

Unseen

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 2:

Kim Jaejoong looked up the second he felt someone was sitting down on his desk, though he had the feeling that he knew who it was before even seeing the person. And unfortunately for him he was right. It was his boss the "oh so wonderful" Jessica. Everyone knew that her real name was You-Ree though no one dared to call her that. (In fact the last unlucky person who did, was fired two days later and was still trying to find a new job after 2 years!)

"You're working late again..." she whispered more to herself than to him while her eyes took in every detail of Jaajoongs attractive face.

"Hey Jessica." He said though he added *'Shouldn't you be at home, eating dinner with your husband and three kids?'* in his mind and tried to look friendly.

"What are you doing Sweetie?"

"I am editing one of Changmin's articles for him."

"Aw, but you know there are other ways to impress me."

'I bet there are' was all Jaejoong could think while he was trying to ignore her hungry staring eyes. "Did you read my mail, Jessica? I was at the police station today and talked to Ju-Hyong and Jeremy. They are onehundred percent sure that a new arms dealer has moved into our city. They found some meddled with guns when arresting drug dealers last night."

Jessica padded his shoulder and let her fingers slide down his arm afterwards as if it wasn't intentionally.

"Sweetie, just keep doing your usual stuff and leave the big and dangerous cases to the grown ups, okay. We don't want that pretty face of yours in danger of being

scarred, do we?"

She smiled and her eyes began glimmering with lust as she was looking at his lips.

Jaejoong had to suppress a sigh at the sight of this. Her, acting like this got boring right after he started working for her and that was almost four years ago.

What he needed now was something to distract her from his looks. Something plain and simple. Something like a paperbag he could put over his head. Preferably a paperpag with a picture of Jessica's husband printed on it.

"So shall I drive you home?" she asked acting innocently.

'That will only happen when heaven opens and Godzilla is coming right through the cleft.' He thought, but answered politely "No thank you."

After that Jaejoong turned back to his computer and started working again, hoping she would understand the hint and leave him alone.

Thankfully she did understand and left. Though he was sure she wasn't going straight home but visiting the bar across the street as most reporters did on their way home.

To be honest Changwon was not the best city for a career as journalist, nonetheless Jessica's grown ups loved to act as if they were carrying a hard burden. Almost every day after work they would sit at Jason's and talk about the good old days when everything was better and they were working for a bigger more important newspaper. The majority including Jessica were slightly conservative and middle aged men (okay Jessica was female, but no one in the business world saw her like that!) who were competent but nothing special in what they were doing.

Changwon was not a small province town and it was near enough to Busan to get it's own share of organised crime, drug dealing, and prostitution – which kept them busy. But apparently the Changwon Times could not compare to The Seoul Times and everyone knew that none of them was ever going to win the pulitzer price.

It was actually really sad.

'But who am I to think that way', thought Jaejoong. He was just a small local reporter

who never worked for a overregional newspaper before and if things weren't going to change in the near future he would be sitting in some province town's bar and talking about his glorious days when working for the Changwon Times.

His hand went into the M&M's bag in front of him. Empty. Again.

He sighed and packed his stuff. On his way out of the newssection he made a detour to the sweets depot of his friend Changmin. That fellow was eating all day. For Changmin such profanity as breakfast, lunch or dinner did not exist. Food intake was a main constant for him. As long as he was awake there was food going down his throat and to secure a continuous supply he turned his desk into a true treasury of calory providers.

Jeajoong grapped a chocolate bar, unpacked it and enjoyed the taste of the artificial flavours. Still eating he went down the stairs and out the door into the hot and humid summer night. It felt like hitting a thick wall when stepping outside and he had to walk 10 blocks to get to his apartment. Thankfully halfway was the chinese fast food restaurant with a perfectly working air condition.

After the last delicious chunk of chocolate bar he flipped his cellphone open and used the speed-dialling to order his favourite dish.

While talking and walking he subconsciously took in the familiar though bleak surroundings.

This part of the street was occupied with nightclubs, stripbars and a Tattoo&Piercing shop every now and then. The chinese fast food and a korean imbiss stall were the only "restaurants" in this area. The other buildings were former office buildings that were still used a few years earlier, but were now abandoned.

Jeajoong knew every centimeter of the asphalt; usually he did not even need to look at the traffic lights to know when he could walk or not. Every sound of his surroundings that drifted out of the open doors and windows around were something that calmed him down after a long day at work.

You could hear Jazz floating through the air from the direction of the King's Club, whereas techno was coming from Living and someone just tuned up the Karaoke at King Kamehameha. Most facilities were decent though there were always those that weren't and which he tried to avoid. First of all the Odeon with it's nightmarish clientel. He would only go past that threshold when accompanied by a police escort.

While thinking that he was overrun by a wave of exhaustion. Geez the humidity was going to kill him today, in fact the air was so heavy that he had the feeling of breathing water instead of air.

But something told him that his weakness was not only caused by the weather. Actually he's been feeling weak and floppy for some weeks now and he could no longer ignore the beginning of a slight depression. His job had no future. He did not care about the city he was living in. He had just a few friends, no lover (not even a flirt!!!). His inner eye let him see himself in ten years. Still in Changwon with Jessica and her big boys, everyday being the same: waking up, getting to work, trying to change something, failure, going home alone.

Maybe he really needed to break out. Out of Changwon, out of the Changwon Times. Out of his electronic family, consisting of his alarm clock, phone and television that saved him from his own dreams.

There was nothing keeping him here just habit. He hadn't talked to his foster parents in ages and guessed that they would not miss him at all. The few friends he had were occupied with their own families, except maybe Changmin who was just occupied with getting enough food to survive the day.

He rolled his eyes as he heard someone whistling behind him. That was one of the problems when working in this kind of area. Sometimes some desperate fools tried hitting on you.

Some insinuating remarks followed and than two men were crossing the street to follow him. Usually it stopped the moment they saw they had mistaken Jeajoong as a female, but not this time. He looked at them. The nightlife zone ended here and in front was a long part of the street only surrounded by deserted buildings. Nightfall was completed and it was dark now, but there were some streetlamps and every now and then a car was passing by.

"Wow look at that hair" said the blonde, when they reached Jeajoong. "You're not against me touching it, right?"

Jeajoong was not stupid and did not stop walking. They looked like Collegeboys having fun in their summer break, which meant they probably were just going to be a pain in the ass but not really dangerous. Anyways he did not want to take any risks here and besides the chinese restaurant was just another 3 blocks away.

Just to be prepared he was rummaging through his bag in search of the pepperspray he usually took with him on locations (hey you never know what kind of people you were going to meet on location).

"Shall we drive you somewhere?" the bigger one asked.

"My car is not far from here. Honestly why don't you come with us? We could make a little trip, do some sightseeing."

He smirked and winked at his companion as if he wanted to say that there was no way Jeajoong could decline this offer. The companion laughed and his thin brown hair whipped as he was bouncing around Jeajoong.

"We could take him on the beackseat of the car!" suggested the blonde.

Shit, where the hell is that damn spray?!

As the blonde was reaching out touching his hair Jeajoong's eyes shot daggers at him. He thought that with the poloshirt and khakishorts he was looking good in a smart collegeboy way, somehow representing the dream of all the mothers-in-law out there.

He smiled and Jeajoong sped up and put all his concentration and determination towards the weakly shimmering neon lights of the chinese restaurant ahead. He prayed that someone would pass by, but heat and humidity let people remain inside. There was not one soul outside.

"Won't you tell us your name?" asked the blonde.

His heart was racing now. The spray had to be in his other bag at home.

Just 2 blocks.

"Hmm okay. I guess I have to find a name myself then... what do you think of "Loopy"?"

He giggled.

Jeajoong swallowed and got his cellphone in his hand, just in case he had to call the cops.

Don't panic. Stay calm.

He imagined how nice the cool, conditioned air in the restaurant would feel like when stepping through the door.

Maybe he would call a taxi to get home, just to be safe.

"Yaah, come on Loopy", said the blonde one. "I know you will like me."

Just one and a half block...

The second he stepped down from the sidewalk to cross the next street an arm was put around his waist and his feet were lifted into the air while his heavy hand was covering his mouth to prevent Jeajoong from screaming for help. He struggled like he was insane, kicked and fidgeted. Finally he hit his attacker's eye and the deadly grip around his waist loosened. In a hurry he wiggled his way out of the other's arm and ran as fast as he could. His soles hit the asphalt hard and his breath burnt his throat. He was trying so hard to get away. A car was passing by a few meters away and he screamed as he saw the headlights.

But right then he was caught again.

"Bitch you will beg for it later", murmured the collegeboy into his ear while strangling him. His neck was pulled so hard that Jeajoong thought it would break any moment, but it did not. Instead he was pulled into the shadows of the sidestreet he tried to cross just a few moments ago. He could smell the other's sweat and college aftershave, heard his companions laughter.

'A side street', he thought. They were pulling him into a side street.

His stomach started to cramp, bile was going up his throat. Furious he tried to get loose. Fright making him stronger. But the collegeboy was also stronger.

He was shoved into a house wall and a body was pressed against him. He still kicked around and luckily placed his elbow between the other's ribs.

"Fuck. Hold his arms!"

He managed to kick the blonde against his shin. Hard. Before the dark haired could catch his hands and put them over his head.

"Come on, bitch! You will love it", snarled the blonde in front of him while he was trying to get his knee between his legs.

He pushed Jeajoongs back against the wall. One hand still around his throat. The other hand now ripping open his shirt. As soon as his mouth was free, he started screaming which caused a hard slap by the blonde. He could feel his lip bursting. Blood flowing over his tongue and the pain sedating him.

"Try that again and I cut your tongue out." The eyes of the collegeboy were sparkling with hatred and lust as he scanned Jaejoongs halfnaked body. "Actually that's a good idea. I'll do that no matter what."

"Oh my god. Look at that!", said the blonde's friend while twisting and pulling viciously at the ring that was going through the nipple.

Jeajoong bend over, tears blurring his sight. Or maybe he was just getting unconscious because he's been hyperventilating.

They laughed. "I can't believe we were so lucky. I bet this is going to be a lot of fun. You can find out after I'm done with him."

As the blonde giggled somewhat terrifying something snapped deep down in Jeajoong's mind. He refused to let this happen to him. With all his remaining strenght he forced himself to stop struggling and remembered the self-defence course for women he wrote a report about a few months ago. Never would he have thought that it would help him now. His breath was still heavy but the rest of his body remained motionless. It took his attacker a complete minute until he even realised it.

"So are you going to play along now?", he asked with suspicion.

He slowly nodded.

"That's great." He bowed down so far that he was able to smell his breath. He had to force himself not to avoid it though it was reeking of cigarettes and alcohol. "But if you try screaming one more time, I'll kill you. Understood?"

He nodded again.

"Leave him."

The brown haired let his hands go free and smirked. He even stepped back, probably to get a better look.

The hands of the collegeboy were rough on his skin and he managed through pure willpower not to throw up the chocolate bar. Although he could hardly take the feeling of his hand playing with his nipples he reached down targeting the zipper of his pants. He still had one hand around his throat and he could hardly breath, but as soon as he touched his member he moaned and his grip loosened.

He put his hand around his balls. And than he squeezed and twisted them in one go; as he bend over he hit his knee right into his face. He could hear his nose breaking. Adrenaline was rushing through his veins and for a second he prayed his companion would attack him and not just stand there, looking at him dumbstruck.

"You lousy assholes!"

Jeajoong ran out of the small side street. He clutched his ripped shirt and only stopped as he was standing right in front of his apartment door. His hands were shaking so much that he was hardly able to open the door with his keys. Only as he was looking at himself in his bathroom mirror did he realise the tears flowing down his face.

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Kim Youngwoon looked up as the radio receiver of his civil official car started emitting a voice. Male victim, seriously injured, but alive in a side street not far away.

It was shortly after 10pm what meant that the fun had only just begun. It was Friday evening at the start of July. All the collegeidiots just started with summer break and couldn't wait to be participants in the olympic games for idiots. There were only two possibilities; one, the guy has been attacked and two someone just taught him a lesson.

Youngwoon hoped for the second option.

He reached for the radio mic and told the central that he would take the case though he was part of the murder department and not of the patrolling department

Right now he was working on two cases, one being a hit and run case the other a body found at the shore. But one case more or less that did not really bother him. The less time he spent at home the better. Neither the used pots and pans in the sink nor the crumpled bedsheets would miss him.

He switched on the sirene and thought *'Now the party can start.'*