<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death, Rape/Non-Consensual Sex</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/M, Multi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Mystic Messenger (Video Game)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Jumin Han/Main Character, Zen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>707</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Eventual Smut, Fluff, Angst, Death, Violence, Magic, Fantasy, slightly AU, AU, Dubious Consent, Bondage, Smut</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2017-01-02 Updated: 2018-07-25 Chapters: 11/? Words: 18038</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Dark Magic**

by Setsuna_Pluto

**Summary**

Jumin Han had made the occasional joke about reading Black Magic books, but what if he was actually able to control their dark power?
The sound of the clink as the wine glass hit the glass coffee table echoed around the penthouse as a reminder of its emptiness. This of course didn't even phase Jumin Han as he sat back in on the large white sofa, resting his head against the top of the sofa and gazing at his ceiling. He had had a long day and as soon as he had got home he had thrown off his suit jacket, taken off his tie and undid the top two buttons of his shirt, now he was relaxed. He revelled in the silence, it was times like these that were most precious to him. Elizabeth 3rd was curled up in the corner of the room, it seemed to be a warm spot within the room and she often chose to sleep in that particular spot.

Jumin leant forward and grabbed his phone that was lying on the coffee table next to where he had set his now half empty glass of wine. He leaned back again and flicked onto the messenger app. He could see that MC and Zen were already in the chat. He entered the room as an unwitting smile graced his features.

*** Jumin Han has entered the chatroom ***

Zen: That's because I need a girlfriend

MC: It will happen if you be patient

Zen: Babe it would happen if you let it

Zen Heart emoji

Jumin Han: Hello MC

Zen shocked emoji

Zen: Dude

Zen: Don't come in here at a time like this

Jumin Han: It's a good thing I did

Jumin Han: Can you be any more desperate around MC?

MC: It's alright, I was just trying to comfort Zen

Jumin Han: And Zen calls me a wolf...

Zen: HEY!

Jumin Han: Yes?

Zen: You're much worse!

Jumin Han: Since when have I flirted so ruthlessly with MC???????????
Jumin Han: MC, don't fall for it

Zen: Don't tell her what to do!

MC: Please don't fight

Jumin Han: You are far too polite MC

Zen: Well we agree on one thing

Zen: She is far too polite and sweet to you.

Jumin Han: Well I must be off, it was fun to talk to you MC

*** Jumin Han has left the chatroom***

Jumin sighed, setting the phone down on the seat next to him. As much as he loved annoying Zen he felt a certain agitation whenever Zen flirted with MC. Perhaps it was out of a masculine desire to protect MC but then, if that was the case, wouldn't he feel that way towards Jaehee too? He certainly did not feel anything of the sort whenever he thought of Jaehee, nor did that same smile occur whenever he saw Jaehee in the chatroom. As he contemplated this, his phone sprang into life, the screen lighting up and MC's name flashing onto the screen as though she knew he was thinking of her. He calmly picked up the phone.

“MC, it's you.”

“Yeah, sorry about Zen earlier, I think he's really stressed with work.”

“Oh? You can tell things like that?”

“Yeah...” Her voice trailed off...

“MC?”

“The thing is Jumin, I really like Zen, he's always there to listen to me and, he makes me feel special.” Whatever it was that manifested itself inside Jumin's chest whenever Zen flirted with her came back thrice as much.

“I...see...”

“Yeah, you think you could keep this a secret though Jumin? I feel like you and I are good friends and I can trust you with my secrets.”

“Friends.” Jumin lowered his voice so that it was not quite a whisper but MC would have to turn the in-call volume up on her phone to maximum.

“Yeah... so, can this stay between us until I'm ready to tell Zen?”

“Of course MC.”

“Thanks,” her voice sounded happy, Jumin could almost imagine her smile. “I'll get going, take care of yourself!”

With that MC hung up leaving Jumin speechless. He had felt this feeling once before, the moment he had realized he had fallen in love with his best friend's girlfriend. How she had seemed to understand the darkness within him, how her seemingly gentle smile had enraptured him, it all led to feelings that he knew he should never have felt and now it had happened again, only this time she had been fair game, but another had infiltrated her heart first and once again Jumin Han was left alone, the ice around his heart freezing once again after being melted a little by this mysterious women who had entered his life so quickly.

Letting the phone slip from his hands and falling, forgotten on the sofa, Jumin stood, downed the
remaining wine left in his glass and walked into the kitchen to refill. On his way he passed a pile of books that sat on top of a small table off to one side of the wall. He remembered leaving them after looking for something a few days ago but telling his maid not to disturb them as some of them had documents inside that he didn't want to be messed up. The truth was he just didn't trust anyone else but himself to do it.

Returning to the books after refilling his glass he set about moving them back to the bookshelf carefully and in alphabetical order however, when he came to the third book he found it to be the dark magic book he had been looking at last week. He had first bought it due to a kind of morbid fascination, he had only really flicked through a few pages.

Taking his wine glass and the book he headed back to the living room and once again seated himself on the sofa, book in one hand and glass in the other. As he turned each page of the book carefully, this time around reading in great detail he came upon one particular paragraph that made him stop dead. At the top of this particular page were the words 'Amor Carmina: How to make a person fall in love with you.' Jumin stared at the title for a good few minutes, his ideas of reason and logic, of which he prided himself as a businessman were all but slipping away as his desire overtook any rationality he had. He didn't really believe in this stuff but the temptation was taking him over like the heat in a hot bath on a cold day.

The “spell” was written in Latin, they all were and the instructions stated that you were supposed to sit in a pitch black room save for a single candle in front of you and read the words aloud whilst thinking of the object of your affection and nothing else. A think smile tracing Jumin's lips, he got up, found a candle in one of his cupboards he always kept in case of a power cut, lit it and turned off all the lights.

Placing the candle on the coffee table in front of him, Jumin sat back on his sofa and read aloud the words of the spell by candlelight,

'His dictis, exaudi orationem meam,
animam meam do vobis,
tenebris copias quae in hoc mundo,
et facies mihi misericordiam meam.'

The book finally stated that once this had been done, Jumin was to blow out the candle which he did with one quick blow.

Jumin didn't know what he was expecting to happen, nothing did. He merely sat alone in the darkness for almost fifteen minutes before deciding that this had been a pointless exercise and a waste of his time and energy. He was almost angry at himself for even daring to believe that something so stupid could have worked. He picked up the book and in a fit of rage threw it as hard as he could against the wall where it collided with an almighty bang and fell to the floor. Jumin left it there, choosing instead to go into his bedroom to get ready for bed.

* * *

The phone that connected Jumin’s staff to his penthouse started to ring. Jumin opened his eyes slowly, the disorientation of sleep taking a moment leave him. When Jumin sat up in his bed the first thing noticed was that it was still dark outside. The second thing was that the clock on his bedside table said 3:18am.

Cursing to himself Jumin got out of bed and walked over to the wall-mounted phone. Picking it up he barked down the receiver,

'What the hell do you think you're doing calling me at this hour?'
'I'm sorry sir, but there's an RFA member here to see you, she says its urgent, her name is MC.'
'M...C?' Jumin questioned. How did she know where his penthouse was? They'd never even met in person before.

'Shall I send her away Mr Han?'
'N...no, thank you, just... send her up.'
'Yes sir.'

Jumin's head spun, what was going on? His first thought was that MC was hurt, maybe Seven had told her to come to him since it was probably the safest place? Perhaps Jaehee had even sent her? Each explanation he could come up with was as unlikely as the last, and then... a thought... Could it possibly be? No, no that was the least likely option, although, this would be too much of a coincidence...

After an agonizingly long time a knock came on Jumin's door. He nearly tripped over himself to get to it and threw it open so hard he almost felt his arm move from its socket. There at the door was a girl with long brown hair, a fringe that fell into her eyes and beautiful flawless skin. Her outfit consisted of a short black skirt and a white jumper. She smiled at Jumin revealing perfect white teeth. 'Jumin, so glad to finally meet you, its me, MC.'
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Jumin learns more about the contents of the book.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was so strange, MC had been up late speaking with Zen over the phone, the two engrossed in a conversation that they vowed would stay private between them until the time was right to reveal their relationship which was after all, still in its infancy. After saying goodnight around 1am MC had begun to drift off into a Zen filled dream when, as if no time at all had passed, she was wide awake again, her head feeling fuzzy as thoughts disappeared of... someone? She didn't know who had previously been inside her head, all she knew now was that Jumin Han resided in her thoughts now. His raven hair, deep grey eyes, his deep sultry voice... This wouldn't do, not at all. She needed to see him, suddenly merely speaking on the phone or in the chat wasn't enough. No, she had to see Jumin Han and she had to see him now. A kind of desperation overtook her and she felt that she could not rest until this feeling had been extinguished.

***

“MC, what are you doing here at this hour?” Jumin asked once the two were seated on the white sofa.
“I knew I had to see you,” MC began, “I woke up and just needed to see you, to be near you. I knew Jaehee was working all night so I went to the C&R building, it’s not exactly difficult to find being one of the largest companies in the country, I only had to do an internet search.”
“I see...”
“Once I introduced myself to her she was more than willing to help me, I told her it was an emergency.”
“And what kind of emergency would warrant you needing to visit me in the middle of the night?” Jumin retorted, he was half impressed at MC’s tenacity but also a little taken aback.
“The hacker.” MC responded with an air of indifference, examining her perfectly manicured nails.
“The hacker?”
“Yes, if he suddenly called me out of the blue hinting at his location somewhere within the vicinity of Rika's apartment well, I would have to move to somewhere more secure. The only two truly secure residences of all of the RFA members are Seven and yourself. I did tell Jaehee a little white lie in that I couldn’t reach Luciel. Truth is, I never tried, I just wanted to be here with you. Jumin was in shock, this must be the spell, MC had never spoken like this, ever. All the time they had talked on the phone she had seemed so timid, not even venturing to say anything when she had asked him to judge her voice.
“ Aren’t you glad I’m here Jumin?” Her sudden change of tone from indifference to... something else jolted him from his thoughts.
“I...what?” He stammered.
“You’re not usually like this,” MC laughed, she was now looking directly at him, eyes narrowed ever so slightly in a seductive manner. “You’re so confident Jumin, so... dominant. That’s what I like
about you.” She moved towards him, closing the gap that Jumin had purposely left between them, she reached out with both arms, entwining them around his shoulders. Jumin suddenly became very aware he was shirtless and only wearing pyjama bottoms.

“MC...” Jumin could feel himself slipping. The more he looked into those eyes the more he wanted to take her right there on the sofa, it took all of his strength not to touch her.

“MC, please calm down, you need to sleep.” Jumin cursed himself, she seemed to want him now, as much as he wanted her but in truth he hadn’t expected the spell to work and here he was with an opportunity his father would have taken in an instant. Perhaps that was the reason he gently pushed her away: his hatred of his father’s womanising ways were brought to the forefront of his mind and it was something he definitely did not want to become.

“You don’t like me?” MC asked looking hurt. “Yoosung and Zen are always trying to make me pay attention to them and here you are, acting as frigid as the Pope.”


“Zen? He’s nice, not particularly my type. He’s handsome yes but, I prefer.. a more masculine handsomeness rather than that pretty boy stuff.”

“I see...”

“Why?”

“No reason.”

Jumin stood up and walked over to the door of the spare bedroom. “You may sleep in here MC, we will talk more in the morning.”

He opened the door, standing beside the entrance with an expectant expression that told her that their conversation had ended. Reluctantly, MC got to her feet and walked past him, walking so closely past him he could have sworn she had brushed his crotch area with her hand.

* * *

Jumin’s eyes frantically scanned the page of the spell he had read out. There had to be some kind of small print that would explain what was happening here. MC’s personality had seemingly changed in just a few hours and he wasn’t sure he liked it. She reminded him too much of the women his father often coaxed into his bed.

He was sat crossed legged in the privacy of his bedroom, he had pushed his hair away from his face as though that this might somehow reveal a part of the page he had missed before. It was no use, he tried hard to remember his private school classes and the few of them where he had been taught Latin but black magic unfortunately hadn't been part of the curriculum.

A flash of rage suddenly burned through him and he threw the book against the wall once again. Exasperated, he threw himself back on the bed and glared at the ceiling. He didn't notice the dull light emitting from the books pages, the smoke that seemed to trickle out from its very binding, not at first anyway.

It wasn't until almost the entire room had been filled with the smoke and light that Jumin suddenly sat up, just in time to see a dark shadow stepping out of the book and taking on the form of something that resembled a human. The smoke seemed to be moving into the figure now, giving it more life, pale skin, a nose, shocking bright red hair, redder than even Luciel's with eyes to match, he was dressed almost like Jumin would; a smart suit with a red waistcoat, smart black shoes, black trousers and smart black jacket. When he was fully formed he grinned at Jumin, a grin that seemed to almost mock him. Then he spoke.

“You do treat this book dreadfully,” he smirked picking the book up from the floor and placing it in front of Jumin.

“I've been working too hard.” Jumin decided, ignoring the figure. “Yes, that's it, I must tell my father that I need a holiday somewhere with Elizabeth.”

“You're not hallucinating Jumin,” the man spoke, “in fact, its very rare someone actually manages to enact a spell the first time, usually it takes them a few.” Not wanting to believe his eyes but also wanting an explanation, Jumin frowned at the man.

“And you are...?”
“Name's Pan”
“Pan?”
“Yeah, like the Greek god? Associated with sexuality? No? Never learnt about the Greeks?” Pan settled himself on a large chair situated at one side of the bedroom. He slouched down as if he owned the place, much to Jumin's annoyance.
“And what exactly are you Pan?”
“Well, I suppose the most common description of my kind would be demon,” Pan mused placing a finger to his cheek in mock innocence. “But in actual fact I'm so much more, but lets not get bogged down in all the semantics.”
“Why are you here?” Jumin was growing impatient and it showed in the way he spoke sharply.
“Well, you read a spell, made it work, I saw my chance and I'm here to make a deal, I'm kind of like a genie only much better looking and I have no limits.”
“What kind of deal?”
The demon smirked and leaned forward in his chair, not breaking eye contact with the man on the bed.
“You're a businessman right? I have a proposition for you.” Jumin raised an eyebrow.
“What kind of proposition?” Pan leaned back in his chair once again, a smirk gracing his slightly pointed features.
“I'll grant any spell you want in that book.” He gestured towards the object still lying on the bed in front of Jumin, “Any spell, any time, any place... I'll even give you a translation. But in return I need you to do a few things for me.”
“What things?”
“Ah, I haven't decided yet.” Jumin scoffed.
“And any businessman knows not to make a deal unless you know exactly what you're getting into, it would be foolish to accept such an offer.”
“You already owe me for one anyway, I brought that lovely girl to you.” At that point Jumin got up from the bed angrily.
“This wasn't what I wanted, I wanted love not... lust”
“I can give you that.” These words made Jumin falter.
“You...can?”
“Yes, and much more... Look, I don't want you to suck my dick or anything like that, there are just things I cannot obtain, not being able to reside on earth and everything.” The demon waved his hand dismissively. “For example, for the spell I granted you before, how about one of your bottles of exquisite wine? I always liked the taste of human wine, sadly it isn't readily available where I come from.”
“That's all?”
“That's all. And to show you how serious I am when MC wakes up tomorrow, she'll be back to normal, only madly in love with you.” Jumin thought hard for a good five minutes. The silence in the room between the two figures would have been unbearable if Jumin didn't like silence and Pan wasn't used to it. Jumin's eyes flickered to the wall behind which he knew MC slept. He felt his heart skip a little. It wasn't a sensation he was used to and he didn't know if he liked it yet, but he liked her. Wanted her. He didn't want anyone else to have her.
“I accept,” he finally replied.

Chapter End Notes

So I researched about the Greek gods, and this connection will come into play later on in the story.
I actually didn't intend to add an Original Character right until I was halfway through this chapter, but I like his dynamic. I think he's going to be a very fun character to write.

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

MC stretched as her consciousness returned. Her eyes adjusted to the dim light of the room and she looked around her warily before the sudden realisation hit that she was not at Rika's apartment. A tinge of fear spread through her veins and she sat bolt upright, eyes wide, hair dishevelled from sleep. She couldn't remember a thing about the night before. She remembered talking with Zen and then nothing at all, she thought she would have simply fallen asleep but here she was in a strange apartment.

She stayed quiet for a few moments merely listening to everything around her, trying to pinpoint anything that might give away her location, but all was silent. She closed her eyes and breathed in deeply. That's when it hit her, a familiar smell, sweet and doughy with a hint of strawberry. Curiously she got out of bed, realizing she was wearing nothing but her bra and panties she threw on the clothes she had worn the night before which she assumed she had dumped on the chair in the far corner of the room... unless, someone else had? She shook off the thought and slowly made her way out of the room.

Stepping into the main area of the penthouse MC stared around her. The room was stylish beyond belief; a large white sofa, full length windows and...

“Elizabeth!” MC recognised the feline instantly from all the photographs Jumin had posted on the messenger, his profile picture, his social media and wherever else he can post pictures. The white Persian mewed happily and walked over to MC, wrapping herself around MC's legs and beginning to purr. Smiling, MC bent down to stroke Elizabeth, now more at ease knowing that this was obviously her friend's home. Though how she had got here was still a mystery to her. Had she been drinking last night?

“She likes you, that's good.” A voice said from the doorway. MC looked up to meet Jumin's smiling face.

“Jumin, nice to meet you in person,” she beamed, straightening up.

“I made you strawberry pancakes.” Jumin replied, momentarily disappearing back into the kitchen and reappearing carrying two plates piled high with stacks of pancakes. MC had to giggle, she had never imagined Jumin actually cooking for himself before, the image of him in a pink apron flashed into her head and she couldn't help but let out a full blown laugh. At this, Jumin looked at her quizzically and something inside her stirred. Perhaps it was the way he tilted his head slightly to the side, his black hair swaying slightly or maybe it was the fact that his face was layered with adorable confusion that was making her stomach feel like a thousand butterflies were dancing inside it. Either way he was... gorgeous she thought, she had always known he was handsome but now her thoughts moved further than that, he was utterly stunning, strong, sophisticated and smart. He was even funny, in his own special way. MC drank him in, his dark grey eyes, hair slightly ruffled from the heat of the kitchen, his outfit that consisted of his trousers, shirt and waistcoat and his long elegant fingers that grasped the plates firmly. She imagined her fingers entwined with his both in a caring loving way as they walked down the street together and in an intimate way as he gripped her hand as he pushed himself inside her. She blushed at the sudden thought.

Jumin set the plates down on a small table by the large windows and pulled a chair out for her to sit on. Obediently she walked over and gracefully sat down.

“Just like a true princess,” he chuckled revealing perfect white teeth. MC blushed again.

After the pancakes were finished and Jumin had cleared the plates they both sat either side of the table regarding each other wearily. It seemed neither one really knew what to say to each other.

“Jumin... I don't remember much about last night...” MC finally began uncertainly.

“I see...”
“How did I...get here, was I drinking?”

“Well...” Jumin’s mind was conflicted. Should be as truthful as possible without telling her about the magic book or just tell her an outright lie? He didn't feel comfortable lying, it had always seemed like such a waste of emotion and time to him. However, he felt sure she wouldn't believe that she had merely “turned up” at his penthouse full of pent-up horny energy. No, he would have to break his own conviction and lie.

“You...were drunk, Assistant Kang got worried after you...what's the term? 'Drunk dialled' her and asked you to come to the C&R building, but she had too much work to keep an eye on you and so asked driver Kim to bring you to me.” It was elaborate... even after Jumin had said it he felt uneasy about the whole thing.

“I... don't remember even starting to drink...” MC replied.

“You'd had a lot, I only wanted to make sure you were okay.”

“I don't even have a hangover...”

“I made you drink plenty of water before you went to sleep.”

“I should apologise to Jaehee...”

“No need... I already did on your behalf... you asked me to after your fourth glass of water.”

“Okay.” MC sat in a stunned silence for a while, she liked the occasional drink but getting blind drunk was never something she enjoyed. After a while she spoke again. “Jumin...”

“Yes?”

“Thank you, for taking care of me.”

“It's nothing MC, I just like you too much to let you get hurt.”

“I... like you too Jumin,” she blushed for what felt like the hundredth time that morning. Jumin couldn't hide the smile that graced his features.

“Well, I have to go to the office today, will you stay here until I come home? I want to treat you to dinner.”

“Well... I suppose I can stay, just until tonight.”

“Perfect, why not explore the building whilst you're here? We have so many things inside this place I'm sure you'll be spoilt for choice.”

“Okay, sounds fun, I'll go back to Rika's place later.”

“Wonderful” Jumin smiled as he stood, rolling down his shirt sleeves that he had rolled up to cook in and fixing his cuffs. He threw on his suit jacket and headed out the door. “Oh, and I'm sure Elizabeth would like to get to know you a little better.” With that he shut the door behind him. MC sat alone in the penthouse marvelling at its splendour, Elizabeth, at the mention of her name had uncurled herself from the sofa and was now circling MC's legs again. MC giggled.

“I'm fond of you too Elizabeth, now let's see what this place has to offer.”

* * *

***MC has entered the chatroom***

MC: Hey Zen!

Zen: MC! You haven't been here since last night! Are you alright? Jaehee told me what happened!

MC: Oh that, I'm fine, it was just me being silly, I think I drank too much

Zen: Can't take your alcohol huh?

MC: THAT'S NOT IT!!!

Zen: I'm kidding.. relax

Zen: I was really worried about what you said to Jaehee
MC: I don't remember....
Zen: THAT drunk huh?
MC: Yeah
Zen: But... I heard you went to Jumin's place?
MC: I did
Zen: HE BETTER NOT HAVE HURT YOU!
MC: He didn't.. he's really...
MC: Sweet

*** Jumin Han has entered the chatroom***

Jumin: Hello
Jumin: MC, you're here.
MC: Hello Jumin ^^
Zen: Jumin, when are you sending MC home?
Jumin: Later, I plan to have dinner with her later.
Zen: What?
Zen: Dinner... like... a date?
Jumin: If that's the term then yes.
Zen: Don't just force a date on her!
Jumin: I'm not, she said she likes me.
MC: I did Zen, I really like Jumin.
Zen: …
Zen: I have to go.

*** Zen has left the chatroom***
MC: I wonder what that was about?
Jumin: I don't know.

*** 707 has entered the chatroom***

707: I
707: SEVEN ZERO SEVEN
707: HAVE CONFIRMED THAT
707: THERE IS NOT A THREAT TO MC WHATSOEVER!
707: I HAVE CHECKED ALL THE SECURITY FEEDS AT RIKA'S PLACE
707: AND CAN CONFIRM THAT NO SUSPICIOUS MAN WAS EVER IN THE VICINITY OF RIKA'S PLACE!!!

MC: Seven what are you talking about?
707: AH! MC! Oh... I see I've come at an awkward time...
MC: Why would it be awkward?
707: The shameless flirting with Zen and then the sudden announcement that our princess is in fact interesting in our very own chairman to be!
MC: Oh... I...

Jumin: Luciel, I think you are making it worse.
707: Ok I shall shut up! Here I go back to the dark side!

*** 707 has left the chatroom ***

MC: I will never understand him.

Jumin: It's time for me to leave the office MC, I will be home soon, I have already contacted the chef, he is currently preparing a delicious meal, see you soon

MC: Bye Jumin!

*** Jumin Han has left the chatroom***
*** MC has left the chatroom***

* * *

The meal had truly been delicious. Each course had been hand prepared by the chef, Jumin had insisted on the freshest ingredients: a salmon starter, steak main course and a delicious dessert of chocolate and strawberry cake, of course all accompanied with the finest wine to compliment each course.

“I'll have to go back to the apartment soon, I need to prepare for the party.” MC sighed, setting down her now empty cup of coffee.

“I know, but the party isn't for another four days, could you possibly stay another night?”

“No, I should really get back.” She pushed her chair back getting to her feet. Jumin rose to meet her. “No, It's too late now, you should definitely go back tomorrow morning.” MC suddenly felt quite uneasy.

“I don't think I should...” Jumin's reply came in the form of of a whisper.

“You will stay.”

“What was that?”

“Nothing, just wait here with Elizabeth for just a few minutes.” He disappeared into his bedroom. Once again Jumin found himself flicking wildly through the book. “There must be something in here to make her stay,” he muttered under his breath.

“Check page 62,” a cold voice chimed from his side. Jumping slightly at the sound but quickly
regaining his composure, Jumin looked up to see Pan again. Jumin obliged turning to the page previously suggested. 'Imperium: To Control the will of a person' it read. Jumin swallowed. 'I promise MC, this will be the last time I use this book to control you' he thought, though deep down in his heart he knew that was probably going to end up as a lie.

Chapter End Notes

So I wanted to update this weekly, but I guess I missed last week >_<

It's mainly because the beginning of this chapter didn't come to me easily, I want to get on with the plot but a little exposition is also required haha. You can probably tell to be honest, but hopefully the next chapter will make up for it! There's going to be a hell of a lot of Zen V Jumin next time!
Chapter 4

Zen blinked away his tears. His body trembled as he dropped his phone and pulled his knees up to his chest, wrapping his arms around them like a child who had been scolded. Of all the men in the RFA, why did it have to be Jumin she chose? Seven, or even Yoosung would have been better, he would have supported their relationship despite his heart breaking, but this he couldn't bring himself to face nor support. He could just imagine that jerk's smirk as he held MC close to him, caressed her, kissed her...

Zen's hand curled into a fist at the sudden obscene images that flashed through his mind. He picked up the nearest thing to him, his phone and threw it as hard as he could. It flew through the air, hitting the opposite wall, cracks appearing on the screen on contact and finally shattering as it collided with the floor. He glared at it until finally he could hold the tears back no more. They flowed from his eyes as though a waterfall had suddenly been turned on behind them, he shook violently, his head began to throb, the pain becoming so much that he switched his position so that he was lying on his bed, still curled up as tightly as possible, he didn't care if he died right now, if he never took another breath. She wasn't his, she never had been, but all the private conversations they had had over the phone, away from the prying eyes of the messenger, had they all been a lie? His mind went through each one, right up until the previous night where things had gotten a little more intimate than before... had he scared her away?

All he could do was try to wrack his brain for what he could have done wrong to push MC away from him and into the arms of Jumin Han. When he could only come up with guesses instead of certainty's he wailed in despair, not bothering to try to hide his tears anymore, there was no point. He let them flow until he finally fell into a restless and uneasy sleep.

* * *

With an incessant tone the phone vibrated and rang loudly. MC scrunched up her eyes and cursed as she shot a hand out from underneath the covers of Jumin's bed, fumbling around blindly for the noisy object, once her fingers curled around the phone and gripped it she retracted her arm quickly underneath her makeshift cocoon, she glanced at the time, it was already 1pm, living at Jumin's meant she had nothing to do and so spent most of her time sleeping, with a groan she accepted the call. It had been a few days since MC had agreed top stay at the penthouse for the second time.

“H.. hello?” She uttered hoarsely, morning voice still in full force.

“MC, are you still at Jumin's place?”

“Yes Seven I am.”

“When are you leaving? Has he put you in handcuffs yet?”

“No I'm... Wait, how did you know Jumin has handcuffs?”

“I didn't until just now.” Fuck, she thought, having just given away a secret Jumin had told her in utmost confidence when they had drank a little too much wine the other night. Seven was laughing at the other end of the phone. “I only guessed that Jumin was kinky, now I know for sure,” he seemed delighted at his correct assumption regarding the sex lives of the RFA members. “Wanna know something about Yoosung now?”

“No! Please... I... don't really care... what goes on in the bedroom should stay in the bedroom..” She sighed, it was way too early to be talking about things like this.
“Oh believe me, nothing goes on in Yoosung's bedroom... but his hard drive is different...”

“Stop!” Seven was laughing so much by now, he seemed to enjoy making MC cringe. “Did you just call to give me nightmare's Seven?”

“Oh, no, the others actually asked me to call to make sure you're doing okay, you don't seem to come to the chatroom much these days, are you really ok at Jumin's place?” The voice in her head echoed again.

“Yes, I like being here.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course, he takes care of me, feeds me, buys me things, oh I don't mean that I need that, not at all, but just know I could never want for anything here.”

“Alright, I just wanted to make sure... you... haven't spoken to Zen recently have you?”

“No, why?”

“He.. seems to have gone MIA... he doesn't come to chat much either and well... he seemed.. upset last time he was here.”

“You mean the other night?”

“Yeah.. no one's heard from him since and Jahee's getting worried.”

“I'm sure he's just busy, why doesn't Jahee go to see him?”

“She would if Jumin wasn't working her so hard.”

“So that's all that's holding her back? Easy, she thought to herself. “Seven I have to go, Zen will be ok, he'll have Jahee.”

“But how will...?” She cut him off before he could ask his question. In a swift movement she selected Jumin's phone number and hit the call button.

…

“MC? Is something wrong?”

“Jumin, come home I'm lonely,” MC put on her best seductive voice. She and Jumin had not yet slept together but he had repeatedly told her not to do anything that make him, as he stated, 'lose control', MC couldn't deny that there was a lust within her for him, it was strange how it seemed to have manifested itself almost overnight. Nevertheless MC knew it was only a matter of time before both Jumin's and her own resolve broke, perhaps it wouldn't be so bad to speed up the process? She heard Jumin take a quick intake of breath, her plan was working.

“Don't do this to me princess, I've warned you before.”

“I'm not so fragile Jumin, I have urges too.” Jumin lowered his voice.

“I apologise, I hadn't realised you'd had lovers before me, I always thought you were innocent.” At this MC swallowed, she'd had boyfriends before, but one had been a silly 10 year old lets-hold-hands-and-peck-on-the-lips kind of relationship that had lasted exactly one week before she had got bored and decided that her dolls were in much more need of her time and the other, well, had been a six month thing at college they had mostly engaged in make-out sessions, fingering and hand-jobs but it hadn't gone much further than that until MC had found him in bed with her now ex-best friend. In short, she was technically still a virgin.

“I...It's not what you think!” She protested, her eyes now wide open and a blush filling her cheeks.

“Something wrong princess?” Damn, he had got her again, Jumin always liked to be one step ahead, in control. She could practically hear the smirk on his lips.

“I just... want to see you,” she relented, he would initiate sex when he wanted to and not before, despite the fact MC was extremely certain he was already desperate for it but he was waiting for the perfect time. “I miss you Jumin,” she said softly, though the voice in her head was telling her to say that, telling her to love him completely, unconditionally.

“Thanks princess,” Jumin replied. “I have two more meetings today, but I'll cancel the second one, the next one is in five minutes so its impossible to cancel, but I'll be home straight after that.”

“Thank you Jumin, do you think Jahee can leave early too? I'm worried about her having stress from work and with the RFA, I want all RFA members to be happy.” Jumin sighed, “fine but you'll
have to make it up to me later.”

“Thank you! I'll be waiting!” MC ended the call, for a man who hated women Jumin was very easy to coerce. She then sent a quick text to Seven, 'Convince Jaehee to go and visit Zen, Jumin's going to give her the afternoon off.' MC barely had time to set her phone down when his reply came through: 'That was quick, Jumin's hornier than I thought.' MC was about to pick up the phone and blast Seven for assuming she was using sex to convince Jumin when she decided that arguing with Seven would probably be a never-ending loop that would eventually result in her being humiliated at some point. She huffed and decided she may as well get up and take a shower.

* * *

Jaehee was not quite sure how she had ended up outside Zen's door this evening. It had started like any other day, her schedule packed, barely having time to eat, the other employees talking to each other in hushed voices as she walked past. Every day was the same. However today things had changed. After the third meeting that day Mr Han had simply sent her home, no further work, no crazy cat research... nothing. When she had logged into the chatroom afterwards Seven had cheered for her and suggested she use her afternoon to “locate the missing Zen” as he called it, before adding, “Mr Director has other things on his mind right now anyway”. It wasn't that Jaehee wasn't relieved at this, she just found it peculiar. She was aware MC had been living at Mr Han's penthouse for the past few days but surely that wasn't enough to turn the stoic and robotic Mr Han into a hopeless romantic. Jaehee shuddered at the thought... poor MC. She felt a twinge of guilt-ridden happiness when she thought of her boss and the mysterious MC, she had almost been afraid that Zen was falling for her and that scared her, a twinge of pain shooting through her heart when she thought of Zen and MC together. No, it was wrong to think that way. Zen's happiness was more important. She chided herself for thinking such selfish thoughts and regained her composure before knocking firmly on Zen's front door.

It didn't take Zen long to answer and Jaehee's mouth almost dropped to the floor when he opened the door wearing nothing but some gym pants, droplets of water sitting on his chiselled chest, long white hair dripping and falling loose around him. In Jaehee's opinion, he looked perfect and something stirred between her legs...

“Oh Jaehee, sorry, I've just finished a shower,” he looked tired, the bags and dark circles underneath his eyes the only flaws on his otherwise perfect body. Jaehee felt a stab of pain in her chest, something was obviously wrong with him, Zen would never lose sleep if it meant it would compromise his looks.

“I... I'm sorry Zen but... the RFA... and myself... are really worried about you, you haven't shown up on the messenger for days now.” Zen sighed.

“I'm sorry for making you worry, I've just been going through a hard time.”

“C...can you... tell me?” Jaehee's eyes grew wide in the hope that Zen might choose her to confide in... though she had always told herself as a fan that there should always be boundaries between them. She was conflicted between wanting to help a friend, wanting to support her idol and... something deeper that she couldn't quite explain. Zen regarded her momentarily before standing to one side.

“Come in Jaehee, would you like some tea?”

Chapter End Notes
Yeah I ship Zen x Jaehee so so hard!

Another filler chapter I know I know, and I know I missed another week off my schedule, and will probably miss they next week too as I'm travelling to London for a few days maybe I should aim to post fortnightly instead of weekly? You know actually have something I can keep to?

Idk Im rambling now, enjoy and thanks as always for reading!
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“It's not working as well as I had hoped. I thought the love-triangle that girl has found herself in the middle of would be the perfect way to push his buttons, but the other guy is simply moping around... pathetic.” Pan was seated in a large black chair, his face set into a perfect scowl. He hated being here in his cell-like room that he was forced to endure along with the rest of his kind, the grey stone walls as bleak as they were cold. They were locked away from the human world and most of them dreamed of one day being able to walk above in the fresh air, not trapped in another dimension with only thirty-minute glimpses of a free world.

“You picked wrong,” another demon said, standing in the corner of the dark room, his lime green hair and matching eyes illuminating the dull light, “he only seemed an easy target because of his control issues, but he's managed to control her with just a couple of spells. You and I both know he needs so much more for the book to fully take control of him.”

“Shut up!” Pan snarled, narrowing his eyes at the other demon. “I'll get him, and when I'm walking the earth permanently and you're still down here I'll make sure that no one ever finds your book and you can say goodbye to all hope of ever getting out of here.”

The other demon grinned a cold, cruel grin.

“Well then, you better hurry up and prove me wrong.” He disappeared into the shadow of the doorway of Pan's room. Pan swore loudly getting up from his seat, he knew he was running out of time and needed to influence Jumin more, perhaps it was time he helped move things along. Gathering up all of his energy he opened a gateway to the human world and stepped through the portal.

* * *

“Zen, you need to talk to someone, if not me, anyone else... maybe V can help?”

“When was the last time you spoke to V Jaehee?” Her hands that held a white coffee mug shook and the contrasting black liquid sloshed around, threatening to escape.

“I'm sorry, I just wanted to help,” she set the mug down and stood up to leave. Zen sighed.

“Wait Jaehee, I'm sorry, I'm... just upset and... a little confused to be honest.”

“Oh?” Zen too placed his mug down.

“I thought... MC and I were... really hitting it off,” he confessed, tears threatening once again to fall from his striking red eyes, “We seemed so close in the messenger and then all of a sudden she was with Jumin... I don't know what changed, it seemed to happen overnight.” Jaehee sat down again, head resting on her hand.

“It does seem... suspicious, I never even knew Mr Han liked her, though he would never tell me if he did so anyway...” She trailed off, deep in thought. “Zen... do you... have feelings for MC?” Zen's final burst into tears was all the answer she needed and she felt her heart sink rapidly in her chest. She should've known MC would be more attractive to him than she could ever be. This mysterious woman who suddenly appeared in their lives and shook up the whole RFA, herself included, who was kind and sweet sounding and had grabbed the attention of all of the male members without even so much as seeing her face. It sounded like a thriller novel or some sort of movie, maybe even some weird video game, not that Jaehee had much knowledge about those. But Jaehee could not compete, she never would be able to and it hurt. She knew she had to carry on, living her boring life in a
boring job holding in feelings she had been harbouring for some time now, she could never tell him, nor could she ever even tell anyone else. No, she had to soldier on alone, withholding her true feelings from the world. That was life, not everyone could have a happy ending.

Despite all of this, she couldn't bear to see Zen unhappy. She suddenly jumped up again, startling Zen who had been trying to stifle his tears. “I'm going to talk to Mr Han.” She announced, fire suddenly sparking in her eyes. “I don't know why, but he seems to be keeping MC in his penthouse, I'm not sure why, but I have a bad feeling.” Zen's head snapped up at her words.

“He's...not letting her leave?”

“No as far as I'm aware, she says she's doing fine but you know how MC is, always trying to see the best in people, acting happy even though she may not be, she says she wants to be there but... who knows for sure?”

“I'm coming with you,” Zen announced, getting up from his chair, “just give me half an hour to shower and make myself beautiful again and I'll be right with you, pour yourself some more coffee if you want Jaehee.” With that he left the room almost tripping over himself to do so.

Jaehee smiled, he seemed to have some of his old fire back now that there was a chance MC was in danger. She ignored the ache in her heart once again.

* * *

Pan was laughing maniacally. Finally the actor had done something. His view into the human world was a formless rectangle on his wall, almost like a television screen but with no technical parts to it. Pan couldn't believe his luck, he had had no reason to stir up trouble himself, the assistant had done it all for him, that poor fool, she was wasting her human emotions on a man that would never return her feelings, all the while maintaining her good nature towards her love rival. Pan couldn't help but think if he was in that situation, this MC girl would have been lying lifeless in a ditch somewhere by now. He supposed that was the difference between his kind and humans; they wasted too much emotion on each other and were always afraid to go after what they truly wanted, well for the most part anyway.

All Pan needed to do now was wait and see what unfolded when the actor and assistant walked into Jumin's penthouse, his best hope was that Zen would kill Jumin there and then, allowing Pan to take Jumin's human essence and keep it for himself, though that was probably too simple. Most demons had to drive their victims crazy until such time as they would take their own life. It often took time, slowly and steadily using their powers to give the human whatever they wanted. That was why demons chose weaker humans, ones with problematic lives or darkness within their hearts, those that were broken or those whose self esteem was at rock-bottom. Either way they were all vulnerable and easy targets. Pan smiled and sat back in his chair taking a sip of the human wine he had obtained from Jumin. Soon he was going to be called on by Jumin, soon he would be asking for a lot more than a silly bottle of wine. Soon he would take Jumin's life.

* * *

MC was lying on Jumin's bed, hair fanned out beneath her, she stared at the ceiling whilst her right hand absent-mindedly stroked Elizabeth's pure white fur. The aforementioned cat was purring happily, curled up on the bed, eyes closed. It seemed she had taken a shine to the young woman that seemed to have diverted her masters attention away from her. MC was smiling, content to be surrounded by her loves possessions, even when he was not there she could feel traces of him, his bed sheets that smelt of his aftershave, the obvious perfect arrangement of his books in alphabetical order on his shelves, the way he was so seemingly obsessive of having everything perfectly aliened. Everything about the penthouse screamed Jumin Han, and MC was more than happy to be a part of
The ringing of the penthouse phone jolted her from her thoughts, sitting up and earning an annoyed mew from Elizabeth at being disturbed she got off the bed and picked up the receiver from the wall. “Hello?”

“Ah, Miss MC, so sorry to disturb you but there’s some RFA members here,” RFA? MC thought, I wonder who it could be? A sudden panic overcame her as she realised she had only met Jumin and Jaehee of all the RFA members, would they recognise her voice? Would they hate her after meeting her in person? Her head swam with nervous thoughts before she realised she was still talking to the guard. “Shall I let them in?” The guard whose name was Sung-hoon asked. MC had made a point of learning all the bodyguards names, a feat that Jumin had been baffled by.

“If you want them to do the best job they can, a little bit of respect goes a long way, besides, I want to know who I'm spending most of my time here with.” She had scolded him only a few days ago, “But my love, they are all dispensable except for Driver Kim,” he had replied, a comment which had earned him another scolding.

“Of course, did they give names?”

“Jaehee and Zen, Miss,” Sung-hoon replied. MC's heart flipped a little when she heard Zen's name, why she couldn't be sure, her heart belonged to Jumin.

Within minutes the two other RFA members were at the door. MC smiled as best she could when they both entered the penthouse.

“MC, its good to see you again,” Jaehee smiled, holding out her hand to offer a handshake, MC took it, fully aware that she had been drunk the last time they had apparently met and didn't remember a thing about it. Zen was next to greet her, but instead of offering a handshake, he pulled her into a tight embrace, one he was reluctant to release her from.

“MC, is Jumin here,” he asked looking around the penthouse.

“No, he's still at work, but he shouldn't be long,” she smiled a wistful smile thinking of him, this did not go unnoticed by Zen. It made him feel sick.

“Then we’ll just have to wait for him,” Zen decided, sitting on the sofa, ignoring the itch in his nose as he spotted Elizabeth sitting only a few metres away from him.

“MC, are you really happy here?” questioned Jaehee, her eyes staring straight into the other woman's, nothing but concern etched onto her slim features.

“Of course, “ MC smiled in return, “Jumin and I are very happy right now, why does everyone keep asking that?”

“Why indeed?” A voice came from the doorway, Jumin had managed to enter the room without anyone noticing him. He stood, briefcase in hand, rage, filling his cool grey eyes, though his face remained the same as always, sometimes Jumin could be good at hiding his emotions, but a person's eyes always gave the game away eventually.

Zen got up from his seat, standing close to MC.

“Because you are keeping her here and she is too nice to say anything,” he accused, his hands curling into fists as he glared at the older man.

“She just told you she's perfectly happy, are you so sexist as to believe a woman can't think for herself?”

“Mr Han, please consider...” Jaehe began, but a look from her boss silenced her.

“Why the hell is she here?” Zen shouted, finally losing control, “why is she here when just before she arrived here she was talking to me as if she was my lover?” Jumin faltered, remembering how Zen and MC had been getting close before he had used the book. “Who's to say you haven’t drugged her or something?” Zen continued, “she and I were so close, the telephone conversations we had, the flirting we did on the messenger, all of it, I thought we were meant to be!” He turned to MC, “please MC, were you just toying with my emotions? Did none of that mean anything to you?” MC began to stammer as she tried to say something, anything... but nothing would come. Her mind raced, she had no memory of anything before Jumin, but bits Zen was saying were starting to ring alarm bells in her mind. Jumin, who was witnessing the entire thing suddenly felt panic running through him, his entire body seemed to be growing cold as he watching the conflict going on inside MC’s mind. What if
Pan’s magic wasn't nearly powerful enough? Something had to be done.
“Get out of my house,” he shouted, “I'll call security.”
“Jumin,” Zen warned in a lowered tone.
“I said get out!” White hot rage filled Jumin as he closed the gap between himself and the actor, grabbing him, losing his trademark cool and shouting at the other man. He flung Zen over to the door as Jaehee tried desperately to calm her employer down.
“MC has told you how she feels, she and I are in love and no amount of ridiculous flirting will change that Zen!” Zen returned the millionaires glare but obliged his wish, tanking himself away from Jumin and motioning for Jaehee to follow him.
“Something's going on here, and I'll find out what, for MC's sake,” Zen flashed MC an affectionate smile before turning on his heels and leaving the room, leaving Jaehee to apologetically close the door behind them. Jumin and MC stood in silence for an agonizing few minutes.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for everyone's support on this fic, really means a lot that people are telling me they enjoy it!

I have no other notes to say except this chapter finally feels to me like the plot is moving along, I have big plans up ahead so I hope this is going to turn into something good!
“Why do they ask such questions MC? Why do they think you are not happy with me?” Jumin closed the gap between them, pulling MC into his arms. “I only want us both to be happy but they keep interfering,” a sad smile graced his lips as looked intently at the woman in his arms, he had never wanted to imprison her but he felt this was the only way, he was far better for her than Zen could be, he genuinely believed that. Zen was handsome yes, but beauty would fade with time. Jumin too knew his looks would fade but he had the money to keep MC happy and secure and there was always the possibility that Zen's acting career would fail, even now he had barely a penny to his name, how could he keep a woman happy like that? Zen was far too stubborn to accept Jumin's financial help anyway.

“I love you,” the words shook the thoughts from Jumin's mind as MC uttered them. He glanced down at her and his smile became happier, she was smiling up at him, nothing but honestly in those beautiful eyes. Those eyes made him feel naked under their watch, stripped and vulnerable in a way only Rika had before, though there was a significant difference between her eyes and MC's, MC's were so... innocent, so pure. Jumin had always felt as if Rika's eyes were hiding something, what he couldn't tell, however when he looked into MC's eyes as he did now, he knew she meant what she had said and nothing was being hidden. 'But it's not enough,' he thought.

“MC, please excuse me, I need to do something, please notify the chef that I'm home and tell him to make whatever you desire for dinner, I'll have anything you want.”

* * *

Pan felt the familiar tug on the edge of his consciousness that was Jumin Han evoking the gift of his power. He smiled a satisfied smile, the girl's former interest in the actor had jolted something of the spell Jumin had over her. Pan knew that love spells were tricky at the best of times and, due to the complications of human love, were not always 100% effective. This of course didn't bother Pan, it meant that all he had to do was strain the power of the spell slightly and it would mean that Jumin would play further into his hands, tangling himself in the ever growing web that Pan had cast for him.

Jumin concentrated hard on the book in front of him. He had taken to locking himself in his bedroom and conducting spells whenever he needed to. This time he had found the perfect one; a spell that would strip MC of any desire for Zen, a spell that would force MC to remain faithful to him. He didn't know if MC was capable of being unfaithful, nor if the spell originally cast would waver at all, all Jumin knew was that he couldn't take that risk. He needed her, craved her, desired her and nothing in this world was going to jeopardize that.

Soon he felt the familiar presence of the demon beside him, aware of the power emitting from the creature that would seal the deal on their magical contract. There was no need for words at this point, both knew what this entailed, Pan would work his magic and disappear, usually showing up a few days later to claim his prize. After the deed was done Jumin laid back on his bed and let out a sigh of relief. Soon he wouldn't have to worry about Zen at all, MC would be his and he would finally have
the happiness he deserved.

* * *

***Jumin Han has entered the Chatroom***

Jumin: Assistant Kang

Jaehee: Mr Han?

Zen: Hey jerk

Jumin: Did you draft those contracts I asked for?

Jaehee: Yes Mr Han, they're ready for you to sign off, I'll have them on your desk first thing in the morning.

Jumin: Good, I look forward to seeing them.

Zen: Are we going to talk about the way you acted before or are you just going to ignore me?

Jumin: I don't know what you're talking about.

Zen: I think you do.

Zen: You threw us out of your penthouse
Zen: I was just trying to talk to MC

Jumin: You were flirting with my girlfriend if I remember rightly

Jumin: Stay away from her

Jumin: She doesn't want you near her again

*** MC has entered the chatroom***

Jumin: MC, good timing

MC: Hi Jumin ^^

MC: Jaehee, Zen, Hello!

Zen: MC! What were you trying to say to me back at the penthouse?

MC: Nothing Zen, why?

Zen: You looked like you were trying to say something.

Zen: Can I call you?

Jumin: …

MC: No Zen, there's no need to call me
Zen: What?

MC: Please stop flirting with me, you're making me very uncomfortable.

Zen: Did Jumin tell you to say that?

MC: He never tells me what to say

Jumin: See? You need to stop your advances.

Zen: MC, I'll back off if that's really what you want...

MC: I do. My heart is with Jumin.

Zen: Ok...

***Zen has left the chatroom***

A satisfied smile crept over Jumin's face as Zen left the chatroom, he stayed a little longer but really had only come in to speak to Jaehee regarding work. Now that he was finished with that he closed the app, having no reason to stay and wanting to talk to MC in person. He was satisfied the new spell had worked. MC sat at the window on her phone, occasionally looking out over the city as she often did. Jumin wondered if perhaps she was sick of being kept within the confines of the building.

MC felt Jumin's arms around her as she stared out into the night. Her heart skipped and her body shuddered as she felt his breath close to her ear.

“Would my princess like a trip out into the night?” His voice was low, husky and deeply delicious. She heard herself involuntarily sigh. Catching herself just in time she turned her head to face him, looking up into those beautiful grey eyes.

“I just wanted a little bit of fresh air,” she admitted,
“Well, we could go out for an evening drive? I'm sure driver Kim could take us somewhere we could be alone, after all, there's no reason to keep you here, I know you'll always be faithful to me,” he was testing MC, testing the spell he had cast, wanting to see if, he gave her the slightest opportunity she would use it to run or stay by his side, this was his opportunity to do so.

“I will Jumin, I'll be with you forever.”

Chapter End Notes

We're finally starting to see the darker side of Jumin here, writing this chapter I started to feel it was getting almost emotionally abusive, something which I honestly never intended to touch on, but I suppose they come hand-in-hand with control issues. we'll see where it goes.. hey, I wanted this fic to be dark...

Also I messed around with the formatting of this chapter, I wanted the chatroom parts to be differentiated so hopefully centering them takes care of that issue... I'll probably go back and amend the earlier chapters to keep the consistency if this way works out.

Thanks for reading as always!
Chapter 7

The cool night air felt amazing against MC's skin, she lifted her head, tipping her nose up towards the sky, eyes closed, a satisfied smile creeping over her face. It had felt so long since she'd felt the night air, the arm wrapped around her waist added to her satisfaction. As she let herself become intoxicated by the atmosphere MC leaned into Jumin's embrace, her head lolling to the side to rest atop his shoulder. She felt safe, content, happy.

The same could not be said for Jumin. He was on edge; constantly worrying that she would lull him into a false sense of security and suddenly run away from him. The stress and fear was bubbling inside him, threatening to erupt at any moment. For as long as MC had an inch of freedom his mind would never be at peace.

Driver Kim had taken them to a secluded spot on a hill with a high vantage point of the city, the distant lights looked like tiny lamps dotted amongst the landscape. Jumin's thoughts darkened as he continued to think of ways he could keep her restrained.

"Jumin?"
"Hm?" He snapped back to reality.
"You always ask if I'm happy with you but are you happy with me?" MC's worried eyes were now turned to him, he was taken aback by her question but all he could do in response was chuckle. It had been a while since he had been genuinely amused. MC's face turned to confusion at his response.

"Why are you laughing?"
"I just... always worry about you being happy as my lover, I never considered you would have the same fears." MC smiled and turned her face back towards the night, replacing her head to his shoulder.

"So are you happy? You always seem deep in thought, worried even."
"I am, I am happier than I have ever been in my life, I finally understand what it is to feel love. It's merely..." He contemplated telling her his worries, his fear that she would escape him, or that someone else would take her and hurt her. "Nevermind, it is merely my job, sometimes I worry about things back at the office," he lied.

"Well, use the trick I did when I worked, walk out of the door and don't think about work until you step back through them the next time." Jumin chuckled for the second time that night.
"A director can't do that, his mind is always on. What did you do before coming to the RFA anyway?" It was MC's turn to laugh.
"Menial work, temp work in all honesty, I moved around a lot."
"Why?"
"Family issues."
"I see... would you like to tell me?"
"Not right now, I would rather... kiss you." MC blushed furiously, burying her head into Jumin's chest, it was easier for her to say things like that through text but alone here in the night her cheeks tinged with embarrassment. He looked rather startled at her forwardness but smiled a sly smile.
"Well, I mustn't keep a beautiful lady waiting." His hand moved to her chin, gently but firmly moving her head upwards to grant him access to her lips.

He was tender at first, losing himself in the softness of her lips, his hand still holding her chin in place. Then it became deeper, he ran his tongue along her bottom lip before pushing his way into her mouth more roughly, she put up a feeble fight but in the end his tongue found dominance, the two stayed entwined for several minutes savoring each other's taste. Jumin was the first to reluctantly pull away, leaving MC with flushed cheeks and slightly out of breath. MC gazed up at him, eyes wide with love and a hint of lust.

"MC, I want to keep you safe, protect you from all the pain in this world, though sometimes I feel its wrong to think that way."
“What are you talking about Jumin?” Jumin stared intently at his lover, those beautiful loving eyes looking back at him with nothing in them but trust. He felt guilty, those eyes had been Zen's not his and he had stolen them. It felt like his heart was being stabbed, despite the fact he had never seen eye-to-eye with the actor he considered him family and family was definitely one thing you do not steal from. Then he remembered how he had convinced himself that he was a better match for MC than Zen was, yes that was what he had to remember. No matter how much those piercing eyes of hers bore into his soul revealing his misdeeds, she was better off with him. However, these doubts.... he had to do something about them. He wondered how much Pan would ask of him if he asked him to take away all of his doubts. Was that even possible? “Jumin, you haven't spoken in a long time, are you ok?” Jumin brought himself back.

“Forgive me my love, I was merely distracted.” He pulled her close to his chest and she breathed in his scent smiling contentedly. They stayed in silence for a while, neither wanting to leave, neither wanting to return to their reality. Here it felt like they were the only ones in the world, they liked that, it felt safe.

* * *

Agent 707 sat back in his large office chair, taking a well-deserved sip of Dr Pepper. For a few moments he closed his eyes revelling in the fact his work was now finished, for this assignment anyway. He used his small gap in time to take a quick glance at the camera that monitored the door of Rika's apartment. MC hadn't been back there in a very long time, but since the hacker who sent her to the apartment still hadn't been caught nor identified he still kept a firm watch on the place at V's request.

What he saw made him spit out his current sip of Dr Pepper and rub his glasses in case they were dirty and making him see things. No, there was indeed a person standing right outside the apartment door. He had his back to the camera and seemed to be making sure he kept it that way. He was definitely male in build, tall though slightly shorter than Luciel himself, a mass of white hair sat on top of his head, the ends tinged with pink, he wore a leather jacket that slightly fell from his shoulder and markings, a tattoo? Luciel couldn't make out what it was of, his view obscured as the individual kept his back to him. The man seemed to be stood still, doing nothing, listening? Luciel watched as the other man took out a phone and dialed a number, Luciel could have sworn he saw him tense before ending the call, lowering the phone and bowing his head seemingly in defeat, was this the hacker that had threatened the safety of the RFA? Who had brought this ray of sunshine into their otherwise problematic lives? Luciel wasted no time in turning back to his computer, a renewed sense of urgency in his work ethic, silently he cursed the hacker for disrupting his extremely brief break, maybe he wouldn't get any sleep tonight after all.

* * *

The quietness of the hilltop was disrupted by the sound of MC's phone, she casually lifted it within her line of vision to view the name on the screen. Reluctantly removing herself from Jumin she straightened up and answered.

“Seven?”

“MC! Thank god, listen, where are you right now?”

“Um, I'm actually not too sure, why?”
“WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT SURE?? ARE YOU TRAPPED? HURT?” Luciel's voice was frantic.
“No silly I'm with Jumin, we went out for an evening drive,” she laughed not noticing the genuine worry in the usually jokey demeanour that was Seven. She merely assumed it was another of Luciel's jokes she didn't understand.
“Get back to Jumin's place both of you, the hacker has been sighted outside Rika's apartment.”
“The hacker? Are you sure?” Both she and Jumin sat bolt upright, Jumin's hand instantly wrapping itself around hers.
“I'm certain, get somewhere safe, please now. I don't think eh realized you were gone before but now he certainly does, GET HOME!” Jumin took the phone from MC.
“This is Jumin, what's going on Luciel?” MC waited for Seven to fill Jumin in on what was happening, before Jumin had even responded he was pulling her back to the car. “Of course Luciel, you should know you don't have to warn me twice, of course I'll protect her, she won't be leaving the penthouse again anytime soon.” MC sighed, well, at least she had had some fresh air for a short time. Jumin practically threw her back into the car before telling driver Kim to drive as quickly as was safely possible back to the penthouse. They both sat in silence in the back, Jumin not taking his hand off MC's. His mind whirled once again, creating scenario's in his mind in which MC was taken from him, each was more haunting than the last and he vowed to himself that whatever happened he would not let any of these come true, he decided then and there he would stop MC from ever even wanting to leave the penthouse, to want nothing more than to wait patiently until he returned home from work once more, eyes only for him, caged but safe.
“Have you found her?” Her voice sounded icy, it ricocheted off the walls, cutting into Saeran like ice.
“Not yet savior, but I will,” his hands shook with fear, “I'm hacking into the messenger now, they may have some clues.”
“If she has abandoned the party and the RFA you will need to find her, bring her back and condition her. We can't let anyone outside of the RFA have knowledge of the messenger, the RFA itself and us. Even the RFA knowing we exist is too much, but it was necessary to bring another in to infiltrate them.”
“I understand savior.”
“Good, you're dangerously close to being removed from your position here Saeran you know that don't you? I think your brother may have been a better asset... maybe I should've brought him in instead.” Saeran's hands stopped typing and curled into fists, anger rising within him at the thought of being replaced by the person who had betrayed him. He sat perfectly still for a moment, knowing if he showed any anger towards their leader he would be forced into a cell with medicine being forced down his throat again. He took a deep breath and let the anger leave him before he resumed typing. “I will find her, don't worry.”
“Good.” She left the room, the icy atmosphere leaving with her, leaving Saeran to sigh in relief, he loved his savior, he really did however she carried with her an air of deadly elegance that chilled everything around her.
Saeran didn't want to admit it, but she also made him terribly nervous. He had to find the girl's location and quickly, he frantically scanned the text on the messenger, inane chats between his stupid brother and his even stupider friends. Then he suddenly saw it, arguments between the actor and the rich kid, it seemed the girl was the source of them. She was apparently now romantically involved with the corporate heir after apparently being involved previously with the actor.
“Huh, what a slut,” Saeran scoffed, he was slightly amused by this now that he knew she hadn't abandoned the group and their plans could still continue, the RFA could argue amongst themselves, he didn't care so long as his wretched brother got what he deserved. Satisfied with his findings, he pushed back on his chair and went to inform his savior of the good news.

* * *

They were back at the penthouse, their shock sinking in. They were seated on the sofa, MC curled up beside him, his left arm locked tightly around her whilst his right hand held a glass of wine. He stared at the wall opposite, unblinking. His mind was working frantically attempting to form some kind of resolution. He needed his book again.

If Jumin hadn't been nervous before, he certainly was now, his body trembled as he hastily flicked through the book. He never usually let his emotions rule him, but MC had turned his whole life upside down. She was the only woman in is life who he wanted to keep by his side, wanted to stay with forever. If the hacker was hanging around outside her apartment then he obviously wanted her for something. Whoever hacked into their messenger was dangerous, he knew that now. “You want to protect her?”
“Of course I do,” Jumin was glaring at the demon that once again stood beside him. “Give me something that will make sure he never harms her.”
“That’s asking a lot.”
“I don’t care, I’ll give up anything so long as she is safe.”
“You’ve already trapped her heart, is that not good enough for you?”
“Not if he harms her.”
“Your bodyguards can’t protect her? What’s the point in having them then?” The demon seemed amused, he strode around the room, grinning like a schoolboy. Jumin slammed his hands down onto the book.
“It’s not enough!” He roared, eyes full of fire, never breaking his glare.
“Just help me,” Jumin sighed, feeling more helpless than he ever had in his life. “If I lost her I…” He trailed off, not wanting to think about a life after MC, before was fine, before he knew he could experience these overwhelming feelings but after? No, that would only be painful.
“I think, perhaps you need something concrete, something eternal… immortal.” Pan mused sitting next to the human. “What if MC could be just that?” Jumin started, eyes widened as Pan’s words sunk in.
“You mean, I could actually make her… immortal?”
“Not you, me,” Pan laughed, “I could do it, if you’re willing to make a very big sacrifice.” Jumin stared down at the book in his hands, he had not paid big prices for any of the magic he had had Pan use on MC so far, he wondered if the demon had just been trying to scare him the first time they met.
“If… you do this… what will be your price?”
“Still got the business mind set even now?” Pan chucked, his glee evident all over his pale face. He finally had Jumin Han trapped, the hacker had helped him push Jumin over the edge.
“My price? My freedom.”
“Freedom?” Jumin blinked, not recognizing the malicious intent behind the glee painted demon’s words.
“Freedom,” Pan confirmed, “you see I need to escape my hell hole of a home and walk freely among you.”
“Like you’re doing just now? Jumin scoffed.
“I can only do this for a short time before I have to return, I want to be here permanently… of course, my magic is a small price to pay for fresh air, winding roads and good food so I’m willing to make that sacrifice, but to do so a human must also make one and as you can imagine given the selfishness of mankind, that doesn’t happen too often.”
Jumin nodded, he was starting to feel pity for demon kind and wandered how many others were stuck below this earth.
“And what exactly is that sacrifice?”
“A human must be sent away, and must never be seen again.” Jumin didn’t require time to contemplate.
“Then I’ll do it, it would be so painful to never be able to see MC but if she is truly safe, I’ll go.” Pan erupted into a laughter that seemed to shake the very walls.
“Love has definitely made you less selfish Jumin Han, however, what if it didn’t have to be yourself?”
“What are you talking about?”
“What if… you could eliminate a great annoyance to yourself?” Jumin’s eyes widened as the wheels turned in his mind.
“He’d never bother us again?”
“Never.”
* * *
Yoosung’s phone blared into life, going unnoticed by the young blonde as he remained engrossed in his online game.

“GO, GO, GO! NO NOT THAT WAY YOU STUPID… NO!” The tension in these games was unbearable sometimes. The normally kind and gentle Yoosung always ended up using some extremely colourful language when he was in the midst of an intense game. His character was just about to win a raid with his guild and they were almost there when an alert flashed up on the screen.

“What the hell is this? Has LOLOL crashed now?” He threw his hands up into the air as the screen flashed a bright green. Yoosung cursed loudly, “all that work… all that work and for what?” His rage grew further when a familiar face appeared” instead of the now interrupted game.

“Sorry dude, but you would have kept ignoring my calls otherwise,” 707 was grinning at the fact his friend was clearly annoyed. “Game addict Yoosung, I God seven am about to change your life!”

“I am going to kill you seven!”

“That’s good! Keep that rage! I like it!”

“What are you babbling on about Seven?”

“Let me apologize for interrupting your game, how does a box of Honey Buddha chips sound?”

“A box?”

“Too small? OK, how about three boxes?”

“You’re going to give me three boxes of Honey Buddha chips… for nothing?”

“Merely by way of an apology.” Yoosung narrowed his eyes at the screen,

“What are you up to?”

“You don’t trust me?” Seven feigned sadness. “I don’t know what to do if my best friend doesn’t trust me!” The hacker threw his hands into the air wailing. “What does a poor hacker have to do?” Yoosung rolled his eyes at the theatrics.

“OK fine, I’ll come over now.”

“Wonderful! I’ll be waiting cutie!” He winked as his face disappeared from Yoosung’s computer screen. The blonde sighed, gathering his things, whatever Seven had in mind he knew it was probably going to be trouble.

Chapter End Notes

So I feel like it's been ages since I updated, so sorry about that! Thanks a lot for sticking with this!

Also, as a side note... I have three BRE's left on Mysmess and trying to get 707's atm and its so f***kin difficult!

So yeah... this is why Jumin is my fave XD
“You spend a lot of time with Jumin… What’s so great about him that women just fall for him so easily?” Zen was glaring into his cup of coffee whilst Jaehee sat opposite him watching him worriedly. His question caught her off guard.

“Well, a lot of them are only interested in Mr Han’s money,” she answered as he stirred her coffee in an attempt to avoid Zen’s face in a vain attempt to look busy.

“And the others?”

“There are those who fall for Mr Han’s appearance, but they very rarely seem to want to know what’s behind that.” Zen nodded.

“MC isn’t like that at all... Has she really managed to fall in love with Jumin Han as a person?”

“It would seem so.”

The two were seated in a coffee shop, the relaxed atmosphere and clinking of cups, whirring of the coffee machine and soft voices was putting Zen at ease. Jaehee had been spending all of her free time with him lately, what little she had. She had been worried about him ever since that day in Jumin’s penthouse. Zen was clearly upset and confused and she only wanted him to be safe. They had found coffee shops to be fun places to hang out and chat and Zen even thought he had become closer to Jaehee lately. She was a lot more fun to be with then he had first thought, but that had probably been because she spent all of her time working for Jumin. Jaehee too was glad to get to know Zen better, his handsome face and perfect singing voice had of course attracted her at first, but the more she found out about him the more she liked him, now in these seemingly intimate moments between them she could truly believe that he liked her. Although it was a lie she liked it and, as long as she never acted upon it, she could imagine, just sometimes that they were actually in love.

“Have you noticed anything strange about Jumin?” Zen was pushing, trying to find something he could cling onto that would ease his mind, anything that would provide some explanation as to why things had changed so drastically in the last few weeks.

“Well,” Jaehee paused, should she tell Zen everything she had noticed about her boss recently? She decided that comforting Zen was more important than keeping her job. “He does seem much more distracted these days. Sometimes, I swear I hear him talking to himself, it’s not like Mr Han at all.”

“Hm, even in the chat he seems more on edge,” agreed Zen. Jaehee studied him as he seemed lost in thought. “There has to be something more to all this, I’m not going to stop until I find out.” Jaehee nodded in agreement.

“I’ll do anything I can to help,” she smiled.

“You are so kind,” Zen smiled back, “You’re really amazing to do all the things you do and still have time for the RFA.”

“I try,” Jaehee blushed, “It’s just nice to have somewhere I belong to.” Zen smiled appreciatively.

“We’re lucky to have you Jaehee.” Her heart swelled.

* * *

“I can’t do it.” Jumin said aloud to himself, he had been given 24 hours to consider what Pan had offered him. MC would be safe yes but, could he really sacrifice Zen to do it? He thought he could, Zen would be out of their way forever and they would be left in peace, two birds with one stone as it were. However the guilt of what he would have to do was already building up inside of him.

He paced his office with the door locked, ensuring no one could disturb him. He thought about his friends in the RFA, the only people he could and had ever considered his friends. They would hate him if anything happened to Zen, one day they would find out the truth and then he wasn’t sure what would happen apart from the fact he would lose them, and more importantly MC.
That devil inside him that wanted to keep MC locked away from the world, that wanted to chain her to his bed and have his way with her until she was no longer conscious in a flurry of pent up lust was knowing away at his sanity, telling him that Zen would not hesitate to do the same. It was that dark and poisonous side of him that stayed on the edge of his conscious, occasionally goading him into acts that any sane person would deem questionable. That was the darkness inside of his heart, the side MC kept away, and the side that he was certain would take over him if she were ever to leave him.

No, he could not let that darkness engulf him, it would only hurt MC. He would not go through with it, he would call Pan and tell him he wanted no more part to this, no more spells, no more magic, nothing. He had to put an end to this now. Reaching for his jacket Jumin said goodbye to Jaehee, leaving the office in a hurry, he had to put a stop to the dark thoughts that were attempting to push their way into his mind. MC kept him stable, her purity radiated from her, captivating him and changing him into a better person. She was the one he needed beside him before he made a deal he knew he would one day come to regret.

*        *        *

“So, let me get this straight, I give you an option to help the one you love and you turn it down.” Pan’s eyes flashed with anger as he glared at the human before him.
“I can’t sacrifice my friend, no matter how much I want to protect her. Pan, thank you for all you’ve done but I want to end our partnership,” Jumin replied coolly. His calm nature was serving him well at that moment when the wrath of demon was aimed fully at him.
“You have no idea what you’re doing!” Pan cried angrily at him, he was scared; he had worked so hard, been so confident of Jumin’s emotional frailty that he was sure he would escape his prison.
“It is one deal,” Jumin replied, “I did not agree to it in the first place therefore no contract has been broken and I paid up on the others.” At this, Pan let out a condescending laugh, an idea had just swept through his mind and he was ready and poised to make his next move in the game he had been leading all along. Jumin had, for one very quick moment had the upper hand, but Pan was clever, conniving and already formulating a new plan in his mind.
“There is no technicality to find Jumin, I am much more than just a business colleague, I am the one who has made your life as it is now. I will take it away just as quickly.” Jumin’s eyes widened in realisation.
“Y…you can’t.”
“I can Jumin, and I will, MC will wake up, maybe not tomorrow, maybe not next week, but one day she will wake up and be madly in love with Zen again.”
“Please, it’s just one spell I don’t want, we can still have our agreement, please just don’t take her away from me.” Jumin was on his knees now, begging the demon not to take the one woman he loved.
Pan had been promised a body, a human whose life he could swap for his own, he was cheated, scarred and this was not something he liked. He knew he would get his freedom one day, it was just going to take longer now.
“Too late Jumin, this book and its power is no longer yours, I will have what I wanted, but I will strip you of all I have granted in the past, you will regret this Jumin Han.” Pan disappeared in the blink of an eye leaving in a flash of bright light. Jumin remained on his knees, he was scared, Pan was playing with him, toying with his mind, he would take MC away from him but Jumin didn’t know when; that was the worst of it. But he wouldn’t give up; he wasn’t going to let MC go so easily, no, she must love him, deep down. It couldn’t be completely fake.
Getting to his feet he stumbled in the direction of a large chest of drawers situated in the corner of the bedroom. He opened the top drawer, fumbling around inside it. His hands clasped around cold metal rings. ‘I’m sorry MC,’ he thought sadly. ‘But I can’t let you go, not now.’
I was afraid this was going to end up as a filler chapter but I feel like I got plot done XD

Thanks as always for reading :-}
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

MC opened her eyes slowly. She wasn’t sure how long she had been asleep but she had slept well. Letting the dreariness of sleep fade away she realised that her arms were raised above her head. As she tried to move them she found that they would only yield a few inches but no further. In a panic she attempted to lift herself to see what was happening but her bonds restricted her from doing so.

She scanned the part of the room she could see, it was Jumin’s bedroom, the place she had been sleeping in since her second night at the apartment, relief washed over her, for a moment she thought she had been abducted, but why was she restrained in Jumin’s room? They hadn’t discussed actually using the restraints she knew Jumin kept hidden.

“Jumin?” She called out worriedly as it dawned on her that she couldn’t move. “Jumin, are you here?”

Jumin appeared at the door, a sad expression etched onto his features.

“Jumin, what the hell is this?” MC started, if this was some kind of joke she didn’t see the humour in it. Jumin had always been known for his strange sense of humour but this was going overboard. “Jumin let me out of this right now.”

“MC… I’m sorry but you just have to stay there until I can think of a way to overcome this,” MC found his cryptic reply infuriating. “I need to make sure you won’t run away from me before I can let you go, if there is even the slightest chance you will leave me alone I’m sorry but I cannot take that risk.” He smiled sadly, a conflict was raging in his own mind, on the one hand he hated seeing her like this, he could tell she was afraid and frustrated but the other side…his dark side that he was trying to suppress loved this, it loved seeing her bound and helpless, a beautiful butterfly trapped behind glass, a doll he could paint with his own expression, it found perverse pleasure in watching her squirm, that side of him threatened to take over, longing to take her right there on the bed, to feel the utter ecstasy of being inside her, of making her his.

MC didn’t miss the lust that glazed his eyes as he watched her, it lingered only for a few seconds before it vanished is completely, but she definitely saw it there, if she was honest it frightened her somewhat.

“Jumin, I won’t run away, you know that, I love you,” she was barely keeping herself from panicking, Jumin had always seemed harmless but deep down she knew there was a darker, mean streak running through him. She was doing her best to talk as calmly as possible, attempting to calm the man in front of her that for the first time, she was actually afraid of.

Jumin crossed the room to her bed and knelt beside her.

“If I let you go, sooner or later you will run from me and I will be left alone.”

“You know I wouldn’t leave you Jumin, I love you.” She thought if she repeated the words that she loved him she could maybe make him come back to his senses.

“This love will soon end.” Jumin’s eyes showed a sadness she had never seen before, he was sincere in his fear, and she could see that, those eyes showed a range of emotions that Jumin himself could never hope to hide. All those years of training himself to not give away any emotion or to
even try to feel them were rendered useless by his eyes. Of course, none of the women that had ever attempted to be by his side, none that he had ever saw before had cared enough to look into those eyes, themselves being blinded by his wealth and fame. Only MC had actually looked at them before, even Rika had never managed to see beyond them, her own mind already clouded by negativity and her own sense of self-loathing to notice what anyone around her was actually feeling.

“I need you to stay with me MC, now that you’re here I just can’t handle the thought of you leaving me alone here. He will take this love away from me one day and I just can’t bear it.”

“Who?” MC questioned confused. Jumin sighed, “It doesn’t matter,” he extended a hand and stroked MC’s hair, “I love you, please know that. I would never do anything to hurt you, I beg you to just be patient with me, I’ll let you go when I know you still love me.” MC frowned, her mind swimming with reasons as to why Jumin was suddenly acting like this; each was as unlikely as the next.

“Jumin, I do love you,” she repeated, all she could do right now was hope her words reached him. “You know deep down that I do, I just… where is this coming from?” Jumin’s eyes bore into the floor, for the first time he was unable to meet her eyes. Guilt flooded over him, she was here against her will. For a moment he considered releasing her and spending the last moments of her love together, but then the fear washed the guilt away. He would lose her, now that he had shown this side of him he knew for sure she would run, whether she still loved him or not… there was no turning back now. The emotions that were so new to him would remain, but he would be alone to deal with the torment. For the first time in his life Jumin Han felt real fear.

MC could feel tears welling up in her eyes, it was almost as if Jumin had changed personalities overnight, she was afraid of this new side to him, he was unpredictable and seemingly reckless, not words that had ever been used to describe the CEO, and that made this whole situation worse, even if she could free herself could she tell anyone? Would anyone even believe that the normally stoic Jumin would act this way?

Probably not.

Without warning the floodgates opened and MC began to sob uncontrollably.

“Let me go Jumin, please, I’m begging you, I’ll do anything, I’ll stay with you forever even if my love for you dies please just let me go!” Her pleas became louder and louder and she shook her restraints with all her strength but they remained unyielding.

Despite MC’s shouts and tears he got to his feet without a word and left the room, leaving her restricted and alone. The tears fell even more after that, watching him walk away was like a dagger in her heart and stomach, she found herself wondering why she loved such a man, why he had this hold over her that she couldn’t explain. The tears didn’t stop flowing and she eventually cried herself back to sleep.

Once he had closed the door, Jumin fell to his knees on the other side of it, his own tears falling from his eyes, he gingerly lifted his hand and swept them away with his fingertip. He never cried, never but now it was all he could do, he was hurting someone he loved, her screams and sobs were echoing in his mind, a dreadful memory he would never forget. Elizabeth walked over to him, obviously wondering why her master was seated on the floor like this, she rubbed herself against him and a small smile appeared despite the pain.

“I don’t deserve her,” he whispered, “perhaps the love of a pet is the only thing I can ever have.”
Saeran’s eyes darted left and right between his various monitors. A constant feed of Jumin’s apartment CCTV was on one, the RFA messenger on another; these were the two screens that pictured something different than he was used to, the rest had their usual feeds of Magenta’s CCTV, various news channels from around the world that kept him in the loop of world events, just in case Mint eye saw a potential to infiltrate and gather more members, and finally, the screens that were constantly showing a dizzying amount of codes for hacking into various networks. However, Saeran’s eyes were glued to Jumin’s penthouse. There had been no movement from the CEO for some time. It seemed he hadn’t even been to work lately and the girl he was keeping there had not emerged since the night he caught them coming back home together after he had first found where she was. There was a camera facing Jumin’s sofa, the one he had apparently caught Saeran’s stupid brother molesting Elizabeth 3rd on, but this too had been useless, nothing but images of Jumin drinking wine or the girl playing with that damn cat, nothing useful.

The white haired man glared at the screens, even the sofa had been vacant for a while. It was then that Jumin returned to it, he placed his head in his hands and appeared to be crying, his shoulders moved up and down and though his face was covered, Saeran could have sworn he saw a tear roll down the man’s cheek. Saeran further noted that the girl was nowhere to be found. A cold smile crept across his usually serious face, something had happened, this was his time to act, if he could convince the girl to switch sides and work for mint eye he could finally gain the revenge he had longed for against V and his brother, the RFA would be drawn into chaos and Mint Eye could move one step further to eternal happiness.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this took a while! Personal stuff has been getting in the way of my writing and I sort of lost my passion for it for a while, but I'm so glad I persevered as I'm pretty happy with the way this chapter turned out.

(Also, Ima probably end up including more Saeran... V's route has made me go from indifferent to Saeran to full on trash XD)
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jaehee ended the call and sighed, placing her phone on the table in front of her in defeat. “Nothing yet,” she uttered, flashing a look at Zen who was seated across from her. Once again they were in Zen’s apartment, Jaehee had been visiting frequently when she found herself with any free time in an attempt to console her friend and keep an eye on him to make sure he was eating. He in turn was very appreciative of this and had begun to think of Jaehee as more than just an RFA member and unfortunate underling of the person he despised, but a close friend.

“She’s still not picking up?” Zen asked, he was beginning to worry about MC. It had now been three days since she had last appeared in the chatroom, or taken calls from anyone, Jumin had insisted she was fine and her phone was broken, he claimed it was with the manufacturer to be fixed as the warranty had yet to run out. Zen and Jaehee however, weren’t too certain.

“She isn’t, if I know Mr Han we would have rushed the repairs through, or bought her a new one, it’s unlike him to wait around like everyone else, not when he can throw money at it.”

“But it is definitely like MC to do just that.” Zen answered with a drawn out sigh. “She’d wait forever if she needed to, particularly if there was someone who needed a phone more than she did.”

“That’s true,” nodded Jaehee, “She and Mr Han are just so different, I can’t understand why she would go from you to… him. It’s just such a downgrade.” Jaehee then blushed, realizing her mistake. “That’s true,” she continued, “I just… She had always tried to keep her secret crush hidden from Zen, although he knew she was a fan of his he had no idea just how deeply her feelings ran for him.

The blush in her cheeks became deeper, the more she thought about the implications of what she had just said.

Zen looked at her, a little shocked at her words, then he smiled. It was strange for him but he had really felt a connection with the assistant these past few days, perhaps because she had made such an effort to make sure he was ok after what had almost felt like a break-up to him. He smiled further as her cheeks became redder and redder. It was… quite attractive.

“It’s alright, really Jaehee, I know what you mean,” he smiled. “Also, you know, you look really cute when you blush.” This made Jaehee blush even more. She was extremely grateful to her phone for interrupting the awkward silence that followed. She smiled apologetically at Zen but almost knocked her phone off the table as she scrambled to pick it up.

“Assistant Kang, where are you right now?”

“I’m with Zen Mr Han, did you need anything?”

“Of course not sir, I’m just visiting a friend and RFA member.”

“Hm.” Jumin’s tone was not a happy one.

“Was there something you wanted sir?”

“Yes, I need you to collate and forward some documents to my father. He is out of town on business but his assistant who has travelled with him has forgotten to take some vital information with them, he called me just now to see if someone in my office could do it.”

“But sir, is there no one in his office to do it?” Jaehee heard her boss sigh down the phone.

“He only has two other assistants, one of which is on holiday and the other… well, let’s just say she’s doing an entirely different sort of job these days.” The irritation in his voice was clear. Jaehee could almost see her boss rubbing his temples at the thought of his father once again favouring another C&R employee meaning that he didn’t give her nearly as much work as the rest and showering her with gifts and having her escort him to fancy dinners…then there were the things that would go on behind closed doors. Jaehee almost felt sorry for her boss having to deal with this kind
of thing… almost.
“I see. I'll get right on it sir, one more thing…” She paused, she should ask the question?
“What is it assistant kang?”
“Um… H how is…MC?”
“Fine.”
“It’s just, we haven’t heard from her since her phone was broken and we just thought…”
“I told you she’s fine.”
“But sir… sir?” The phone went dead. Jaehee pulled the phone away from her ear and stared at it blankly.
“There’s no way Mr Han would ever snap like that, he’s usually so calm and collected, this is so uncharacteristic for him.”
“There’s definitely a problem.” Zen agreed getting to his feet. “Let’s go back to the penthouse, I need to see her, and this time I’m not leaving till I… we do.” Zen corrected himself, he decided he wanted Jaehee there with him, not just because she was used to handling the C&R director but something about her also made him more comfortable, he wasn’t really able to explain it. There was also the added bonus that Jumin had more chance of listening to Jaehee than himself.

* * *

Yoosung was still in a bad mood when he reached 707’s house. He had been muttering to himself throughout the whole journey about how he couldn’t possibly have any privacy when the redhead was able to hack into almost any electronic device at will. The blonde was thinking of ways he could get the other man back when he reached the infamous electronic door that was the gateway to Seven’s home. Yoosung banged on the door loudly, not caring if anyone else heard him when a computerized voice halted him in his tracks.
“Password.”
“I don’t know, Honey Buddha chips?” The blonde replied. A loud buzz sounded, “Incorrect, try again.” Yoosung glared at the door, amethyst eyes narrowed.
“Let. Me. In.” The buzzer went off again.
“Incorrect, please be nice to me, I am just a door.” Yoosung would have laughed were it not happening to him.
“Seven Zero Seven let me in!” He proceeded to kick the door in between his bangs.
“If you continue to kick me I will explode,” the door spoke once again. Yoosung almost ran from the door at this, the young blonde was used to Seven’s antics but sometimes he was almost afraid of the mysterious hacker. He decided that it would be better to call his friend rather than risk being enveloped in some sort of explosion. Taking out his phone he dialled the other’s number.

…

“Yoosung? Where are you?”
“I’m outside your house! Did you hear me shouting at all?”
“Oh sorry, no, hang on.” The call was disconnected before Yoosung had time to properly scold seven for making him wait outside like an idiot. Without warning, the large door swung open effortlessly. There was no one to greet Yoosung on the other side of the door so, cautiously, the blonde walked slowly into the hacker’s home.
Seven was waiting for him inside, a wide grin on his face. Yoosung, still wondering if this was all some sort of elaborate joke nervously walked into the middle of the room to greet his friend.
“Yoosung! Make yourself comfortable I have a few things to do and then I will give you the details of our wonderful adventure!”
“What exactly is this all about?” Yoosung wondered aloud as Seven grabbed his arm in a firm yet soft grip and pulled him towards a room full of computers.
"As I said, I will reveal all soon!" Seven replied grinning, his voice its usual cheerful tone. "All you need to do right now is sit at any one of these computers and and play LOLOL all you want!"
"This is some kind of trick isn’t it?" Yoosung replied accusingly, he had fallen victim to 707’s pranks one too many times.
"Nononononononooooo!" The redhead replied. "I merely want you to go on an adventure with me, is that so wrong?" Seven clasped his hands together and rested his head on the blondes shoulder, staring up at him and feigning innocence. The blonde sighed in reply.
"Fine…" He uttered, somehow he felt that there was much more to this than the trickster was letting on.

Chapter End Notes

So this chapter was a bit of a non-chapter, but it was another one of those necessary to give context for actual upcoming plot.

Also, thank you so much to everyone who has left lovely comments on this fic, its so nice to hear that you guys enjoy this! I am also intent on finishing this so although it might take some time, I'll get there!

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