**soft violence**

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# soft violence

by Rogue_Taeminbot

Summary

In which poor some poor sweet catgirls are locked in a cage and horribly bullied by nasty mean bitches in very scary boots.

Notes

This gets intense but everyone involved is okay with it. There is heavy impact play and rough sex and highly inappropriate use of a baseball bat. None of the CNC negotiation is shown, they're pretty much in the scene when we get to them. They all know what they're doing, I hope, but none of them are likely to be invited to teach any classes on kink best-practices any time soon.

Please don't try this at home.

**Dramatis personae:**

Baekhee — f|BAEKHYUN, a kitten
Taemi — f|TAEMIN, a former theology graduate student and now also a kitten
Huna — f|SEHUN, a catwalk model
Dae — f|CHEN, a singer and fancy rich girl
Min — f|XIUMIN, Dae's former bodyguard, now Dae and Baekhee's domme
Kai — f|KAI, an artist, and
Eonni — f|SUHO, an heiress, business titan and leader of a polyamorous lesbian nature cult based around the Tree of Life

If anyone's interested, Huna's boots are from the 2010 fall/winter collection from Dsquared2.

This story is cross-posted from my Ao3.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Listen. We’re not scared of her.” Taemi whispers in my ear.

She’s lying, like she always does. She’s so scared she’s shivering. She’s curled around me with the top of her pointy little chin on my head, hiding me under her and pretending that she’s brave.

We have to be all curled up, the cage is so small; I guess we could both sort of crouch side by side if we wanted to, but being tucked up against someone soft and warm is so much nicer, right? Taemi’s skin feels so soothing on mine. It could even be cosy here together in the dark if you were a total weirdo who could ignore the metal bars and the gross mangy tarp and the cold concrete floor of this shitty dirty scary empty barn out there. And. Whoever her is, that we’re not scared of.

It’s Huna, I think. That stupid mean slut Huna, bitch thinks she’s so tough. I’m going to fuck her shit up if she touches me. Or if she touches Taemi. I’ll tear her face off.

Poor scared Taemi, soft sweet little thing, she wraps her arms around me tight and says *shhhhh*, like I’m the one making noise, which I’m not unless breathing counts as making noise now. I grab her fingers in mine and squish them together and try to hold them tight enough to make her hands stop shaking, like if we’re very still and very quiet she’ll feel safe.

Silly kitten. We’re invisible, which means as far as anyone's concerned we’re not here. We’re just two tiny things curled up in the dark, and nobody can find us. And if anyone does find us, I’ll fucking fight them.

There’s little rips and tears in the nasty old tarp, enough to let in specks of light that sit on the creamy skin of Taemi’s arms like freckles. I nose at one of them to make her feel braver. She kisses the top of my head.

“Not scared.” It’s just a breath.

I'm so close to her I can hear her heartbeat, pattering away too fast like *bumpbumpbumpbump*. I can't hear much else, but I guess she can because she flinches and freezes and holds her breath. And then, yeah.

The door, *creaaaaaaaak*. Footsteps; the sound of tall slutty heels going *click* ----- *click* ----- *click*, whoever’s wearing them is swaggering all slow like they’re sooooo cool.

It must be Huna, walking the way she used to walk when she was getting paid a million dollars a day or whatever to walk up and down and look like a mean bitch, which she does anyway all the time, like congratulations on your face? So stupid.

But Taemi's scared of her, because she's scared of everything. Poor kitten. I will NOT let that bitch bully her, I won't.

What the fuck is that other noise though? Something solid, smacking gently into something soft. Smack, smack. There's a gap under the bottom of the tarp, and if I squish myself down low and pull poor shivering frozen Taemi with me on my shoulders I can peek out and see —

It’s a good thing Taemi can’t see or she’ll cry. And I refuse to let her cry, not over Huna.

Huna, backlit by the afternoon sun with all the little bits of dust swirling and flying around her like sparks. She's about two meters tall and wearing tight black leather and walking like a killer. Uhhghhh I hate it when she's this hot, it pisses me off. Her sleek black fashion-bitch boots that go all the way up her legs have heels made out of someone's spine or something? What the fuck? Literally, goddd, they’re made out of vertebrae. Who the hell makes *spine boots??* Fashion people are so weird.

God her legs are so fucking long, they go uppppp. God that corset is so tight.

Um. She has a baseball bat. Shit.

Someone let that bitch have a baseball bat. She’s smacking it into her black-gloved hand.

I must have flinched or something. Taemi stiffens, clings tighter, her long black hair falling over me so I can’t see anything. Huna’s close now, close enough she’s tap-tap-tapping the bat on the side of the cage, and Taemi’s whimpering, nooOoOOo be quiet! She’s clinging to me so hard it hurts, digging her little claws into me. Tap-tap-tap goes Huna, circling around, and actually you know what fuck being quiet, I’m going to hiss. *Fuck* her. I swear to god I’ll take that thing off her and —

Bright light as the tarp’s pulled off. Rattle as the door’s jerked open. Frantic yowl from Taemi as she’s grabbed and lifted off me, the silver bell on her collar going *jinglejingle* as she’s struggling and wriggling and kicking, her black-stockinged little feet flailing everywhere and kicking me back into the corner, squealing as she’s dragged out, Huna’s grabbed her by her lovely silky hair NO that’ll hurt her!! BITCH!! Don’t you dare pick on her, she’s a sweet little thing, HEY, why don’t you try grabbing me!! *Meeeeeeee!!*

Taemi squeals as she’s thrown on the ground outside. I try to scramble out too, to save Taemi and also maybe to kill Huna with my teeth, but she’s jabbing at me with her bat to keep me in the cage, hot bruising pain on my leg and my ribs, fucking OW!! Shit! She slams the door again and locks me in and poor Taemi’s just curled up on the floor in a little ball doing nothing.

Do something!! Fight herrrrr!!!

Huna crouches down next to me, and smiles as I spit at her.

“Nasty.” She tugs the edge of the tarp, like she’s going to throw it back over me. “Will you behave better in the dark?”

“Don’t hide her.”

I’m going to cry. It’s Min. It’s Min in the doorway, smoke curling from the cigarette in her fingers. She’s come to save me. She’s got Dae with her. They’ve come to save me. I’m going to cry.

Dae saunters into the room. She's all slinky and gorgeous like Huna is, she's in smoky eyeshadow and black leather gloves and big spiky heels too; she's walking like she knows exactly how hot she is. Good, they should let me out and we'll show Huna who's boss—

"Baekhee kitten, you're so cute when you're spicy."

What the fuck is that supposed to mean. Come here. Open the door!!! HEEEYYY!!

Dae giggles, and nudges poor curled-up Taemi with her shoe. She looks gleefully evil. I can't believe this, why isn't she HELPING??

"Taemi, so shy huh? Are we scary? Are you going to fight us, like that feral creature over there?" She fucking WINKS at me when I snarl and hiss, I'll KILL HER

Min picks up an old wooden chair, walks over, clonks and scrapes it down and sits next to me; says nothing. Doesn't open the door, doesn't let me out, doesn't do anything except sit there and take another drag on her cigarette and then lean down close and blow the smoke in my face so I cough and there's tears in my eyes.

*Min, helllpppp meeeeee!!*

"Shhhh," she says, softly. She puts her hand on the cage, and doesn't flinch when I scratch at her, hard, sinking right into her skin. She just stays there. "You're okay. Don't cry."

Which I'm NOT. That's TAEMI. I'm just ANGRY.

Oh noo Taemiiii

Taemi's not fighting. Taemi is curled up and hiding while Dae and Huna circle her like wolves. She makes a little noise as Huna prods her soft round ass with her bat.

"Cute. Squishy."

Dae giggles, and puts one spiky heel on Taemi's thigh, pressing just hard enough to dimple the soft flesh. "Mmm."

Taemi cowers.

"You're not going to fight us, are you? You're not a nasty little thing at all."

"She's a needy little thing, is what I heard," Huna says, smugly. "Eonni told me how annoying she was all last night."

And okay fine we did all hear her. I'd been squirming on Min's feet, listening and trying not to die of how horny I was. Listening to Taemi, and listening to Kai, who was making the noises Kai makes when she's making someone feel good, ugghhhhh *fuck* they're so hot together it's not *fair*. They weren't even loud about it, it was just sort of on the edge of hearing while I was trying to curl up and go to sleep, for *hours*.

But that’s no reason to bully her! It’s just not! They’re all just jealous because Kai loves her. But that’s not her fault either! Kai loves everyone, she’s Kai! You can’t be jealous over Kai, that’s so insanely stupid. Leave Taemi alone!

“Needy, greedy.” Dae’s crouched behind Taemi, now, and pulls her hair so her head tilts back. Her face is all pink and blushy and her eyelashes are all wet. Dae pinches at her waist, and Huna pokes between her legs with the toe of her weird freaky boots, and Taemi makes indignant little protestations, *ow!* and *hey!* and *don't!*

“Don’t you want us to play with you?” Dae purrs. “Are we too scary?”

Taemi wriggles, and smacks at Dae, and kicks at Huna. GOOD SHE SHOULD! But Huna kicks back, hard.

“HEY—”

Taemi's on her back, half-propped up on one elbow, the other covering herself, her legs drawn up defensively to her belly. She's glaring. She’s so small and pale and vulnerable and there's tears in her big pretty eyes but she’s glaring. Fierce little Taemi.

"Not your toy!" she says.

“Mmm, you are though.” Dae’s standing over her. “And you will let us. Baekhee-kitten would let us, and so will you.”

BLINK BLINK EXCUSE ME??

“Shh.” Min pets my head. I’m not trembling I’m NOT, go AWAY. But she doesn’t.

Min won’t let anyone hurt me. Eonni won’t either. Never never never. Dae doesn’t know what she’s talking about, I’m not letting some mean bitches push me around. And neither will Taemi. Brave Taemi, fierce Taemi. Fight them!

“Dae, princess.” Min says. She unclips something from her belt, uncurls it, tosses it to Dae, who plucks it gracefully out of the air. It’s a long floppy thing, a bit of rubber hose. Dae smiles, and shows her teeth. She swishes the hose in the air and it makes the most horrible noise. Taemi hisses.

NooOooO that’ll HURT her!! Don’t you DARE!!! MINNNN!!!!!

“Oohh, nice.” Huna says.

SWOOSHWHACK goes the hose, smacking across Taemi’s thigh, and she YELLS and kicks and tries to dive away. Huna blocks her, towering over her and slamming the bat into the ground right in front of her, so close that Taemi squeals and recoils. She’s on her belly now on the floor now, and Dae winds up SWOOOSHWHACK again right across her round little bum, and Taemi SCREAMS this time, *YIIAAAAAAHH!!*

There’s a big angry red stripe across her creamy bare skin. It must hurrrrt, so much, Taemiiii!!! I want to cry but Min’s stroking my head with one hand still, like shh-hhh, even as

she leans forward on her chair and crosses her legs and puts her fingertips to her lips.

Dae puts her foot on Taemi's ass, digging her vicious heel in.

"Will you be good now?"

Taemi yowls, and jerks herself up onto her elbows, her fists clenched and her teeth bared and her face flushed and furious. "Go FUCK—"

Dae hits her again, SMACK across her ass. Taemi shrieks, falls down, curls up on her side. Huna gives her a shove with her boot, and snarls.

"You want me to go fuck you?" She pokes Taemi low in the belly with the end of her bat. "With this? That's the plan, you stupid slut." Taemi moans, *nooOooO*, and kicks at her again, tossing her head, raising her hand protectively as Dae winds up again, and I can't watch ohnoooo

"shh-hhhh", Min says, stroking my head, as if I'm meant to not be upset about this, what the fuck, Min, they're HURTING her!! It's SCARY!! HELP!! *Minnnnnn!!* I cling to the bars, shove my head against her hand as hard as I can, curl my arms up close to me, make myself all small like Taemi is, ohnooo TAEMIIII!!

Since when is Dae this MEAN??? What's Taemi done to her??? She's all covered in welts and bruises and she's crying, she's crying and she's she's writhing and she's moaning and it sounds so *dirty* and my face is all hot suddenly. Min's moaning too, squirming in her seat while she watches. Godddd, Taemiiiiii—

She's SO bruised, she's a blubbery weeping mess, wild hair and clawed hands. She clutches at Huna's ankle, pleading.

"*Enough!!!* Enough, please, I'll be good I'll be good"

"Will you." Huna says. She raises one slinky black-gloved hand; Dae gives her a look, and smirks, and takes a step back. Huna pushes her foot closer to Taemi's tear-streaked face, presses the horrible gross fucked-up heel to Taemi's trembling, bitten-bloody lips. "Lick."

Taemi shivers, all up and down. The tiny bell on her collar tinkles. She's lying on her side now, one leg kicked over the other, her hair fanned out on the concrete. She blinks up at Huna with great big imploring eyes.

And then she sticks out her little pink tongue, and licks.

Huna exhales, long and deep, like she can feel Taemi's mouth kissing and sucking at the spines on the bones, worshiping.

"Jesus, look at her", Dae says. She crouches behind Taemi, perched on her evil spike heels. She runs her elegant fingers over the curve of Taemi's poor bruised ass, and down between her legs, and Taemi moans again, but differently this time. Dae's fingers come out glistening.

“Good, she’ll need that”, Huna says, nastily, and twists the bat in the palm of her hand and what the fuck Huna can’t seriously mean it??? She’s not seriously going to use THAT???. Taemi looks up at her, and shudders, and squirms her hips and squeezes her eyes closed and her legs tight.

“Hey.” Dae snaps, and smacks Taemi’s ass with her hand. It’s not hard but poor Taemi is so sore and hot and sensitive she jerks and cries out. “You’ll let us play with you now, right? Mmm good girl, let me in.” Her skinny hand dips in again, pushing deeper this time, and Taemi makes an anguished sound.

Huna growls. “Done waiting for her. She can do what she’s told now.”

Dae nods, withdraws, rises, nudges Taemi with her foot so she sprawls on her back, her arms lying limp on either side of her head, blinking up at them fearfully. She’s breathing light and fast and her cute round boobs move with it and her skin is all covered in goosebumps and her cheeks are blazing pink and there’s tears running from the corners of her eyes, she’s so sweet and so pretty how can they be mean to her??? Howww??? She swallows and licks her lips and draws her knees up and crosses her feet at the ankle and pulls them up against her bum, which visibly pisses Huna off.

“Do you want Dae to whip your tits?”

“Mmm, please”, Dae says, dragging the nasty bit of hose through her fingers and putting one foot on Taemi’s wrist to pin her.

Taemi whimpers, *nooonononono!!*, squirms and lifts her hips and lets her knees fall open, submitting. Her head turns away so her face is hidden in shadow. She twitches, shudders, as Huna slowly strokes the edge of the bat up the pale inside of one thigh.

Dae purrs and folds down primly on her knees, her slender legs tucked under her perfectly posed torso like the princess she is. She cradles Taemi’s head in her hands and stares down at her, watching in fascination as Taemi pants and moans and furrows her brows when Huna nudges the end of that great big horrible thing against her poor twitching wet pink little pussy, godddd she can’t seriously????? What do you MEAN she’s putting lube on it??? Oh god what the fuckkkkk she’s—

“Mmmm, good girl”, Min says, petting me. She's not even looking at me, how could she have noticed my hand between my legs?? She hasn't, she can't have, I curl up smaller and say !!! and nip at her, and she laughs softly.

“Good girl. Copy her.”

Copy?????

Taemi’s whimpering, arched right up off the floor, raised up high on her toes, twitching her hips up at the huge round heavy hard thing Huna’s pressing against her. Dae bows down close, whispers something in her ear; picks up one of Taemi’s hands and lifts it up along the length of her straining body; puts it down and makes it push and circle. She whispers some more, and Taemi starts to slip her fingers inside, working and opening, making the most

desperate agonised little noises as Huna helps her, giving her just the corner of that huge scary thing to grind against, and slowly slowly coax inside, omg HOWWW???? Godddddd—

“Copy her”, Min says. She’s stroking my head the way Dae is stroking Taemi, long and slow and soothing; her lips curling as I rock against the heel of my hand and cling to her and close my eyes tight and listen to Taemi because I can’t look at her, I can’t look at them, it’s too much, so I just squirm and wriggle close against Min’s hand, on and on and on and on, and she tells me I’m a sweet precious kitten and a good girl, just like—

“Ohhhhh—“, Min exhales.

There’s a sharp, frantic little gasp from Taemi.

“God”, Huna says, low and rough and feral. Then Taemi wails.

She’s up so high on her toes her legs are shaking. Her hand’s curled tight over her pussy, her hips jutting up, her belly fluttering with her frantic breath, her head buried in Dae’s lap, her other hand clinging to Dae’s wrist as Dae cups and squeezes her gorgeous, heaving tits. Between her legs crouches Huna, one hand snaking under Taemi to grab at her ass, the other gripping the shaft of the bat, which. OH.

“PleeeeEEase!!!!”, Taemi sobs, “HunAAAAAaaaAaAAAAAA!!!!!”

“Yeah?”, says Huna, one eyebrow raised, what a BITCH what’s her PROBLEM???? Is she STUPID?? She looks at me, and smiles, and I bare my teeth and hiss at her because what the fuck??? I’ll fight her, I WILL!!

But then Taemi yowls and tosses her head and bucks her hips and snaps her knees closed around Huna, tight, her little hand clutching at the thing where it vanishes inside her, moaning *ohHhhhhh*——, and it’s so much, SO MUCH, that when Min opens the door of the cage I don’t want to be anywhere except in her lap, straddling her thigh and clinging to her and sinking all my claws into the muscles of her arms and biting her shoulder and of course it does nothing but I feel better as she strokes my hair, all the way down my back, and murmurs *shhh-shhhhh kitten it’s okay*.

Taemi gets quieter, breathier. I peek over Min’s shoulder at her. She’s got her hand clenched so tight on Dae's wrist she'll be bruised too, GOOD. Poor Taemi is shaking all over. Huna's gripping her thigh, stopping her from falling as she gasps and shudders and stiffens with a soft little *aaahh-aaahhhhhh-ah-ah*, punched-out all staccato with the muscular pulse jolting all the way through her, and I hide in Min again and rock against her as she holds me close and says *shhhhh, kittennnn, good*.

Godddd, Taemi sounds like she did last night, with Kai; quiet heartfelt sweet little sounds now that make me want to look at her. She’s clinging to Dae and pleading as Huna lowers her down gently to the ground and lies between her legs, all wrapped up in them, she’s not going anywhere.

And she doesn’t. She keeps working, and working, making Taemi come and come and come until she's gleaming with sweat, her hair soaked, her legs trembling, her eyes glazed, her

body shuddering over and over and over until her hand falls limp away from where it's been so intently curled at the focus of her being, and she noses weakly at Dae and whines that she's so tired, please please she's so so tired.

“Mmm”, says Min, kissing my neck. “Your turn, kitten.”

Wait what??!!! What do you mean, noOoOOoO *Minn!!!!* You can't let themmmm!!!!! Godddd look at Taemiiiii Min *please don't let themmmm!!!!!* I cling to her and dig my claws into her flesh, but she just croons and cradles me in her arms and lifts me up and carries me over to where Taemi's flopped on the ground, a gooey and semi-conscious puddle of wrecked girl, and lies me down there beside her.

But when I squeak and cry, Min stays with me. She doesn't leave me. She sits down and holds me gently in her lap and covers me with little kisses, gently coaxing my hand away from her. She licks my fingertips, says *mmmmmmm* at the taste on them, sucks them into her mouth and wets them on her tongue.

I hear Dae moan; I sneak a glance at where she is, she's over near the wall perched on a bench with her legs wrapped around Huna's waist, her pretty face flushed, Huna's hands tangled in her hair. She’s looking at me. She’s crying. She grabs Huna and pulls her closer and kisses her and moans. Min leans over me so I'm all hidden and protected, and glides my warm wet fingertips over my clit, and kisses me and tells me I'm good and I'm safe and I'm loved, and Taemi presses her body up against me and holds my hand and squeezes me so tight, and that's enough. That's what I need.

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Min rolls me over against Taemi. I wrap her up with all my arms and legs and squish her with all my strength and bury my face in her shoulder and cry, because she is so warm and soft and beautiful and she smells so good and I don't know how she's okay after that, they *broke* her, she *stopped fighting*, but now she's smiling and there’s stars in her pretty eyes and also I'm so very very tired.

Min wraps us in a blanket and strokes both our heads and says something about a bath, and yeahhh, that sounds nice.

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Poor poor Taemi. Her legs are so wobbly she has to hold on to Min, as we make our way unsteadily through the dark across the soft cool sweet grass and up the big stone steps to the main house. There's steam coming out of the bathroom and it smells like Yixing's herbs, the freaky pungent witch shit she uses to make bruises go away which makes me sneeze but actually works.

And oh noooooo, poor Taemi will need it, look at herrrr! Welts all over! Poor thing!!!

I help her pull off her black stockings and kiss her little feet before she steps into the giant tub, with Min steadying her as she whimpers aAH!! at every movement of her poor aching bruised body; poor thing she must hurt so bad.

There's a hiss from the door. It's Kai. She looks scandalised and outraged, pouting and glaring and super righteously pissed-off. "You!!!" she says, and stomps across the room to Taemi, but when she gets there her lips are trembling. "You—"

Angrily, abruptly, she yanks her dress over her head and steps naked and gleaming and gold into the steaming water. She wraps Taemi up in her arms and crushes her against her body and growls something against her ear about *stupid* and *too rough*. Then, grumbling, she helps Taemi sink into the warmth, running her hands over her bruise-stained body incredibly gently and lovingly but Taemi still yelps aH! at the touch; which makes Kai grumble even more. She glares at Min, and glares at me, and I don't want Kai to glare at me so I slink over close and rest my chin on the edge of the tub and blink at them both. Taemi giggles and floats over and kisses my nose, and Min helps me into the lovely soothing water so I can float in her arms, and then everything is okay.

"Awww." Huna's leaning all loose and louche in the door, watching us. Kai bares her teeth at her, but Huna doesn't care. She saunters over, and sits on the edge, and pets Taemi's damp

little head. Taemi giggles again, silly, and purrs up at her:

“I thought that went so well.”

Kai growls and pokes her vindictively and makes her yelp. I want to hiss at Huna, because I'm mad at her for going so hard, like I know Taemi is tough and crazy and can take it and also Eonni obviously put her up to it, but that's no excuse, she was was excessive, seriously. She shouldn't get to touch Taemi right now, she doesn't deserve it. But then Dae appears as well, and I'm even madder at her, because what the hell was that?? She comes over and poses herself daintily on the edge of the tub, and I'm so furious I grab her stupid leg and BITE her until she screeches “YIIAA!! *BAEKHEE!!!*” and Min pulls me off by the scruff.

“What’s your problem??” Dae demands.

“You HURT TAEMI!!”

“Well?? It was HER idea!!”

“Excuse me wait it WHAT??”

“You thought that was ME?? Baekhee!! *Stupid!!*”

“I thought it was Huna!!!”

Huna scoffs, and Taemi scrunches her nose. I want to punch her. I think Kai might let me.

Taemi giggles again. “Baby kitten, you’re so cute.”

“I was SCARED for you!!”

“I knowwww”, Taemi says, and reaches out to touch my cheek. “I know you love me, fierce little kitten. I love you too.”

I don’t punch her. I don’t even bite her, much. I just curl up and shove myself aggressively against her soft warm body as she lies all wrapped up in Kai’s long limbs on Eonni's enormous bed, and let Eonni tuck us in and kiss both our heads, and while I fall asleep I'm plotting my revenge.

She thinks she can freak me out, huh. She's so annoying. She thinks she's soooooo fearless and cool. Oooohhh look at Taemi, she's soooo good at pretending to be an innocent victim getting bullied even when everyone's under her thumb. Well I know what makes her squeak. I’m going to sneak home tomorrow morning and kiss Dae until she forgives me for biting her and then we’re going to consult with Min and we're going to work out how to implement my diabolical genius plan to **get Taemi**.

Yeaaahh!!

End Notes

Welcome to The Extended ExoTaem Lesbianverse. We will be having more adventures here. Baekhee is not always a kitten in them, but when she is: Nyah!!

You can find me on BlueSky at rogue_taeminbot

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!