

Taste of Broken Things

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Taste of Broken Things

by [breathing_exe](#)

Summary

Jimin's breath escapes him roughly as hands cover his arms almost entirely, tugging him behind an iron door. The room was small, intimate, and the elder liked it immediately. He's tossed into a metal chair, black hair falling into his eyes. The hair on his arms stayed raised, eager for further manhandling. His chin lifted up towards the sounds behind him, door locking, keys jingling. Jimin bounces his leg. Whatever he had been caught doing, he would do it all again to feel this way. He hadn't seen the man who brought him into this room but the wait was thrilling.

Notes

Please enjoy psycho Jimin and detective Jungkook. Blood and bodily functions are mentioned in this story so if you're like me and go 'ew yucky god ew fuck that's gross', then I would suggest still reading this fic but with a little bit of caution. T'was a blast to write this and I think it's pretty good. *chef's kiss*. Is anyone else hungry after this fic? :DDD

Chapter 1



Jimin's breath escapes him roughly as hands cover his arms almost entirely, tugging him behind an iron door. The room was small, intimate, and the elder liked it immediately. He's tossed into a metal chair, black hair falling into his eyes. The hair on his arms stayed raised, eager for further manhandling. His chin lifted up towards the sounds behind him, door locking, keys jingling. Jimin bounces his leg. Whatever he had been caught doing, he would do it all again to feel this way. He hadn't seen the man who brought him into this room but the wait was thrilling.

There was electricity in the air, the needle of a speedometer pushing just a bit too far. He was a crazed killer after all. It was silent. The raven-haired man could turn around, reach for him, *kill him*, but he was cherishing this. He felt the other standing back, watching him, observing him.

And he enjoyed it.

“Park Jimin? Haven’t you been a bit *too* busy.” His voice made the deranged man’s fake composure spasm. Acting normal was such a bore. He ached to show himself to the other.

“Work is never done, veins never cease to pump unless cut...” Jimin’s voice trailed off softly as the other man-made his way to his front.

“If my work cries for mercy, I’ll give them a *break*. ” He uttered sultrily, long tight legs coming into his line of vision.

Jimin’s eyes swept up, shadows catching the dips of the other man’s arms. They crossed in front of the man with so much restraint. Jimin just wanted to tap him, have him burst with anger and shove him back into his seat. He wants someone to finally put up a fight. Everyone was too boring, pleading, begging for their lives. No one *fights*. He had heard about a detective that eagerly trailed on his heels. How he jumped for this case, *knowing* it was him. It was said that the detective *needed* to see him first hand.

How was he not taking his chance to do what he wants with him?

“I’ve seen what you’ve done-”

“Have you?” Jimin blurted eagerly, eyes looking up widely.

“I was there.”

Jimin folds one leg over the other and brings his cuffed hands to his face. A finger languidly traces his own lips as he watches the detective lean down to see his face, arms uncrossing. The raven read his name tag,

-Detective Jungkook-

It was thrilling to put a name to a face. If he could, he would go back and see if he could spot this amusing agent come so close to getting him. But he shouldn’t degrade him too much, he did catch him in the end after all. How tightly he had him cornered is a different story. Jimin smiled into his finger before bringing his hands forward. He reached out to the detective’s face but Jungkook juttet back with an unamused face.

“I was there too late. You had the poor man in pieces.” Jungkook’s voice held something in it, but his face was an entirely different commodity. Still, like a heart that no longer beats.

“Didn’t he look prettier that way?” He saw Jungkook’s visible shock. Somehow sheepishly, Jimin looked down at his cuffs, pulling them apart slightly as he uttered his confession. The chain between his wrists clattered as Jungkook’s hands shot out to either side of Jimin’s head, clenching the chair.

“You’ve never confessed.” Jimin was startled by his actions for only a moment. He unhurriedly uncrossed his legs, slow enough to not alert the strung up detective as he spoke. He knew that this confession was a big deal to the other and it was quite amusing.

“Do you not have any remorse for the lives you took? The families you broke apar-”

Jimin wrapped his legs around the tall man, hauling him down towards him. Straight away Jungkook pulled his legs from around him and sent Jimin's wheeled chair into the back wall.

"Am I really that ugly? Pushing me away like that, detective..." Jimin rose up, hair in his face. He knew how to present his body, that's what got most of his victims.

Jimin's chest rose erotically, catching the eye of the detective. He panted like he had taken on three men at once.

"Murderers don't deserve attention. Don't expect me to give you any." Jungkook took strides to the other man, grabbing his cuffed wrists and pushing him back into his chair. Jimin attempted once more to stand but Jungkook shoved him down with a hand on his shoulder. Reaching over to the one-way mirror and tapping it.

"I need leg irons." Jimin's eyes widened, not with panic or shock but with absolute *delight*. He raked his foot up the detective's leg, flexible enough to bring his foot to the man's crotch with little effort. The younger squeezed his ankle before practically throwing his leg in the opposite direction. The smaller man hisses in pain but controlled his facial features, ignoring the ache by talking.

"How much do you actually know, Jungkook?" The younger didn't let the temptation of looking down take hold of him.

"Your name, where you've resided, the people most important to you." The door opens and an officer comes in with leg restraints.

Once Jungkook had them in his hands Jimin shot up, running towards the door. He gave the officer a brutal kick that sent him hurtling towards the floor. Jimin couldn't do much when he saw Jungkook charge towards him, his neck getting clasped between the other's broad arm. He tried using his elbows to hit into the other's chest but his grip only got tighter. When he didn't relent, Jungkook added further pressure, restricting the other's airflow as he brought him towards the chair. For extra measures, Jungkook pressed down on the lunatic's legs with his leg, using his whole weight to keep him down as he attempted to lock the restraints.

Jimin was wiggling, even with the detective's body pushing him down. He brought his hands to the detective's crotch, trying to make him jump off him but he didn't move. A clicking noise immobilizes his legs and Jungkook rips Jimin's hands-off once he was finished. But that was enough time to burn realization onto Jimin's face.

"You're hard." Jimin gloated loudly, hoping to embarrass him in front of his whole team who are undoubtedly watching.

"Think you're special?" Jungkook's face only showed plain disgust. Jimin's hair covered his eye, his hips rolling upwards, trying to tempt the detective.

"I'm specifically here because *you* needed me to be." The elder knew he struck a nerve, Jungkook's body tensing up like all his other victims when they see the real him. But the detective doesn't have a knife to his neck.

“It must feel so good to have me the way you want.” Jimin trailed his cuffed hands from his own thighs to lay heavily on his clothed arousal.

“I think you’re mistaking me for something I’m not.” Jungkook gripped the back of Jimin’s chair to roll him back to the table. The detective’s arm was right by the raven’s face so Jimin tilted his face to the detective’s wrist, wrapping his mouth around the skin there and lapping at it. Jungkook pushes the chair with a heavy arm and lets go, letting Jimin fly into the table. A huff came out of him as his stomach collides with the slab.

“Guest, guest! I’m your *guest!*” That is what sent Jimin off. He wasn’t getting what he wanted and keeps getting tossed around. It was frustrating and sent Jungkook closer and closer to the mass killer he knew.

“You’re not my guest. You’re not welcomed anywhere and you won’t be leaving for a while, if at all.”

The raven’s ball of yarn was dwindling, restless. The detective sat in front of him and clasped his hands. Jungkook smiled seeing exactly how infuriated Jimin was.

“Do you want me to treat you kindly?” Jimin’s eyes never left him, clear as day with what he was thinking.

“You seem to take advantage when I do.” The raven tilted his head before laying it on the table, still looking at the detective.

“I want you to do whatever you want with me. You think I wouldn’t let you?” Jimin’s lids began to hood as he whispered to Jungkook. The raven’s body shivered and the other man looked away to glance under the table.

He was palming himself right in front of him.

“I don’t think we know each other like that yet.” Jungkook’s voice was unfazed, solid. Jimin sat up, chained legs wrapping around one of Jungkook’s calves before trailing upwards.

“You’ve been throwing me around like a toy. I’m helpless against doing exactly what you want.”

His feet laid on the other’s lap. There was a moment of allowance before firm hands gripped at the elder’s ankles.

“Let’s talk.” He gently placed his feet to the ground. Jimin’s emotions were unclear now. He couldn’t tell if he was genuinely listening or hiding his true emotions.

“Speak kindly to me, detective.” Jimin brought his hands onto the table, sitting up daintily.

“The first life you took was your own mother’s.”

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A mother's touch determines how their child enters the world. He was touched like a flower. He had opened the door to the smell of soup and wanted nothing more than to sip softly at the warm liquid. His mother told him that stew heals all wounds. His hair was a mess and his mother brought a comb to where he sat to eat. She placed a kiss on his head and began combing through his knots.

Jimin's eyes closed at the feeling. The kitchen held newly cut ingredients for dinner. His small stature only allowed his stomach to barely reach over the countertop but the stool he sat on gave him free rein to pick at the extra cut veggies. He sat with his head down, comb feathering through his light brown locks. His mother had tugged a bit too hard on a knot when Jimin's eyes shot open. He turned his head to his mother but she tried to move to get back at the stubborn tangled hair. His eyes and body would not stop turning towards her until she finally looked back at her son. A knife was in his hand, nestled petrifyingly close to her stomach. When she went to open her mouth, the boy dug it into her.

There was no sound until her body dropped to the ground. Jimin jumped off his chair to lean down towards his mother's weakening body. He crossed his legs as he sat beside her, trailing a dry finger down her ribs until it turned red. He brought it to his mouth and sipped softly at the warm liquid.

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"But why did you do it?"

"I like seeing beautiful things break."

Jungkook's breath had sped up and he didn't even realize. But Jimin did. The dark-haired man looked at the finger he spoke about.

"It's so weird not seeing red on my hands," Jungkook glared as Jimin played with his well-manicured fingers; small and innocent.

"They feel dirty."

The detective looked away and pulled over Jimin's file.

"Jeremy Doe. What happened with him?"

"Have you ever seen a newborn fawn? Wide eyes, innocent and pure, probably the most delicate creature I could break."

"You chopped him up so finely, I could barely identify him." Jimin smiles, a teeth-baring smile. He took it as a compliment, his cheeks turning a slight pink.

"And isn't that so much more alluring?"

Jungkook didn't answer. A knock came from the glass and he got up, walking towards the door.

“Detective?~” Jimin called out, spinning in his chair to face him. Jungkook turned back to the raven with his arms crossed.

“Don’t leave me.” Jimin rose up on his feet, his head tilting.

He has killed people.

This person who acts so irreproachable has taken people’s lives unapologetically.

The door behind him opened up and he was tapped, forcing his attention from the room he was in. He spoke with the man for a moment and turned back when a loud bang came from the window again. Jimin was inches away from him, having traveled in the rolling chair. He was too quick and snapped his teeth at Jungkook’s arm, catching onto his skin hard enough for the detective to swing back with his other arm, bringing it into the other’s jaw. Jimin collapsed onto the floor but did not lose consciousness to Jungkook’s surprise.

“We were just getting to know each other,” Jimin mumbled turning onto his back on the ground. He brought his hands to his bruising jaw, hips lifting off the floor.

“You know nothing about me,” Jungkook spoke to the deranged man as a taser is slipped into his pocket.

The bruise was fully visible now as Jimin moved his hands away. He kneeled up to look the other in the eye.

“I can see you, detective.” The door closed behind Jungkook and Jimin reached out to one of the detective’s legs. The elder’s cuffs jingled as he raked them up Jungkook’s thigh. Jimin’s lips were parted as he felt the other’s toned limb, never looking away from the detective’s eyes. After a moment the younger pushed him away before attempting to go around but Jimin lurched forward, wrapping his knees and hands around his leg. His head was too close to Jungkook’s privates, the vibrations of his voice made the detective grimace.

“Am I offending you?” Right as he uttered that, a zap sounded in the air. Jimin yelped, pulling away but he wasn’t tazed. Jungkook went deeper into the room as the raven-haired man held his hands close to his face, still kneeling on the ground.

“You’re something, detective. You’re not just pretty,” The raven removed his hands, still slightly trembling.

“Because we both know what I do to pretty things, but there is something inside you.” Jimin made his way onto his feet.

“Something you don’t want any of your authoritative friends to know.” The raven huffed as he dropped into his chair heavily. His small chained feet pitifully attempt to push him back to the table. Jungkook wasn’t amused because he had seen how fast he could move in that chair already. Before the other man made it to the table, Jungkook stood up, glancing at the one-way glass.

“I think we’ve talked enough.”

“Enough? But I barely got a taste.” There was an unsettling twist in Jimin’s face, a demeanor far more terrifying than anything Jungkook had witnessed today. He could tell that he was hungry. And the deranged part of it is that he wanted to see everything he is up close.

Alone.

Jungkook left the room, coming on to the other side of the mirror where he heard the knocking.

“He’s a lunatic, holy cow.” His police officer friend Taehyung said, reaching out to pull up Jungkook’s sleeve.

“The fucker actually bit you.” His eyes were wide as he saw the bruise that had formed on his friend’s arm.

“I really tried to warn you, man. I didn’t knock quick enough.” Tae’s fingers inspected the mark softly.

A loud bang brought their attention to the room. Jimin stared right back at Jungkook, eyes unblinking. A sick feeling settled in the detective’s stomach like he was staring at something he shouldn’t be. Jimin brought his cuffed hands to his mouth and bit into his thumb. Bright blood spurts onto the glass, his eyes never leaving Jungkook’s. Taehyung ran, yelling for mittens for those who risk endangering themselves. The detective was alone, watching as a lunatic presses their plump lips to the blood on the glass, eyes hooding. Jimin never once broke eye contact.

He couldn’t possibly see him, there is no way. Right as he thinks that, the raven draws an eye with the blood seeping out of his thumb. Jungkook’s heart stops, the door inside bursting open with multiple men. Jimin was dragged from the mirror. They clean his hands and put the mittens on. None of this stops his staring. His lips were so much redder. He licked at them, smiling right at the other.

It was then that Jungkook realized his taser was missing.

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Jungkook has filled out papers upon papers about Jimin. It was as though the universe didn’t want him to forget. If he hadn’t dedicated his life to this man and understanding him, he surely would have been one of his victims. Jungkook’s heart began to pound, his pen stilling. *Stop thinking*. His mind wandered to the raven’s neck, tilted to suck on the pulse point at his wrist, trying to bring his taste to the surface. He dropped the pen and rubbed his wrist before bringing it to his nose, smelling the dried saliva that was left behind. He remembered the heavy breaths Jimin emulated. They were fake and methodical but it still sped up his own breathing.

A loud sound makes him jump.

“Food. You haven’t eaten today.” A styrofoam container was set on the table by Taehyung. He sent him a dazed thanks and began stuffing his things into his bag, not touching his meal.

The lights were beginning to turn off, signaling the end of the day. Overnight security guards entered the building, greeting those who were leaving. Jungkook eyes down the photo taken for Jimin's file. He has never seen such a charming photo of a man with blood tainted lips.

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The styrofoam felt heavy in his hand as he passed the guards, bowing to them respectfully. The light switch was at the end of the hall. His pulse was loud but his footsteps became quieter and quieter. He opened the exit door and shuts it without going through. He slams his fist into the light switches. The sounds of sprinting shoes comes faster than expected. Jungkook bolts into the staircase, hiding underneath them. The darkness was encompassing, which brought a rise in panic about what he was attempting to do. He calms his breathing, remembering how there were only cameras in the entrance of the stairwell by the door. It was completely dark when he came in so nothing saw him. He left for all they know. The lights came back on, followed by the stairwell doors swinging open. Above him, security ran up the stairs loudly. Jungkook sat quietly, biting at his lip as his body's warning signals continued to go off. The guards that ran after him came down the stairs after a few moments.

"Park's floor is still secure. The lights were just faulty for a moment. All's clear." The door closed and Jungkook rose, walking up the stairs to Jimin's floor.

His *floor*:

He was so dangerous he needed a floor dedicated to himself. Because Jungkook was in charge of Jimin's case, he knew the code. He was told to not visit without backup, to not be seen after hours in there.

So he'll make sure not to get caught.

The door was unlocked once he put in the passcode and locked solidly behind him. The walls were barren, no windows and all possible exits locked. His 'room' took up the whole floor. A bed, a toilet, sink, a small bolted table and chairs, a box for his clothes and a metal box full of restraints that were protected with another passcode. Everything was open for all eyes to see, no privacy at all. He didn't even have a shower. Someone had to accompany him to a designated area for showers. Jimin rested on his knees, back facing Jungkook as he entered.

"I knew it was you," It was so quiet in his room, Jungkook felt exposed.

"You got them so riled up that they had to check up on me," It was a stand still, Jimin barely seemed to breathe.

"You're just as bad as me, aren't you?"

He turned his head, his eyes immediately zoning onto the food in Jungkook's hand. The younger let him stare before nodding his chin to the bolted chair. Jimin got up slowly, sitting down without a sound. He wasn't restrained at all but this was exactly what Jungkook wanted.

“You’d think they’d properly feed a cannibal.” These blatant confessions kept startling Jungkook.

“They just want me to make a move on the officers to use it against me. I’m just *hungry* .”

Jimin spoke as though it were a sane thought, completely rational, which unsettled the other. A small growl vibrates off the blank walls from the smaller man’s stomach. For a moment the detective’s pulse sped up, the raven’s eyes looking at him as though he were food.

In this case, he *was* .

“What I would give to have sharper teeth. You can barley pierce anything with these things.” Jungkook’s arm began to itch, reminding him of how Jimin bit him.

The younger opened the container up, turning it to the other. Jungkook realized he hadn’t brought utensils but the raven didn’t care, diving in with his hands. He ate like a lion. Jungkook’s mind conjured up the image of blood gushing down his chin. The rice splattered everywhere, making the severity of getting caught come up.

“You better eat every last trace of food or I’ll never do this again.” Jimin stopped eating, finally looking at the man in front of him.

“Let me out.” His voice was airy, like a demon trying to coax a child into giving them their soul.

Jungkook reached for the food, threatening to take it away. Jimin swatted at his hand, nails slightly scratching him. This made the younger pull it away entirely.

“Give it back!” Jungkook closed the container and crossed his legs, placing it on his lap.

“You want me to treat you like a human but you take advantage.”

“Back! *Back!* ” Jimin shoots up, Jungkook harmonizing with his actions. The detective’s frame was much bigger but the raven didn’t care. He screamed, attempting to swipe at the food.

Jungkook tosses the container onto the chair he sat in before, grabbing Jimin’s body and slamming him onto the metal table. As his back collided with the hard surface he let out a pained whine, eyes opening with murder in his eyes. He tries to use his legs to push him off but the detective was too close for him to do anything. His hands were a pitiful attempt, Jungkook’s strength overwhelming him.

Jimin strains his neck, trying to bite at him but Jungkook brings a hand to his neck, slamming his head back into the table. The raven’s breathing was erratic as he tries to pry the other’s fingers off. He wiggles harder, eyes mapping every feature of the detective’s face. Jimin’s body finally slowed down, the pressure around his neck making it difficult to breath. His eyes dimmed in intensity as his limbs began to go lax. Jungkook’s hold faltered as he pulled his own body back a bit.

“I’ll eat carefully.” Jimin breathed out, throat brandishing a bright red hand print.

Jungkook's lungs find a pattern as he lets up, allowing Jimin to rise and sit back into his chair. The raven began to wipe at the table, sweeping up the excess rice and pouring it into his mouth. The detective stood watching the display until the other folded their hands on their lap, waiting. Before Jungkook attempts to sit back in his own chair he notices something. He goes behind Jimin's seat and places a hand on the back of his neck. He gripped and lowered Jimin against the table. It didn't take any effort and the raven made no notion to object. With his other hand, Jungkook picked at the pieces of rice that littered the smaller man's back and puts it in his pocket.

"How kind of you." Jimin says warmly. Jungkook's hands leave but Jimin doesn't rise. Impulsively, the detective's hand moves back the other man, sliding into his hair and pulling him to sit up.

"You're a big boy, you can use your words." Jimin's face looked up at him charmingly, startling Jungkook into releasing his grip.

"That wasn't me complaining." The detective remained quiet, returning to his seat. He brought up the container and gave it back to the other man.

"Eat."

"I'm not hungry anymore." He saw the lie plain as day but relented.

"Then what's in your mouth?" Jimin was struck startled.

"Excuse me?"

"What is in your mouth?" Jungkook tapped his own bag he found underneath Jimin's chair that he somehow managed to snatch. The smaller man didn't answer and instead scratched his ear in confusion.

"I can list a bunch of things that I *wish* was in my mouth."

"Then list them."

Jimin's brows knitted, not expecting that response.

"Your tongue."

Jungkook scoffed.

"Your *severed* tongue. And fingers." Jimin swayed slightly as he spoke, nothing restricting him of doing just that.

"What's stopping you?" Jimin's smile returned.

"You know what it is, don't you?" Jungkook leaned over the table.

"Timing." The detective responds to Jimin's question. The raven doesn't move as the other's hand goes straight for his face.

“Want to put your hands in a cannibals mouth? Be my guest.” It was at this Jungkook retreated. He sat back heavily, obviously thinking.

“So, you broke all these rules to have dinner with me? Honestly, you’re quite the prince charming if it weren’t for all the slamming and throwing and grabbin-”

“Have you ever used one of your victims?” Jimin’s rambling was cut short.

“I find that living things are far more fun to play with.” Jungkook watches as something silver changes position behind Jimin’s lips as he talks.

“I’ve used them for sure. But in more tasteful ways.” The elder opened the box of food, ripping the salt packet and sprinkling it on the rice. Before Jimin could shovel some into his mouth, Jungkook jutted forward. He connected their mouths as he fought to find what the raven tucked away. Jimin screamed in anger and attempted to bite at Jungkook’s prying tongue. Swiftly the detective found the paperclip but not before Jimin bit into the side of his tongue. Jungkook grimaced and spit the paper clip into his hand along with blood.

It was as though the appearance of this specific red triggered something in Jimin and he climbed onto the table, eyeing down Jungkook as something to kill.

“Can’t control yourself around a little bit of blood?”

Jungkook didn’t move an inch when Jimin climbed the table to get to him. Jimin got to his hand and licked at the blood, ignoring the paper clip entirely.

“I see you, Jungkook.” His well-manicured hands held the detective’s, bringing it to his throat. The paper clip dropped to the table and Jungkook’s hand was limp around Jimin’s neck.

“I think you’re still mistaking me for something I’m not.” Jimin scooted closer to the detective on the table, spreading his thighs on either side of Jungkook.

“I must look so foolish then.” The raven’s eyes slid closed. Jimin squeezed the detective’s hand harder, raking his other hand along Jungkook’s arm. Just to see what happens, Jungkook clutched the other’s neck. The raven’s eyes snapped open before flashing to the door.

They both were quiet. Jungkook was oblivious to what Jimin could have possibly heard. The raven leaned forward, making the other squeeze him in place.

“I had gotten into your head.” Jimin whispered, eyes never leaving the door. Jungkook couldn’t understand how the crazed man wormed his way out of his grip so quickly. Confused, he watches as Jimin jumps off the table and slides onto his knees to the box with a padlock.

Did he know the code this whole time?

Before Jungkook could process it, he felt electricity shock his body entirely immobile. He screamed in pain and saw the door fly open, his body convulsing as yelling rang off the once quiet walls. He saw Taehyung bolt into the room and land a hit straight to Jimin’s head, his

body falling limp onto the ground. Knees dug into Jimin's pilant back as his wrist got detained. A sour taste flooded Jungkook's mouth as he watched Jimin get lifted up like a corpse. He was staring at him but there was no light behind his eyes. The only thing going through Jungkook's mind was,

'What are you going to do with him?'

||

"Do you understand how dangerous Park Jimin is?"

"I am aware."

"What were you doing in there after hours?"

Jimin's words echoed in his mind. *"I had gotten into your head."* He wants Jungkook to believe this so he isn't at fault. The detective couldn't find it in himself to repeat these words to his boss since,

it wasn't true .

"Feeding him. Something the facility is neglecting to do." Jungkook's boss rolled his eyes as if to say, 'Like that animal needs to be fed'.

"You just *want* him to do something horrible to punish him further." He could tell he was losing his boss' interest by the way he licked his fingers after taking another bite of his sandwich.

"He has killed 28 people."

"We don't know that." He could already invision Jimin sitting softly on the ground in front of a pile of fresh corpses, red as a newly painted room. Jungkook did not know if he believed his own words.

"This is a warning, Jeon." He was waved out of the office. Jungkook's hands burned at his side. Jimin was sent to solitary confinement.

He wouldn't even wish that on his worst enemy.

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21 days.

Jungkook counted as he tried to figure out a way to see Jimin.

"I need to speak with him. This investigation is not over." He was pushed and escorted out, told that the maniac broke rules, confessed, and needed to finish his punishment before further questioning. That night he sat in the waiting room's bathroom thinking about how terrible confinement is and what he could do to get the other out. He stares at the mirror, not recognizing the stern face staring back at him.

What is he thinking?

Just then he hears a shout before three gunshots. Jungkook's blood ran cold. He had nothing equipped on him. He heard footsteps come towards his door before a gentle knock.

"Is there anyone there?~" A soft voice called out. His throat was frozen but his body was burning. Get the *fuck* out of there! Jungkook opens the door and right away the sound of a gunshot bounces through the air.

"Oh, it's just you." Jimin shot the wall at the very last moment upon recognizing Jungkook.

"Detective, it was getting awful lonely in there. I missed you." The doorway was completely blocked. Jimin noticed that Jungkook was looking for an escape and snugly placed the barrel of the gun underneath his chin.

"Why don't I show you what murder looks like?" Jungkook's heartbeat moved Jimin's hand up and down erratically. At least, that's how Jungkook perceived it. The detective's jaw quivered before setting, ready to be impaled by lead.

The raven chuckled before placing his lips on the other side of the detective's neck, softly pressing his lips there. He sighs out dreamily.

"It's going to be so sad when you're lifeless," Jimin's voice trailed into an airy whisper,

"You're just so interesting to me." The gun was moved away and Jungkook's Adam's apple bobbed harshly. Jimin turned to look out the door and grabbed the gun with both hands. With a small wiggle, he pointed his gun at a camera outside the bathroom's entrance. He blew a handless kiss and shot, the camera shattering into a hundred pieces.

"Thank you for trying so hard to help me," Jimin turned back to Jungkook, wrapping his arms around the detective's midsection.

"But I don't think you understand that I can get out of *anything*." The raven mumbled against his chest before kissing it. Jungkook was too afraid to move or to object.

"Maybe I won't let your death be so painful." With that statement said like a generous offering, Jimin leaned up and tasted the detective's lips before leaving the bathroom. Not two seconds later another two shots were heard.

Jungkook turned to the inside of the bathroom, taking large strides to the toilet. He fell to his knees and heaved out painful chunks, his hands shaking as they came up to clutch at the toilet. Nothing more came up and he emptily gagged, bringing his hand to the place where the barrel touched.

But he wasn't broken yet.

He rinsed his mouth with water, raking the wetness across his face before shaking himself out. The thought of stepping outside the bathroom petrified him.

What if Jimin decides that now is the time he'd take his life?

Or he was just simply not entertaining enough anymore?

With that thought, he forced himself out the door to the sight of bloodied guards lifeless on the ground.

“Jimin!” Jungkook froze. Why did he call out? A metal door swings loudly within a symphony of distant sirens.

“Jimin, wait!” Jungkook began to run, passing body after body as his erratic movements electrify his insides. He couldn’t breathe above the noises of his heart vibrating. His heel squeaks as he stops behind Jimin. The smaller man was knelt down, carving at an immobilized man’s chest. His legs looked to have been broken and his consciousness was drifting in and out.

“Had to preoccupy myself as I waited for you.” Jimin looked up to Jungkook, his pupil’s unnaturally large. His hands were coated in a thick layer of red but there was only a ghosting of it at the corners of his mouth. Jungkook couldn’t take it. He saw that the person was in so much pain, being brought back to his body at every dig of his knife. Jungkook lurched down, grabbing the man’s skull and snapped inward. Just as quickly as he did it is how quickly he let him go, the man’s body falling limp.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Jungkook glances down at the corpse. Pained gasps squeeze his chest dangerously tight, his attention slowly turning to Jimin.

“Well, that was unnecessary.” The smaller man remarked wittily.

“Funny how you killed him just like that and I’m the monster?”

The detective couldn’t speak, couldn’t move. Lifeless eyes stared back at him. Jimin stood up, his feet loud against the floor. His body seemed to float towards Jungkook, his eyes glued to his own hands.

Chapter Notes

Please read with caution. <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



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“Is this how you imagined me?” He didn’t let the other answer, bringing his bloodied hand up to Jungkook’s face.

The officer flinches away, his features pinching in disgust. His voice bubbled but his words fizzled away before they could come out.

“I have time to find out...” Park laid his fingers against the other man’s lips before moving in to peck a kiss over his own flesh. On instinct Jungkook licked his lips, eye twitching at the taste of blood. His body tensed against Jimin who began to push. His lips parted and he took in the two digits, screwing his eyes shut. His mind went blank before the memory of the man he just killed assaulted him.

With a wet sound of disapproval Jungkook pushes the other, Jimin’s fingers slipping out. The door slams open,

“GET DOWN!” A hoard of officers shout, guns pointed right at the two of them. As if in slow motion Jungkook watches Jimin’s eyes widen in absolute glee as he points his gun at him. Rearing up, Jungkook grabs Jimin’s arm, the bullet taking out a chunk of his left ear. The detective cries out in pain, eyes screwing shut right as the other sends him an air kiss. Ears ringing Jungkook falls to the ground, wrapping his hands over his shot ear. Warmth leaked between fingers, blood muffling the commotion around him.

“FUCK!” He screams out, curling in on himself and flinching at the raining sound of bullets. Jimin was dead, he had to have been. Jungkook’s eyes are permanently cemented shut as another officer tries to pull him out of the range of fire. His skin felt alive, burning white and trying to escape his own body. He finally rips open his eyes, his vision blurry.

“Jimin-” He hears the other more than he sees him. A joyous laugh erupts across the hallway. Jimin’s spry silhouette lands on an officer’s shoulders, a gun pointed to his victim’s head. The trigger gets pulled and the officer’s body collapses to the ground. As if it were nothing, Jimin safely lands and punches the throat of another officer, sending them plummeting to the ground as well. Right before Jungkook’s vision blurred entirely, Jimin turned to him, the exit sign illuminating him from behind. With a deceitfully genuine smile, Jimin uses his pointer and thumb finger on both hands to make a heart over his pelvis.

The cocky fucking *bastard* .

||

A shiver rakes through Jungkook’s spine, nudging him awake. His eyes flutter open only to flinch at the brightness of the setting sun. He manages to get them open and looks around himself. He was in a hospital room but there was no one waiting beside him. Pushing aside the personal hurt he felt in his chest he brings his hand to his ear, feeling the roughness of surgical tape. In a moment he seizes up, doubling over.

He shot me.

Every ounce of his body heated up, anger and betrayal screaming their pain into his ears. His thoughts attacked his injury, tripling the pain from all his built up tension. His eyes burned, his head pounding painfully. Jungkook hits his hand repeatedly against where he felt pain, anger completely taking over. Whether it’s right or not, Jungkook realized his life did not matter as long as the other was with him.

It started with his desire to get a glimpse, but then he wanted to capture him. To feel him. And in the end, he got shot by him. Park Jimin, mass *murderer* , shot him and he survived.

Logic says this leads to suicide but these dark infectious thoughts taunt him into action.

He reaches a hand out to the television remote on his bedside table.

“A local “secure” holding facility has been destroyed in a burst of flames this evening after a cannibalistic murderer named Park Jimin escaped and killed 27 officers. It is suspected that he who caused these atrocious deaths had also been the one to start the fire. If you find information about this man’s whereabouts please contact us-”

He shuts the tv off. His mind was set. As carefully as he could he removes his iv, slowly standing up.

He has to kill him.

The thought churns the detective’s insides. Will he be able to stomach it when the time comes, he isn't quite sure yet.

Jungkook feels the eyes of a nurse rake over his body as he passes them, hiding his bandaged ear with his sweater hood. The sky was dark, a steady trickling of rain pelting the parking lot. He wasn’t far from his apartment, he could bear the rain. His hand remains at the ready, paranoia creeping up on him as his ear attempts to hone in on the noises he hears. Silhouettes run past him at the corner of his eyes.

“Whatever this is I’VE FUCKING HAD IT.” He equips his gun, turning around in all directions. Maybe he was overreacting but he won’t take any chances. Jungkook nearly shoots at the sound of the phone booth near him ringing.

His pulse deafening in his ears he approaches the booth, eyes shifting around his surroundings. Closing the glass the noisy rain goes quiet. With a hesitant grip Jungkook slowly brings the phone to his ear, only his shaky breaths giving him away.

“Detective?~” Jungkook should be conversing with the devil by the way he freezes.

“I hear you breathing.”

“What...” Jungkook tries to speak again, sucking in the suffocating air inside the phone booth, his warm breath fogging up the glass surrounding him.

“Jimin, what do you want?”

“You sound petrified, honey. I hope I didn’t scare you.” The detective wanted to scream, demand an answer: Why would you try to shoot *me* ?

But why would it matter if it were Jungkook or not?

Because he survived.

Jungkook snaps his head to the outside, a figure coming into his vision before quickly disappearing.

“I don’t know what this is, but you’re going to pay for everything you did.”

A burning feeling overwhelmed Jungkook as he spoke those words. He hears a muffled whine in the air before he is flung back into the glass, eyes squeezing shut at the blinding light and sudden impact. Jungkook’s ears ring once more, his bleary eyes widening at the car in front of the booth’s door, flames lifting up and covering his view of the outside. The air was quickly becoming thick, fire heating up the glass. Jungkook scrambles for the phone.

“I realized you’re a man after my own heart. I like you, but I need you to pledge your life to me.”

Beads of sweat gather around Jungkook’s temple as he bares his elbow to the glass beside him. The heat from it makes him hiss before he returns, quickly losing his breath after a few rams to the glass. The air was becoming unbearably heavy.

“Want me to help you?”

“I want nothing from you!” Jungkook shouts out roughly. His frustration and fear causes painful tears to leak from his eyes, only to evaporate once it hits the air.

*“You’re the one who called out for me. You’re the one who **followed** me!”* Jungkook muffled his cries into his hand, skin bubbling up. The man over the phone grunted out a sound of frustration that terrifyingly turned into a deep laugh.

“It’s too bad you’re only valuable alive.” Glass by his head is shattered, scaring Jungkook onto the ground. Gripped by the shirt he is pulled out and carried. He coughs, choking on the entrance of fresh air into his lungs. After only a few steps he is tossed somewhere small and dark before his surroundings go completely black, a slamming noise making him jump.

In the darkness Jungkook heaves, trying to see his own hands. He notices his body is shaking as he wipes the sweat from himself as best as he can. That was until he heard a rustling beside him. Something touches his stomach, slowly wrapping around his waist. Jungkook jolts, pushing away the figure and scrambles to the walls, trying to find a door with no sight.

“Jungkoo~” A familiar airy voice says. Movements come closer to him, Jungkook’s body flush and *trapped* against the wall.

“Jimin?” A warm body moves to press against him. The adrenaline still in his body makes him shake, his restraint waning towards the other. *Kill him. Kill him*, his mind screamed. It was definitely the shorter man. Lips press against his neck making him slam his hands against the other’s chest.

“If I wanted you to be dead,” The sound of a switchblade opening halts Jungkook’s breathing, in turn stopping the chants in his head.

“You’d be dead.” The end of the blade is put into Jungkook’s palm, the killer’s minty breath ghosting over his lips. If Jungkook could see he knew that the other would be staring at his lips.

“If you wanted me dead, then do it.” The metal was cold in the detective’s previously boiling hand. He has dealt with so much because of this man. Broke so many rules as well as his own moral code.

So he closes the blade.

He hears a pleased noise come from Jimin before the closed blade is slapped out of his hand, the other straddling him.

“I think we both need to clear our minds. I want you to take everything out on me.” What the hell is happening? Jungkook’s hips are pulled forward, hands unbuckling his pants roughly. That was enough.

He rested for a moment but his anger returned rapidly. With all their interactions rushing through his memory, Jungkook pushes Jimin until they fall to the floor. He quickly wraps his hands around the other’s throat. Jungkook couldn’t see anything but heard a shocked gasp get ripped out of the other man.

“I’d be doing everyone a favor by killing you.” The detective spoke aloud, his words chopped and fingers tight.

He feels shaky hands rake down his arms to where his fingers choked the other. Jimin added his own fingers to the mix, pressing with affirmation.

“Kill me.” A gargled demand comes from Jimin. Jungkook squeezes with more intention, Jimin’s legs jutting upwards instinctively. His knee rides up, colliding with the detective’s growing arousal. A constricted groan comes out of the shorter male. Jungkook’s hands refused to loosen. He held so much anger towards the other’s betrayal. He didn’t cry out of empathy for the lives that were gone because of Jimin but for being blatantly rejected. His tears never stop, even as he releases the other man’s neck.

Not letting the other catch his breath Jungkook grips Jimin’s shoulders and forces him to flip over, pulling him down to where he wanted him. Rough hands pull at whatever the other has on, rucking up his shirt and pulling his pants down over his ass.

“Getting a bit handsy there, detective.” With a hand to the back of his head, Jimin’s face is pushed into the floor. The smell of copper always lingered around the shorter male but today he smelled clean, an expensive scent hidden close to where he was most vulnerable.

Without a single care Jungkook drags his nails harshly down the other’s back before grabbing Jimin’s cheeks and spreading them to accommodate his face.

Before he could taste him, the door to the van is ripped open and Jungkook bares back like he had been burnt.

“What are you, a fucking idiot?” Jimin says, pulling from a compartment beside him a red glock. Jungkook is floored at the sight of Jimin’s entirely different hair color. Bright blonde locks complimenting his slightly tinted lips. He wasn’t unscathed, bruises scattered across what Jungkook could see of his face. Without hesitation, the trigger was pulled and the man was down. Jimin took a man’s life all while on his knees. Begrudgingly, Jimin reaches out for the door and slams it shut, darkness enveloping them once more. Quiet murmurs and the low sound of a dragging body fades from the van.

Jungkook couldn’t move, the noise from the gun paralyzing him. He heard Jimin come towards him unhurriedly before weight was on his lap. The detective could not see a thing, so he didn’t dare move. He flinches as a hand grazes his neck, lips landing on the opposite side to tease his skin with their wetness. Teeth started coming into play and Jungkook’s heart jumped into his throat. He could hear his own breaths, they were borderline panicked pants. This makes Jimin ease up, to Jungkook’s relieved surprise.

“I don’t think you’ll ever realize,” The shorter man spoke solidly, pulling the detective’s hand back to his throat.

“You changed *everything* for me.” Jungkook’s mind raced. Minutes ago he was pinned, threatened with the promise of burning alive. With an impatient growl Jimin shoved his unresponsive hand to the side, grabbing his hair and pulling him forward. Jungkook hadn’t even realized his lips were parted until something wet intruded his mouth. Jimin’s tongue slipped in making waves of shock roll over the detective. What did this treatment mean? In the end, he was still getting kissed by a cannibalistic murder. For all he knew the other was just sizing him up as his next meal. Even with that in mind Jungkook noticed there was something desperate in the way the blonde kissed him. It unlocked something in him, some sort of euphoria in knowing that he wasn’t crazy in thinking that the other actually felt something for him. Jungkook curled his tongue around Jimin’s, the heaviness in his chest lightening. Sharply he was slammed back against the wall, cold air hitting the spit on both of their lips.

“I don’t want to see you,” It was said quietly, but Jungkook heard something he never had before: the other waver.

“Because I don’t want to destroy you.” It was raw in his voice, a pain Jungkook couldn’t understand.

“Then...don’t.” The detective found his voice. A sound of a sarcastic chuckle came from the blonde, his hard head falling limply against Jungkook’s chest. Jimin’s head periodically twitched against him, inaudible mumbles creating a rising fear in the detective. It was if he were negotiating with himself.

“It’s not that simple.” Jimin’s remark fell on deaf ears, Jungkook pulling the other back until their lips interlocked once again. It seemed just like what Jimin needed, eagerness replacing any other emotion he had. It was as if Jimin were trying to bury himself in the other, his body pressing against him anywhere he can.

“Detective, I need your help.” Shockingly gentle, Jimin pecks the other’s lips before pulling away enough to have Jungkook trailing after him.

“I don’t exist anymore.” Jimin whispers against him. A hand trails down Jungkook's chest but in a moment a click sounds between them and something hard presses right up against his cock. Never did Jungkook think he’d be held at gunpoint by the dick.

“And you’re going to make sure of that.”

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“Gukky! Where have you been?” Tae grinned brightly as Jungkook took strides to his new office.

“After getting shot and dealing with that crazy nutbag I needed a break.”

“Awe man. Well, I’m glad you’re back in one piece buddy.” Tae’s heavy hand pats his shoulder before leaving. The detective remembered that same hand sent Jimin hurling towards the ground, his fingers clenching into a fist. Jungkook unlocks the door to a room so unfamiliar. Relocated, a fresh start for the tired out, fussy, good for nothing, shit eating-

Sitting down heavily, Jungkook opens up his laptop.

After months of unfortunate events, Park Jimin’s body has been found half decomposed. The cannibalistic serial killer created a lead of kills that led police to his suicide. The cases concerning him have been closed and blacklisted from further investigation. Any concerns regarding information about Park Jimin should be taken up with the chief of police.

Case Closed.

After attaching his completed report he opens up another tab, adding his resignation. It was as simple as hitting send that the world below him exploded. Screams erupted before a thunder of bullets and he could not help the smile that grew on his face. He couldn’t remember the last time he felt so much joy. Running feet pass his office and a petrified Taehyung kicks at his door, trying to get the detective out. Staring straight at his friend he watches as he is shot right in front of him, the glass covering in an explosion of blood. A delicate finger draws a heart in the blood before the lock is picked. His love was masked, only his eyes giving him away to the other. Opening his suitcase Jungkook slipped on his own mask, rising up to reach out for the Jimin. Their fingers interlock sweetly, their eyes speaking their thoughts to one another. With a mischievous glare Jungkook uses their hold on each other to slam Jimin’s back against his brand new desk. Just as quick Jimin pulled him down, flipping them until Jungkook was underneath him. His police suit was ripped at. Jimin pulls out a knife from his back pocket and trails the tip down Jungkook’s chest. Even behind the mask Jimin could see his love’s smile through his eyes. He grips the fabric above Jungkook’s skin and cuts, ruining the uniform.

“You better have brought me another set of clothes.” With an eye roll Jimin pushed Jungkook’s masked face, the blood of his dead friend transferring onto it. More shouts echoed down the hall, Jimin’s pupil’s dilating at the sound. The sight of that makes Jungkook dig his fingers into the other’s thighs. With a sensual touch Jimin lifted Jungkook’s mask up just enough to free his lips, obscuring the rest of his face. Jungkook couldn’t see, his throat closing at the sound of Jimin’s wet lips sucking at something. Lips press against his and the taste of copper fills his mouth. Like a drowning man he chased the flavor biting at Jimin’s lips to show his appreciation. The action made Jimin thrust his leg roughly against Jungkook’s cock. The killer’s eyes watch his love bite his lip with a smile.

Jungkook felt the other’s eyes on his, so he did the only thing he thought was appropriate. Slipping his mouth open he let his tongue fall out, curling with promise. It took only a few moments for Jimin to make quick work of his pants and position himself above the other’s face. When Jungkook feels a presence above him he is quick to dive up, tongue raking up against soft skin. His tongue attempted to map out where he was but a firm grip to his hair guided him to Jimin’s puckered hold. Jungkook’s hands shoot up at the noise Jimin makes once he gets where he needs him. The ex-detective pulls Jimin’s hips down, pushing his tongue into the tight heat above him. He feels the other clench around his tongue before a rough growl comes out of Jimin. He rolls his hips, forcing Jungkook’s tongue to slip in and out of him. The mask was making it hard to breath so Jungkook reluctantly pulled out, gripping his mask and tossing it onto the ground. He grips harshly at Jimin’s ass, forcing the blonde cock's straight down his throat. There is a laugh of insanity that jumps out of Jimin’s throat before Jungkook swallows around him, making his eyes roll back. His hands return back to Jungkook's hair as he thrusts in and out desperately. Stubborn, Jungkook pushes him away, saliva wetting his chin

To Jimin’s surprise a gun was pointed at him, his cock throbbing at the action. Jungkook demands Jimin to get off him before getting up himself.

“Put your hands on the table.” His voice was rough from Jimin’s treatment. He noticed the other’s cock jump at the demand.

“I don’t want you to move unless I move you.” Jimin listens to what he is told. Jungkook walked around Jimin, gripping his wrists until they were situated far in front of him, the blonde’s stomach laying against the desk. The gun was pressed coldly against the center of Jimin’s back, his leg being patted to move apart. Having him right where he wanted him, Jungkook freed his cock, swelling even more at the sight before him. In no hurry Jungkook lets his precum dribble over Jimin's hole which winked back from the feeling. Despite his uneven breathing Jimin wiggled his ass, attempting to tempt the other. The gun left his back but Jimin jumped at the sound of it being fired at the ceiling.

“What did I say?”

“I’m sorry for being so insubordinate, baby~” His tone rubs Jungkook the wrong way. The gun gets tossed to the side and large hands pull at Jimin’s waist, dragging him back abruptly enough that he takes the tip of Jungkook without fully knowing it. Pulling out slightly a sharp moan pierced the air. A few shallow thrusts later and Jungkook was able to press deeper. Jimin’s leg lifted up, as if he were trying to climb the table to escape. As punishment

Jungkook allowed him to lift his leg but chased him, inadvertently allowing him to get even deeper. Jimin's tightness makes Jungkook's jaw slacken, his head slamming back from the unbearable heat surrounding him.

"Too...full." Jimin manages to get out before digging his head into his extended arms. Jungkook grips his blonde locks, pulling his head up so his moans aren't obscured. Each drag of Jungkook's cock against Jimin's walls makes the blonde's body shake beneath him. With a wandering hand the taller man decides to run his thumb up against the blonde's scrotum, making him jolt with a yelp. His lips were permanently stuck in a grin, he was very *very* pleased. So he tugged lightly at them. A hand swung back at him as an attempt to stop what made Jimin moan so beautifully. Instead he gripped Jimin's arm tightly and pulled back, making the crazed man arch without escape from his onslaught of thrusts.

"I can't- I can't take anymore." Jimin whimpers out, his thighs visibly quivering. Abruptly, hot cum paints the other man's insides, making sobs roll out the other's body. Muscles ripple around Jungkook's cock, punching the air out of him. Jimin seizes up, his orgasm triggered by the feeling of being filled up with cum. With a deep chuckle Jungkook thrusts one last time and shivers as his last bit of cum is milked out.

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"A very terrifying time to live through indeed. Just a month after the massacre at the new holding facility, a field of bodies was found just a mile away this morning. The footage is censored for the public's safety but the message written with the bodies reads: 'The Best Game Is Human'. Could this be the act of someone who idolized the late cannibalistic serial killer Park Jimin?"

Chapter End Notes

It's been awhile, definitely. I hope you enjoy anyways! :D All comments are appreciated tremendously.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!