Sleepy Corners
by Bbaegi

Summary

Kyungsoo went from not even realizing that Baekhyun had lips to being unable to sleep without kissing them.

Notes

Thank you to Miracle That We Met's OST Monochrome for fueling me for this fic even if I'm now tired of that song after listening to it for days straight aqlsdfnol so here ksoo is an English major and I really have no idea how that major works in korea so I based all the classes, homework, and tears on my own major. Also there are game and anime references here and there but I know next to nothing about games or anime so I stole the info from my bros pls blame them if it's wrong I did my best this fic wasn't even supposed to be serious I wanted it to be like 20k but since I'm me... lmao anyway I hope you'll enjoy it!!
Special thanks to Jovin for betaing and being so cutely supportive <3

"You’re truly a nuisance, Byun Baekhyun."

Jongdae’s voice always got higher than usual when it was tainted with exasperation. Kyungsoo slurped on his coffee loudly just to drown it out. Chanyeol gave him a disgusted look that he ignored in favor of watching Baekhyun try his best imitation of a sad face.
Or not. Kyungsoo had never seen Baekhyun sad before. This could be real sadness.

"But is it truly my fault?" Baekhyun mumbled, voice shrinking after bouncing on the tip of his jutted out lower lip.

That, on the other hand, Kyungsoo had seen enough times to know it was fool play. It never worked on Jongdae.

"It’s not your fault," Chanyeol said with a sigh and Kyungsoo looked away. He couldn’t take part in this aspect of the conversation. He didn’t have enough knowledge on the subject to know whether it actually was Baekhyun’s fault or not. He watched the barista buzzing behind the counter instead. He took another sip of his coffee when the overwhelmed man seemed to spill something on his hands. "But why did you even get yourself in this situation?"

"It’s just while I find somewhere to stay!" Baekhyun’s agitated voice called to his attention. Kyungsoo had asked for three shots of espresso in Baekhyun’s coffee. It was too much, way too much for someone naturally as dynamic as Baekhyun. But he liked it that way. Kyungsoo thought it tasted like poison. He still had gotten him three shots. "I’m only asking to stay with one of you for a short time. Do you hate it that much?" he mumbled and he wasn’t pouting anymore, just frowning down at his cup of coffee.

"It’s not that," Jongdae reassured him, resting a hand on his shoulder.

The door opened into a new customer and a slight breeze followed the man in. Baekhyun’s shoulder shivered under Jongdae’s hand.

"Why are you making such a big deal out of it then? It’s just for a few days. I’ll find somewhere else to stay soon. I’ll even try applying to get a room in the dorms if I need to," he assured, looking at all of them with that gaze. The very convincing one. Full of ardor, eyebrows furrowed.

"But why did you even move in with your boyfriend a month into your relationship?" Jongdae chided him and there it was, Kyungsoo thought. The real reason why Jongdae was upset.

It was understandable. Kyungsoo had found it nonsensical too. And stupid. But he hadn’t said that to Baekhyun. He had just asked him if he was sure, back then. Three times, until Baekhyun had fixed him with a frown.
"Especially if you were going to break up with him three months later," Chanyeol added in a grumble.

Baekhyun took a big sip of his coffee, cheeks puffing up with the beverage he stored in before gradually gulping it down. It bought him a few seconds. Kyungsoo took a small sip of his own coffee, the chestnut flavor clinging to his tongue.

Baekhyun looked at the three of them once before slumping back into his seat.

"Because," he started, and the way he dragged that single word out didn’t speak of pride the way it was supposed to. It sounded a bit sheepish. Kyungsoo found it off-putting, the way he knew exactly what Baekhyun’s vocal intonation and body language meant but had no clue as to how he had ended up asking them for a place to stay. "It was the start of the school year. I didn’t want to deal with the dormitories’ paperwork. I liked him. He had a nice face. I thought it would be nice to see that face every day instead of risking seeing a stranger’s."

"I don’t even have a roommate. You can apply for a dorm and ask to get a single room," Chanyeol argued and Kyungsoo sighed.

"Why are we talking about the way he fucked things up?" he intervened before Jongdae could jump on Chanyeol’s words and scold Baekhyun for an additional five minutes. He caught Baekhyun frowning at his words but a pointed glance prevented him from speaking. "He just needs somewhere to stay for a few days. Shouldn’t we just focus on that instead of scolding him?"

"Exactly!" Baekhyun perked up as soon as the last word left Kyungsoo’s mouth. The upset tug of his eyebrows was gone as he laced his hands together and held them right under his chin, squeezing his eyes shut to amplify the plea on his face. "Please adopt me for a few days. One of you. I swear I’ll behave," he scrambled to add before opening his eyes and letting his gaze sway between Jongdae, sitting beside him, and Chanyeol who was settled next to Kyungsoo, across Baekhyun.

Kyungsoo huffed out a snort at his wording. Adopt him. He really did look like a child. With his messy, pale blond hair and his oversized red shirt. He had been wearing that shirt for two days in a row, he hated doing laundry. He also loved comfortable clothes now, Kyungsoo hadn’t seen him wearing skinny jeans even once through the whole semester. His eyes were pleading and Kyungsoo could see he was seconds away from obnoxiously blinking to make himself more convincing.
He had put on a bit of weight recently, his cheeks fuller than they had been last month. Kyungsoo was glad. He looked healthy. His cheeks looked full, his hand always dug into them whenever he supported his head with it. With the messy hair and the oversized shirt and the hopeful look and his entire existence, Baekhyun really did look like a child. Not the bad kind of child. Kyungsoo didn’t like children, he kind of felt like strangling them whenever he saw them either crying or jumping around in the subway. He didn’t really feel like strangling Baekhyun. Not even as he leaned closer and kept looking between Chanyeol and Jongdae, making himself cuter and smaller and more innocent than he was.

Kyungsoo looked away. The door opened again and this time a couple walked in hand in hand. It didn’t even close before it was pushed again by the lone hand of a girl who oozed stress. Kyungsoo recognized that overall look, messy hair, distressed clothes, eye-bags, and a few books balanced in her arms. The coffee shop was getting crowded, not unusual at this time of the day for the caffeine stock closest to campus.

"You’re too loud," Chanyeol said and when Kyungsoo looked at Baekhyun, he caught the suppressed offense in the twitch of his lips. "It’s true!" Chanyeol defended himself, seemingly catching up on it too. "I’ll get kicked out of the dorm if you stayed with me. I already got two warnings for playing music too loud," he said, the way he twisted his features showing his disagreement with those warnings.

Baekhyun sighed but without deflating, he turned to Jongdae and invaded his personal space. The pout was back again. Jongdae crinkled his nose and pushed him away with a hand on his face. Kyungsoo’s laugh was drowned out by Chanyeol’s louder one.

"Don’t you wanna adopt me, Jongdae?" Baekhyun tempted him, wiggling his eyebrows.

Jongdae smiled at him, an uncertain one, and Baekhyun pulled away, his own smile falling.

"You could stay with me," he said and Kyungsoo knew Baekhyun could see the hesitancy just as well as him. "But you’ll have to sleep on the couch because obviously I’m sleeping in the bed with Sunyoung. And I’ll have to ask her because it’s not just my apartment, obviously. There’s no reason she’d say no though, obviously, since she likes you—"

"Alright," Baekhyun put an end to Jongdae’s rambling, crossing his arms against his chest and looking at his cup of coffee. The sourness in the drink was so strong it reflected on his own face. "I don’t want to hear you having sex with your girlfriend every night anyway."

"I’m sorry," Jongdae said, hand grabbing Baekhyun’s arm and shaking it a bit in that way Jongdae
had to make sure people weren’t really upset with him.

"Maybe you could just go to the dormitories now and tell them it’s an emergency?" Chanyeol suggested although even he didn’t sound sure of himself.

Baekhyun huffed and grabbed his coffee, downing it all before slamming the cup down again. Kyungsoo winced at how bad it probably tasted.

"It’s okay," Baekhyun sighed, his gaze finding Kyungsoo’s before flickering away. "I guess I’ll just spend a few nights in bathhouses or you know, in the streets." Three glances all throughout his entire dramatic speech.

Kyungsoo slid the last few drops of his coffee in his mouth before putting his cup down with a quiet thud. He looked at Baekhyun, took in his messy hair, the hope in his soft yet piercing eyes that pointedly looked into Kyungsoo’s, and his jittery fingers. The mole on his thumb looked like an espresso stain, a constant source of energy engrained into him.

Kyungsoo looked at his face for a short moment. Baekhyun looked back at him. Blinking but this time, not obnoxiously. Kyungsoo felt like a last resort. The aftertaste lingering from his coffee was sour, not sweet.

He sighed.

"Okay, you can stay with me," he finally yielded. Although, it didn’t feel like a yield. He wasn’t really sure what it felt like. Or rather, he wasn’t really sure why it didn’t feel like a defeat.

Baekhyun instantly brightened up, puffy cheeks trying their hardest to reach his eyes in happiness. Smiles suited him. It didn’t feel right when Baekhyun wasn’t smiling.

"I knew someone in this world loved me enough to adopt me," he jubilated, slamming his hand on the table.

"We love you too," Chanyeol huffed beside him. Kyungsoo didn’t need to look at him to know there was an ugly offended expression on his face.
Baekhyun ignored him and leaned over the table, still looking at Kyungsoo with his sparkly eyes and beaming cheeks.

"Can I move in today?"

Move in.

Kyungsoo laughed. That really made it sound like he was adopting Baekhyun. As a puppy. Not a child. Move in. That sounded permanent enough for Kyungsoo to glance at Jongdae who shrugged, obviously relieved that Baekhyun wouldn’t sleep in the streets tonight. He worried the most between the four of them. Kyungsoo should definitely correct Baekhyun. Not move in. Not permanently. Even if that wasn’t probably what Baekhyun meant, Kyungsoo should still highlight the fact that this was for a short time only.

He looked at Baekhyun, the expectancy in his eyes dense enough for him not to escape again.

"Yes. You can sleep at my place tonight and for as long as it takes for you to sort everything out," was what he said instead.

Only because he was a good friend. He wouldn’t kick Baekhyun out if he stayed more than one week. Baekhyun wasn’t the kind to exploit kindness either anyway. He’d sort this out as fast as possible.

"Great!" Baekhyun chirped and Kyungsoo smiled at him. "Thank you," he added, a bit lower this time as his hand reached for Kyungsoo’s. He patted it twice before retracting his hand.

Chanyeol snorted and Baekhyun glared at him childishly.

"If you didn’t betray me, you’d get your hand patted too."

"I don’t want you to touch my hand. I’m pretty sure you do weird things with it," Chanyeol retorted before yelping when Baekhyun suddenly threw his hand towards his face to wiggle his fingers under his nose.
Kyungsoo shook his head at them, laughing at Chanyeol’s closed eyes, raised eyebrows, and flaring nostrils. Jongdae grabbed Baekhyun’s shirt and pulled him back to his seat when the couple on the table next to theirs started giving them weird looks.

When the kids settled down properly, Kyungsoo grabbed his empty cup of coffee to occupy his hands.

"We can go directly after this if you want. I can’t stand Chanyeol’s ugly face anymore," he said just because, not glancing at said ugly face even if it protested with an ugly sound.

"Your face is uglier than mine," Chanyeol mumbled and Kyungsoo let go of his cup to grab his instead, quickly downing the last gulp of his disgustingly sweet Caramel Macchiato. The whine he earned was worth it.

Baekhyun laughed quietly enough as Chanyeol tried stealing Jongdae’s coffee as compensation, failing when Jongdae hugged it against his chest to protect it.

It was only when Chanyeol slumped down face first on the table, sulking, that Baekhyun spoke again.

"We can go now," he said before pursing his lips and giving Kyungsoo a look. That look. "But I have to swing by home first. To get clothes and stuff," he explained and there was no particular plea in his face or voice but Kyungsoo still nodded.

"We can go together," he agreed to the unvoiced request. Just because he knew it would feel awkward to run into an ex-boyfriend alone.

Chanyeol and Jongdae snorted almost simultaneously. Chanyeol’s voice muffled against the table as he still hadn’t straightened up. Kyungsoo frowned. Jongdae avoided his gaze and Baekhyun gave him a shrug.

"What?" Kyungsoo questioned, looking at Jongdae since Chanyeol was a lost case.

"Nothing," he said, looking away and acting nonchalant.
Kyungsoo narrowed his eyes and reached towards him. "I’ll steal your coffee too."

Jongdae scrambled to drink the rest of his coffee, choking in his haste. Baekhyun slapped his back extra hard to prevent him from dying, grinning at Kyungsoo. He was probably glad Kyungsoo had given him this occasion to get his revenge.

Kyungsoo returned his smile. Like he always did.

Kyungsoo had never been to Baekhyun’s apartment.

Chanyeol and Jongdae probably had visited him before. Baekhyun himself had been to Kyungsoo’s place countless of times. But Kyungsoo had never stepped in this apartment before. He didn’t know why.

Yet, he didn’t keep in the first thought that popped in his head as soon as he stepped into the entrance hall and then followed Baekhyun to the bedroom.

"It’s so messy in here," he noted with just a tint of amazement in his voice.

It wasn’t too messy either, Kyungsoo had seen worse, but it wasn’t clean. He had only seen the living room and yet, he hadn’t even seen the living room in itself because all that had caught his eyes were the empty chips bag around, the blanket stuck on the floor, between the coffee table and the couch. Take out boxes, clothing items, and even shoes were strew around. It looked dusty.

The bedroom was worse. The bed looked like it hadn’t been made in ages and there was even more
clothes around, even more snacks, and empty mugs. Kyungsoo spotted what looked like a crunched heap of chips actually laying on the ground, beneath a grave of textbooks, and he scrunched his nose, looking at Baekhyun who was picking up a few clothes from the floor.

He picked a sweater up and examined it for a second before ultimately throwing it over his shoulder, back on the ground, and grabbing a pair of jeans instead, draping it over his arm.

"It is," he sighed as he picked up a few more items. "No matter how many times I clean everything, this brat just keeps messing it up," he grumbled as he kicked a pair of underwear under the bed.

Kyungsoo was a bit relieved to learn that this mess wasn’t entirely Baekhyun’s and that he did clean up from time to time. It would be a pain to nag at him to clean after himself while he stayed in his apartment.

He leaned down to grab a hoodie he had seen Baekhyun wearing before, throwing it at him. Baekhyun caught it with a grin and then moved towards the closet.

"I hope you’re not planning to trash my house like this," Kyungsoo said with mock threat as he watched Baekhyun rummage inside his closet. He felt a little out of place, standing at the center of the room Baekhyun shared, used to share with his boyfriend.

It was only once he pulled out a backpack and shoved his dirty clothes inside that Baekhyun looked at Kyungsoo with that smile. The one that made him look like he had something mischievous planned, with his slightly narrowed eyes and the small yet broad arch on his lips that was nothing but suspicious.

"I’m smart, Kyungsoo. I wouldn’t do anything stupid while you have the open opportunity to strangle me in my sleep."

Kyungsoo gave him a too wide smile, feeling his cheek bunching up too much.

"I wouldn’t strangle you in your sleep, Baekhyun. I’d do it in bare daylight just so I can see your ugly smile slowly fade away," he said in a low voice, stepping closer to Baekhyun with stretched, crooked fingers. Baekhyun hugged himself and shivered exaggeratedly.

"Scary," he whispered loudly, shaking his head as he turned back to the closest and away from
"Scary is what I’ll truly become if you don’t wash those dirty clothes as soon as we get home," Kyungsoo threatened, albeit this time he was much more serious. He didn’t want Baekhyun walking around in clothes that Kyungsoo wasn’t sure were ever washed.

"Yes," was all Baekhyun said, elongating his word carelessly as he shoved more clothes into the bag.

He had that tendency to act as if he never actually heard advice or orders but when he turned a little to the left, back still facing Kyungsoo who saw the roundness of his cheek jutting out a little bit, he knew Baekhyun had heard him and was smiling.

He shook his head fondly and looked down when his phone vibrated against his thigh. Pulling it out of his pocket, he swiped the notification to the right and unlocked the device.

[Chanyeol]

You should go to the mart before going home  
And get ointment for your whip marks

Kyungsoo read over the messages twice, unsure if Chanyeol had just messaged the wrong person or not. He did have weird kinks, as far Kyungsoo knew. Which was way more than he wanted to know.

"I’m going to the bathroom, I’ll be back," he said as he stepped away from the closet and Kyungsoo nodded before looking back down at his phone.

What are you saying

You’ll be even more whipped than before  
Now that you’ll spend your entire days with Baekhyun  
Forever :D
Kyungsoo scoffed at the emoji. This wasn’t the first time Chanyeol had told him he was whipped. Jongdae did it much less, but still mocked him from time to time. Kyungsoo never really understood why.

I’m not whipped

It’s called being a good friend

But this isn’t the first time I noticed you don’t know what that means

He heard a loud clatter from the bathroom, the sound of a something rolling on the floor before bumping against something else. It was followed by a loud groan and Kyungsoo bit onto his lower to stop himself from laughing. Laughter came too easily when he was with Baekhyun.

His phone vibrated again in his hand.

I’m a very good friend!

I got you a supreme hoodie for your birthday

Kyungsoo snorted right when Baekhyun walked in again.

"Chanyeol," he replied to the questioning look he was given and Baekhyun nodded before stepping towards the desk.

It was a bad idea to shove textbooks and other school supplies into his bag after filling it with the products he had probably gotten from the bathroom. Kyungsoo said nothing, watched him struggle until his amusement was toned down when he remember he hadn’t replied to Chanyeol.

There were two p’s on the logo

I’m broke!!

"I’ll miss this bed," Baekhyun sighed and Kyungsoo shoved his phone into his pocket just in time to see him jump on the mattress and bounce on it a little, bag abandoned on the floor.
His hands were clutching the blanket as he looked down at the mattress with the trace of a smile on his lips, small and faint as he fell silent. Kyungsoo wondered if it was only the bed he’d miss or who he used to share it with.

He pressed his lips together. This kind of smile didn’t suit Baekhyun.

"We could steal it from him as compensation," he said as he stepped closer to Baekhyun who snorted, looking at him mockingly. It didn’t matter. That was the intent behind Kyungsoo’s words anyway.

"You haven’t been to the gym since last year, there’s no way you can carry all this," he said, patting the bed’s head as he scrunched his nose at Kyungsoo, gaze dropping to his arms.

Kyungsoo crossed them against his chest.

"I never said I’d be the one to carry it," he said matter of factly, to which Baekhyun jutted his lower lip out again although his features were tightened into a grimace. He had to stop doing this. It never worked. It had no effect on Kyungsoo. He still needed Baekhyun to stop doing this nonetheless.

"That’s no way to treat your guest," Baekhyun mumbled, giving him a reprimanding look.

"You’re not my guest until you step foot into my house," Kyungsoo stated flatly, forcing himself not to smile.

Baekhyun looked up at the ceiling exasperatedly, kept his stare up for a second, before looking back at Kyungsoo.

"I’ll let you win this because you’re cute," he nodded, pride raising his eyebrows.

Kyungsoo scrunched his face at him. He hated being called cute. Had this been Chanyeol, he would already tug on his ear. But this was Baekhyun so Kyungsoo listened to him laugh victoriously as he hopped off the bed. The coffee’s effect still hadn’t worn out.
He grabbed the bag from the bed’s foot and opened his bedside table’s drawer.

"Can you get my phone charger from the desk?" he asked without looking at Kyungsoo who did as told, carefully avoiding the empty mugs and crumbles of food on the desk.

"Did you get everything you need?" he asked as Baekhyun took the charger from him, shoved it into his bag, and forced on the zipper to hide the bulge of books, clothes, and miscellaneous things he had squeezed inside. "You’re gonna rip it," Kyungsoo reprimanded him before stepping in to zip the bag properly, without breaking it, as Baekhyun held it for him.

"Not everything fits but it’s okay for now." He thanked Kyungsoo with a smile once the zipper was secured and swung the bag over his shoulder. "I’ll come by again to get more stuff in a few days, when he’ll be at work." He stepped away then and looked around the room again, sighing. "Well, at least your couch is comfortable."

Kyungsoo pursed his lips. He had slept on the couch before, it wasn’t comfortable. Too small and too stiff to lay on it for an entire night.

"We could get you a mattress if you want," he suggested when Baekhyun turned to him again. "We can put it in my bedroom, on the floor. It’ll be more comfortable."

"That’s too expensive," Baekhyun shook his head. "Especially if I’m going to use it for a few weeks at most."

"Not a real mattress, just an inflatable one. They’re cheaper. I think they sell some at the mart."

Baekhyun hummed a bit, staring at him. He always did that when he was thinking, staring at people as if he’d find answers on their face. Kyungsoo stared back at him but he had never gotten anything more than questions when he looked at Baekhyun’s face. Questions he couldn’t formulate even in his own head. Questions that he could feel the presence of without ever figuring out the content of. Or maybe he was overthinking.

"Okay," Baekhyun simpered with a nod. "We can do that. And I’ll also buy you groceries then, that’s the least I can do," he said, smile mollifying into gratefulness.
Kyungsoo liked that about Baekhyun. No matter how playful, carefree, and occasionally reckless he was, he always knew to thank people. He shook his head and gave Baekhyun a look filled with mock disdain. Like he always did.

"As long as you don’t break my house, we’re good," he said to which Baekhyun narrowed his eyes and stepped closer, hand rising and pointer finger brandished like a sword. He had that smile on again, mischievous, faint but foreshadowing Baekhyun’s amusement.

Kyungsoo felt his lips twitching, drawing cracks through his act. Baekhyun always hit Chanyeol and Jongdae with heavy fists and careless slaps. He never did anything more to Kyungsoo than stab him with his finger and most of the time, Kyungsoo could just grab that finger and twist it until Baekhyun was pressed against him and moaned apologies.

He didn’t budge, watching Baekhyun slowly approaching him, but before anything could happen, they heard the door unlocking with a melody.

Baekhyun’s smile dampened, his finger joining the others in a fist that he let fall down to his side. He wasn’t frowning, nor looked particularly upset but he remained blank for a second as he stared at Kyungsoo before sighing.

"We should get going," he said and Kyungsoo nodded, following him out of the room.

They ran into Sehun in the entrance hall right when he was dumping his shoes on the pile in front of the door. He looked at them over his shoulder, a hand pressed against the wall, and held that position for a fleeting moment. Baekhyun stopped walking a few steps away from him and Kyungsoo stood next to him, glancing at him. He was holding onto his backpack’s strap casually, knuckles not white, and his features weren’t really twisted with anger or heartbreak or whatever Kyungsoo knew people usually felt in this kind of encounter. He looked neutral. But Baekhyun never looked neutral, never ever. That was how Kyungsoo knew he wasn’t entirely okay.

Sehun cleared his throat, turning to face them, and Kyungsoo felt utterly awkward. Not because he was standing here, with Baekhyun and Sehun whom he had never really tied a friendship with despite getting along alright. He felt awkward because he didn’t know why their relationship ended, he didn’t know whether he was supposed to feel annoyed, understanding, or angry towards Sehun. Although, he couldn’t help but feel a tiny prickle of irritation at the back of his neck when Sehun looked between Baekhyun and him, features gradually tensing up into aversion, most of it gathered in a smile that looked stamped into his face.

"I’m glad to see you haven’t wasted any time," he said, looking straight at Baekhyun now. The
reproach in his voice was a stench thick enough for Kyungsoo to take a deep breath in, an attempt to dissipate it from his head. "It hasn’t even been a week since we broke up."

Kyungsoo didn’t understand why Sehun was implying such a thing. They had shared a meal quite a few times before, he knew that Kyungsoo was Baekhyun’s friend. He also knew that Baekhyun hated it when people said anything remotely negative about his friends but when he looked at him, Baekhyun’s mouth remained closed, tension gathering in his jawline, kept inside.

Baekhyun never remained silent. He was never speechless. He had an answer to everything. Except when he was hurt.

Kyungsoo didn’t like this. He didn’t like the triumphant assurance on Sehun’s features and the tensed, lost pull on Baekhyun’s. He didn’t like Baekhyun letting someone win over him. He wouldn’t let anyone win over Baekhyun this way.

His hand shot up to grab Baekhyun’s and he weaved his fingers between his rigid ones. The stamped smile on Sehun’s faced dribbled down unpleasantly when his gaze fell on their hands. Kyungsoo felt Baekhyun looking at him at the same time as he felt his fingers slackening around his. Adjusting.

Kyungsoo fixed Sehun with a glare that nailed him in place.

"I’m sad to say you’ve made us waste a lot of time," he spoke steadily, no particular flare in his voice. Then, he raised the hand that was holding Baekhyun’s, showing it off to Sehun whose lips pressed together, eyebrows sharpening. Not enough to cut through the hold Baekhyun tightened around Kyungsoo’s hand. "I’m glad you backed off quickly though."

Sehun glowered, remaining speechless. Kyungsoo held in the satisfaction that simmered in his stomach at the angry, defeated glare Sehun pierced through him. Never once looking away from him, he pulled Baekhyun along as he stepped forward. Kyungsoo heard Sehun curse under his breath as they walked past him to head out of the door and right then, he couldn’t remember why Baekhyun had ever been attracted to Sehun.

Because he had thought about it before, had wondering it in passing, the first time Baekhyun had introduced Sehun to their group of friends. He had thought he was handsome, tall, passably pleasant with Baekhyun even if Baekhyun was the only one to fill his glass with soju, grill the meat for him the way he seemed to like it, pass him the dishes he asked for, and even let him finish his own bowl of rice. Sehun had never returned those actions that day, nor on the next occasions they had shared a meal.
Kyungsoo always thought he should’ve. If Baekhyun was treating him so nicely, with so much care, so much attention, Sehun should’ve returned it tenfold.

Once they were out of the building, Kyungsoo sighed and finally looked at Baekhyun. The strain in his features was gone. Kyungsoo felt the irritation in his shoulders dissolve when Baekhyun gave him a smile, a small one but still a smile.

"I’m sorry," he said, the apology seeping into his smile. He didn’t look hurt anymore. He sighed. "I don’t know why he said that. He knows we’re friends."

Kyungsoo had been aware that they were still holding hands all along but that was when he broke the hold. Not awkwardly, not in a sharp movement, but slowly, too slowly, lingering. His hand hadn’t held another in so long. That was probably why. Because it had been holding a hand. Not because it had been holding Baekhyun’s hand.

There was less wind than there had been earlier, when they had been in the coffeeshop with the others. Baekhyun’s hair was still messy. Kyungsoo had brushed his thumb against the espresso stain on Baekhyun’s when he had let go of his hand.

"It’s okay," Kyungsoo smiled at him and the apology on Baekhyun’s face was eased away. "I guess he’s the jealous type," Kyungsoo snorted.

Not the type to be able to hold an argument though. He kept that to himself. Along with the satisfaction flashing through him every time he remembered the way Sehun had glowered, silent. Baekhyun had a lot of pride. Kyungsoo couldn’t have just stood there and watched as Baekhyun was mocked and humiliated.

Baekhyun huffed as he started walking when a woman on a bicycle sauntered past them. "He’s mostly the immature type," he said, pulling quiet laughter out of Kyungsoo. Not because it was funny. Because Baekhyun was back to being himself. He bumped his shoulder against Kyungsoo’s as they walked together. He was grinning when Kyungsoo looked at him. "Thank you for doing that, still. You didn’t have to."

Kyungsoo bumped his shoulder back against his, giving Baekhyun a judgmental look when he stumbled a few steps to the side, dramatizing things even more by holding onto his shoulder and grimacing.
"I know a kicked-puppy face when I see it," Kyungsoo said when Baekhyun stepped closer to him again. His voice was lower but still remained light, he didn’t want Baekhyun to feel bad. "You would’ve let him hurt you."

Baekhyun remained silent for a few seconds, long enough for it to be the confirmation of Kyungsoo’s words. Then, he narrowed his eyes at Kyungsoo.

"That’s a nice way of saying you just wanted to experience being the amazing Byun Baekhyun’s boyfriend for a moment," he said, holding his chin high and looking at Kyungsoo from beneath the smugness layered between his lashes.

Kyungsoo stared at him for a blank moment that Baekhyun spent wiggling his eyebrows until he spoke again.

"Yes, Baekhyun. It was the best moment of my life," he said soullessly, voice bland.

Baekhyun tutted at him.

"You’re such a shitty actor," he said, shaking his head in disappointment. Kyungsoo grinned at him and Baekhyun shook his head harder. "Let’s just go get my super mattress."

Eventually, Baekhyun convinced him to race until the bus stop. Kyungsoo hated running.

"When you said you’d buy me groceries, I thought you meant like things we can cook with. Not just snacks."
Baekhyun stared right into his eyes as he dropped the third pepero pack into the cart. Kyungsoo kind of felt like driving the cart over him. But then it might be a bit too painful. He settled with giving Baekhyun an exasperated look.

Baekhyun turned to the aisle again and hummed.

"You’ve never tried a pepero sandwich? That’s kind of like cooking," he said with utmost nonchalance and had he not just grabbed Kyungsoo’s favorite flavor while uttering those words, Kyungsoo would’ve left him right here and drove his cart away.

Though, Baekhyun would probably go to customer service and announce his name in a very embarrassing way through the whole mart just to find him. It had happened once, at the beginning of their friendship. Baekhyun liked to call it a huge factor as to how they had gotten closer.

"That sounds evil. Like a monster. Not something you should eat," Kyungsoo said, waiting for the child pushing her mother’s cart in front of them to move away before he pushed their own cart.

"I’ll make you try it out next time you’re drunk," Baekhyun singsonged next to him, hands crossed behind him as he followed Kyungsoo around.

Not for too long. Soon after Kyungsoo picked up a few packs of instant ramyeon, Baekhyun grabbed hold of the cart and stirred it to the left. Kyungsoo let him do it even if he knew they were heading towards the greasier snack section, as he liked to call it. And he liked to eat them. That was why he said nothing and let Baekhyun lead him there.

Baekhyun grabbed too many packs of chips, the biggest size each time, and didn’t stop even after Kyungsoo reminded him that he said he’d pay. When even that didn’t seem to faze him, Kyungsoo grabbed his arm and pulled him out of the aisle. He didn’t want Baekhyun to spend too much. He seemed to disagree, whining that he hadn’t gotten his favorite chips yet. He was frowning. He looked like a duck as he tried talking Kyungsoo into going back to that aisle. Kyungsoo ignored him, pointedly grabbing his hand and placing it on the cart’s edge as if that would glue it there and Baekhyun wouldn’t be able to wander around anymore.

When he caught a mother doing the same exact thing to her child only a few steps away from them, he pushed the cart forward faster, heading towards the vegetables section of the mart. Baekhyun obediently followed, still holding onto the cart.
Kyungsoo was almost proud of him when he picked green onions himself and carefully placed them in their cart. When he grinned at him, Baekhyun huffed and pretended to throw a tomato at him. Unimpressed, Kyungsoo grabbed a plastic bag and nodded towards it, silently asking Baekhyun to put it in. He did so by throwing it in, pretending he was playing basketball.

He was pretty decent at picking tomatoes, as it turned out. Kyungsoo himself wasn’t a master at it but his mother had taught him a few things about picking vegetables and fruits. Baekhyun picked the reddest, biggest ones, carefully analyzing his options. Kyungsoo stepped closer to him when he noticed a woman standing behind him, waiting to have access to the tomatoes. She thanked him with a smile and Kyungsoo turned to Baekhyun again. He was still focused on the tomatoes. This was taking longer than necessary. Kyungsoo silently watched him reach for a tomato before pulling his hand back and observing more.

"This isn’t a beauty pageant. It’s just tomatoes," he couldn’t help but say after a few seconds of musing silence from Baekhyun.

Kyungsoo pushed the cart out of the way for an old lady to pass before Baekhyun replied.

"They gotta be pretty," he mumbled before grabbing two tomatoes at once. "Is that enough?" he asked, finally looking at Kyungsoo who nodded.

"You did a good job," Kyungsoo nodded as he tied the bag and put it in the cart.

Baekhyun was grinning when Kyungsoo looked at him again and he returned the smile before gesturing him to walk. Kyungsoo stopped at the cucumbers and laughed when Baekhyun pulled at the cart to drag it away. Kyungsoo followed along as a melody spread around the store before a welcoming feminine voice advertised sales on tv sets.

It was only when they were at the fruits section, while he watched Baekhyun pick apples, that Kyungsoo realized something. Baekhyun was smiling. He was okay. Too okay, after running into the ex-boyfriend that made him move out of the house after they broke up.

He knew Baekhyun wasn’t the kind to linger on problems, always remained positive and optimist, but even this seemed a bit too much to Kyungsoo. He looked like there was nothing wrong. Kyungsoo had never even seen him sad about this.
Baekhyun dumped two juicy, red, sleek apples into the bag Kyungsoo was once again holding. Kyungsoo only spoke up when he was crinkling his nose at a bruised apple.

"Why did you break up with Sehun?" he asked, as quietly as possible since they were in public.

Baekhyun turned idle for a second, hand hovering over the bag as he frowned at Kyungsoo. By the time he carefully put the apple inside, Kyungsoo still hadn’t managed to formulate a proper apology in his head to pronounce it out loud afterwards.

"Didn’t I tell you?" Baekhyun said and the frown was gone as he waved at a baby observing them while her mother picked lemons.

Kyungsoo’s shoulders slackened. He wasn’t upset about the question.

"No." He reached to pick an apple which prompted Baekhyun to do the same. "I don’t think you did. I just know you broke up but not why."

The frown persisted on Baekhyun’s face as he grabbed the bag from Kyungsoo and tied it up.

"I think I’ve told Chanyeol and Jongdae though," he mumbled as he put the bag in the cart. Kyungsoo started pushing the cart forward, humming.

"I guess I wasn’t there when you did then," he said, stopping to grab a few bananas.

It wasn’t surprising, the fact that Baekhyun had explained things to Chanyeol and Jongdae. It wasn’t upsetting that he wasn’t there when it had happened either. He usually spent much less time with Baekhyun than the two others did. They were closer, spent more time together because they shared the same major, Engineering, which was how Chanyeol and Jongdae had met Baekhyun in the first place. They had incorporated him into their group of friends like sweet cream amongst layers of fluffy cake. It matched perfectly.

As an English major, Kyungsoo had his own friends that Chanyeol and Jongdae had met as well. Kyungsoo had grown up with the two of them but Baekhyun, despite now being the quarter that completed them, wasn’t as close to Kyungsoo. It had nothing to do with majors. Kyungsoo knew. He didn’t know what it had to do with, but it wasn’t their different majors.
There had just always been something between them. Something that traced a few steps distancing them. Something that made Kyungsoo keep a lot of his thoughts to himself. Something that had always prevented Kyungsoo from stepping into Baekhyun’s house. Something that made him look at Baekhyun more than talk to him.

Kyungsoo was used to it. It was their second year as friends.

They moved to the pears and picked the fruits together. It was only when the young man who was there before them moved away, leaving them alone in that section, that Baekhyun spoke.

"We broke up because we were fuck buddies more than we were lovers, I guess," Baekhyun said, leaning a bit closer to Kyungsoo, voice discreet.

Kyungsoo looked up from the pears to the apple of Baekhyun’s cheek instead. It glowed a little under the mart’s fluorescent lights. This was the first time Baekhyun talked to him about his relationship with Sehun. About any of his relationships. Kyungsoo had witnessed only three, two short flings with girls from his major and Sehun, a bit longer. Kyungsoo had always thought things were serious with Sehun.

"I know it sounds stupid," Baekhyun continued when Kyungsoo remained silent. He glanced at Kyungsoo who was simply listening to him, watching him pick the nicest looking pears only. Baekhyun always picked the prettiest. He had seen pictures of the two girls. "We mostly spent our time having sex before moving in together. I guess I mistook sexual compatibility for love," he laughed quietly, glancing around.

It wasn’t an amused laugh. Just the kind of laugh Baekhyun had whenever he felt obligated to laugh.

Two women stepped close to them to pick pears. Kyungsoo tied the bag and put it in the cart before pushing it out of the fruits section. They would weigh everything at check out.

"You really do take decisions too quickly," Kyungsoo said mutedly as he glanced at their cart’s content to check if they had forgotten anything. "You just moved in with him for sex, basically."

When he looked at Baekhyun again, he had a grin on, his head tilted to the side.
"Well, he was good at it," he shrugged as the beeping of the check out section grew louder. Then, he sighed a little and Kyungsoo watched his smile stretch into a tight line. "It’s not like I didn’t like him at all. I did like him."

"I know you did," Kyungsoo said. He knew. He had noticed. He knew what Baekhyun was like when he liked someone.

"I guess we’re just not made to love each other, you know?" he sighed, looking down as he traced a finger over the edge of the cart.

Kyungsoo took a sudden left turn, pulling their course away from the check out section, and Baekhyun gave him a confused look. He perked up when he noticed they were heading towards the bag of chips he didn’t have time to get earlier.

Kyungsoo wanted him to get it. And he also didn’t want to end this conversation now, they would’ve stopped it if they went to check out. Baekhyun grabbed the yellow and orange pack and hugged it to his chest. Kyungsoo gave him a look that Baekhyun ignored to very, very carefully lay his chips right on top of the pile of fruits and vegetables.

"Does Sehun disagree?" Kyungsoo asked then, standing there empty aisle, not pushing the cart forward. "He seemed pretty upset earlier."

Baekhyun looked to the side, not in avoidance. He was comfortable with this conversation. He didn’t have the awkward laugh or fidgety gaze he had whenever discomfort found a home in him. Kyungsoo was glad. It just took him to ask in order for Baekhyun to speak. There wasn’t anything holding him back.

"We’ve been together for three months," Baekhyun said, the corners of his lips faintly reaching up. "That’s not much but when you live together, it kinda is a lot."

Kyungsoo had never lived with someone he liked. His last relationship had been two years ago. He couldn’t understand but he could imagine what Baekhyun meant.

"If he’s so upset at the thought of you already being in a new relationship, maybe he liked you too," Kyungsoo said, gaze trailing after an elderly man who passed straight through the aisle without looking at the snacks.
There was crunching in front of him and when he looked at Baekhyun, he was stepping away from the aisles. He always pressed his back against whatever surface was available.

Baekhyun shook his head, not even laughing at his own silly habit.

"It was just…” he trailed off before shaking his head again. "It was just an unfair relationship. He’s always been pretty possessive. Too much. That’s just the way he is," he said and Kyungsoo caught the upset downturn of his lips. "But I couldn’t be. He didn’t like it because I was exaggerating and it was nonsense and these annoying arguments gave him a headache,” he enumerated, ending it with a snort that made it obvious those weren’t his own words.

Kyungsoo had no idea. He had never really asked about Baekhyun’s relationship, to Baekhyun himself or even to Chanyeol or Jongdae. He should’ve asked, maybe. But Baekhyun had never told him either, never acted like he wanted to talk about it.

But he was now. He had talked about it and he was smiling. A small but natural smile he confided to Kyungsoo.

"We’re better off not together, really.” The way he said it, with no strong emotion in his voice spoke of acceptance and belief in his own words."I guess the fact that I never really loved him helps. I truly am not too sad about this," Baekhyun said with pride in the crinkled corners of his eyes. His reaction to Sehun earlier made it hard to believe he wasn’t at least a little sad about this but it was alright.

Kyungsoo was just glad Baekhyun wasn’t in pain because of this.

He grabbed a second pack of Baekhyun’s favorite chips and dumped it in the cart. Baekhyun instantly grinned at him and bumped his shoulder against his.

"If talking about my relationship problems makes you so lenient with me, I’ll do it more often," he said cheekily, shoulder remaining pressed against Kyungsoo’s, along with the rest of his body weight.

Kyungsoo suddenly pushed the cart forward, moving away, and laughed at the quiet yelp Baekhyun let out when he lost balance.
"Do you want beer or coke?"

"Let’s go with coke tonight," Baekhyun said as he plopped down on the couch and groaned like an old man with back problems.

Kyungsoo laughed at him and headed towards the kitchen, stretching his arms over his head on his way. They had ordered pizza a while ago and decided to prepare Baekhyun’s bed while waiting for the bell to ring but as it turned out, they weren’t even done by the time their order arrived. Kyungsoo had no idea using an air pump could be so tiring. Though, he had mostly laughed at Baekhyun who kept making funny faces and dramatizing every one of his movement as he pressed on the pump again and again with his foot to inflate the mattress. Baekhyun made laughing exhausting and exhilarating at the same time.

At least, the mattress was quite comfortable and they could now eat pizza. He grabbed a bottle of coke from the fridge along with two glasses from the cupboard and headed back to the living room where Baekhyun had already lifted off the lid one of their two pizza boxes and was staring at it longingly. Kyungsoo snorted as he plopped down next to him on the couch, which kick started Baekhyun into grabbing a slice and shoving almost half of it into his mouth.

Kyungsoo chose not to pour coke into his glass as punishment for eating like a disgusting human being. It only worsened things because Baekhyun started whining while eating. Kyungsoo ended up filling his glass up to the brim. The pizza tasted better when Baekhyun wasn’t making disgusting noises at him.

"Why did you move out though?" Kyungsoo asked a while later, when they had already devoured one box and were starting to attack the second one.
He grabbed his glass and sipped on his coke, a bit too much since he felt the bubbles in his mouth tickling his nose. Baekhyun, thank god, waited until he was done munching to speak. He knew Kyungsoo hated people who talked with their mouth full. It had taken a lot of groans and weak punches and ear-tugging in the past, but now, Baekhyun knew.

Baekhyun shrugged, gaze not leaving the laptop on the coffee table, where a young man was cursing loudly because his team was losing no matter how hard he slammed his fingers down on his keyboard.

"He has nowhere else to stay," he said, fingers whitened by flour and crumbles reaching for his glass.

"You don’t have anywhere else to stay either now," Kyungsoo frowned, biting into his pizza slice carefully to avoid the cheese sliding off. Baekhyun looked at him, chin trembling with mock emotion and eyes widened creepily as he leaned closer to Kyungsoo. Not cutely. Kyungsoo snorted and pushed him away with greasy hands on his cheek. "I mean until I generously adopted you."

Baekhyun grinned before shoving the rest of his pizza into his mouth. Kyungsoo took a bite of the crust and leaned back into the comfort of the couch.

"It’s not the same thing," Baekhyun said eventually, reaching for another slice. There were four more left but Kyungsoo was full. "The house is on my name, that’s true. But he has to study a lot nowadays. He can’t live with his parents, they’re in Busan and he doesn’t have friends he’s that close to. So I just told him he can stay until he finds somewhere else to move to."

That sounded kind. Unnecessarily kind, but not too surprising coming from Baekhyun.

"But wouldn’t he take advantage of that?" Kyungsoo still asked because the probability was very high and he didn’t want anyone to take advantage of Baekhyun.

Baekhyun shook his head. "He’s not an asshole." Kyungsoo shoved the rest of his pizza crust into his mouth and reached to grab his glass. The streamer on the screen wailed in agony when his character died. "He said he’d move out in a few days, weeks at most and he’ll do it. Even if he might take a bit longer just to spite me," he added as an afterthought, laughing at the gamer’s misery afterwards.

Kyungsoo took a small sip of his coke, stomach so full it felt bloated. Baekhyun had finished his
last slice too, now watching the screen as his tongue occasionally made a bump against his cheek, no doubt looking for crumbles in his mouth. Grabbing his glass too, he leaned back into the couch, shoulder pressing against Kyungsoo’s because the couch was small and Baekhyun had the tendency to stand or sit closer to people than necessary.

"You’re too kind," Kyungsoo said after a moment of silence filled with Baekhyun’s slurping on his coke.

Baekhyun turned his head towards him, a tight-lipped smile on.

"I just don’t want him to sleep in the streets," he said before clinking his glass against Kyungsoo’s and downing it as if it was alcohol and not coke.

When he squeezed his eyes shut and scrunched his nose, Kyungsoo mocked him with a huffed out laugh.

Baekhyun was kind. Too kind. Kyungsoo didn’t know that many people who’d be willing to move out of their own house in order not to inconvenience someone they had just broken up with.

Baekhyun was so kind. He treated it so nonchalantly, already back to watching the screen, fingers holding onto his empty glass, gaze focused and shoulder lax against Kyungsoo’s. He had no stain around his mouth, just crumbles on his fingers that would probably end up on the couch. Sehun was so lucky to have found someone like Baekhyun. So unlucky to have been unable to keep him.

Not because he was Baekhyun. Because Baekhyun was something. A lot of things. Some things Kyungsoo had yet to discover.

They soon got bored of the streamer’s boisterous screams and decided to watch a movie. Kyungsoo chose it because his movie choices had never disappointed Baekhyun before. Baekhyun’s shoulder remained pressed against his even as he wiggled on his seat, even when Kyungsoo gave him an irritated look that he returned with a grin and cheesy, obnoxious finger hearts. He had cleaned his hands before the movie started, there was no crumbles, only sleek, clean fingernails.

Kyungsoo chose to watch The Handmaiden. Baekhyun liked happy endings.

Yet, Baekhyun couldn’t watch that happy ending because halfway through, his head was tilted to his left, his eyes closed, and lips parted to let slumber seep in. Kyungsoo snorted to himself and turned towards the screen. It was only after the two women were on a boat, floating towards their
happiness together that he looked at Baekhyun again. He would definitely have to make him watch this movie in its entirety. He didn’t like unfinished movies.

He wasn’t upset at Baekhyun. It was late, even he could feel the sluggishness sleep wrapped around his limbs now. He should wake him up. But he looked peaceful. Though, if he slept like this, sitting up, arms crossed against his chest, and head lulling to the side, he’d probably be sore in the morning. He had been excited to try out the mattress too. The screen unraveled into the homepage of the website they had been watching the movie on and white light highlighted the bridge of Baekhyun’s nose and the rest of his features.

Kyungsoo noticed then that there was a tiny red stain on Baekhyun’s cheek, one he hadn’t noticed before. Pizza stain. His chest puffed up with a silent laugh. It was very Baekhyun-like. He didn’t know why he thought that way, but it was.

Ignoring the stain, he reached to grab Baekhyun’s shoulder and gently shook him to wake him up, once, twice, until Baekhyun groaned but remained asleep. He was frowning, lips twisting. Kyungsoo’s hand fell down to his lap and he watched until the knit of Baekhyun’s eyebrows relaxed, the lines tying his frown together fading away gradually.

Of course Baekhyun would give him trouble on his first night here. Kyungsoo should hit him with the bottle of coke or splash him with water to make this easier for himself.

Instead, he shifted a little closer to Baekhyun.

"Baekhyun," he whispered, hand grabbing his arm this time as he shook it just as gently once before hardening his movements. He didn’t want to startle him but he had to wake up.

It didn’t work. He whispered Baekhyun’s name twice and shook him again. It was only when he tightened his grip on his arm that Baekhyun hummed a little and turned his head towards him, eyes still closed as he hummed again. How could eyes be droopy and soft even when closed?

Before he could find the answer to that question on Baekhyun’s face, Kyungsoo felt fingers grabbing his own arm and he looked down at them in puzzlement. They were long and slender against the black of Kyungsoo’s sweater. They remained there, holding onto his arm. They were strengthless but Kyungsoo felt them gripping him whole. He called Baekhyun’s name again, looking back up to him only to freeze when those droopy, closed eyelids were closer to him than before. He felt Baekhyun’s next hum vibrating delicately against his own lips.
The sensation petered out but the delicacy remained pressed against Kyungsoo’s lips. His widened eyes were still staring at Baekhyun’s short eyelashes. He couldn’t feel the hold on his arm anymore, nor the numbing drowsiness or the comfort of the couch carrying his weight. All his senses gathered on the skin of his lips Baekhyun was kissing.

Kissing. With the cushiness of his lower lip that Kyungsoo could feel pressing on his chin while the arch of Baekhyun’s cupid’s bow was imprinting on Kyungsoo’s lower lip. He could almost feel, see the shape of it when he blinked once. What he couldn’t feel, was the rest of his body. As if in the moment Baekhyun took to exhale tickles against Kyungsoo’s nose, he only existed through Baekhyun’s touch. A kiss.

"G’night kiss," Baekhyun mumbled then, against Kyungsoo’s mouth. Into their kiss. Kyungsoo felt those words forming against his lips as if he was the one pronouncing them. He felt them carving into his skin with the very first pucker of Baekhyun’s lower lip, nudged right under the curve of Kyungsoo’s as he pronounced those words.

The couch he was sitting on felt much less welcoming and cushioning than Baekhyun’s lips did right before he pulled away and slumped back into the backrest.

Kyungsoo wasn’t frozen. His lips felt too warm for him to be, but he was blank as he sat there, staring at lips that had just kissed him. He could still feel them. Almost as if Baekhyun had stamped the shape of his lips against his with that single, short contact. His heartbeat knocked against his next breath, turning it into a stutter.

He dragged his gaze up to Baekhyun’s eyes and felt himself breathing too slowly now, much slower than he was actually breathing. They were closed, Baekhyun’s eyes. His features were slack, his lips parted, away from Kyungsoo’s yet engrained into his head. He looked away, back up to Baekhyun’s eyes. He was sleeping.

A snort escaped his mouth first. He looked away from Baekhyun. And then a groan. Baekhyun was asleep, had been asleep when he had kissed Kyungsoo. A goodnight kiss.

His hand suddenly shot up to grab Baekhyun’s shoulder and he shook him hard, enough for Baekhyun to groan loudly and crack his eyes open. Kyungsoo was blank again for a second. He shook Baekhyun again before he could close his eyes.

"Come on, let’s get you to bed," he mumbled, voice entirely rusty and croaky but he didn’t mind.
Baekhyun groaned again as Kyungsoo pulled him up from the couch and pushed him towards the bedroom. He mumbled a few more unintelligible words that Kyungsoo didn’t try deciphering and as soon as they were in the bedroom, a small push was enough for Baekhyun to crash down on the inflatable mattress by himself. He wiggled around as he snuggled under the blanket, his own grunts harmonizing with the croaky, plastic groans of the mattress each time he moved.

Kyungsoo stood there until Baekhyun stopped moving and the mattress stopped squeaking. Then, he stepped over him to reach his bed and sat down, looking at Baekhyun. The mattress was laying on the floor, parallel to the bed. Kyungsoo was no engineer but as he stared at Baekhyun silently, he could tell that none of his thoughts were traced towards the same direction without ever crashing into each other.

He waited. For something. Anything. Maybe Baekhyun to say something, wake up and laugh, call it a prank and shame Kyungsoo for losing a game. But none of that happened. Because Baekhyun was asleep. He had been asleep when that had happened. It was okay.

That was okay. It was Baekhyun. Baekhyun always clung to people. Baekhyun always stuck himself to Jongdae during sleepovers, always held onto him the whole night as they slept. Kyungsoo had witnessed it before. It was nothing.

He dragged his gaze away from Baekhyun and buried himself under his blanket, pulling it over his head and squeezing his eyes shut. He heard Baekhyun move more in his sleep. He always moved a lot.

The groaning of the mattress was unpleasant, the tingle of an imprint on his lower lip was distracting.

He hugged the sensation under his upper lip and kept his eyes closed.
The sharp knock of the knife against the cutting board stopped for a fleeting moment as soon as Kyungsoo heard the sound of footsteps dragged on the floor.

He continued cutting the zucchini when Baekhyun stepped into the kitchen.

"Whoa, can’t believe living with you means being fed by you every day." Baekhyun’s voice vibrated with excitement as his footsteps slid him closer to Kyungsoo. He had always been a morning person. For the first time ever, Kyungsoo found that energy too much for him. He hadn’t slept well. "What are you making?"

"Yachaejeon," he informed the other as he finished cutting the vegetable before raising his knife and threatening Baekhyun with it. "If you exploit my cooking skills, I’ll kick you out."

Baekhyun snorted. Kyungsoo would too. He didn’t sound convincing even to his own ears.

"You’d never do that," Baekhyun sing-songed, speaking out Kyungsoo’s own thoughts as he leaned against the counter, next to Kyungsoo. He grinned when Kyungsoo glared at him and pushed himself away from the counter, elbow knocking against the bowl Kyungsoo had filled with leek and mushrooms so far. "But since I appreciate you, I’ll make the dipping sauce."

Kyungsoo couldn’t help but return his sheepish smile. Baekhyun’s presence softened the honed hits of the knife against the cutting board as he sliced half an onion.

"The vinegar’s in that cupboard," he informed the other, nodding to his left.

Contrary to what he looked like, Baekhyun was pretty decent at cooking. He made the best ramyeon in their group of friends and he couldn’t cook wonderful things but he was good at following orders in the kitchen. Despite breaking an egg or two sometimes, he was good at cooking them.

He knew his way around the kitchen but Kyungsoo still told him where the flour was when he asked him to get it out. He poured thin matchsticks of sweet potato into the bowls filled with other vegetables and glanced at Baekhyun as he set utensils on the kitchen island while brooding about the lack of sesame seeds in the sauce. Kyungsoo had forgotten to get it yesterday when they had been grocery shopping.
He grabbed the pack of flour and measured half a cup, dusting a bit of it on the counter as his eyes found Baekhyun again while he was getting kimchi out of the fridge, humming under his breath all along.

He had said nothing. About last night. Kyungsoo wiped the spilled flour on the counter. About the kiss. *G’night kiss,* he heard in his head, the echo of Baekhyun’s sleepy, molten voice loud in his head as he blinked. He didn’t look at him again and poured water into the bowl before mixing it until thin batter clung to the vegetables.

Baekhyun got a pan out and poured vegetable oil on it, heating it up before stepping away from the stove and taking a seat at the small kitchen island.

Kyungsoo poured the mixture on the pan and pressed on it with a spatula until he got the round shape he wanted. Baekhyun was silent now, probably playing on his phone. Kyungsoo didn’t look. He sucked his lower lip into his mouth.

Maybe he didn’t remember. Or maybe he did remember but was acting like nothing had happened. It could be awkward. They were friends. For a long time now. They had kissed. Baekhyun had kissed him. Kyungsoo hadn’t pushed him away. He added a bit more oil in the pan and raised it off the stove a little, shaking it in circular motions to make sure the pancake wasn’t sticking to it and the oil was spreading everywhere. The loud crackling of the oil wasn’t enough to drown his thoughts out.

Could Baekhyun be acting like it never happened because Kyungsoo hadn’t kissed him back? Although it had been something less than a peck, just the press of their lips together, Kyungsoo could’ve kissed him back. He could’ve pressed his lips back against his instead of just sitting there blankly. He should’ve kissed him back.

He flipped the pancake over and added more oil, too much oil. Why would he kiss Baekhyun back? He shook his head, dispersing those thoughts. He slipped his spatula under the pancake and lifted it carefully, tilting the pan so the oil would reach the center.

Baekhyun had been half asleep. Entirely asleep. Maybe he didn’t remember. It was just that. Nothing else. It was logical.

He turned the stove off when he deemed the vegetables pancake cooked and crunchy enough, grabbing a plate from the cupboard and carefully sliding it in.
"Did you like the movie last night?" he asked as soon as he took a seat next to Baekhyun, putting the plate in front of them.

Baekhyun let go of his phone and parted his lips in a long sound of amazement as he looked at the yachaejeon. It wasn’t even an exaggeration. Kyungsoo knew how much Baekhyun liked eating.

"From the few things I remember, it was great," Baekhyun said as he reached to rip a chunk of the pancake with his chopsticks, tugging to pry out a stubborn slice of green onion.

For a moment, Kyungsoo’s fingers remained pressed against the chopsticks that were laid on the sleek surface of the island.

"You don’t remember?" he asked and he shouldn’t be surprised. He wasn’t disappointed either. He had figured Baekhyun wouldn’t remember, might not even be aware of what he had done.

Yet Kyungsoo had spent a good hour lying awake in his bed thinking about the length of Baekhyun’s eyelashes and the shape of his cupid’s bow.

Baekhyun hummed as he shoved the sauced food into his mouth and that pulled Kyungsoo out of his head. He grabbed his chopsticks and picked at the plate of kimchi.

"I fell asleep halfway through," Baekhyun said, turning to him. He licked his lips, leaving a faint sheen on them. It made his lower lip look plumper. Kyungsoo gulped the spicy cabbage down before it was properly chewed. "But I woke up in bed so I guess you managed to kick me into the room. Thanks for that," Baekhyun laughed, not stopping even as he shoved more of the pancake into his mouth.

Kyungsoo smiled at him and paid more attention to the food. It tasted great. Not as great as usual.

Baekhyun didn’t remember. That was okay. It proved that it was nothing Kyungsoo had to worry over. He relaxed a bit and clashed his chopsticks against Baekhyun’s when he saw him reaching for that one big slice of sweet potato. They used their chopsticks as swords only for a little while before Baekhyun won and munched on the sweet potato loudly, with his mouth open as he leaned closer to Kyungsoo who had to pinch his thigh to make him stop.

They talked a bit about the movie. Baekhyun was really bad at understanding the symbolism and
deeper plots in movies so he asked a lot of questions. Kyungsoo tried replying to them without spoiling the rest of it since Baekhyun said he’d watch it entirely and actually finish it this time.

They conversed and there was nothing out of the ordinary. Baekhyun still laughed loudly, still made Kyungsoo laugh loudly, praised Kyungsoo’s cooking, and chattered like he usually did about anything. Kyungsoo still mostly listened to him, still judged his lamest jokes, still looked at him more than he talked to him. The only difference was that he wasn’t looking at Baekhyun steadily, his gaze kept flickering down to his lips.

He didn’t know why. He noticed the small drop of sauce clinging to the corner of Baekhyun’s smile before he licked it off. He noticed a lot of things about them. He noticed them. Usually, the fact that Baekhyun had lips never crossed his mind. He never noticed them, the way he never noticed Chanyeol had lips. But now, he couldn’t help but notice Baekhyun’s lips.

Before last night, they were just lips. Like any pair he had seen before. Everyone had them. Now, they were Baekhyun’s lips. Cute lips. Thin. His cupid’s bow was pointy but didn’t prickle his eyes. The mole right on top of his upper lip fit perfectly, like a cherry on top of a swirl of strawberry-flavored whipped cream. His lips had felt creamy last night.

"Did you sleep well?"

Kyungsoo snatched his gaze away from Baekhyun’s mouth and looked up into his eyes. They looked expectant. He felt a little disoriented.

"Yeah. I did," he replied, looking away and dipping his bare chopsticks into the sauce before bringing them to his mouth. The sourness helped him focus. "What about you?"

Baekhyun leaned to grab kimchi before shrugging.

"The bed made so much noise whenever I moved." Had Baekhyun’s lips always looked so pouty whenever he talked? They did. Kyungsoo knew. Had noticed. Before. Maybe they had never been just any lips. "It kinda woke me up a few times. I hope it didn’t do that to you too."

Kyungsoo shook his head, reassuring him with a smile. Baekhyun stopped pursing his lips and returned his smile with a coral one.
"No, it was just distracting," Kyungsoo said, words leaving his mouth too slowly because it wasn’t his mouth he was focusing on.

"Distracting from sleep?" Baekhyun instantly asked, frowning worriedly.

Not really. Distracting from the impression he could still feel on his lips even now.

He shook his head again, harder this time.

"No, I slept well. Don’t worry."

"Well," Baekhyun said, cheeks bundling up into mischief. "I do have a very soothing presence, don’t I?"

Kyungsoo stared at him soullessly until Baekhyun offered to clean up the table, smile not once unraveling. Kyungsoo still helped him.

Studying with Chanyeol was either a success or a complete failure. It had always been that way since high school.

Either Chanyeol would work and therefore motivate Kyungsoo to do so too or he would keep talking until Kyungsoo was convinced to just let go of whatever he was supposed to do and just listen to him. Kyungsoo could be easily waivered when it came to studying.
That couldn’t happen today, however, so when Chanyeol asked him to meet up to study together, Kyungsoo offered to do it at the campus’ cafeteria. Chanyeol never talked and focused better when he was eating while studying. When Chanyeol didn’t talk, Kyungsoo was forced to read, read, read, and rewrite his notes from the last session of African American History until he could recite America’s heartlessness and stupidity with his eyes closed.

The cafeteria was usually noisy, with people eating and laughing but that made it easier for Kyungsoo to focus. If he studied in the library where people were mostly silent, he'd probably fall asleep on his notes and then fail his semester and then fail his life. That couldn’t happen. So he wrote it six times. 1910. Creation of the NAACP. Legal action. He was hungry. But he didn’t like eating in the cafeteria. 1910. NAACP. Fight against Jim Crow Laws. Baekhyun liked the snacks they offered in the cafeteria.

"So, how was the first night?"

When Kyungsoo looked up to him, Chanyeol was done eating his sandwich and only the crumbles of it were left to saturate the mathematical formulas on his notebook. Time was up. Kyungsoo gladly put his pencil down.

"It was great," Kyungsoo settled on saying, careful not to let anything out of place settle on his voice or face. Chanyeol knew him too well. "Baekhyun doesn’t snore," he added before realizing that Chanyeol already knew that and that he already knew that.

Fortunately, Chanyeol didn’t seem to take it weirdly.

"I’m glad to know Baekhyun won’t get smothered in his sleep," he said although, the grimace he gave Kyungsoo was made to contradict his words.

Baekhyun didn’t snore while sleeping. He kissed people. Kyungsoo forced out a laugh that sounded too forced. Chanyeol’s eyes dramatically widened.

"You actually strangled him?!" he hissed, leaning closer over the table.

Kyungsoo snorted and pushed him back into his seat with two fingers against his forehead. Someone laughed loudly somewhere in the room but what disturbed Kyungsoo the most was the stale scent of instant coffee in the air. Chanyeol grumbled under this breath as he rubbed his forehead. Kyungsoo gave him an unapologetic smile. He hadn’t even used that much strength.
"We just ate pizza and then watched a movie," he said to make it up to Chanyeol who perked up. He liked talking but he liked his friends talking to him even more. "Though, he fell asleep halfway through it," Kyungsoo reminisced with a huffed out laugh.

"What movie?" Chanyeol asked, resting his chin in the palm of his hand and scrunching his nose down at his notes.

"The Handmaiden," Kyungsoo answered, leaning closer, always eager to talk about movies. "Have you watched it?"

"Isn’t that the lesbian movie with Kim Taeri? Of course I did!" he said, giving Kyungsoo an offended look before grinning goofily. "She has nice tits."

Kyungsoo would throw his pencil at him but he needed it. And they were in public. He settled on shaking his head and dismissing Chanyeol’s lack of cinematographic intelligence by looking down at his notes.

"Of course all you’d remember would be the tits," he grumbled, giving the stink eye to a shrugging Chanyeol before they both fell silent and focused back on their studying.

Kyungsoo really hoped Baekhyun would finish watching that movie. He said he would as soon as he could. It was a good movie. An unforgettable one, probably. Because Baekhyun had kissed him at the end of it.

He bit onto his lower lip harshly, as if that would shatter the memory of Baekhyun’s upper lip pressed against it. It was nothing. Just a kiss. Baekhyun didn’t even remember it. Maybe it wasn’t the first time he had kissed someone in his sleep and called it a goodnight kiss.

A G’night kiss. Kyungsoo took a deep breath in and exhaled loudly to drown out the echo of that mumble in his mind. He glanced at Chanyeol who was scribbling a string of askew digits on his notebook.

"Did you ever—" he started before cutting himself off when Chanyeol looked up at him. He pressed his lips together. He didn’t know how to ask this without saying it. He parted his lips again but a blank, long uh was all that he could pronounce as Chanyeol gave him a confused look.
"What?" he asked just as someone dropped their utensil on the table behind theirs, the loud clatter momentarily pulling Chanyeol’s gaze away from Kyungsoo who exhaled.

"Has Baekhyun ever—" He stopped again. Chanyeol remained silent, intrigue obvious in the way he said nothing and just looked at Kyungsoo who lost the courage he thought he had and grabbed his pencil again to occupy his hands. "Do you know Baekhyun’s sleeping habits?"

Chanyeol slumped back into his chair. He had probably expected something more exciting.

"He makes weird noises sometimes, grinds his teeth, cuddles his blanket, and moves a lot..." he enumerated, gaze moving skywards, before he looked at Kyungsoo again. "But you already know all that."

Kyungsoo did already know all of that. This wasn’t helpful. He tapped the rubbered end of his pencil on the table.

"Yeah but—" He put the pencil down in a sudden surge of irritation at himself, Chanyeol following the movement with his eyes. "Did you ever kiss Baekhyun?"

Chanyeol stared at him for a blank moment during which Kyungsoo didn’t feel himself breathing — although he could hear the labored sound of it so he probably was. Then, Chanyeol let out a laugh, its depth matching the disbelief in his rounding features.

"What?" was all he said, leaning closer.

Kyungsoo sighed. Jongdae was less stupid about this kind of things. He should’ve asked Jongdae. But because Jongdae was less stupid, he would’ve caught up on things. Chanyeol was just looking at him with a greatly confused, greatly stupid expression.

"I was just wondering!" he still scrambled to justify himself before Chanyeol could suspect anything. He grabbed his pencil and wrote a few dates on his notebook, nonchalant as he continued speaking. "I remember we were at a party on our first year and we were playing that stupid spin the bottle game. You had your first kiss with Seulgi there but you also had to kiss Jongdae as a dare."
There was a loud clatter and when Kyungsoo looked up Chanyeol was a bit farther away from the table, as if Kyungsoo’s words had struck him in the face. He also had a disgusted expression on, eyebrows furrowed, nose scrunched, and double chin forming as if he was shrinking into himself. Kyungsoo felt his lips twitching, but not in disgust.

"Why would you remind me of that nightmare?" Chanyeol groaned, shaking his head in an exaggerated shudder.

Kyungsoo didn’t even try concealing his laughter.

"It was terrifying, stop laughing," Chanyeol chided him, his foot kicking against Kyungsoo’s shin weakly.

"I was just wondering if it happened with Baekhyun too. Or anyone else," he added, laughter still crumbling his voice.

Chanyeol firmly shook his head, nose still crinkled a little.

"Thank god, it didn’t. I only had to kiss girls during that kind of game."

It must be a one time thing then. Nothing important.

Kyungsoo nodded and looked back down at his notes. That was reassuring. He didn’t have to think about it more. He didn’t like complicated situations.

"Why did you wonder about Baekhyun in particular though? Are you planning to kiss him or something?"

Kyungsoo whipped his head up to look at Chanyeol’s narrowed eyes. The joke was there, right there, Kyungsoo saw it, and yet, he was speechless for a moment.

"Why would I kiss him?" he snorted then, looking right into Chanyeol’s eyes to appear less suspicious.
He wasn’t lying. He hadn’t kissed Baekhyun. He had been kissed by Baekhyun. Once. That was all.

Chanyeol huffed mockery out and squeezed a formula amongst a rows of others on his notebook.

"You’re so whipped for him he can probably convince you to kiss him."

A crooked line shattered his formula when Kyungsoo kicked him under the table with a strong blow. He widened his eyes and bit into his lips to stop what would probably be a loud sound of pain if they weren’t in public.

"You’ll be kicked more if you don’t stop saying that," he threatened Chanyeol, holding his pencil like it was a knife.

Chanyeol brooded for a bit and then went away to buy a few pastries to console himself and the pain on his leg. He refused to share them at first but Kyungsoo managed to steal half a hotteok. Kyungsoo let him nerd about math for two minutes as compensation for hitting him.

Night had already fallen by the time Kyungsoo got home that night but Baekhyun was radiant as ever. Though, Kyungsoo wasn’t sure how someone who was frowning and clicking on a mouse with next to no break could look radiant.

It was probably a Baekhyun thing. Baekhyun had a lot of things like that.
"What are you playing?" Kyungsoo called out to him as he toed his shoes off.

"League," Baekhyun answered, loudly since Kyungsoo was already heading towards the bedroom to change into more comfortable clothes.

He was playing it on his laptop which meant that Baekhyun had gone back to his apartment to get more of his stuff since he hadn’t taken it with him yesterday. He hated playing League on his laptop, claimed that using a desktop computer was much more comfortable. Kyungsoo had judged him a lot when he had learned that Baekhyun had spent his first paycheck on a second-hand computer just so he could play more comfortably.

"Have you eaten yet?" Kyungsoo asked when he went back to the living room a while later, dressed in sweatpants and shirt.

It took Baekhyun a few seconds to reply and he only did so after cursing under his breath. He cursed a lot when he played. Kyungsoo laughed a lot when Baekhyun played. He dropped on the couch and prepared himself to laugh a lot again.

"I did. Ramyeon," he said distractedly, shoulder twitching at a particularly harsh click.

When Kyungsoo looked at the table, leaning to glance behind the computer as well, there was no empty cup. He had cleaned. He leaned back into the couch with satisfaction and crossed his legs, knee grazing Baekhyun’s back since he was sitting on the floor, between the couch and the table. Kyungsoo pulled away and broke the contact.

He let out an impressed hum when the word pentakill flashed on the screen as Baekhyun killed his five enemies all on his own. He let out an evil, smug laugh that made Kyungsoo chortle loudly.

"What about you?" he asked then, glancing at Kyungsoo over his shoulder before quickly focusing back on his game.

"Ramyeon too. With Chanyeol," he added, gaze focused on Baekhyun’s character as he made it dance. He always imitated the choreography when they were at the karaoke, called it his main talent.

"Had fun?" Baekhyun asked, last word coming out as a squeal when his character was suddenly killed. Kyungsoo smirked. That was what he got for acting that smug.
"Yeah, we studied a little in the cafeteria then went to class," he said, stopping for a while as he tensed up, watching Baekhyun’s character fight against a much stronger enemy. His teammate came to his help and he survived, with another childish scoff at his screen. "Then we went to class and Chanyeol finished earlier than me so he waited for me a little. We went to his dorm and watched FMA."

"Haven’t you watched that three times already," Baekhyun said, too distracted for his voice to sound teasing. Thank god, or else Kyungsoo would’ve had to slap his head.

Instead, he sighed amorously. "I’ll never get enough of it. Especially that episode where—"

"That episode with the girl and the dog," Baekhyun cut him off, finishing his sentence.

Those wouldn’t be the words Kyungsoo would’ve used but when Baekhyun turned to grin at him, he said nothing. He simpered, a little proud of him. That was the episode.

They fell into silence after that, although it wasn’t really silent. Baekhyun cursed a lot and Kyungsoo laughed a lot. Baekhyun always cursed more once Kyungsoo started laughing.

Ultimately, Baekhyun’s team won the game and he cheered loudly before slumping back, fist crashing against Kyungsoo’s chin. Kyungsoo squeezed his fingers in compensation, until Baekhyun dramatically screamed as if Kyungsoo was plucking them out of his hand. He wasn’t. He always used less strength on Baekhyun.

He played a little afterwards, Baekhyun telling him that he could watch him while he played. Kyungsoo knew that could go wrong, Baekhyun could keep giving him tips and criticizing him for being a bad player and then irritate him. But he seemed tired today so Kyungsoo played peacefully, in silence, with only few remarks from Baekhyun who was sprawled on the couch, behind him. These remarks stopped halfway through the game too and it was only once Kyungsoo’s team had lost that he stretched his arms over his head with a groan and turned to discover the reason behind Baekhyun’s silence.

He was asleep. His hand was mushed against his cheek, knuckles sinking into the puffiness of it, lips parted enough for his two front teeth to peek at Kyungsoo. Not a duck this time. A bunny. Pinkish fur. The shade of his lips.
Kyungsoo turned to the laptop again. He had to stop comparing Baekhyun to small animals. He had to stop thinking about his lips. He had to wake Baekhyun up. Because if he slept on the couch the whole night, he'd be sore tomorrow and whine a lot. Kyungsoo didn’t want him to be sore and whine. Because he’d have to listen to the whining. It would be annoying. Only because of that.

He closed the lid of the laptop, pushed the table away as quietly as possible, and stood up, scrunching his face when pain shot up his legs. He rose to the tip of his toes to stretch out. It had been a long game. He was glad Baekhyun hadn’t see him lose.

Looking down at Baekhyun, he continued stretching his arms over his head. He was still wearing the uniform of the chicken restaurant he worked part time at. The yellow and red of the shirt complimented his hair. His roots had grown out, silvery blonde fading into black on top of his head. Suddenly, he hummed a little, opening and closing his mouth a few times. Had this been Chanyeol or Jongdae, Kyungsoo would’ve ran to the kitchen to get mustard and drip it into their mouth to watch them gulp it down with a scrunched up, disgusted face as they slept. Baekhyun didn’t like mustard.

Baekhyun’s face wasn’t scrunched up, his features were unrestrained, mouth still open. He should’ve been unattractive like this. He wasn’t. He should’ve been. Kyungsoo had never found Baekhyun particularly attractive. He had never found him unattractive either. The only thing Kyungsoo often found was his mind veering towards Baekhyun. Most of the time, he ignored it. He didn’t like complicated situations. Baekhyun had always felt complicated to him. There were so many things he couldn't understand about Baekhyun, about himself when it came to Baekhyun. After last night, there seemed to be even more than usual.

His arms dropped to his side limply. He sighed and then stepped closer to Baekhyun. This time, he didn’t try waking him up, to avoid the trouble. And maybe something else. He grabbed Baekhyun’s arms and pulled, instantly hearing a groan. Baekhyun’s eyes remained closed and Kyungsoo pulled more until he sat up.

"Let’s get you to bed," Kyungsoo mumbled as he dragged Baekhyun up to his feet, watching in amusement as his eyes rapidly moved behind his eyelids and he frowned. He would look angry if his eyes weren’t closed. Now, he just looked funny.

He wasn’t heavy but not light enough for Kyungsoo to carry him either so Kyungsoo draped his arm over his shoulders, held onto his waist and walked him to the bedroom. Baekhyun remained asleep, incredibly, but mumbled undecipherable sounds under his breath. Kyungsoo hummed in agreement at each of them, just to amuse himself more, and turned the lights off before heaving Baekhyun to the bedroom.

Once inside, Kyungsoo stood there for a while, trying to figure out how to proceed with this. He
carefully bended his knees, Baekhyun’s limp body following the movement by default. It was half amazing and half annoying that he still hadn’t woken up. Kyungsoo held onto him to make sure he wouldn’t fall and turned until Baekhyun’s back was facing the mattress. Without looking at his face, he pushed him to sit on the inflatable mattress that squeaked in delight under Baekhyun’s weight, and then pressed on his shoulders until his upper body tilted down to lay on the mattress.

Kyungsoo sighed. He really needed to get back into working out. He sat there to catch his breath for a short moment, until Baekhyun mumbled something again. Kyungsoo glanced at his closed eyes with a snort before grabbing his legs to lay them on the mattress with the rest of his body, reaching to tuck his arms along him as well. He moved to pull away but before he could, he felt something pulling on his shirt with enough strength for him to lean down. His hands dug into the mattress to catch his bodyweight before he could fall but Kyungsoo still felt like Baekhyun was pulling him down indefinitely.

This time, Kyungsoo’s eyes were squeezed shut when his lips landed on the safe tenderness of Baekhyun’s.

Closing his eyes made it worse. Made it better. Made him actually feel Baekhyun’s skin, with the slight dryness of his lower lip, the plumpness bordering his upper lip from the skin of his face. The shudder he exhaled through his mouth and wrapped Kyungsoo in.

Before Kyungsoo could decide whether his mouth felt like marshmallows or strawberry cheesecake, air seeped between their mouth. He had a spare second to decide that it was neither and then Baekhyun’s lips brushed along his jaw as he turned his head to the side and shifted on the croak of the mattress, whispering a small sleep tight.

Kyungsoo felt his heart mimicking the movement, following Baekhyun, dragging against his chest. He stopped it before it could fall. Baekhyun was too asleep to catch it. He wasn’t sure it would be okay to let it land on the mattress. It wasn’t as cushy as Baekhyun’s lips.

He pulled away, Baekhyun’s fingers falling from Kyungsoo’s shirt to his own instead. Slowly, Kyungsoo pushed himself away and up to his feet. He stepped over Baekhyun without another glance at him and sat on the bed. He realized he had laid Baekhyun down on his blanket and that he had nothing to cover him with. Still, he refused to look down at him. Instead, he brought both his hands up and rubbed his faced, pulling at his cheeks, at his closed eyes, then at his cheeks again before his hands covered his lips, fingers sticking there.

It felt like Baekhyun’s lips were stuck to his too. He could still feel them. He still felt himself kissing them. Felt them kissing him.
He glanced down at Baekhyun. He could barely make out his features now that he wasn’t hovering over him. The room was dark. It felt darker than usual. Baekhyun was still asleep.

Sleep. It was because of sleep. Their first kiss had happened because of sleep. This one happened because of sleep. It was only sleep. Sleep. Kyungsoo should sleep.

He slid under his blankets and turned towards Baekhyun, moving to the very edge of his bed to be able to see him. To see his lips.

They were sleepy. Baekhyun’s lips. Mellowed by slumber. He looked at them. He could see them. It was dark but Kyungsoo could see their exact color.

He didn’t know since when he knew the color of Baekhyun’s lips by heart. He didn’t know when he had started seeing Baekhyun by heart.

He didn’t know how a kiss that was flavored with sleep could make him lose that exact taste for a long part of his night.

Baekhyun had nice lips.

They had a nice color. A nice shape. They looked drawn. Like a Disney character’s lips. Pink and pretty and particular. And eye-catching. Someone had probably spent hours shaping those lips so flawlessly.

His cupid’s bow traced two pointy hills. Kyungsoo wondered if his pinky would fit perfectly...
between them, on that downturned arch. His lower lip remained thin but not flat. Not when it kissed another’s lower lip. Baekhyun had a tendency to pucker his lips and close his eyes whenever he took pictures. His lips always looked rosier when he did that. Delectable. As if his mouth was a dollop of strawberry-flavored whipped cream someone had swiped a finger through, collecting most of it and leaving it smudged into faint plumpness.

The mole right above his upper lip was doted on his skin like a chocolate chip melted there, permanently part of Baekhyun, sealing the sweetness of his lips and seamlessly allying with their roseate hue.

Baekhyun’s lips looked sugary and velvety. Kyungsoo knew they didn’t only look that way.

He didn’t know if those lips would look as nice if they weren’t on Baekhyun’s face.

A nudge against his arm pried his gaze away from them. He looked into the intrigued lines of Jongdae’s face instead.

"Why are you staring at him like that?" Jongdae questioned, giving Kyungsoo a weird look as he shoved another piece of cheesecake into his mouth.

Kyungsoo’s hands reached for his cup of coffee and he looked at Chanyeol before glancing at Baekhyun for a fleeting moment. They were both looking back at him, Chanyeol with exaggeratedly narrowed eyes and Baekhyun with curiosity in the downturn of his lips. Lips. Kyungsoo looked away again and stuck his gaze to the barista taking the order of a group of girls a few steps away.

"Staring at who?" he replied, giving Jongdae his most convincing imitation of confusion.

"Baekhyun," Chanyeol very helpfully answered, nodding towards said lips— said person. Kyungsoo hoped he would stab himself with his fork and drop his piece of cake. It didn’t happen. He just talked with his mouth full instead. "Did you already traumatize him?"

Baekhyun straightened his back and gave him an offended tug of his lips downwards. "I haven’t done anything!" he protested, lips keeping their defensive arch all the while. Amazing. Baekhyun’s mouth was good at doing. Things. Talking. "I even cooked the eggs this morning," he added as if that was the most kind-hearted thing he had ever done.
Kyungsoo snorted at that. "They were too salty."

Baekhyun huffed. "It’s the intention that counts." There they were. The Duck Lips. Again.

Jongdae leaned closer to him. "Are you gonna kick him out already?" he whispered loud enough for Kyungsoo to wince and Baekhyun to whine.

"Stop trying to get him to kick me out!"

Kyungsoo shook his head at them just as Jongdae groaned and reached a hand under the table, probably to rub where Baekhyun had just kicked him. He grabbed his fork and sliced a small piece from his cake, shoving it into his mouth.

"I won’t kick him out," he answered, meeting Baekhyun’s gaze. The crushed cake felt like rock as he gulped it down. He took a big sip of his coffee as Baekhyun gave Jongdae a victorious, boasting look. "I’m just stressed because of school, sorry," he added then, when Chanyeol kept looking at him. Chanyeol was smart sometimes, even when he wasn’t doing math.

Jongdae slammed his hand on the table, hitting his own fork and wincing. The barista gave him a worried look for a fleeting moment before turning back to his orders. He was used to this. Kyungsoo sighed lengthily and loudly, just so Jongdae would figure out he was stupid.

"We need to drink," Jongdae announced, however.

Chanyeol perked up, finally looking away from Kyungsoo and at Jongdae instead.

"He’s the stressed one, why do you need to drink?" Baekhyun laughed, fingers laced around his cup of coffee. He hadn’t ordered cake, just a very sweet, very caramelized drink with a lot of whipped cream.

Jongdae raised his eyebrows as if he was accused of some immoral crime.

"He can’t drink a lot anyway," he said, waving a hand towards Kyungsoo who slapped it away with a frown that Jongdae ignored. "So he never drinks alone. So we gotta be loyal and drink with
him. To make sure he can drink."

Despite it obviously being Jongdae profiting from the situation to tend to his alcohol cravings, Kyungsoo didn’t think it was a bad idea. He did need to drink. A lot, probably.

Baekhyun offered to drink at Kyungsoo’s, like they always did. Kyungsoo agreed with the idea. That was where they usually met up anyway.

At least, he wouldn’t be alone with Baekhyun tonight. That would give his sanity a break. And his lips. A break for his lips. They probably wanted that.

"I love you so much, my cute little friend. Look at you. So squishy. Look," Jongdae cooed, voice gradually gaining in volume as he stretched the vowel of his last word the same way he painfully stretched Kyungsoo’s cheeks.

Kyungsoo grabbed his arms and pushed him back towards the taxi, leaning back to liberate his cheeks from Jongdae’s drunken love.

"Yes. Yes, I love you too. Now just get in the taxi, please," he pleaded for the third time as gave the driver an apologetic smile.

The man had been waiting for a while now, it was particularly difficult to get Jongdae in the taxi tonight. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes a little hooded and puffy at the same time. Kyungsoo gave him a harsh push against the car. And he was the one supposed to get drunk tonight.
Jongdae cackled as he grabbed the edge of the door that had been open for too long now. Then, he raised his hand and pointed a wobbly finger at Kyungsoo.

"You know who I love more though?" he asked. Kyungsoo sighed. Jongdae’s face seemed to expand in size with his goofy smile. "Sunyoung."

"How cute," Kyungsoo said through gritted teeth, the amusement worn off a long time ago. Jongdae should’ve just slept over but instead, he insisted to go back home. Kyungsoo pressed a hand right on top of his head and pushed down until Jongdae whined as he was forced into the car. "Get in here already. Don’t make Sunyoung wait for you."

That did the trick. Jongdae slammed the door shut and waved at him through the window. Kyungsoo snorted out exasperated fondness as he waved back at him before leaning down to look at the driver through the pulled down window and give him the address.

He pressed a hand right on the junction between his right shoulder and his neck, fingers kneading the skin as he watched the taxi drive away with a sigh. Finally.

Shivering a little at the night breeze, he headed back to his apartment building. This had definitely dissipated the tipsiness he had going on for most of the night as they ate, drank, and laughed together. It had also dissipated a little bit of the stress. Kyungsoo had great friends. Baekhyun was one of them, despite everything.

He pushed the door of his apartment open in a little melody and sighed at the much more welcoming temperature that greeted him. He toed his shoes off and looked at the bedroom door. It was left ajar, Baekhyun had crashed into bed half an hour ago, when all four of them were getting too sleepy to drink more. He must already be asleep now. Kyungsoo still felt an unexplainable kind of apprehension nudging his stomach from time to time as he headed to the living room and stood there for a few seconds, wincing at the mess.

Chanyeol was passed out on the couch, one arm ungracefully swung towards the floor, feet resting in the air, past the armrest since his frame was longer than the couch. Half of the blanket Kyungsoo had draped over him before Jongdae had wrestled him out of the house was wrinkled on the floor. With an amused huff at the way Chanyeol’s mouth twitched in his sleep, Kyungsoo went to properly cover him with the blanket again before turning to recoil at the mess in his living room again.

Empty bottles of soju and shrunken cans of beer had formed a field on the coffee table and the floor, ripped packs of chips safely covering them. Baekhyun had spilled soju on the table when he
had tried mixing it with beer in a glass despite already having too much beer in his veins. He really should stop trying to act like a barman. Kyungsoo had thrown pickled radish cubes at Chanyeol after an annoying joke before it had turned into him trying his hardest to aim into Chanyeol’s mouth as the other stretched it wide open. Jongdae had filmed it all before proceeding to show them fifty of the pictures he had of his girlfriend on his phone.

It had been a fun night. Kyungsoo’s cheeks still throbbed with laughter. Or maybe that had turned into irritation because of course, he was the only one who had survived the night and would have to clean all this up. He didn’t want to leave it to tomorrow morning so he went to the kitchen to fetch an empty trash bag and dragged his feet back to the living room to collect the corpses devastated by a night of friendship.

His movements were sluggish, it was late and the alcohol left a sleepy buzz all over his body, slowing him down even more as he amassed bottles into the bag as quietly as possible. Fortunately, Chanyeol started snoring a short while later and recording him with exaggerated zooms into his nostrils was fun enough to wake him up a bit.

He heard draggy footsteps only after he was done clearing the table. Trash bag held in one hand, he turned around and watched lidded eyes and droopy shoulders approach him. Baekhyun walked to him and stopped a few steps away. A step away. Half a step away. Half a step was already too far for Baekhyun who liked being close to people. He wobbled a little as he stood there, looking at Kyungsoo who didn’t know if Baekhyun could actually see him with how little his eyes were open and how asleep he still looked.

"Why aren’t you sleeping?" Kyungsoo questioned in a hush, turning to him properly.

Baekhyun remained blank for a moment, standing there, swaying a little. Kyungsoo moved a feet a few centimeters closer to him, in case he might fall. Or more that a few centimeters. He didn’t know, he wasn’t looking at his feet but at Baekhyun.

He was flushed. All of him. His lips were a bit puffy, just like his cheeks. It almost looked like someone had dabbed at his cheeks with marshmallows, the pink ones, leaving their squishiness and tint on his skin. Kyungsoo liked marshmallows.

Baekhyun shook his head then. He was slow. Kyungsoo didn’t know if it was because of the alcohol or because of the sleep that had ruffled his hair, leaving a few strands to stand straight and crooked on his head. Why did Baekhyun look so tender at night nowadays?

"I can’t sleep," Baekhyun mumbled and Kyungsoo made it a point not to look at his lips but he
could hear it. The pucker in his voice.

Kyungsoo pressed his lips together, eyes flickering to Baekhyun’s mouth. Lower lip jutted out. That lower lip always felt jutted out even when he kissed Kyungsoo. That damn lower lip.

With a deep breath, Kyungsoo pried his gaze away from his mouth and looked into his closed eyelids again.

"Why can’t you sleep?" he laughed, a stifled sound. A sound he stifled. Like a lot of things whenever he was with Baekhyun.

Baekhyun’s feet knocked a can of beer over as he let out a hum and toddled to Kyungsoo. The trash bag fell to the ground with a loud clunk that wasn’t as distinct to Kyungsoo’s ears as the kissy sound Baekhyun made when he smooched a corner of his lips.

He didn’t linger on this time. He quickly fell back to the heels of his feet with a wobble after pecking Kyungsoo. He didn’t even need to tiptoe. They were the same height. Kyungsoo felt smaller than ever. His heart filled him whole for the first time ever. He could feel its jumpiness all over his body.

Baekhyun’s cheeks pushed his eyes closed when he grinned at Kyungsoo.

"Now, I can," he chirped, his guffaw perfumed with alcohol.

Kyungsoo was still stunned when Baekhyun turned around and dawdled back to the bedroom, his shoulder bumping against the living room door’s frame as he took a left turn into the hallway.

He chewed on his lips for a second, distress pulling at his skin. Not distress. Distress was negative. He wasn’t sure how he felt about this but it wasn’t terrible. Maybe a bit tipsy. It did make him feel a little lightheaded. He whipped around and picked up a can of beer that wasn’t crushed from the floor. He downed the few sips that had remained inside, digging the rim of the can into his lower lip.

The slight pain and the warmed sourness of the drink didn’t wipe off the texture of Baekhyun’s kiss from his lips.
Kyungsoo had never been interested in lips.

Truthfully, Kyungsoo had never truly been interested in anyone.

He hadn’t even given a thought to whether he preferred male lips or female lips. It never really mattered to him, lips remained lips no matter what. He had kissed both, they all had the same effect on him and he never really chose lips based on the gender of their owner. They were just that. A mouth to kiss, a step to get through on the way to bliss. They had never been that appealing.

Chanwoo’s lips weren’t appealing either.

They had nothing particular about them. They were just a couplet of flesh in the sea of other couplets of flesh gathered in the library. Chanwoo bit his lower lip as he turned the page of his notebook and Kyungsoo stared harder. Nothing. He didn’t feel like staring at them, he was forcing himself to.

Baekhyun had kissed him last night. Their fourth kiss. They had been watching another movie together after studying a bit. Baekhyun had fallen asleep again, tired from his part time job. Stupid Kyungsoo hadn’t been able to stop himself from nudging him awake. Baekhyun hadn’t woken up but had kissed him instead. For long seconds. It hadn’t even been a kiss. He had basically pressed his lips against Kyungsoo’s and then remained there, asleep, until Kyungsoo had gotten back to his senses and pushed him away.

He had sat there, unable to move. Because these kisses were always strange but were anything but strange at the same time. Strange because Kyungsoo was kissing his friend. Not strange because Kyungsoo definitely did not freak out as much as he would if Chanyeol were to kiss him. That
would feel like incest. With Baekhyun, it only felt stunning.

He had stared a lot at Baekhyun’s lips last night. Because Kyungsoo was trying to figure out how exactly Baekhyun could kiss someone in his sleep. Because Kyungsoo tried his hardest not to stare at Baekhyun when he was awake. Because Baekhyun looked cuddly when he was sleeping. Because Baekhyun had pretty pink pouty lips that puckered against Kyungsoo’s when he kissed him.

He had outlined Baekhyun’s lips with his gaze for long minutes. He had been looking at Chanwoo’s lips for a few seconds and was dying to look away already.

It wasn’t about lips then. Nor about male lips either. It was about Baekhyun’s lips.

"What does this word even mean," Chanwoo mumbled to himself, pulling Kyungsoo out of his musing when his lips moved.

Kyungsoo blinked a few times before looking at where the tip of his friend’s mechanical pencil tapped against an English word on the text they’d been working on for about an hour now. He then racked his gaze through the sea of askew characters on his notebook. He really should try to write more clearly.

"I translated it into promontory," he hummed after checking the printed text again to make sure he had the right sentence.

Chanwoo snorted and crossed fat lines over the word he had just written.

"I don’t even know what that means in Korean, how am I supposed to know what it means in English," he mumbled as he wrote the word in big, insistant, upset characters.

"I don’t know either, I just looked up the translation," Kyungsoo said, smiling shamelessly as he waved his phone at Chanwoo who chortled.

With a sigh, he put his phone down and pressed on the home button. Fifteen minutes left before their next class started. He looked down at his translation and pulled his lower lip into his mouth. He glanced up at Chanwoo who was reading the next sentence on the text. By the blank look in his eyes, Kyungsoo figured he encountered another word he didn’t know. This text was too
He lowered his gaze to his lips again. Kyungsoo led his gaze there. His eyes didn’t find that part of Chanwoo’s face the same way they always found Baekhyun’s at random times.

He didn’t know why Baekhyun’s lips were so striking. Maybe because Kyungsoo knew what they felt like. Though, not that much. They had only exchanged pecks. They hadn’t even exchanged pecks. Kyungsoo didn’t move most of the time, didn’t kiss back, didn’t do anything but feel. It was just pecks. Did he want to feel more of Baekhyun’s lips, more properly? He doodled swirls along the margin of his notebook.

He wouldn’t feel this way if Chanwoo kissed him. That, Kyungsoo was sure of. But Chanwoo was his friend. Chanyeol was his friend. Baekhyun was his friend too.

He was taking advantage of him. Baekhyun was his friend and happened to suddenly kiss people in his sleep when that had never occurred before and Kyungsoo never did anything to stop him.

He didn’t want to feel like he was taking advantage of Baekhyun.

Baekhyun was probably the only person in the world able to watch a movie and study at the same time and still get decent grades and a nice opinion about what he had just watched once he was done.

He raised his head and looked up at Kyungsoo from where he was squished between the coffee table and the couch, on the floor. He looked small. His shoulders were broad. Especially whenever he wore a plain white shirt like the one he was wearing now. Kyungsoo wasn’t sure when he had noticed that Baekhyun had broad shoulders. Not that it was a weird or difficult thing to notice. he just wasn’t sure what was normal in his thoughts about Baekhyun anymore.
"Welcome home," Baekhyun greeted him, words muddy.

The upper tip of his pen was pressed against his lower lip as he spoke. It wasn’t hygienic but the blue of it made the pastel of Baekhyun’s skin smoother. Silky. It was slightly digging into his flesh, squishing it enough for Kyungsoo’s gaze to linger there. He snapped it back up.

"What are you watching?" he asked, just to make himself feel less weird.

He was already just standing there, at the entrance of the living room, stuck in place because Baekhyun was pressing a pen against his lower lip and dragging it down enough for the glistening flesh of his mouth to appear and yet, he still managed to make that attractive.

Attractive. That was the word he could match to Baekhyun, now. It didn’t sound foreign or novel.

"Goblin," Baekhyun said, perfuming each syllable of his favorite drama’s title with merriment.

Kyungsoo took a proper look at the screen of his laptop. Sunny was breaking up with the Grim Reaper at the end of their date. Baekhyun’s favorite scene.

He looked back at Baekhyun. Instantly found himself stuck on the pucker of his lips around the tip of his pen. This was disgusting. Kyungsoo should reprimand him. Instead, he watched the corners of Baekhyun’s lips creasing, his cupid’s bow sharpening, more defined.

Kyungsoo turned around and almost bumped into the wall. Baekhyun snorted. With his lips. Those lips. Those damn lips.

"No, thanks." He stepped out of the living room and into the hallway instead. "I’ll let you drool over Lee Dongwook, I’m just gonna read a little and then go to sleep. Goodnight," he said as he continued walking towards the bedroom, loudening his voice so Baekhyun could hear him.

"Goodnight," he heard as he closed the bedroom door behind him, slightly leaving it ajar.
He stood there for a few seconds. Then, he realized that the book he was supposed to read was in his backpack. He had dropped his backpack in the entrance hall while taking his shoes off and had forgotten to grab it on his way to the room. He cursed under his breath. It was Baekhyun’s fault.

He took a deep breath in. He raised a hand and patted his chest. He could do this. He could go get his bag without looking at Baekhyun’s lips. Yes. Kyungsoo was a smart person. A strong person.

Baekhyun’s lips made him feel stupid and weak. And his broad shoulders too. Fuck those pink lips and those broad shoulders. Who even had pink fucking lips without lipstick on? Byun Baekhyun. Stupid, stupid handsome Byun Baekhyun whose blond hair suited him so much. Kyungsoo should’ve told him it was horrendous when Baekhyun had dyed it last month and got all in his face to show him his new hair color. Instead, Kyungsoo had caressed his hair and told him that it made him look like a baby but that it was okay since he was a baby anyway. Baekhyun had punched him in the shoulder. Kyungsoo had ruffled his hair until it was a mess. They had both held onto their stomachs from laughing too much afterwards.

Kyungsoo slapped his own chest with a harsh strike that he felt the echo of in his body. He had to stop thinking about Baekhyun. He nodded to himself, gathered his courage, and then headed to the entrance hall, making sure not to glance into the living room as he grabbed his bag.

"I went grocery shopping earlier by the way," Baekhyun said and instantly, Kyungsoo stopped his course back to the bedroom. Shoulders dropping in defeat, he took a step back to see Baekhyun again from where he stood in the hallway. He was stretching his arms over his head, looking at Kyungsoo with a grin. "Got your favorite chips."

It was only then that Kyungsoo noticed the opened pack of chips on the table, next to the laptop and the textbooks. There was a bottle of coke too. Kyungsoo should really stop focusing on only Baekhyun and nothing else when he was in the room.

"I can see that you didn’t buy them with me in mind," Kyungsoo said, teasingly eyeing Baekhyun’s greasy fingers.

It often came as a relief, the way Kyungsoo could still act normally with Baekhyun after all the kisses. Baekhyun was his friend. Kyungsoo liked Baekhyun being his friend.

Baekhyun wiggled his fingers at him. Before seeing the crumbles of potato chips and the greasy sheen, Kyungsoo noticed that his hand was big without losing its gracefulness. His fingers were slender, his knuckles smooth when Baekhyun dropped his hand to the table.
His lips shaped a pleasant, wide, amused smile.

"Since you’re always on my mind, there’s a second pack in the kitchen for you."

He looked smug as he moved again to draped his arm over the couch, behind him. He always moved. Nowadays, he always made Kyungsoo feel like he was moving. Like something in him was restlessly shifting.

Kyungsoo narrowed his eyes at him and threatened to throw his bag at his face by raising it in front of him.

"If you leave crumbs on the couch, I’ll turn your hands into crumbs."

Baekhyun’s smile didn’t lose its assurance as he tilted his head knowingly.

"You’d never do that, Kyungsoo. We both know it," he countered and at that moment, it was his eyes that Kyungsoo couldn’t look away from.

Baekhyun had pretty eyes. Special eyes. Kyungsoo knew there were tons of people who had similar eyes in the world but the shape of Baekhyun’s was distinctive. Because they made his gaze heartening even as he was playing a prank on someone. Because they harmonized with the downward tug his mouth often traced, at random times. Because they were Baekhyun’s eyes.

It was like his gaze fit perfectly into Kyungsoo’s. Looking into his eyes felt as snug as his lower lip had felt when it had nudged on the hollow right under Kyungsoo’s lower lip that first time.

The confidence irradiating from Baekhyun grew too blinding then and with a defeated huff and Baekhyun’s triumphant laugh following him, Kyungsoo turned around and headed back to the bedroom.

He crashed on his bed back first and rubbed a hand over his face, pulling at his cheeks and nose. Chanyeol was right. Kyungsoo was actually whipped. And Baekhyun knew it. And Kyungsoo had no idea how he hadn’t noticed before. Had no idea why it only dawned upon him now that Baekhyun didn’t only look special to him. Baekhyun was special to him. Had always been.
Stupid. He was so stupid. Baekhyun made him so stupid.

With a sigh, he sat up. He didn’t want to think about this. He had to read or else his teacher would skin him alive.

Forty three minutes spent reading a mere three pages later, Kyungsoo slammed his novel down on the bed. He couldn’t focus. He hadn’t understood anything he had read despite going through most of these sentences at least five times each. He grabbed his phone and replied to Chanyeol’s messages on their group chat for a bit before Jongdae started steering the conversation towards homework and he took it as his cue to lock his phone. He wanted to stay as far away from physics as possible.

Baekhyun hadn’t replied to any message on the group chat. The muffled sound from the drama had stopped half an hour ago. Maybe he was too engrossed into his homework to check his phone. It was almost eleven. Kyungsoo had class at eight tomorrow morning. He should sleep.

He grabbed his novel and folded a corner of the page he had last read before putting it on his bedside table. He stood up, changed into sweatpants and a shirt comfortable enough to sleep in, before heading out of the bedroom.

Baekhyun was asleep in the living room, leaned over the table, head tucked into his arms, and the pen from earlier dangling in his hand. Kyungsoo stopped on the threshold. He could see Baekhyun’s shoulder blades bumping up two close hills under his shirt. He’d be sore if Kyungsoo let him sleep here. Kyungsoo shouldn’t let him sleep here. He cared about Baekhyun.

Three times out of four, Baekhyun had kissed him because Kyungsoo had tried waking him up. He cared about Baekhyun enough not to take advantage of him. He turned the lights off and walked back to the bedroom. This was for the best.

He tossed and turned in bed for a while. He didn’t know how long, he didn’t want to check his phone in case it was much later than he thought and it’d make him panic. Not knowing was better.

He couldn’t sleep. He wanted to sleep. He was laying on his side, his usually most preferred position to sleep. He couldn’t sleep. Something was preventing him to, anchoring him in reality rather than dreams he wouldn’t even remember. Something weighed down on his stomach, taking a lot of room, throbbing from time to time. He couldn’t tell whether it was apprehension, anxiety, or nervousness. Or something else.
It felt like something was missing. Like his day wasn’t complete, like he had something left to do but couldn’t remember what and it was haunting his unconscious.

The door was pushed open and Kyungsoo snapped his eyes shut. Baekhyun’s inflatable mattress grunted and the bed dipped right in front of him. He held his breath in when he felt Baekhyun’s breath on his cheek, warming the spot he pressed his lips on afterwards.

It disappeared as quickly as it had come, the lips, the weight, Baekhyun. The mattress squeaked with depth. What didn’t disappear was the Baekhyun-shaped sear left on his skin.

He opened his eyes, raised his head off the pillow a little bit, just enough to see Baekhyun laying on his stomach, his blanket covering him up to the ears. Kyungsoo let his head crash down on the mattress again and turned to lay on his back, kicking his blanket away and flailing his arms around as a frustrated groan escaped him. He froze and looked at Baekhyun again. He was asleep. As always.

Kyungsoo looked away, pulled his blanket to cover himself again, and turned to lay on his other side, facing away from Baekhyun. He squeezed his eyes shut and breathed.

The throbbing was gone after a moment. His eyelids relaxed, his frown loosened, and his body unwinded.

He crammed his cheek against the pillow. Just to make sure the impression of Baekhyun’s lips wouldn’t leave him as he fell asleep.
It didn’t stop after that.

It happened every single night of the following week. It happened even when Kyungsoo didn’t try waking Baekhyun up or bringing him to their room.

It happened a lot. On the cheek, a corner of Kyungsoo’s lips, or his cupid’s bow. Sometimes the kiss was slotted on his mouth seamlessly enough for the whole of Kyungsoo’s lips to tingle deep into the night.

He never slept until after the kiss. He couldn’t sleep until after the kiss.

Sometimes, he’d stare at Baekhyun and wait for him to wake up in the middle of the night to kiss him goodnight. Only then did he fall asleep.

He didn’t know why it happened. He knew he was growing to like it. Had grown to like it a long time ago. But he didn’t know if Baekhyun liked it.

They never talked about it, he didn’t know if Baekhyun was even aware of it. But Kyungsoo was and he liked it and it felt so wrong. Not because he liked it, because he didn’t know why Baekhyun did it.

And he felt stupid, being the only one aware of it, the only one to expect it, the only one unable to sleep without it.

The only one who liked it.

The only one who liked.
"Why would you kiss someone?"

Jongdae shows no sign of hearing Kyungsoo for a short moment, pencil still scribbling on his notebook. Had Kyungsoo not known Jongdae, he would think he was only putting on a show. Laying on your stomach on a bed didn’t sound, nor look, like the best position to study in.

Kyungsoo had weird friends. Only Chanyeol liked to exclusively study on a desk, the way Kyungsoo was doing on Jongdae’s desk right now. Sunyoung had a friend over and had confined them in the bedroom.

Eventually, Jongdae looked up at him.

"That sounds like a question a virgin would ask," he said, slanting his eyebrows teasingly. "Have you not had sex in so long that you think you’re a virgin, Kyungsoo?"

Kyungsoo grabbed a random pen from the heap Jongdae kept on his desk and threw it at him, aiming at his head. Jongdae tried avoiding it but it still landed on his shoulder and knocked a groan out of him.

"I know you have sex once every two days but that doesn’t mean the rest of us relate everything to sex," he huffed then, looking back down at his homework as Jongdae continued dramatically wailing in pain for a moment.

"I think you mean once a day, at least," Kyungsoo heard, Jongdae’s voice rising towards shamelessness just like his eyebrows.

"I don’t wanna know," he cringed, giving his friend a half-hearted glare when he burst into laughter. "Just answer to my question."

Jongdae put his pencil down and sighed like an old, wise man.
"Well, you kiss someone because you like them." Right. Kyungsoo looked down at his notebook and curled swirls on the margin. "Or because you’re attracted to them. There’s only two possibilities, really."

The swirls amplified into a big black hole. He frowned down at it. He hadn’t needed to ask Jongdae, really. Kyungsoo knew everything he needed to know about attraction and sex, even love. Things were just a little more complex when it came to Baekhyun. He wasn’t sure which reason fitted Baekhyun.

He never kissed him during the day. If Baekhyun liked him, wouldn’t he kiss him during the day, when he was awake too? He could be attracted to Kyungsoo. In his unconsciousness. That could be possible. Because he had never shown any sign of it before. But then wouldn’t he do more than just kiss Kyungsoo if that was the case?

Kyungsoo did wish Baekhyun did more than just kiss him. He had settled on that two kisses ago.

He put his pen down and supported his chin on his hand, meeting Jongdae’s attentive gaze. He’d been observing Kyungsoo since the beginning of the conversation.

"Then why would you enjoy being kissed by someone?" he asked and these questions were stupid, very stupid since Kyungsoo already knew all the answers.

Jongdae seemed to think so too, he knitted his eyebrows, gaze never leaving Kyungsoo.

"Kissing is nice?" Jongdae answered, sounding unsure.

"It is," Kyungsoo nodded. "But why would you enjoy being kissed by that person in particular?"

He just needed someone to speak his thoughts out for him to believe them. It made them realer, if they came out of someone else’s mouth. More rational. He didn’t trust his own thoughts anymore. Because he was whipped.

"Well, it’s the same thing," Jongdae said, turning to lay on his back and stretch his arms over his head with a groan, head crunching his notebook’s pages. "Either you like them or you’re attracted to them physically."
This time, he knew the reason that fitted him.

Baekhyun wasn’t that clumsy but somehow, Kyungsoo always expected him to break something whenever they went to the restaurant he worked in.

It never happened though. Kyungsoo still spent most of his time watching Baekhyun travel between tables, to and fro the kitchen with plates and trays balanced in his hands. Just in case he might trip and actually break something.

Or at least, that was before. Now, as Kyungsoo watched Baekhyun smile amicably as he took the order of patrons at the other end of the room, he wasn’t sure why he was watching him. Or rather, he knew why but it was difficult to say it to himself. Not because it was difficult to accept, just because it was something Kyungsoo suspected he had ignored for much, much too long.

Baekhyun often smelled like grease and chicken when he came back from work. He liked this job. His boss was rather comfortable to work with, a middle-aged man who made the best fried chicken in Seoul, according to Kyungsoo’s very refined taste buds. Not because Baekhyun worked here or anything else.

This suited him. Baekhyun fit in this place, with its red tables assorted to the red and yellow uniform Baekhyun always wore, and the pictures on the wall, of customers, family, or even drawings of chicken made by kids who often had to be kept busy even while eating. He fit right in. Smile as sunny as his yellow apron.

He met Kyungsoo’s gaze as he headed back towards the door that connected the main room to the kitchen and Kyungsoo didn’t remember the sun shining as ardently as Baekhyun’s smile. He knew
it wasn’t just because spring remained cold and cloudy on some days.

When Baekhyun disappeared into the kitchen, Kyungsoo finally focused on something else. Jongdae was texting his girlfriend, it was obvious from the way his lips were curved up but very faintly, as if even his face wasn’t aware of what it was doing. An unclouded yet dreamy smile. The Sunyoung Smile, as Kyungsoo liked to call it.

The restaurant’s door opened and Chanyeol came in with steps louder than the little peal that welcomed him.

Jongdae blinked up from his phone and grinned at Chanyeol who waved at them even while approaching them.

"You’re late and very lucky to have us as your friends because anyone else wouldn’t have waited for you," Jongdae boasted, nodding towards the fried chicken and assortiments already garnishing the table.

"I am indeed very lucky," Chanyeol said in such an enthusiastic tone as he plopped down next to Jongdae that it was obviously fake.

"I wanted to start eating but Jongdae whined. Thank him," Kyungsoo said, giving Jongdae the stink eye.

To thank him, Chanyeol inaugurated their meal by stealing two fries from Jongdae’s plate. Jongdae whined a lot. Chanyeol laughed a lot. Kyungsoo found himself staring at Baekhyun a lot as they dived into the food.

He couldn’t help it. There was just something about Baekhyun that kept calling to him. It wasn’t just his lips anymore. Kyungsoo sought for the mole in his right ear whenever he walked by close enough for him to see it. He kept noticing the stray strand of hair standing straight on top of his head. The back of his shirt was tucked into his jeans, not on purpose if Kyungsoo judged by the messiness of it. Baekhyun added warmth to this place. He often looked towards them, unfazed by the fact that his friends were eating in the restaurant he worked in but still very merry about it. Baekhyun liked seeing his friends. He liked eating. He liked his friends eating good food even more. Because food was happiness. That was what he said at least once whenever he got drunk.

"Why are you staring at him?"
Kyungsoo stabbed the rim of his glass into his chin when Chanyeol’s loud voice suddenly made it into his buzzy mind, along with the pain of his foot kicking Kyungsoo’s shin. A few drops of beer jumped to his skin and he should glare at Chanyeol, could glare at Chanyeol if not for the way he was leaning over the table, watching Kyungsoo with an intensely curious gaze.

He put his glass down. Jongdae grabbed a fry and shoved it into his mouth, munching on it with exaggeratedly slow motions of his chin. He pointed the remaining of his fry towards Kyungsoo, shaking his head.

"He's been staring at him since before you came in," he said, narrowing his eyes and drawling his words out with suspiciousness. All of it dramatized in his own Jongdae way.

Kyungsoo slumped back into his chair, ripping a piece of chicken with his teeth.

"That's suspicious," Chanyeol said, matching his expression to Jongdae's.

"He stares at him a lot nowadays," Jongdae hummed, leaning closer to Chanyeol and very much making Kyungsoo feel like he was a specimen watched by confused and probably failing scientists.

He gulped his chicken down with a big draught of beer from his big glass. He really shouldn't drink too much. He didn't trust himself.

"Why are you bothering my dear Kyungsoo?" came a voice behind him and Kyungsoo felt his heart perking up at the sound. That damn traitor.

He felt Baekhyun's arm grazing his neck as he rested a hand on the back of Kyungsoo's chair. Kyungsoo made it a point to stare down at his plate and not at anything or anyone else.

"We're not bothering him," Chanyeol protested and Kyungsoo didn't need to look at him to know he had that wide eyed, defensive expression on, the one he always gave people when he was rightfully accused of a prank.

"You are," Baekhyun snorted and that was such an ugly sound, dry, not harmonious in any way. It
still attracted Kyungsoo's gaze to him.

He looked good from this angle too. Eyes hooded, lashes more defined as he looked down to meet Kyungsoo's gaze. He looked protective, with his arm caging Kyungsoo in and his straight stature. He crinkled his nose at Chanyeol, an obvious sign that he didn't buy his innocent act. It was cute. Baekhyun was really cute and Kyungsoo really really was whipped and roasted and enchanted and kissed by him. And anything in-between, probably.

"Since when did he become your dear Kyungsoo?" Jongdae asked, eyebrows raised, half eaten fry still held between his greasy fingers.

Kyungsoo felt like knocking it out of his hands, possibly grabbing it to throw it at his face. But then that would mean leaning away from the warmth of Baekhyun's arm behind him. He couldn't even feel the warmth of it. That wasn't possible. Kyungsoo still felt it. Inside of himself, probably. Radiating from Baekhyun. Gathering in him.

"The person who feeds me every morning is dear to me. Feed me too, if you want to become my dear," Baekhyun said and Kyungsoo felt him leaning down over him to be closer to Jongdae. Judging by the disgusted grimace Jongdae twisted his face into, Baekhyun was probably doing something silly like winking or fluttering his lashes.

Kyungsoo felt himself deflating into his chair. He was a dear to Baekhyun. But Jongdae could become a dear to Baekhyun too, if he wanted to. That made Kyungsoo's dearness less particular. More common. Nothing special at all.

He glanced up to meet Chanyeol's curious gaze. He didn't avoid it this time.

Baekhyun stepped away from behind him and into his sightline instead, standing next to Kyungsoo. He didn't look at him even as Baekhyun reached for his small dish of ketchup and poured it over his fries for him, unprompted.

"My shifts ends in an hour," he said, meeting Kyungsoo's gaze. Kyungsoo regretted it immediately. Once he looked at Baekhyun, it was hard to do anything else. To stop. To think. "We can go home together if you wait for me."

Kyungsoo wasn't really hungry. He had eaten a lot already. He looked down at his plate, half full, then at his glass of beer, only a few gulps missing from it. He didn't feel too nice now. Didn't feel
special anymore. He just wanted to go home and sulk without being watched. Jongdae and Chanyeol were silent. Kyungsoo's gaze gravitated back up to Baekhyun.

"Sure, I can wait for you," his mouth spoke.

That damn mouth. Taking decisions on its own. Already addicted to Baekhyun and wanting to remain by his side as much as possible. Kiss him as much as possible too, probably.

Baekhyun's mouth was tender but his smile was prominently aglow. Kyungsoo didn't like eye-catching or unexpected things. He really liked Baekhyun's smile, the one on his lips and the one in his eyes too.

Its radiance stained Kyungsoo's sight even after Baekhyun left to head back to the kitchen.

With a sigh, he reached for his beer and wet his upper lip with it for a faint taste. He didn't want to get drunk and burden Baekhyun on the way home.

Jongdae's voice pulled him out of his brooding. "You refused when I asked you to go home together earlier."

When Kyungsoo looked at him, he was frowning accusingly. He shrugged. Jongdae wasn't Baekhyun. Baekhyun had stopped being like Jongdae a long time ago. He wasn't sure when, but long before that first liplock Baekhyun had named *g’night kiss* right against Kyungsoo’s lips.

"Whipped," Chanyeol singsonged as he dipped a piece of chicken into the sauce, spilling some of it on the side.

Kyungsoo sighed again.

"Guys," he said then, in another sigh. This one carried decisiveness out of him. The emotion weakened as soon as the word left his mouth.

Jongdae stopped squeezing fries into his mouth. "Are you finally going to tell us why you've been acting weird nowadays?" he perked up, prompting Chanyeol into leaning even closer. Kyungsoo
was sure he'd be laying over the table by the end of this conversation.

He grimaced and leaned over to grab a fry too. He was glad they offered fries along with the chicken here. He couldn't stomach chicken right now but fries, he could do. He shoved two more into his mouth and munched on them patiently just to loosen his mouth. Hopefully it would make saying it out loud easier.

"Do you think," he said, grabbing a napkin to wipe the grease off his fingers. He looked up at his two friends. They were both an identical image of each other, with the urging raise of their eyebrows and the way they were pressing their lips together. They rarely stayed silent. Kyungsoo crumbled the napkin into a ball in his hand and kept it there. "Do you think Baekhyun and I weren't close before he moved in with me?"

"Why are you talking about it as if it was permanent?" Chanyeol instantly questioned.

Kyungsoo frowned, prevented himself from throwing his napkin at him both because they were in public and because he needed to hold onto something to have this conversation. It was a weird one. One he hadn't expected he'd ever have. Not one that scared him, oddly. He wasn't scared of it. He was just destabilized by the sudden change. The realization.

"Just reply to my question," he groaned, glancing to the kitchen door. Baekhyun had been inside for a while now.

Chanyeol hummed and leaned back into his chair, crossing his arms against his chest. Kyungsoo felt bad for his shirt and the grease being smeared on it. A child whined somewhere behind them and Kyungsoo found it kind of fitting.

"Well, yeah," he said, glancing at Jongdae before looking back at Kyungsoo with a reaffirming nod. "You and Baekhyun are the least close between the four of us."

Kyungsoo let out a small hum of agreement. That was something he already knew.

"You're close with us two and Baekhyun is too," Jongdae added with a shrug, fingers circling his glass of beer. He pursed his lips, gaze never leaving Kyungsoo who didn't look away either. "I always thought there was some kind of distance between you two."
Chanyeol nodded beside him and Kyungsoo mimicked him, much slower.

"You're kinda right. I thought so too," he mumbled. Hearing his thoughts pronounced out loud by someone else made him feel better. It wasn't all in his head. He wasn't imagining things or getting worked up over nothing.

"Baekhyun never went to your apartment alone but now he's living with you," Chanyeol smiled with a corner of his lips. "I guess that means you're closer now?" he wondered, turning to Jongdae who didn't look back at him but kept scrutinizing Kyungsoo instead.

"Why are you suddenly asking about that, though?"

"I don't know," Kyungsoo lied. Not yet. He didn't want to say it yet. He pressed his forearms on the edge of the table, leaning closer with a frown as he looked down at his hands. "Actually, I don't know why we weren't close. It's just—" He cut himself off and swiped a tongue over his lips, wetting them as if that would make them form words more easily. "It feels like there was this thing between us that I couldn’t cross? Maybe Baekhyun couldn’t cross it either?" he questioned, eyes flickering between his two best friends.

"What thing?" Chanyeol enunciated slowly as Jongdae brought his glass up to his mouth.

"Attraction," Kyungsoo answered with no hesitation, chortling when Jongdae hit the rim of his glass against his teeth and lowered it to press a hand against his mouth instead. "For me, at least. That’s what I couldn’t cross."

Kyungsoo finally let go of his napkin when he noticed that Chanyeol had knocked the small dish of sauce over when he dropped his drumstick right into it with a loud clutter.

Kyungsoo cleaned half of it by the time he felt a gaze on him and looked up to meet Baekhyun’s mocking shake of the head. He still shook his head back to assure Baekhyun that everything was alright before continuing to clean, earning a beam.

"What do you mean?" Chanyeol whispered too loudly as he grabbed a napkin and finished cleaning up as well.

Kyungsoo leaned back into his chair. He listened to the sound of a group of women laughing at the
table next to theirs for a moment, it helped him gather his mind together.

"I like Baekhyun," he stated more than confessed. He had known it already. For a while now, a few days. Speaking it out loud made it realer but didn’t make it scarier, surprisingly. He felt quite alright with it.

Contrary to Chanyeol whose entire face seemed to widen as he gawked at him.

"Why are you so surprised?" Jongdae spoke his thoughts out, an amused smile on his lips when Kyungsoo looked at him. He nudged Chanyeol’s arm until his eyes narrowed down to their normal size. "You keep telling him he’s whipped for Baekhyun yourself."

Kyungsoo huffed at that, out of habit, and Chanyeol turned to Jongdae with a sharp movement, sauce-stained napkin still held in hand.

"Shit, you’re right," he whispered slowly and Kyungsoo shook his head, the corners of his lips twitching. He was so dramatic. But a good kind of dramatic, Kyungsoo felt relief unlacing his fingers.

The only thing he had been scared about was his friends’ reaction to his liking a friend.

"What about Baekhyun though?" Chanyeol asked, looking somewhere over Kyungsoo’s shoulder.

Kyungsoo had dreaded that question. He looked down at his plate. The chicken was probably cold by now.

"I don’t know but," he said quietly, glancing up at them. "We’ve kissed a few times."

Jongdae’s hand slammed on the table. "That’s why you kept asking about kisses earlier!" he hissed with an expanding grin that shrunk when Kyungsoo kicked him under the table.

"Be quiet," he hissed back in a much threatening tone that simply made Jongdae roll his eyes at him.
"If you’ve kissed, then there’s something going on," Chanyeol teased with a goofy grin.

Kyungsoo kind of wanted to cry at the way they were just as supportive as he had expected them to be. But he also wanted to cry at the fact that this conversation made him realize how much of a mess this situation was.

He traced a fingered against the edge of the table. "We’ve only kissed while he was half asleep."

Jongdae frowned. "That doesn’t sound right."

Kyungsoo shook his head and pressed his lips together. "I’m not doing anything bad," he reassured the other. "He just.. wakes up in the middle of the night and kisses me." He huffed out a small laugh. "He called it a goodnight kiss once."

Chanyeol guffawed, not stopping even as Kyungsoo glared at him.

"That’s so fucking sappy," he said with a skip in his voice.

Kyungsoo couldn’t even deny it. It actually was. But it still made him smile. G’night kiss.

"Maybe he likes you too then," Jongdae, fortunately more efficient than Chanyeol, steered back the conversation towards its right course.

"I don’t know," he shook his head to dismiss the hope he knew was creeping into him. "I don’t think he’s aware of it actually. We never talked about it. I just felt like sharing it with you guys. I was going kind of crazy thinking about it all on my own." He gave them an awkward twitch of his lips. "But I hope you won’t intervene," he added as an afterthought.

They both shook their head, Chanyeol allying it with a wave of his hands in front of him as well.

"Don’t think too much about it," he said and Kyungsoo smiled at him, trying his hardest to stop whatever it was in him that made Chanyeol figure out he was thinking about this too much. "You
two match quite well," he said, Jongdae nodding beside him. "You always make Baekhyun calmer and he always makes you a bit bolder, right?" He looked at Jongdae.

Kyungsoo smiled. It was true. Being with Baekhyun always made him a little more hyper. A little more happy, he figured now.

"He’s right," Jongdae affirmed before pressing his lips into a curl that was a sign of worry more than smile. "But he also just got out of a relationship recently."

"I know," Kyungsoo shrugged. "I don’t expect him to like me. I’d love him to, but I don’t believe he does. I just—" he cut himself off with a laugh. Disbelief maybe, or surprise. He really didn’t expect Baekhyun to like him. "I just like him."

Maybe because he felt as if this had been a part of him for so long. Maybe sometime days ago, weeks ago, or perhaps months ago, he had stopped wishing Baekhyun would like him back. Kyungsoo liked him. That was okay. That was enough for now. He didn’t know about later but now, he could settle with just that.

"Don’t let yourself get hurt though," Chanyeol said, calling back for his attention. He had a small frown on, concern visible in the way he was staring at Kyungsoo. "You should talk about it, at some point."

Kyungsoo knew that already. He couldn’t let this go on for too long.

Baekhyun entered the room with plates in his hands and sunshine in the corner of his eyes. Kyungsoo felt the beer he sipped bubble uncomfortably in his stomach.
"What were you talking about?" Baekhyun asked him later as they waited for the bus together in the balminess of the night.

Kyungsoo looked up from his phone with furrowed eyebrows.

"When?" he feigned.

" Earlier! I saw Chanyeol getting all worked up about something," he explained, gaze focused on Kyungsoo who pocketed his phone with a shrug.

"I don’t know," he said, looking away from Baekhyun and at the road with the hope of catching the bus nearing them. "We were just talking about random things."

Baekhyun suddenly invaded his sightline, stepping to stand where Kyungsoo was looking at. Eyebrows furrowed, hair messy, a light sheen on his cheeks and nose left by hard work and the end of the day.

"Why don’t you want to tell me? Are you excluding me?"

Duck lips. Kyungsoo had seen them so often he wondered if he dreamed about ducks sometimes. Or Baekhyun. Too bad he never remembered his dreams.

"What if I was?" Kyungsoo asked, raising his eyebrows at Baekhyun in his best challenging expression. The only challenge here was not looking at Baekhyun’s lips.

They were a little chapped tonight, textured lines more defined than usual on his skin, their color not as lively as usual but certainly not bland either. Baekhyun swiped a tongue over his lower lip, leaving the skin a little glossier. Kyungsoo dragged his gaze back up to his eyes. Challenge failed.

"I’ll strangle you in your sleep," Baekhyun threatened in a low, raspy voice, raising his hands towards him, fingers crooked into a clenching motion.

Kyungsoo felt his cheeks bunching up at the sight.
"Is that an excuse to just get into my bed?" he said before he could help himself, his treacherous voice dipping lower as the corners of his lips tugged higher.

Kyungsoo was bad at this kind of things. Baekhyun made him bolder. Liking Baekhyun made him bolder. Maybe just a little desperate too, judging by the twist in his stomach. He hoped it wasn’t just the despair that made him imagine Baekhyun freezing for a second.

Maybe it was, because Baekhyun stepped even closer to him, brilliant eyes, glowing cheeks, lovely smile, and an adorably teasing smile prettily tying the rest of his features together.

"Why? Would you like it to be?" he retorted and maybe he spoke right into Kyungsoo’s heart because he felt it grow just a little too big for his chest.

Kyungsoo was bad at this. Baekhyun had always been good at this. He felt nice about that difference. He felt eased by the fact that they could be so different sometimes but Baekhyun was still invading his personal space, getting closer to his face with eyebrows that were now wiggly, humming again and again to taunt Kyungsoo. He couldn’t help but burst into laughter and squeeze his eyes shut before his heart squeezed itself out of his ribcage and burst out of him.

Baekhyun liked fireworks. Kyungsoo’s heart felt like fireworks now, lit up by Baekhyun’s whiny laughter when Kyungsoo pushed him away with a hand on his face. More kaleidoscopic than Kyungsoo had ever thought it possible, everlasting, and loud. So loud. He wondered if Baekhyun would like this firework too.

The bus came to an halt in front of them soon after that, sparing Kyungsoo from having to make his brain work enough to either come up with a lie or find a way to avoid answering Baekhyun’s first question. He always felt a little stupid when Baekhyun was near. Not stupid, silly.

They listened to music together in the bus. Kyungsoo took pride in the wide repertoire in his phone and often shared it with Baekhyun, sending him song recommendations from time to time. Through their journey, they shared Kyungsoo’s earphones since Baekhyun’s phone was dead. Baekhyun skipped any song he didn’t like, always spotted Kyungsoo’s favorite ones. Or the Kyungsoo songs as he called them. Kyungsoo didn’t know what it meant exactly but Baekhyun was pretty spot on every time.

When they reached home, Baekhyun had already found a new favorite song and was singing along to it. It was only in the confine of the living room that he went off tune and made sure to scream
right into Kyungsoo’s ears. Probably as a revenge for not answering his question about his conversation with Chanyeol and Jongdae from earlier. Kyungsoo screamed right back at him, loud and sudden enough for Baekhyun to startle before they both burst into laughter.

It was late already. Kyungsoo should study a little bit for tomorrow’s classes but Baekhyun felt like watching a gaming stream so he accompanied him. Baekhyun laughed a lot. He laughed at anything. He laughed so distinctively. He made Kyungsoo’s heart laugh along.

Baekhyun made himself a sandwich a while later and let Kyungsoo steal a bite. There was too much mayonnaise. Kyungsoo still hummed as if that was his most delicious meal of the day. Baekhyun let him have more. Although, at one point, he held onto it and gestured Kyungsoo to bite and kept dragging it away the closer Kyungsoo leaned. Grabbing his hand and biting off half of the remaining sandwich wasn’t that hard. His cheeks hurt from smiling too hard and munching at the same time when Baekhyun did that thing he had, something halfway between laughing and whining.

He told Baekhyun he should shower when the gamer they had been watching finally turned off the stream. Baekhyun groaned and shook his head. Kyungsoo scrunched his nose at him and told him he stunk. Baekhyun stuck himself to him and rubbed his cheek against his shoulder. It felt like he was cajoling Kyungsoo’s heart and Kyungsoo was really really whipped.

They went to bed soon after that, both of them having class in the morning. They laughed again when the inflatable mattress groaned as Baekhyun turned around and it sounded like a fart. When silence fell over the room, Kyungsoo still felt like a tiny spark in a gigantic, varicolored spread of fireworks.

He really liked Baekhyun. He liked him as a friend, liked spending time with him, laughing with him, doing and saying stupid things with him, but he also liked him more than that. He really liked him and it was at that moment that Kyungsoo felt a particule of sadness corrupting the fireworks. He didn’t know if Baekhyun liked him back.

He had said that it didn’t matter back in the restaurant and it didn’t really. It wouldn’t have if they hadn’t kissed. If Baekhyun hadn’t kissed him. If barely half an hour after they had gone to bed, Baekhyun didn’t groan as he sat up, the sight of his closed eyes crystalline in the somberness of the room.

He turned towards Kyungsoo, pressing his forearms on the bed to hoist himself up. He stayed there for a second, head lulling to the side a little bit. Kyungsoo felt his stomach swaying when he leaned forward, as if pulled towards Kyungsoo by a rope weaved with sleep.
Sleep. Kyungsoo didn’t know if Baekhyun liked him. He didn’t want to take advantage of
Baekhyun. He shot his hand up before their lips could touch and pushed him away with a harsh
movement rendered too strong by the effort it took him to actually do it.

Baekhyun fell back on his makeshift bed with a loud squeak from it and a small groan from the
mouth Kyungsoo had kissed so many times. Without ever knowing the intention nestled
Baekhyun’s lips and his.

He sat up in bed, hand gripping his blanket as he watched Baekhyun’s features blurring with
awakening, his eyebrows furrowed and his lashes clinging to each other as he blinked.

"What," he mumbled, looking up at Kyungsoo. "Did I fall?" he slurred, looking down at himself
and shifting a little.

Kyungsoo’s chest swelled up when mussed strands of hair clouded his gaze and made it more
difficult for Kyungsoo to read him. Or maybe it was just because Baekhyun looked adorably lost.

"You were kissing me," he blurted out, words choked inside his throat and coming out breathless.

It took a short moment for Baekhyun to react. He blinked up at Kyungsoo a few times, idle, before
parting his lips.

"Kissing," he repeated, voice a croak. "Kissing you?" he said again, voice less rusted this time but
pulled higher by surprise.

Kyungsoo crossed his legs, covered more of himself with his blanket. "Kissing me," he echoed,
voice dampened by hesitation and doubt. Insecurity.

"Oh my god," Baekhyun said, bundling his blanket in his hands, pulling it up his chest. "Sorry."
The sleep that had been clinging to his eyes was plucked away by distress with a stream of blinks.
"I’m so sorry. Sorry."

Kyungsoo shook his head, so slowly he swore he could hear his neck groaning like a rusty door. Or
maybe it was his heart, pounding against his chest. He wasn’t sure whether it wanted to run away
from this situation or push Kyungsoo right into it.
Baekhyun pulled the blanket up to his chin, pressed it against his mouth.

"Sorry. You can go back to sleep." His words were muffled behind the fabric. Kyungsoo’s eyes saw him clearly. He was dumbfounded, not sure how to take this reaction in. "Sorry."

With that, Baekhyun laid back down, turning his back to Kyungsoo and pulling the blanket all the way up over his head.

Kyungsoo remained unmoving, sitting there, looking down at Baekhyun, the blanket he was squeezing in his hands biting into his palms. His heart still hammered in his chest. Maybe it was trying to wake Baekhyun up. Trying to make enough noise for him to hear it. Notice it.

It didn’t happen. Long seconds, maybe minutes passed with Kyungsoo just sitting there, mind blank.

That was it. That was all. He had said it, had stopped it. Nothing happened.

He laid back down, turned his back to Baekhyun, pulled his blanket over his head even if it made breathing uncomfortable. He couldn’t sleep.

Because Baekhyun hadn’t kissed him goodnight. Because Baekhyun had never even been aware that he kissed him goodnight.

Kyungsoo liked cooking. There was something satisfying about taking a bunch of different ingredients and turning them into one delicious meal. He liked cooking even when he was the only
That day, Kyungsoo didn’t feel like cooking. He had made rice, or had just washed it and put it in the cooker, and was waiting for the butter to melt, eggs held in hand. He didn’t have it in himself to cook anything fancier than fried eggs. He wasn’t sure he could even taste this. His mouth felt kind of numb, kind of very sour.

"So, about last night," a voice suddenly rose behind him and he startled, bumping an egg against the counter. He turned to see Baekhyun standing in the threshold, hands wrung together in front of him.

He said nothing else then, standing there, looking at Kyungsoo who looked back at him for a quiet moment. The sizzle in the pan called back for his attention and he looked at the melted, bubbling butter and the small dent in one of the eggs he was holding.

"Yes," was all he could squeeze through the lump in his throat as he cracked both eggs properly into the pan.

He heard Baekhyun’s draggy footsteps approach him until he stood right next to Kyungsoo. He glanced at him, surprised. After his reaction from last night, Kyungsoo had expected him not to even be in the house by the time he woke up. His shoulders slumped a little in relief as Baekhyun grabbed two bowls from the cupboard.

"I’m sorry," he said for what felt like the hundredth time to Kyungsoo. He didn’t like these apologies. It made the kisses they had shared feel wrong. He sprinkled salt on the eggs, staring at the two yellow dollops rather than Baekhyun’s eyes. "I guess I was dreaming or something." Baekhyun huffed out one of his uncomfortable laughs. "It was the first and last time I did that to you, I promise."

Kyungsoo clenched his jaw as he finally yielded and looked at him.

He wasn’t looking back at Kyungsoo, just focusing on putting rice into the bowls. Kyungsoo didn’t like that formulation. It made the kisses feel wrong. He wondered if he had made them feel wrong by pushing Baekhyun away like that last night. Maybe he shouldn’t have pushed him away, shouldn’t have intervened at all.

He should just tell him it was okay. That they could forget this. That they were still friends. That it
didn’t matter. That Kyungsoo’s whole body didn’t tingle after a single brush of Baekhyun’s lips against his skin.

"It wasn’t the first time," he blurted out, voice steadier than his gaze was as it plummeted down to Baekhyun’s mouth. His teeth were sank into his lower lip.

There was a light sheen on the reddened skin, he had put lip balm on. Messily, judging by the way the shine seeped past the border of his lower lip a little.

Baekhyun put the bowl he was holding down and pressed his hand against the counter instead as he finally looked at Kyungsoo for a blank second. Kyungsoo didn’t shy away from his gaze this time.

"It wasn’t the first time," he repeated, tending to the eggs a bit before looking back at Baekhyun who had still not looked away. He gulped down. Baekhyun made him nervous. Not for the first time, he thought. "It’s been happening every day since you moved in."

Baekhyun huffed out another laugh. He laughed whenever he was nervous. It made Kyungsoo feel better, both the fact that Baekhyun might be nervous about this and the fact that he laughed. It always made Kyungsoo feel better. He didn’t know since when. It didn’t matter.

"I’m so sorry," he mumbled behind the hand he rubbed over his face. Kyungsoo wanted to tell him to stop doing that. He didn’t. Baekhyun pressed his lips together as he looked down and filled the second bowl with rice. "You’re so kind to me and I’m literally abusing it."

Kyungsoo turned the stove off but left the pan there, eggs still crackling. He turned to face Baekhyun properly. He wanted to face Baekhyun properly.

"You’re not abusing me," he affirmed unwilling to let Baekhyun feel bad about this. There was nothing to feel bad about. He hesitated a bit before his next sentence. Baekhyun was still focusing on the rice, putting in too much and building a small hill in the bowl. "I could’ve pushed you away earlier."

Baekhyun stopped at that. He remained still and silent for a fleeting moment before grabbing a big lump of rice in his spoon and pressing it into the bowl, concluding his small hill. He put it down then, and turned to face Kyungsoo, meeting his gaze.
"You could’ve," was all he said.

There were shadows under his eyes. Kyungsoo hadn’t looked into the mirror yet but he knew his own eye bags were matching. His gaze too, maybe. Baekhyun was staring at him, scrutinizing, observing. Pretty. Baekhyun was always softer in the morning, both in appearance and in energy.

Kyungsoo really should stop noticing these things. He couldn’t help it. Just like he couldn’t help the pinch he felt in his whole body when Baekhyun looked away with a sigh.

"Sorry again." Kyungsoo wanted to scream. His heart did it for him. "Now that I’m aware of it, I won’t let it happen again," he said with a smile that wobbled with hesitancy when he looked at Kyungsoo again.

Kyungsoo nodded. He didn’t know to what. All he knew was that this wasn’t what he had expected. He didn’t even know what he had expected but this wasn’t it. Not an apology and insecurity in Baekhyun’s gaze.

Baekhyun was his friend. A precious friend. More than a friend to Kyungsoo’s heart, but still a friend. He didn’t want to ruin that just because of a few kisses and a few heartbeats.

"It’s alright," he said with a sigh, smiling. It had always been so easy to smile at Baekhyun. It still would be after this conversation. Baekhyun’s features brightened when the tension in his jaw unraveled. Kyungsoo leaned closer to him, whispering with a smile that made him feel his cheeks. "I got used to it. The bad thing about it was your breath on days you ate onion rings or drank."

Baekhyun smiled his Baekhyun smile again. The faint one with narrowed eyes, mischief, and an air that showed he was ready to embrace any amusing or playful situation to make the most of it.

"Right," he said with a nod and an exaggerated shrug. "That could really be the only bad thing about kissing me."

Kyungsoo snorted. "You’re a bad kisser. You can’t even aim properly."

"I was asleep," he instantly defended himself, holding his chin high. "And maybe my sleeping self wanted to kiss your chubby cheeks instead of your chubby lips," he added then, one hand raising to continuously poke said not chubby cheek.
He did it for a while, holding Kyungsoo’s gaze with his lips shaped into a smug, pink, glossy smile as his finger tip sank into Kyungsoo’s cheek over and over again.

When Kyungsoo grabbed his hand and squeezed his fingers together, the ugly screech Baekhyun let out was just for show. He barely applied any strength to his punishment. His laugh afterwards wasn’t louder than the exhilaration thrumming through Kyungsoo’s body.

Kyungsoo didn’t like taking the subway in the morning. It was usually crowded at that time of the day but they had missed the bus and the next fastest and most affordable option was the subway.

It had been Baekhyun’s fault. Kyungsoo had wanted to wash the dishes himself but he had insisted to do it together even if all there was had been two bowls, glasses, and other small utensils. Kyungsoo should’ve known Baekhyun had only wanted to splash water at him like a child. He had still splashed it back at him.

Now, as they stood in the subway, he hoped they wouldn’t be late to their classes. They both started at nine today.

The subway wasn’t as crowded as it could’ve been but Baekhyun was still standing close to him as they both held onto the handle for balance. They were both listening to their own music, earphones tucked into their ears. Kyungsoo liked this. Baekhyun was talkative but they didn’t need to fill their friendship with conversations all the time to avoid boredom. Simply listening to music while standing in the subway together was enough. While staring at lips.

Kyungsoo wasn’t surprised. He had settled with the fact that his gaze naturally gravitated towards Baekhyun’s lips or the rest of his face a long time ago. What troubled him was the fact that
Baekhyun had been staring at him too since the first note of the very first song on Kyungsoo’s playlist. He was focused on the lower part of Kyungsoo’s face. Kyungsoo wondered if it was his lips.

Despair and wishful thinking aside, it would make sense. Kyungsoo had started being aware of Baekhyun’s lips after they had kissed. Baekhyun could start being aware of Kyungsoo’s lips after finding out that they had kissed too. Yes. It could be logical. Not just delusion. Not entirely, at least.

When the song reached its climax, Baekhyun looked down at his phone and Kyungsoo deflated.

Maybe he was just clinging to the fact that Baekhyun wasn’t as upset about their kisses as he thought he would be. Maybe it was just the fact that the end of their conversation this morning had almost felt like flirting. Maybe Kyungsoo was really just delusional.

He stopped thinking about it there. He didn’t want to know whether he was just deluding himself or not. Not knowing was better.

They both removed their earphones when they stepped out of the subway station. The short walk to campus was spent in comfortable conversation about the movie Kyungsoo expected the release of the most this year and that one annoying guy in Baekhyun’s class. They mostly debated on what they should eat tonight at home, eventually agreeing on making pasta together as that was what Baekhyun craved nowadays.

It was only when they walked past the school gates that Baekhyun suddenly fell silent. Kyungsoo gave him a curious look, matching his frown to Baekhyun’s after noticing its existence and following his line of sight.

A small spark of irritation snapped in Kyungsoo when he noticed that Sehun was making out with a girl a few meters away. They would have to walk right in front of him to head towards the buildings.

Kyungsoo looked at Baekhyun again and suddenly, his hand took a decision for him and reached to grab Baekhyun’s. He quickened their steps as they walked past Sehun, not glancing nor at him nor at Baekhyun. Seeing him upset or hurt by someone else wasn’t pleasant. Seeing him hurt at all wasn’t pleasant either but there was just something about the fact that it was his ex-boyfriend. Not jealousy, just anger because Sehun should’ve treated Baekhyun better while he had the chance to.
It was only once they were standing in front of the building Baekhyun had class in that Kyungsoo stopped walking and turned to him.

"Why did you do that?" was the first thing Baekhyun asked, no reproach in his attentive gaze or steady voice, just plain curiosity.

It took Kyungsoo aback still. Baekhyun already knew why he had done that.

"Uh," he said, turning into that stupid nervous person Baekhyun was so good at transforming him into. "Sehun?" he answered, waving a hand in front of him as if Sehun was there.

He was glad he turned stupid only when he was alone with Baekhyun. Had Chanyeol or Jongdae been here, he would never hear the end of this. Someone walked towards them and Kyungsoo stepped closer to Baekhyun to stop blocking the building’s entrance.

Baekhyun snorted before that small sound turned into a stream of tiny laughing notes. Kyungsoo wasn’t sure whether he should be relieved that Baekhyun wasn’t upset by what he did; or offended by the fact that of course, Baekhyun too wouldn’t let him hear the end of this. They were friends, after all.

"So what?" he asked then, raising an eyebrow and looking at Kyungsoo with that smug look he had plastered on his face since this morning.

Maybe Kyungsoo should really have not told him about the kisses. But he was glad he had.

Baekhyun glanced down and it was then that Kyungsoo noticed the origin of that smugness that suited him so much. He let go of Baekhyun’s hand and held onto his backpack’s strap instead, eyebrows knitted to scratch over his embarrassment.

"Because he was with someone else and I thought it could upset you," he mumbled, trying his hardest to look away from Baekhyun’s increasingly pretty smile. He wasn’t sure whether it felt like it was increasing because it was widening or because Baekhyun himself was getting more good-looking the more Kyungsoo looked at him. He failed, unsurprisingly and frowned harder. "Also he already thinks we’re together so," he trailed off, ripping his gaze away from Baekhyun when his phone vibrated in his hand.
A message from Chanwoo asking if he was going to skip class or not. Kyungsoo typed him a quick reply, noticing that Baekhyun hadn’t said anything yet once he sent it.

He looked at him, expecting to find mockeries in his gaze or a teasing line on his lips. His smile, however, was satiny. Cushioning, like the texture of his thin lower lip.

"You’re so considerate," he said and Kyungsoo bit into his lower lip to prevent himself from smiling stupidly at such a simple praise. It was the tone with which he had uttered it. Dreamy to Kyungsoo’s ears. Maybe his ears only. He shook his head then. "But I don’t mind. I’m over him, remember?"

"Right," Kyungsoo laughed sheepishly, smiling in embarrassment afterwards. He had gotten carried away. "Sorry."

"It’s alright." He leaned on the tip of his toes, towards Kyungsoo whose gaze hung on the arc of his mouth as it formed his next words. "Now I know what being your boyfriend feels like."

Kyungsoo’s breath skipped when he pressed a hand on Baekhyun’s cheek to push him away and make him lull back to the sole of his feet.

"You owe me coffee now," he announced with mock disdain as Baekhyun laughed at him.

This was new. This hadn’t been part of their friendship before. This dallying air between them. He was sure of it.

It was new and Kyungsoo didn’t say anything, neither did Baekhyun, but it was nice. Reassuring. They could still be friends and that was the most important thing to Kyungsoo right now, but it also felt like they could be more than friends maybe. Someday. Later. Maybe.

When they parted ways and Kyungsoo jogged to his classroom to avoid being later than he already was, Baekhyun’s laughter still accompanied him. On his way to class and up until he stood up from his seat to leave.
Baekhyun ended up buying him drinks rather than coffee that night, although he kept stealing them for himself.

Kyungsoo liked going to the karaoke, especially when Jongdae was there. He had a nice voice and was the only one in their group of friends who actually tried singing as good as possible instead of singing as bad as possible. Though, Kyungsoo was guilty of that too. Baekhyun always burst into laughter and ended up crying whenever Kyungsoo sang with the lowest voice possible and sounded like death itself as he ruined TVXQ songs.

Though Baekhyun was laughing now, Kyungsoo wasn’t singing. He wasn’t laughing either. He couldn’t, not when Baekhyun was leaning against his shoulder, both his arms laced around one of Kyungsoo’s as he watched Chanyeol try rapping as fast as possible on one of those trendy rap survival show songs. Chanwoo kept hyping him up, shaking the tambourine noisily even after Chanyeol gave up and crumbled down to the floor, heaving as one of his hands pressed on his chest. Jongdae was cackling on the side while Sunyoung recorded everything on her phone.

The song soon ended and Kyungsoo looked down at Baekhyun’s face, or tried his hardest to when the position they were in and the dimmed varicolored lights of their room didn’t make it easy for him. He was quiet now, simply laying there. Surprisingly, alcohol made Baekhyun quieter than usual instead of the contrary, as would’ve been expected. It made him cuddly. It usually never made him cuddle Kyungsoo, though. Chanyeol was always his preferred victim but tonight, he had plopped himself down next to Kyungsoo and draped himself over him as soon as he couldn’t stand on his legs anymore, never once parting away again.

It was comfortable. Baekhyun’s weight against his side, his fingers loosely holding onto his shirt, the breezy tickle of his hair against Kyungsoo’s chin whenever he turned his head too far to the side. Hearing his laughter from so close made it resonate inside of Kyungsoo much stronger. He didn’t think he’d ever be able to get it out of him after tonight. He wouldn’t even try.

"Chanyeol, looks like you’ve been replaced." Sunyoung’s voice stood out of Jongdae and Chanwoo’s arguments about what song to choose next and when Kyungsoo looked away from Baekhyun’s hair and at her instead, she was wiggling her eyebrows sneakily.
She definitely spent too much time with Jongdae. Her boyfriend was alerted by her words right away and soon, everyone was looking at Kyungsoo who said nothing, unsure whether Baekhyun had fallen asleep or not since he’d been silent for a while now.

Chanyeol chortled loudly enough for Kyungsoo to wince. Baekhyun shifted a little against him.

"Kyungsoo became a teddy bear. An angry one. You know those horror movies?" he asked with wild gestures, looking at Chanwoo with even wilder eyes.

Chanwoo nodded instantly and the two of them burst into laughter at something that Kyungsoo suspected even they didn’t understand. Or maybe they did. Kyungsoo had always thought that they both had ‘Chan’ in their name because they were equally as stupid. That theory was further proven when Chanyeol slapped Chanwoo’s arm in his laughing fit, causing him to laugh harder as he hit Chanyeol back with the tambourine. Kyungsoo should’ve drank more.

"You losers are only laughing because you have no one to cuddle with," Jongdae boasted as he sat down next to Sunyoung and then burrowed against the crook of her neck. She patted his head lovingly, smiling at Kyungsoo. They had both drank the littlest to make sure no one would die tonight.

Chanyeol sat down on the floor and wailed when he bumped his knee against the table. Alright, maybe some things just couldn’t be prevented.

Like Baekhyun — who hadn’t even been one of the laughing losers Jongdae referred to — knocking his head against Kyungsoo’s jaw as he suddenly perked up and raised a wobbly hand.

"Speak for yourselves," he slurred. His next words came out even more muffled when he rubbed his face against Kyungsoo’s shoulder. "I have a pretend boyfriend to cuddle."

Kyungsoo felt each stroke of Baekhyun’s nose against his shoulder reverberating in his heart. His words were crystalline to his ears despite the drunken lilts and the long sigh that Baekhyun nudged in them.

He leaned away a little bit just to be able to catch a glimpse of Baekhyun’s eyes but all he got was a groan and a tightening clutch around his arm. No hint or explanation as to why Baekhyun had just said that.
"Pretend?" Chanwoo questioned as he crashed the tambourine on the table in his attempt to get back up to his feet. Chanyeol pointed at him with a crazed laugh.

"Yes," Kyungsoo heard Baekhyun mumble in a tiny voice.

This was bad. This was very bad. He could feel his chest swelling up with hope and it wasn’t supposed to do that. This wasn’t supposed to happen.

Then, Baekhyun raised a hand again and pushed himself away from Kyungsoo, sitting up with a wide grin glowing on his cheeks.

"Now, let’s sing Eyes, Nose, Lips and cry!" he called out boisterously to which Sunyoung cheered the hardest amongst everyone else.

Kyungsoo was puzzled as he watched Baekhyun lose any possible hint of sadness he might have carried a second ago.

"And then we can sing TT! Because we’re crying!" Chanyeol added boisterously.

"TT is so old," Jongdae protested as he started looking for the right song on the catalogue. "Let’s sing What is Love instead."

"No. I wanna sing TT," Sunyoung interjected and Jongdae grinned at her, easily yielding.

Kyungsoo wailed along to Taeyang’s melody because he did feel like crying a little bit, at that moment.
"We said we’d cook pasta," Baekhyun whined later that night as Kyungsoo composed the code on the lock pad, one of his arms holding onto Baekhyun’s to make sure he wouldn’t either fall down or fall asleep against the wall.

"We can do it tomorrow, if we survive," Kyungsoo consoled him without looking at him as he pushed the door open, the lock singing to him in greeting.

"But I wanted to cook pasta with you," Baekhyun said with the Duck Lips that Kyungsoo didn’t even need to look at to know the presence of. He still looked at them.

He pulled on Baekhyun’s arm to get him inside when he jutted his lower lip out even more. It wasn’t really a show. Baekhyun did get a little sadder when he was drunk while starting to sober up at the same time.

He leaned Baekhyun against the wall as they both toed their shoes off and smiled at him.

"Tomorrow, we can do it, alright?" he asked reassuringly to which Baekhyun grinned and jumped a little, merriment bouncing him higher than he was supposed to reach with this amount of alcohol in his blood.

Kyungsoo snorted but still reached to grab his arm to stop him and waited as Baekhyun grinned at him with a simper for a few seconds. He wanted to sleep. He liked Baekhyun’s smile more than sleeping.

Seemingly remembering that he had only taken one of his shoes off, Baekhyun leaned down, with a groan worthy of someone who had lived seventy years, and took his other shoe off too. He carefully put them side by side right next to Kyungsoo shoes. With a fond smile, he helped Baekhyun straighten up and led him towards their room.

He kept talking about pasta on the way and then started repeating the same two Italian words he knew over and over again. Then, he started speaking in English. Basic sentences like thank you very much as Kyungsoo made him sit on his squeaky mattress then you’re so cool when Kyungsoo
took his jacket off for him. Kyungsoo had heard terrible accents in his life, especially at school. Sometimes, it made him wince. Often, it made him practice his own accent harder. Baekhyun’s accent, however, made him laugh a small, tender, enamored sound. He sounded so young when he spoke in English. Like a baby learning how to speak for the first time, voice a bit higher than usual and each syllable enunciated separately, carefully.

When Kyungsoo asked him if he wanted to change into his pajamas, Baekhyun simply said no strip and fell back to lay down on his mattress with a contented sigh followed by a pout.

"Why aren’t you impressed by my english?" he asked. It was a wonder how he even managed to speak through all the pouting and sound understandable at the same time.

Kyungsoo had watched his lips do that a lot. Speaking and pouting. He still couldn’t figure out how they did it. Baekhyun had some quite amazing lips.

He snorted again, chest swelling up as that single sound prompted Baekhyun into laughing hard enough for his eyes to crinkle adorably.

"Woah," he gasped then, widening his eyes exaggeratedly. "You’re so damn good at English, Baekhyun. You’re so amazing."

"Thank you Mr. Kyungsoo," Baekhyun said very seriously, raising his hand to point at him. "You amazing too."

Kyungsoo rubbed a hand over his face harshly then brought it up to ruffled through his hair, pulling at a few strands. Baekhyun made him too aware of his skin. Of himself. Of what he did to him. He was adorable. And Kyungsoo was tired, rendered sleepy by the very few drinks he had earlier. Baekhyun did things to him. Made his chest feel full. Made him want to coo and groan at the same time. Made him feel smaller and taller simultaneously. Made him want to kiss him.

He pressed his hand against his mouth, fingers digging into his lips as if that could numb the need, the urge to kiss Baekhyun out of them. When he looked down at him again, Baekhyun’s eyes were closed and he was breathing loudly, evenly.

Kyungsoo smiled until his cheeks felt stretched with two other smiles of their own.
He changed into his pajamas and put Baekhyun’s own sweatpants and shirt on the floor right next to him, in case he’d wake up in the middle of the night and feel like changing into more comfortable clothes.

He then dropped to his bed with a long sigh that blew contentment out of him but didn’t leave him feeling any emptier. He was full. With things Baekhyun made him feel. Things that seemed to grow every day. Turning his head to look at him, Kyungsoo bit into his lower lip. His lips were parted, one of his legs bent into a triangle, foot nestled against the calf of his other leg, arms a mess around him. Hair a mess. Clothes a mess. He didn’t make Kyungsoo feel like a mess. Or sad. Kyungsoo didn’t feel sad that they wouldn’t kiss anymore. He still had Baekhyun. Maybe they would kiss again, one day. Until then, he’d be content with their friendship and its new subtle but noticeable shift.

At least, that was what he thought until an hour later when he still laid awake in his bed, listening to Baekhyun’s presence near him.

Sleep always came with Baekhyun’s kiss. There had been no kiss tonight. Kyungsoo wondered how he had even managed to grow dependent on those kisses in less than two weeks. How he could only taste slumber and imbibe it from the dip of Baekhyun’s cupid’s bow. Kyungsoo wondered what else he had left between those two honed yet willowy hills.

The mattress complained lowly as Baekhyun moved and Kyungsoo closed his eyes, listening to the sound of a sigh and of fabric sliding against fabric. Soon, the bed dipped. Kyungsoo felt airless as he did his best to breath regularly. His lips tingled a little with the memory of a kiss they longed for, intensifying with each suddenly loud beat of his heart. Just a memory. Nothing else.

It took a while but instead of kissing him, Baekhyun sighed. Kyungsoo felt his breath on the tip of his nose. Just his breath.

Kyungsoo heard a mumble too low for him to decipher it and then, the weight was gone from the bed. The mattress’s irritating groan wasn’t louder than the disappointed punches of his heart against his ribcage.

Baekhyun had stopped himself from kissing him.

Kyungsoo spent the rest of the night yearning. For sleep. For a goodnight kiss. For Baekhyun.
Kyungsoo spent his morning nursing ache in his head and a mug of coffee in his hand.

The ache was a lingering result of having spent the night watching the hours pass on his phone while sleep stood him up.

To console himself, he had decided to sip on his coffee while watching the rerun of a random variety show on the tv. It was mildly funny, enough for a mind that didn’t want to be productive and preferred entertainment finding it on its own.

Baekhyun emerged from the room only towards noon, when Kyungsoo wondered if he felt like eating or not after a morning — or two hours — spent without glancing at the kitchen even once. The answer was no and his comfort was that Baekhyun looked as bad as he probably did.

Just like yesterday, dark circles were hanging onto his eyes for dear life and his footsteps were heavier than usual, his hair less messy than Kyungsoo had expected but his shirt was put on backwards. He had changed into pajamas halfway through the night, Kyungsoo had heard him since he already had trouble sleeping and the tiniest sound had woken him up.

He plopped down on the couch beside Kyungsoo, his eyes closing as if he had thrown himself against a wall instead. He was frowning, nose crinkled, lips twisted. Kyungsoo didn’t find him ugly. Not at all.

"Hangover?" he asked in a hushed tone.

Baekhyun gathered his legs up against his chest, bare feet digging into the couch, and turned to look at him for a few blank seconds during which Kyungsoo would’ve laughed was he not feeling
like he was hungover too.

"I’m never drinking again," Baekhyun said in the most serious tone Kyungsoo had ever heard him use.

That made him laugh a quiet, airy sound.

"Everyone says that until the next party," he said, grabbing the remote control to lower the tv’s volume a little bit.

Baekhyun grunted, silence squeezing in between them for a while as they both watched the show.

"Did you drink a lot too?" Baekhyun asked after a moment, voice sounding wobbly.

When Kyungsoo looked at him, his eyes were more closed than open. He looked sleepy. It was almost satisfying. Even if it might be for different reasons, Kyungsoo was glad they had both been unable to sleep well.

"You don’t remember?" Kyungsoo questioned, gaze flickering down to Baekhyun’s lips. They were chapped. The warmth of Baekhyun’s head resting on his shoulder was still inscribed into his skin.

Baekhyun shook his head very slightly and leaned down towards the table, grabbing Kyungsoo’s mug. He let it go with a sigh after noticing it was empty. His voice was pouty when he spoke again.

"I don’t remember much but you kind of look as dead as me so," he shrugged to end his sentence.

"Thank you," Kyungsoo snorted, reaching to flick Baekhyun’s temple.

He immediately shrunk into himself, bringing both his hands up to cradle the spot Kyungsoo’s finger had tapped against.

"It hurts," he whined, loud and long.
"Sorry," Kyungsoo guffawed, convinced by the half-hearted glare Baekhyun threw him to reach and pat his head in apology.

It earned him a wide beam and Kyungsoo was glad he wasn’t actually hungover or he wouldn’t have been able to bear such luminance.

He let his hand drop and it was only when Baekhyun nudged him a few seconds later than Kyungsoo remembered he hadn’t replied to his question yet.

"I didn't drink a lot, I just couldn’t sleep well," he said, staring at the screen, focusing on Kang Hodong to keep himself from staring at Baekhyun’s lips.

He didn’t know if it was because they hadn’t kissed in two days now, but Kyungsoo found it more difficult that usual to restrain himself from looking. It could also be because Baekhyun seemed to be sulking at all the alcohol he had consumed last night, his mouth making it a point to cutely shape his brooding. Or maybe Kyungsoo just missed it. His lips. The kisses.

That was the sole reason why he hadn’t been able to sleep. He hadn’t been kissed goodnight. That sounded so stupid and Kyungsoo hated himself for it whenever it was way past midnight and he still couldn’t sleep, but he couldn’t sleep without the kiss anymore. It was Baekhyun’s fault.

Grabbing the empty mug, Kyungsoo stood up and headed to the kitchen. With a sigh, he grabbed a clean mug and waited for the water to boil again to make a new cup of coffee. He stretched his arms over his head, tapped his cheeks a little with the tip of his fingers, told himself to stop fucking thinking about Baekhyun, and put a lot of sugar in the mug. Baekhyun had a sweet tooth. And a matching sweet presence.

He headed back to the living room and put the mug on the table but remained standing. Baekhyun perked up and grabbed it, looking up at him with a smile that stretched his features and made his dark circles more obvious. Kyungsoo’s lips twitched a bit.

"Will you be okay for breakfast?" he asked then, snorting mockingly when of course, Baekhyun took a sip of the coffee and burned his tongue.

He stuck it out, face scrunched as he looked up at Kyungsoo.
"I can cook, you know," he said, adorably defensive. "At least eggs! I won’t die."

Kyungsoo knew that. Baekhyun wasn’t that bad at cooking even if he wasn’t as good as Kyungsoo was either. He just wanted to talk to him.

"I’m not scared you’d die, I’m scared my kitchen would die," Kyungsoo retorted in that same defensive tone.

His answer made Baekhyun flicker his eyes over him with mock displeasure. It was just a way to mock him and yet Kyungsoo felt self-conscious. He was still in his pajamas, his entire face a mess, he didn’t look so good.

Baekhyun huffed, sipping on his coffee and looking back at the tv.

"I’m not gonna eat anyway. Just study a little until I have to leave for work," Baekhyun said, turning to give Kyungsoo a curious look. "Where are you going though? Can’t you stay here and be my nurse? My head hurts."

Duck Lips. Kyungsoo looked away. Looked back at him. Crossed his arms against his chest as if that would protect him from the pouty power of Baekhyun’s mouth.

"I don’t have time for your fantasies," Kyungsoo said as teasingly as he could while forcing his eyes not to stray down. Baekhyun tutted at him, feigning disappointment. "I’m going to the library to study with Chanwoo a little." He bit his lower lip in hesitation. "Do you wanna join us?"

Baekhyun shook his head and Kyungsoo was relieved. He wouldn’t be able to focus on studying with Baekhyun around.

"I’m good here, don’t worry," he smiled. "I’ll nurse myself."

Kyungsoo snorted but still brought him painkillers and a glass of water before leaving.
"Baekhyun prefers these," Chanwoo said, reaching for a pack of cheese sticks amongst the sea of them Kyungsoo had been staring at for a while.

"Are you sure?" he asked as the beep of the cashier hovered in the air unsteadily, somewhere behind them.

He took the pack from Chanwoo and stared at it as his friend reached for another one and put it on top of the small pile of products gathered in his arms. Originally, they had come to the convenience store because they had started randomly craving chips while their Linguistics homework made them feel like insignificant crumbs but Kyungsoo profited from the occasion to get a few snacks. They didn’t have any left at home.

"Yeah, he told me once and then we talked about cheese for five minutes straight," Chanwoo laughed as Kyungsoo followed him towards the drinks section of the store.

"I really never noticed. I just knew he liked cheese sticks but not this one in particular," he mumbled and it really wasn’t a big thing but Kyungsoo felt a little bad that Chanwoo knew this thing about Baekhyun while he had no clue whatsoever.

There was still a lot of things he didn’t know about Baekhyun. He wanted to know everything. He wanted to learn everything now that they were much closer than they used to be before Baekhyun moved in with him.

Chanwoo gave him a teasing smile as he pulled the glass door open to reach the drinks.

"Well, you only started staring at him like a lovesick puppy very recently."
"I’m not lovesick," Kyungsoo protested, kicking Chanwoo’s leg for good measure. Both because of his teasing and because he had noticed Kyungsoo’s new tendencies.

It only made the other whine loud enough for the young girl at check out to give them a weird look. Chanwoo apologized with a bow and Kyungsoo watched him with a mocking smile.

It was only after they got out of the store that Chanwoo spoke to him again.

"Are you really not though?" he asked, looking at Kyungsoo as he started steering him towards a park near the neighborhood.

The weather was nice. They could eat and maybe study more outside. It would make the activity less stifling.

"Am I not what?" he asked, giving him a confused look.

A bike whizzed by them and Chanwoo looked at it longingly. Someone had stolen his bike very recently. Kyungsoo had tried his hardest not to laugh as Chanwoo had almost cried about it. He really loved cycling.

"Lovesick," Chanwoo said as if it was obvious. The urge to laugh that came with the memory vanished right away.

Kyungsoo pursed his lips and hummed a little, gaze lingering on a cat that sat on the roof of a car parked a few steps away.

"I’m not really in love," he concluded, looking back at Chanwoo who raised an eyebrow. He sighed. "Yet?"

"Really?" Chanwoo asked, swinging the bag full of snacks between them.

"I just like him," Kyungsoo said honestly.
He didn’t want to downplay the meaning of his feelings either but he knew that _liking_ someone wasn’t the same as _loving_ them. Kyungsoo knew what loving someone felt like and that wasn’t what he nurtured for Baekhyun. He just really really liked Baekhyun but he wasn’t in love with him. Love wasn’t something that happened in the snap of two fingers, not for Kyungsoo at least.

"Then do you think you’ll fall in love with him at one point?" Chanwoo asked again and Kyungsoo couldn’t help but sigh a little.

"Maybe?" he asked more than answered.

Chanwoo gave him the stink eye for not providing an accurate answer but stopped when Kyungsoo threatened to eat all his snacks later.

It wasn’t that Kyungsoo didn’t want to answer. He just couldn’t know whether these feelings he had for Baekhyun would grow or not. He had an idea about it right now, felt like of course they would grow, but he couldn’t be sure about the future.

Although, with the way things were going, a bit blurry and unsure, Kyungsoo hoped that they wouldn’t.

"I’ve come to save you from starvation," Baekhyun’s voice announced loudly from the entrance, his voice as perky as the lock’s melody.

Kyungsoo looked up from his book to see him literally slide into the living room while brandishing
a takeout bag branded with the logo of the restaurant he worked in. Kyungsoo jittered and moved to sit properly on the couch while Baekhyun slid more towards him and put the bag on the table.

He looked better than he did this morning. Although dark circles were still there and the tired lines on his face had been amplified by an afternoon of work, he was smiling now, excited and not rendered soulless by his hangover. Baekhyun was as beautiful at the end of a day as he was at the beginning of it. Like the sun.

"You’re going to fall and break something one of these days," Kyungsoo called out behind him in a laugh when Baekhyun slid on his socked feet to reach the kitchen.

Kyungsoo had sent him a pictures of the snacks he had bought after reaching home earlier and after a heap of hearts and other emojis, Baekhyun had told him that he would bring in chicken from work to thank him.

With a smile, Kyungsoo started taking the boxes out of the bag, along with the two small bottles of coke.

"You’ll just be my nurse if that happens," Baekhyun said as he came back in with two glasses.

Kyungsoo gave him a deadpan look. "Your kink is showing again, Baekhyun."

"Maybe it’s because you want to see it, Kyungsoo," he answered with that smug, small smile that illuminated his face with jest.

He sat down on the floor, on the other side of the table. Kyungsoo pushed the table away and right into him to make room for himself to sit on the floor as well, against the couch. It was with a choked, dramatic sound that Baekhyun reacted, which Kyungsoo ignored in favor of taking in the delicious smell of fried chicken.

"No beer today?" he asked, looking at Baekhyun with a mocking smile.

Baekhyun stopped centimeters away from the small lump of fries in the container and narrowed his eyes at him.
"I said I would never drink again," he huffed, the playful glints in his eyes intensified by the narrowed space they had to shine at Kyungsoo through.

Baekhyun ended up eating all the fries and Kyungsoo stole a piece of chicken from him in compensation. They ate while talking about their day, a rude customer at the restaurant and a funny kid that had scolded Chanwoo back in the park when he had kicked back the ball at a group of children but had completely failed at aiming. They laughed a lot, they always did, and as Kyungsoo’s stomach filled up with food and bubbles from the soda, he felt lighter.

Instead of watching a movie or random videos on youtube, they chose to study while eating this time. Baekhyun seemed to be doing maths, as always, but he had once explained to him that it wasn’t always the same kind of maths. Kyungsoo focused on reading more of his novel instead, not even having to force himself to stay focused as he munched on pickled radish since the plot was actually good and the depth of the writing made him want to take in as many words as he could. The vocabulary wasn’t that difficult either, he only had to search for the definition of a word every few pages.

The only downside was that he had to take notes of whatever big thing was happening in the novel to make sure to remember it all much later, without having to reread the whole novel again. That was his least favorite part about reading novels for school.

"What’s your book about?"

Baekhyun’s voice pulled him out of his focus a while later, when both of them had stopped eating and were engrossed in their own thing. He looked up from his novel and watched Baekhyun’s teeth sink into his lower lip, white against pink, as his pencil hovered over a few numbers on his notebook. He scribbled a few askew digits and only then did he let go of his lip and looked at Kyungsoo instead. It took him a few seconds to notice and when he met Baekhyun’s gaze, he hoped what he had been staring at wasn’t too obvious.

Baekhyun’s lips were tugged upwards as he watched Kyungsoo who, after noticing it, looked back down at his novel.

"It’s a novel for Postcolonial Literature," he explained, showing him the cover and tapping his fingers against the title. Baekhyun looked at it and Kyungsoo hummed, thinking of the best way to introduce such a complex story. He was halfway through the novel already. "It’s about the story of an old woman who was abused by her father as a child, basically her whole life. And also the story of a young man who’s working in the nursing home she’s sent to and who’s having gender identity issues which he’s being mocked and criticized for. They get along well, help each other since they’re both marginalized, and we basically get told the story of how the old woman got to be sent there. It’s very interesting! Very sad too actually, but I think it’s a mesh of beautiful stories."
He looked back up at Baekhyun once he was done speaking, only then noticing that he had probably made it too long and too complicated. He tended to ramble a lot whenever it came to books.

However, Baekhyun wasn’t giving him a weirded out or confused look. Kyungsoo hadn’t expected that kind of negative reaction from Baekhyun, but he hadn’t thought he’d find him smiling so wide either.

"It sounds really interesting," he said, words forming against the tip of his pencil since he pressed it against his lower lip again.

Kyungsoo huffed out a small laugh, tightening his hold around his own pen. He was so bad at explaining stories. Baekhyun was probably just being Baekhyun. Nice and supportive.

"I’ve never even seen you hold a novel," Kyungsoo still said, voice dipping into teasing drops.

Baekhyun parted his lips, probably with the intention of protesting, but pressed them together again with a defeated smile. Fondness cradled Kyungsoo’s bunching cheeks and made him shake his head a little bit.

"That’s true," Baekhyun nodded with no shame or regret whatsoever before tapping the tip of his pencil against his textbook. "But you get this glazed look in your eyes whenever you’re reading something you like so I guess it must be interesting."

The smile in Kyungsoo’s cheeks dribbled down into the rest of his body, nursing it in a pleasant, tingly sensation.

"You must stare at me a lot," he couldn’t help but remark, Baekhyun’s playfulness as contagious as his smile. Or maybe it didn’t come from anything but himself. His heart wobbled with anticipation.

Baekhyun didn’t lose his smile, spread it into a grin as he straightened up.

"You should say that with a bit more of pride, it’s a good thing!" he asserted with no hesitation but widened, innocent eyes.
He hadn’t denied it. He hadn’t truly confirmed it either. Kyungsoo didn’t know if this was flirting or just Baekhyun being Baekhyun.

Not sure what to do or answer, he settled on throwing his pen at Baekhyun when he started smiling haughtily at Kyungsoo’s lack of answer.

Baekhyun’s natural reaction was to make an exaggerated pained sound when the pen hit against his nose and by the time Kyungsoo was done laughing hard enough for his voice to turn into hiccups, Baekhyun was holding onto his pen tightly and defying him with his eyes.

"You can write using your spit and your fingers now," he said, holding his chin high and the pen close to himself.

Kyungsoo snorted, unimpressed. Contrary to his heart that was doing that wobble thing Baekhyun was so good at making it do.

"That doesn’t work, obviously," he calmly said, holding his hand out, palm up. "Give it back."

Baekhyun stared back at him for a moment before shaking his head and pressing his lips together in a nonchalant expression.

"No," he said, managing to shape his lips into the faintest pout even with that word. He tucked the pen behind his ear and this was so stupid but it looked as good on him as a flower would. He grinned, mischievous, insufferably attractive. "You gave it up the moment you threw it at me."

Kyungsoo observed him for a moment. The challenging unrest of his smile, as if he was ready to burst into laughter at any moment, the red of his work uniform completing the lively shade of his skin, his eyes never once shying away from Kyungsoo’s.

He took a deep breath in. His chest felt tight, full, empty, vast with space awaiting to be filled even more all at the same time. Baekhyun raised his eyebrows, as if he was waiting for Kyungsoo to do something and really, there was just so much Kyungsoo could take.

In a sharp movement, Kyungsoo got up and crawled around the table to reach Baekhyun who was
already laughing as he scrambled away, not fast enough since Kyungsoo grabbed his ankle and pulled him closer again. In a heap of limbs, weak slaps, and hard notes of laughter, Kyungsoo managed to straddle Baekhyun who was still holding onto the pen for dear life.

His hips felt broad between Kyungsoo’s legs and his fingers strong as they tried to pry Kyungsoo’s hands away from his tummy where the fabric of his shirt bunched up as he tickled him as quickly and efficiently as possible. His eyes were closed, his mouth wide open in laughter that was starting to sound like sobs and screeches all at the same time. Kyungssoo couldn’t look away from the light gathering in the highest point of his cheeks even as he felt his own hurting from smiling too hard. He squeezed Baekhyun’s hips between his legs to keep him from wiggling around and he grabbed his hand, managing to rip his gaze away from whatever it was in that face that always, *had* always made Kyungsoo unable to appreciate another. Baekhyun was too busy wailing about stomach pain to keep strength in his fingers and Kyungsoo easily took the pen away with a victorious sound.

Baekhyun whined loudly, his competitive self taking over, and Kyungsoo stayed there, on top of him, just looking at him. Taking in the person that he liked so much. Had always liked so much. Maybe since the very beginning. Maybe all it had taken was to be confronted by it for Kyungsoo to notice. Maybe somewhere along the way, weeks ago, months ago, days ago, the attraction he had always felt had turned into something else. Way before the first kiss, perhaps.

Breathless, Baekhyun glared at him and reached for the pen again. Breathless for another reason, Kyungsoo grabbed his hand and squeezed his fingers certainly not hard enough. He brought his other hand to Baekhyun’s face and traced a wobbly line on his cheek with the pen.

"You’re giving me cancer," Baekhyun half wailed, half laughed, finally pushing Kyungsoo away.

Stomach hurting, chest puffy with delight, Kyungsoo moved back to his spot on the other side of the table.

"You’re giving me a headache," he retorted, much calmer.

Baekhyun sat up, hair a mess, clothes a mess, and his gaze a mess too as he looked at Kyungsoo with discontentment in the twist of his lips but amusement in the twinkling of his eyes.

After a while of silently staring each other down while Baekhyun rubbed at the unbudging ink on his cheek, they both promptly burst into laughter.
What Kyungsoo felt for him had never been clearer.

"This thing kinda deflated a little," Baekhyun noticed later that night as Kyungsoo stepped into the bedroom after getting changed in the bathroom.

Kyungsoo moved to stand next to him, adjusting his shirt as he looked down at the mattress.

"You should inflate it a little. You’ve been using it for two weeks, it’s normal," Kyungsoo reassured him as he jumped from there to his bed.

Baekhyun snorted when he almost fell to the other side but when Kyungsoo looked back at him again, he was smiling too widely.

"Can’t you do it for me? The air pump is just there," he said, pointing at the black device shoved under Kyungsoo’s bedside table. Kyungsoo raised an eyebrow at him. "I’m too lazy to do it."

When the Duck Lips were deployed, Kyungsoo laid down and turned his back to them.

"No, do it yourself," he huffed, decided to stop being so whipped for Baekhyun.

It was for the best. This couldn’t go on. For his own sake.
He heard Baekhyun huff before the mattress groaned much louder than usual, startling Kyungsoo. He still didn’t turn around.

"It makes more noise than usual this way," Baekhyun said, much too loudly for it to be just a casual sentence.

"Too bad for you. Goodnight," Kyungsoo singsonged, closing his eyes and crossing his arms against his chest to make sure to lock himself into this position.

Baekhyun stayed silent for a bit before Kyungsoo heard muffled footsteps and the lights were turned off. The mattress wailed in a deep voice when Baekhyun settled on it and Kyungsoo winced a little.

Silence tried lulling him for a little while and Kyungsoo did his best to keep his eyes closed and make himself sleep even if he knew it wouldn’t be possible tonight either. His sleep potion was silently laying a few centimeters away, not reaching for him. Unreachable.

The quietude was broken a short while later, when Baekhyun made the mattress groan by shifting on it. Kyungsoo squeezed his eyes shut harder. The mattress moaned in complaint again, this time a bit slower, the sound dragged. It really was louder than usual. It sometimes woke Kyungsoo up in the middle of the night. Now, he was sure he wouldn’t even be able to sleep if Baekhyun kept moving. He did. The mattress groaned again and again, insufferably as Baekhyun moved and after a few minutes, Kyungsoo sat up with a sharp movement.

Baekhyun opened one eye, looking at him and humming a questioning sound.

"It’s too noisy," Kyungsoo grumbled, frowning.

It wasn’t like it prevented him from sleeping— that wasn’t what prevented him from sleeping. But it was annoying.

"Well, I did say it needed to be inflated again," Baekhyun said around a yawn that stretched both his words and his mouth wide.

Kyungsoo frowned harder, scrutinizing him. Baekhyun looked back at him and Kyungsoo knew. He knew but he was still so fucking whipped so he spoke his next words out in a grumble.
"Just sleep in the bed, we’ll inflate it tomorrow before school," he said, moving aside to make room for Baekhyun, reluctant, scared for his own wellbeing.

Baekhyun instantly sat up, sleepiness gone from his features.

"That’s not what I planned to hear but it works perfectly fine too," he chirped and in a second, he was up and sliding into Kyungsoo’s bed with a silly grin, already patting his pillow down next to Kyungsoo’s.

Kyungsoo grumbled under his breath and Baekhyun pretended not to hear him as he dragged the blanket over both of them evenly and then patted his own chest. He was still beaming at Kyungsoo, vivid and wide. He could imagine the hue of his smile in the darkness of the room, could feel his heart and his gaze and his entire being gravitating towards those lips. He turned his back to Baekhyun and mushed his head against his pillow.

He could feel every patch of skin on his bones, every hair standing on his neck, and every beat of his heart as silence tucked an additional blanket over them. He was conscious of every single one of his moves, every hesitating slide of his feet against the mattress. Every breath Baekhyun took behind him, so close, too close for Kyungsoo who had even more trouble sleeping when what he needed was just there but he couldn’t reach for it. He couldn’t.

He wanted to check what time it was but couldn’t find it in himself to reach for his phone when Baekhyun was laying between him and the bedside table it was on. He didn’t want to get any closer to him. He also didn’t want to risk waking him up with the light from the device.

It was only when the itch to lay on his other side hit, much later, that Kyungsoo turned around. He met the clarity of Baekhyun’s gaze. No drowsiness, no closed eyelids standing between them. Kyungsoo rigidified for a second before shoving his hands under the blanket. Baekhyun’s hair looked almost white, silver in the darkness. There was no light in the room, the blinds were pulled down. Kyungsoo still saw everything, the shape of the corners of Baekhyun’s eyes, the mole on his temple, the one above his lips, the slope of his nose, the pigmentation of his lips.

It was all seared in Kyungsoo. A breathtaking image. He didn’t think he’d ever get tired of scrutinizing it.

"Can’t sleep?" came Baekhyun’s voice in a whisper, after a moment Kyungsoo spent squeezing his hands into fists under the blanket.
So close. Sleep was so close. The fineness of Baekhyun’s lower lip was so close. The plumpness it shaped into when he kissed Kyungsoo. So close.

The sound of his swallowing seemed to echo in the silence of the room. He shook his head as much as he could, gaze never straying away from Baekhyun’s. It wasn’t difficult. They were enchanting, his eyes.

Kyungsoo couldn’t sleep because Baekhyun hadn’t kissed him. Kyungsoo needed Baekhyun to kiss him to sleep. Kyungsoo just needed Baekhyun to kiss him for any other reason. Without any reason.

"You neither?" he returned, voice shuddering in the air.

Baekhyun shook his head too. His cheek was squished against the pillow. It looked pretty. The line Kyungsoo had drawn on his other cheek was faint now. A corner of his lips was hidden against the cushiony surface. Kyungsoo yearned to see it. Feel it. Taste it.

He could still feel Baekhyun’s kiss on his lips like a permanent impression but it wasn’t the same. It was a memory, a haze, nothing but a dream. Kyungsoo wanted to kiss reality. Wanted to kiss Baekhyun. More than he had ever wanted anything else, enough for his lips to press together in an attempt to suppress a numbing craving.

When their lips pressed together, Kyungsoo felt every single fiber of himself sharpening, thrumming, gathering in one single spot shaped into Baekhyun’s lips. He couldn’t feel anything else, couldn’t feel his hands as they grabbed the blanket and squeezed hard, couldn’t feel the tension in his legs, couldn’t feel the air he breathed. He couldn’t feel anything else but the slenderness of Baekhyun’s cupid’s bow nudging in-between his lips, the patch of his skin hugging Baekhyun’s lower lip, right below his own. He couldn’t feel anything that wasn’t Baekhyun.

In that moment, he was nothing but a mouth that kissed Baekhyun. A mouth that Baekhyun kissed back, for the first time.

The pressure against his lips wasn’t limp, wasn’t weighted down by slumber, wasn’t blurred from
blindness. It was delicate, hazy, as if he was kissing a dream. Palpable, as if he was kissing something he had imagined every feature of in his head hundreds of times before. It wasn’t a dream, it wasn’t his imagination. He was kissing Baekhyun.

When Baekhyun pulled away, Kyungsoo’s eyes remained closed, his lips parted. The imprint of Baekhyun’s lips was still snuggling his.

With a trembling, satiated breath, he opened his eyes and looked into Baekhyun’s. Not closed. Not asleep. Not unaware.

"Goodnight," Baekhyun breathed into his mouth, perfumed with drowsiness. He was still so close to Kyungsoo.

"Goodnight," Kyungsoo whispered back, the scent of wonderment in his own tone dampened a little bit by how soothed he felt.

His heart was beating too fast yet he felt it slowed down at the same time. Attenuated. Alleviated.

Baekhyun always created a mess inside of him. His feelings for Baekhyun were still as lucid as ever.

He didn’t turn around and Baekhyun didn’t either. They kept their eyes on each other, blinking together. Kyungsoo would kiss this memory a lot.

Baekhyun’s eyes closed not long after.

Kyungsoo followed along and wished he would dream of this. Not because he yearned. Because it would be a beautiful dream.
It was a loud clunk followed by a distant groan that woke Kyungsoo up in the morning.

The echo of that groan came from his own mouth as he raised his head from the pillow and turned to look to his right, where the disturbance seemed to be placed. Baekhyun’s sheepish smile and his scrunched up features being his first glimpse of a new day should’ve annoyed him. Instead, Kyungsoo buried his face and his laughter on his pillow, diffusing it with another groan as he stretched his legs.

"What are you doing there?" he mumbled, sitting up to get a better view of Baekhyun and clearing his throat since half of his sentence was lost in sleep-dusted rust.

Baekhyun was still in the bedroom. He didn’t know why, but Kyungsoo was relieved. He was crouching next to his mattress, hands holding onto the air pump and it’s long hose, obviously failing to get it out from under the bedside table. Kyungsoo was glad it wasn’t his head that he had bumped against anything.

"I said I would inflate this baby a little more in the morning," he explained, the corners of his lips snuggling up into his cheeks when his smile broadened. He looked like he had slept much better than yesterday. Kyungsoo had too.

He got the pump out with another loud bump and a twist of his lips. Kyungsoo blinked and his gaze fell down to Baekhyun’s mouth. His lips looked smooth today, not chapped, not dry. A little reddened, as if he had eaten something strawberry-flavored and it had stained his skin. Or maybe not. Kyungsoo knew Baekhyun didn’t need to eat anything sugary for his mouth to taste like candy.

They had kissed last night. Baekhyun had kissed him. While awake.

It took him a few more blinks to regain control over his eyes and look back up into Baekhyun’s. His cheeks were even more defined now. His smile had grown in the few seconds Kyungsoo had spent blankly staring at him. Kyungsoo cleared his throat again and coughed afterwards to disguise it as a natural reaction to having just woken up instead of having just gotten caught staring at Baekhyun’s lips.
Kyungsoo wondered if it was the first time he had gotten caught. If it wasn’t, Baekhyun had never called him out on it. He didn’t now either. He had kissed Kyungsoo last night. Kyungsoo’s lips twitched, the corners reaching up to tickle his cheeks.

"That thing is so noisy," he said and he should sound reprimanding but his voice sounded smiley even to his own ears. He crossed his legs and dropped his hands in the hollow of them. "Were you really going to do this while I was sleeping?"

Baekhyun hummed for a while. Loudly enough for Kyungsoo to know it was just for show. Then he raised the hose of the pump towards Kyungsoo, pointing at him with it.

"Well, if it did wake you up then you’d help me so I wasn’t even going to hesitate before doing it," he shamelessly confessed, reaching for the sheet they had led over the mattress for more comfort and pulling it away. "But you woke up even before I started so I guess your fate really is to help me with this."

He wasn’t looking at Kyungsoo anymore, focusing on pulling the little cap out of the mattress and shoving the hose in the spot made to pump air through.

He was still grinning. The blinds were still pulled down but only halfway through, he had probably pulled them up a bit to see better. Mischief suited him so much. The pale blond of his hair suited him so much. The mussed strands falling over his eyes suited him so much. The gray, loose fabric of his shirt tracing over his shoulders suited him so much. The perky pink of his lips suited his smile like a slice of strawberry laying on a cloud of whipped cream.

He suited kissing Kyungsoo so much.

Kyungsoo wanted to ask him if he was aware of it too, if that was why he had kissed Kyungsoo last night.

But he didn’t. Because this was so comfortable. Having kissed Baekhyun while they were both awake but still being treated like Kyungsoo the next morning. He could’ve felt like Baekhyun was acting as if nothing had happened. He could’ve been upset, maybe should’ve been upset about this. He wasn’t. Because he liked Baekhyun. As someone to kiss. As someone to laugh with.

And they laughed a lot, like they always did.
Kyungsoo eventually got up to help Baekhyun with the pump. It was a cheap one with a hose and an airbag that worked like an accordion. They had to press on one side of it for air to pump into the mattress and after only a few seconds of doing it, Baekhyun started complaining about leg cramps. His cheeks betrayed him, ripe with amusement and glowing with the smile he couldn’t suppress. Kyungsoo knew it. He still took over and pumped until the mattress was hard again but not uncomfortably so.

To thank him, Baekhyun asked him to try the mattress on. As soon as Kyungsoo laid on it, he started pumping air right into his face, leg suddenly much stronger and efficient than earlier. Kyungsoo’s laughter was airy, loud and despite being completely able to escape since Baekhyun wasn’t holding him down, he lay there and let the other make him laugh until his stomach hurt.

It was only when Kyungsoo faked a sob that Baekhyun stopped with a triumphant *haha* that was cut off when Kyungsoo grabbed his waist and pulled him down, wrestling him until he was straddling him. He tickled Baekhyun until he was sure his stomach would hurt as much Kyungsoo’s.

He wished it were just as easy to make sure his heart beat as ardently as Kyungsoo’s as well.

But there was no way to know. And that was okay.

What wasn’t, was that Kyungsoo didn’t know why Baekhyun had kissed him. A goodnight kiss without the sleepiness accompanying it. Baekhyun left for class half an hour later, without alluding to last night, to anything that had ever happened between them. Kyungsoo couldn’t hold him back, unable to bring himself to actually risk anything. To risk never experiencing this with Baekhyun again. Not the kisses. The laughter. The familiarity. The friendship. Baekhyun.

He still wanted to know though. He still needed to.

Because as much as this was nice, just being Kyungsoo and Baekhyun as they had always been, he wasn’t sure this could go on. Not because Kyungsoo wanted Baekhyun to give him more than this. Just because he didn’t want to lose this. The kisses might feel like the best thing to have ever happened between them now, but Kyungsoo feared not talking about it would ruin *them* in the long run.

He could ruin their friendship by misunderstanding things, abusing things, getting carried away.
He had stayed quiet about this long enough.

He wanted to kiss Baekhyun. He wanted to actually hear that Baekhyun wanted to kiss him too.

That night, Kyungsoo was already in bed when Baekhyun got home from work.

He wasn’t asleep, he couldn’t and wouldn’t be able to sleep either. Just like he hadn’t been able to focus on anything else but Baekhyun and what he was supposed to tell him throughout his whole day. He would have to get notes for most of his classes from Chanwoo.

While Baekhyun showered, Kyungsoo remained on his bed and stared at the same article that had been displayed on his phone for ten minutes straight without him ever actually reading it. It wasn’t the words on the screen that he was reading but the speech he had prepared back in American Civilization class. A speech for Baekhyun. And himself. He was doing this for both Baekhyun and himself.

He had to do this. Even if he couldn’t help but feel stupid about how courageous he had felt that morning. Now, part of him wanted to hide under his blanket and pretend he was asleep. Pretend nothing had changed between them and never would. The prospect of losing Baekhyun’s friendship was much scarier than losing his kisses.

When Baekhyun came back from the bathroom, hair wet and the hem of his sweatpants spilling over half of his bare feet, Kyungsoo pushed his thumb too hard against the screen and his nail clashed against it.

"I swear, if I didn’t like beer so much, I’d start hating it because of this job," he said as he plopped
down on his mattress with a noise, yawn stretching his words.

Kyungsoo swallowed down his fears and looked at him. His skin had a slight flush to it, dewy from the shower. Not as roseate as his kisses.

"Bad day?" was all Kyungsoo could ask, a corner of his phone digging into the palm of his hand.

"Drunk people," Baekhyun answered with a shake of his head, smiling up at Kyungsoo. "How was your day?" he then asked, hand reaching for the phone he had chugged near his mattress earlier.

"It was great. I just went to class and came back home," he said, straining his throat not to strain his voice. Although, it still came out in a thick roll of nervousness and Baekhyun seemed to catch up on it.

He scrutinized Kyungsoo for an idle moment, his gaze calling to Kyungsoo’s heart and making it clash against his ribcage over and over again with force. Then, he yawned again. His eyes remained hooded afterwards.

"Let’s just sleep the bad day away," he mumbled, sliding down to lay on the bed with a loud cracking sound that made Kyungsoo chortle as he mimicked him and laid down too.

Neither of them slept right away. Baekhyun was still on his phone and Kyungsoo was still staring at that random article he didn’t even know the title of. They weren’t this silent, usually. Maybe Baekhyun had sensed that Kyungsoo wasn’t his usual self. Maybe that was just wishful thinking.

Kyungsoo wanted to get this over with, no matter what the outcome would be. But he didn’t even know how to start, what to say, even if he had rehearsed it so many times only minutes before. He didn’t know if he was ready to actually say it. That he liked Baekhyun. He didn’t know if he was ready to actually hear it. That Baekhyun might not like him back. He wanted this to be sorted out but part of him wanted things to remain just as they were, them laughing together, them being friends that were even closer now than they had been two weeks ago. Kissing.

He noticed that his phone had locked up, his own reflection staring back at him on the screen, his furrowed eyebrows and the lines on his forehead. The lights weren’t turned off yet.

Kyungsoo took a deep, silent breath in. He had to do this. This couldn’t go on any longer.
"Can I kiss you?"

If Kyungsoo’s grip on his phone hadn’t been so hard already, the device would’ve dropped to his
nose at the sudden rise of Baekhyun’s voice.

Slowly, Kyungsoo turned his head to look at him, mouth parted, wild heartbeat pulsing in the curve
of his lower lip. Baekhyun wanted to kiss it. His mouth. Maybe not his heartbeat.

He was still laying down but wasn’t holding onto his phone anymore. He was looking at Kyungsoo
with a steady gaze, his damp hair fluffed over his forehead and on his pillow. Nothing in him
explicitly hinted at nervousness but Kyungsoo knew him well enough to tell he was nervous from
how fixated his gaze was on the person he was talking to. Kyungsoo made him nervous, right at
this moment. He couldn’t even rejoice when the apprehension carved in his stomach dipped so low
it was the only thing he could feel.

He had never asked that before. They hadn’t talked about it after the morning following the
moment Kyungsoo had pushed him away from the bed, from his mouth. They hadn’t talked about
it this morning. Baekhyun was asking him if he could kiss him and waiting for an answer with his
attentive gaze, the inertia in his body.

Kyungsoo wanted to say yes. Kyungsoo shouldn’t say yes.

He lowered his phone down to his chest, pressed it against his heartbeat strongly to suffocate it.

His lips moved silently for a moment before the word was willing to get out. "Why?"

His voice was hesitant, frightened into quietness and yet, Kyungsoo caught Baekhyun blink as if
he was startled by it.

"Huh?" was his answered, an equally as small sound. His lips were still shaped into it when it
ended, parted, his lower lip rubified. Maybe he had been sinking his teeth into it.

Kyungsoo sat up with a shuddery breath and a weight in his entire body. He turned to face
Baekhyun and crossed his legs, hands clutching onto his blanket. This was difficult. It was almost
agonizing to sit there and attempt saying the words he should say when he could just kiss Baekhyun and not speak. But they needed to.

Baekhyun was still staring at him. Kyungsoo’s gaze treacherously flickered to his mouth.

"Why did you kiss me? Why do you keep kissing me goodnight?" he mumbled, more like a musing than a questioning.

He wanted to know. He needed to know.

Baekhyun’s lips pressed together, skin paling under the pressure. The mattress groaned as he sat up and for the first time ever, neither of them smiled at it. Kyungsoo’s features were numb with anguish as he watched Baekhyun cross his legs and face him, mimicking his position.

He wasn’t looking at Kyungsoo anymore. Kyungsoo didn’t know whether he should take it as a liberation from the effect of those beautiful eyes or a foreshadowing of him never being able to meet Baekhyun’s gaze again after this. He was glad Baekhyun was looking down at his own hands rather than at Kyungsoo. He had never felt so scared in his life. And it was stupid. Because this was Baekhyun. But it wasn’t stupid. Because this was Baekhyun.

Baekhyun whose lips Kyungsoo was staring at and for the first time, maybe the first time ever, it wasn’t because he wanted to kiss them. It was because he felt like those lips could either put his heart in a glossy box topped with a bow and gift it to Baekhyun, or cage it in an empty one that echoed with regret and the crumbled remnants of their friendship.

Because this would change everything. No matter how much Kyungsoo told himself that it wouldn’t, that just being Baekhyun’s friend would be enough, it would still change things. Maybe not forever, maybe just until he managed to erase the stamp of Baekhyun’s kiss from his lips, but it still would shift everything between them.

Kyungsoo’s fingers were trying their hardest to rip a hole in his blanket. Baekhyun’s lips parted and closed in silence for a while before any sound was produced.

"It’s because," Baekhyun started and ended with a sigh. He brought a hand up to rub his chin, a finger crossing over his lips as he glanced at Kyungsoo and didn’t look away again. Something bubbled in Kyungsoo. Hope. He leaned closer. Baekhyun dropped his hand down again, sighed another breath out. "This started because when I was with Sehun, I used to kiss him goodnight
every night. It’s a habit. I couldn’t sleep without doing it." He huffed out a small laugh that didn’t match the rigidity on his face. The bubbles turned into scalding boils. "I still can’t sleep without doing it. I guess that’s why I kissed you the first time and it just stuck after that and I kept doing it."

That was the reason.

Kyungsoo’s fingers remained tangled in the blanket. There was no hole yet Kyungsoo felt the rip. The knit of Baekhyun’s eyebrows as he finally looked at him again and the apology twisting his lips widened it.

Baekhyun kissed him because he was used to kissing Sehun. Not because he was Kyungsoo.

"I see," Kyungsoo managed to say, such simple words burning his mouth. Baekhyun’s mouth didn’t look sweet anymore, just sour as he looked at Kyungsoo. Baekhyun always faced his wrongdoings.

Kyungsoo hadn't expected this to be one of them. He had expected rejection but he hadn’t expected not even being rejected. Baekhyun couldn’t reject him if it wasn’t even Kyungsoo he had been kissing, in his mind.

It wasn’t a box around his heart. Baekhyun didn’t put it in a pretty box, nor in an empty one. Baekhyun didn’t even glance at Kyungsoo’s heart.

Kyungsoo felt his heart melting under the lack of acknowledgment, spreading through his whole body in aching sizzle. It was still beating so fast. Now, it was painful. Most of the pain was gathered in his chest, close enough to Kyungsoo’s throat for his breath to stutter when he let out a laugh. Baekhyun always made him laugh. This time, it didn’t make Kyungsoo feel broad with lightness. It made him shrink into himself, limbs snappy.

"I see," he repeated, looking away because Baekhyun was still looking at him with those apologetic eyes and those regretful teeth digging into that deceptive mouth. Beautiful. It was still the most beautiful hue Kyungsoo had ever seen. He gathered his legs against his chest as he moved to lay down again, turning his back to Baekhyun. "Goodnight then," Kyungsoo said because he should be angry, upset, but he still liked Baekhyun and he was still so fucking whipped and the mere fact that Baekhyun felt bad about this made him feel worse.
Baekhyun didn’t answer. Kyungsoo kept his folded legs close to his chest, blanket pulled up to his ears. He still heard his heart’s complaints waling with every beat. He still heard Baekhyun’s silence with clarity.

It took a short moment for the silence to be disrupted when Baekhyun moved. A few seconds later, the lights were turned off and he regained his noisy mattress. He was so noisy. Kyungsoo kept hearing him. Kept seeing him. Kept feeling him. But it was all just Kyungsoo.

Kyungsoo had overreacted. He had taken things too far. He had started liking Baekhyun after a few kisses when he had never even been in Baekhyun’s mind whenever he kissed Kyungsoo.

He wasn’t even sure he had started liking Baekhyun after the kisses.

His fingers still gripped the blanket tightly. He was pressing his head too hard against the pillow, heartbeat in his temple. What he was sure of was that Baekhyun was laying there, right behind him, not even a meter separating them, but he was unreachable. Baekhyun was silent. Baekhyun was never silent, not even when he was sleeping. He was always unreachable.

But why was he unreachable? They had kissed a lot. Last night, he hadn’t even been asleep when they had kissed. Kyungsoo liked him. Baekhyun didn’t know that Kyungsoo liked him. He had never told him. Because he kept focusing on Baekhyun’s feelings and not on his own. He wanted Baekhyun to know that he liked him. He needed Baekhyun to know that he liked him. That he wasn’t just going with this because Baekhyun was Baekhyun and Kyungsoo was whipped.

He sat up in a sudden movement, staring right ahead of himself. He wanted Baekhyun to know. Without uttering a single word, Kyungsoo turned towards Baekhyun and threw his legs over the edge of the bed. His gaze fell down to Baekhyun’s mouth, lips parted in confusion or surprise. He didn’t know and didn’t look into his eyes to figure it out. If he looked into his eyes, Kyungsoo wouldn’t be able to do this.

Sliding off the bed, he dropped to his knees in the small space separating his bed from Baekhyun’s mattress. Baekhyun’s lips puckered a little bit, a word wilting in their beauty before it was even formed. Kyungsoo moved closer and reached a hand towards him, cupping his cheek. His gaze was deliberately lost between the hills of Baekhyun’s upper lip. Kyungsoo had lost so many things there. Sleep. Thoughts. A heart.

He remained inert. Just because he was so close to Baekhyun. Just because he could feel the flush of Baekhyun’s cheek against the palm of his hand. Just because he wanted Baekhyun to push him away, pull away, stop him if he felt like it.
He didn’t. Kyungsoo’s eyes flickered up to Baekhyun’s. He was looking at him, seeing him, but wasn’t pushing him away, wasn’t uttering a single confused word, not one nervous laugh. Kyungsoo’s other hand grabbed the blanket, only a few centimeters away from where Baekhyun’s own hands were clutching the blue fabric. It felt like they were holding hands when Kyungsoo was the one to lean down and let his lips embrace Baekhyun’s.

His lips blanketed Baekhyun’s. Kyungsoo laid his mouth down on the cushion of his lower lip and Baekhyun fluffed it into the kiss to welcome him. It was small, just a peck, but Kyungsoo felt it breathe comfort into him with each careful graze of his thumb against the apple of Baekhyun’s cheek. It felt like he was touching marshmallows, dipping his lips into melted chocolate.

He would never get enough of the sapidity of Baekhyun’s lips, the savor in the plumpness of his lower lip when Kyungsoo kissed it, when Baekhyun jutted it out for Kyungsoo to hug it in a second peck. It was slow, the drag of Baekhyun’s skin against his when he kissed a corner of Kyungsoo’s lower lip. He kissed him back with ease. Kyungsoo’s hand dug a groan out of the mattress and neither of them cared, he barely even heard it over the sound of his heartbeat, the perkiness of the sound emitted when their lips parted ways. Their breaths still kissed each other.

Kyungsoo’s hand felt down the skin of Baekhyun’s cheek, following the slope of his jaw until his palm cradled his neck instead, the length of a finger grazing his earlobe, thumb tracing the sharpness of his jawline. Kyungsoo felt slow fingers circling his wrist. Not stopping, not pulling, just holding it there. Baekhyun wasn’t moving but Kyungsoo still felt a pull and this time, he pressed his cupid’s bow right in the dip of Baekhyun’s, relishing in the delectability he could only find right there and nowhere else.

He felt himself deliquescing, reposing on the plumosity of Baekhyun’s lips, slotting his mouth better against his, seeping into every textured line, every rougher patch of skin. It was homely. Kissing Baekhyun was homely. A thumb circled his wrist bone just as Kyungsoo sketched the dip from Baekhyun’s jaw to his neck with a brush of his own.

When he pulled away, it was slowly. Everything in Baekhyun still pulled everything in Kyungsoo close, preventing him from moving away more than just enough to speak properly. He couldn’t speak properly, not when he watched Baekhyun’s eyes flutter open for his gaze to fall into Kyungsoo’s so leisurely, the bat of his eyelashes more graceful to Kyungsoo’s eyes than it probably should be. It was the kiss’ fault. Kyungsoo still felt it. Inscribed on his lips.

Baekhyun’s hand was still holding onto his wrist. Kyungsoo’s gaze fell to the chocolate chip on his thumb then swung to the crumble above his upper lip, just as flavored. He wanted more of it. He looked back into Baekhyun’s eyes and his hand shifted, gliding until he could press his thumb on the corner of Baekhyun’s lips. The pad of his finger traced a small round there and Baekhyun
parted his lips but Kyungsoo was the one to speak the jumble in his mind out.

"Why do you keep thinking about him when I’m the one kissing you?" he whispered, gaze entranced by how cottony Baekhyun’s skin felt and looked on the that corner of his mouth. He leaned down again, hand nuzzling against Baekhyun’s neck again as he pressed a kiss on the spot his thumb had warmed for him. "Do you keep thinking about him when we’re kissing?"

The fear sizzled in his stomach again when he met Baekhyun’s gaze. It was dark all around but there was a breathtaking lucidity in Baekhyun’s eyes as they looked into Kyungsoo’s. His hand slid down along Kyungsoo’s forearm, index finger pressing on his wrist bone.

He said nothing, just looked at Kyungsoo. And Kyungsoo was scared. Scared that Baekhyun wouldn’t tell him that it wasn’t him that he thought about. Not his lips. Not his cheeks. Not his goodnight kisses. Not him. But Sehun’s.

Kyungsoo didn’t even want to compete with Sehun. He didn’t want to be compared to Sehun. He just wanted to be Kyungsoo. He just wanted Baekhyun to kiss him because he was Kyungsoo and no one else. He didn’t know how to say it. He couldn’t say it. Baekhyun made him feel so stupid.

And it was okay, it was forgotten when Baekhyun raised his head off the pillow to kiss Kyungsoo again. Another small snuggle of their lips together. He pulled Kyungsoo’s lower lip along just a little bit when he laid back down. Kyungsoo didn’t know if it had been on purpose. The jest in his newly forming smile seemed to suggest so. Kyungsoo hoped so.

"I never really think about him when I kiss you. I don’t think I do even when I’m asleep and unaware of what I’m doing," Baekhyun says, voice weaving between them, around Kyungsoo’s shoulders and trying to pull him closer.

He fought it, because he wanted to see Baekhyun as he spoke. He wanted to see the fast blinking of his eyes, the stability in his gaze, his lips forming an airy laugh. Nervous.

"I didn’t think about anyone else when I kissed you last night," Baekhyun spoke again when Kyungsoo remained silent. His heart, on the other hand, was anything but silent as it crashed against his chest loudly, demanding Baekhyun to continue alleviating it. "I just kissed you because you were there. Your mouth was right there for me to kiss and you didn’t push me away and I like kissing and I also kinda like your mouth so I guess my mind just decided that there was no reason for me not to kiss it."
Kyungsoo remained unmoving, unblinking. His hand was starting to hurt from keeping it dug into the mattress but he could barely even feel it over the elation puffing in his chest. He didn’t know what to say. He had so many things to say.

"You like my mouth?" was what said mouth chose to utter for him.


"It’s a nice mouth," Baekhyun slurred, lips barely moving as he seemed to stare at Kyungsoo’s.

Kyungsoo’s gaze fell to the plumate confection that enslaved his cravings.

"I like your mouth too," he said, subconsciously leaning closer. He could see its exact shade in his head. He knew its texture. He could kiss Baekhyun in his head, if he felt like it. But he liked feeling Baekhyun’s mouth better. "It’s pretty."

Baekhyun’s smile was something else. Something that made his lips even rosier, smoother, more lustrous depending on the light. Something that gathered so many emotions: joy, mischief, danger, addiction. Something that was just Baekhyun.

"I guess our pretty lips are made to kiss each other goodnight then," that exhilarating smile said and it was so lame. It truly was.

Baekhyun kissed him again before he had the chance to say it. A smooch that came with a brisk sound. The mattress whined when Baekhyun laid back down, looking at him with that smile. The one that made him look like he could burst into laughter at any moment. Happy laughter.

Kyungsoo liked him so much. He made his heart jumpy. Made his chest puffed and flimsy. Made his stomach stir with nervousness, the good kind. Made his cheek hurt from smiling too hard, like he did now. Made him happy.

He should tell him. He was a bit dizzy from merriment. Kissing Baekhyun was one thing, wording how much he liked him was another. Different, much more difficult. Kyungsoo wasn’t good with words.
"We should sleep," he said, letting another chance crumble into dust in his hand. He gulped down, eyes flickering to Baekhyun’s smile. It widened. It winded Kyungsoo. "We have class tomorrow."

Baekhyun nodded and Kyungsoo’s hand fell to his shoulder with the movement. He pulled it away, remained there for a few seconds, looking into Baekhyun’s eyes, entirely conscious of every part of himself. He stood up, finally pulling his hand away from the mattress which made Baekhyun sway a little on top of it from the redistribution of the air inside. Baekhyun’s one hand was still clutching the blanket, his other had fallen down from Kyungsoo’s arm and to his chest instead when he stood up.

Kyungsoo felt stiff. Not with discomfort, just with contentment. There was so much of it, it didn’t fit in his body, crammed against every corner and made it difficult to move back to his own bed. He still did, however, laying down and looking up at the ceiling. Baekhyun didn’t move.

"Goodnight," Kyungsoo muttered, voice sounding a bit awkward.

"Goodnight," Baekhyun returned, equally as quiet.

Kyungsoo turned his head towards him and as soon as their gazes met, they promptly burst into laughter. Loud, long, their bodies twisting towards each other, their features scrunching, and their voices turning breathless by the end of it.

"You’re so lame," Baekhyun said, voice skippy with laughter.

Kyungsoo tried to stop laughing and glare at him instead. "I will strangle you in your sleep."

"You’d never," Baekhyun snorted. His smile was lucent even in the darkness of the room.

Kyungsoo’s cheeks bunched up into a simper. "I’d never," he admitted something they both already knew in a hushed voice.

They didn’t say anything after that, only looked at each other as their blinking slowed down. They could both sleep now. Baekhyun’s smile didn’t leave him until his features slackened into slumber.
The tingle in Kyungsoo’s mouth and in his heart lingered on even after Baekhyun fell asleep. He had a feeling it would linger on for a long, long time.

When Kyungsoo woke up in the morning, he was left alone with the urge to kiss Baekhyun.

He sat up with a groan as he stretched his arms over his head and looked down at Baekhyun’s mattress. They had kissed there, last night. Baekhyun had told him he didn’t kiss him because he was used to kissing Sehun. He kissed him because he liked Kyungsoo’s mouth.

Kyungsoo hadn’t told him that he liked him but he didn’t regret it that much. Now that he was a little more hopeful about that, he didn’t have to rush it. He could tell him one day. When he’d have enough courage to. When Baekhyun wouldn’t make him so nervous anymore that he forgot his every word. Though, he wasn’t sure that would ever stop. Not unless Baekhyun changed his smile into an ugly one. That didn’t seem possible either.

Sounds drifted from the kitchen, pulling Kyungsoo up to his feet. He passed by the bathroom first, washing up quickly, before heading to the kitchen. He stood in the threshold and the sight of Baekhyun standing in front of the counter pushed a smile into his cheeks. He couldn’t see what he was doing but from the small clacking Kyungsoo could hear, he was chopping vegetables. Very slowly, the drag of the knife into the vegetable much longer than the snap of the knife into the cutting board. Something was cooking on the stove, sizzling.

From the way Baekhyun’s shoulders were tensed and the careful lowering of his arm, Kyungsoo could imagine his teeth digging into his lower lip, white stark against skin pigmented red by concentration. His stomach felt funny. Kyungsoo had been walking around with the urge to kiss Baekhyun for more than two weeks now but it seemed stronger this morning. Strong enough for his heart to knock against his chest strongly in an attempt to push him towards Baekhyun even though he hadn’t caught a single glimpse of those lips yet. Maybe it was because he knew that Baekhyun liked kissing him too now. It only made the prospect of kissing him more appealing.
Because he wanted to make Baekhyun happy, at the very least content, through their kiss.

Feet heavy but lighter than ever at the same time, he stepped forward. His cheeks were already starting to hurt from smiling too wide. Baekhyun didn’t only make him feel stupid. He probably also made him look stupid.

"Whoa, is this a dream?" he said, not too loud since Baekhyun was holding a knife and he didn’t want to cause an accident by startling him.

Baekhyun stopped chopping and turned to look over his shoulder, eyebrows wiggly and funny.

"I’ll take that as you thinking I look like a dream," he said, voice drawled out and overly sugary.

Kyungsoo liked it. He was kind of right. He still narrowed his eyes at Baekhyun as if he was weird.

"You’re more of a nightmare with that messy hair," he snorted, eyeing the blond strands that were sticking up higher than usual. He had probably ran his hand through it and played with it, he did that often whenever he was thinking. "I meant you cooking alone. Too good to be true," he added as he approached the other and stood besides him.

Lips pressed together and eyebrows raised, Baekhyun gave Kyungsoo a mock exasperated look and brandished his knife towards him.

"It’s because you’re like this that I wanted to show you I’m good at cooking alone too. Not just together with you," he huffed before letting go of his knife and bumping his hips into Kyungsoo’s strongly to push him away from the stove so he could stand in front of it himself.

Kyungsoo laughed heartily. Nothing had changed. This was comfortable.

"What are you making?" he asked as Baekhyun flipped four slices of bread over in the biggest pan Kyungsoo owned. It was a tight fit, he should’ve cooked them by two instead but Kyungsoo said nothing.

He struggled a little to flip them and when Kyungsoo laughed again, he feigned hitting him with
his spatula. Kyungsoo whistled as he noted that the bread wasn’t burned but perfectly grilled—except on the corners. Pride glowed on the apple of Baekhyun’s cheeks as he grinned.

"Egg sandwiches," he said and Kyungsoo hummed in approval, biting his lip to conceal another smile when Baekhyun returned to chopping carrots awkwardly, the matchsticks larger than necessary. The onions were chopped nicely though, already waiting in the bowl next to the cutting board. He didn’t look at Kyungsoo when he spoke again, focused on pulling his fingers back each time the knife was getting too close. "Do you want ham and cheese in yours?"

"No, thanks," Kyungsoo shook his head before stepping back. "I’ll let you show me your talent then. And supervise you from over there," he said, nodding towards the kitchen island.

Baekhyun smiled at him, accepting the challenge.

"Alright, Chef," he still said with a mocking undertone.

Kyungsoo pulled on a strand of his hair on his way to the island and Baekhyun wailed exaggeratedly about sabotage.

They had cooked quite a few times together in the past weeks, eating dinner together almost every day Baekhyun didn’t have to work. He knew Baekhyun wasn’t too bad of a cook. He still watched his every move. Though, more than a need to make sure Baekhyun didn’t break, burn, or hurt anything, it was just that Kyungsoo couldn’t not watch him. Baekhyun had that about him. Always made Kyungsoo look at him.

He turned to give Kyungsoo a satisfied smile whenever he did something right, showing him how good he had grilled the bread with wide movements, huffing at him when he finished cutting the carrot and then the cabbage. Before cracking the eggs, he turned to Kyungsoo and showed them to him, babbling about the art of egg cracking as if he were in a youtube tutorial. He hit one of them too hard against the counter and it dripped a little on the way to the bowl but no major damage happened. Kyungsoo pretended he didn’t see it.

He asked Kyungsoo to put some music on as he started mixing in the eggs with the vegetables and Kyungsoo looked for his favorite songs. He almost bumped his forehead on the island from laughing too hard when Baekhyun sang off tune on purpose. He took it upon himself to rap horrendously with a cavy voice whenever a rap part came on in a song. Baekhyun almost dropped the bowl to the floor as he wheezed.
Eventually, without anyone dying—including his kitchen—Baekhyun presented to him the sandwich that he had cut into two triangles. He pulled his own plate towards himself, gaze fixated on Kyungsoo who stared at his sandwich with an exaggerated thoughtful expression.

Sitting across him on the island, Baekhyun pushed his plate even closer to him and urged him to taste it with wide eyes and a pointed nod. Kyungsoo chose to put an end to the torture and grabbed one triangle to take a generous bite. The sweetness of the sugar brought out the taste of the vegetables and it was better than Kyungsoo had expected, not even the amount of salt was lacking. He took his time to chew, both because it tasted delicious and because the impatience in Baekhyun’s jittery fingers was cute.

He swallowed down and pursed his lips for a second, looking at Baekhyun’s attentive frown.

"It could be better," he settled on saying with a shrug.

Baekhyun obviously didn’t believe him. Kyungsoo probably shouldn’t have taken another bite right after saying those words. His smile expanded and he raised an eyebrow.

"Why don’t you show me something you’re good at then?" he defied Kyungsoo, chin held high, mole tugging a corner of his lips up.

Kyungsoo looked at him. Really looked at him. He was wearing a red shirt today, only a few shades darker than the color of his smile. Red suited him. Suited his skin, his smile, his kiss, his gaze as he sat there and challenged Kyungsoo with nothing but his eyes. Kyungsoo swallowed down. His fingers felt cold when they dropped the sandwich down. Baekhyun’s gaze flickered down, not to the plate but to somewhere on the lower half of Kyungsoo’s face.

The urge to kiss him was still there, amplified by each peal of laughter Baekhyun had given him, had pulled out of him. This time too, Kyungsoo yielded.

Pressing his hands on the island, he stood up from his stool and tipped forward until he could stifle the urge between his and Baekhyun’s lips. He felt the exact moment the smile he kissed turned into a pucker.

This time, it wasn’t just a peck. It started with one, before Kyungsoo dragged his upper lip towards Baekhyun’s mole and kissed the sugariness out of it. Chocolate chip. Kyungsoo’s favorite chocolate chip, right after the one on Baekhyun’s thumb. Baekhyun huffed a chuckle against his
chin and when Kyungsoo felt his hand cupping his cheek, his mouth fell back down to settle properly against Baekhyun’s. It was as slow as last night, just as leisurely, the drag of their lips together just as savory. Kyungsoo fitted a kiss right on Baekhyun’s lower lip, Baekhyun brushed his cupid’s bow against a corner of his mouth and Kyungsoo had always thought Baekhyun’s kisses tasted like candy but he was wrong. They tasted like merriment.

Complete, utter merriment when Baekhyun’s teeth playfully sank into the flesh of Kyungsoo’s lower lip, just a little bit, a sprinkle of spice in the sugar. He returned it by pulling on Baekhyun’s upper lip, just because he could. It made Baekhyun laugh and Kyungsoo imbibed the fruitiness of it by kissing it over and over again. The plushiness of Baekhyun’s lower lip as it fit right in the dip below Kyungsoo’s made him unable to feel the counter’s edge digging into his hips and the strain in his arms from holding himself up for too long.

They kissed for a long time, until Baekhyun laughed whenever he felt Kyungsoo’s arms trembling a bit from the strain, until Kyungsoo pulled away with a frown. Baekhyun’s lips were puffier, redder, had started feeling downier against Kyungsoo’s lips a while ago. He didn’t know for how long they had been kissing. He recognized the smell in the air.

"Why does it smell like something is burning?" he asked, finally standing back and away from the counter. He couldn’t feel his hips and at the same time he could feel them too much.

Baekhyun’s eyes widened.

"I forgot to turn the stove off," he gasped, standing up from his seat in a scramble.

His favorite pan was half ruined but Kyungsoo couldn’t stop himself from laughing until he couldn’t breathe as Baekhyun buzzed around with a panicky expression on and wailed about this ruining his perfect cooking performance.
Chanyeol could be very convincing.

Kyungsoo had planned going back home right after class to read his novel and perhaps finally finish it. But all it had taken was a few messages from Chanyeol and he was now sitting on his small bed, staring at a laptop screen. Chanyeol’s elbow was digging into his side, his bed too narrow for two people to comfortably sit on it together, but it wasn’t anything he wasn’t used to.

Moreover, this season of Tokyo Ghoul was admittedly better than the first one, which was what Chanyeol had based his convincing arguments on to bring Kyungsoo to his dorm. He wouldn’t complain yet.

It was only when the fourth episode came to an end and Chanyeol was humming to the opening of the fifth that Kyungsoo spoke.

"I kissed Baekhyun," he announced randomly because Chanyeol was his best friend and Kyungsoo felt like this was an important event in his life he had to share with him.

And Chanyeol gave a reaction fitting to that title of dumb best friend Kyungsoo liked to give him fondly.

"You kissed him?" he repeated, one hand clutching Kyungsoo’s arm as all his features rounded into surprise.

Kyungsoo bit the memory on his lower lip but was unable to conceal his grin as he nodded to confirm what Chanyeol seemed unable to believe in.

"You finally did it!" Chanyeol congratulated him boisterously, shaking his arm and Kyungsoo chortled which only made Chanyeol tease and shake him harder.

He only stopped when his precious laptop almost fell off the bed. Kyungsoo snickered as he watched him cradle it against his chest and pat it as if it were a pet he had accidentally stepped on the tail of. That had happened once. Except Chanyeol had almost cried back then.

"Are you boyfriends yet?" he asked with his twitchy, wiggly eyebrows and usually Kyungsoo
would’ve laughed at that silly face but now, he just shrugged and looked away.

"I haven’t told him I liked him yet," he mumbled, fumbling with the hem of his shirt.

"Why?" Chanyeol instantly questioned, frowning when Kyungsoo looked at him.

It took him a short moment to answer and a sigh preceded his words.

"I guess I got… shy," he said, grimacing at himself.

Chanyeol gave him a look, the one he always gave him whenever Kyungsoo made a bad joke. Kyungsoo didn’t laugh shamelessly like he usually would. This wasn’t a bad joke. He had had the occasion to confess last night but hadn’t done it. It was difficult. Embarrassing, almost. And a little scary too. Kissing someone and liking them wasn’t the same thing. It was stupid but Kyungsoo wasn’t an overly confident person, he couldn’t ignore the possibility of rejection he had already almost tasted once before the misunderstanding was cleared up. And this was Baekhyun. Not just a random crush. Baekhyun.

"You’re telling me you’re still shy after twenty kisses," Chanyeol said, not really reproachful. The expanding smile that accompanied his words suggested amusement. He knew Kyungsoo enough to believe him.

Kyungsoo still scrunched his face. "We didn’t kiss twenty times."

"So you counted," Chanyeol hummed, mouth wide open in a taunting grin.

Kyungsoo reached to clasp his ear between his fingers in a sharp movement and pulled until Chanyeol was almost toppled over him, wailing loudly enough for him to be satisfied. Only when Chanyeol apologized in a very formal tone did he let go. He still patted his reddened ear afterwards as an apology, followed by another pat on his cheek as Chanyeol grumbled at him.

When Chanyeol reached for his ear as revenge, Kyungsoo scrambled away and managed to escape the bed before Chanyeol could catch him. It took a lot of coaxing and suspicious looks for him to get back on the bed so they could watch a few more episodes.
"When are you going to tell him though?" Chanyeol asked as he typed his password in.

Kyungsoo sighed a little. "I don’t know. There’s no rush," he mumbled, trying his hardest to sound convincing.

"You’re just scared," Chanyeol easily said, without even looking at him.

When Kyungsoo pulled at his ear again, it was because Chanyeol was right.

Unfortunately, Chanyeol managed to pull at both of his ears afterwards and it was very painful but it was okay. Kyungsoo would win next time.

The pasta they had promised to make together was finally made that night.

Watching Baekhyun cook on his own was fun but cooking together with him was even better. Especially when he kept stealing the spaghetti and slurping on them, puckering his lips to the most, hollowing his cheeks, and making very unattractive faces that made Kyungsoo’s stomach hurt from laughing. And his own lips tingle with yearning.

The result was delicious. It was a recipe they had found on the internet right before cooking, one they had both never tried and had adjusted according to the ingredients they had at home. Kyungsoo had added as many vegetables as acceptable and Baekhyun hadn’t even complained. He liked chopping vegetables, even if they had weird forms and were often way too big.

He wasn’t a messy eater when eating noodles but somehow, Baekhyun had ended up with a lot of
sauce stain all around his chin tonight. Often just close enough to his lips for Kyungsoo to stare and stare and stare until those lips told him to eat before the food got caught, all the while narrowing satisfaction into a smile. Baekhyun probably knew it wasn’t the sauce Kyungsoo was staring at, even if he told Baekhyun to stop eating so messily quite a few times. Uselessly.

Now, as they sat on the couch and watched a drama Kyungsoo had never seen but that Baekhyun gushed about the hilarity of, Kyungsoo couldn’t stop staring either. Baekhyun laughed a lot, the color of his lips stretching. The more there was to stare at, the happier Kyungsoo was. He licked his lips a lot too. That was a habit Baekhyun had always had but tonight, it particularly caught his attention. With the light from the television, the sheen his tongue left on his skin was glossier, made his lower lip look plumper.

Baekhyun laughed again and Kyungsoo really couldn’t focus on the movie. One of his hands was resting on his thigh, fingers drumming on the fabric of his sweatpants while the thumb of his other hand fumbled with his pointer finger. He felt jittery, restless, and the light from the screen didn’t change the pigmentation of Baekhyun’s lips at all. He couldn’t see it properly now. He could see it in his head though. He always could. If he closed his eyes, he’d feel the color against the texture of his own lips. But he didn’t want to imagine. He wanted to kiss Baekhyun.

"Why don’t you just kiss me if you want it so much?"

With a startle, Kyungsoo’s widened eyes found Baekhyun’s sparkling ones. Mischief, sweetness, a dusting of confidence. His teasing smile was the cherry on top.

Kyungsoo snorted. It was a breathless sound that made Baekhyun’s smile twitch. He dragged his gaze back up to his eyes again.

"Who says I even want to kiss you?" he said and his voice was as jumpy as his hands were.

He felt nervous. Baekhyun made him nervous. With the beautiful corners of his eyes, the cute tip of his nose, the smoothness of his lower lip, the largeness of his ears, the chocolate dot above his lips, the mole on his temple, the honed loveliness of his cupid’s bow. Kyungsoo was nervous and couldn’t sense anything but the appetency to mush his lips against Baekhyun’s and never ever part away.

Baekhyun’s lips prettied into a wider smile as he leaned closer to Kyungsoo, close enough for Kyungsoo to almost feel dizzy from how near he was to his lips.
"Your eyes," they whispered, a rubicund couplet of velvety skin. "I think your eyes love my lips too much."

Kyungsoo didn’t know where to look. There were too many things he wanted to look at. Alluring eyes, entrancing mouth, the enticing slope of a neck. Baekhyun. Who furrowed his eyebrows at Kyungsoo’s silence, not enough to conceal the luster of the enjoyment he seemed to feel at the situation.

"Don’t you want to kiss me?" he taunted, tilting his head a little. And there they were again.

Duck Lips.

And Kyungsoo was just so whipped. And there was just so much he could take. So much he could restrain.

Not the craving to squish his lips against Baekhyun’s.

It was harsh, the way his lips pressed against Baekhyun’s, not perfect, not seamless, his kiss landing on a corner of his lips rather than the center. It didn’t matter. His hand fumbled until it found the hem of a shirt. Not his, Baekhyun’s. He held onto it as his lips embraced Baekhyun’s lower lip and he heard a gratified sound escape him at the pulpiness he sucked into his mouth before releasing it and doing it all over again. There was just something about kissing Baekhyun.

Something that always made him wonder how long this had been going for, his feelings for Baekhyun, their kiss. It felt like he had been liking Baekhyun since forever. It felt like he had been kissing Baekhyun since forever, this very instant. Maybe it was the way his lower lip felt thinner than it was between Kyungsoo’s lips. Maybe it was the way his cupid’s bow tingled when Baekhyun traced the slenderess of his own over it. Maybe it was the hand that pressed on his thigh, climbed up, followed by a thigh, until Baekhyun was straddling him and Kyungsoo didn’t have to strain his neck to kiss him anymore.

He pushed forward in his haste to taste more, more, always more of Baekhyun’s lips, his hands resting on broad hips, confident fingers splayed on both of his cheeks as Baekhyun dusted kisses over his mouth. A corner, the dip under his lower lip, the slope relying a corner of his mouth to a hill on his upper lip. It felt like he was strewing icing sugar all over Kyungsoo. His lips were still the cherry on top. Kyungsoo bit into it, just a little bit, and Baekhyun’s breath shuddered into his mouth. His fingers dug into the softness of Kyungsoo’s cheeks once before relaxing again. Kyungsoo caught the plumpness of his lower lip between his teeth and pulled, just a little bit, recreating the pout he could see behind his closed eyelids. He let go with an airy sound and
Baekhyun dragged his lower lip against his, just brushing, not kissing, just feeling.

Kyungsoo’s upper lip was snuggled into their kiss when they both pressed forward at once. It felt slow, everything felt sluggish, the brush of their lips together, Kyungsoo’s heartbeat, his breath, but it was urgent, the pecks, the small sucks, the nibbling. Baekhyun’s lips puckered against his over and over again, velutinous, saccharine. Duck Lips. Whenever he kissed Kyungsoo.

"You always do that," Kyungsoo slurred into their kiss, lips too engrossed into the kiss, too twined into Baekhyun’s mouth for him to use them to form words.

"Do what?" Baekhyun questioned, placing a peck before, in-between, and after his words. Maybe he couldn’t stop kissing Kyungsoo.

"Duck Lips," Kyungsoo mumbled, one hand trailing down from Baekhyun’s hips to his thigh, following a hazy trail.

Baekhyun remained silent for a while, maybe too absorbed into kissing Kyungsoo, maybe just confused.

Then, Kyungsoo felt the pulse of a chuckle pressed into his mouth along with a peck.

"This?" was the word Baekhyun’s low voice vibrated against his swollen skin.


And Kyungsoo did the best thing to do. He pulled away and bit them. The lips. He had to stretch his mouth and this was probably the worst thing to do when kissing someone but Kyungsoo just gently dug his teeth into the puffiness of these damn Duck Lips that were his demise.

Instantly, Baekhyun whined a stifled chuckle that couldn’t leave his mouth since Kyungsoo kept it closed with a very satisfying bite. This was so stupid. Their eyes were open now, they were staring at each other from too close and Kyungsoo wasn’t even biting that hard, Baekhyun could just pull away but instead, Kyungsoo felt a finger stabbing his tummy and he pulled away at once with a guffaw. With a triumphant aha! Baekhyun kept stabbing his tummy with his pointer fingers, tickling and hurting all at the same time as Kyungsoo squirmed under him.
Baekhyun’s lips were puffed, Kyungsoo could still feel them against his. He was laughing just as hard as Kyungsoo, eyes disappearing into arches of joy. Kyungsoo regained his senses and counterattacked, poking Baekhyun’s sides and belly back with just as much fervor. With a yelp, Baekhyun started laughing harder and stopped his offense to lean back in an attempt to escape Kyungsoo. Soon, Baekhyun screeched hilariously as he tipped over the edge of the couch and Kyungsoo grabbed his waist, pulling him back on his lap—or his knees since Baekhyun was still leaning backwards in his uncontrollable laughter.

Kyungsoo’s laughter snuggled against Baekhyun’s neck when he couldn’t hold himself upright anymore, stomach hurting with joy. Ultimately, Baekhyun had to press a hand on the coffee table behind him to avoid both of them toppling into the narrow space between the couch and the table and possibly dying either from a concussion or laughter.

When they had both calmed down enough, Baekhyun puckered his lips to the max and pressed them against Kyungsoo’s neck, calling it a revenge for the accidental kiss Kyungsoo had given to his neck earlier. Kyungsoo took it upon himself to show Baekhyun what real neck kisses were like.

When Kyungsoo had thought things would get better now that they’d sorted everything out, he hadn’t imagined that things would actually get worse.

Baekhyun made it worse. Kyungsoo didn’t know if he was just really bad at being discreet or if Baekhyun was just really good at seeing whenever Kyungsoo was staring at his lips. Either way, Baekhyun enjoyed this much more than he was supposed to.

The coffee shop’s door swung open with a light breeze and the barista greeted the new client perkily but all Kyungsoo could notice was that Baekhyun’s lips weren’t as chapped as they had been this morning. Chanyeol and Jongdae were having a dynamic conversation about Infinity War, which Kyungsoo had so many things to say about, but the only thing he could focus on was the
pucker of Baekhyun’s lips as he sucked on his straw.

Two fingers delicately landed on the straw to hold it, the chocolate chip on Baekhyun’s thumb appearing in his sight, and only then did Kyungsoo managed to pull his gaze away just to look into Baekhyun’s eyes. They had that glint. That spark Baekhyun always had when he was playing a prank, the clarity in his gaze showing amusement and even if his lips were wrinkled around the straw, he still looked like he was giving Kyungsoo a smug smile. Kyungsoo reached for his cup but it was weightless, empty. Laughter billowed out of the table next to theirs and Jongdae protested when Chanyeol said something that Kyungsoo couldn’t catch.

He pressed his lips together, fingers still clasping his empty cup a bit too tightly. His mouth felt dry when his gaze gravitated back down to the mole above Baekhyun’s lips. A tiny dollop of chocolate on strawberry-colored lips. Kyungsoo should order cake. Baekhyun liked cake. Baekhyun liked strawberries. Kyungsoo liked his lips.

Then, he saw just a little bit of tongue peeking through and swiping against the tip of the straw and that was the last straw. Since Baekhyun had so conveniently sat himself across him, Kyungsoo profited from it and swung his leg forward harshly, kicking Baekhyun who instantly jumped on his seat and let go of his cup.

Chanyeol and Jongdae quietened down and looked at Baekhyun.

"What are you doing?" Jongdae asked with narrowed eyes. Kyungsoo would narrow his eyes too. A lot of things Baekhyun did could either foreshadow a bad decision or a prank or just plain silliness.


"Do you wanna go to the bathroom or something?" Chanyeol questioned although his tone didn’t carry concern. His gaze kept flickering between Kyungsoo and Baekhyun who shook his head.

"I just remembered I wanted to tell you something," Baekhyun smiled sheepishly, foot staying pressed on Kyungsoo’s although he wasn’t trying to put any kind of pressure on anymore. It was probably ruining Kyungsoo’s shoe. He didn’t pull away.

"What is it?" he asked instead, curious.
"I applied for a room in the school’s dorms last week," he announced, stirring the content of his cup with his straw.

"But you said Sehun would move out after a few weeks at most," Kyungsoo frowned, recalling that conversation word for word. "I didn’t think you’d actually apply for a dorm room."

"Yeah, you told me the same thing," Jongdae confirmed, next to Kyungsoo.

Baekhyun let out a small sigh and accompanied it with a shrug.

"He won’t move out," he eventually said.

Chanyeol finally stopped staring at the lone girl sitting on the table in front of theirs and frowned at Baekhyun instead.

"What the hell, why?"

Baekhyun looked down at his drink, fingers still fumbling with his straw. He glanced at all of them before looking down again. Kyungsoo somehow knew he wasn’t going to like what Baekhyun was about to say.

"He can’t find anywhere else to stay so I’m just gonna leave the apartment to him."

Kyungsoo should say something along the lines of *I told you so.* He had expected this to happen. Baekhyun had brushed him off when he had suggested Sehun could take advantage of his kindness. Instead, he sighed a little.

"So he’s going to kick you out definitely instead of moving out?" he questioned, reproach still in his voice, albeit a little dampened.

"Why are you letting him take advantage of you?" Chanyeol added, a bit more open with his reprimand as he frowned down at Baekhyun.
"No need to get upset," Baekhyun defended himself, although his gaze lingered on Kyungsoo as he spoke. "I already don’t live there anymore anyway. I like change too. And if he moved out and I moved back in, i’d have to clean all his mess up. It’s probably worse now, you saw how it was last time," he gestured to Kyungsoo who snorted.

"It truly was terrible," he agreed, leaning back into his seat and relaxing.

"Well, at least you have a place to stay at for now," Chanyeol said, providing a little bit of positivity.

"Good thing you have a Kyungsoo," Jongdae said, smile spreading playfulness on his whole face as he looked at Kyungsoo pointedly.

That was enough for Kyungsoo to figure out either Chanyeol or Baekhyun himself had told him about the progress.

"Good thing I have a Kyungsoo," Baekhyun agreed, smiling at Kyungsoo as he brought his drink up and sipped from his straw.

Jongdae hadn’t done anything, really. Flustered, Kyungsoo still pinched his arm hard enough for him to choke on his drink, subsequently making Chanyeol choke on his from laughter.

The grin Baekhyun gave him was worth the odd stares they got from people around them.

"It’s gonna fall," Jongdae singsonged, sitting as close to Chanyeol as possible.
"No, shut up," Chanyeol said through competitively gritted teeth as he leaned over the table, one hand supporting him on it while the other was grasping a jenga block from the trembling tower. Then, he pulled away and pushed Jongdae with a hand on his face. "Move away!"

Kyungsoo chortled as they started bickering about cheating and sabotage, Baekhyun playing the referee and randomly screaming points at whoever had the best argument.

It had been a while since they had all hanged out together and after the coffee shop, they had chosen to spend the rest of the day together too at Jongdae’s since Sunyoung was away and he would be alone anyway. Somehow, it had ended up with them drinking a lot and then deciding to play jenga. Kyungsoo didn’t know who had suggested it but it had been barely ten minutes since the game had started and his stomach was already hurting from laughing too much. Mostly because the dares they gave each other whenever someone lost were stupid.

Once Chanyeol settled down again, finger prodding at a block to push it out of the tower, Baekhyun slid back next to Kyungsoo. Or crashed against him, since he was drunk and clumsier than usual in that state. He stole Kyungsoo’s can of beer right out of his hand and sipped at it, looking at him over the rim. Hooded eyes. Kyungsoo really liked Baekhyun’s eyes no matter the emotion or the shape, crescent or narrowed, but there was something about his hooded eyes. Something that made the can feel warm in his hand when Kyungsoo snatched it back from him.

"Drink your own," he groaned, more just to argue with Baekhyun than because he didn’t want to share.

He took a sip of beer and Baekhyun let out a drunken chuckle. One hand splayed on Kyungsoo’s thigh as Chanyeol let out a panicked wail in the background, he leaned closer. His breath felt damp against Kyungsoo’s ear when he whispered. It might just be because he felt his lips actually grazing his skin.

"We just had an indirect kiss," was all he said before pulling away and looking at Kyungsoo with a simper.

Kyungsoo’s first reaction was to look at his lips. Glossy. He licked them a lot tonight. Maybe they were a bit dry. Then, he chortled. An indirect kiss. That was cute. Fluttery. He wanted a direct kiss too. Baekhyun raised his shoulders as he grinned sillily and shook his head a little. Cute. He was so cute. Drunk Kyungsoo wanted to kiss him here and now. Sober Kyungsoo probably also wanted to kiss him here and now.
But then Chanyeol screamed as Jongdae cheered and they both joined in, hyping the loser up. It had taken barely even a few minutes. Playing jenga while drunk could be a bad idea. But it was fun. Especially when Jongdae dared Chanyeol to play on the tiny, tiny drums Sunyoung kept around for whenever she babysat children.

Chanyeol hadn’t played drums even once since high school. The toy instrument was small, colored in a cheerful yellow and ornate with glossy stars. The sticks were smaller than chopsticks and Chanyeol’s first attempt at settling on the seat was met with a fall and persisting laughter until all four of them whined in pain. Baekhyun had fallen across his lap while laughing. Kyungsoo’s fingers had somehow ended playing with his hair, mussing it, ruffling it until it was all sticking up.

He only got up from Kyungsoo’s lap when Chanyeol was actually trying his hardest to play the toy instrument. He recorded everything on his phone and Kyungsoo saw him post the video on his Instagram with no hesitation, tagging all of them. When Chanyeol got the notification and saw the video, another round of drunken laughter burst through the living room. Jongdae then called Kyungsoo out because he had skipped a few rounds of jenga and the game resumed.

He had a hard time focusing when Baekhyun was right across from him, leaning over the table and watching his every move while Kyungsoo watched every twitch of his lips. Rosy. A tongue sometimes came out to lick them. Glossy. Drinking made him pouty. Baekhyun pouting made Kyungsoo lose his trail of thought, his ability to speak, and even the strength in his limbs. Fortunately, Chanyeol noticed the very cruel sabotage Baekhyun was trying to work on and he pulled him away from the table in a mess of limbs and laughter. Kyungsoo cheered for himself the loudest when he managed to pull out one block and put it up on top of the tower without it even shaking once.

Jongdae failed and Baekhyun dared him to make the sexiest choreography he could muster on Momoland’s Boom Boom. No one could record anything this time as they were all busy dying from the cheesy expressions and raunchy moves Jongdae attacked them with. He didn’t stop until Chanyeol turned the music off and forcefully tackled him to the ground, sobbing from the pain of laughing too much.

Whenever it was Baekhyun’s turn to play, Kyungsoo was stuck against the table. Not with the intent to sabotage him, he just couldn’t stop staring. At the blond hair sticking right up Baekhyun’s head like a true Super Saiyan, at the teeth biting onto his lower lip in concentration while he pushed a block out of the tower, at the rapid blinking of his eyes from how hazy his sight must be after so many cans of beer, and at how pretty his fingers looked as his thumb and pointer finger clasped a block. Pretty fingers. Amazing fingers. Pulling the jenga block out with so much talent. Incredible.

The tower crumbled and Baekhyun screeched in defeat, holding his head in his hands as the three of them cheered in victory. It was his first time losing. Kyungsoo was glad he had lost. The Duck
Lips appeared as he glared at them for being too happy.

"Kyungsoo should give him a dare," Chanyeol suggested with broad movements, spilling a little bit of beer on his shirt since he was still holding onto his can.

Jongdae reprimanded him about being messy and dirtying his house while Kyungsoo looked at Baekhyun and hummed to himself. He should give him a dare. Yes. But what dare? Those pouty, sad lips deserved a good dare. And a kiss. But that could wait until they were home. But how were Baekhyun’s lips so pink tonight? And fluffy. Fluffy lips. Did he secretly apply lipstick on every day? Just to make Kyungsoo crazy? Lipstick.

Cheeks bunching up into a smile that made Baekhyun narrow his eyes at him, Kyungsoo looked at Jongdae.

"Does Sunyoung have any lipstick she doesn’t use laying around here?" he asked, voice perky with the joy of what he was about to do.

Jongdae instantly stopped arguing with Chanyeol and they both whipped around to look at him as Baekhyun protested.

"You want me to put lipstick on?" he said, looking more betrayed than ever. Kyungsoo was very happy. That would be his revenge against Baekhyun’s lips. They seemed to be decided to kill him.

"Yes," Kyungsoo replied without hesitation.

"Oh my god, that’s genius," Chanyeol cheered, shaking Jongdae’s arm.

Kyungsoo gave Baekhyun his biggest smile. "And you’ll have to keep it on for the rest of the night too."

Baekhyun groaned as Jongdae scrambled up to his feet, swaying a little.

"I’ll go get the pinkest one," he announced before disappearing out of the room.
Chanyeol pointed at Baekhyun with a childish finger as he continued laughing and Baekhyun threatened to put lipstick all around his finger while biting it off if he didn’t stop. Chanyeol didn’t stop. Kyungsoo was very entertained. Baekhyun sulked harder until Jongdae came back, brandishing the lipstick like a sword.

He gave it to Baekhyun who groaned even louder when he noticed how pink it was after opening it.

"Are you sure Sunyoung won’t get upset?" Baekhyun tried.

"She doesn’t use this one," Jongdae instantly shot him down and Baekhyun huffed before turning to Kyungsoo and narrowing his eyes. "I’ll only wear this if you put it on for me," he suddenly said.

Chanyeol gasped dramatically as Kyungsoo went blank. That. He hadn’t planned that. Baekhyun seemed to know it because he was starting to smile, broodiness gone at the prospect of winning this. Kyungsoo scoffed and went to sit in front of him, grabbing the lipstick.

"No problem," he said, voice definitely quieter than his suddenly peaking heart rate. Baekhyun was still smirking confidently. He always won. Kyungsoo wouldn’t let him.

"Don’t make him eat the lipstick," Jongdae taunted him, sitting next to them to have the front seat of the show.

Baekhyun parted his lips the slightest bit, jutting out the lower one just a little the same way he always did when taking pictures. Except he wasn’t taking a picture, just staring at Kyungsoo challengingly. Seductively. Kyungsoo might have grabbed his neck a little too harshly to pull him closer. Baekhyun’s hand on his thigh was a weight of tingles he still hadn’t gotten used to even if it had been there for most of the night.

At least he had a reason to stare at his lips now, Kyungsoo thought as he leaned closer, hand trembling faintly when he raised the lipstick towards Baekhyun’s mouth. Baekhyun had nice teeth. Two white pearls peeking on the front row, complementing the rosiness of his lips prettily. Disney Lips. Baekhyun Lips. The skin of his nape was warm under Kyungsoo’s hand. His gaze was still attentive on Kyungsoo’s face, raising nervous tickles on his skin.

His hand was still trembling a little when the pink texture of the lipstick touched the prettier pink of
Baekhyun’s lower lip for the first time. He pulled the lipstick away instantly and when he saw a faint smudge of pink on his skin, Kyungsoo grinned with satisfaction.

"Pretty," he whispered, looking into Baekhyun’s even prettier eyes.

"Shut up," Baekhyun laughed, hooking his hand on his leg to pull him even closer.

Kyungsoo heard someone whoop behind them— probably Chanyeol. He focused back on the lips he could never focus out of and traced the tip of the lipstick on the border of Baekhyun’s lower lip. Kyungsoo had never applied lipstick in his life but this was fun, even if the color somehow spilled a little over the delimitation of Baekhyun’s mouth, overdrawning and thickening his lower lip a little. Kyungsoo certainly didn’t need Baekhyun to have a thicker lip but he left it as it was. It was funny. He felt stifled by Baekhyun’s attention on him but not the bad kind. The kind that made his whole body feel tighter, warmer.

Baekhyun’s breath tickled his hand when Kyungsoo had finished smudging pink all over his lower lip and was moving on to his upper lip instead. He hovered there for a while, unsure. He heard Jongdae speak behind him, probably giving him a tip, but he couldn’t actually focus enough to hear it. Baekhyun’s cupid’s bow was so pretty. Kyungsoo chose to start there. His hand slid from Baekhyun’s nape over his neck and up to his jaw instead, slow, fingers feeling the daintiness of his skin as he held him there. He turned the lipstick in his hand a little bit to make sure the sharper edge fit right on the dip of his cupid’s bow.

Baekhyun’s hand slid towards the inside of his thigh a little bit, enough for it to startle Kyungsoo right when he had started applying the lipstick. Pink was stained the skin in the faint hollow of his cupid’s bow and Kyungsoo reprimanded Baekhyun with a groan. All he got in returned was a bright pink teasing smile. He pinched his cheek a little and Baekhyun relaxed again. Kyungsoo tried wiping off the excess with his pinky, gently fitting it between the hills of Baekhyun’s cupid’s bow. He took a shuddery breath in when his knuckle brushed his lower lip and pink was smudged on Kyungsoo’s own skin.

He should’ve kept his mouth shut about this dare. Baekhyun won. He always did. And Kyungsoo didn’t mind. He applied the rest of the lipstick as carefully as possible and grinned once he was done. Baekhyun smacked his lips together, a cheekily seductive expression on and Chanyeol and Jongdae burst into laughter when, before Kyungsoo even had the occasion to retract the lipstick and close it off, Baekhyun threw his arms around him. He pulled him closer and Kyungsoo could only yelp in protest when Baekhyun started puckering kisses all over his face, no doubt smudging Baekhyun-shaped marks on his skin.

Jongdae screeched at them to stop being disgustingly cute while Chanyeol wolf-whistled and cooed and cheered about his two best friends being so cute together and lovey-dovey and so happy.
and perfect together.

When Kyungsoo tasted lipstick on his own lips and Chanyeol emotionally hugged the both of them while actually crying and congratulating them, Kyungsoo was glad that no one would remember this night.

"Dude, did you cheat on Baekhyun?"

Kyungsoo raised his head up from its nestle on his crossed arms with an annoying level of difficulty. He blinked the drowsiness away from his eyes and looked up to find Chanwoo’s wide eyes.

"What?" he asked, stiffly straightening his back so he could sit properly.

His teacher was still not there. If Kyungsoo had dragged himself out of bed with a hangover so early in the morning just to reach his class in vain, Kyungsoo would kill someone. Preferably Jongdae who had suggested they drink so much on a Wednesday night. Or anyone around him who was speaking too loudly. Like that guy on the front row laughing like a maniac.

Chanwoo dropped on the seat next to his and shoved his phone into his face. With a loud groan, Kyungsoo grabbed it and looked at the screen. It was a picture of him holding up two awkward peace signs, eyes closed, and grin wide, crooked with alcohol. He had pink kiss-shaped marks all over his face, most of them just smudged streaks.

Kyungsoo glanced at the owner of the Instagram account. He was really, really going to kill Jongdae. He gave the phone back to Chanwoo and rubbed a hand over his face. The painkillers he
had taken this morning weren’t working on his headache yet. Baekhyun had still been sleeping when Kyungsoo left. He didn’t remember them getting back home from Jongdae’s at all.

"That’s Baekhyun," he said when Chanwoo’s disapproving gaze was getting ridiculous.

As if Kyungsoo could even see anyone else but Baekhyun, at this point.

"Oh," Chanwoo said, smiling sheepishly as he put his phone down. Kyungsoo had thought he was going to throw it at his face at some point. Then, he frowned. "Whoa, I really just miss one party because I wanna be a good student and that’s when the good shit happens."

Kyungsoo snorted. It had been a good night, all in all. Baekhyun’s lips covered in messy lipstick had been a sight. All Kyungsoo remembered was kissing him a lot. Chanyeol and Jongdae had stopped cheering or feigning disgust after a while.

"You missed Chanyeol crying," he teased the other, grinning.

Chanwoo returned his smile knowingly. "Jongdae sent me a picture of that."

Kyungsoo huffed out a chuckle. "Of course he did."

He fell silent then, nursing his headache by cradling his head in the palm of his hand. Chanwoo browsed on his phone a little more. The teacher still didn’t walk through the door. Kyungsoo hated this class. There was nothing worse than Linguistics. Predicating verbs. Temporal aspects. Modals. The search towards why had this stupid speaker used this stupid tense in particular in this stupid sentence in this stupid context. Kyungsoo wanted to cry.

Instead he chewed on his lower lip and glanced at Chanwoo. Chanwoo who had thought he was cheating on Baekhyun.

"We’re not together," he said, with a little more regret than he wished.

Chanwoo looked up from his phone to him again, giving him a confused look.
"With Baekhyun," Kyungsoo developed with a sigh. "We're not together." The look Chanwoo gave him this time was deadpan. "Yet," Kyungsoo added in a mumble, looking down at his desk, finger tracing over the edge of it. "I hope?"

Chanwoo put his phone down and furrowed his eyebrows.

"You would be if you asked him," he nudged Kyungsoo, half chiding, half exasperated.

Kyungsoo didn’t say anything. he knew Chanwoo was right. They would be together if Kyungsoo just asked him. Just told him he wanted to define what they were exactly. Friends who just kissed in their free time. That wasn’t what he wanted to be with Baekhyun. But he feared that could be what Baekhyun wanted to be. Which, Kyungsoo probably wouldn’t say no to. Which is why he didn’t want to breach that subject yet, he wasn’t ready to argue and hold his ground for what he wanted instead of what would make Baekhyun happy.

And maybe he also wished Baekhyun would do it first. Kyungsoo had been the one to tell him he kissed him at night. He had been the one to ask him why he kissed him. He had even taken the first step to clear up the misunderstanding about Sehun. Maybe he wanted Baekhyun to do something too, not just go along with what Kyungsoo did. It felt like they were both just going along with things.

He would wait a little bit. Just a little bit more. Just to prepare himself, just to see what Baekhyun would do.

The wait for the teacher ended when he walked into the room then and Kyungsoo slapped a hand against his own face to wake himself up. And punish himself. He should’ve slipped out of the classroom while he could.
Baekhyun loved pizza. Nothing could prevent him from eating pizza. He could eat it while gaming, while studying, while watching a movie, while cleaning around, and Kyungsoo suspected he could eat it while bathing as well.

But right now, Baekhyun wasn’t eating his pizza. He had been staring at his phone for a while now, slice of pizza in his free hand but away from his mouth, eyebrows furrowed. Kyungsoo shifted a little on the floor. They had pushed the table away earlier because it was more comfortable to sit on the floor, two pizza boxes laid in front of them along with cans of soda. Baekhyun had missed a good five minutes of the drama they were watching on his laptop.

"What’s wrong?" Kyungsoo eventually asked, tongue swiping over his lips to get rid of any lingering tomato sauce.

Baekhyun finally locked his phone and put it on the floor with a sigh. He took a big bite of his pizza, cheese stretching satisfyingly between the slice and his mouth before he bit it off.

"They rejected my request for a room in the dorms," he mumbled, cheeks bunched up with food as he was still munching on it. There was a crumble right on top of his mole.

He was still frowning. Kyungsoo found it silly. He reached towards Baekhyun with a hand and brushed over the corner of his lips, leaving a smile there when he dropped his hand again.

"Why did you even apply for it in the first place? You can just stay here. We can split the rent between us and make this official," Kyungsoo said as he watched Baekhyun shove half of his pizza right into his mouth, puffing up his cheeks even more.

This was mildly disgusting. Mostly cute. Kyungsoo was very whipped.

"Really?" Baekhyun said, eyes wide, mouth wide open, and cheeks even more rounded with food.

Kyungsoo scrunched his nose and took a sip of his soda.
"Now that I just saw this ugly face of yours, I’m not sure actually," he said, narrowing his eyes as he scrutinized Baekhyun’s face with mock disgust.

Baekhyun munched for a good few seconds with his mouth open, leaning closer to Kyungsoo and not backing off even as Kyungsoo pinched his thigh. Too weakly. He couldn’t put more force into it. His hand seemed to have a soft spot for Baekhyun, refusing to obey his craving for a revenge after having been submitted to the torture of hearing Baekhyun eat.

With a hand on his face, Kyungsoo pushed Baekhyun away when he got all in his face.

"Annoying face," Kyungsoo huffed as Baekhyun pulled away only a little bit. His hand was on Kyungsoo’s thigh again. Baekhyun’s hand seemed to like Kyungsoo’s thigh a lot. It made him giddy. And very proud of his thigh.

Baekhyun narrowed his eyes at him. His fingers were greasy, probably staining his sweatpants. Kyungsoo should make him do the laundry by himself for a whole week. He wouldn’t.

"That’s not what you say when we’re kissing," Baekhyun retorted, chin held high, smugness adding a spark to his already scintillating smile.

Kyungsoo huffed. "We’re not kissing right now, are we?" he said, raising an eyebrow.

Baekhyun looked at him for a moment before slowly leaning towards Kyungsoo who remained in his spot even if his heart was anything but still, growing more agitated the more Baekhyun neared him. He puckered his lips exaggeratedly and Kyungsoo began to laugh but stifled it when that didn’t stop Baekhyun from smooching his lips with a loud smack. He should thank Kyungsoo for sparing him the joy of kissing his teeth.

Instead, his other hand landed on Kyungsoo’s other thigh and he pulled away just enough for the merriness in his eyes to overflow right into Kyungsoo.

"Still annoying?" he asked, voice hushed but not enough not to stir Kyungsoo’s stomach pleasantly.

He put a hand on one of Baekhyun’s. Just because he could. The hand with the mole. The pad of his finger cushioned the chocolate chip. Kyungsoo bit his lower lip. Baekhyun had just eaten pizza...
but his kiss, no matter how silly it had been, was still sweet.

"Yes," Kyungsoo replied as he traced a single finger over the bumps of Baekhyun’s knuckles. "Very annoying."

Baekhyun’s expression shifted into a familiar one and when Kyungsoo’s gaze dropped down, they greeted him again. Duck Lips. Kyungsoo felt his lower lip shuddering when Baekhyun pressed his pout against it. Just his pout, not a real peck. Just his lips.

"And now?" were the words he brushed against Kyungsoo’s mouth, pouty tone pulling a long breath out of Kyungsoo.

Kyungsoo was doomed. "Pretty," he said and when Baekhyun’s eyes beamed at him, he leaned to kiss the victorious arch of his lips.

Baekhyun relaxed into the kiss but as soon as Kyungsoo felt his lips moving against his, one of his hands sneaked up to the back of Baekhyun’s neck and he pinched him with two fingers. Baekhyun instantly whined against his lips and pulled away, raising his shoulders and tensing his sensitive neck.

"Stop attacking me with the Duck Lips," Kyungsoo laughed when Baekhyun was starting to poke his sides to make him let go.

"It’s not my fault if you’re weak," Baekhyun chortled when a particularly ticklish jab against Kyungsoo’s ribcage made him let go of his neck.

They separated and Kyungsoo narrowed his eyes at him. Baekhyun mimicked his expression and they both burst into laughter, Baekhyun bumping his shoulder against his.

When they calmed down, Kyungsoo stole a slice from Baekhyun’s pizza. Surprisingly, Baekhyun didn’t complain. Kyungsoo felt very appreciated.

"Of course you can stay here," he said then, smiling at the other. "I’d really love that, actually."
Baekhyun’s wide smile was stained with grease but Kyungsoo didn’t complain when he pressed a loud smooch against his cheek with it.

Kyungsoo wasn’t sure why he was waiting.

He wasn’t sure why he kept pushing it back when his heart felt like it would explode if he didn’t just tell Baekhyun how much he liked him.

Waiting was useless. Waiting for Baekhyun to do something first, while logical, also didn’t make too much sense to Kyungsoo. His feelings for Baekhyun didn’t depend on Baekhyun’s feelings for him. He wanted Baekhyun to know he liked him. He didn’t want to wait. For so much more reasons than just because he liked Baekhyun.

Because Baekhyun made him laugh harder than anyone. Because he didn’t want to lose that. Because Baekhyun was the kind of person to offer him a bouquet of brocolis while telling him _here honey, I got these for you_ with his wiggly eyebrows and his happy lips. Because Baekhyun liked touching Kyungsoo’s thigh, having contact with him. Because Baekhyun made him feel stupid, nervous, and like _someone._

Because no matter what, Kyungsoo knew that they would still remain friends. Because he had a feeling it was more than likely that they wouldn’t remain as just friends. Not when Baekhyun couldn’t sleep without kissing him. Not when Baekhyun kissed him even when he wasn’t sleepy but also when he was happy, tired, hungry, bored, and even when he was too busy studying.

Because it didn’t feel like Baekhyun kissed him just for a kiss. Because it felt like Baekhyun kissed him just because he was Kyungsoo.
"How did you ask Sunyoung out?"

Jongdae froze right before taking a bite of his hotteok, paper scrunching in his hold as he shook his head once before finally biting into the pastry.

"Damn, Baekhyun really makes you ask virgin or lame people questions," he snorted around his food.

Kyungsoo gave him a look that Jongdae mimicked mockingly. He only stopped to protest when Kyungsoo snatched his hotteok away and got up from the bench to stand in front of him instead.

"I won’t give it back until you educate me," he declared waving it in front of Jongdae’s nose before pulling it out of his reach when Jongdae tried catching it.

Jongdae whined loudly and Kyungsoo was glad it was late enough for the park to be empty. Jongdae was really good at catching people’s attention with his noisiness. Actually, all of Kyungsoo’s friends were similar. But Jongdae was the only one with a girlfriend which was why Kyungsoo kept the sweet pastry as hostage.

Jongdae’s sulky glare only fueled him to take a big bite of his own hotteok and munch exaggeratedly while humming obnoxiously at the sweetness in his mouth. Jongdae had paid for it. Kyungsoo wouldn’t hesitate eating his too if he continued making fun of him.

However, Jongdae huffed and crossed his arms over his chest, looking up at Kyungsoo with a stretched smile.
"Fine. I will educate you only because I don’t get to do that too often since you’re a smart cookie,” he said, what should’ve been a compliment turned into teasing with the honeyed tone it was muttered with.

"You’re an engineering nerd," Kyungsoo retorted, threatening the other by pulling his pastry close to his mouth and sticking his tongue out, ready to lick and ruin it.

Jongdae screeched, reaching towards him with agitated hands to stop him. This was ridiculous. But this was also a serious matter. Kyungsoo was ready to do anything he needed to in order to figure out how the hell he was supposed to confess to Baekhyun. He hadn’t done this kind of cheesy shit since high school and he wasn’t about to write a damn letter either. That hadn’t even worked back then. He had been rejected by the class’s prettiest girl.

The memory was still a little bitter but he was glad Jongdae spoke again to distract him from embarrassing high school moments.

"Well, I could tell you but there’s no model, really," he said, eyeing his hotteok suspiciously as Kyungsoo lowered it. But the teasing was gone, at least. He pursed his lips as he looked at Kyungsoo. "Do you really want to do it, though?"

Kyungsoo let out sigh that didn’t dim down the nervousness that had been fluttering in his chest since this morning. Baekhyun had woken him up with a kiss. A good morning kiss. His classes started early this morning while Kyungsoo’s Friday’s were usually free and he had said that it felt wrong to start his day without a kiss, the same way he ended his days with a kiss. Kyungsoo had been sleepy, so sleepy, and he should’ve been upset that Baekhyun had accidentally woken him up just for a kiss but he couldn’t have been. Not when starting his day by exchanging lazy and sleepy kisses with Baekhyun for long minutes in bed had felt like the best thing ever.

Kyungsoo wanted to start all his days like that. He also wanted to tell Baekhyun that he liked him between each kiss. That was when he had decided that he wouldn’t wait anymore. That who took the first step didn’t matter. That he no longer wanted to be nervous about the possibility of Baekhyun not liking him back. The only thing he wanted to be nervous about was just Baekhyun. He still made Kyungsoo nervous but not the bad kind— just flustered, excited, happy.

He stepped towards Jongdae and handed him his hotteok. He shoved half of it in his mouth almost instantly.

"I like him," Kyungsoo said in a smile. Liking Baekhyun was nice. "And I think he likes me too. He wouldn’t kiss me so much if he didn’t, right?"
"That’s a good point," Jongdae said around a mouth full of sweetness.

Kyungsoo scrunched his nose at him in disgust. A woman walked by the entrance of the park, a few meters behind the bench Jongdae was still comfortably sitting on. The click of her shoes was fast. Kyungsoo shrugged and looked back down at Jongdae.

"And maybe he doesn’t like me back," he said and even if that possibility pinched his heart cruelly, he still had to consider it. He had thought about this all day. "If he doesn’t, I still want to be his friend. If that’s how it’s gonna be anyway, I want this thing between us to stop before it gets to a point where I wouldn’t be able to stay friends with him once it ends."

Not kissing Baekhyun, he could do with. Not being with Baekhyun at all, that wouldn’t work.

Jongdae balled the now empty paper-wrapping of his hotteok in his hand, pensiveness on his features. Only then did Kyungsoo remember that he was holding one too. He took a small bite. It had gotten considerably colder since they had bought it from a street vendor.

He munched in silence for a while, until Jongdae sighed a little.

"I’m really glad you like Baekhyun," he said quietly but with a big smile.

Kyungsoo looked down, pressing his lips together to conceal a silly grin. He rubbed the tip of his shoe against the gravel and looked up at Jongdae again, curious.

"Why?"

Jongdae laughed a small sound. "I don’t know. It feels like with you as his boyfriend, he’s even less likely to die from a stupid reason like choking on peas."

Kyungsoo snorted before the sound turned into a small string of full laughter as he shook his head. He knew it was deeper than that. Sehun wasn’t the first relationship of Baekhyun’s that didn’t end on a too happy, tidy note. He didn’t say anything, though. He knew Jongdae, and Jongdae knew him. They understood.
"That doesn’t sound impossible actually," he hummed instead, to which Jongdae guffawed.

He shook his head then, and his smile dimmed down, but grew in genuineness.

"There’s no model to follow when you want to tell someone you like them," he said, reaching for half of the hotteok Kyungsoo handed to him after splitting the remaining of his pastry into two. "Do it the way you want to, whenever you want to. As long as you speak in a way that would make Baekhyun understand you’re genuine, then it’ll be okay."

Kyungsoo hummed in understanding, a bit reassured. It didn’t need to be flowery and scripted. He just needed to be honest and share his feelings.

Then, he grimaced and looked away from Jongdae.

"Ew, so cheesy," he said, shuddering exaggeratedly just to be dramatic. Jongdae nodded in agreement as he looked and Kyungsoo shoved the remaining piece of his pastry into his mouth as he pulled his phone out of his jacket pocket and checked the time. "Well, I’m leaving," he announced.

"What, where?" Jongdae asked, still around his own mouthful of pastry.

Kyungsoo really needed to gather his friends for an hour and teach them how to eat like normal people. Except Baekhyun. Baekhyun was allowed to be as disgusting as he wanted.

"We’re near the restaurant anyway so I’m gonna go pick Baekhyun up," he shrugged, slipping his phone back into his pocket.

They had agreed on it earlier by message when Baekhyun had whined about being bored and Kyungsoo had replied that he wanted to eat chicken. Baekhyun had said he could make his boss cook a bit of it for him after closing time only if Kyungsoo came to personally pick up both the fried chicken and him.

Jongdae gave him an affronted look. "You’re not gonna ask me to come with?"
"Of course not," Kyungsoo answered, giving him the weirdest look he could muster. "Why would I?"

Jongdae gave him the stink eye before standing up and stretching with long groans.

"I don’t wanna come anyway," he huffed, clearly offended. It all disappeared when his features melted into a simper. "I miss Sunyoung so I’m just gonna go home."

Kyungsoo shook his head in mock exasperation. "You always miss her," he said, unable to refrain his smile. Sunyoung was a good person. She’d been with Jongdae since high school and they were still as in love as back then.

"That means I’m a good boyfriend. You should learn from me," Jongdae boasted, winking at him cheekily.

Kyungsoo turned around and walked away without greeting him goodbye. The sulky stickers Jongdae sent him by message right away were an entertaining company on his way to Baekhyun.

Kyungsoo didn’t tell him on the way back to their apartment, while Baekhyun kept bumping his shoulder against his as they walked and threw his leg over his as they sat in the empty bus.

He didn’t tell him when Baekhyun kissed him as soon as they closed the door behind them, the melody of the lock not as harmonious as the aria in his chest.
He didn’t tell him while they were eating without watching the tv or anything else for once, simply listening to each other talk about the day they had spent mostly away from each other.

He almost told him while Baekhyun tried opening up his can of soda for him because he was much more efficient with greasy hands than Kyungsoo was. Ultimately, he didn’t. Baekhyun’s lips shining a little bit from eating chicken had distracted him. The apprehension taking much more room in his stomach than the food had prevented him.

Now, Kyungsoo was turning the pages of his novel one by one without even reading anything. Just because he didn’t want to look suspicious to Baekhyun while they were lounging on the couch. The tv was still not open, Baekhyun was just scrolling through his phone and Kyungsoo was doing his best to form sentences in his head. This shouldn’t be scripted. There wasn’t a perfect model. And yet he didn’t even know how to tell Baekhyun he liked him. I like you. That would be enough. He didn’t know how to breach the subject.

"C-cereus bloom at night?"

Baekhyun’s perked voice pulled him out of his head and he looked up at him, cheeks melting into a smile. His voice always sounded smiley when he spoke in English. A bit higher than his usual voice, shyness and playfulness combined into it.

"Cereus bloom at night," Kyungsoo corrected his pronunciation gently, biting his lip afterwards. It always made him feel pretentious.

But Baekhyun didn’t seem to think that way. His smile widened and he shifted closer to Kyungsoo, dropping his phone to hold his arm with one hand and peek at the pages.

"Cereus," he repeated with the correct pronunciation and the adorable voice that made Kyungsoo want to kiss his cheek. He did, leaning down for a quick peck on the apple of his cheek. It made Baekhyun chuckle. "What does it mean?" he asked then, furrowing his eyebrows at the pages of the novel.

"It’s a kind of cactus," Kyungsoo answered, spreading the book open wider for him to see better even if he probably could only understand a few words here and there.

"Then bloom?" Baekhyun asked, looking up at him.
Kyungsoo grinned, gathering the joy of Baekhyun asking him about something he liked right into his cheeks. Baekhyun made him feel like he had cheeks a lot.

"It means bloom," he directly translated the word into Korean before closing the book and showing the cover to Baekhyun, thumb nudged in-between the pages like a bookmark. He tapped his finger against the two flowers on the cover. "They only bloom once a year and at night."

Baekhyun hummed. "It’s that book about the old woman and the guy who’s having gender identity issues, right? The one you like?"

Kyungsoo looked down. He didn’t even try concealing his beam. Baekhyun remembered that conversation. Remembered that Kyungsoo liked this novel. Which was perhaps why it took him so long to read it.

"It is, I still haven’t finished reading it," he shrugged, causing Baekhyun to tighten his hold around his arm.

"I’d say you’re a bad student but," he started with that teasing, stretched tone and those teasing, beautiful eyes, "you’re probably taking so long because you like it."

"I am a very good student, indeed," Kyungsoo affirmed with a too serious nod that made Baekhyun snort.

"Can you read it to me?" he then asked, nodding towards the book.

Kyungsoo looked down at the burnt orange letters curved into a title.

"It’s a difficult book," he said, not really wanting Baekhyun to be upset because he would end up not understanding a good portion of whatever Kyungsoo would read him.

But Baekhyun shook his head, smile as floral as the petals on the cover of the novel he wanted Kyungsoo to read him.

"I don’t want to understand it. I just want to hear you read it." He leaned a bit closer and whispered
into Kyungsoo’s hear. "You sound hot in English."

In a snort, Kyungsoo nudged him away with his elbow. It wasn’t efficient, Baekhyun was already holding onto his arm and Kyungsoo didn’t really want him to move away. He liked Baekhyun as close to him as possible. Baekhyun wiggled his eyebrows at him and Kyungsoo would hit his head with the book if only that head wasn’t so precious to him.

He opened the novel and went a few pages back, right where he had actually stopped reading. He read for a long time, about the beauty of the main character, Mala’s garden, how she had turned it into a safe haven, grown plants that were greener and healthier than anywhere else in the country. He read surprisingly beautiful descriptions of the dozens of insects it had become a home to, species that would hardly be found anywhere else but that were the only companions who’d never hurt her. Her own little forest that guarded her as much as she guarded it.

He read slowly, doing his best to keep his accent in check even if Baekhyun was less likely to recognize a slip than his teachers were. He wanted to sound nice. He was engrossed into the story, the weight of Baekhyun’s head against his shoulder lulling him as he read about the old woman’s heaven being intruded by policemen looking for the corpse of her long dead abusive father. He read about sorrow and alienation, a life that deserved so much more than what it had been given.

Baekhyun stayed silent through it all, attentive, listening, his breathing pattern calm as his gaze remained on the pages Kyungsoo read, turned, and read more. His fingers occasionally sketched curlicues on Kyungsoo’s arm.

Kyungsoo didn’t know how long had passed, he had read over fifteen pages out loud, much slower than he would read them in his head. When he turned to the sixteenth page he would read to Baekhyun, he felt fingers gently tugging on his shirt. Pulled out of the haziness reading about a different world always gave him, he blinked down at Baekhyun. His eyes were closed, features drizzled with sleep.

"G’night kiss," he mumbled, slow and slurred. Adorable. Kyungsoo felt like he was inhaling the drowsiness when he took a deep breath in, his chest felt numb and lively all at the same time. Maybe that was just the Baekhyun effect.

He liked Baekhyun so much. Baekhyun appreciated him. Him. For what he was. For what he liked. Maybe Baekhyun liked him too. Tomorrow. He would find out tomorrow.

With care not to disturb Baekhyun’s comfortable rest against his body, he leaned down to seal his decision with a kiss to a pretty corner of his lips.
It was more difficult than he had thought.

It was Saturday. They both had nothing to do. Baekhyun had woken him up with tickles this morning. Just because Kyungsoo looked adorable and so disturbable when asleep, or so had Baekhyun justified himself after Kyungsoo wrestled him into the bed and won. His recompense had been a kiss that had left him breathless.

They had cooked breakfast together and cleaned around the house together with loud music playing and Baekhyun dancing around and bumping into Kyungsoo just as much as he cleaned. Kyungsoo hated dancing. He tolerated dancing when Baekhyun was holding his hands.

Now, there was no laughter or bad jokes or stolen and offered kisses. They were sitting on the floor in the living room, leaned over the coffee table as they studied together, side by side. It was an awkward fit, it would’ve been much easier for Baekhyun to settle on the other side of the table but he had insisted to sit right next to Kyungsoo. Kyungsoo wondered if Baekhyun tasted whipped cream whenever he kissed him. He didn’t mind. It was nice to feel the push of Baekhyun’s knee against his, his hand occasionally falling on Kyungsoo’s thigh and rubbing along the length of it as he frowned down at yet another mathematical formula. Kyungsoo swore all engineering students did was math.

He should tell him now. Baekhyun, I like you. I like you, Baekhyun. A lot. Very much so. Please like me too. But whenever he opened his mouth to say it, Baekhyun groaned and fell against Kyungsoo’s side, complaining about his homework. Or dipped his fingers a bit lower down Kyungsoo’s inner thigh. Or cracked his own fingers. Or drummed them over the table. Or scratched angry black lines on his notebook.

He was fidgety, much more than usual. He couldn’t stop moving and it distracted Kyungsoo both from his confession and the text he was trying to translate.
Baekhyun’s fingers drummed on Kyungsoo’s thigh then and when Kyungsoo turned to him, Baekhyun was already close and suddenly he pressed a peck on the corner of Kyungsoo’s lips, more on his cheek rather than his mouth. It wasn’t even a kiss either, Baekhyun had just aimed wonkily and then brushed his lips against Kyungsoo’s skin.

It had a soothing effect nonetheless that pulled nervousness and laughter out of Kyungsoo.

"What kind of kiss was that?" he teased the other, pulling back to look at him, but his smile shrunk when he didn’t see trace of a smile on Baekhyun’s face but rather, agitated eyes that flickered between Kyungsoo’s.

His hand was still on Kyungsoo’s thigh, not drumming anymore but clutching with a bit too much force. Kyungsoo’s stomach tightened as Baekhyun parted his lips, let them twitch silently for a second before pressing them together and parting them again.

"An I like you kiss," he said, eager eyes, parted lips, stuttered breath Kyungsoo could feel against his face from how close they were.

It was a wonder he could feel anything else than the sudden boisterous heaviness in his chest. But then again, it was Baekhyun. Kyungsoo always felt Baekhyun. Had always felt Baekhyun. For such a long time, he didn’t even have any clue as to when he had started feeling Baekhyun.

He let out an airy, shaky laugh. Disbelief, maybe surprise, gaiety. An overwhelming fusion that unraveled all through his body. He couldn’t tell for sure. What he knew, however, was that Baekhyun liked him. Had told him first.

Kyungsoo’s gaze gravitated to Baekhyun’s lips. Creamy, a bit reddened by how much Baekhyun had licked and bit them since this morning. Nervousness suited Baekhyun. Nervousness caused because he liked Kyungsoo. And wanted to tell him. Maybe they had both been thinking about the same thing since the morning, since last night, maybe for a while.

It didn’t matter when it had started for either of them. It could continue now. That was what mattered.

Kyungsoo leaned closer, let Baekhyun pull him towards himself without even needing to touch him. He pressed a kiss against the sweetness coating the pulpiness of Baekhyun’s lower lip. Aimed badly. More chin than lips. Nervous. Fluttery.
"What kind of kiss was that?" Baekhyun whispered when Kyungsoo pulled away.

A breathy laugh was weaved into his words. His gaze was still wide but it didn’t stray away from Kyungsoo’s. Kyungsoo bit his lower lip, a memory, the impression of a first kiss dusted with slumber. Many others, sprinkled with happiness.

His hand rested on the hand Baekhyun was clutching on his thigh with. He felt Baekhyun turn his palm upwards under his touch. The chocolate chip on his thumb melted exhilaration into Kyungsoo’s skin. His hold on Kyungsoo’s hand was sturdy enough for Kyungsoo to trust him with his heart.

"An I like you too kiss," he murmured. Baekhyun’s grin formed so close to his mouth that Kyungsoo felt its brilliance reflecting on his own lips, shaping them. "A will you be my boyfriend kiss."

The next kiss Baekhyun gave him muffled merriment and a perky yes against his mouth, into his heart. It felt like candy. Except it was the healthiest joy he had ever savored.

Kyungsoo felt he wasn’t that many kisses away from giving Baekhyun an I love you kiss.

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