So long ago

As I lay on our bed, I hear your footsteps approaching the door.

You knock and call out to me. “Minnie! Oh, Minnie!”

By the sound of your voice, I can tell you’re drunk, so I wrap the bed sheets tighter around my bruised body.

“Minnie! Open the door!”

You continue to pound on the door and small tears start to fall from my eyes.

‘Why?’ I wonder. *‘Why did you have to start drinking and taking drugs?’*

We were happy when we started out as a couple and I felt even happier when we got married.

We even have a one year old daughter.

I hear your knocking on the door no longer and I think about what to do.

Not even ten seconds pass that you manage to break the door open.

There you are, in your crumpled suit with a splotch of red lipstick on your collar.

You look mad and I can sense I’m in danger.

“Changmin! You motherfucking bastard!”

You scream at me as you near the bed on which I’m sitting and yank me up by my shirt.

“Why didn’t you open the door? Are you hiding something? You’re cheating on me, aren’t you?”

You begin to accuse me of things I would never do and I’m glad I left our child with my brother, Junsu.

“I-I would never do that to you, Yunho,” I manage to say while in your chokehold.

You throw me onto the bed and begin to shed your clothes.

There were days when my heart would race just by seeing your toned body.

But now-at this instant-my heart races for a completely different reason.

All there is in my mind is worry and fear.

You jump on top of my body and begin to rip my clothes apart, exposing my body covered in bruises and marks from your previous wild moments.

You continue to call me a *'bitch'*, *'asshole'*, *'slut'* and other hurting words as you hold my arms down onto the bed with your hands and I feel you spread my legs open with your knees.

"Yunho!" I exclaim. "Don't! Please! P-please don't! I'm no-Ahhhhh!"

I cry out-not in ecstasy but rather in utter pain as you fiercely and swiftly thrust your throbbing manhood into my unprepared, dry entrance.

You pull out and slam back in-over and over again.

There had been times when I would moan out your name and hold tightly onto your body-but now that all seems so long ago.

I used to clench onto the bed sheets just to get a hold of something as I felt you pounding my prostate.

Now…I clutch onto the bed sheets in pain as I feel you tearing me apart.

Even when I begin to bleed, you do not stop; it seems as if the sight alone makes you go faster and thrust harder.

I scream and thrash under you in utter pain while you revel at the feeling of having your cock in an open hole.

I remember the days when you would lie on your back and hold onto my hips while I rode you.

You would moan out my name and sit up to kiss me while I would wrap my arms around your neck.

Now…you don't.

You don't hug me.

You don't kiss me.

You don't make sweet love to me.

No…

Instead you rape me by forcing yourself onto me.

You often take a stick or your belt and whip it across my body-leaving behind bruises.

I soon feel you give one last thrust and feel your seed being emptied into me.

You climb off my body and the bed and begin to dress yourself.

“You’re a worthless slut,” you say before you exit the room and most likely our house.

Sitting up, I feel pain shoot all through my body and see blood and your cum all over my lower body.

I slowly get off the bed and head into the bathroom.

As I wait for the water to heat up, I quickly call Junsu and ask for him to keep young So-hee with him for a bit longer.

When I feel the water at an okay temperature, I go into the shower and hold myself against the wall as the water rushes down my body-washing away only the blood and cum, but as always leaving behind the pain and hurt.

As tears begin to escape from my eyes, I let my mind wonder.

I remember when you first asked me out and took me out to eat at a fancy restaurant.

I remember when you gave me a chaste kiss on the lips when you dropped me off at my house that same night.

I remember the first time we made love on our second-month anniversary.

Going to the hospital after constantly throwing up and finding out I was pregnant with your child-that day I still remember.

But now…that’s all in the past.

You’re always coming home late, occasionally even bringing a girl over for a one-night stand.

Just about every day you come home and beat me and force yourself onto me.

I don’t see you smile anymore.

Not even to your own daughter.

I remember you holding So-hee in your arms, trying to be so careful as to not drop her when she was born a year ago.

But now…that all seems so long ago.

Your love, your caring words, your tender touches and smiles-they all seem so long ago.

'Can hatred washed the pain away?'

"Thanks again for doing this, Junsu," Changmin said into the phone.

"Min, don't worry about it," came his brothers' voice. *"You know I love having my niece around."*

"I know. She seems to have a lot of fun when she's over at your house," Changmin replied as he played with a stray string on the hem of his shirt. "Sometimes I think she might like being at your house more than here."

"Yah, don't think like that. She has fun over here but every child likes being with their parents. Even if you're the only one who plays with her."

There was a pregnant pause in their conversation until the older male spoke.

"Changmin," Junsu said in a low and serious voice, *"have you ever thought about divorcing Yunho?"*

Changmin gasped at the question and clutched the phone by his ear with more strength. "D-divorce? Yunho?"

Though it had already been at least two years that Changmin had been dealing with Yunho's bad behavior, divorce had never once crossed his mind.

"Junsu...I-I can't divorce Yunho. I can't leave So-hee without a father," the young male on the bed said into the phone.

"Min, Yunho has been treating you like shit and he never plays with So-hee," Junsu's reasoning came. *"If you were to get divorced, I doubt So-hee would even feel that she's lost a father."*

"Junsu...I can't...I-I love him," Changmin slowly said as if he was trying to convince himself.

"Min, he rapes you!" Junsu exclaimed which made Changmin choke back a sob. *"He comes home and fucking rapes you! He beats you like if you were a dog and you still say you love him?! He doesn't deserve you, Min! He should be rotting in hell for all he's done."*

Changmin was already crying and knew that what Junsu said, was right. He shut his phone off and closed it, not wanting to hear more from his brother.

Curling up into a ball and clutching onto his pillow, the young male cried and thought about what he should do.

'What should I do?' he wondered. *'I can't just divorce him. I don't want So-hee to grow up without a parent. But…but what can I do? These past three months he's been away for his work, my body has gotten rest and some bruises are already starting to fade. But…I love him…don't I? The Yunho I love has to still be there…but why? What happened to the Yunho that cared for me?'*

As he recalled memories from the past, with his husband being there with him, Changmin didn't hear the door to the bedroom opening, nor did he see the guilty look on a taller males' face.

It wasn't until his name was called out that the male on the bed sat up and wiped away his tears, seeing his husband leaning

against the doorframe with his arms crossed in front of his chest and a stern look on his face. “Yunho, you’re back,” he said.

“I want a divorce,” Yunho said in a serious tone.

“What? A-a divorce?” Changmin softly questioned. “Why?”

“Because I’m sick of this,” came the older males’ reply. “I am sick of you, I’m sick of living in this place and I’m tired. I want a divorce. And if you don’t agree with me, I can simply leave and never come back.” As those words left Yunho’s mouth, he quickly turned around and began to walk away.

Changmin was left frozen on the bed, trying to understand what just happened. ‘He wants a divorce? But…but why? What about So-hee?’ As he heard the door to their apartment being slammed shut, he rose up from the bed, planning to chase after his husband. ‘*No,’* he said in his mind. *‘I can’t let him leave me and So-hee alone. I can’t…I…I lo…’*

Tears fell from his eyes as the young male quickly put some shoes on and hurried out the apartment. “Yunho!” he exclaimed as he ran down the stairs instead of taking the elevator in the complex and hurried out into the lobby. “Yunho!” he yelled once more as he saw the older male’s figure outside the building. “Yunho!” He pushed open the door and went outside. “Yunho!”

Upon hearing his name called out by the younger male, Yunho turned around and gasped when he saw the male whom he had hurt so badly for the past two years.

Changmin stood rooted on the ground when Yunho turned around and met his gaze. *‘Are…are those tears?’* he wondered as he saw something glistening on the olders’ eyes.

Both males were too caught up gazing at each other, that they didn’t see nor hear the car speeding down the street, heading towards Yunho who had stopped in the middle of the road, until it was already too late and the older male was hit by said car, forcing him onto the hard asphalt ground.

~~*~*~*

Seeing a doctor come out of Yunho’s room, Changmin ran up to him. “Doctor, I’m Jung Changmin. How is my husband?”

“Come with me please,” the older male said and walked down the hallway with Changmin following along.

Upon entering the office of the doctor, Changmin was offered a seat and he sat down across from the doctor. “Is something wrong with Yunho?”

“Changmin-ssi, do you know about your husbands’ heart cancer?”

The shocked and confused look on the younger males’ face was the doctors’ only response.

“According to your husbands’ medical records, a little less than two years ago, he was admitted to our branch hospital in Ulsan, where he was diagnosed with heart cancer,” the doctor explained. “He apparently did take the medicine he was prescribed but the only way he can be fully cured if is he has a heart transplant. The only problem with that is that it is necessary to wait for a healthy heart to be donated.”

As he took in all the words that had left the doctors’ mouth, Changmin slumped in his chair and exhaled.

When the phone on the doctors’ desk rang, said man answered. “He is? Alright, thank you…No, I’ll head there right now. Thank you.” After hanging up, the doctor turned to face Changmin. “Mr. Jung has just awakened,” he said. “Would you like to go see him?”

Changmin took in a deep breath and answered. “I would.”

~~*~*~*

As the doctor checked Yunho's vitals and explained to him his injuries, Changmin stood quietly by the door.

"Your external injuries could've been worse, Mr. Jung," the doctor said as he wrote on his clipboard. "You've got a small scar on your head, a bruise on your hip and a sprained ankle. Yep. Could've been worse."

The male on the bed simply nodded and thanked the older one.

"Now, I believe you will want to talk with your spouse so I will now take my leave. If you need anything, just ring the bell and a nurse will be here."

As the door behind the doctor was shut, there was a slightly tense atmosphere in the room.

"How…how do you feel?" Changmin slowly asked.

"I'm okay," the older male replied as he turned his head to the side, looking out the window instead of looking at his spouses' face.

Changmin let out a heavy sigh and walked to the side of Yunho's bed. As he took a seat on the chair already placed there, he silently asked, "Were you ever going to tell me?" Silence answered him. "Yunho, please say something."

"What do you want me to say, Changmin, huh?" Yunho harshly questioned when he turned to look at the younger male. "What do you want me to say, huh? That I'm sorry for not telling you? That I'm sorry for everything I've done? That I'm sorry that you ended up with someone like me?"

"Just talk to me!" Changmin exclaimed as small and silent tears rolled down his cheeks. "If anything, just talk to me," he silently pleaded. "Talk to me, tell me how your days' been, tell me what's going on in your mind…Just…whatever it may be, just talk. You've never shared anything with me and the only words you've said to me for the past two years are*'slut'*, *'whore'* and '*I'm not coming back tonight.'* You haven't been home for the past three months cuz of your job and the first thing you say to me when you come home is that you want a divorce." Inhaling a breath of air into his lungs, Changmin spoke once more. "Please tell me…" he pleaded as he reached-slowly and carefully-for Yunho's hand on the bed and took a gentle hold of it. "What happened to the Yunho I knew? The gentle, caring, loyal one. What happened to the Yunho I loved and married?"

Yunho swiftly released his hold from Changmin's hand and turned to the side, looking out the window once more. "After everything I've done, why do you still care for me?" he softly asked.

The younger male on the chair calmly replied. "You're the one who I fell in love with. You're my daughter's father and my husband. You taught me how to love and be happy…How can I not care for you?"

As Yunho listened to Changmin's soft voice, he couldn't help but to start shedding small tears of his own. "I…I've raped you, numerous times," he whispered when he turned to face the younger one. "I've forced myself on you and have…beaten you…I've treated you like hell…I've ignored my own daughter…How can you not hate me?"

Seeing tears falling from his husband's eyes, Changmin felt his heart clench. "Then tell me, Yunho," he said as he once more took hold of the latters' hand. "Tell me why. Why did you do all those things?"

Yunho lowered his gaze to their joined hands and continued to shed tears.

"Was…was it because of the cancer?" the young male softly asked.

There was silence between the two until Yunho spoke up. "When we were going to celebrate So-hee's third month birthday, I was meeting with a client in Ulsan. I began to feel sick and when I began to cough up blood, I went to the hospital. They…they told me it was heart cancer and that it was curable but only with a transplant. They didn't know how long it would take for them to have a healthy heart donated, and…I didn't know what to do."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Changmin asked.

“At the moment, I didn’t know how to face you. How was I going to tell you that I had cancer when So-hee was barely three months old?” Yunho questioned. “If hate could lessen your pain, I’d rather you hate me now than feel the pain later. If I told you…you would go out of your way to take care of me and I didn’t want to be a bother to you. And if…and when I died…I decided that I didn’t want to leave you broken hearted. I wanted you to remember me as a horrible person and be able to forget about me and not be devastated over my death.”

When Yunho raised his head to meet Changmins’ gaze, he immediately received a slap which sent his head to the side. As he placed a palm over the stinging cheek, he turned back to his spouse and before he knew it, was enveloped into a warm embrace.

“Stupid,” the younger male whispered onto Yunho’s neck and tightened his hold. “You’re so stupid, Yunho.”

Yunho, having missed the warmth from Changmins’ embrace, raised his arms and wrapped them around the latters’ waist and managed to pick him up and lay him beside his own body on the bed.

“I should hate you for not telling me,” Changmin said in between his cries. “I should hate you for all you’ve done…for how you’ve treated me and So-hee…but I can’t. Ever after all you’ve done, you still have a large place in my heart…I love you too much.”

Hearing his husband cry and admit that he still loved him, Yunho couldn’t help but to cry too. *‘How could I have been so stupid to do what I did?’* he wondered and cursed himself as he tightened his hold on the younger male. “I’m sorry,” he voiced out. “I’m so sorry for everything I’ve done, Changmin.”

The younger male raised his head and the two gazed into each others’ eyes.

“I love you, Yunho. I always have,” Changmin whispered.

“I love you too, Min, and I’m sorry for being so stupid,” the older male responded and gently placed his lips over the youngers’.

As their lips parted and tongues met in a dance that was almost forgotten but at the same time missed so dearly, the two males breathed in each others’ air.

Having to part for oxygen, the two separated and placed their foreheads together.

“I’ve missed you,” Changmin admitted as he clutched onto the olders’ hospital gown.

“I’m sorry for mistreating you,” Yunho said as he placed his hand on Changmin’s cheeks. “For all the hurt and pain I’ve caused you, I’m sorry. I should have spoken to you instead of trying to make you hate me. I was just…I just didn’t know what else to do.”

“Even if you were to die, I could still never hate you. You were my first and only love, my soul mate, my partner, my husband, and my child’s father,” the younger male softly said with pure honesty. “I love you and no matter what, could never hate you.”

Before their lips were able to meet for a second time, the door to the room was opened and the doctor came in. “Whoa,” he said upon seeing the two males on the hospital bed in such an intimate position-legs and hands entwined and lips that seemed thoroughly kissed.

Changmin, embarrassed, quickly separated himself from Yunho’s warmth without causing pain to the latters’ injuries while Yunho cleared his throat.

“Well now,” the doctor said as he looked at the two flushed males, “you don’t really see that every day but okay.”

“Sorry, doctor,” Changmin said, “it’s…it’s just that…”

“Don’t worry, Changmin-ssi, it’s okay,” the older male said. “I actually came to tell both of you that I have some good news.”

“Good news?” Yunho asked.

“Yes,” came the doctors’ response. “I’ve just received a phone call from a nearby hospital that a good and healthy heart has just been donated and is now on the way here.”

Changmin, unknowingly, began to shed new tears of happiness as he looked at Yunho, both realizing what this could mean.

“If you’re up to it, Mr. Jung,” the doctor continued, “if you’re willing, we can perform a heart transplant and that heart will be yours.”

“Yunho, can you believe it?” Changmin asked the older male as he took a hold of his hand. “You can be cured.”

“Doctor, are…are you serious?” Yunho asked as he gently squeezed Changmin’s hand. “Will…will I get better?”

“I am serious, Mr. Jung,” the doctor responded. “The heart is being offered; you can take it or you can leave it. Choice is yours.”

Yunho faced his spouse and the latter, gently and caringly said, “Take it, Yunho. I’ll be here, waiting for you when you wake up.”

~~*~*~*

As Yunho slowly opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was his spouse’s crying face. “Y-yah,” he slowly said as he reached up to cup the youngers’ cheek who in turn placed his own hand over his, “why are you crying?”

“Because I’m happy,” Changmin said. Clutching onto Yunho’s hand with his own, he lowered it to his lips, kissed the palm and spoke with such tender care laced in his voice. “You’re okay, you’re okay.”

Yunho smiled as his spouse and swore to never mistreat him ever again. “I love you, Changmin. I really do.”

“I know. And I love you too,” Changmin replied as their lips came together in a soft and chaste kiss filled with love.

~~*~*~*

“Are you ready?” Changmin asked Yunho as they stood in front of a door.

“I’m nervous,” Yunho replied as he squeezed the younger’s hand in his.

“You’ll be fine,” Changmin replied and rang the doorbell.

The door in front of them was soon opened and there stood Junsu, Changmin’s older brother. “Hey guys. Come in. So-hee’s in the living room,” said male said as he let the two taller males into his house.

As the three made their way to the living room, Changmin told Yunho to go ahead while he waited.

“What if…what if she doesn’t recognize me or accept me?” Yunho worriedly asked.

“You’re her father,” the younger male said as he placed a hand on the older’s cheek, “of course she’ll know who you are.”

After a quick peck on the lips, Yunho entered the living room and neared the couch where his daughter, So-hee was sleeping on. The tall male crouched in front of the two-year old girl and tried to awaken her. “So-hee…So-hee, baby.”

The young girl slowly opened her eyes and upon seeing Yunho, softly asked, “Appa?” making sure if the tall male in front of her was really her father.

Tears began to make their way down Yunho’s cheek as he softly said, “So-hee, it’s me, Appa.”

“Appa,” the gorgeous girl said as she smiled and wrapped her tiny arms around Yunho’s neck. “Appa, Appa.”

Yunho stood up with his daughter in his arms and continued to softly cry as he spoke. “So-hee, Appa is so sorry. I acted so stupid towards you and your Omma. I’m so sorry, baby. But I’m here now and I’m never going away, because Appa loves you and Omma.”

“So-hee love Appa,” So-hee said against Yunho’s neck which made the taller male hold his daughter tighter in joy, feeling such warmth from holding her in his arms after having ignored her for so long.

Changmin, who had been watching from the kitchen doorway, slowly made his way into the living room and joined his husband and daughter. As soon as Yunho saw him, he wrapped one arm around the youngers’ waist while he still held his daughter in the other. Sharing a loving kiss, the two males gazed into each other’s eyes and placed their foreheads together as they both felt like if they were in heaven.

Junsu, meanwhile, was in the kitchen where he could see the family of three. He smiled at the lovely sight in front of him and recalled the words Changmin had told him over the phone before coming to his house.

“We love each other, Junsu. He’s sorry for what he did and I’m able to forgive him for what he did. We both decided to leave every bad thing in the past…We’re going to live in the now, in the present…working towards our happily ending…together.”

Junsu turned around and leaned against the counter, crossing his arms in front of his chest. “Ah, love,” he whispered with a smile on his face and a sincere wish in his heart. *‘I wish the best for them.’*