemically-Enhanced Physiology*

- Enhanced Durability
- Peak Human Speed
- Peak Human Strength
- Peak Human Reflexes
- Peak Human Stamina
- Enhanced Healing
- Enhanced Flexibility
- Enhanced Senses
- Enhanced Longevity
• Foreign Chemical Resistance

*Peak Mental Resistance*

• *Indomitable will*

*Master Manipulator*

• *Expert at Psychological Warfare*

• *Expert Seducer*

*Expert Combatant*

• *Dangerous Unarmed Combatant: Min can use his surroundings to his advantage and is a hemokinetic individual.*

• *Advanced Martial Artist: Min has mastered Mixed Martial Arts and Hapkido*

• *Pressure Point Striking*

*Gifted Marksman*

• *Firearms*

*Expert Gymnast*

• *Expert Acrobat*

*Lethal Kinetic Ability*

• *Atmokinesis*

• *Pyrokinetic*

• *Aerokinesis*

• *Telekinesis*

• *Hydrokinetic*

• *Hemokinesis*

• *Pyrokinetic*
• Terrakinesis (Earth Manipulation)
• Botanokinesis (Plant Manipulation)
• Ferrikinskiis (Metal Manipulation)

Gifted Intelligence
• Master Botanist
• Expert Hacker
• Expert Chemist

Multilingualism
• Korean
• English
• Japanese
• Mandarin

Background: Min Yunki was the adopted child of Min Yeonmi, a school teacher, and showed an early interest in botany due to his budding kinetic abilities. Excelling in science, particularly chemistry, Min was offered a chance to study botany alongside college students at Global Cyber University while in his final year of high school, however an attempted assault on his person while in a lab setting let to an accident that added on to Min’s kinetic abilities. Min disappeared from public eye at seventeen, and reappeared years later alongside the criminal mastermind, RM. The extent of his kinetic abilities isn’t known.

Threat Level: BLUE - DO NOT APPROACH UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY

JIMIN, PARK

File: #BK101395

Government Name: Park Jimin
Status: Alive

Current Location: District 0713 Penitentiary: Agma Division for the Criminally Insane

Identity: Public

Origin: UNKNOWN

Date of Birth: 13 October 1992

***This information is unofficial as there is no existing documentation of the patient’s birth certificate nor existence

Age: 21

Blood Type: A

Sex: Male

Gender: Male

Species: Deity

Height: 5 feet 8 inches

Weight: 124 lbs

Hair Colour: Silver

Eye Colour: Gold

Race: Asian

Ethnicity: East Asian

Nationality: South Korean

Place of Birth: UNKNOWN

Citizenship: South Korean

Current Alias: Silvermist

Previous Aliases: Christian Park

Titles: Agma Beauty
Marital Status: Married

Spouse: Kim Taehyung

Relatives: Park Vita

Education: UNKNOWN

Occupation: UNKNOWN

Alignment: Evil

Affiliation: Kim Namjoon

Base of Operations: Busan, South Korea

Home World: UNKNOWN

Physical Evaluation: Superhuman physiology

Mental Evaluation: Park Jumin is a highly intelligent being and is very adept in the art of mental manipulation, as he is not afraid to use his body to get what he wants. He, like his partners, refuses to harm children and other innocents, however he is not above doing it in order to make a point and can be very vindictive. He is very ruthless and appears to care very little about others outside of the ones that are considered to be family.

Diagnosis: Park has been diagnosed with Antisocial Personality Disorder, Sadistic Personality Disorder, Schizotypal Personality Disorder, Histrionic Personality Disorder, however future diagnosis is a very real possibility.

Disability: UNKNOWN

Date of Capture: 12 June 2013

Criminal Offenses:

- 431 counts of third degree murder
- 127 counts of second degree murder
- 82 counts of first degree murder
- 226 counts of assault and battery
- 71 counts of car theft
- 42 counts of extortion

Sentence: 9 life sentences, 100 years per victim, no chance of parole

Place of Incarceration: District 0713 Penitentiary: Agma Division for the Criminally Insane

Assigned Doctor: Zhang Yixing
Assigned Nurse: Jung Hoseok

Prisoner Information: Park is kept with a cage reinforced with four other cages surrounding the main area, all electrically fortified with access requiring handprint, retinal and voice identification. Park is also fitted with electroconvulsive cuffs on both his neck, wrists, and ankles, all of which can be activated by the guards on his rotation.

Abilities:

Deity Class Physiology

- Superhuman Strength
- Superhuman Speed
- Superhuman Agility
- Superhuman Sense
- Superhumanly Dense Tissue
- Superhuman Stamina
- Hyper-regenerative Healing Factor
- Immortality
- Immunity to Extreme Weather
- Superhuman Senses
- Toxic Substance Immunity

Master Sorcerer

- Illusion Manipulation
- Mental Manipulation
- Shapeshifting
- Presence Concealment
- Conjuration
- Kinetic Ability
- Astral Projection
- Flight
- Energy Manipulation
Deception Mastery

Peak Mental Resistance

- Indomitable Will

Master Manipulator

- Master at Psychological Warfare
- Master Seducer

Expert Marksman

- Firearm
- Knives

Weapons Mastery

- Knives
- Swords
- Throwing weapons

Master Combatant

- Lethal Armed Combatant
- Dangerous Unarmed Combatant
- Master Martial Artist: Park may rely on his powers, however he does have a mastery in Capoeira, Ninjutsu, Boxing and Taekwondo
- Pressure Point Striking
- Body Reading

Master Gymnast

- Master Aerialist
Multilingualism

- Unknown language
- Korean
- English
- Thai
- Japanese
- Mandarin
- Latin
- Ancient Greek

Background: Park Jimin is not believed to be said individuals name and he has proven that he is far older than he appears to be, this is also backed by the fact that there is no record of this Park Jimin existing in any country on the planet. Where he comes from and who he truly is cannot be proven as he refuses to divulge any information on his origin, however he did appear on the crime scenes alongside Kim Namjoon and his other partners. It is known, however, that his has some sort of relationship with a foreigner name Vitani “Vita” Park who is believed to be his mother.

Threat Level: **BLACK - UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES SHOULD YOU EVER APPROACH THIS INDIVIDUAL UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY**

---

TAEHYUNG, KIM

File: #RD123095

Government Name: Kim Taehyung

Status: Alive

Current Location: District 0713 Penitentiary: Agma Division for the Criminally Insane

Identity: Public
Origin: Biochemically-Enhanced Human

Date of Birth: 30 December 1992

Age: 21

Blood Type: AB

Sex: Male

Gender: Male

Species: Human

Height: 5 feet 10 inches

Weight: 136 lbs

Hair Colour: Red

Eye Colour: Violet

Race: Asian

Ethnicity: East Asian

Nationality: South Korean

Place of Birth: Seo District, Daegu, South Korean

Citizenship: South Korean

Current Alias: Venus

Previous Aliases: Vante Kim

Titles: Red Devil of Daegu

Marital Status: Married

Spouse: Park Jimin

Relatives:

- Kim Seolyeon, Mother (Deceased)
- Kim Hyun, Father (Deceased)
- Kim Jisoo, 53, Grandmother
- Kim Junghyun, 50, Grandfather
- Kim Hanseon, 24, Older Brother
**Education:** Global Cyber University: School of Education, Child Education and Early Childhood Development

**Occupation:** Daycare Teacher (formerly)

**Alignment:** Evil

**Affiliation:**
- Global Cyber University
- Nabi Nabi Daycare

**Base of Operations:** Seoul, South Korea

**Home World:** Earth

**Physical Evaluation:** Peak human condition

**Mental Evaluation:** Kim Taehyung has shown that he is highly intelligent despite his absent minded behaviour, as he has displayed being highly aware of his surroundings. He is usually playful and hyperactive, however he can have a complete 180 in personality and will turn very violent, manipulative and vindictive, and has been known to attack orderlies for his own entertainment. He is not afraid of using seduction, however he will almost immediately use violence once he had successfully manipulated his victim. Kim does have a sense of morality as he refuses to harm pregnant people or children and has been known to escort them out of areas affected by his attacks.

**Diagnosis:** Kim was previously diagnosed with Attention Deficit Hyperactive Disorder (ADHD) when he was he was six years old, however this diagnosis was terminated when he was twelve years old. Currently, he has been diagnosed with Antisocial Personality Disorder, Histrionic Personality Disorder, Schizotypal Personality Disorder, and a mild case of Schizophrenia though he had been considered for a re-evaluation. He also seems to suffer from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) induced from being sold into human trafficking as a child.

**Disability:** UNKNOWN

**Date of Capture:** 12 June 2013

**Criminal Offenses:**
- 220 counts of third degree murder
- 620 counts of assault and battery
- 85 counts of destruction of public property
- 22 counts of car theft
- 6 counts of extortion

**Sentence:** 2 life sentences, no parole

**Place of Incarceration:** District 0713 Penitentiary: Agma Division for the Criminally Insane
Assigned Doctor: Zhang Yixing

Assigned Nurse: Jung Hoseok

Prisoner Information: Kim is kept within special containment cell that has been reinforced with electroconvulsive force field and is kept under 24/7 CCTV surveillance. He is very dangerous and his cell can only be entered with specially made key kards, as no one is aloud to enter his actual cell. He can be soothed with access to art supplies, and a constant stream of music is played in his cell.

Abilities:

Deception Mastery

Biochemically-Enhanced Physiology
- Enhanced Durability
- Peak Human Speed
- Peak Human Reflexes
- Peak Human Strength
- Enhanced Healing
- Enhanced Agility
- Enhanced Flexibility
- Enhanced Senses
- Enhanced Longevity
- Foreign Chemical Resistance

Peak Mental Resistance
- Indomitable Will

Master Manipulator
- Master at Physiological Warfare
- Master Seducer

Master Marksman
Weapons Mastery

- Firearms
- Artillery
- Knives
- Bo Staff
- Baseball Bat

Master Combatant

- Lethal Armed Combatant
- Dangerous Unarmed Combatant
- Master Martial Artist: Kim has mastered Mixed Martial Arts, Boxing, Muay Thai, Judo, Wushu and Jiu Jitsu.
- Pressure Point Striking
- Body Reading

Master Gymnast

- Master Acrobat
- Master Aerialist

Gifted Intelligence

- Expert Hacker
- Master Impersonator

Background: Kim Taeyung and his older brother, Kim Hanseon, were sent to live with their maternal grandparents in the Daegu countryside when he was a baby after his mother and father were killed in a train accident. He grew up on his grandparents farm and went to school in the city, however he was kidnapped and sold into human trafficking when he was five years old, suffering
from major mental and physical trauma, before he was rescued in a police raid when he was thirteen. Taehyung’s high intelligence played to his favour as he was able to catch up with his education and went on to attend Global Cyber University, receiving a degree in Early Childhood Development and Education. Kim became a school teacher, however he eventually became associated with Kim and was incarcerated after being discovered to be the criminal Venus during an ambush set up for Kim Namjoon.

**Threat Level:** RED - HIGHLY DANGEROUS

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**JEONGGUk, JEON**

**File:** #RD090196

**Government Name:** Jeon Jeongguk

**Status:** Alive

**Current Location:** District 0713 Penitentiary: Agamma Division for the Criminally Insane

**Identity:** Public

**Origin:** Biochemically-Enhanced Human

**Date of Birth:** 01 September 1993

**Age:** 20

**Blood Type:** A

**Sex:** Male

**Gender:** Male

**Species:** Metahuman

**Height:** 5 feet 10 inches

**Weight:** 147 lbs

**Hair Colour:** Black

**Eye Colour:** Amber
Race: Asian

Ethnicity: East Asian

Nationality: South Korean

Place of Birth: Mandeok, Buk District, Busan, South Korea

Citizenship: South Korean

Current Alias: Blade

Previous Aliases: UNKNOWN

Titles: UNKNOWN

Marital Status: UNAVAILABLE

Spouse: UNAVAILABLE

Relatives:
- Jeon Minwoo, Father (Deceased)
- Jeon Ailee, Mother (Deceased)
- Jeon Chaeyoung, 29, Older Sister

Education: League of Assassins

Occupation: Assassin

Alignment: Evil

Affiliation:
- League of Assassins: South Korean Sector
- League of Shadows: East Asian Sector, Korean Division

Base of Operations: Seoul, South Korea

Home World: Earth

Physical Evaluation: Peak human condition

Mental Evaluation: Jeon is very withdrawn and will not interact with anyone outside of his partners more than he deems necessary, and he tends to talk or sing to himself while exercising inside of his
cell. Though not as violent as his other partners, like his partner Min Yoongi, he can be very violent when provoked and is incredibly dangerous despite his antisocial behaviour. Jeon can also be vindictive and cruel, being capable of killing without thinking twice, however like his partners, he refuses to harm children due to his past, but he will if one of his partners orders it.

**Diagnosis:** Jeon has been diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), Antisocial Personality Disorder, Schizotypal Personality Disorder, Depression and Anxiety.

**Disability:** Jeon suffers from violent episodes due to his PTSD as well as suffer from light sensitivity.

**Date of Capture:** 12 June 2013

**Criminal Offenses:**

- 823 counts of assault and battery
- 37 counts of first degree murder
- 12 counts of car theft
- 28 counts of theft of international files

**Sentence:** 2 life sentences, no parole

**Place of Incarceration:** District 0713 Penitentiary: Agma Division for the Criminally Insane

**Assigned Doctor:** Zhang Yixing

**Assigned Nurse:** Jung Hoseok

**Prisoner Information:** Jeon, though one of the most withdrawn of his partners, is still incredibly dangerous and is kept within a cell of reinforced steel, as well as with an electroconvulsive field and a handprint scanner.

**Abilities:**

*Deception Mastery*

*Feline Enhanced Physiology*

- *Feline Vertical Pupils*
- *Feline Agility*
- *Feline Flexibility*

*Biochemically Enhanced Physiology*

- *Enhanced Durability*
• Enhanced Speed
• Enhanced Strength
• Enhanced Reflexes
• Enhanced Stamina
• Enhanced Healing
• Enhanced Flexibility
• Enhanced Agility
• Enhanced Senses
• Enhanced Longevity
• Foreign Chemical Resistance

Peak Mental Resistance
• Indomitable Will

Expert Manipulator
• Expert at Psychological Warfare
• Expert Seducer

Master Marksman
• Firearms
• Artillery
• Knives

Weapons Mastery
• Firearms
• Knives
• Artillery
• Bo Staff
• Swords
Lethal Combatant

- Lethal Unarmed Combatant
- Lethal Armed Combatant
- Master Assassin
- Pressure Point Striking
- Body Reading
- Master Martial Artist: Jeon has mastered Taekwondo, Hapkido, Boxing, Capoeira, Jiu Jitsu, Dragon Style Kung Fu, Karate, Wushu, Kendo, Muay Thai, Savate, Eskrima, Ninjitsu, Piguaquan, Tai Chi Quan, Aikido, Kickboxing and Judo.

Master Spy

- Master Scout
- Master Thief
- Stealth Mastery

Master Gymnast

- Master Acrobat
- Master Aerialist

Multilingualism

- Korean
- English
- Arabic
- Japanese
- Mandarin

Background: Jeon Jeongguk is the youngest son of the Jeon Clan, a family that belongs to the
League of Assassins sector in Korea and was trained to be the perfect weapon after being deemed a prodigy by his father. After his sister took the title when their parents died, he was expected to take her place as the warrior of the clan, however when the elder Jeon sibling switched the clan’s allegiance to the League of Shadows, Jeongguk, unbeknownst to his sister, underwent various torture and experimentation. After discovering what they were doing to her younger brother, the two siblings escaped, and took refuge in Kim Namjoon’s territory, with Jeongguk becoming enamored with the older man. They eventually became a couple, and were incarcerated alongside the rest of their partners.

**Threat Level:** *RED - HIGHLY DANGEROUS*

**Chapter End Notes**

Let me clear this up: Royal Terror is the name of Hobi and his lovers, but the organization run by Namjoon is called the Red Bullet.
Journal Entry: 2012.05.15

Chapter Summary

A peak into Hoseok's mindset, a year before he meets the Red Bullet gang.

Chapter Notes

Warning:
Domestic Abuse
Gaslighting
Mental Instability

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Maybe I’m not meant to be happy. Maybe pain is meant to be my reality,”

~Unknown

There is no amount of painkillers in the world that can ease the agony that I feel, not when the pain of being locked inside of that room for so long has taken a toll on more than just my body, and it feels like there is something pressing against my head that isn’t my fiancé’s boot connecting to head. Eunhyuk says that I embarrassed him in front of his parents, that they shouldn’t have asked if I was a metahuman like the one’s inside of the facility because of my eyes changing colour even though Eomma and Papa told Mr. and Mrs. Chae that it was a symptom of my illness, and I could tell that even that didn’t please him.

I knew that I should’ve tried to lie, I shouldn’t just said that it was a trick of the light, and maybe he wouldn’t have been so mad at me - but I know he hates that, he hates my “freakishness” and I deserved the punishment that I was given. Eunhyuk didn’t want to hurt me, I know that he didn’t want to hurt me, I know he didn’t, but he knows that I need to learn and I know that too, even though it hurts.

There are times in life where one must look at their reflection to see where things had changed, to see when I had changed to the point where I don’t really know who I am, who I was, or who I will become. It’s like I’m staring into a mirror, one that had been cracked over and over again despite the many times that it has been pieced back together, and I can’t help but to wonder if my life has any sort of meaning. I wonder when the colours started to fade, replacing everything with a never
ending gray that has been somehow tainted by forces I’ve lost the will to fight against.

I have my parents, my sister, my fiancé, my puppy and my mentor; I graduated school early and now I have a job at one of the most secure mental facilities in South Korean - yet I feel empty. Eomma says that it’s because I’ve accomplished so much in such a short span of time, but Eunhyuk says it’s because I’m a freak, that only freaks feel that way and I can’t help but feel that he’s right when the only time I can feel something is when he hits me. It’s horrible, that it takes him hitting me for me to feel something, but it keeps that voice inside my head at bay and I love that would risk getting in trouble just to help me feel something.

It hurts, the amount of pain that I’m in, but I haven’t felt true happiness in such a long time, and the love of my life is only trying to help me be better in the only way that he knows how. Working together has made it easier, he can check on me more often, especially now that these headaches and migraines have grown worse as the year goes on and the colour switch happens more often, so Eunhyuk can hand out punishments when he feels it’s necessary. It’s embarrassing, but I need that stability, I need it so bad because everything feels like it’s not as it seems, and it feels as though my actual reality has been hidden from me.

I don’t know, but for now, I guess I am content with my life.

~ Hoseok

Chapter End Notes

So, Hobi is aware that he has a disorder, something in him causes his eyes to change and he believes that it makes him a freak. This is great enough that he believes he deserves the abuse from his fiance, Eunhyuk, even though his parents explain that it's just a side effect from his disorder.

Question of the Day: Why do you think that Hobi believes that the abuse he's going through provides him with stability?
Dear Agony

Chapter Summary

Here's a closer look at the Hoseok's life behind closed doors.

Chapter Notes

In case you skipped the tags and didn't read the disclaimer, this is not a lighthearted story. The warnings are in place for a reason.

Warning:
Domestic Abuse
Gaslighting
Implied Torture
Mental Manipulation
Emotional Manipulation
Implied Mental Instability
Extremely Dubious Consent

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Suffer slowly - Is this the way it’s gotta be?”

Breaking Benjamin

01 JUNE 2013

The moon is a beautiful sight, one that provides comfort despite the icy grip that has taken hold of his body and it’s the only source of light, a soft white that is gentle on his tear-induced irritated eyes, that’s available within the basement that he has become accustomed too. It’s glowing face is kind from where it shines from its peak in the midnight sky, casting it’s soothing embrace on the tiny figure curled up on the floor, rattling breaths aiding in breaking the silence that had taken over the basement as bruised, swollen eyes tried to focus on the glowing orb in the sky.

He could feel everything, the amount of pain that had taken his body no longer felt like fire engulfing his very being but felt more like a cold chill, something that the nurse within him faintly registered as shock setting in. He could feel the weight of the cuffs on his right ankle, knowing the amount of bruising in the area, despite being swollen, is nothing in comparison to the rest of his body, not when the dried crimson of old blood stains the pallid flesh that is mottled with large, ink coloured marks that seem to cover every inch of skin that his tired eyes can make out in the faint lighting.
The marks are so large that they nearly overlap with one another, crawling their way up over thin, twig like legs and up over knobby knees, spreading over thin thighs and the concave curve of his pelvis, even over the sharp points of his hip bones pressing against the skin as though any movement would cause them to pierce through at any given time. The deep hues led to a skinny torso where each rib and every bump over his spine could be counted clearly, even the misshapen areas where a rib had been broken from blunt for, and a gaunt face that belonged to the skeletal frame.

A beauty he would be if not for the damage done to his face and body, once petal soft lips were now dry and crack from a lack of water, only ever receiving what little moisture a small pink tongue that slivered out weakly to wet the colourless flesh could provide from a near parched mouth. His eyes, bruised and reddened from hours of crying, seemed much too big for his face, the pupil nearly devouring the rich brown irises with long lashes that seemed too delicate for someone that was just about half-dead.

Soft pink locks had given way to a soft amber colour, the once ear length hair having grown to his chin, proving just how long he had been trapped within the basement now that his hair dye faded considerably from what he could see in the old mirror that was nearby. It will all be over soon, just hold on. It’s almost over, his own voice is faint, even within his head, a tell tale sign of how long it’s been since he’s been given water or any form of drink in so long that the ache in his throat was now normal and he bet that even attempting to drink anything would hurt as bad as the rest of his body.

A tiny whimper, barely audible to any ears but his own slipped through his abused lips, a cry for mercy even though he fights against the dark edges along his vision, his body begging for the release that unconsciousness could bring. The inside of his thighs are stained dark pink from the blood that had flaked off, inky hues in the form of hand prints that are practically embedded into his skin along with jagged half moons formed from the harsh grip of hands much larger than his own; the feeling of that liquid burning his torn insides and the pain of the muscle connecting to his groin being red and swollen from force is one that he had grown used too.

The young pinkette faintly registers the feeling of eyes on his body, his mind too preoccupied with the words of comfort that he was whispering to himself and attempting to retreat farther into his mind in order to escape from reality - because it hurts, it hurts so much, but it’s not over. It's never over. The thrum of pain that rushes over his body, originating from the faint scarring on his temples that was hidden by unwashed pink hair, forces a hitch in his breath and he knows, he knows that his normal deep brown had given way to a much lighter shade when the thrum happens again, but much stronger.

….Free….weak…me.....free…. A voice at the back of his mind is so much like his own, and though it’s faint, almost like an echo, it’s filled with an anger that so powerful that it hurts his head and forces a small whimper of pain out of his lips. He doesn’t understand why this keeps happening to him, why that voice causes his so much pain when it’s the very reason why he’s here in the first place, it’s the reason why his own fiance has so much anger towards him because this freakish behaviour that forces the colour change in his eyes is something that is unacceptable.

He can’t be like this, he can’t be a freak, not when it forces the hand of his beloved to force that voice to retreat.

The sound of tutting, the familiar sound of heavy boots thumping against the cool cement floor sends a spike of terror through his heart - Eunhyuk can’t see his eyes, he can’t see his freakishness after working so hard to make it stop, he can’t see another break in the progress that they have made so far. He’s been trapped in the basement for almost two months, been forced down into the Room after his eyes changed to a near hazel colour during a meeting at work, the colour refusing to recede like it normally does and causing their coworkers to ask questions.
Harsh white light floods the room, his pupils contracting to near pin pricks as his tear sensitive eyes are subjected to something harsher than the dim sunlight that he had been subjected to for almost two months, forcing a sheen of wetness over his eyes that his dehydrated body had somehow managed to produce. *He can’t see,* is the mantra that races through his head, tired eyes desperately trying to close, yet deep down he knows that it’s futile, not when his fiance had entered through the entrance in their backyard and can clearly see his face - and from the stony expression, he knows that his future husband was already irritated, but seeing it darken even more lets him know that he’s in for a world of pain.

There’s a part of him that is filled with anger, some foreign feeling that is almost tainted in something that he can’t figure out, but it’s a feeling that has him wanting to pull his lips back over his teeth in a snarl that doesn’t fit his normal personality. As far as the pinkette knows, he’s never been a violent person, he was as non confrontational as they came and was often noted to be very gentle person, even by the standards of his coworkers, so this feeling immediately put him on edge. Especially when he knows that such intense feelings cause his eyes to become brighter, lighter brown nearing a more amber looking colour that for some reason, almost feels - almost feels - right to him.

A tutting sound fills the room, breaking the silence and ripping him away from the strange thoughts within his head, amber and a brown so dark it nearly looked black meeting each other. “You just don’t learn, do you?” Eunhyuk’s voice is filled with a disappointment that hurts, it’s almost as if there was a physical grip on his heart that caused it to feel as though it was being crushed inside his chest. Every part of him that aches, the part of him that wishes to be good, to be perfect in the eyes of his fiancé, the part of him that strives to be viewed as pure despite the darkness tainting the very edges of his soul feels horrible at the fact that he couldn’t do something as simple as prevent his eyes from changing colour.

The words *I’m sorry* rested on his tongue, but they couldn’t go any further, blocked by his lips and his throat that was much too dry to aid in the formation of those words. Eunhyuk sighed, running a hand through his messy hair as he leveled a harsh glare on the young pinkette, the gazy so strong that a pitiful sound, one that couldn’t even be counted as a whimper, echoed into the room. “How sweet, it’s almost like you know that you did something wrong,” his voice is nothing short of a taunt, mocking the purposefully naïve young man as he stalked forward, “You know, it’s a shame that you are so well liked by the staff. It’s pathetic really, that they care so much for a freak like you, when I’m the only one who knows how sick you really are, Hoseok,”

The raven haired man drew closer, eventually stopping so that was just a little ways away from his younger partner and crouching down so that he could reach forward, grasping the pinkette’s chin and tilting his head so that he could see his face clearly. “Look at you, continuing on with your freakishness even though you’ve been punished for it for nearly two months,” his thumb touched Hoseok’s torn lips, rubbing over his bottom lip with an odd gentleness that makes him crave more, “You made such progress, why waste it now? I’m disappointed. No one, not even your parents, knows how to deal with your freakishness the correct way, yet you still won’t learn,”

The large hand that held his chin was suddenly around his throat, cutting off what little air was able to make it past a bruised esophagus and into his lungs, his eyes wide open as he weakly struggled against Eunhyunk’s grip on his throat, only to be thrown away from his fiance with so much force that the snap that came from his shoulder as he hit the ground was audible. It’s like a millions of needles are being shoved into every nerve in his body, a scream ripping its way out of his abused throat when the larger man darts forward, a heavy boot connecting to his body that forces the younger to curl onto his side before connecting to his back and forcing him onto his stomach. Hoseok can’t hide the tears that fall down his face as he’s grabbed by his air, blow after blow connecting to his face and most definitely snapping his thin cheekbone, before he was finally allowed to collapse to the ground in agony.
"I try so hard to get you to understand that I don’t want to hurt you," the raven haired Warden said, watching with a sneer on his face as the pinkette sobbed, turning away from the younger into order to remove his uniform shirt and belt, setting them down on a small table before facing his fiance again. “You’re such a sweetheart, you do so well when you’re at work, yet you have the nerve to embarrass me like that?” he growled at Hoseok as he stalked forward, “I let you keep going to your mother’s ballet studio, I let you continue to keep up with your gymnastics practice, hell, I didn’t even protest when Dr. Zhang wanted you as his apprentice. Yet, you have them questioning me if you’re a metahuman? As if I’d ever let myself by being with one of those freaks? ”

Eunhyuk sighed in frustration as he pinched the bridge of his nose, his ears registering the pitiful whimpers of the word ‘sorry’ leaving the lips of his lover and the very sound. The pinkette felt as though someone was trying to rip his heart of his chest, he could deal with Eunhyuk’s anger, but knowing that he was disappointed in him and was embarrassed at the fact he displayed a trait that was common amongst metahumans hurt more than his body did. He didn’t mean to embarrass his future husband, he knew that there was something wrong with him but he didn’t think that he was embarrassing the older man because of his illness.

“You’ve been gone from work too long, and I don’t need anyone getting curious about the real reason you’ve been gone,” the raven haired man sighed, his dark eyes locking onto the softer brown of the young nurse’s, “So before I let you go, you’re going to be a good boy and make it up to me,”. Hoseok sobs had long since turned into something much softer, every hiccup caused by the upset state of his emotions making his body rattle, yet he still faced his abuser, tearful, doll like brown eyes looking up at the older with such eagerness that it near made the man smirk at the control he had over the pinkette. Such a sweet little thing he was, so innocent, so eager to please and make things right with him, willing to give up his body just to please the Warden and to be forgiven for the fact that he was such an abomination.

“No one will love you the way that I have, no one will ever care enough to try and help rid you of this abnormal behaviour the way I have. You owe your very existence to me,” the words of the older man force another sob out his throat, because he’s right, he’s so right about his life that the petal haired young man feels like he could be crushed by the amount of guilt coursing through him. He had been alone for such a long time, hiding himself away from the world because he was frightened of what other’s what think of him, yet Eunhyuk hadn’t cared and had helped him; he gave him companionship, a home, and a job, loving him more than his own parents could comprehend. How could he embarrass the love of his life in such a way?

More tears fell down his face as he was consumed by guilty feelings, knowing that only forgiveness from his beloved cause ease his heartache even though he didn’t deserve it. “You’re such a pretty boy, you can be so good sometimes, but you’ve been bad and you need to be punished for that,” the raven haired man looked down at the younger, watching as he flinched at his words before looking up at him with those pretty brown eyes that almost looked to be too large for his face. “Turn over. Turn to your stomach and present yourself to me, bitch,” his words are practically a growl, each syllable thoroughly saturated with a command, leaving no room for argument or protest, and the pinkette doesn’t even try to fight it even when the snarl that accompanies the word ‘bitch’ is used in place of his name.

It hurts, it hurts so bad as his small hand pressed against the cool cement, his broken and bruised bones protest as he pushed himself to his stomach, biting down on his tongue hard enough to make it bleed when he feels the burn of blood trying to force its way up from the lungs he knows are most definitely punctured slightly. Needle thin fingers dug into the concrete of the basement floor as he tried to lift up his torso up, his body screaming at him loudly in protest of what he was trying to do, but he wants to be forgiven so bad that he ignores the aggravated wounds until his torso is no longer touched the ground.
In all honesty, the pinkette feared sex, it was something that could either by extremely painful or midly pleasurable, but Eunhyuk taught him that he was to ask for forgiveness from the older man using his body, because that was what good boys did. The heavy weight that settles against his body is frightenng, because this isn’t one of those times where he will receive any sort of preparation, but he doesn’t say a word, biting down on his lip to stifle his sounds, as a large hand grips the back of his neck, nails digging into the pallid column, while the other grabs his skinny wrists and pins them above his head.

He knows what happens next, he can feel the ravenette’s bare length pressing against his entrance, and forces his body to go slack just like he was taught to, even though something inside of him was screaming that he should push the older man off, that he should to something - but he’s been dealing with this since he was fifteen, and he has long since learned the consequences of trying to deny his lover of what he wants. “You’re going to be good for me, aren’t you?” the older man crooned, sliding his hand down from the pinkette’s neck, down the sharp curve of his back to the curve of his bottom, the touch drawing a whimper from the smaller man.

The boy closed his eyes as a burn spread through his bottom half as the head of his lover’s penis pushed against his unprepared entrance, a sob trying to escape from his lips as he older man finally pushed in. It hurt just as bad as it had during the first time he had been placed down here, every thrust tearing at his insides as the pinkette tried to retreat deeper into his mind, turning his head so that he could sink his teeth into his arm and creating a new set of teeth marks. He could feel the iron grip that the Warden now had on his hips, groans of pleasure overpowering weak sounds of pain as they echoed out into the room, remaining limp as he let the older male use him for what felt like the hundredth time, only to let out a bloodcurdling scream when he heard a sharp snap.

His left hip had been broken.

“I want you to feel everything,” the ravenette snarled, his lips twisted into a cruel smile as he watched the pinkette’s fingers tried to dig into the cement as more pain coursed through his body, tightening his grip on the right hip and laughing when the younger screams as he felt another break. One by one, he broke bones and tortured the pinkette, groaning in pleasure as the Hoseok’s body spasmed with the agony of so much pain being forced onto him, because dear god, he loved hurting the pinkette. He relished in the whimpers and agonized cries he forced out the younger, Eunhyuk only want keep breaking him, his dark eyes filled with glee as he watched Hoseok finally go limp, now delirious with pain and unable to prevent his chest from slamming into the cement.

The small pinkette’s tears slowly dried up, darkness creeping up into his vision and the last thing he remembers was seeing was his own reflection staring back at him in a broken mirror with gold coloured irises before he lost consciousness.

Chapter End Notes

Today, July 29th, is my 17th birthday which is why I am posting this today. My updates are spaced out because I always want to finish a chapter, edit it, and start on a new one before updating. As for the QOTD, I would like to thank Hopeworld_94, amilake and teepussi for answering because they were all correct.

I completely forgot to say this, but the stories that inspired mine were:
1. Crown of Genocide by boldcreations
2. Vkook as HarleyQuinnxJoker by BloodLikeRoyalty

3. The Invisible Queen and Her Seven Knights by Rorea

4. Making A Murderer by the author who's user I can't remember right now but it's a really good series so please check it out (I read the pre-editted version that was originally posted)

5. Silence Killed Us: Flower Message by Diamond Apple on AFF (It's a TaeTen fic that is amazingly written)

6. Innocent by unknowngirl109 on AFF (Okay so this one is a Chanbaek fic that I read when I was still an EXO-L. Sadly, it has been in draft status for a while now, but it's a really good fic and hopefully it will come out of draft status).

Please check out these stories if you can and make sure to leave a comment under this one! I love reading comments.

QOTD: Hoseok is scared of himself, do you think that Eunhyuk knows this or is just plain old abusive?

- Kae Constellations
On days like this, when the scent of spring had given way the warm breeze of the upcoming summer, the corners of petal pink lips gently turn upwards in a faint, but pleased smile as mocha coloured eyes opened to take in the sight of the window sill that he had filled with small plants gifted to him from his mother. The feeling of sunlight filtering in through the mint green curtains danced across his skin, warming the slowly healing bruises that were lighter shades of the inky colours that had been a fortnight ago, and temporarily taking away the pain in his soul.

Sitting in front of his vanity, his eyes move away from his face, having already taken in the sight of the deep circles and hollow cheeks, and moving on to his thin frame, a pang going through his body at the realization that he’d never look the way he used to- he’d never go back to the healthy, slender boy who had muscle from years of dance and gymnastics as long as he remained a freak. His once sunkissed skin had long since faded away and left a much paler colour behind and there was no way the padding in his dress could hide the substantial amount of weight that he had lost, nor the greyish tinge that had settled on his body; even the towel that he had wrapped himself couldn’t hide what he had become.

Weak, that sinister little whisper that had been plaguing his waking moments for as long as he could remember snarled at him, and Hoseok wishes that he hadn’t seen the way his right eye twitched, a solar flare of gold extending from his pupil as the voice laughed at him. Look at ya, ya could be so much more than this. Why do ya fight yourself, darlin'? You’re pathetic, the pinkette flinched at those words, curling into himself at the rage in that voice that seemed to echo inside of his mind,
trying to ignore it when he knows that he can’t. I’m not weak because you aren’t real. You’re just a voice, you aren’t real and you aren’t me, Hoseok closed his eyes, whispering to himself the mantra that he had been whispering all those years.

The Voice isn’t real.

The Voice is just a figment of his imagination.

The Voice isn’t real.

A cry of pain escaped his lips, the sudden pain filling his head so sudden that he falls backwards as if he had been pushed, his slender fingers pressing against the sides of his head as the vicious snarl that filled his head was so loud it felt as though it filled the room. Ya sorry little bitch! Pathetic whore! Ya let him hurt ya, let ‘im hurt us! Weaklin’! Coward! Ya think that just sayin’ I’m not real will work? The laughter that followed the question was nothing short of cruel, the very tone that was filled with such fury was cold and mocking as another wave of pain came over him and forced out a cry of mercy that wasn’t heeded by the Voice. The snarl softened, still just as cruel and mocking, but the tone was filled with a saccharine sweetness that made his stomach curl at the way that made his stomach turn because it was the same tone that Eunhyuk took before hitting him.

Look at what they’ve turned ya into. I’m just as real as you are, in fact, I AM you. The only difference is that I ain’t weak like you, the word weak is spat out as if it’s a curse, as if the word itself if filthy and Hoseok opens his eyes, the solar flared irises staring back at him as the reflection in the mirror on the closet smirks. He’s seen this reflection before, his own face that bears an eerie smile, the reflection that had driven him crazy with its taunts - it’s a much darker, angrier version of himself that stands up with its lips drawn back into a disgusted sneer that hurts as if he’d been struck physically.

“I-I’m n-not w-weak,” but even Hoseok has trouble believing his own words, not when he’s felt the opposing forces in his reality and outside of his own mind, not when he had chosen to ignore the things that were wrong with him, not when he’d rather face the brutality of his fiancé than face his own instability, “H-He love m-me. I j-just ha-have to b-be bet-better. I ha-have to be bet-better.” It's a sick mantra and he knows it, he knows that what he tells himself is nothing compared to his reality, but it’s the only thing that’s holding him together, it’s the only thing keeping him from falling apart.

Just give in to me, sweetheart. Quit fightin’ me, the Voice crooned, and for a second, he almost considered letting the voice take control as he watched the smile on its face turn into something deranged, a tell-tale sign of something sinister lying beneath and it sent chills down his spine. The Voice yelled at him, snarling and demanding to be let free from it’s cage, hurling insults at the timid pinkette to the point where it’s vicious words drown out his other senses to the point where he doesn’t notice Eunhyuk enter the room - not until he felt the sharp sting of blow connecting to his gaunt face.

A gasp echoed out into the room, his eyes fluttering as the solar flare of bright gold receded back into his pupil, taking with it the reflection of himself that was scowling with it’s unnaturally coloured eyes narrowed into slits before disappearing. The pinkette was trembling slightly, both from fear of what he had just endured and the anxiousness of wondering what Eunhyuk’s reaction would be, and he could only remain limp as the ravenette grabbed him by the chin so that they were looking each other in the eyes.

“You were unresponsive,” is the only thing that Eunhyuk says, his face showing mild annoyance rather than anger, looking down at the pinkette with those dark eyes that he had feared for so long. It takes a second before Hoseok truly registers what he had been told, it takes a little longer for him to
realize that he hadn’t fallen on the floor at all, but was still sitting on his vanity bench where he had
down after his shower, his hair having dried already and the increased amount of sunlight in the
room, as well as the sight of his husband in his uniform, shows just how much time had passed.

*He had imagined everything.*

“I don’t ...I-I mean I…,” the pinkette whimpered softly, his words failing him as he tried to wrap his
head around the fact that everything that had happened to him was nothing more than a hallucination,
an illusion that had encased his mind until he was forcefully brought out. Eunhyuk’s grip on his chin
shifts so that his hand is on his bruised jaw, the pain from those marks forces him to look up again,
his breathing hitching slightly as the ravenette pressed a chaste kiss to his lips rather than hitting him
as he had expected before pulling away.

“Your mother warned me that this could happen, and since I’ve seen this happen to normal people,
you won’t be punished,” the older man says, the corner of his lips curling up in a slight smirk when
sees the young pinkette relax into the softer grip of his fiance’s hand, looking much younger, much
softer, without fear marring his features. Eunhyuk isn’t stupid, he’s perfectly aware of how much he
scared the pink haired sweetheart, he’s aware that Hoseok is much too timid and softspoken to fight
against him, he’s a beauty in his own right and the ravenette took pleasure in knowing he had so
much control over him.

Hoseok’s big brown eyes looked up at him from a forest of long lashes, the action within itself is
submissive because the sweet thing is still curled into himself with what was undoubtedly lingering
fear at the thought of being punished again. “Listen to me closely because I don’t want to repeat
myself,” the tone in the older man’s voice makes the pinkette tense in fear again, his mind screaming
at him that he needs to obey whatever Eunhyuk says lest he reap the consequences, “Everyone in
your department has been told that you were out sick with a very rough case of bronchitis that
eventually developed into pneumonia, but while you were out recovering and I was doing some
overtime, our house was broken into and you were attacked by the robbers. The stress from the
attack scared you badly, aiding into why you lost so much weight. Do you understand?”

The pinkette nodded softly, flinching when he feels the grip on his jaw tightened painfully again. “If
you even *think* of embarrassing me with your freakishness, I’ll make sure that you’ll regret even
*breathing* in the wrong way,” he growls before letting his hand go slack again, “You can be good for
me, right? You’re going to be a good little nurse and finish getting ready, I want you to look nice and
pretty for me, baby boy. Okay? I don’t want to hurt you, but you make me do it when you’re
bad,”he says with a laugh that easily hide the condescending tone within it.

Eunhyuk holds back the urge to smirk when the pinkeete nods his head eagerly, the smaller
maneuvering himself to that he was kneeling on the plush cushion of his vanity bench, his beautiful
brown eyes filling with tears at the thought of being bad when he had worked so hard to prove that
he could be good. “S-sorry,” he whimpers, nose and cheeks flushed red from the tears building in his
eyes, his voice filled with guilt as he presses gentle kisses against the strong jaw of the older man, a
silent way to ask if he’s forgiven and is answered with large arms wrapping around his skinny waist,
letting the smaller man bury his head into his chest while his slender hands clutched at his work shirt.
His smirk was hidden in the soft pink of Hoseok’s hair, a dark tinge to it as he whispered empty
reassurances to the pinkette.

Hoseok struggled not sob at the heavy feeling in his chest, both from the fear of what the
hallucination he had suffered through and the thought of breaking the progress that they had made, at
the very thought that he could disappoint the older man again. The raven haired man’s fingers felt
nice as they cared through his hair, his voice comforting to the frightened young man who only
wanted to be normal instead of suffering from some illness that he didn’t even know the name of.
“Come on baby boy, we have to get work. You don’t want your coworkers to be worried, do you?” Eunhyuk murmurs. It’s almost a skill, how easy it is to get the pinkette to do as he says, he can play the younger boy like a fiddle and it’s almost pathetically easy at how he could do it. Hoseok was such a timid little thing, always apologizing and trying to help people, it was too easy to manipulate the pinkette into believing anything that he says and it’s nothing short of amazing, because Eunhyuk knows that as long as he plays his cards right, the pinkette will never leave him.

Neither of them notice the solar flare of gold in Hoseok’s irises or the pinkette’s soft smile transforming into a wolfish and undoubtedly maniacal grin before they pulled apart, Eunhyuk leaving the room check on the files he had brought home and to allow the pinkette to get ready.

Hoseok blinks, shaking his head softly to clear his mind, patting his cheek with cute little motions and a whisper of “F-focus Hobi, you g-gotta f-focus” as he sat back down at the vanity and turned on the beauty lights surrounding his mirror.

At this point in his life, he has become used to the process of covering up his wounded flesh with makeup, the process was so ingrained into his daily routine that it had reached a perfected point where he could work quickly and effectively. Slender fingers easily pulled out different shades of concealer, the heavy pigments in the form of creamy liquid were applied to the discoloured areas of any skin that was shown or could be revealed by his clothing and blended until they disappeared beneath the bright colours before being covered with his foundation.

The process afterward is simple in comparison, wielding the makeup tools as if they were an extension of his body and transforms himself from a sickly looking Hoseok to a much healthier looking version. The pinkette hums to himself as fills in his brows and as he blends soft brown colours together, adding the slightest bit of shimmer so that he doesn’t look washed out, effectively making his eyes look much bigger once he adds a thin line of dark brown liner and mascara to his eyes. A false healthy flush is added to his face, and he can’t help the small smile that creeps onto his face as he grabs a tube of his favorite jelly lipstick, the clear product turning into a soft pink on his lips.

The pinkette brushed his freshly dyed hair, pinning the right side of his hair behind his ear and making sure that it’s all neat before continuing with the rest of his routine. Hoseok flitted over to his dresser, selecting a pair of simple mint green cotton boyshorts with lace trim and a white tank top, his hips swaying gently as he applied his body products and proceeded to grab his clothes for the day. The outfit that he had chosen consisted of pale green dress shirt with quarter length sleeves tucked into a nude coloured pencil skirt that stopped at his knees and a matching pair of nude pumps; the pinkette wore a simple rose gold chain necklace with a heart charm on it, slipped his engagement ring on, and put on his badge.

Hoseok grabbed his messenger bag, double checking to see if his files were there before walking over to where Eunhyuk was waiting at the door, ignoring the little voice in his head that snarled as they left their home for his first day back at work.

Chapter End Notes

BRACE FOR A RANT: Seriously speaking, please read the tags. Just because my story isn’t as fucked up as some others can get (and trust me, I have read quite a few that made me reread the tags) doesn’t mean it's not a messed up story. We are only four
chapters in but I want to make it very fucking clear, even though I have received nothing but positive comments as of now, I'm only accepting constructive criticism and that is it.

People who don't read the tags when the author EXPLICITLY stated to read the tags and then have the nerve to talk shit to the author kill me, especially the ones who leave anonymous hate comments. I was reading a Jungkook-centric story that was very dark (Rabbit's Lucky Foot if you wanted to know) and the amount of hate they get for a story they explicitly warned the readers about was astonishing, especially when they stated multiple times to read the tags. You know what I hate more than comments of people who clearly didn't listen to the author? People who leave hate comments on anon.

So let me make it very very clear (this is not to my audience that likes my stories, I love you guys) I want you to know that my comments are moderated for a reason and that is so I can read every fucking comment that I get.

If you think you're brave enough to leave hate in my comments, keep that same energy and come off of anon. If you wanna be a loud, hateful, bouty bouty bitch who thinks they're a keyboard thug, then come off of anon and be one. Don't pop off at ya jaws and talk shit if you ain't about to stand by your statement, and don't be surprised when I post the comment alongside my response. You hateful ass readers who come on to stories that have stated multiple fuckin times that they aren't writin' the fluffy, soft shit that you want kill me, so if you wanna talk shit then do it where everyone can see. Cause best believe, you got me fucked up if you think I won't say something, and I'm the type of bitch who will screenshot what you say then post it. Try me bitch, I fucking dare you to try me. Let's see who the tougher bitch then.

Sorry for the rant, but this is honestly just a warning because I was telling the truth when I said that this series is darker and will have even darker moments even if it has fluffy scenes. I really can't stand people who leave hate comments when they clearly ignored the author's warnings, and I hate people who leave anon hate comments because they can't find the balls to stand by what they said.

Anyways, how are you guys liking the story so far? I can tell that a lot of you hate Eunhyuk (I do too, and I wrote his character) but we are only just beginning. This story will most likely be 15 chapters minimum and 25 maximum; but I do want to let you guys know that I am starting my senior year of high school August 13th, so updates will be even more spaced out as I prepare for my driver's exams and preparing to go to college.

As for the last QOTD: Abusers are much smarter than you think, especially the narcissistic ones, so what does that say about Eunhyuk?

QOTD: The other six were taken in on June13th - why do you think this date is significant and why do you think Hoseok wasn't there when they were brought it?
There are things in my life that I truly don’t understand, things that I have questions upon questions about and things about myself that even I do not understand. I heard the Voice again today, but instead of its normal barbed words aimed at my weakness and snarling for me to let it free, it almost sounded as if it was excited, like it could sense something that I could not. It seemed like it was longing for something, something that must have been so much stronger than it was because I could feel everything that the Voice was projecting, and it didn’t hurt for once.

I have long since grown used to the unsettling knowledge that the Voice is a part of me that won’t go away no matter how much I beg, but even when I am around fairly dangerous criminals that could easily kill me, it has never sounded so...desperate. I guess I should explain why, yes?

Yesterday, Dr. Zhang announced that our facility had been chosen to hold the most dangerous criminals in all of South Korea, and it was truly something that I hadn’t suspected. I have only worked with a few of our upper level criminals, mainly the ones in the Cheolwon District, but only the senior nurses are allowed near the Agma District, and even then they still need to have guards with them to even come inside of the area, let alone get near the patients. To have him announce that we had been chosen to host the most dangerous criminals in all of South Korea was something that I hadn’t expected, but that pales in comparison to the shock of knowing just who was inside of these walls.

They had not only managed to capture members of the Red Bullet, but they had gotten the leaders.

I have heard all sorts of stories about them, how their leader owns most of the city and holds total control of all of the Red Light Districts in the country. Until now, no one has ever been able to catch them, let alone hold them enough to make an arrest and place them in prison. Dr. Zhang says that he will be choosing the most qualified nurses to attend to the group that must be approved by the board, but I have a sneaking suspicion that something is wrong with the whole situation. How could the most dangerous criminals in the history of this country, people who have entire police departments on their payroll and have never been caught until now, allow themselves to be caught and make it through trial to even be placed inside of our facility?

It doesn’t make any sense - not when the news that my group of nurses had been nominated by
Head Nurse Junmyeon. Eunhyuk was furious when I had brought him the files, he hasn’t looked like this in a long time, and if it hadn’t been for the fact that we were at work, I know that he would’ve hit me.

Admittedly, I am frightened of this situation. They have only been here for six days, yet many guards have been hospitalized, two psychiatrics have been indisposed due to mental trauma and they have killed one of the nurses from the Gyeong District - I was told that one of the psychiatrics was admitted to the Hanseong Mental Institution after going through something that I can only imagine was extremely traumatic. It’s a very scary thought to have…. and I am not sure that Eunhyuk will react well if I am chosen.

I guess I’ll find out when it gets to that, but I must go now. Eunhyuk will be home soon, and dinner must be ready.

~ Hoseok

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! I know it has been a while since I've uploaded but I've been very busy lately as I am now a senior in high school. Plus, writers block was a bitch who held me at knifepoint. Anywhoodlepoodledoodle, thank you for reading this chapter.

Last QOTD: June 13th is going to be an important date in thus book so keep reading to find out why, okay? As for Hoseok, poor baby wasn't there to see them, and there's a reason why.....but I'm not telling, you'll just have to read to find out.

QOTD: Which member do you think will meet Hobi first?
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It’s a beautifully tragic picture, the mirror working as the canvas and his surrounding as it’s paint that misted at the edges from the steam curling out of the bathtub, and he can only stare in both sadness and wonder at the sight of his swollen belly that hold the developing body of what he now knows is a baby girl - his baby girl. He cradled his stomach, a soft, fond smile danced across his pale lips as the feeling of her tiny limbs pressing against the skin of his stomach, nudging against his hands as if she could tell what he was feeling.

The brunette wished that he could change his reflection, wished that he could take away his emaciated figure that almost looks deformed with the size and weight of his stomach that was heavy with child and replace it with a fuller frame that glows with happiness. He wished that he could eat more and could keep it down long enough so that his baby girl wouldn’t be hungry, so that they both could be healthy and happy, even if he was much too young to be carrying a baby at only fifteen but he loved his daughter.

Even if Eunhyuk didn’t.

He wished that he could tell the truth, that his mother and sister wouldn’t look at him with such sad and worry filled eyes as the heavily pregnant teen hunched over in pain, a small gasp leaving while his arms cradled his stomach a little tighter. Hoseok felt his Jiwoo’s hands grab his shoulders softly, steadying him while he tried to hold in the tears caused by the knowledge that his baby girl was hungry, that he couldn’t feed her enough as punishment for not catching the pregnancy early enough. He wished that things could’ve been different, that if he was normal ... maybe she wouldn’t be dying alongside him.

“You know, when the doctor said that the pregnancy would be rough, I didn’t think he meant it
would look like this," Jiwoo side, her mouth forming a frown as she helped her little brother remove his robe, trying to hold back the grimace that threatened to take hold on her face. The older of the two siblings had made it no secret that she didn’t care for Eunhyuk, she had thought it was strange that a man who was nearly five years older than her precious baby brother had taken an interest in him - her Hobi, her sweet little brother who could be a little naive - and no one had really said anything. Her baby brother was only fifteen, he wouldn’t be sixteen for another two weeks, yet after only two years of dating, he was already pregnant.

It was a scary situation even if her little brother hadn’t admitted out loud, she had been heartbroken when they had gone to his first ultrasound and had discovered that her brother’s pelvis was too small, that he was too small to carry a baby, that it was going to be rough and that he could possibly die. He was too young and wasn’t healthy enough, and though she had wanted to protest, Hobi looked like he was glowing when he had found out he was pregnant and she had never seen him look so happy since he was a tiny babe himself.

“I-I’ll be f-fine,” he said stubbornly, his doe eyes filled with sadness at the fact that his baby girl was suffering because of his mistakes, his poor little Jangmi who was starving because her mommy didn’t listen to his boyfriend like he was supposed to. Hoseok wasn’t stupid, he knew that the only reason that Eunhyuk hadn’t punished him was because they didn’t need to cause trouble if the brunette suddenly miscarried out of the blue, and he was well aware that their was only a matter of time before he messed up and earned even more punishment.

But in reality, Hoseok was the one to blame. Eunhyuk was older than him, he was his hyung before he was his boyfriend, and he had told Hoseok that sex with him meant no condoms because he didn’t like the way it felt, that he didn’t believe in contraception and that Hoseok, as a carrier, was meant to make sure that he didn’t get pregnant before they were married. Hoseok had been reminded after each sex session that he was to make sure that he wasn’t pregnant, that he could get pregnant until he was allowed to and yet, here he was - nearly six months into a pregnant and slowly suffering from malnutrition.

Why couldn’t he be obedient? Why couldn’t he be good?

“Come on sunshine, the bath will help ease your muscle pain,” the voice of his sister pulled Hoseok out of his thoughts, bringing his attention back to the bubble coated water that smelled of something subtle yet sweet, like cocoa and vanilla. The brunette allowed her to slip off the soft cotton robe that had covered his body and place it on the back of the chair where he had been sitting, one of her arms wrapped around his waist as she held one of his hands, helping to guide the petite teen to the bathtub as one of his own arms cradled his swollen belly.

Jiwoo’s grip on him was steady as he slipped into the bathtub, the water feeling like silk against his skin, turning the tawny shade to a flushed rose color, and it felt like heavy. He slumped slightly, the tension immediately seeping out of his muscles and his body feeling lighter as the water helped his baby float so that she wasn’t pressing so hard against his internal organs and the little nudge against his hands made him giggle happily, he knew that his little flower was happy as well.

His time within the bathroom was silent, the warmth of the water and the sweet scented bubbles helped to calm his nerves, taking away his nerves and leaving him feeling light in both body and mind for the first time in almost three years. ‘I love you, my little rose. I hope that when you get here, you’ll forgive me for being bad. I love you so much,’ the brunette whispered mentally, hoping that his baby girl could hear what he was thinking, that she could forgive him for his mistakes and could love him as much as he loved her. Because for the love of all things that were holy, Hoseok loved his baby girl with everything within him.
The rest of his bathing time was relaxing, the feeling of his sister’s slender figure slowly working out the stress-induced tension in his neck and the pregnancy induced tension in his back was felt heavenly, especially when she washed his hair that he had let grow since he had discovered he was pregnant. Once he was out the tub, fully moisturized with a lotion that smelled of vanilla, and was dressed comfortably in a sweater, leggings and socks, Hoseok settled down on the couch in a mug of chrysanthemum tea, keeping the mug close to his body to steal it’s warmth while his sister settled down across from him.

“Eomma and Appa are worried about you sunshine, and I am too. You’re thinner than last time, and the doctor already said that you were to not lose anymore weight,” the older woman’s brows were furrowed in concern, and Hoseok fought the urge to tear up, he hated worrying people, especially his family. The brunette looked down, trying to hide the saddened look on his face, but his sister knew better, she knew that her baby brother was sensitive and hated it when his family was worried about him. “You’re going to be an amazing mother, but you’re still very young, I don’t want you to get hurt,” she said kindly, reaching over to hold his hand.

“I-I’m gonna b-be o-okay, JiJi, p-please d-don’t be s-sad,” the brunet’s voice was very soft, looking up at his sister from beneath his lashes, “M-my b-baby and I w-will be fine,”. The smile that he have his older sister was one that made her heart hurt, it was so sweet and so pure, it made her heart hurt to think about what would happen if Hoseok ever lost his baby, he loved the unborn child so much that it reminded her of their mother when she was pregnant with her little brother.

If only she knew what lay wait for her baby brother and unborn niece.

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At seven months into his pregnancy, getting up to do anything around the house was hard, all the weight on his stomach changed his natural walk into a waddle and his skeletal frame looked as though it was going to collapse at any moment. Hoseok let out a huff of frustration as he ran a hand through his freshly dyed hair, the shoulder length pink locks pulled back with a headband to keep his hair from falling into his eyes while he cooked, his lips curling into a pout as he failed once more to reach the dishes on the top shelf due to his large stomach.

Giving up for now, the pinkette turned away from the cabinets and back to the stove, his slender fingers removing the cover to large pot filled with yukgaejang. Steam from the boiling pot rose out in a near inaudible hiss, translucent white tendrils curling out of the pot and gently caressing the bruised flesh that was the teenagers wrist. The scent itself is pungent, filled with the scent of meat, vegetables and spices that have been cooked into a hearty stew that causes his stomach to let out a particularly vicious growl but the sixteen year old doesn’t dare to take a single bite. The bruising on his wrists in proof enough of that.

He knows the rules by now, even if his baby girl cries out for nourishment from within his body, he knows that he shouldn’t do something as selfish as stealing food when he has put Eunhyuk through all of this stress. Hoseok should’ve been more careful when it comes to pleasuring his boyfriend, he should’ve made sure that he was taking a preventive contraceptive but he had been forgetful and now he was pregnant. The least that he could do to earn some forgiveness for being so disobedient.
The rules that he’s been given are simple: no eating or drinking without Eunhyuk’s explicit permission, large serving are prohibited so that he can drop the baby weight easier after giving birth, and there will be no complaining. He will sit next to Eunhyuk’s feet without complaint because only good boys can sit at the table and he must always say thank you for everything that he’s been given. The first, and last, time that he had dared to take a bit of food and resulted in a horrible beating that had nearly killed his daughter.

The hunger claws at his stomach, begging to consume the food that he has painstakingly prepared for the past few hours, to just take the tiniest of sips to sate his hunger even just for the briefest of moments but the pinkette resists the urges. Pregnancy has ramped up his metabolism to eleven, but he knows better than to listen to his urges; stealing food is forbidden and will only cause punishment, it is something that he doesn’t want to experience again any time soon, not when he has worked so hard to be good even if hunger has had negative effects on his body. It doesn’t matter, not when he has guests to serve.

It’s a little hard for the pinkette to move, his tiny body weighed down by his swollen stomach, but he ignores the aching in his hips from the weight and the ache in his thin ankles from being in his feet for such a long time. But the pinkette doesn't complain, he simply grabs the tray, silently hoping that he’ll be strong enough to make it into the living room and deliver the food without any trouble. Hoseok has learned his lesson, and mistakes could cause him so much trouble when he has tried so hard to be good.

The pinkette winces at the pain in his stomach, it's a sharp that originates at the base of his spine and crawls up his spine, fading just as quickly as it had come. A sharp pain resonates throughout his lower body, something that draws out a sound of pain, the feeling itself causing the pinkette to pause and hold his stomach. “It’s okay, we’re okay Mimi,” Hoseok murmurs, trying to ignore the pain that he had felt, mentally trying to reassure himself that he was his baby girl was okay, desperately hoping that he wasn’t suffering that had become his worst nightmare in the recent months.

Hoseok clutched the tray closer to his chest, resting one of his hands on his belly, praying silently for the gentle nudge that she always gave his hand whenever he would touch his stomach, hoping that that she’ll give the young mother some reassurance. He lets out a sigh of relief when he feels a tiny judge against his hand, a tiny smile making itself known on his lips before it turns into a pout and he pokes his swollen stomach. “Chae Jangmi, don’t scare mama like that okay? You’re too young to make me go gray,” the pinkette said, scolding his belly, poking his belly as punishment his daughter.

The pinkette readjusted his grip on the food tray, holding it tighter so that he wouldn’t drop it and continued to make his way into the living room, keeping his eyes trained onto the floor like he had been taught. His boyfriend had brought over some of his friends from the prison, higher ranking officers that he had known since he had entered the academy, but they were a rowdy crowd that made the pink haired teen wary of them. Hyungjoon, Jungsan and Minwoo were all much bigger than him, meatheads in the words of his mother, and they where they lacked in brains, they made up for in brawn.

Hoseok was always uncomfortable around them; he was much younger than his boyfriend, Eunhyuk was older than him by several years, and the twenty two year old was much bigger than him in both height and weight. He loved his boyfriend dearly, hell, they planned on getting married once he was nineteen but he would never deny that Eunhyuk intimidated him, especially when all of his friends were inside of their home. They stared at him in ways that made him feel dirty, but he tried to be nice to them because he didn’t like being mean, especially since that would get them in trouble.

The pinkette ignored the perverted comments aimed at him, placing the dishes down before scurrying away to the kitchen and away from the four men residing in their dining room, hiding the
wince that came with another stabbing pain in him abdomen. “We’re okay, Mimi. We’re going to be okay, we just have to hold on until we can eat again. Mama won’t let you get hurt, okay?” he whispered to his belly, caressing the area where Jangmi normally brushed her tiny fist against his hand, and tried to swallow his rising panic when he didn’t feel her move.

The frail teen closed the door to their bedroom, letting out a sigh of relief as he hid himself away so that his boyfriend could enjoy himself with his friends, and made the executive decision to work on the blanket that he had been knitting from his baby girl. It was a tradition in their family, for mother to knit a blanket for their first child, and Hoseok had been elated when he had received the opportunity to make one he had gone in.

The pinkette heard it before he felt it, a scream that tore itself out of his throat before he felt the sharp pain that had rocked up his spine, causing the pinkette to fall to his knees and curl over his stomach, tears rushing down his face. He had experienced Braxton Hicks before and it was an incredibly uncomfortable experience, it felt like the muscle cramps he received from dancing or gymnastics but in his stomach, but this felt nothing like that. It was one of, if not the most, agonizing thing that we had ever felt in my life.

He knew that he hadn’t been eating enough, that he was too small already and was underweight, but he had tried so hard to make sure that his baby girl was okay. He doesn’t quite remember everything, he only remember the pain that he felt in both his body and his soul, the colours he saw swirl in his vision as Eunhyuk call the paramedics. He remembers his family rushing in as he fought the paramedics, not wanting to accept that his baby girl was gone and he remembers feeling empty.

He remembers the startling gold eyes peering back at him from the darkness of the hospital room as he rolled over to his side, facing away from the mirror on the door as hot tears fell down his face. And the reflection did the same, crystalline tears replaced by ones made of blood.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! I know it’s been a while since I have uploaded a chapter but as I have stated before, I only post chapters once they’ve been completed and I’ve started to work on a new one. Anywholedoodlepoodledoo, let’s get on to the questions.

QOTD: Do you think that Hobi’s miscarriage played a part in why he started to hear voices?

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