Hansol & Music

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Summary

A collection of one-shots consist of Hansol pairing.
Strange (WonSol)

Chapter Notes

Credit for the song goes to MASC.

This song is about someone who suddenly see their boyfriend/girlfriend as a stranger, about someone who had fall out of love.

Song #1
Strange() - MASC()

“He should stop looking at other people.” Hansol complained to Seungkwan who sat across him in the cafe located near their house.

Looking at his nails as if they were the most important thing in the world, Seungkwan said with little care. “Do you mean he should close his eyes all the time?”

“Boo!” The half American boy whined at his best friend. “You know what I mean.” Grumbling, Hansol took his cup of coffee and sipped it slowly.

Rolling his eyes, Seungkwan placed his hands on top of the table and looked at Hansol. “Let me remind you again, Chwe Hansol…” he started but cut off by new person biting in.

“Hey. Hansollie. Seungkwan.” The newcomer was a tall young man with canine like teeth peeking from under his smile.

“Mingyu hyung?” It was Hansol who called the other's name in confusion. “What are you doing here?”

Sitting on the empty seat after Seungkwan had confirmed for him that the seat was free, Mingyu grinned at the two. “Just passing by actually. But then I see you two here, so I decide to join you. What are you two doing here anyway?” Sipping his own freshly brewed tea, he asked again, this time looking at Hansol. “I thought you go on a date with Wonwoo.”

At the mention of his boyfriend’s name, Hansol turned sour and glanced away from the older man, letting Seungkwan to fill in the other about what had happened.

“So.” Seungkwan purposefully used English when he started. “Uri Hansol here,” he pointed at Hansol who had dressed nicely for his date while widening his eyes for more impact in his story telling, “saw Wonwoo flirting with this lady at the site of their meeting up.”

To make it more dramatic, he even used a reenactment to show how Wonwoo’s affair happened before Hansol’s eyes. “..he placed his hand on her waist, pulling her close to him and whispered something to her.”

Letting out unsure voice, Mingyu asked while scratching his cheek. “Are you sure that it's really Wonwoo?”

After his question left his mouth, Mingyu found both Hansol and Seungkwan stared at him as if he
had offended the two by his question. “Hyung. Do you think that we are lying?” Seungkwan frowned while tapping the table continuously and impatiently annoyed.

Caught under the two's stern gaze, Mingyu raised his hands in defeat, not wanting to be under the two's questionable mercy just for the sake of saving his friend. “Uh.. Sorry. I don't mean it like that.” he said, sending his attention back to his tea.

Sighing aloud, Seungkwan shake his head before saying to Hansol again. “As I said before, you should just end this before you get hurt again. Call him now and break up with him. Or maybe cut all ties too.”

Burying his head on his crossed arms above the table, Hansol responded way too softly. “But I love him.”

“Enough with that love, Chwe Hansol. Love shouldn't hurt you.”

“Noo….”

From the side, Mingyu listened to the two's interaction while silently cursing his friend. Being Wonwoo’s friend for years, the tall man knew a lot about him. He was aware about how flirty Wonwoo could be seemed when he was interested in someone, it had happened since their school days and Mingyu wondered why it didn't stop even after the older man got himself a good boyfriend like Hansol. Or at least he should hold himself back about his touchy feely attitude.

Despite hating that particular side, Mingyu also knew just how much his friend loved the cute brunet who was currently sulking in front of his best friend, who in turn trying to talk Hansol to break up already with Wonwoo.

Mingyu didn't know exactly what happened -of course he couldn't outright believe everything Boo Seungkwan said, because he was aware just how much the other not liking Wonwoo since the very beginning- but, Mingyu believe that his friend wouldn't flirting with someone when he was about to date Hansol.

Knowing he should stop Seungkwan talking about breaking up, Mingyu opened his mouth. “I think you should talk with Wonwoo.”

“Talk about what?” Seungkwan harshly bit his cake, throwing a glare to Mingyu.

“Uh.. About.. Everything?”

Enough of seeing Seungkwan glaring and rolling his eyes at him, Mingyu turned to Hansol who had been silent since a while ago. “Hansollie?” he called when he saw the youngest of the three's eyes turned serious.

Shushing sound came from Hansol as he seemed to focus on something. “I'm listening to this song.”

There, silence fell around the three as both Seungkwan and Mingyu tried to listen to the song played inside the cafe as well.

    So what can I do?
    I will wait for you
    If I stop,
    I have nowhere to go
    I tried everything
    I tried repeating each day
As if I’m on a hamster wheel, I’m seriously crazy
    In the end, I’m just walking in place
The only thing that changes is my eyes
I’m sick with you, there’s no medicine
    Look for a different guy
There’ll be no other guy like me
    Because I’ll only look at you
I memorized it all, it’s the same repertoire
    You push me out with thorny words
I waited so long
You were supposed to be there

As the song continues, Mingyu felt dread piling up behind him. The lyric seemed to rill Hansol up and Seungkwan was no help either.

“Maybe I should talk with Wonwoo.” Hansol said seriously once the song ended, and for the first time, getting a good response from Seungkwan.

Feeling sorry for his best friend, Mingyu took his phone and hurriedly sent an emergency to his friend as Seungkwan set up a plan of how to dump Jeon Wonwoo.

At the centre of the busy city far from the cafe where the three gathered, Wonwoo took out his phone while wondering worriedly why Hansol hadn't come nor contacting him.

Questioning why Mingyu out of all people sending him a message, he opened and read the short message.

    You are in deep shit. This is the last time I'm helping.

Following soon after that message was a familiar address of one cafe he often went to with Hansol. Still questioning the meaning of those messages, Wonwoo didn't react much until an even shorter message came in to explain what he needed to know.

    Hansol saw you.

Cursing silently, Wonwoo -in panic- hurriedly went to his motor and speeding up to the cafe carefully fast.

Bonus:

“Hansollie..” Wonwoo called his cute lover who refused to talk to him since he stepped his feet in the cafe.

“Come on, baby. Look at me, please.” He added with the sweetest voice he could utter, making Seungkwan wanted to throw up on him. “Hansollie… I can't talk to you if you're not looking at me.”

From the side, Mingyu palmed his face tiredly as he watched one Jeon Wonwoo trying hard to woo Hansol once again.
Don't Leave (MinSol)

Chapter Summary

Mingyu found an old album. Series of memories, both the good happy ones and sad ones, came back at him as he looked at each photo carefully.

Chapter Notes

I got headache trying to decipher Seventeen's teaser @A@ and maybe some of you too...
But I still hope you can enjoy this one shot.
This one starts sad, but I promise this has happy ending.

Credit for the song goes to BEATWIN.

Song #2

Don’t Leave ( ) - BEATWIN ( )

Don’t leave me
I’ll always be in your heart
Even when I’m tired
I won’t leave you
I’ll love you forever
So stay by my side

Hansol left.

A sigh filled a living room surrounded by bookshelves as one tall man looked around the simple homey looking room. The silence of Sunday morning brought nothing to his salvation as the piled mess of books on the coffee table and couch seemed to stare expectantly at him.

Walking toward them, Mingyu picked the books one by one piling them nicely on his right hand before walking toward the shelf then putting the books back to its supposedly place with his left hand.

Placing both of his hands on his hips after placing the book, the tall man smiled at the neat bookshelf only to frown when there was one empty space in the bookshelf. Mingyu looked around the room once again, trying to locate the missing book. When he failed to find it by skimming the place, he
brought his feet to move around the room while his dark brown eyes and his big hands raking every possible place.

A corner of something thick peeked from under a baby blue blanket which was abandoned on the floor between the back of the couch and a desk where several photo frames stood proudly on top of it.

Letting out another sigh, Mingyu wondered how the book and the soft warm blanket could end up there as he went to get them from the floor. Once picking them up and noticing what book that was, Mingyu sat down on the couch placing the blanket on his lap and then the book over it.

Opening the first page, the young man was greeted by bright smiles from the people captured in the eternal flesh of memory. It was a photo of him hugging another person with fluffy brunette hair from behind and their friends lined up beside them, with scatter of colourful cut of papers littered on the white tiled floor. Fishing through his memories, Mingyu remembered that the photo was taken on Hansol’s birthday, the first birthday they celebrated together after they decided to date each other.

In the photo, Hansol looked as if he was the happiest person in the world and so did Mingyu himself as he held his cute boyfriend so close to himself. That day, the birthday boy received 12 gifts in total and 2 of those were a camera from Seungcheol hyung which was used to take said picture and a photo album from Jeonghan hyung where the photo currently resided in.

“*Take a lot of pictures and cherish your memories together.*” That was what the two said to them after giving the pair of gifts.

Smiling at the echo of sweet words from the back of his mind, Mingyu looked further down; following that first photo was a photo from graduation day. Soon after Hansol birthday was the graduation ceremony for Seungcheol, Jeonghan, and Jisoo hyung. In that picture the three oldest hugged the trio maknaes in their group, Seungkwan, Hansol and Chan, while the second years students including himself stood beside them.

With a smile, Mingyu reminisced every single moment passed over the time, eternized in that photo paper. Pages after pages full of love and happiness stretched his lips wider as those particular memories resurfaced again.

As much as Mingyu wanted to laugh at the pouty lips the younger held against him, he didn’t want to make Hansol more upset than that. “Hansollie...” he cooed, trying to wash the disappointment from Hansol’s being.

“Hmmph!”

Even though summer had almost came to its end, the heat still screamed aloud and mercilessly absorbed sweat from people. Yet despite that, it didn’t stop the university student from embracing the bundle of hotness namely Hansol. Chuckling at the sulking boy, Mingyu stepped closer and enveloped the younger closer to him.

“Yah! Kim Mingyu! Let go! It’s hot!” Hansol tried to wriggle his way out of Mingyu’s tight lock around him. Hating the way his clothes seemed to cling more on his skin with added pressure and that they were in public.

“No~~ Until you forgive me, I won’t.” The older teased, tightening his embrace as he placed his
head on top of Hansol’s, clearly taking advantage of his towering height and strong built.

Blushing when he heard some noonas chuckling at their antics, Hansol groaned and finally relented. “Fine. Fine. I forgive you! Now, let me go!”

Almost instantly, Mingyu let Hansol go and let the shorter boy took his breath and fanning himself with the wave of both his hands desperately. When he noticed that Hansol’s face had went back to his usual calm expression, Mingyu stepped closer again. Placing his hand on Hansol’s shoulder, Mingyu led the boy to nearby cafe to hide away from the blazing heat.

“I’m sorry that I can’t be with you during your summer holiday. That’s why I’ll make it up to you this week.” Mingyu confessed honestly and his smile widened even more when he saw redness painted Hansol’s face and it’s not because of the weather.

Laughing with himself at those particular memories, Mingyu kind of feeling guilty at the fact of most photos were taken during Mingyu last year in high school, as after graduating he had less time to be with Hansol due to lot of activities in university.

Still amused by the thought of his sulking boyfriend, Mingyu came across a single photo of Hansol smiling so bright and beautiful that he put the blooming sakura at the background to a shame.

“Hansollie… Let's take a photo here.” Mingyu suggested while raising the camera toward his boyfriend.

Looking around the area, Hansol raised his eyebrow questioningly. “Who will take it? Everyone here is so busy with themselves.”

It was true. The other people were so busy taking picture of the pinkish white sakura that they barely pay any attention to their surroundings.

Pouting a bit, Mingyu gave up the idea of taking picture together. “Then let's take your photo instead.” He grinned at his recently graduating boyfriend.

Look of surprise jumped into Hansol’s face once he heard it. “What? I think you want…”

Shaking his head, Mingyu evaded, “We can use our phone to take selca together. Now, stand there and smile at the camera.”

Chuckling at the silly command, Hansol moved to the pointed place and looked back at Mingyu with a fond smile rested on his lips. “Here?”

Mingyu was the one who took the photo. He was so happy that time as he looked at Hansol’s precious smile through the viewfinder; he knew the smile which always illuminated his days since day one then would live forever inside the photo. Taking the picture, Mingyu felt like the happiest
man in the world that time, he never thought that that happiness would come to a stop. His younger self never thought about being apart from Hansol, he thought he would always be together with Hansol.

*That was until Hansol left.*

“What do you mean?” the taller asked, his hand reaching for Hansol’s arm, a silent gesture to ask the other to explain what he had just said.

“You know exactly what I mean.” Not looking at Mingyu, Hansol found the ground to be more interesting. “I have to go to LA and I don't know when I can go back or whether I can go back. I can't be with you anymore. So let's break up.”

“Hansol. You’re kidding, right? Didn’t you say that you want to go to the same university? And join basketball club with Wonwoo and Jeonghan?”

“Do I look like I'm joking?” Hansol almost shouted at Mingyu. He did raise his voice but mindful enough about people who was also strolling around the park for the last chance of seeing Sakura flower before the last petals fell onto the ground.

Mingyu reasoned when Hansol didn't even look at him. “You…. Do you really have to go? Do we…” throwing his gaze away to halt his overwhelming emotion from leaking, Mingyu breathed harshly. “I don't see any need for us to break up. We will- no, we can manage this relationship even though we are far apart.” The taller almost plead, not wanting to end everything between them, not under the same sakura where he took photo of Hansol the previous week.

The younger looked away, hiding his emotion and expression from the other as he ran his hand through his brunette locks, shaking sakura petals off from his head. The moment seemed to still for a while until Hansol turned around, not even once looking at Mingyu as he muttered something before leaving the other alone among the crowd.

“You don’t know anything,”

Leaning his back on the couch, Mingyu thought to himself as his hand traced the last photo of Hansol before he left. “He’s really annoying. Leaving me like that.”

The following day, Mingyu told his friends about Hansol, receiving the same shocked expression he had showed to Hansol. It went into havoc as the eleven young men tried to call Hansol for explanation at the same time and none of their calls went through.

Trying his best to explain about his ex-boyfriend’s leaving, Mingyu convinced himself that Hansol
had been thinking it through and he knew what’s best for them all. Surprisingly, after he explained it, the rest seemed to understand and accept it.

“If Hansol had decided that, we could only support him.” Seungcheol wisely said as he placed his hand on Mingyu’s shoulder. “He’s an adult now. He knows what he’s doing.”

Several days later, the thirteen of them gathered for the last time at the airport. From the very back of the group, Mingyu watched everyone bid Hansol goodbye and good luck with hugs and pats to his back and head.

“Don’t forget about us.”

“We will miss you.”

“Take care of yourself.”

“Don’t eat junk food too much.”

And when it’s Seungkwan’s turn, their circle went from noisy to disturbing as the diva of the group cried helplessly, making the remaining maknaes line and several hyungs cried with him.

“When you arrive there. Call me when you’re lonely. Call me when you have trouble. Call me when something happen. Call me when nothing happen too. Just... Call me.. Anytime.. I will answer it right away no matter what time it is...”

Nodding continuously as his hands rested on Seungkwan’s cheek to wipe the tears, Hansol answered shortly, letting his tears wiped by Seungkwan’s hands. “I will. I will.” He repeated, collecting his best friend into embrace as he locked his arms around the other who did the same thing to him, reluctant to let go of each other.

“Hansol.”

The call of his name, made Hansol pulled away from Seungkwan’s hug to look at his parents and sister who had been watching him and his friends. Nodding at them, Hansol turned back to his friends and muttered. “I have to go now.” He said patting Seungkwan’s arms numerous times as he looked at Seungcheol for help.

Knowing what Hansol wanted, Seungcheol came forward to pull the still sobbing Diva and hugged Hansol one last time. “Bye.” He said, dragging the cry-baby away with Jeonghan.

One by one, the others followed, giving a pat to Mingyu until there were only Hansol and Mingyu standing there.

Hansol looked up at his hyung –ex boyfriend- who had been silence the whole time since they got there. “Hyung.” He called and Mingyu could feel the finality in his voice. Without a word, he let Hansol held his hands.

“I’m sorry that we have to come to this.” The younger said, looking at their joined hand. “But this needs to be done. I won’t be able to be with you. I have to leave and I don’t want to bind you to me. You don’t have to wait.”

Opening his mouth, Mingyu frowned when he wasn’t able to voice out his thought. He chose to tighten his hold on Hansol’s smaller hands when the other about to let go. Not yet.

Knowing it, Hansol looked at his family with sad look, asking for more times to be with Mingyu.
But when his father shook his head no as their time was limited, Hansol sighed. “Hyung. I have to go.”

“What if I don’t want to let you go?” The taller finally found his voice again. *Don’t leave me,* he added inside his head.

“I still have to go.”

“Even though I plead for you to not leave?”

“Hyung...”

“Hansol.” This time, it was his mother calling him. Turning, he saw his father and sister had already walked away, he didn’t have time.

Mingyu let Hansol pulled his hands away, knowing that he shouldn’t hold the younger back. “See you later.” He said, wanting to believe that this wouldn’t be their last time as he ignored the sad look on Hansol’s face. “I will wait.”

“You can’t. Go find someone else. Someone who can love you and stay by your side. You know I can’t.”

*But “I love you, Hansol.” Don’t leave.*

That was the last word uttered between them as Hansol turned around and left without replying to his word.

Piecing every memory he could find to figure out the reason why Hansol left. Mingyu felt guilty for not noticing the signs any sooner; all those phone calls late at night, unfinished sentences and stuttered replies. Several what if questions swirled inside his mind as he thought over it again and again. “Will you not leave if I ask you to stay? Will you still by my side?”

Turning his attention to rows of photo frames on the desk, Mingyu reached out his hand to grab one of them. His eyes glued on the word ‘Happy Wedding!’ written neatly at the bottom side of the photo then at the ring rested snugly on his finger.

*Why am I left all alone?*

*I hate that I’m not in your days now*

5 years had passed since the separation and Mingyu couldn’t make himself letting the brunette go from his live. He had tried to follow Hansol’s suggestion. He dated other people but none of those relationships work out because how deeply infatuated still he was with Hansol that he couldn’t see himself feel otherwise.

His mind and body still remembered clearly those old times he spent with Hansol and that might be
the reason why Mingyu –once again- found himself back at the same place, the same park where Hansol left him.

Sighing tiredly, Mingyu took a seat at the bench as he leaned back and looking around the almost deserted park illuminated by the red light of sunset with autumn colored leaves fluttering around him.

“It’s already autumn again.” He said to no one in particular.

Loosening the tie around his neck, Mingyu let out another sigh. It had been one tiring day for him, there were load of works he needed to work on and he wasn’t sure whether he could finish it before the deadline which was the end of that week.

“I wonder if things would be different if you’re with me.”

“Mingyu-oppa?”

An unfamiliar voiced called his name, making the tall man looked to his side and found a young woman with long straight brunette hair, probably still in high school, stood several feet away from his seating position. Raising his eyebrow when she smiled wider and approaching him, Mingyu sat up straighter when the girl stop and sat beside him.

“It’s been a long while, right? How have you been? Are you on your way from work?”

Frowning, Mingyu tried hard to figure out who this girl was. She seemed to know him a lot, so at least he should be able to recognize her face from somewhere. “Uuuh.. I’m sorry.. but who are you?” he asked when he couldn’t get any answer.

“Eh?” the girl seemed surprised a lot but after a moment of thinking, she seemed to understand something he failed to. “Well.. it’s been long time since we last met and with everything happened that time....”

When Mingyu couldn’t follow the girl’s self explanation, he asked again. “Who are you?”

Stopping her rambling, the girl turned and smiled at him. “I’m Chwe Hangyeol.”

Chwe.

Mingyu had been so familiar with that surname which had left him long time ago that hearing it again making him felt like losing his energy. “You are... Hansol’s sister.”

“Yes. That’s me!” the girl said excitedly before telling the older her story about the last 5 years in America with her family then about the reason she was in Korea. “I’m in holiday, meeting an old friend of mine and to watch this concert tomorrow.” She said waving her phone which showed the poster of said concert.

“Oh... I see.” Mingyu said with a smile, not wanting to show the disappointment he felt when he realized that the girl and her family weren’t coming back to Korea.

As much as he hid it, the girl seemed to notice it anyway. “Oppa. Do you miss Hansol oppa?”

The question reminded Mingyu again why he was in that park again. Of course he missed her older brother. He missed Hansol very much, so much that it hurt. Even so, he didn’t say anything, not wanting to burden the younger girl with his feeling and the possibility of Hansol had found someone else in America dropped heavy weight on his tired shoulders.
Hangyeol looked at him closely before leaning back. “Do you know the reason why I’m here?”

The sound of front door opened followed by loud chattering jolted Mingyu out of his reverie. Standing up while placing the album down on the couch, the tall man sighed as the argument between 2 persons cracked the silence wrapping the house.

“You can’t do this to me!”

“Who said?”

“Me!” A female voice shrieked, pounding into Mingyu's eardrum.

A snort followed the familiar shriek before the other male bit back. “Whatever! You can’t go against me and my decision about this, is final! Period!”

“OPPA!!!” Another shriek and a blur of blonde hair and pink jersey came toward Mingyu on record time. “Mingyu-oppa! Oppa is being ridiculous again! Do something about it!”

After the girl’s complain, the same voice who had been arguing with the girl came up again, this time from the kitchen. “Ya! What do you mean with ridiculous? And, again?!”

“Please realize it! Oppa has been ridiculous since way before! Oppa always tell me not to do that, not to do this. It’s really annoying!” the girl strode toward the other, not willing to back down from the argument.

Massaging the crease created by his knitted eyebrows to stop the upcoming headache, Mingyu walked toward the kitchen following the louder and louder sounds of argument between the two siblings.

“Ya! Chwe Hangyeol! I do that because I’m worried about you!”

“But that’s too much!”

Knowing that they wouldn't stop shouting at each other at this point, Mingyu stepped up between them and used his strength to push the Chwe siblings away from each other. “Stop this childish fight.” He said with his tough voice left no space for argument.

Being the oldest among them, Mingyu already used to stop the two from slitting each other’s throat. Yet to do that every other day for 3 years, he was bound to have enough with it. “So, what's the matter this time?”

“Hansol oppa wrecked another chance for me to get a boyfriend.” The girl whined, pulling an annoyed look against his older brother. “He scared the man away.”

Feeling scandalized, the said older brother retorted, defending himself from the blame. “I just tried to protect you. Beside, you didn’t look interested in that man.”

“It's called playing hard to get!”

“If you like him, why do you have to act like that?!”

Hangyeol looked away from the brunette muttering something like ‘pot calling the kettle black’.
Preventing another series of argument, Mingyu placed his arms around Hansol and told the younger girl to stay away from her older brother.

Once the younger sister had walked away from them, Mingyu looked down at the still fuming brunette. And just like a child being stared down by their parents, Hansol slowly muttered. “I'm just worried about her. That guy doesn't look like a good guy.”

Sighing knowingly, the taller of the two patted the shorter’s head gently as his other hand wrapped around Hansol's waist. “I know.”

“I don't want her to get caught up in a mess.”

A nod pressed against Hansol’s head, prompting him tell more of his worry.

“I want her to stay safe.”

“Of course. I don't want something bad to happen to her too.” Mingyu said, agreeing completely with the brunette as he continued to sooth the younger with warm hug and gentle caressing.

A smaller hand than his, slowly snaked around Mingyu's waist. Those arms rested in small embrace as the owner of said arms leant his head on the older’s shoulder. Comforting silence filled their thought as they dwelled with their own mind.

“Sometimes..” Hansol started, “I wonder what would happen to me if I can't hold you like this.”

Mingyu didn’t answer to it as his own memories supplied unvoiced answer to Hansol.

“I'm glad.” The younger added after taking the silence from Mingyu. “I'm really glad I came back here. I can have you again. I can be with you again.”

Mingyu tightened his hold on Hansol. Embracing the shorter, pulling him closer until there were no single space left between them. He let out a heavy breathe as he muttered. “Me too. I'm glad you come back.”

Back in the living room where Mingyu had come from, Hangyeol lounged on the sofa as she stretched out her feet, giving them a rest after the long run she had with her older brother. A groan escaped her pouty lips as she knew what occurred in the kitchen by experiences. “It’s not fair.” She uttered, sulking. “I also want a boyfriend…”

Sneaking her glance around the room, her eyes found the opened album on the couch beside her. Reaching her hand out toward it, she couldn’t help but smiling at the sight of her older brother’s smiling photo. Thinking back around that time, this smile might be the brightest one her brother showed.

“How do you know the reason why I’m here?” Hangyeol asked as she leaned back on the cold wooden park bench. Her dark brown eyes looking at the elder, trying to dig out any hidden emotion from his expression.

She watched as Mingyu’s eyes fled from her to their surrounding, able to feeling the nervousness the man radiated at the question. “Didn’t you say that.. you want to go to that concert?” he asked, pointing at her phone.
Giggling, she looked at the tall tree across them. “That’s only one of the reasons. Well, a reward actually.”

“Reward?” Mingyu asked, and from his tone, the girl knew how unsure he must be.

“A reward for the mission given to me.” Taking a deep breath, Hangyeol letting out a little smile. “I’m here to relay a message from Hansol oppa.” Without looking at Mingyu, the girl slipped her hand into the pocket of her jacket then fished out a slip of paper which she passed toward Mingyu.

Once the paper was taken from her hand, she stood up, giving the other a time and space to read the message alone. Not even a glance thrown at the paper, Hangyeol commented. “I don’t know what oppa wrote in there. But Hansol oppa misses you a lot.”

When Mingyu didn’t say anything, she continued, looking up at the mix of yellow and red above her. “He wanted me to ask and tell you some things.”

“And what is it?”

“Mingyu oppa, depending on your answer, this might be the last time you hear from me and Hansol oppa...” The girl noted how his voice had shaken a bit after reading the letter. And if she saw a pair of red eyes when she turned to look back at him, she wouldn’t be surprised. “Do you want him to come back?”

This time, Mingyu didn’t let silence overtake the conversation as he looked up from the letter to look at the girl who was still enthralled by the autumn leaves. “Of course. I miss him a lot and never once my love for him faltered. If I can meet him again, I will do anything to keep him beside me.” He answered long and honestly, finally letting out his feeling which he had suppressed for the last 5 years.

Smiling at the sincere words, Hangyeol turned to look at Mingyu. She was extremely happy to hear them from the tall man and she was happier to tell him the news she had been asked to bring.

“Hansol oppa is coming back here.”

Stuffing her laugh from bursting out, Hangyeol mentally scolded her brother for being rude at that time. Sure she knew how worried her brother had been years ago, he was scared that Mingyu didn’t want him again and his 4 years of effort in America to come back might be worthless if the older didn’t wait for him. That was his biggest bet, he bet his love and life on it and he –and also her and their parents- was glad that there was a person who waited –had been waiting- for him to come back.

As if had been memorizing every pages of the album, Hangyeol jumped all the way back to the first page where the photo from her brother’s birthday resided. Smiling at that, she jumped back to her brother’s smiling face then her hand flipped to the next page where a photo which resembled the first photo placed.

They were at the airport, it was the beginning of spring, and Mingyu hugged Hansol close to his chest while eleven young men stood beside them, shed of tears decorated some familiar faces as they smiled widely in that moment. Smiling at the heart-warming handwriting from thirteen people which surrounded the photo, Hangyeol turned the pages again only to giggle since most of the photos were Hansol and Mingyu enjoying every shared moments as the season changed.

Tempted by the airy laugh from the kitchen, the girl thought that she had waited long enough for her
Oppas and decided that it was a good time for breakfast. Closing the album down, Hangyeol stood up and walked toward the kitchen. “Oppa! Let’s eat breakfast.” She asked with wide grin, not trying to hide her hunger as she happily taking in the delicious smell of the meal which was currently prepared by both older men.

Left in the living room, was the album on the desk behind the couch. Standing beside the book was rows of photo frames. They were all filled with happy smiles of three occupants of the house, and one of the photos - the biggest one with neat cursive handwriting - was filled up by nineteen people who shared the same joy at that fateful day.

Standing in the center of the photo, surrounded by lovely atmosphere and joyful smiles from their families and best friends, were Mingyu and Hansol clad in black and white matching tuxedo while proudly showing off the glinting metal circling their ring finger.

**Don’t leave me**
*I’ll always be in your heart*
**Even when I’m tired**
*I won’t leave you*
*I’ll love you forever*
*So stay by my side*
It happened so fast that Seungcheol almost couldn’t comprehend it. His body moved on its own as if he was on auto pilot where his reflex controlled him instead of his consciousness. Lips met with another pair of lips in short barely intimate kiss with two pairs of brown eyes staring at each other, one blown open in surprise while the other narrowed in regret. It should be simple.

Pulling back from the unresponsive kiss dejectedly, Seungcheol was not able to look at Hansol’s still shocked face. He sent his gaze away across the empty parking lot, glad that it was late at night and no one saw him throwing himself into light kiss with the brunette boy.

The more he thought about it, the more than anything Seungcheol wanted to run away. But he knew the younger boy in front of him deserved at least an explanation from him. “Hansol..” He started,
gulping down the building nervousness as he looked at the other’s face which was still layered by heavy disbelief.

Preparing himself for the worst, -he deserved the worst indeed, kissing Hansol out of the blue as if he thought he got the chance to be with Hansol, to date him- Seungcheol finally let out the words he had been dying to say to the young boy.

“I love you.”

She’s a baby, once you get to know her, she’s a baby

Seungcheol had always been looking at Hansol since the first time they met. And getting to know the younger was like a blessing to him. He met Hansol at the younger’s first day in the university. Being the cousin of Hong Jisoo and also living with said cousin, Hansol was bounded to meet Jisoo’s friends sooner or later.

He loved the boy, honestly, who wouldn’t anyway? Just seeing how the boy's face lit up whenever he tasted delicious meal, brightened excitedly when playing games and jokes, serious and contemplative look adorned his face when he studied hard; Seungcheol couldn't help but adored every one of them. Not to mention there was also a look of interest whenever someone brought up a subject he liked, and passion burning in his eyes when his favorite beats came up and he rapped along smoothly. Hansol was a sight to behold, no one could deny it and Seungcheol couldn't do any better.

He enjoyed every expressions he could see on the younger’s face, even though -he sadly thought- he was not the one who created such delightful expression on his face.

“Hyung?”

Jolting away from his thought, Seungcheol looked up at Hansol who was sitting across him. The elder blinked his eyes numerous times as if he had forgotten how he and Hansol ended up sitting together in the middle of cafe near their university.

“What is it, Hansol?” He asked after he saw the books spread open on the table between them, right, he was helping Hansol with his assignment.

Hansol raised his eyebrow questioningly, “Are you tired, hyung? If you are, we can call it a day. Or a night literally.” He said, shrugging his shoulders while looking outside.

Glancing briefly to see what's outside the window, the elder looked at his wristwatch which told him that it was almost midnight. And a once over look across the cafe told him how deserted the place had been compared to when he and Hansol came into here which was hours ago. “Have you finished it?” he asked noting how tired the younger looked.

Hansol looked down at his paper before shaking his head. “Not yet. Just one more problem.”

“Do you need help with it?” Seungcheol asked taking the book. A soft hum sounded from him as he looked over the assignment before placing it back down in front of Hansol. “If you hurry, I think you can finish it soon. And this one is not as difficult.” He said encouragingly after reading it.

“Really?” Hansol brightened up at that, finding his energy back at the possibility of finishing the
assignment without the need to pull an all nighter. Taking his pen up, his light brown eyes moved onto the next problem he had to tackle.

Loving how his words could simply make Hansol cheered up again, Seungcheol offered. “Do you want me to order coffee for you?”

Hansol heard his hyung asked him when he started writing down on his book. He paused his hand mid air pondering about it as he chewed on his bottom lip before shaking his head. “No, thanks. If I drink more, I might not be able to find my sleep.” He answered jokingly, looking up from his book to laugh with his hyung who reached out his hands to cup Hansol’s cheeks.

“Right. You have to finish this soon and go sleep. Aigoo. Look at this eye bag.” The elder cooed worriedly as his thumbs rubbed the darkening skin under Hansol’s eyes softly.

After another set of laugh shared between them and a gentle pat to his head, the younger went back to his problem. While Seungcheol looked to his side where their things scattered on the other half part of the desk which could provide enough space for up to four people. Knowing Hansol would finish soon, he tidied up his own books into his backpack as he carefully pushed the glasses and plates aside from their things.

Once done with his belongings, he glanced at his junior who was still working on his last problem.

You’re special, I admit

All of my concerns focus on only you

It’s okay, I’ll look after you all day

Looking at Hansol still writing down rows of words, Seungcheol never expected the younger boy to latch himself with him just because they happened to take the same major. Sure, with Seungcheol’s 3 years experiences –now going 4 years- he could be a good senior whom the junior could ask help to, yet Hansol -despite his shyness- being the social butterfly he was, he could always ask other senior or his own classmate to help him. And yet, here he was, inside the cafe near their university where lot of students always came to do their paper comfortably with scent of coffee wafting around the room boosting the tired students; Seungcheol sat across the younger boy, helping or more like just accompanying Hansol while the latter worked on his assignment.

He didn’t remember since when this little shared moment started, but Seungcheol remembered how he enjoyed every time they met up like this. Sometimes, both of them would be too busy with their own assignments that they didn’t even talk with each other for hours beside asking question here and there. Some other time, they were just sitting there, no assignment between them, sipping their favourite coffee while chatting about everything that came up to their mind until they lost time.

“Done!” Small exclamation pulled the older from his thought, prompting him to bring his attention back on the brunette who was grinning at his book while his eyes checking his work for any mistakes.

“You done?” The older asked, reaching out his hand to grab the book and checked how well the younger did his work.

“Is it good enough?” Hansol asked, already tidying up his pen and books, stuffing them into his
messenger bag while waiting for his hyung checking his assignment.

After reading it until the last word, Seungcheol nodded approvingly. “Very good. And you did this own your own.” Giving the book back, Seungcheol patted the fluffy brunette hair like a proud father toward his son.

Grinning at the other, Hansol put his book inside his bag. “Well, it’s thanks to you, hyung. You helped me a lot by explaining the basic clearly that I could understand it easily.”

“That’s too flattering. Beside, Jisoo and Jeonghan also helped a lot.” The older replied back, reluctant to accept the compliment alone.

Smiling at the wide grin Hansol threw at him, Seungcheol wanted to stay a little longer with the younger. Yet the midnight which had came so soon, preventing him to do so. Standing up when Hansol had slung his bag across his shoulder, he asked. “How are you going to go home now? You need me to give you a ride?” Seungcheol offered worriedly at Hansol, he didn’t want to let his adorable junior to walk back home alone in the middle of midnight, beside, he never minded to give the other a ride after their study session in the cafe.

Following Seungcheol, Hansol stood up too then with the slightly taller man walked out of the cafe toward the parking lot where Seungcheol’s motorbike was at. “No need to. Wonwoo hyung will pick me up.”

At the mention of one of his juniors –and also Hansol’s senior- Seungcheol could feel his happiness dropped a bit. He had heard from some people in their university that Wonwoo and Hansol was dating each other, but Seungcheol refused to acknowledged it. It was only gossip, he told himself.

He knew how close Hansol was with Wonwoo, seeing how Wonwoo often giving the younger a ride and also the lingering touches and hugs shared between them, it was like futile attempt to not accepting that fact. But gossip was still a gossip, Seungcheol thought. Neither Hansol nor Wonwoo confirmed whether they were really dating or not, or whether they even aware of said gossip in the first place. That’s why, for his own peace of mind, Seungcheol would think that they didn’t date each other; they were just close friend, his mind supplied.

How Hansol and Wonwoo knew each other, it was started by Jisoo who was worried about his cousin whether he got friend or not among students his ages, because Hansol was too often hanging out with them that it made Jisoo thought that Hansol didn’t have other friend –beside Seungkwan, that’s it- in his year. Then both Seungcheol and Jeonghan offered to introduce some of their friends to help Hansol expanding his circle of friends.

Jeonghan introduced Hansol to his and also Jisoo’s vocal team -the team in which Seungkwan also happened to join at the start of his year- while Seungcheol introduces Hansol to his rapper friends -Seungcheol realized later that it was wrong move because Wonwoo took more liking toward Hansol than he had has expected, much to Mingyu’s amusement as his best friend wasn’t the type who easily get interested in someone-.

Not that Seungcheol regretted it, he was actually glad because Mingyu and Wonwoo prompted different expressions to show up on Hansol’s face. Just like the time when Hansol was delighted by Mingyu’s culinary skill or how Hansol chatted animatedly when he talked about books with Wonwoo. Those two were some thing he couldn’t see by himself, he admitted.

Back to his current situation, Seungcheol scolded himself for not having enough courage to give Hansol a ride to his home. He could have done so if Wonwoo didn’t offer to Hansol first. “I see. When will he come?” he asked, hiding the ugly disappointment deep inside his mind as he leaned
back a bit on his bike.

Hansol looked back at his phone which he had taken out from his jacket pocket after putting his things into his bag. “He only said that he will reach here soon.” The younger said, while looking around the area to find Wonwoo. “Oh! There he is.”

Looking back, Seungcheol saw a black and red sporty motorbike coming with smooth roar toward them before it slowly stopped right in front of them. The one who rode it had lean built body hidden under the leather jacket as his leather gloved hand pushed up the glass on his helmet to show his playful smirk at the two.

“Hey.” Wonwoo greeted the oldest with small smile as he passed the spare helmet to Hansol who immediately walked toward him and wore it safely.

“Hey.” Smiling back at his junior, Seungcheol greeted back shortly knowing that there was no need to start a conversation as Hansol had climbed onto the limited seat behind Wonwoo and held onto the elder’s waist.

“Hyung, we’re going now. Be careful on your way.” Hansol said, raising his hand toward Seungcheol. “And thanks a lot for today.”

Meeting Hansol’s hand with a high five, the oldest replied simply. “You’re welcome. And be careful on your way too. Especially you, Wonwoo. Your house is farther than Hansol’s.”

“Don’t worry, hyung.” Wonwoo said confidently with his ever playful smirk, his hands never leaving the handle aside from when he needed to slide the glass on his helmet down to cover his handsome face from the slapping wind. “I’m always careful and even more careful with Hansollie.”

Patting Wonwoo’s shoulder, Seungcheol turned to climb onto his own bike and got ready for his ride back home, knowing that the two wouldn’t leave if they hadn’t seen him started up his motor yet. “See you later.” He said, looking at them both with a smile as he put on his helmet.

“See you later, hyung.” The two said at the same time before Wonwoo rode away slowly out of the parking ground, with Hansol waving goodbye at him.

Waving back, Seungcheol ignored the way Hansol leant onto Wonwoo’s broad back and how Hansol’s arms wrapped tightly around Wonwoo’s waist, before he too left the parking lot.

She’s a baby, once you get to know her, she’s a baby

She’ll get in big trouble if you leave her alone all day

Bad bad, you better not touch a single hair on her

Seungcheol was leaving late as he was held back by his assignment which needed him to stay in the library. Saying his goodbye to the librarian with a guilty grin for making the old man to stay behind his work hour waiting up for him to finish his source gathering, Seungcheol left toward his locker first before walking to get his motorbike.

The sun had almost set completely as he walked toward his bike. Wondering what he should get for his dinner, Seungcheol didn't see someone coming his way until a hand slapped his back lightly.
“Hyung?” Familiar voice reached him when he turned to see the cause of the small pain on his back. Meeting the other, Seungcheol saw the one he didn’t expect to see at that late hour. “Hansollie? I thought your class had ended hours ago? Why are you still here?”

“I’m waiting for Wonwoo hyung…” The younger sheepishly said. “He needs to send in his late homework for his class.”

“That’s rare.” Seungcheol said, knowing how Wonwoo almost never missed any assignment’s due date.

“Well, he said and I quote, his professor gave him impossible assignment after he pointed out the professor’s mistake in the middle of the class.”

“Oh.. As a payback, huh?”

Nodding, Hansol agreed. “Wonwoo hyung can be extra harsh and not notice it.”

“Right..” Seungcheol replied shortly before asking again. “Where are you going after this?”

“We kinda planned to go out for dinner. We, I mean, me, Wonwoo hyung, Seungkwan, Jisoo hyung and Mingyu hyung..” Hansol hurriedly explained about the occasion, saying that Seungcheol too was invited but Jisoo said that he would be busy and couldn't attend.

“Oh, that one.” Remembered the invitation he refused earlier because he had to go to library, Seungcheol said. “Well, I think I can go now. I have finished my paper anyway.”

“Really? That's great!”

Feeling happy when he saw the excitement on Hansol’s face, Seungcheol nodded. “So, where do we go?”

Still grinning at Seungcheol, Hansol said, “Mingyu-hyung’s apartment.”

“Mingyu? Does it mean Mingyu's cooking?” the hyung asked, remembering that the tall boy was majoring in culinary.

“Yeah. He said that he was experimenting some recipes and wanting us to help tasting it.” Hansol said quoting Mingyu’s words.

Hearing the experiment word, Seungcheol’s eyebrows furrowed suspiciously. “They are edible, right?”

Laughing at that, Hansol replied. “Of course. You know how Mingyu-hyung cooks. He’s always careful with what he does. I bet his cooking tonight would be as amazing as he usually cooks.”

Still with a frown, the elder nodded slowly sticking with his light joke of disbelief. “Yeah. I hope so.”

It took several more minutes of light conversation of Hansol being hungry and Seungcheol’s scolding Hansol for not eating lunch, before Wonwoo walked out of his faculty building looking relieved. “Oh! Hyung!” When he saw Seungcheol standing beside Hansol, Wonwoo greeted with big grin as he jogged toward them.

“Hyung.. You took too long. Jisoo-hyung had just sent me a message saying that Mingyu-hyung had started cooking. We should go now before he finished cooking and the other eat every bit of it.”
Hansol pouted while waving his phone side to side.

“Jinjja?” Wonwoo asked, following the younger and the eldest toward the parking lot. “Seungcheol-hyung is coming too?”

“Yes!” Seungcheol answered shortly as he took his key once he spotted his motorbike. “It seems you can’t eat as much as you expected. Hahahaha.” They laughed as they hurriedly climbed onto the motorbike and wore the helmet. Hansol –Seungcheol noted- ran with Wonwoo and climbed behind him.

“Pali pali. We can talk later, now go.” Hansol scolded the two older boys, his stomach had gone from hungry to mad.

Reaching there, Jisoo was the one who opened the door for them. “You are right on time, Mingyu is about to finish cooking.” He said, opening the door wide enough for the newcomer to come in and teased their nostril with the delicious smell coming from certain kitchen. “Seungcheol? I thought you can’t come here? Ya! Hansol! Don’t barging into the house like you own it!”

Ignoring Hansol and Wonwoo who had slipped inside like cheetah after taking off their shoes hurriedly, Seungcheol simply explained to his friend while tidying the mess left by both younger boys. “I met Hansol when I leave and since my work is done, I guess I will come along.”

“I see.” Hearing loud voice of Hansol and Seungkwan –the diva who had invited himself after hearing the invitation from Jeonghan who couldn’t come- thanking Mingyu for the food, Jisoo knew better than standing at the front door. “Let’s come in before they devour all the foods. Mingyu does cook a lot, but with these boys, you know that it will never be enough.”

Reaching the living room where everyone had gathered after closing the front door, Seungcheol saw Hansol who was eating peacefully sat between Seungkwan -who commented the food as if he was Michelin’s inspector about to give a star- and Mingyu -who listened intently to Seungkwan-. Right across Hansol was Wonwoo who looked at Mingyu and Seungkwan with funny expression and chimed in to give his opinion every now and then. Sitting at the other end of the table -across Seungkwan-, since Jisoo had taken the spot beside Wonwoo, Seungcheol looked at the food and nodded in satisfaction before muttering his own thank and started digging in.

The dinner ran smoothly as they joked and gave out lot of good feedback for Mingyu who looked glad. And the foods, despite they were only a simple modification of common recipes that everyone could make, Seungcheol admitted that they were better than anything he had ate before. He did enjoy everything, until he saw the closeness between Hansol and the others.

“Hansol-ah, you have rice stuck on your lips.” Wonwoo said, reaching out his free hand to Hansol’s lips and wiped the rice with his finger.

“Hansollie, you haven’t ate this one, right? Try it.” Mingyu said, able to know what Hansol hadn’t ate despite he had most of his attention on Seungkwan’s and Jisoo’s opinion about his cooking all the time.

“Hansol, you have been eating this one a lot, you like it?” The boy’s cousin asked as he tried the food before asking Mingyu for the recipe so he could make it for Hansol.

“Kimchi. Kimchi. This one taste better when you eat it with Kimchi. Believe me.” Seungkwan recommended as he piled some kimchi on Hansol’s spoonful.

Seungcheol blamed the seating position for his lack of show of care toward Hansol, yet he knew
better that he might be not that attentive toward Hansol for him to act extra caring about the boy’s liking to eat delicious food.

Aside from that, Seungcheol thought that the night went neatly until he thought that maybe he had jinxed himself when Seungkwan, the I-have-to-know-about-everything boy in their group, deliberately asked about the growing gossip in their university concerning Wonwoo and Hansol after they had finished the dinner.

Even though Seungcheol felt glad that someone asked to confirm it, he wasn’t ready to hear the truth if it was real. “Are they real? You do act like couple though.” The Diva Boo asked with incredulous look once he finished retold the gossip he had heard.

Looking around the room, Seungcheol saw Jisoo looked unamused, Wonwoo only smirked playfully like he often did when he found something interesting, and Hansol who was helping Mingyu washing the dishes looked at them with eyebrow raised questioningly.

“What are you talking about?” Mingyu asked but he still had his focus on rinsing the soap from the plates.

Seungkwan, giving up to get answer from Wonwoo, turned to look at the two in the kitchen before asking loudly, “Hansol, are you really dating Wonu-hyung?” his question brought everyone’s attention to Hansol, waiting the truth to unfold.

Laughing, Hansol shook his hand. “No. I’m not dating him. I would have told you if I really date Wonwoo-hyung.”

“Well, you’re right.” Seungkwan said with a nod. “So you two aren’t dating..”

And when Seungcheol saw Jisoo’s attention turned back to his phone, he said after clearing his throat. “I thought that you two were really dating. You acted like real couple.”

“Oh! I also thought so! I was so shocked when I heard that gossip and saw those WonSol moments right in front of my eyes.” Seungkwan agreed dramatically with the eldest, placing his hand on his chest as if he was a wive whose husband cheated on her.

“WonSol? What’s that?” Wonwoo who had been silently laughing asked.

Jisoo looked up from his phone, “As the one who is in the middle of the gossip, I’m surprised that you don’t know about that word.”

“What is it anyway?” Wonwoo asked, drinking his water while looking at Jisoo and Seungkwan back and forth.

“Yeah, what is it? I had ever heard it from my classmate mentioning it, but I don’t really get it.” Hansol asked as he and Mingyu walked back to the living room and sat side by side in their spot across Wonwoo and Jisoo.

“It’s the ship name, right?” Mingyu said, looking at each person in his living room one by one.

“Ship name? What’s that? I think I’m lost here.” Seungcheol asked too, wondering where he had hearing the words.

“Ehh? Hyung? You also didn’t know about it?” Mingyu turned to Seungcheol before looking at Seungkwan to explain.
Coughing once, Seungkwan looked at Hansol, Wonwoo and Seungcheol. “Let me explain it in a short way. WonSol is derived from Wonwoo and Hansol. You get it? You take the first syllable and the last one, Won and Sol. Bring it together and you get WonSol.”

When three understanding ‘aah’s sounded from them, Seungkwan added. “So you two really aren’t dating.” He said, almost trying to make himself believe in that.

Hansol was the one who answered to it. “Right. I don't know where the gossip came from, but since Wonwoo hyung and I found it funny, we decided to play along with it.”

“And we didn't expect it would go boom like this.” Wonwoo added with a laugh. “We have gone with the joke too far to say that we aren't dating.”

“Should we hold a breaking up scene in front of everyone?” Hansol asked opening a can of soda. Leaning forward, Wonwoo added, “Maybe with a punch or two?”

“Ya! This is real life. Not drama.” Seungkwan said with full on disagreed expression before adding excitedly. “If you want to break up, at least let me antagonize Wonu hyung first to make it more real.”


Laughter rounded the table when Seungkwan only sticking out his tongue at Wonwoo, and trying to stop another argument between Hansol’s best friend and Hansol’s gossip boyfriend, Mingyu came up with another joke.

“Well, since you are free, does it mean that I can date you, Hansollie?” Mingyu asked as he leaned closer to the younger boy beside him.

Chuckling, Hansol replied with the same joking tone, “If it means I can eat all these foods everyday, I will date you, Hyung!”

Laughter filled the living room amusingly as the group of boys stepped out from that talk and continued their conversation to another topic. And honestly, Seungcheol was never felt so relieved like when he knew that Hansol wasn’t dating Wonwoo nor anyone at that.

Let her sleep well yeah

“Done!” Hansol exclaimed with his set of big grin as he stared down at his homework on the coffee table. “Hyung! Thanks again for today.”

Chuckling softly, Seungcheol waved his hand as he closed his book. “This is nothing much. You didn’t even need me to explain things for you this time.”

Hearing it, the younger pouted at him. “Still.” Choosing to cut out his pout to fill his bag with his stuff, Hansol asked sheepishly after he had done putting all his books into his bag. “Hyung, can you give me a ride home?”
Raising his eyebrows at the unusual request, Seungcheol nodded unsurely. “Sure. What about Wonwoo? He can’t tonight?”

Seungcheol watched as Hansol raised his hand to rub his neck and the boy didn’t meet with gaze. “Well.. it’s not like that... it’s just..”

“Just?” he asked, suddenly feeling nervous. He waited for the other to answer, but when none came, he chose to not pressure Hansol to give him answer. With soft and gentle smile, he continued. “Well. No need to answer, I was just surprised.. Sure, I can take you home. What time is it?”

Subtly relieved, Hansol looked at his phone and said. “10.37.”

“Do you want to go home now?” Seungcheol asked, noting that it wasn’t that late compared to their other study session and there were still some customers filling the cafe.

Thinking about it for a while, Hansol looked at Seungcheol timidly. “Tteokbokki. Can we eat that now?”

"Tteokbooki?" Seungcheol repeated the name of food before grinning. "Sure! Why not? Let's go."

_When things are hard, come to me_  
_I'll solve all your problems_

It should be simple.

He just needed to walk out of the cafe then climb onto his bike, let Hansol sat behind him and he would get the tteokbokki. That’s all, no extra care needed. But Seungcheol’s mind thought otherwise when he saw how the boy seemed much too nervous and so cute like shy little animal that he lost himself in his feeling toward the boy and when he realized it he uttered a sentence which he had practiced since months ago when he first realized his feeling toward Hansol.

“I love you.”

Closing his eyes, not wanting to know how Hansol would react to him, he imagined the worst he could think of. Hansol called his cousin or Wonwoo and then they would come, Wonwoo would probably give him a well aimed punches which would leaving him with several bruises while Jisoo would stay away and kept Hansol far from him. That’s the worst scenario he could think of at that moment and he readied himself if the reality would be worse than that.

Though, he didn’t know how to react when Hansol stayed silent in front of him. Opening his eyes slowly, Seungcheol saw Hansol had his hands covered his face and thinking that the boy was crying, he -in panic- apologized deeply to him. “Hansol. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t do that to you. I should have known that you don’t like me that way. You can forget about everything. Just forget it. I know that you wouldn’t want to talk with me again. You also not wanting to let me give you a ride home too. I’ll call Wonwoo to pick you up here. Just waited a minute.” He said almost tripping over his own hastily thrown out words.

“...that.”

“What?” Seungcheol spontantly asked, looking up from his phone when he heard that word. “What
did you say?”

Hansol mumbled something but Seungcheol couldn’t hear it too. When he was about to ask Hansol to say it again, the boy dropped his hands from his face and looked up at Seungcheol. “It wasn’t supposed to be like that.”

Flinching at the sharpness of the words, Seungcheol nodded and looked away. “Yeah.. You’re right. I was not supposed to kiss you. I’m really sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry for kissing me.” Hansol said, prompting Seungcheol to raise his gaze at Hansol in confusion. “I...”

Seungcheol looked at the other with wondering eyes. Taking in the sight of blushing Hansol, the elder wanted to embrace the shorter boy into a hug, but he was not in the position to do so because of what he just did. Beside, his mind was having a problem that it couldn’t process what Hansol meant by saying that. “What do you...”

“Hyung!” Hansol cut Seungcheol’s question as he looked straight meeting his gaze. “Listen to me.” The force in that voice made Seungcheol nodded slowly as he looked at the still blushing Hansol.

The other took some deep breath to calm himself until the redness on his face reduced into what he thought healthy shade of peach. Looking back straight at Seungcheol, Hansol asked him to repeated his words.

Feeling lost, Seungcheol gave out an answer. “I...I’m sorry...”

“Hyung... Not that one. Before that.”

Seungcheol clearly at lost, he wasn’t sure which of his words Hansol wanted him to repeat. “What did I say?” he found himself asking that.

“I love you. That word.” Hansol said with his face exploded in red.

“Oh.. that...” Seungcheol started unsurely before he closed his breath and calmed himself. He wasn’t sure what Hansol was going to do. Was he going to reject him harshly? Was it the reason why Hansol wanted him to repeat that word? He doubted almost everything, and he didn’t believe that Hansol would reciprocate his feeling. Once again preparing himself for the worst, he said it again. “I love you.”

He waited with his eyes still closed until Hansol asked him to open his eyes again. The sight which greeted him was really a sight to behold. Hansol was blushing and looking at him expectantly, it made his heart swelled with affection and adoration as his eyes focused on Hansol’s lips saying out his words.

It was a short sentence, only consisted of mere words which could be counted by your fingers alone. Yet it had the greatest effect on Seungcheol who had been hoping for it. The elder felt like Spring had created beautiful garden and filled it with warm shine of Summer Sun and teasing wind which brought the sweet lovely scent of the flower to float around him.

“I love you too.”

Then come into my arms without a word
I may seem like a character that brings confusion

But after time, I’ll be unforgettable

I’m your baby

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry for the rushed ending... I lost my muses because of certain reasons when I worked on my fics.... And I need to work on WonSol Birthday fic.. TT Yeah you read it right. WonSol Birthday Fic. Let's just hope I can finish it before the 17th ended.
As If I'm in Love (Hansol x Chan)

Chapter Summary

Chan and Hansol weren't sure about where to stand. They were close as ever, as if they
had been friends since they could remember. And Hansol was dating the girl whom was
Chan's best friend.

There should be nothing between them, nothing but friendly care and attention between
the best friend and the boyfriend of the girl. Yet there was unexpected feeling growing
inside those care and attention, and none of them tried to stop the grow of it.

Chapter Notes

Credit for the song goes to Yonezawa Madoka and 'White Album'

Chapter Tags : mention of Hansol/nameless female character, best friend
Seungkwan/Hansol, best friend Chan/nameless female character, friendly bickering
between Hansol/Seungkwan/Chan/nameless female character, light hint of upcoming
affair, open ending

Song #4

As If I'm in Love (恋のような) by Yonezawa Madoka (米澤 円)

Chan looked at the other boy in front of him carefully, his narrowed eyes assessing the other’s look,
summing up how handsome the upperclassman was.

His eyes trained on his hand which brought cup of coffee to his mouth, and Chan couldn't help but
gulped down his nerves at how mature the other looked when sipping the bitter liquid; his eyebrows
furrowed close when the -in Chan’s opinion, way too hot- liquid spilled onto his tongue, and how
the corner of his lips quirked up seemingly delighted by the dark colored drink. Glancing down at his
own coffee cup, still as full as when the waitress brought their orders minutes ago, Chan mentally
slapped himself for ordering said beverage.

Looking up again at his upperclassman who was still completely enticed by the coffee, Chan asked
himself why he asked the other to meet him in the first place. If there was no one around him, Chan
was so sure that he might bang his head on the table.

‘This is stupid.’ Chan told himself as he felt the sudden rage he had an hour ago had cooled down
and turned into a small crackling fire of embarrassment. “I'm so stupid.” the younger didn't realize
that he had said it out loud until Hansol responded

“I thought so too.”
“Eh? What?” Chan glanced back at Hansol and his face didn't show any other expression beside baffled.

Laughing at that, Hansol grinned at him and said. “You have to see yourself just now.” The half American boy continued laughing for a little more while Chan only stared a bit bashfully at the laughing upperclassman.

“You don't have to laugh like that, do you?” Chan grumbled, but he didn't deny how funny his face might look just then. It's just not his luck that he didn't have face which look like a celebrity, he thought to himself as he stealthily look at Hansol from behind his cup of coffee which he feigned drinking from.

The younger admitted, that his sunbae got the look which could make all the ladies swoon at the mere sight of him, sharp facial expression which complimented his sculpted like face and captivating smile which often showed up on his face.

Hansol was so different compared to him. He was shorter than the other, well not that short, and he believed that he would eventually grow taller in matter of time. And he wasn't as smart as this sunbae who spoke English fluently, well Hansol was born in America, it's just his privilege to be able to speak English effortlessly.

Numerous traits between him and Hansol clashed for competition and Chan found himself not able to stand over the older boy. He was so minor compared to Hansol and Chan couldn't help but admitted to his lost.

“Sunbae..” “Chan,”

They called at the same time, looking at each other before laughter bursting out from their mouth, finding it funny rather awkward.

“What do you want to say?” Hansol asked him, still laughing about their timely call to each other.

Trying to stop his laugh but failed, Chan responded between his laugh. “You go first.. I can't ...stop laughing yet.”

“Same.” Hansol replied then laughed even more along with the younger.

*The color, the clothes we pick are completely different, even our personality*

*But, not knowing why, our point that make other laugh and the person we love are the same*

Hansol was dating Chan's best friend and he made her upset. Chan thought, when he remembered what caused this meeting between him and Hansol.

This situation was really unsettling to Chan. There was this girl who was Chan’s best friend whom also the person Chan had been in love with since long ago. Long before they joined high school and Chan was hurt when she didn't look at him and him from the sideline could only watch her fell in love with Hansol, their senior.

It pained him so much whenever his friend talked about Hansol that he barely registered anything she said about him. And when she informed him that she was then dating the senior, Chan could only smiled bitterly and chided her with their usual friendly banter.

It's been some weeks from that confession and the start of their dating. Chan was still sour about it and he did his best to camouflage it by acting like his usual self around her and all of their friends.
And then, one evening -the day before-, the trouble started.

It's not that he wanted to involve himself in the matter between his best friend and her boyfriend. But the girl came to him some days ago, crying and endlessly complaining -yes, complain she did- about her boyfriend not caring about her. In his right mind, him wanting to take care of her as best friend weighed out the idea of him wanting to take her from Hansol. And thus why he ended up in this -suddenly felt so- awkward situation.

Chan had been so mad at Hansol when he confronted him earlier that day. Yet, the walk from school to the nearby cafe -Hansol's idea- and the waiting time until their coffee to arrive on their table had evaporated the younger's madness from inside his mind that the only thing left behind was confusion, and also realization.

Mentally palming his face, Chan's internally shouted at himself, asking why he did it in the first place. Chan found himself being laughed at by Hansol when he suddenly blurted out his thought. And ironically that's what brought him to this awkward-turn-comfortable talk with his senior.

"I'm sorry about it.. I've been busy with my hyungs in our club that I often hang up on her." Hansol said gently, and for the first time Chan could witness his smile from up close which was directed to him as the older informing him about his side of the story.

"I shouldn't let her antagonize you in her storytelling, too.” Chan said with some laughter still lingered in his words. “I have been friend with her for long enough and I should have known that what she said about you being insensitive was probably her being -you know- extra.”

As the time flew, they continued to talk and not surprisingly, their topic fleet from the girl to each other's life.

From the other side, Hansol was looking at Chan. The younger boy was telling him about a dance group which he joined as soon as the school started, after he heard him talking about his own group of rapper which he made with his hyungs last year which also was the reason why he had been so distant with his girlfriend.

He listened to Chan talking about the senior in the dance group whom Hansol also knew about. The third year Chinese exchange student and two seniors who had graduated and also friend with one of his hyung in his group.

Chan was one funny guy, almost as fun as Hansol's best friend, Seungkwan. And the similarity of them two made his actual shy and a bit introverted self to to enjoy the younger company.

Then one time, as he took another sip of his coffee, he noticed that the cup of coffee in front of Chan was still full. “Your coffee?” Hansol said, cutting Chan's story to a short break as the younger looked at the dark liquid.

“Oh right.” There was uncertainty in Chan's word that Hansol had to raise his eyebrow. He kept his eyes on the youngest and he came to realization when he saw the expression on Chan's face. “Oh my gosh.” He exclaimed amusedly with wide grin. “You don't like coffee?”

**You drank coffee to act as adult**

**Your face when you couldn’t stand the bitterness was funny**

Hansol chuckled softly whenever he looked at coffee, his thought flew back to several days ago when he first actually meeting and talking with Chan. The younger had showed him that despite his
personal huge love toward the bitter tasted beverage, there was other people who just hate coffee with all of their being.

Staring at the cup of -this time- coffee latte with caramel topping, Hansol looked at the entrance of the coffee shop with expectation. He was waiting for Chan to meet him in the café and they could hang out afterwards.

That one meeting, somehow left deep impression on him about Lee Chan. He started to mention him in his conversation with his girlfriend or Seungkwan, or sometimes with his hyungs saying that the dancer was interested in rap too. And numerously, he often thought about the younger when he was in certain situation, like if Chan was here he would be laughing out loud along with him, Chan would find this amazing, Chan would love to watch this, and more of those similar things.

Hansol didn't notice it at first, it was thanks to Seungkwan, his very observing friend, who pointed it out for him.

“You know, despite your first disinterest, you often talked about Channie now.” Seungkwan said as he sat across Hansol in the cafeteria, digging into his lunch while complaining how plain the food tasted, and that he could make better one.

“Yes. And Channie also talks about you now.” From his side, his girlfriend pouted. “He didn't call you sunbae anymore.”

“Well, it's because I told him to just call me hyung.” Hansol said, meeting his girlfriend’s eyes. “And well, he is a good boy. He is really funny too.”

“Oh. Look who's coming here.” Seungkwan said, catching the two’s attention as they turned to look at where Seungkwan was darting his eyes to.

“Hyung.” Walking toward them was Chan, one hand holding his tray food while the other waved at them.

“And he called you first!” The girl pointed out. “He used to call me first.”

“What are you talking about?” Chan asked with that innocent grin as he took the empty seat beside Hansol, drawing a narrowed eyes on Seungkwan's face.

“You.” Seungkwan said unabashedly, pointedly staring at the youngest boy.

Widening his eyes, Chan asked back with shocked and confused expression mixing in his face. “Me? Why?”

“I'm jealous!” The girl claimed instantly. “You are supposed to be my best friend. But why do you seem closer with Hansol-oppa? And you even go as far coming into our date.” His best friend scowled at him as she told Seungkwan how Chan came uninvited to her date with Hansol.

“Ya.” Chan scowled back. “Hansol hyung invited me.”

“Well, it's because I heard that Chan wanted to watch that movie too. So I decided that it won't hurt to invite him.”

“Ya!” This time it's Seungkwan's turn to complain. “I'm your best friend and I also want to watch that too. Why didn't you invite me along? Do you even know that until now I haven't watch it yet?!”

Pressured under the three's words, Hansol raised his hands in defense. “Well, I'm sorry about that. I
didn’t mean to disturb our date. “He started, looking at his girlfriend, then to Seungkwan. “And I thought you were going to watch it with your vocal team.”

“That’s not an excuse.” The girl and Seungkwan claimed at the same time; scratched his comment about Chan and Seungkwan were similar about fun things, it's Seungkwan and his girlfriend who had the same antic.

“You have to treat me for leaving me behind.”

“Oppa, don’t invite Chan into our date.”

“We can hang out without them, hyung.”

Laughing at the request, Hansol wondered how he got himself into this.

This feeling in my heart feels like as if I were in love
I think of you before sleeping
This feeling in my heart feels like I am completely in love

Working on his homework, Chan caught himself stealthily glancing at his phone numerous times. It was not like he expected something to pop up on his phone screen, but maybe he did as he remembered that the day after he would hang out with Hansol.

Shaking his head, the first year tried to focus himself to finish his homework. Yet when he failed he stood up from his chair and slumped himself on his bed. Homework could wait, he thought as he unlocked his phone and browsed through his SNS.

His friend had posted a picture of her and Hansol on their date in the amusement park. Smiling at the pic and the caption he tapped the comment section and wrote down. ‘Looks fun.’

Soon, his friend replied. ‘Yes. We did have tons of fun!’ ‘But, the waiting… Uggh… I don't want to go there again…’

Laughing, Chan replied back. ‘Hahaha thought so’

Continuing to talk about the date, Chan’s hand stilled for a moment when he saw another person had left a comment. Hansol wrote playfully. ‘I told you so hahaha. Next time let’s go to a place where we don't have to wait’

‘Like where?’

‘The park? Movies? Or sea?’

‘The park sounds nice. Shall we go there next time?’

‘Sure.’

Biting his lip, Chan replied. ‘Sea sounds better! It's almost June, Summer! We have to go to sea!’

‘Ya! Channie! DX Why do you chirp in? And what do you mean with we? =3= are we hanging out as a group?’

‘The more the merrier! We can invite everyone to join us!’
‘Everyone who?’

‘Seungkwan hyung and his Vocal team, my dance group, and Hansol hyung’s rapper friends.’ ‘You can invite your friends too if you think there’s too much guys.’

‘Oh well.. Maybe…”

‘That's sounds great actually. Most of them are close friends with each other, maybe it would be a good reason for small reunion.’ Hansol finally commented in since Chan’s first interruption.

‘Wait.. But.. that means my group will be like decoration or outsider as we don't really know about your group of friends…”

‘Oh right.. But they can still be friend with us, the hyungs are good and kind.’ ‘Oh wait, that ‘sunbae’ for you all though..’

‘Oppa, are you sure?’

‘You don’t have to come if you don't want.’

‘Ya! Channie! Stop with that sassy chiding comment. You're almost like Seungkwan oppa.’

‘What? No!!’

‘Why do you have to mention me everytime you bicker?’ ‘Wait. Are you planning reunion?’ ‘why don't you mention me earlier?’ ‘Yah! Hansol! You should have tag me earlier!’

‘Ah sorry Boo.”

‘That’s the only thing you want to say?’ ‘I thought we are best friend!’

Snickering at the start of ranting the other hyung would send, Chan’s attention diverted completely when he got a message. It was from Hansol. ‘Well, are you ready for tomorrow?”

Grinning, he replied back. “Yeah. Can't wait for tomorrow.’ He sent only to regret it a second too late. “Aagghhh that sounds too… Aaargghhhh! What's hyung going to think about this!”

It took another minute before the hyung replied. ‘I can't wait for it too. Let's have a lot of fun tomorrow.’

Staring at the reply, Chan grinned goofyly before replying again. ‘Yes.’

That night, Chan didn't care about what the other three was talking about in the SNS post, all he did care was how Hansol hyung was also feeling excited to hang out with him and that they would have fun on the next day.

**That feeling in my heart shows that I am in love**

**The first thing I do is searching for your figure**

**That feeling in my heart shows that I am completely in love**

“Hyung. Sorry for coming so late.” Chan said taking the seat in front of Hansol and he gladly took the icy chocolate beverage Hansol had ordered for him beforehand.

It wasn't Chan’s intention to come late. He was so excited the night before that he couldn't sleep,
when he finally fell asleep, midnight had already passed long before him. And that resulted with his alarm not able to wake up on the right time and he slept through the Sunday morning.

It was all thanks to his mother who came after him and knocked on his door, reminding her only son that he had planned to hang out with his sunbae at noon.

“It's alright.” Leaning forward a bit, Hansol patted Chan's bed hair, trying to calm the still messy hair. “We have all day for fun. I don't mind to wait. Beside, that best friend of yours did make me wait for almost an hour just because she couldn't find the right outfit for our date.” The older said jokingly.

Grinning at the other, Chan responded. “What are you talking about, hyung? She is your girlfriend and she wants to look good for you. You have to praise her for that.” Chan said reprimanding, there was bitter feeling in his heart when he said it despite his smile and laugh. It was bitter than the coffee he drank with Hansol weeks ago. And weirdly enough, it's not because his best friend-crush dating Hansol, it’s actually the other way around.

“Hey, if you were a boy, I would choose you”

_The moment I said that I was so embarrassed that I can’t forget_

Chan and Hansol weren't sure about where to stand. They were close as ever, as if they had been friends since they could remember. And Hansol was dating the girl whom was Chan's best friend.

There should be nothing between them, nothing but friendly care and attention between the best friend and the boyfriend of the girl. Yet there was unexpected feeling growing inside those care and attention, and none of them tried to stop the grow of it.

Both young high schooler didn't know what to expect, and how to approach this thing which either sooner or latter would grow into unavoidable problem in their relationship with each other and the people around them.

The answer of that problem were already spread around them, the most civil way to put an end to this before disaster destroyed their good and well built relation. Even so, neither of them took it yet. They let it stay shimmering for now and when the time came, they hoped they could stepped out from the circle without bitterness becoming their trace.

_That feeling in my heart shows that I am in love_

“Ya! Are you two hiding something from me?” The girl asked from her seat beside Seungkwan who also looking at the other two with suspicious stare.

On the other side of the table, Hansol and Chan looked at each other before turning back to the girl and Seungkwan. Chan shrugged his shoulders. “What do you mean?”

“Are you talking about me hanging out with Chan?” Hansol asked back, eyebrow raised questioningly.

The girl was pouting at Hansol's chill way of answering. “Well, that too.. You two have been hanging out so often like all the time you are always together. We haven't gone on a date as often.”

From her side, Seungkwan added pointedly. “I don't really care if you don't hang out with me because you go on a date with your girlfriend, but with Chan? I thought I'm your best friend.”

Hansol placed his arm along Chan's shoulder, pulling the younger closer to his side, grinning at Seungkwan. “He is also my best friend.”
Frowning the other second years asked back. “And me?”

“You're the best of my best friends.” Hansol claimed with his wide joyful smile.

Staring intently at Hansol, Seungkwan rolled his eyes and sent his attention back to his lunch, leaving the girl alone in her complaints. “Fine. I'm the best after all.”

“Seungkwan oppa! But what about me?” The girl whined and turned to Hansol.

Smiling at her, he responded with one of the obvious answer. “You're my one and only girlfriend. I won't look at other girl beside you.”

Swooning at the charming answer, the girl nodded and cooed. “If you say so.”

Still smiling at the girl, Hansol changed the topic. “What about our reunion plan? Are we going to the sea for real?”

“Yes. My friends said that they will brought their friend who also friend with your hyung. That way, I think no one will get ignored because not knowing the other.”

“I asked them, they said they could gather around mid August.” Seungkwan informed from between each bites of his noodle.

“Oh! That's great! Seungcheol hyung and the other also said that they can come around that time too.” Hansol filled in. “So when shall we go?”

“The weekend is out, oppa. It will be extra crowded.”

“Weekday, then?” Nodding at his girlfriend’s word, Hansol suggested. “Is Wednesday good?”

From his side, Chan looked at Hansol leading their discussion for their gathering. The older had been keeping his arm on Chan's shoulder as he drove the conversation away from the two of them. Glancing at the hand resting on his shoulder, the youngest boy only smiled as he found that he didn't mind this hyung’s hand on his shoulder.

_I just want to know about you more than anyone else_

_That feeling in my heart shows that I am completely in love_

_Thanks for letting me to meet you, I think so from my heart_
At the End (SoonSol)

Chapter Summary

So some day, at the end of this road
In my last
I hope you will be there
I hope you’ll hold my hand at the end of this night

Chapter Notes

Additional Tags : implied Hip Hop OT4, implied romance interest between Soonyoung and Hansol, implied SoonSol, implied sharing, this should be fluff but ended up a with lil bit of hurt/comfort, something is definitely wrong with my mind

Song #5

At The End - Lee Changsub (BToB)

I’m walking through the dawn
As if I could blow away the rest of today
The sky is endless and dark with the night air
When I look up, I feel like I could touch it

“Hyung? Where are you going?” A voice called to Soonyoung when the Performance Team's leader walked up the stairs.

The leader stopped his feet and turned back to answer the maknae’s question. “The rooftop. I need to get some air.” He said shortly with a tired smile and Chan seemed to understand him as he nodded and replied.

“Okay. See you later.” The maknae turned again, waving his phone to indicate that he would call if someone looking for the other before walking back toward their studio and gave his team's leader the time and privacy for himself.

Still standing on the stairs, Soonyoung waited until he couldn't see Chan's figure before continuing his way up. The higher he went, the less people he saw and on the last set of stairs, he didn't meet
anyone at all.

Knowing that the door wasn't locked, Soonyoung pushed the white door open and closed his eyes when strong winds greeted him way too eagerly.

Opening his eyes once the slap of the winds became bearable, Soonyoung slowly walked out to the terrace while glancing at the lit up scenery of the still bustling city.

Standing on the middle of it, the dancer closed his eyes again as his arms reached out away from his body's sides. Slow breathing accompanied by the dull sound of the still busy street below had the team leader to calm down and the gentle caresses of the night wind helped him feel less restricted.

Blowing out a long exhale of sigh, Soonyoung let his limb to move freely following the beats playing inside his head.

_The unlit sky stole my tears_

_As if it’s comforting me_

_As if I could touch it_

_I endured this day with sighs_

_As I give my foolish body to the flowing stars_

Sighing as he laid down carelessly on the cold cemented rooftop and ignoring the beads of sweat rolling down his skin, Soonyoung stared up high at the dark sky. There was no sight of even the tiniest star, he frowned at the thought, remembering in his childhood night back in his hometown where he would glanced up at the night sky and scatters of stars would lit his town.

Things had changed. Pollution had blurred people sight from the vast amazing space far above their sky. And just like that for Soonyoung personally, his work had shadowed over his dreams. There were so much responsibilities he had to take, ton of things to be considered more than three times, choreography which had to be recreated again and again until their entertainment agreed and satisfied with it, and then teaching his group member to dance it perfectly. Things had been so frustrating for him with the high expectations set by not only their entertainment agency but also their fans too, and not to mention the haters.

For the umpteenth time in his life, Soonyoung told himself that making his dream come true was not as easy as turning his palm. The leader of performance unit felt so helpless under the vast dark sky. It was just some hours ago when he helped Hansol with his rap part -not particularly helping, he was just helping calming down the younger boy from freaking out in fear of their next comeback would be destroyed by his incapability of making his rap work like how he wanted it to be, still help nonetheless-, but looked at him now, so pathetic that he even need the sky’s help to comfort him under its neutral support.

Closing his eyes, he rubbed his palms against his eyelids harshly. Shouting out his rage at himself loud enough that it would probably be heard by the starry sky above him.
I see you at the end

I see you at the end

Holding onto my impatient heart

I see you at the end

Some day, when I open my eyes

It’ll be the day I wanted so much

“Hansollie, gwaenchana.” Wonwoo’s worried voice reached Soonyoung’s eardrum when he went into the studio.

He paused his step when he saw the three older rappers all surrounding the youngest. Hansol straddling Mingyu's laps, hiding his face on the older’s neck while Mingyu himself was sitting on the floor with his arms wrapping protectively around the younger. Wonwoo placed his hand on Hansol's blond hair, patting it gently, and on the other side of Hansol and Mingyu, Seungcheol was crouching with his back facing the door, whispering to Hansol, something Soonyoung couldn't hear.

Honestly, that kind of sight wasn't what he expected to see there happening to the four rappers. He expected something like Seungcheol hyung was throwing some joke teasing Mingyu which made Hansol laughed out loud while Wonwoo snickering. Not this teary cuddle.

It was Wonwoo who noticed his presence first as he was the only one who could see the door from their position. The other almost knotted his eyebrow together when he looked at Soonyoung.

‘What?’ The other mouthed silently, when Soonyoung didn't move from his spot at all.

Face turned from surprise into worried expression, he mouthed back. ‘What happened?’ He asked stepping inside the room as he silently closed the door behind him; he noted that there was no staff inside the room with them, probably either Wonwoo or Seungcheol had told them to leave the idols alone.

As he stepped closer he could faintly heard Seungcheol's and Mingyu’s voice trying to coax Hansol to believe that everything would be alright.

“But..” Soonyoung heard Hansol's hoarse voice, telling the dancer that he might had been crying for quite long time. “If I fail this..”

Connecting the dots, Soonyoung sighed in realization. ‘Aah..’ His mouth shape said that.

Approaching them, he let his presence known to the other three. “Hansollie.” He called the boy's sweet nickname, almost making the said boy flinched in Mingyu's embrace at his unexpected arrival in their studio.

Seungcheol moved aside, giving Soonyoung a space to crouch down next to Hansol. “Waee?” He drawled out the questioning word playfully as his hand reached for the youngest’s visible cheek, giving it a small pinch.

They heard some sniffling from Hansol before he shook his head. “Nothing.” The boy grunted still planting his face on Mingyu’s shoulder.

“Jinjja?” He asked again, prodding the cheek with the tip of his finger, playful grin marking his face.
“Hyung..” Hansol whined and from the tone they could hear the light smile fighting its way onto Hansol's face.

“Hansollie.. Look at me~” the other leader said again. He prod his fingers onto Hansol's side, where he knew the boy was very ticklish.

Hansol tried to wiggle away from Soonyoung’s attack, but as he was still glued onto Mingyu he failed to evade them. When small burst of laughter escaped Hansol, the youngest finally looked up at Soonyoung with tears still glistened on his brown eyes while he rested his cheek on the tallest member’s shoulder “Stop that, hyung.”

The laugh in his voice created the other three males to smile in relief and Soonyoung prided himself for having the ability to prompt it. “I will stop if you smile wider than that.” Soonyoung claimed, tickling Hansol again until he saw bigger smile on Hansol's face.

Laughing along with the youngest who gave up his tears to laughter, Soonyoung gently looked into Hansol's dark brown eyes. “Now that you had stopped crying…” The dancer started with his hand reaching up to wipe the remaining tears away. “Tell hyung what makes my dongsaeng cry.”

Letting the older cleaning his face with his finger swiping across his cheek, Hansol curled himself into Mingyu's embrace, feeling the taller’s arms hugging his waist tighter. “It's... nothing..” He said timidly, not meeting Soonyoung's eyes as he fiddled with Mingyu's T-shirt.

“If it's nothing, why were you crying?” Soonyoung asked, his smile not faltering for one bit as he took note of Hansol's position and the flickering gaze.

The youngest was silent for a moment, refusing to answer, and during that moment the four older men glanced at each other before nodding almost simultaneously.

They communicated silently through their gazes and Wonwoo was the first one who stood up from his position, surprising Hansol who turned his face to look at him with wide eyes.

“We leave him in your care.” Seungcheol whispered to the other leader when Hansol's attention was caught by Wonwoo standing up and ruffling his hair. Once he saw the nod Soonyoung gave him, he patted the other’s shoulder before turning to their youngest.

“We’re going to get some drinks. What do you want, Hansol?” Seungcheol asked softly, making Hansol to look back at him.

“Juice…” He answered shortly, unsure of what to do as he watched Seungcheol too stood up, albeit slowly.

“Okay, we will get you that.” Mingyu said as he tightened his embrace around Hansol before placing soft kiss on his cheek and letting go. Putting Hansol off his lap onto the floor beside him as he stood up along with the other two rappers leaving Hansol under Soonyoung's care.

After the three left, the youngest stayed glued on the spot with Soonyoung now also sat down on the carpeted floor beside him. Soonyoung let the silent helped Hansol formed his words, but when the younger refused to say anything, he placed his hands over Hansol’s. The dancer mentally tried to eliminate all the possible cause, when he found some, he asked. “Is it because of our comeback?”

The twitch of Hansol’s finger told Soonyoung that he hit the right spot.

Both of them stayed inside the silence again as Hansol folded his legs, keeping them between his outstretched arms as he looked at where his hands were caught by the leader’s hand. Tears started to form again welling up under his eyelids. “I’m afraid.” He finally said after his futile attempt of
holding his tears back; he was usually able to do it in front of his fellow members -specially the other three rappers-, family and their fans, but he had probably reached his breaking point when he realized that his held up tears continued flowing and showed no sign of stopping yet.

Leaning a bit closer to Hansol, Soonyoung asked. “What are you afraid of?” His voice kind and gentle, no sign of judging tone as his hands held the younger’s hands tighter.

“I'm not good enough..” The younger muttered under his breath, head low resting on his knees. He would have pulled his hands from Soonyoung if not for the tight grip the other had on his hands.

Looking at the younger man, Soonyoung’s expression turned unbelievably sad. It was as if the dancer was looking at himself as he listened to Hansol's confession of his worries. Both of his thumbs drewled unending circle on the back of Hansol's hands, showing his attempt to take care of one of their maknae line. Humming at every sentence, patiently he let Hansol to let out all of his emotion and thought about their work life which he had been holding back for a long while.

Along the way, he pulled the younger to him, wrapping his arms tight around Hansol as he let the young rapper to sit on his laps straddling him, the same comforting position Mingyu had awhile ago. Stroking the hair as he sadly listened to the younger’s cries, Soonyoung thought carefully how he should calm the other.

I see you at the end

You’re crumbling alone in the darkness

And I’m holding tight to you

Opening his eyes, he told himself, he should be able to cheer himself up. He could lift Hansol from his worries and made the rapper smile again, why couldn't he do the same to himself?

Thinking back to what happened in the studio, Soonyoung traced his words. Once Hansol's cries turned into soft sobs, he told Hansol that he also faced the same problem. He thought that he wasn't good enough with his dance, one thing Hansol denied as soon as he heard it because the younger thought that he was an amazing dancer. Chuckling at the sight of Hansol's expression, Soonyoung tried to gather his memories about what he told Hansol afterward.

Ah, right. He said, “Everyone had the same problem. Whether they realize it or not.” The dancer said it again to the sky, eyes following the invisible line between the stars. “That drowning feeling of being not good enough in anything they do.”

“So unsettling.” He continued mindlessly, his right hand thrown up wanting to hold onto the sky. “Hard to find the way out of that misery. And the ability other has but we don't, just bring us down even more.”

‘Can't you be more creative like other choreographer?’

‘Isn't this move too common?’

‘This choreo doesn't suit your song.’

‘You can do better than this.’
Those words annoyed—no, *hurt* was a better word to describe his situation—Soonyoung more than ever. He tried his best in his every work, yet other people just said as if he didn’t give his all. It would be a lie if he said that he wasn’t frustrated because of it.

Sitting up again as he exhaled, Soonyoung could relate what he felt with Hansol. The boy was still so young, naive and innocent; not that he wasn’t, but that was beside the point. And being thrown from one side to another, it would definitely make anyone felt so stressed and with no place for them to vent those emotion out freely, people were bound to feel lost and stranded at some point.

There would be no end to it, Soonyoung knew about that. There would be more people like him and Hansol, and his other fellow members would eventually fall into it too sooner or later, he was sadly aware of that possibility. “We can only strike forward. Proof them wrong. We can do much better than their expectation.” The leader said to himself, resting his arm on his knee, looking at the scenery of the dark city lightened up by million mini stars of lamps.

The sight calmed him, giving him serene atmosphere the longer he looked at it. He would be there for some more minutes before going back to their practice room. That was his plan, and Soonyoung didn’t particularly like it when his plan get disrupted; but when the door behind him opened again and Hansol stepped up onto the roof smiling at him, he wasn’t sure about what to feel.

Smiling back at the younger, the dancer patted the spot beside him, gesturing to Hansol that he could sit there. Keeping his soft gaze on Hansol who grinned shyly as he sat down next to him, he asked leaning back on his two hands behind him. “How are you feeling?”

Hansol smiled at him before answering, “Good.” He said shortly before averting his gaze toward the city. “I’m sorry about that..”

“About what?” Soonyoung asked, his eyes still lingered on Hansol, refusing to leave him.

“You know.. I.. Was crying like a baby..” Hansol said, looking down at his own lap allowing blush to occupy his cheeks again.

Chuckling at that, Soonyoung brought up his hand and patted Hansol's hair like what he had done a while ago. “It’s okay to cry once in awhile.. It won't make you less strong. No need to get embarrassed like that.”

At his word, Hansol looked up at Hoshi and smiled gladly. “Right.” He muttered again, eyes meeting Soonyoung's and the older didn't look away.

The time passed by in their silence, none of them cut the gaze they held onto each other. And Soonyoung, captivated by the awed look on Hansol's face, continued looking at the younger before his hand moved from the blond lock to Hansol’s cheek where he had seen Mingyu placed a soft kiss on.

Admittedly, Soonyoung was jealous of the rappers of their group. They had each other in this work,
not that he didn't have anyone, but, the four member of Hip Hop Team *literally* could hold and depend onto each other with how *close* they were.

Their personality was so different that it would clash against each other if paired with wrong person in wrong situation, but in certain situation the lack of similarity between them could become the powerhouse for each other's strength.

And with how Soonyoung was jealous of their closeness, he wanted to feel the magic Hansol could create with his uplifting attitude; his smile which infected those around him to smile along with him, his small timid cheer and also his care which he send out to people around him. And thinking back to the fragile self Hansol never show to other people, made Soonyoung wanted to protect the younger, just keeping him in his arm away from any danger and trouble.

With that in mind, he called out. “Hansol.” His eyes glued on Hansol's feature as Hansol looked back at him with a childlike curiosiy. This might sound crazy, he told himself but he couldn't stop it.

“I want to ask you something..”

*So some day, at the end of this road*

*In my last*

*I hope you will be there*

*I hope you’ll hold my hand at the end of this night*

*I see you at the end*

*Some day, when I open my eyes*

*I see you at the end*

*I see you at the end*

*I see you at the end*

*I see you at the end*
Chapter Summary

Seungkwan’s family found out his uncommon relationship with Vernon. Because of that, his mother engaged him to a girl from another upstanding family. Seeing no way out from it, Seungkwan wanted Vernon to not wait for him, to leave him in Joseon.

Chapter Notes

Additional Tags : AU, Joseon AU, Noble AU, arranged marriage, sad with happy ending

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Song #6

Lily - Daisuke Ishiwatari

Lily, you've not changed a bit.
The sky is not the same no more today.
There is no turning back.

“You will marry Miss Chaeri from Lee Family.” The finality and not up for argument tone in that strong voice pressed heavily on Seungkwan’s shoulders as the young man never once lifted his gaze from the piece of light blue handkerchief lying in defeat on his small writing table, to meet his mother's.

“Is that understood?” The woman asked with anger barely slipped into her voice when there was only silence responded to her words.

Dull eyes rose slowly when Seungkwan, for the first time since minutes ago, finally acknowledged his mother’s presence in his room. “Yes.” The short remote answer slipped out between the black haired man’s pale lips making the other presence standing in the middle of his square lavish room almost flinched at the uncaring tone.

The corner of her lips twitched slightly at the answer she got from her only son, a silence huff escaped from her lips which trembled with contained anger before she turned around swiftly with full grace and left the room hastily. The Mistress of Boo Household almost slid the paper door close harshly if not for her need to glance at her son again. “Cut every tie with him. I don't want to hear his name again and I want you to get rid of those filthy things.”
Gritting his teeth as he closed his eye shut tight, Seungkwan just stayed unmoving on the floor where he had been sitting cross legged when his mother closed the door and even told one of the servants to keep an eye on him, making sure the young man didn't leave his room. His hand clenched into fist above his knee, his nails embed deep crescent shape on his palm, trying to stimulate the pain until it could overwhelm his own held back anger and maddening disappointment.

Sharp intake of breath hitched Seungkwan’s train of messy emotion into a halt as wetness washed his fogged stare into clearness. His dark brown eyes once again found its way to his handkerchief, staring longingly at it as he prayed to Heaven to grant him a wish to meet his loved one again. He would have wished for the same thing for the hundredth time in his life when a loud muffled sound came from outside his room. He looked around, as if the answer would somehow written itself on his wall before he heard his manservant called from the outside his room. “Naeuri...”

“What is it?” Seungkwan asked, not moving from his spot inside the room as he glared at the closed door separating him and the young servant. The far muffled sound was still filling the space of his home. “What's happening?”

There was no immediate answer from the other side, angering the young noble furthermore after his clash with his mother. “Tell me what it is.” He roared aloud, anger was thick in his voice and the bang of his fist slamming onto his table sent his manservant to bow down until his head reached the wooden floor, he knew from the silhouette on his paper door.

Small shaky sigh slipped past the paper door and Seungkwan realized that he had scared his servant with his short temper, he blamed himself for not able to hold it in, yet the handkerchief in his hand told him that he had any right to be angry. However he still needed to have his servant to tell him what had happened outside, thus he calmed himself and called the servant to come into his room and told him directly.

With the sound of wood slid along the wood pane, Seungkwan saw his servant still with his head bowed down, opened the door before slipping in. There was loud shout, Seungkwan could identify it as his mother’s voice, before the door closed again behind his servant.

“What's actually happening outside?” Seungkwan asked immediately, fixing his eyes on the young man who had been working for his family since birth, and becoming his trusted friend.

Seokmin, the servant, sat up abruptly, panic and worried expression marring his face. “It's Vernon-si. He comes here and asks to meet you. But Naeuri’s mother tells him to leave.”

Eyes opened wide, Seungkwan stood up from his sitting position, his blue and white robe fluttered following his abrupt movement as he strode to open the window. Soon, the muffled sound became clearer as it could echo into his room. From his room at the very back of the enormous household, he couldn’t clearly hear what the people out there talking about. Yet, he was still able to pinpoint which voices belong to whom. And most of the loud voices belonged to his mother.

Slumping down onto the floor, Seungkwan looked at the piece of clothes in his fist as he strained his hearing to find Vernon’s voice.

“Please! I need to meet him and tell him something!”

The plea in Vernon's usually strong and confident voice broke Seungkwan’s defense, tears made its way down his cheek slowly. He heard movement from behind him, the sound of the window pulled close and then followed by door sliding opened and closed told him that Seokmin had kindly giving him a space for himself.
More tears streamed down like small waterfall, and some of them stained his clothes with dark wet spots. “Vernon-ssi..” He called into the empty space of his room, fingers clenching tightly the blue handkerchief he got from Vernon. Stifling his sob, Seungkwan sadly told his servant. “Tell him that he shall leave because I can't meet him anymore.”

*Covers are all we judge books by today,*

*If they're shiny or not.*

*Every page inside is meaningful as always*

*But no one's gonna read them out again.*

One afternoon when they found out that they had the same interest, Vernon took Seungkwan to visit the harbor.

“That's the ship I came here with.” Vernon said with big smile, catching the interested look on Seungkwan’s face as the Korean awed by the sight of creation he had never got to see with his own eyes before.

“That's amazing!” Seungkwan said with accentuated dialect as he swept his gaze across the length of the ship, it’s not only double or triple the size of regular ship from wood, it was way much bigger. His right hand placed above his eyes as he squinted to look at the detail of the ship as best as he could from afar. Turning around, he looked at the foreigner in front of him. “I want to sail with this ship too! Sailing across the sea to new places. It will be amazing adventure.”

Laughing along with Seungkwan, Vernon joked as he nudged the noble's side. “But, you need to learn English first.”

“Yah! It's not my fault I never speak English.” Seungkwan bit on Vernon's joke with annoyed huff. Yet deep down he was glad that the foreigner’s father was Korean and taught his children Korean language, he was also glad that Vernon could speak Korean fluently and joined his father visiting their homeland. If not, Seungkwan would never meet this fun half Korean friend.

*Oh, please! Don't wait for me, darling!*  

*Stay out of the cold rain,*  

*Or your heart may become rusty!*  

*Oh, please! Don't wait for me, darling!*  

Don’t stand there in this heat!  

*Your soul is drying up!*  

You don't need to wait for us!*
As if understanding what he felt, Heaven seemed to cry with him as droplets of coldness drowned the shouts completely that the only thing he could hear was the sound of water hitting his family’s household’s roof and some part of the vast ground of Joseon. The next heir of Boo family curled tightly inside the warm confine of his room. Seungkwan faintly heard Seokmin, staying outside of his room, relaying order to other servant to warm up the young master’s room as the heavy rain would most likely continue until late night.

Seungkwan didn’t realize when he did fall asleep during his cries, yet when he woke up, it was because Seokmin had came into his room again to serve a set of dinner for him. Duly noted that he ate the meal inside his room alone, not with his family in the common room, the young man mumbled something under his breath before starting his lonely dinner. He hadn’t had any meal that day, he remembered tiredly; his mother had started ranting first thing in the morning giving him no chance to eat breakfast. Then at noon, he was too sad in his bawling that he didn’t notice time flew fast and he had fallen asleep in his cry.

Why did he cry so hard? He asked himself blankly, he was so tired after crying all day. Ah right, Vernon came and asked to be allowed to meet him.

At the thought of the foreigner, Seungkwan jolted up from his seat, he looked urgently at Seokmin who dutifully waited by the door. “Vernon-ssi.. What about him? Had he gone back?” he asked, gulping in fear of what his mother would do to the other young man, now that she had known about his uncommon relationship with Vernon.

Looking so nervous, Seokmin kept his eyes looking at the floor not daring to meet the young master's eyes. “He.. Vernon-ssi has been staying under the rain for some hours...”

“What?” Seungkwan dropped his chopsticks and brought his hands to cover his mouth in shock. Not straying his gaze from his faithful servant, he asked almost hysterical. “Why? Why did he still stay there? He will get sick!”

“I’m truly sorry for this, Naeuri. But Vernon-ssi won't budge no matter how many times we had begged him to leave.” Seokmin said, he bowed low until his head meet the floor.

Sighing with tears once again welled up on the corner of his eyes; Seungkwan used his right fist to hit his chest. “Vernon-ssi.” He cried. “Why do we have to meet like this?”

Later, from Seokmin, Seungkwan heard about Vernon continued staying there, ignoring the continuous pleas from the servant and even Seokmin who had relayed the message from Seungkwan. His eyes insistently waited for the sight of Seungkwan emerged from this enormous house. It was only until late at night when the foreigner's own servant came up to him and pulling him back to their semi permanent residence as the young man’s father had been looking for him.

Seungkwan thought that it would put Vernon's action to a stop, thinking that Vernon’s own father would stop his son from doing this useless attempt. Yet when the next morning came, everyone in the Korean Noble’s household was surprised when Vernon came again. His face was paler than the noon before and his tired expression showed them that he didn't get any second of sleep the night before.

He would stay there until late night and his servant forced him to go back, with no chance of meeting Seungkwan at all as the Korean young man’s mother banned him from stepping outside their house if Vernon was still there.

Several days passed in futile attempt of stopping Vernon, and Seungkwan was so stressed and frustrated with the worrying state of Vernon which Seokmin told him. Closing his eyes, Seungkwan
tried for the uncountable times to find a right way to stop Vernon from killing himself. Yet with how lack of control he had on his emotion, he lost his better judgment and took a drastic measure which he knew would hurt the other immensely.

“Tell him,” The young heir stated. “Tell Vernon that I won't meet him anymore.”

“Naeuri?” The servant looked confusedly at him, they had been telling the foreigner that since days ago and he didn't even react. What could make this one different?

“Also,” Seungkwan added. “Tell him that I'll marry my fiance.”

Seungkwan closed his eyes, not meeting the surprised look on his servant's face. He didn't say anything afterwards, even after said servant left the room to do what he had just told him.

*Lily, you'll never change.*

*The winds are not so soft no more today.*

*They've changed to cold and sad.*

It was like a fate - or like those silly and nonsense romantic novels his sisters read in secret with their friends. How he knew about it, it was because his sisters often talked and using the novel as a comparison to their lack of romantic adventure -, their meeting happened near the harbor.

Seungkwan was searching a gift for his sister who would get married soon. He was looking at the range of accessories displayed on the stall when a deep voice with weird accent came from beside him.

“How much is this?” Looking to his side, Seungkwan saw a man whose face he never saw before. Not in literally way, but more like how he had never seen a face which looked like this person's face.

He looked foreign, the sharp edge of his cheekbone and his strong looking jaw. His face looked so different compared to any other male he had ever seen. His overall appearance too was different from what he usually saw in town.

Seungkwan didn't realize that he had been staring at this stranger until he turned looking at him with raised eyebrow. “Hello?” The man with fitted looking black clothes greeted him with that weird sounding of the supposed to be familiar word.

A bit flustered that he had been caught staring at someone; Seungkwan opened and closed his mouth repeatedly as he looked around the small road filled with numerous stalls, not meeting the other's gaze. “Eh.. Oh.. Hello.” He started by replying the greeting before asking right away, “I've never seen you before.” He said, using his hand to show what he meant by his words.

“Ah.. Me and my unusual appearance?” The young man laughed, yet it was not mocking one. “It's because I'm not from here. I'm from America.”

Knitting his eyebrows in confusion, Seungkwan repeated the word he had never heard before. “America?” A funny looking expression crossed his face as he tried to understand a word which sounded like a riddle to him.

Smiling, the stranger added. “It's a faraway land. You have to travel by ship to reach there.”
It took several long moments of repeated explanation from the stranger who introduced himself as Vernon, until Seungkwan could understand about the world outside his beautiful Joseon.

“I see… I thought there was nothing beyond the sea.” Seungkwan admitted thoughtfully, “so, there is a larger land and better land than Joseon.” He concluded as he sipped his tea, wondering why he had never heard of this before. Was it because he lived in a small island far from the capital?

They had moved to a small tea house near the shopping area, and the hair ornament Vernon bought was lying on the silk covered table between them.

Without having limited time, the two continued to talk, introducing themselves and also their land, also the purpose of Vernon's visit to Joseon.

“Your father had been living here until 20 years ago?” The Korean heir asked once he was told that Vernon was coming with his father who was born in Joseon.

“Yeah. When he was young, he often traveled with my grandfather who is merchant, to the capital. At that time he heard that there was huge opportunity in the new land and with grandfather’s permission he decided to grab it when he got the offer.”

“Your grandfather let him go?” Seungkwan asked; surprised that someone would let his son go that easily. If it was his father, he would never have the chance.

Vernon seemed to understand what Seungkwan meant, having ever heard about the situation in Joseon from his father. “Yes. My father has two older brothers; I guess that's why my grandfather let him go.”

“I see.” Seungkwan said, nodding his head in acknowledgment and envy. “I also want to go to America. From your story it sounds like a great place.”

“Then you have to go!” Vernon said encouragingly with his big smile.

“But, the ship.. Is it safe? It won’t sink with so much people inside?” The Jeju-born young man asked worriedly at the thought of being on ocean for long time.

“Hey. I'm here. It's really safe. Some people had even been sailing around the world and they came back safe.” Vernon said with chuckle, his eyes twinkling with innocent amusement and his voice enticed Seungkwan's curiosity further.

It's really weird. Seungkwan thought as he listened to the other man’s seemingly endless story about this land called America. For him to easily befriend a stranger, Seungkwan wondered what this warm fuzzy feeling of curiosity growing inside him was.

“Oh right. Have I ever told you my name?” Vernon asked one day when they were visiting one of the best places Jeju could offer.

Looking confused at the other, Seungkwan replied. “Vernon, right?”

“Your name is not Vernon?” Seungkwan asked back when he saw the other shook his head.

“Vernon is my name, well, my mother's actually. But I do have other name. My Korean name.”

*They all want a brand new box today,*
Vernon hadn't told him about his Korean name, saying that he would tell Seungkwan about it later. But knowing that they would never be able to meet again, led Seungkwan to believe that he would never got the chance to know Vernon's Korean name, leaving him only with futile ability of guessing.

Thinking back to Vernon, Seungkwan wondered what the other was thinking when Seokmin relayed that information to him. It must have been a huge blow for Vernon; he knew about that fact as he had heard the confession of subtle love and wishes to live together, from Vernon a week prior.

Mulling over his own thought, Seungkwan didn't notice the sound of footsteps approaching his room. It was only after he heard the distinct voice of his older sister that he realized how distant his thought had been running off.

"Seungkwan, are you here?" He heard his sister asked. If it was his usual self, he would retort with his sharp word. Yet the thought of not able to meet - his own mind was unsure at first about how he should label Vernon. But in the end, he embraced his own feeling honestly that Vernon was - the person he loved, made his energy depleted significantly.

Not before sighing, the sole son of Boo's family replied tiredly. "Yes, I am. You may come in." He said, not forgetting to greet her politely, he might be the next head clan, but she was still his elder sibling.

The older Boo stepped in with little smile when Seokmin opened the door for her from outside the room, then when she had stepped inside the room and the door slid close, it was when the frown showed up frontally in her face. "What has actually happened?"

"What do you mean?" Seungkwan found himself asking back, eyes darting away as he found out that he suddenly didn't want to look at his sister.

With a sigh, the daughter moved to sit in front of her brother. "You know exactly what I mean. About Vernon-ssi." She said, not delaying her bite.

Looking sideways at his sister, Seungkwan huffed. "And you know exactly what happened." He said back, feeling annoyed at his sister as she indulged herself into this problem of his, it's not like she could help.

"Seungkwan." She called exasperatedly. "I know mother's point of view. But I haven't known yet about your story."

Seungkwan was taken completely aback by her words, surprised that his sister wanted to know from him. "It's.." He started, but not sure what or where he should start. "Whatever mother had told you are probably all true." He said bitterly in the end.

"Seungkwan." He heard his sister called him again, but he wouldn't budge. He didn't want to show his sister how weak he was feeling right then. He didn't want to worry her, as much as he didn't like her, Seungkwan loved her just as much.
It took her hands grasping his hand, her telling Seokmin to left them alone and nonstop one sided encouraging conversation before Seungkwan relented and put his guard down in front of his sister. He told her everything, about how he met Vernon, how the stranger caught his interest, how amazed he was with the technology and knowledge Vernon brought with him, how he always thought about Vernon, how he couldn't stop himself from wanting to meet the other and how he unexpectedly fell so deep in love.

His sister cried along with him as he told her what he truly felt, pulling him to her consoling embrace which he had never had since he reached his teenage years and felt too old to be embraced like a little boy by his sister.

“I'll always stay by your side.” The man from faraway land once said to him under the guidance of stars, and Seungkwan couldn't hold onto his end of their promise.

“I really want to meet him.” He admitted wholeheartedly, crying into the lime colored fabric of her hanbok. “I can't bear the thought of not able to meet him anymore. Not able to his see silly grin, confused face, funny expressions.. Everything about him.. I-I.. It's only been some mere days and I'm already a mess… But I really miss him. I want to be with him.”

What is there to say? Everything's too late,
And we all accepted it that way, so be it.
Time marches on,
Really…

“Mother.” The sister called for her mother at noon when they were having their rest inside the mother’s room with the paper door facing their house's garden opened.

Raising her eyebrow at her recently-married daughter, the Mistress sipped her tea slowly, enjoying the hot liquid before responding. “What is it?”

The sharp glance her mother sent to her almost made the older sister of Seungkwan to drift her eyes from her mother, but the thought of her brother crying in his room, steeled her will to speak up. “This is about Seungkwan.. And Vernon-ssi.”

Placing the white cup forcefully down on the small dark brown tea table sitting in front of her, the older woman turned to look at her daughter horribly as if someone in their family passed away. “Don't, ever, mention that name in this house.”

Flinching back at both loud clank of porcelain against hard wood and the harsh tone her mother used to her, the daughter almost cowered in fear. “Mother..” She called, bowing down a little. “Don't you know that Seungkwan is hurting because of this?”

Ignoring the scoff her mother gave her, she continued. “Please let him be with this foreigner.” She said, careful to not mention Vernon's name in front of her mother. “I might not know about this man, but…”

“It's because that foreigner is a man, that I don't want my only son to be with him !” The Mistress shouted at her daughter, ignoring the presence of the servants waiting outside her room as she kept
glaring at her second child. “I have been raising your brother to be the next head of our family. I prepared everything for his future. A good background and easy life with beautiful fiance from prestigious family!”

Closing her eyes when her mother continued with her words of giving her brother a clean path without hindrance, Seungkwan's older sister gathered her own words, this would be her first time defying her mother and hopefully everything would end well.

Looking up without raising from her bowing stance, she asked. “Is this really what he wants?”

From the stunned expression on her mother's face, it was heavenly obvious that she was completely taken aback by her daughter's question. She continued looking at her for a small moment before turning away with her eyes pretentiously raking the luxurious room left to right. “What else could he possibly want? This is the best thing a man could get in life.”

“That's what Mother thought.”

“Oh-ho!” The mother banged her hand against the tea table hard enough that sent the empty porcelain cup and small golden colored teapot clattering on it. With her face turned red because of unveiled anger, she turned again to her daughter who was still holding her gaze firm on her. “Are you trying to say that I'm wrong?”

“I don't mean it like that.” The younger said that before adding. “But Mother shall consider what Seungkwan wants. Vernon-ssi.”

Hearing the foreigner's name spilled from her lips, her mother stepped into great anger. “What does he want?! I have been providing everything enough for my son, maybe more than that! What else could he want?”

Sighing, knowing that talking to her mother when she was like this wouldn't do her any good, the young woman bowed to excuse herself. “Please think about it. Seungkwan, he has been following your command all this time. Never once he asks for something selfishly. That's why, please, this time, let him have what he truly wants.”

“You. You have been saying nonsense!” Watching her daughter left the room, the mother felt angrier. “You have never been a good daughter! Creating troubles here and there everywhere you go! Do you know how hard it was to find a good man who want to marry such rebellious daughter like you? You gave Seungkwan a bad example! Because of you, he became like this! That foreigner, too! He makes Seungkwan like that! Making him want to left his family alone just to be with him in another country! I won't let him! I won't let him steal my son from me!”

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Seungkwan had been reading one of his book when he heard muffled shout from outside. He asked Seokmin who was keeping guard outside his room. “What is it?”

“I'm not sure, Naeuri. It sounds like the Mistress has an argument with someone.” Seokmin’s unsure voice which lingered with nervousness made Seungkwan raising from his padded seat to walk out of his room.

Seeing the young man stepping of of his room, Seokmin asked the heir to not go. “Naeuri! Please don't! The Mistress told you to stay in your room! What if she gives you another punishment because of this?”

Ignoring the servant, Seungkwan went following the shout and at certain hallway, he saw his older
sister slid the door to their mother's room close. Approaching her, he whispered to her. “What happened?” He asked, eyes wide looking at the white paper door as he held his sister's hands.

Before she could answer, their mother's voice jumped into the hallway, giving them a loud and clear words of her raging outcries. Both siblings dropped their voice as they held each other's hands tightly while listening to their mother. When the words died down and in exchange cries surfaced from inside the room, they looked at each other and turned to walk away from the room.

Both stayed inside their respective room, swimming deep inside their mind, until the next morning came and they got another visitor.

“Why is the house so silent?” The eldest daughter who had just came with her own family, asked her father and the servant who served tea to her and her husband. “Where is Mother? And Seungkwan?”

Her father sighed heavily as he pat his chest, his face looked so tired as if he didn't sleep for a whole week.

“Is something wrong, father-in-law?”

The Master of the house turned to his son-in-law who looked at him with worried expression. Letting out another sigh as he didn't want to burden the couple as soon as they reached there after long journey, he reluctantly told them. “It's about Seungkwan.”

Surprise and worried about their younger brother, the couple asked immediately. “Did something happen to him?”

Talking the two about what had happened, the father told them everything he knew. And the young couple took in the news pretty easily.

“So.. Seungkwan and this man named Vernon..” Looking at her husband, the eldest daughter of Boo Family showed her thought. “This is really concerning. I have never heard of.. this kind of relationship.”

“This is uncommon..” The husband said, feeling discomfort to talk about it as he looked between his wife and his father-in-law. “How is Seungkwan?”

Letting out another sigh, the head of Boo family rubbed the crease between his eyebrows. “I don't know. Since yesterday, he had been refusing to talk to anyone. Your sister and mother too, they are in their room.”

“Can't we do something about this?” The daughter asked. “Seungkwan, he…”

“Father.” Another voice from outside the room cut the daughter's word. It was the other daughter who waited until her father let her inside the room. “Can we just let Seungkwan go?” She asked as soon as she sat down in front of her father.

“Are you saying that you approve this relationship?” Her father asked in surprise. “If he goes, who would continued our family?”

Similar questions and arguments brought out by her family members made her gritted her teeth and she shouted. “I talked to Seungkwan!”

“He has been selfless all this time. Letting other people drives him in this right path. And never once he causes trouble for our family.”
“Seungkwan really loves Vernon and this man also loves Seungkwan. I know from what he did days ago that he is willing to do anything for Seungkwan. It hurts me a lot to see Seungkwan like this. He has been crying a lot these past few days and, and, please, Father. This will be the only wish Seungkwan asks you and also my last wish. I won’t ask anything else. Please. Let him go.” Bowing down until her forehead touched the floor, the second daughter begged for her father to grant the son’s happiness.

The room was empty of voice, no one said anything as the other three occupants looking at each other.

“This..” The father started but no more words filled out from his mouth.

The sound of door sliding open made the four to look up at the newcomer. There, standing tiredly with pale face was the Mistress. Her hair was undone in long braid as her outer clothes was a bit messy as if she had put them on hurriedly.

Looking at her, the second daughter turned to bow toward her mother. “Mother! Please let..”

“Silence.” The older woman said in an exasperated tone, her voice was so low that it was almost like a whisper. The four watched her walked slowly toward her husband before sitting down beside him.

Another moment of silence passed the room until the Mistress said a bit louder than before. “What are you waiting for?”

The other was confused by what she was saying. “Yeobo, what are you talking about?” The father asked his wife but then another person stepped inside the room.

“Seungkwan!” The eldest child called her younger sibling, worried eyes following the young man who sat down beside the second daughter.

A heavy sigh stopped everyone from doing anything but looking at the one in control of this situation, the mother. “Seungkwan. Do you know what you’ve done?”

“Yes, Mother.” The young man said.

“Do you realize how wrong is this? For a man to like another man.”

“Yes, mother. But,..”

“Stop. No argument.” She said, before continuing with tired yet angry voice. “This relationship is unacceptable. Lot of people will look down on you. You won’t have much happiness compared to what you’ve gotten here so far. Do you still want to be with him?”

The son hesitated to answer as he looked down at his lap. His family waited with held breath for him to answer, most hoped he would answer ‘no’ so this problem would end. Yet when Seungkwan looked up and met his mother with steady firm glance, they knew the answer wouldn’t be what they had expected.

“Yes. I love Vernon-ssi.”

The other four then turned to look at the oldest woman, worriedly they held back any words to slip from their lips.

Surprisingly, instead of cursing disagreement the mother only sighed heavily and shook her head slowly. “Even though you will go through hardness?”
The only son nodded slowly yet firm with determination, he kept his eyes looking at his mother. “Yes. After what Mother had told me this morning, I'm ready to face anything. It will be hard and harsh, I know, but I will go through them all.”

Hearing her son, the Mistress of the household sighed and after another set of silence enveloping them, she said. “I know I will regret this decision later.. But..”

Keeping her eyes on her youngest child, Mistress Boo nodded a few times as if approving her own choice. “The ship, I heard from the folk that it had reached the harbor last night and will be leaving in 3 days. You have to pack your belonging fast.”

All eyes glued on the mother, wide with disbelief and some were wet with something akin to relief before they family members turned to look at Seungkwan.

Staring up with teary eyes, the young man was surprised when he got to hear the subtle permission from his mother. His body trembled as he bowed down toward his mother, tears silencing his words.

Hearing the sobs of her son and second daughter, the mother looked away and said again with harsh tone as if annoyed. “What are you waiting for? At this rate you will not able to catch the ship. Get Seokmin to help you packing.”

“Yes. Mother.” Answering shortly, Seungkwan stood up and scrambled to his room while calling Seokmin loudly, he sounded so panic yet the not so subtle tone of happiness radiated across the house.

“Omo. Hear that. With that attitude, how will he be able to live through his life in faraway land?” Looking at her husband, the mistress clicked her tongue. “I'm afraid he will bring Joseon a shame with his carelessness.”

“Mother.” The first daughter called. “Are you sure about this? Without Seungkwan who will continue the family line and business?”

Turning to her first born, the woman answered obviously. “We still have your sons. Your sister is already married too. It's just matter of time your children will take over this family’s business.”

After that, no one said anything beside the second daughter who bowed and thanked her mother.

Letting out another sigh, the mother smiled a bit bitterly. “All these years, I raised him to be one fine young man. I have been thinking about this since the first time I found out. It really hurts me to know that my son is ...different from other men. But.”

Glancing at the open door when they heard another shout from Seungkwan, she continued. “I can't think of another way to make him happy.”

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Bowing in front of his mother, Seungkwan plead. “I've been following your words, doing everything you wanted me to. So, please grant this wish for me.” The son said that morning when his mother gave him a visit in his room. “Please, Mother! You can not acknowledging me as your son but, just this once, let me go for what I know will be my happiness.”

“Do you think you can be happy with him? Can he make you happy? Can he take care of you?”

It took Seungkwan quite a while to answer it. But when he answered, it was with a voice she had never heard before during her son’s life, a voice full of adoration and love.
“Yes.”

Oh, please! Don't wait for me, darling!
Just stay safe and sound,
And as long as you are there...
I will figure it out,
Figure it out,
Figure it out for you once more!

Chapter End Notes

And I don't know Seungkwan's sisters’ name (I only know about their instagram’s username), that's why I don't mention any name.

So that's Hansol and Music : Lily!
Thank you for reading, subscribing, giving kudos and comments!
See you later on my next story! ^^
Chapter Summary

Hansol woke awake in the middle of the night. He thought back to how he worked through his past break up.

Chapter Notes

Additional Tags : breakup, SoonSol break up, attempt to move on, Hansol centric, hurt/comfort, happy ending, Past!SoonSol and JiSol.

A story about moving on. To be exact, Hansol's memories about how he dealt with his break up with Soonyoung.

I know that I'm not supposed to make this story after SoonSol story I posted last time. But, this idea is from my sister whom also had suggested ‘At the End’ to me, and her bias is Soonyoung, so...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Song #7

Nothing But Sunlight - Standing Egg

With eyes closed I shrank back
And the memory in my heart collapses
The time I grasped
Disappeared like a ray of light

“Let's break up.” the words stung Hansol so hurt that he could barely breathing right. As he slowly looked up at the male sitting across him, he could feel a lump choked him when he tried to respond to what Soonyoung told him.

Soonyoung's eyes weren't meeting him because the older was looking at his own hands on the table and Hansol could only follow him as he too looked down at his own fists on his lap which were clenching the hem of oversized light gray hoodie which belonged to Soonyoung.

The unbearable silent felt like clenching around Hansol so tight and his brain made a fuzz as he tried to find the answer to the question which hanging high and big above his head. ‘Why?’
As if he could see the huge question mark on Hansol despite not looking at his direction, Soonyoung heaved a sigh and said. “We’re too busy with our works and…” The other letting out another sigh before continuing. “I guess, we have grown apart.”

“Can we…” Hansol started, head tilted up slightly but still looking at his own lap, not brave enough to look at Soonyoung. His words were held back by his heart, he couldn't speak it out without being too emotional. It was too much for him at that time.

“Hansol.” Soonyoung called, and when Hansol looked up at him after some seconds refusing to do so, he dropped his words. Instead, he leaned forward, hand reaching toward Hansol’s cheek.

The other could only stare back at Soonyoung as he felt the other's hand brushed his dark brown hair from his cheek and tucked it behind his ear. A bitter thought made Hansol inched away from Soonyoung’s hand and on impulse he brought his hand up and grasped the other's hand. “Hyung.”

Hansol looked at Soonyoung, fingers clenched around his boyfriend’s hand and he tightened his grip when Soonyoung looked down avoiding his stare.

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Hansol woke up startled with sharp panicked inhale. He sat up abruptly on his bed and the fast hurting beat of his heart as the effect of his not so pleasant dream lingered heavily with him for some more minutes after his wake before it subsided into a rather calmer pace.

The young man curled his fingers among his lock of blond hair as he folded his legs and bended slightly forward over his pool of comforter. He could feel the unwanted liquid seeped from behind his eyelids and trailing down his cheek before absorbed by his light blue blanket where they fell onto.

Small sniffles filled the dark space of his bedroom as he stayed in that position with his shoulders shook with the vibration prompted by how hard he was trying to contain himself from crying out loud.

“Soonyoung hyung.” He called the name of his past boyfriend with his almost silent cry muffled by his hands cupping his face. The once smooth rolling name now trailed bitter taste along the spine of his tongue as it left his lips and Hansol felt another wave of ruining emotion created havoc inside his mind.

Can’t see, even with eyes open
When the sun starts to shine again
I walk in my memory with eyes closed

After an hour full of salty tears stung his heart and mind, Hansol was left alone on his bed fully awake with puffy eyes staring up at the white high ceiling of his room. His thought running around the limited space as his mind still clutching tightly onto his memories of Soonyoung.

It was a moment happened around two-three years ago, where he laid on his bed in the middle of the night clutching onto the striped black and white shirt of Soonyoung after he was abruptly woken up by nightmare. He remembered, the elder woke up the moment he tried to snuggle closer to him and
Soonyoung with his soft loving grin, cuddled him all night until he felt relaxed enough to go back to sleep.

There was also another moment when he couldn't go to work because he caught cold. His boyfriend came into his apartment all laugh and grin during his lunch break; getting him some foods, medicine and his much needed companion to rest through the sickness. Leaving back to work only to come again in the evening just to check on him despite he had told the elder that he had felt better, and Soonyoung scolded him saying that sick people had the right to be spoiled. That night, Soonyoung stayed the night, laying with his arms around Hansol.

And then when Hansol tried to learn cooking. Not all of the food turned good and he was disappointed because of that. But with Soonyoung's playful comment and encouraging words, he got himself practicing more to improve himself.

More sweet memories twirled, giving his consciousness a visit as they dropped ripples on the already chaotic surface of his ocean of emotion. Once again, Hansol closed his eyes and in that instant, he felt like he was back to square one, back to those times after Soonyoung left him.

Back to those time when he jolted awake in the middle of the night, hands grasping to the empty side of his bed searching for the no more existing presence of his boyfriend which he depended heavily on to fight his nightmare.

Back to those time his trembling finger hovered above Soonyoung's contact number which he still saved in his phone.

Back to when he unconsciously made food for two persons, taking two mugs for coffee, grocery shopping lot enough for two person when he was obviously living alone. And when he found himself, in the market holding onto particular thing he used to buy for Soonyoung only to place them back on the rack.

Back to when he cried alone with his blanket -in Soonyoung's favourite color- draped over his curled up form, clutching onto the last faint scent of Soonyoung on his bed.

Back to when he had to ask Seungkwan to dab concealer to hide the dark circle forming around his eyes because of the lack of sleep and continuous weeping.

Back to when he had to act like he was completely fine in front of his friends when he was lost and totally broken inside.

Back to when he tried to date someone just to erase Soonyoung from his memories only to have himself drunk and crying to Seungkwan how much he wanted to get back together with Soonyoung.

Nothing but sunlight with me anymore

Nothing but sunlight with me anymore

When small light started to knock onto the white curtain of his window, Hansol turned on his side, leaving his back to face the empty cold space of his bed. The young man sighed into the air, glancing at the door to his closet as he thought back carefully about how he lived through the previous two years of his life after Soonyoung was not by his side anymore.
He remembered in the weekend after he drowned his break up under busy works, he sat unmoving in his living room staring emptily at the cream colored wall before standing up and started cleaning his apartment.

By the end of the day, he had gathered a box full of Soonyoung's things. Mugs, clothes, shoes, watch, anything his ex had brought and left in his apartment. He needed Seungkwan to deliver those things to Soonyoung, not wanting to meet him personally, along with the spare key to Soonyoung's apartment he had.

Once Seungkwan left his apartment with Soonyoung's belongings, Hansol sat on the floor of his living room. His apartment was still filled with lot of furniture and his own things, yet the lack of mini amount of Soonyoung’s presence which had been taken away made his apartment felt so empty as if Soonyoung had been taking most of the space of his life.

He felt lonely when there was only one person eating in the dining room, only one set of toiletries in his bathroom, only him alone to laugh at the comedy movie he watched in the weekend, only him to clean his apartment when before that, Soonyoung had always been there laughing beside him.

When spring came, it was brilliant

Will the sun rise again?

The time I held on to

Will it slip away like so many dreams?

Even with eyes open, I can’t know the time

When I will wake up again

It was all dark for him that time. Hansol felt like he was trapped in a big empty house in endless winter night. There was nothing beside him and there was only black and gray whenever he looked outside the window.

Seungkwan told him that he was so deep in his own sadness -grief wasn't the right word because no one died, his best friend commented when he said it before-, dwelling for far too long. And it would be a lie if Hansol said that he had tried to let go of Soonyoung. He hadn't. He never did. He didn't want to. He couldn't let go of Soonyoung yet.

I looked into the darkness

And a faint light approached

It had been hard for him since that time. Yet as the time went forward along with his tears flowing down onto dry path, Hansol found in himself, during his sleepless and tearless night, the acceptance that had secretly bloomed at one corner of his mind.
“I was surprised.” He said the next evening to Seungkwan who had came over to his apartment for the third time that week. Swallowing his food as if they were talking about the anomaly of the recent weather worldwide -concerning but not their responsibilities to handle- Hansol continued. “I felt like… We broke up. Okay. We’re done.” Shrugging his shoulders, he added. “Just like that. Weird, isn’t it?”

Looking at him while chewing his food well, Seungkwan seemed thoughtful about what he heard from his best friend of years. Taking his time, Seungkwan let the revelation to hang in the air as they ate before shrugging his shoulders as well. “I don’t know.” He commented honestly, not sure about it. “But, does this mean that you have.. you know, fall out of love?”

That question halted Hansol from delivering the japchae to his mouth, his eyes jumped from one food to another before looking up to Seungkwan, a sad look prominent in his gaze. “No. Not yet, I guess.”

After that, both him and Seungkwan didn’t continue that talk ever again until that unexpected weekend night where he met someone who gently stepped into his still fragile heart.

*Nothing but sunlight with me anymore*

It happened suddenly as if life had been tired of having him sad. On his way home from work, he met a man. That man didn’t change his life, he didn’t turn his world upside down, he didn’t make his heart throb like crazy. Instead, that man gave his life a new colour, he tidied up his messy world, he made him felt so calm and serene, he made Hansol felt like he deserved the heaven to pour out all happiness it held onto him.

Jisoo, that man, knocked the door to his heart like a gentleman he was, serving him with a bouquet of colorful flowers and a smile which could make even the deadliest evil melt under its bright influence. He swam carefully in his deep stormy ocean gathering his broken pieces of love he felt for Soonyoung, putting them together and plucking out the negative emotion needles until it felt so clean, innocent and pure like a newborn baby.

*Nothing but sunlight with me anymore*

Months after knowing Jisoo and exactly a year after his break up with Soonyoung, Hansol found himself standing in front of his ex-boyfriend’s apartment. Clutching his phone, which he had used to call beforehand to announce his sudden visit, he rang the doorbell with his other hand. Hansol waited worrily for the door to open and when it did, he looked up at Soonyoung who didn’t look any different from the last time he saw him, but still he felt that he was different. Both of them didn’t say anything with their gazes interlaced together for a while until Soonyoung coughed and let Hansol inside.

“So you want coffee?” Soonyoung asked awkwardly when Hansol sat down in the living room.

Tracing invisible pattern on Soonyoung’s sofa, Hansol let his eyes to take in the appearance of the apartment he had been visiting so often before. There wasn’t much change, he saw swiftly before
looking back at Soonyoung who stood near his coffee maker. “Sure.” He answered.

When Soonyoung came back to living room, he accepted the star printed mug from Soonyoung and take a small sip before putting it down on the coffee table, holding back sadness from flowing out of him as he looked at the yellow stars on the mug which had been staying in his own apartment until a year before.

“How have you been?” Soonyoung asked when silence dropped over them again, and Hansol realized the words of ‘after our break up’ didn’t left Soonyoung’s mouth.

Looking down at his lap, Hansol answered honestly because he knew that’s what Soonyoung wanted to know and hear directly from him after a full year of not meeting and hearing from each other. Gathering his mind and being as open as possible toward Soonyoung, he told his ex. “It has been hard for me. Not having you beside me, it makes everything feel so difficult. I cry every night, all throughout the night until dawn breaking. I can’t forget about you. I can’t- no, I refuse to let you go. I love you so much. But you did that to me. You make me lose my balance. You become another reason of my nightmare. You left me alone.”

“I’m sorry.” he heard Soonyoung said that. But that wasn't what Hansol wanted to hear from Soonyoung. Sure he did want to hear it, but it was all long time ago when he was still too attached to the older man. Long before he met Jisoo who helped him moving through it.

Falling into sad silence, Hansol turned his hand a bit until it held Soonyoung’s hand in his grasp. “I can’t say that I will forgive you for making me go through that.” He continued while caressing the tense limb. “But I can’t say that I hate you. I love you so much that I can’t blame you. I keep thinking that it’s because of me, you want us to cut our relationship.”

“You’re wro-

“Shh!” Hansol shushed loudly cutting Soonyoung, hand grasped the other’s hand tightly. “Please. Just listen to me.” he said and he felt how Soonyoung reluctantly agreed from the tightening grip around his hold.

Rush of shared memories dancing around Hansol and when at first it scared Hansol as it reminded him about his sweet and seemingly perfect their past relationship was, now when he was talking with Soonyoung and had decided for his own life to move on, they gave him a strong encouragement to talk everything through with the older.

They took their time talking. Minutes turned into hour and after hours passed, the noon had turned into evening when Hansol left. Standing at the entryway, Hansol smiled at Soonyoung. “Thank you.” He said shortly after putting on his shoes. “For everything. For the time we had spent together. It was great.”

The older was smiling back at him, tho, the smile didn't reach his eyes. “Thank you as well. So, we're back to... square one?” There was some uncomfortable uneasy feeling radiating from him.

Nodding, Hansol replied. “Yeah.”

No one said anything, just looking at the suddenly interesting wall avoiding each other’s gaze before Soonyoung clapped his hand.

“Annyeonghaseyo! I'm Kwon Soonyoung. Born in ‘96. Nice to meet you!”

Looking up at Soonyoung with surprise and confusion, Hansol blinked his eyes before understanding what the older meant. Laughing along with Soonyoung's grin, he reintroduced himself
and bowed slightly. “Annyeonghaseyo. I’m Chwe Hansol. Born in ‘98. It's nice to meet you too, hyung.”

Laughing after that, Hansol opened the door and proceed to leave the room when Soonyoung called him and he turned to his ex who had been looking at him with solemn expression.

“Hyung?” Hansol called back, wondering what made Soonyoung's expression looking so terrific. The elder seemed wanting to speak, to say something, yet the stricken look on his face told him that whatever it was, was something that Soonyoung knew -they both knew- not supposed to be said. Feeling the harsh tug at his heart when he knew exactly what was Soonyoung currently thinking, Hansol cursed at the twisted fate and asked himself for the umpteenth time why their relationship had to come to an end like this.

Cutting through that thought, Hansol forced himself to smile, to show Soonyoung his big smile while hoping that it could erase that look from the elder’s face. Fishing out information from inside his memories, he said. “It's almost Jeonghan-hyung’s birthday. Let's meet up with the others to plan a surprise party.”

Nothing but sunlight with me anymore

It's almost heartbreaking for Hansol. After hearing that, Soonyoung smiled at him and slowly let go of his hand. The older said “Sure. Let's make it lit.” It usually made anyone hearing that felt wary of Soonyoung, afraid of his upcoming prank, yet that time, all Hansol could felt was how Soonyoung grinned half heartedly, not fully excited as how he used to whenever someone brought up surprise plan.

Maybe, Soonyoung didn't want to let him go too. Just like him not wanting to be separated from Soonyoung.

Staring up at his ceiling which shone with warm color of sunlight, Hansol saw how empty the ceiling of his room was aside from the lamp, and it was the only thing he thought until he heard a familiar ring from his bedside table.

Reaching for his phone, a smile grew on his face when he read the message he had received.

‘Good morning, sunshine :)’

It was from Jisoo. The full blooded Korean who was born and grew up in America was his boyfriend. Jisoo was a kind man, from the beginning when they met months ago during the office drinking party, Jisoo had been kind and caring toward him. He listened to his drunken storytelling of his breaking relationship -he didn't remember about it but Jisoo calmly and amusedly told him the next time they met-. He talked to him softly, no ounce of pity nor mocking in his tone when they talked. Jisoo, stayed by his side, listened to him, gave him supports which he needed, helping him to deal with his own feeling toward Soonyoung. And after every kindness and care that Jisoo had showered him, the older man accepted him. Accepting everything about him, accepting his flaws and accepting the fact of Hansol had been together with Soonyoung.

“Your past is what makes you. You are you now, because of the past you. Your past, the good ones and the bad ones, shape you into the Hansol I know and whom I fall in love with.” Jisoo said that when Hansol feeling unsure.
Pulling the elder into a hug, Hansol held back his tears. “Let's live happily. Even without each other.”

Soonyoung's arms tightened around him, had him to spill his tears. “Yeah. Let's live without regret.”

“Let's move forward.”

“And live to the fullest.”

“I hope you will be happy.”

“I hope you will be happier.”

“I love you, hyung.”

“I love you too, Hansol.

“Goodbye.”

“Goodbye.”

“It’s not goodbye forever.”

“We can meet sometimes later.”

“We can always meet anytime.”

Hansol didn't remember how long he cried at that time, yet he could remember that he was able to smile when he left Soonyoung’s apartment for the last time.

Smiling softly as he tapped a reply with his fingers which still remembered how warm Jisoo’s hands were when they held his hands, Hansol couldn't stop thinking of how grateful he was to get the chance to meet Jisoo.

Will the sun rise again?

Yes. It has.

Will it fade like a dream?

Yes.

Nothing but sunlight with me anymore
It has been dark and cold night. But, I'm surrounded by warm sunlight now. I'm fine.

Chapter End Notes

I know that this story is not enough explanation.. So I have made another story in Soonyoung's POV. It will explain things further. Please wait for it! ^^
Heaven (Past!SoonSol)

Chapter Summary

Soonyoung thought that his decision was right. That's what running hazardously around his mind when he stood with Hansol outside the café.

Chapter Notes


See the end of the chapter for more notes

Song #8

Heaven - Shinhwa

Falling Without You

I let go of your hand but can't say it

Can't say it Bye

Soonyoung thought that his decision was right. That's what running hazardously around his mind when he stood with Hansol outside the café.

His hands held Hansol's which clutched tightly onto his. After what happened inside the café, after his lame excuse of breakup, Soonyoung didn't know why he held the other's hands like this. Loose enough to let go, but tight enough to not let go.

If any passersby saw them, they would think that the two were on a date and they look so cute with each other. Yet the sad expression on both faces and how they look at each other, told another story.

It was one nasty break up he gave to Hansol, Soonyoung admitted it and that's why he look away from the younger's gaze, didn't want to see the lack of sparkle in Hansol's eyes. Unconsciously, he
tightened his hands, not wanting to let go the hands of his beloved person who had been staying by his side during the expanse of seven years, as if he wanted to bring back those sparkle he loved to see in Hansol's eyes.

But he couldn't. He had just walked away from their relationship and this time, he had to walk away from Hansol. Turning his gaze back to Hansol who had darted his gaze away. Soonyoung looked down at their joined hands.

“Hyung..” Hansol called painfully and Soonyoung felt like something inside him withered.

He didn't remember why they were holding each other's hand or who started it, but this time, after hearing Hansol calling him, his heart started throbbing faster and his hands tightened his grip even more under the late realization that it would be his last time to hold and be with Hansol, like this.

Gritting his teeth, he knew his time with Hansol was up. Loosening his hold, he let go of Hansol's hands and left the spot without a word.

Under the gloomy sky of that Sunday, Soonyoung wondered why rain only poured on his face.

I know that everything you say
Is to make our memories hateful
I have to hate you, I have to let you go
To get past the breakup

A week after that break up, Soonyoung heard someone rang the bell to his apartment. Soonyoung almost got his hope high at the thought of Hansol coming, as he usually invited no one over to his apartment beside Hansol. Yet when he saw Seungkwan was the one who stood outside his door with his annoyed face, Soonyoung could only expected nothing beside Seungkwan’s harsh words.

Opening the door with unsure smile, Soonyoung greeted the younger who without any greeting started his ranting.

“I can't believe you do that to him! I thought you are.. No, were good man. But you did this to him? Without reason? How could you do this? Don't you remember that I left Hansol in your care when you two started dating? I believed in you! Both me and Hansol believed in you! But what have you done? Ruining him? You are…”

“I have my reason!” Soonyoung shouted at Seungkwan and that instantly cut Seungkwan's ranting off. Seungkwan is Hansol's best friend and was the polar opposite of Hansol which supported Hansol in what Hansol lacked while Hansol supported Seungkwan in what the other lacked. Seungkwan was the first wall Soonyoung had to break through when he tried to date Hansol and that's just show how close Seungkwan was to Hansol, his now ex-boyfriend.

Soonyoung wasn't surprised that the other gave him a visit to talk to him, with Seungkwan had been sending him cursing messages since the Sunday before, but he was surprised that it took a week before Seungkwan coming. Soonyoung got worried if the break up went too harsh for Hansol.
“I have my reason.” Soonyoung said again when Seungkwan was still stunned by his outburst. “You know that, because Hansol has probably told you everything.”

Frowning, Seungkwan threw an annoyed glare at Soonyoung who dared to cut his words. “That reason is not legitimate enough to right your wrong doing! You could have done something about it!”

Feeling so mad at the stress Seungkwan had put him under with his presence, Soonyoung couldn't stop another outburst. “Do you think I would had done that if I could stop it?”

This time, instead of put in silence, Seungkwan said back. “Do you think that kind of lame reason will keep you out of this mess? You're just not trying hard enough! You're Kwon Soonyoung! Why can't you do that?!”

When Soonyoung didn't reply out of both anger and stress, Seungkwan continued with softer voice but still sharp enough to slit his throat.

“Whatever. I'm here to send you this.” Seungkwan said pointing at the box on the floor between them. “This is your belongings in Hansol's apartment. Today he did some cleaning and found all of these.”

“Hansol said that you don't have to send his things back to him. You can keep it or throw it away if you want.” When Soonyoung who had been looking at the box didn't respond, Seungkwan continued as he gave a key to Soonyoung. “This is the spare key to your apartment. And Hansol wants his apartment’s spare key which you hold, back to him.”

Looking up from the box, Soonyoung thought about the amount of Hansol's belonging in his apartment before he looked at the key chain on the table near the door. He took out Hansol's key among several keys he possessed before giving it reluctantly to Seungkwan who swiped it fast from his hold.

They didn't say anything after that as Seungkwan looked at Soonyoung with disappointment. “I don't know why you decided this to happen or how you came into this decision. But whatever it is, I don't think that it's worth to make Hansol cry.” After saying that, Seungkwan left him with the box.

Things don’t go the way it’s said
I can’t hate you

My feelings walk, walk and walk
However much I walk, I end up turning back
My sight is filled with you from that moment
Like that moment

As the days and weeks went by, Soonyoung did his best to continue his life and accepted his own decision. He took his time to go back to his family and talked about the engagement and marriage his
family had been planning since year ago without even telling him.

Following their demand, Soonyoung did what he had to do, meeting the young woman 3 years younger than him whom his parents had chosen for him. She was a beauty from a good family, one his parents would approve of without much fuss.

It was his fault that he hadn't yet tell his parent about Hansol, despite him already dating the younger for four years after three good years spent to learn about each other. Because of him, all those seven years got wasted and all he got was the scene of Hansol crying in front of him who couldn't do anything to stop it.

“Soonyoung-ssi?” The woman called his name, and Soonyoung looked up to a very confused face that he wondered how many times she had called his name.

“I'm sorry.. I..I suddenly remember about my work..” He lied a bit stuttered, cursing himself for thinking back about Hansol when he was supposed to meet his soon to be wife.

She frowned and Soonyoung bit his lips, afraid that she saw through his lie. But instead, she asked worriedly. “Is there something bad happening in your work? You look like as if..” She paused, before continuing unsurely. “As if everything about to crumble down on you.”

_Falling Without You_

_Falling Without You (All alone)_

_Falling Without You_

_Falling Without You (Look back)_

_It doesn’t turn out as said, my feelings, everything_

_Even if I crazily want to turn back_

_I can’t let it go_

_My feelings can’t leave_

_We were happy, weren’t we_

Soonyoung had just had finished his a week worth of works when his phone rang out loudly in a melody he hadn't heard for a year.

Hansol, his tired mind supplied fast yet his consciousness wasn't ready to receive it yet as if his mind playing a trick on him. He took some seconds of staring at his phone before he knew for sure that his phone was really ringing a tone he had specifically put as Hansol's personalized ringtone years ago.

Reading Hansol’s nickname on the screen of his phone, Soonyoung immediately reached out his hand and answered the phone. “Hello?”
He heard a sigh from the other side and Soonyoung couldn't calm his drumming heart. He couldn't believe that Hansol still wanted to call him, and he partially pitied himself for not able to delete Hansol's number from his phone. And he never knew how much he wanted to hear Hansol's voice again until he felt extra relieved when he heard Hansol calling him. “Hyung..?”

Swallowing the nervous lump in his throat, he called back. “Hansol?”

“Uum yeah..” Hansol said unsurely. “It’s been awhile.”

“Yeah it is..” Not knowing what else to say, he asked. “How are you?”

The sudden phone call made Soonyoung feeling restless that his mind gone blank as he talked with Hansol over the phone. Blurtling out almost remoted replies, the elder was shocked when Hansol's word registered into his mind. “I will be in front of your apartment in an hour.”

**Feelings of care and determined words**

*Are all that my pride has left*

*I hold your hands but what I couldn’t say*

*What I couldn’t say, stay*

During the hour of waiting for Hansol to come, Soonyoung prepared himself to meet Hansol again, planning out what he was going to do and say to the other. When he thought that he was ready, his confidence cracked because of the ring of his doorbell.

Hansol didn't change much, Soonyoung noted when he saw Hansol into his apartment. The younger was still as polite and timid as ever and if there was anything changing in Hansol, it was the nervousness the other showed when he sat on the sofa. Before, Hansol would stroll into his apartment with ease pace and walking around as if he had lived and belonged there for a long time. Yet comparing to this Hansol, Soonyoung felt like he was on his starting point again where awkwardness was the only bridge between them.

“Do you want coffee?” Soonyoung asked awkwardly when Hansol sat down in the living room, looking at the younger whose eyes wandered around the apartment.

Hansol looked back at him before answering shortly with a nod. “Sure.”

Sighing, Soonyoung nodded and walked toward his kitchen. “Okay.” Taking the first mug he saw inside the cabinet, he approached his coffee maker and poured the dark liquid into that mug and just refilled his own.

Walking back toward the living room, he offered the coffee to Hansol and realized a bit late that the mug he gave was the one Hansol sent back to him months ago. Hansol sure had noticed it, Soonyoung thought, but didn't show it on his face.

Rounding the table, Soonyoung sat on the other end of the sofa, waiting for Hansol to start the talk as himself was afraid that he might say what's not supposed to be said.

“Your apartment still smell like coffee.” he heard Hansol said before sipping the coffee.
“Yeah..” Rubbing the back of his neck, Soonyoung said back sheepishly, knowing what Hansol meant behind those words which the younger said almost fondly. “I had to work on my project and drank coffee all night long.” He explained before hurriedly added when he saw Hansol’s expression. “Ah, don’t worry I had finished it this morning and already had some rest before you come here. And I did eat proper food in between, instead of energy bar and junk food.”

Hearing the relieved sigh from the younger, Soonyoung found himself cracking a smile and chuckled a bit as he leaned back to his sofa and looked up at the ceiling, peeking a glance to the younger. His small laugh, unsurprisingly also prompted a smile to show up on Hansol’s face who let his nervous loose and laughed too, instantly getting rid of the tense awkward situation between them.

“How are you doing, hyung?” Hansol asked, eyes clutching onto the offered drink in front him.

“I'm good.” Ounces of unsureness weighed down Soonyoung’s reply. “What about you?”

“Same, I guess.”

The silence which followed, prompted Soonyoung to start up conversation. “How is your work?”

“New project is coming up so we will be busier after this week.” Hansol replied, his voice was lighter than moment ago, probably was at ease. “What about you? You take your work to your home, is something coming up?”

Meeting Hansol's eyes, Soonyoung brought himself to mentally wince at how much Hansol seemed to know him. “Yeah.. I'm about to take some days leave off work..” He answered shortly with low voice, hoping that Hansol didn't pry further by asking why he needed to take the leave. Gladly, Hansol didn't.

“Ah… I see.” Looking back down into his coffee, Hansol seemed struggling with his words as he bit his lip.

It’s really hard for Soonyoung. Both of them just knew too much about each other that they could understand what's going on inside their head. Looking at Hansol’s observing eyes which once again wandering around the apartment, Soonyoung could pick up what the other was thinking. ‘What plan does Soonyoung have?’ That's what Hansol probably about to ask him. The same thing Hansol used to ask whenever he informed him that he took some days off work.

Shaking his own head when the thought came across his mind, Soonyoung tried to get rid of his memories with Hansol, yet just like his effort in the last year, he failed.

“How have you been?” Soonyoung made himself asking that. The last year was hard for him and despite Soonyoung had heard about Hansol from their friends, he wanted to know it from Hansol himself.

The absence of answer from Hansol made the space thick with more awkward tense. Many times during the emptiness, Soonyoung killed his words which had been haunting his life since he asked for break up.

‘He doesn't want to break up with Hansol.’

‘He wants to stay with Hansol.’

‘He needs Hansol to stay in his life.’

Shaking the thoughts out of his head, Soonyoung assumed that Hansol didn’t want to talk about it.
“You don’t have to answer it.” He said weakly.

“About us…” Hansol started after that and Soonyoung braced himself for what his ex-the word still scalded him no matter how many times he had thought about it-going to say.

Hearing the small sobs in Hansol’s voice as he told him what he had been feeling after their break up, Soonyoung turned solemnly to Hansol and reached for his hand yet not closing the distance. “I’m sorry.” That’s all he could say. What else could he do or say? He was the one who asked for break up and he had his own reasoning for it, not that he didn’t love Hansol anymore, but it was because he loved Hansol that they had to break up. And because of that he was more than ready to let Hansol gave all the blame to him.

“I love you too much that I can’t hate you.” He heard Hansol saying that. “I don’t know how you felt during ..that time..”

_I had been feeling sick_. Soonyoung supplied in his mind but not saying it out loud as he closed his eyes and leaned back on his sofa.

“Soongkwan told me to move on, to let you go.”

_And he told me to stay away from you_. Soonyoung thought.

“But it was really hard for me. I just love you and want to be with you.”

_It's hard for me too, and I do want to be with you. If I could._

“I thought that my life would continue like that.”

Opening his eyes slowly, Soonyoung stared up at the ceiling, remembering a photo group in which Hansol stood close with another man he never knew in Seungkwan’s insta story. _But…_ He could predict what Hansol about to tell.

“I think I can let you go.” Hansol didn’t continue after that. He brought his mug close to his lips and started sipping the warm coffee. And Soonyoung thought that it was time for him to tell the truth to Hansol.

“My parents engaged me with a girl I don’t know.” He finally told Hansol. Without looking, Soonyoung could see that surprised look on the other’s face. “I haven’t told my parents about us and suddenly they brought this to me.”

“It's totally my fault.” Soonyoung said, fully accepting and admitting his wrongdoing. “If only I told them about us, this wouldn’t happen. I had been thinking about it times after times.” Leaning away from the comfort of his sofa, he cupped his head with his hands, looking like a defeated man.

Soonyoung felt his eyes burned with the unshed tears, as he continued telling Hansol the reasons behind his decision for their break up. Sometimes he stopped, feeling helpless about his own life yet the hand which touched his shoulder gave him support, helping him to continue.

Together, they swam in the dark ocean of possibilities. Thinking silently about how their relationship would be if they could change everything. It drowned them, pulling their love for each other into the deepest part of break up.

“But these all have to change. We have to change.” After long talking which felt like days, he heard Hansol said quietly as they with their fingers interlaced sat back on the sofa, still with a foot length gap between them, eyes darted up toward the ceiling to see nothing.
“Yeah.” Soonyoung sighed out his reply and held Hansol's hand tighter. This would be the last time. He started it, and he should be the one who ended it. “Let’s move.” He said finally and with the tightening of Hansol’s hold, the younger agreed that this would be their last time.

Closing his eyes, refusing to let his tears fall, Soonyoung slowly let go of Hansol's hand. “I heard you find someone.”

Soonyoung was glad to hear from Hansol that he could move on from him, that's the least Soonyoung could hope for. They had parted ways and Soonyoung would be in his pit of regret all to the end of his life if Hansol didn't. When his ex told him about Jisoo, Soonyoung felt even more gladness washed over him, Jisoo sounded like a very kind man and he could do what Soonyoung couldn't do for Hansol, that would be accompanying Hansol and made him happy. Soonyoung wished wholeheartedly for their happiness.

Hansol refused to let Soonyoung send him to the front of the building, insisting that he needed rest after the all nighter he pulled. And Soonyoung didn't want to ruin the ease after their talk; no forced smile when they reintroduced himself to restart their relationship as a friend, no holding back each other, no goodbye tears but affectionate smile.

“Hansol.” He called when Hansol opened the door. It was stupid of him to call when he didn't know what to say.

It was hard to let go, but all they could do now was wishing each other happiness.

You say to let all the memories go

I know what you mean but

Once again, unchangingly, I see myself

Calling for you

Despite after that shared goodbye, Soonyoung still couldn't let go yet. His heart still making tantrum inside his consciousness, wanting to be with Hansol. Still standing in his doorway, watching Hansol walked away toward the elevator, he did what he couldn't do when they were in his apartment.

“Hansol.” He called again almost affectionately for the last time - he would make sure that it would be the last time -, waiting with held breath for Hansol to turn and look back at him. When the younger did, with a soft tired yet not forced smile, the chaos in his head stopped abruptly. So was the rolling gear which constructed his words.

His tongue stuck inside his mouth unmoving as he saw Hansol's brow rose questioningly.

It was as if he was stuck in a party after long hours of work. He just want to leave the party so he could get some rest, yet the liveliness of it attracted him to stay.

Hansol had left, he told himself. So he should too.

They had just said it to each other, but Soonyoung suddenly felt that he should say it again, this time for himself. “Let's live happily.”
Hansol didn't reply with word, instead he smiled, nodding once and then left, and that's what Soonyoung did. He smiled at Hansol's retreating back and walked back inside his apartment before closing the door softly.

Which side is more difficult for me

The new life I'm living without you

I meet someone new, fall into a new relationship

If I start something new, will it be agonizing

It had started. The wedding preparation.

Following the tradition, both his and the girl's family met up to discuss everything for the wedding. Soonyoung did his best to give out his own opinion, taking a good part in the discussion and showed how capable he was toward his soon to be in-law.

Halfway through the discussion, Soonyoung looked at his fiancé and smiled when he saw how happy she looked.

Chuckling at her blushing when she noticed him smiling, Soonyoung couldn't help but thought worriedly whether his marriage with the girl he didn't even love could walk smoothly with his heart still holding onto the last pieces of his memories of Hansol.

He was afraid that it would crumble halfway and he would hurt her when his love for Hansol still stayed with him even long after their marriage.

My feelings again again

Is trying to start with you again

Already, with quick steps

You have gotten over the breakup

All alone, I laugh and cry, then exhaustedly fall asleep

Some months after that, Soonyoung met Hansol again. After their talk in Soonyoung's apartment, they stayed in good term and still contacting each other. This time at the café near Hansol's apartment, the café they frequented before. Soonyoung almost said that he wanted to get back together with Hansol. Almost, but he held back when he remembered the weight of a single envelope dragging him down to reality. Without much word, Soonyoung gave the white envelope glazed with gold motif of star and flower to Hansol then kept his eyes on Hansol to see his reaction.
Hansol's eyes widened completely not expecting it, unreadable expression on his face before it evolved and he looked at Soonyoung with big smile. “You're getting married!” He said with voice full of happiness that it showered Soonyoung with bitter gladness.

They talked some more like long lost friend, filling each other with information until Jisoo showed up. Soonyoung didn't know how to react. He had heard a lot about Jisoo from Hansol and their friends, he knew that Jisoo was a good and -as Seungkwan dubbed- almost perfect man. He thought he could maybe get along with him, but when he came face to face with him, he found himself unable to open his mouth.

He needed Hansol to introduce him to the other and Jisoo said calmly that he knew that he was Hansol's ex-boyfriend, before he could say his greeting to Jisoo.

Just like what he had heard, Jisoo was indeed a good man. Even though he didn't say it, Soonyoung felt grateful when he heard that Jisoo was the one who suggested Hansol to meet Soonyoung and from the sideline helped them to reconstruct their closeness albeit in a completely different way than before.

After saying his purpose there, Soonyoung bid goodbye to them and left the café to his apartment which he would also leave once getting married.

It had already been emptied, Soonyoung looked around the apartment briefly before sitting down in the middle of empty room. He fiddled with his shoes and the hem of his pants in silent. Thinking back about Jisoo.

He wasn't sure at first what to felt. But when he really met Jisoo for the first time in the cafe, Soonyoung felt odd mix of sadness and relief entwined inside him. He was sad that he couldn't be the one to make Hansol happy, knowing Jisoo would be a better lover than him for Hansol. But that's what also relieved him, knowing that his ex had found someone who could make him happy. With that too, maybe he could let Hansol go.

Closing his eyes, Soonyoung smiled sadly when the faces which popped out inside his mind were those of Hansol. He laughed at the funny face Hanson pulled, smiled at those sweet moments shared between them, and cried when the fragile looking of crying Hansol filled his mind again. It would be hard for his future family as his love for Hansol still remained intact.

Yet then, the face Hansol showed when he gave the wedding invitation sprung up. Hansol was happy, he had done his share of their promise -to live happily-. So it's his turn. Standing up, Soonyoung patted his pants and looked at his phone. He had put his phone on silence, so he wouldn't hear if there was any call or message coming in, and it was no surprise if he didn't notice several messages had been waiting for him.

- Did it go well? - a message from his fiancé asked him.

Soonyoung, after talking with Hansol months ago, gathered up the courage to tell the girl he was going to marry. He was very lucky that the girl could understand and willing to wait and help him through it.

- Yes - he replied. And then added. - I'm going home now -

Walking out of apartment, Soonyoung locked the door and went toward the elevator. As he wait for the elevator to take him down to the first floor, he saw a reflection of his on the door.

It was small. But it was genuinely there. That was enough for now. He would walked away from the
restriction of his past memories and made his own family happy. Stepping out of the building with a smile, Soonyoung had never felt so at ease since last year.

_Falling Without You (Please)_

_Falling Without You (Can Live Without You)_

_Falling Without You_

_Falling Without You (I Will Let You Go)_

Chapter End Notes

This is it! I hope you like this chapter as well. And for those who’ve been wondering about JiSol part,,, I’m currently working on it.. It may take a while since I’m still gathering several information about this particular event. Hope you won’t mind waiting for a little bit as it will be the Epilogue for this SoonSolSoo miniseries :)

Thank you for reading and giving kudos
You Exist In My Song (HoonSol)

Chapter Summary

When his colleague suggested him to take a vacation, Jihoon never expected that he got to meet handsome young man who skipped his university classes and looked like he was a tourist from foreign country but joining a Korean group tour to other country.

HoonSol

Chapter Notes

This is not a continuation to SoonSolSoo miniseries, I'm afraid. I got a bit stuck when I tried to write down exactly what Jisoo felt about the whole thing. And this is what I worked on instead because of it.

The main idea is a from KDrama ‘The Package’ which my mom likes to watch and she never miss to watch it every weeks. I don't watch it because I barely have any time to watch any drama, and I know a bit about it from my mom. She only explained and I quoted “Just a small group of people with their own troubles meeting for the first time in France while going on vacation in a tour group,” very much explanatory… When I asked about ‘the package’ -the actual meaning behind the title- she said “don't ask too much if you don't watch it”................... I love my mom.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Song #9

我的歌声里 (You Exist In My Song) By Qu Wanting(曲婉婷)

Staring briefly at the bright sky outside the plane as he held onto the seat’s armchair, one young man sighed before leaning his head back against the headrest of the seat. Closing his eyes, he let out exasperated words of annoyance.

“Why am I here?” It was a rhetoric question for himself because he already knew the answer to it, but the passenger beside him didn't seem to know it because he responded.

“For vacation, aren't you?” Opening his eyes, the young man turned to the person beside him. And just like the first time he saw the other in Incheon airport before departure, Jihoon was astounded by the handsome face which looking at him with funny expression.

“Well, right.” Jihoon retorted back, he wanted his voice to sound stiff with sarcasm but his interest toward the other prompted different result on his expression. Grinning sideway to show the other that his sarcasm was joke based -even though he did feel like he was stranded in hell named vacation-, he changed the subjects.
“How was your sleep?” They had been several hours in the sky from Korea to their destination, and the younger chose sleeping to spend the time while he absently watched the cloud cozily drifted around them.

Raising his arms to stretch in that limited space, Hansol -Jihoon remembered the other’s name- tried to hold back his yawn before answering. “A bit uncomfortable, but nice.”

Keeping his grin on his face as Hansol grinned wide at him, Jihoon letting out another sigh, but this time it was of relief. Maybe, this little vacation was not that bad, he thought to himself.

**Without any precaution, and without a trace of apprehension.**

*you appeared in my world as you did, bringing me a pleasant surprise, that I couldn’t resist.*

A week ago,

A grumble was heard in secluded area of music studio filled by two men. One of them, the younger one, cradled his head between his hands. “This still doesn’t sound right..” He heaved out his frustration in a sigh while his hands massaging his nape.

“I guess you need to take a breather.” The other man also sighed, smothering the lines of crease on his forehead. They had been holled up in the studio from morning until night for like 16 hours, and he hadn't yet included the couple days before it. “You've been working without a break since last autumn and this is already the second winter. And no, you taking some days off doesn't count. You still work in your home anyway.”

Jihoon for a split second considered the suggestion, thinking that the other could be right, but the looming deadline made him shaking his head in refusal. “No. We need to finish these before the end of the month.”

“You always say it every month. And this is still the first week of the month, we still have at least two weeks before sending the song.” Groaning, the older man said, closing his eyes as he leaned back on the swiveling chair. “Go on vacation.”

“Hyung, there is no need to.” Jihoon wanted to refuse, knowing that after some rest in his home, he could work on the song again with fresh mind.

“No.” The other said firmly, he had opened his eyes and turned his chair to face Jihoon. “You need fresh air, and away from all of these. I'll send you to a vacation.”

Shaking his head, Jihoon was against the idea but he didn't have any say when the older said rather convincingly. “You will get new ideas from it.”

With that, Jihoon found himself in his house packing some clothes into suitcase after receiving a message about his vacation itinerary. It was not like he hated to go on vacation, who would refuse it when the higher ups paid for it? But to waste money on luxurious vacation just for the song producer could finish an album, Jihoon couldn't comprehend it. It might be useful, but for Jihoon it put more stress on his shoulders rather than refreshing his mind.

Knowing that he would eventually working on the album during the vacation, Jihoon went to the airport with heavy heart. He didn't really expect much from it, he would just go along with the tour
schedule, stayed to himself and thinking about his music; he expected no one disturbing him. He expected that the tour would only be filled with old couples, chaebol who had too much free time, or something like that because it wasn't high season, but instead he got to meet handsome young man who skipped his university classes and looked like he was a tourist from foreign country but joining a Korean group tour to other country.

One of his expectation had already fallen apart before the tour even started yet. This young man stuck to him.

Chwe Hansol, the young man introduced himself as they waited for other members of the group to arrive in the airport before checking in. Hansol said that he was on his third year of his university and was taking a leave from it because of some reasons which he didn't want to talk about. Not that Jihoon was interested about it, but it could be a good references for his future works, he better save some.

After waiting for a while, Jihoon found out that the group was filled only by young men, with variety of ages, professions and backgrounds information. It was a big surprise after he found out that their tour guide with kind professional smile was only a year older than him. Looking at the other twelve men, Jihoon wondered with raised brow; if he was a screenwriter, this situation could be used for a drama.

Still remember us once walking side by side together past that bustling alley.

Even though we were strangers, just passing by each other, we still felt each other.

Typing down some notes in his phone as he walked down the empty hall of the building where his studio was in, Jihoon tried to remember what he had been feeling more than two years ago during that vacation.

He was currently working on new project for the upcoming spring, and with his client requested a song for drama about falling in love with stranger, Jihoon couldn't help but think back about his last vacation.

The vacation didn't end like what Jihoon had expected. He expected that he would had finished arranging at least one or two songs by the end of it, and once he got back to studio, he could immediately work on the third song.

Pity him, the vacation didn't go as smoothly as planned. Hansol stuck to him almost all the time, inviting him into lot of topics to talk about. He then, was dragged around by the three youngest, Hansol included, if it wasn't Hansol, he would not even let the two to talk to him. One member caught up in little trouble with the local because of some misunderstanding. Someone, too distracted by the sight, failed to follow the group and got lost. And some other problems which took his attention from his work.

But there was one thing that really blew his mind that he completely fell out of his work. It was the secret reason why Hansol took leaves from his university. It was unexpected, and it was by chance that he got to know it. In the free time, he went to public toilet and Hansol was already there, taking an international call. Jihoon didn't intend to eavesdrop but his curiosity and care toward the younger which he felt growing after spending three days with Hansol by his side, made him stay.
“Woozi!”

A call of his work name made Jihoon turn to see the caller. “What is it, hyung?” He asked after he realized how distracted he was by his memories of his vacation.

“Your client had given me her thought about the demo you sent.” The older man said, waving his phone. “She said that the song and the lyric you provided really suit with what she had been thinking about the concept. She really likes it.”

Smiling when he heard that, he nodded. “Glad to know that.” He said softly once the older man had fallen into the same pace with him toward his studio.

“What were you thinking about when you made it? The feeling felt so real that I can't believe that you just made it up with your stoic heart.” The man said jokingly but the curiosity in his eyes was pretty much genuine.

Smiling that secretive smile, Jihoon raised his shoulders before shrugging. “Who know?” Stepping into his studio, he dropped himself onto the chair and opened the song which they had just talked about. Giving it another listen to check if he ever need to make some rearrangement before they recorded it for real. “Though, it was thank to your offer for vacation that winter.”

“What?” The older man jumped from his chair, looking at Jihoon with disbelief look evident on his face. “Did you fall in love with someone in your group? Is that why you look so broken hearted when you came back? Because you can't meet that person again?”

Remembering that last day of vacation where he knew that he might not able to meet Hansol again, Jihoon answered briefly. “Something like that.”

Finding a brief almost unnoticed off sound in the arrangement, Jihoon immediately leaned forward and put his headphone on the exact position before working on the song, completely cutting the conversation off one sidedly.

One look, one beat of the heart.

one unexpected delight.

It’s like a dream, that was destined.

Finishing the recording a week after the small final rearrangement, Jihoon pulled on his coat and scarf then bid goodbye to his colleagues who looked flawless in their weekend style as if they hadn't pulled an allnighter.

Locking the door behind him, Jihoon watched with small smile when he saw the other walked out joyfully after finishing the recording earlier than expected and they still got the chance to relax in that weekend night and the following Sunday.

“We’re going to get some drink, do you want to join us?” One of them asked, but Jihoon declined as he walked toward them.
“I want to rest in my home. Maybe next time.”

“You’ve been declining our offers recently.” The other commented but not complaining.

“I’m bored hanging out with you.” Jihoon retorted, though it meant no harm, not when he was smiling at them.

“Fine, fine. I won't invite you anymore.” Laughing, they all walked out of the building before parting ways, the group went to the usual restaurant they crashed after work, while Jihoon to his own home.

Humming to the song which he had just finished, Jihoon hid his smile under layer of thick scarf around his neck as he recalled the distance memories of his vacation.

It was the last day of the trip, and all of them got free day and Jihoon choose to walk around the town with Hansol one last time. They weren't alone though, the other two maknae tagged along and what Jihoon expected to be calm atmosphere suddenly changed into tiring one because he felt like he was babysitting the three.

He was dumb. Jihoon admitted to himself as he stuffed his hands into his coat pocket, what could he expected from a week length trip? What he had been feeling toward the younger was probably one sided thing and there was no chance of the other to reciprocate it. They would part ways once they went back to Korea, that was obvious.

Getting the crease back on his forehead and a frown on his mouth, Jihoon was too focused on his own step that he didn't notice that Hansol had fallen back into step with him.

“Something wrong, hyung?” Hansol’s deep yet still childish voice asked him, the excitement he had with the other two still remained on his face.

Looking up at him, it kind of annoyed Jihoon how someone younger than him could overgrow him, altering his gaze to the other two at front, he wanted to scowl at their height, but that wasn't his problem. “No.” Jihoon replied shortly and his voice came out harsh. Not wanting to make the younger feel bad, he added. “It's really cold today.”

It was the truth, compared to the days before, the temperature that day had dropped a little, and he could guess that his cheeks and ears had probably turned red because of it.

“Oh.” He heard Hansol said, Jihoon could figure that the younger was nodding in understanding right then. Spending four days by paying attention to whatever Hansol did, left Jihoon to learn more about Hansol, more than Hansol told him. He expected the younger to either stay silent or bring up another topic or left him, but Hansol never failed to surprise him since day one.

Jihoon flinched when something was put around his neck, he stopped walking and looked at Hansol who grinned at him. The younger had taken off his own scarf and was wrapping it around Jihoon’s neck.

“You look like you need it more than me.” Hansol said, justifying his action with his ever bright grin.

Jihoon watched Hansol with wide eyes as he stepped back and looked at him appreciatively. The younger nodded and his grin grew wider. “It looks good on you.”

They could hear someone calling Hansol and the said person reacted to it almost immediately, he started walking toward the caller and he didn't forget to look back at Jihoon to beckon him. “Come on, hyung.”
Still glued on the spot, Jihoon raised his hand to brush his fingers on the scarf, feeling the soft material which gifted warmth to him. As he buried his nose into its wide and thick layers, Jihoon ignored the fluffy warmness which didn't come from the scarf.

_The world is so big, why did we meet?_

_Could it have been chance?_

_Could it have been destiny?_

Speeding up his walk, Jihoon hurried to get back to his home faster. The weather forecast had told him that the temperature would drop really fast that night and he didn't want to get caught in it, preferring to stay in his apartment cuddling in front of TV with hot chocolate and warm fluffy blanket.

He breathed out a relieved sigh once he walked into his apartment building. Taking his time calmly as he waited for the elevator, Jihoon looked at the black material wrapping his neck. He never got the chance to give it back to Hansol, and maybe he wanted it that way to preserve their memories during that five days.

It was a good memory for Jihoon, memory of him falling in love with a stranger. If he didn't go on that vacation, he might not believe the upcoming drama which his song would be part of its soundtracks. He might think that it was silly and too imaginative for someone to fall in love with a complete stranger. But with him had experienced it beforehand, Jihoon knew how bizarre love could be.

It came in the most unique and strangest way, at the most unexpected time, and impacted greatly on someone's life.

Smiling to himself when he remembered about Hansol, Jihoon never expected all of the changes he had in his life after the vacation. In his wake and sleep, his mind always rolling around the memories of Hansol. He thought about Hansol when he made his music. No, Hansol was the one who inspired him about his music. Whenever he thought about him, melody of love song came into his mind and the result he got never unsatisfying.

He loved Hansol, and he was sure that his past self wanted to curse him about how lovesick he was now, but he didn't care about it, he didn't want to. What more important was how he dealt with this feeling and how he could live his life to the fullest with this feeling loyally accompanying him.

Opening his door to his apartment, Jihoon smiled softly when he heard familiar voice welcoming him. Taking off his shoes carefully, he looked at the tall man waiting for him in the living room.

He had grown even more taller after two years passed and his voice dropped deeper as he matured into young adult with more responsibilities. But most of him stayed the same, his childish excitement, his cheerfulness, and his youthful happiness. He had changed but he was still the same Hansol he first met in Incheon. The same Hansol he fell in love with.

Walking toward the younger, Jihoon smiled at the grin which always welcomed him. “I'm home.”
You exist, deep in my mind, in my dreams, in my heart, and in my song.

Chapter End Notes

There is not much HoonSol moments mentioned in this story *pout* I'll try to give more HoonSol next time.
Anyway, obviously everyone know who the other group members right? :3

Even though it's a bit early, I wish you all a Happy New Year!
Thank you for supporting me and my works this year, and please continue supporting me in the next and following years as well. I'll do my best to produce more stories, both in quantity and quality.
Let's make the new year a better year than this year.
Share lot of love for Seventeen and other groups!
See You Next Year! ^^/

And, for those who are waiting, JiSol part will come soon!
Chapter Summary

Standing alone in the early hour of that relaxed Sunday, Hansol thought about how he could have this lovely life.

Chapter Notes

This one is a bit similar with the SoonSolSoo miniseries, as if this is the future of JiSol together. I don't blame you if you think that way. BUT! This is not! To tell you the truth, I had already written this one before working on SoonSolSoo series. This one is the main idea why I choose Jisoo for that series.
And the reason why I hadn’t posted this until now was because I’m not confident enough with this plot. But then, I was like fxxk it and posted it.

Even so, I hope you enjoy this story as well.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Song #10

Symphony - Zara Larsson

I've been hearing symphonies

Before, all I heard was silence

Sipping his morning coffee happily, Hansol sighed calmly as he looked around his new house which the wall was painted soft creme. Looking past the kitchen room he was standing in, across to the dining room and then living room, the young man unconsciously wondered how many people could fit into this big house if he decided to invite his big family and friends for gathering.

Thinking about family, he was brought back to the memories of his childhood where he and his sister often playing around the premise of their house. Their mom often scolded them for running around, scattering their toys around, making too loud noises when they were playing and sometimes got their house messy and dirty.

Smiling at those thought, Hansol took another sip and held his eyes on the living room as he imagined himself standing in the kitchen preparing food as he watched two little boys chattering while building up a tower with colorful plastic blocks. The older one would stood on his tip toe to
place the prism block as the roof of their tower while his younger brother would watch in awe at how tall their tower be.

Muttering how sweet that kind of life would be, Hansol placed his mug down and listened to the emptiness of the house.

\[ A \text{ rhapsody for you and me} \]
\[ And \text{ every melody is timeless} \]
\[ Life \text{ was stringing me along} \]
\[ Then you came \]

It was like those time when he could do anything by himself, roaming around in his own apartment, following the unknown melody with unique rhythm.

He was so free, his own conductor in his own orchestra. he could stretch the pianissimo or brought his life into smooth crescendo.

Even though the melody he created might not be the best, they gave him satisfying feeling of fulfilment. Hansol thought that it was enough for him and didn't want anything to disturb his solo performance of life.

Yet it all messed up -in the most unique and sweetest way- when another conductor added new instrument into his sheets of music.

\[ you \text{ cut me loose} \]
\[ Was solo singing on my own \]
\[ Now I can't find the key without you \]

Hong Jisoo, an American born man yet still Korean by blood. He was a new face in the neighboring team of the marketing division he worked at. The manager invited him, who was said to be genius, to help said team leader to manage the members.

Hansol didn't pay him much attention at first as he was busy with his own team work, they rarely talk about works -just exchanging information when needed- and even more rarely outside work. Yet when the dinner party of their division came to celebrate their high achievements, it all started to change abruptly. Hansol, the maknae of team Choi, started to hang out with the new face of team Lee.

Jisoo was the one who approached first, as Hansol was always busy shying away from the crowd. And despite Hansol's limited answer, Jisoo kept advancing toward the other in soft friendly manner.

Then without him realizing it, one of his seniors told him that he had changed. He started talking
with more words, instead of saying full packed simple direct sentences. He hung out with Jisoo more than with his seniors. He drank less coffee and more tea. And the most obvious one was he looked more energetic and vigorous with his work.

Hansol was left with no words to reply as he wondered whether it was true or not. Yet knowing that it came from his most observant senior, Hansol could only believe that it was the truth.

Looking back, he started to notice every small details of the change in his life. His morning started with meeting Jisoo during his morning jogs around their neighboring apartments -surprisingly they only realized that they lived in the same apartments complex when they shared taxi after the dinner party-. Followed by ordering coffee for the two of them before going to the office together. Things which Hansol only done by himself.

After work, Jisoo often offered to go home together, and sometimes they even took a turn to the market for grocery shopping. And it's not often but at least once a week, they hung out in each other's apartment for dinner if they didn't have any other plan.

They all were small activities, yet the numerous amount of how many times it repeated during those years, sending Hansol’s rhythm into furious sonata of heartbeat.

And now your song is on repeat

And I'm dancin' on to your heartbeat

And when you're gone, I feel incomplete

Turning his head to look at the stairs when he heard one door in the upper floor opened and closed with small sound, Hansol’s smile kissed the warm air as he slowly stood up and took out another mug then poured the still hot liquid from coffee maker into the new mug. His smile continued blooming when he poured sugar in certain amount of someone’s preference and he stirred it slowly, staring down at the dark liquid while his ears followed the faint sound of allegro steps which approach him.

Silently, a pair of slim arms snaked around his waist and Hansol couldn’t prevent himself from chuckling when he heard the smooth word coming from Jisoo hitting the side of his neck. “Morning, babe.”

“Morning.” Hansol replied shortly, hand still stirring slowly as he turned his face a bit to meet Jisoo’s kiss halfway. “Coffee. Careful, still hot.” He offered the drink between the soft pecks, hands raising the mug carefully and helped Jisoo to hold it as the other sip it slowly. Putting down the mug on the table beside his own, Hansol leaned back to Jisoo who still held him close.

“You’re up early.” Jisoo murmured against Hansol hair, pressing soft kisses. “Leaving me alone in our bed.”

Sighing contently, the younger placed his own hands over Jisoo’s on his waist. “I was thinking.” He started, smiling fondly at the empty space of their living room.

“About?”

“Our family.” the answer was clipped, yet it held lot of meanings. “I was thinking, how noisy our
house will be when we have children.” Chuckling at his own thought, Hansol continued. “It will be very fun to have them around.”

Jisoo settled his chin on his husband’s shoulder, following Hansol’s gaze then smiling softly as he could see what Hansol was imagining. “Sure, it will be fun.” Tightening his hold, Jisoo pulled Hansol to share more kisses with him.

_I just wanna be part of your symphony

Will you hold me tight and not let go?

_Symphony

Like a love song on the radio

Will you hold me tight and not let go?

Chapter End Notes

‘Dear JiSol, I’m up for adoption. -Ochie94’

LOL

Thank you! And see you later!

Update : I’ve finished writing down Jisoo part for SoonSolSoo Miniseries YAY!! \(^A^*)/
I just need to re-read and tidy it up... So, please wait a lil bit more.

And I start another series named 'Wedding Stories' it's a collection of one-shots about certain pairing in their wedding. It doesn't really tell about the wedding but more like the 'stories' which come with the wedding. I hope you will like it too. For a little sneak-peek, I will announce the pairings which will be part of this series here!
They are Hansol pairing (EveryoneXHansol/Vernon), Namjoon pairing (EveryoneXNamjoon/RM) and Yifan pairing (EveryoneXYifan/Kris)
The pairings are limited to group mates. So there will be 12 fics in SEVENTEEN fandom, 6 fics in BTS fandom, and 11 fics in EXO fandom.
Please check my profile and work list to find it.
“A short daydream.” He told Hansol.

Jisoo found Hansol adorable when he first met him. He was about to start working in that new place and Hansol was the youngest there. They might not be in the same team, but Hansol, being the previous maknae along with Seungkwan- willingly helped him around during his first day.

He liked how bright the younger was and how the world seemed to sparkle with him when he laughed. He liked the shy smile and cheerful grin Hansol gave out. Hansol was very kind and caring toward other, not limited to his team but everyone in the division.

‘He's very observant.’ He remembered what Wonwoo, Hansol's teammate, ever said while eating the kimchi Hansol had got for him before he even asked or voiced it, during the welcoming party for Jisoo.

Jisoo was still able to see how that simple word of compliment, made Hansol blushing red and saying that he wasn't as observant as the elder who had said that word. At that time, Jisoo thought that Hansol was the embodiment of beautiful flower which shone with pure innocence.

That was what Jisoo had always thought until that event at the end of November, when Hansol got
himself too drunk that he started letting out what he had been hiding behind all the facade of bright smile.

Silence, is there nothing more to say?

It's been long since

the white flowers of laughter have withered

Waking up that dawn, Jisoo moved his body according to his routine. He went to his washroom and did his daily morning routine of brushing his teeth and washing his face.

After changing his clothes, he grabbed his phone and checked the time. It was still early for his morning run, but that meant that he could get more time after his run. Nodding to himself, he swiped up the lock screen and started going through notification.

He found that he got message from his boyfriend last night. Smiling at that, he chose to read it later because he already knew what Hansol sent him. Ignoring the other messages he got overnight, he walked to the front door and put on his running shoes.

It had been a habit since he was younger and still lived in America, waking up early and did some laps around the park to start the day. It made him feeling free with so little amount of people around him at dawn compared to the bustling crowd from morning till night.

Just like the lack of people at dawn, Jisoo found his mind relaxed with the lack of thought. He let his mind wandered freely as his feet left nothing but invisible traces around the park.

He thought about stopping for a while to capture the change of color in the sky with his phone. He thought about how the chirping singing of the bird sounded so beautiful right then. He thought about dragging Hansol from his bed to run with him when he saw a couple running together while laughing happily. Thinking about his boyfriend, Jisoo glanced toward the direction of Hansol's apartment.

The image of crying Hansol in the washroom from several months ago carved so deep on Jisoo’s mind that he couldn't not remember it. Some part of his heart hurt when he saw the cheerful young man dissolved into mess of tears and sadness under the prompt of too much soju, making him want to stop the tears and erase the sadness from Hansol's face.

“It's really sad that Hansol not able to put himself first.” Mingyu had said that after Seungkwan took Hansol home with taxi, and Jisoo couldn't help but agreed with it. He had witnessed it himself when he found Hansol crying. It was really sad how someone so beautiful withered into this crying mess of broken heart because he couldn't put himself to be his own priority because he loved other people so much. That time, Jisoo thought that he wanted to help Hansol and there was no backing out.

The flower petals fell (more and more)

and became dirt

The burning passion became ash
Why does everything good always become like this?

It was hard, for either Jisoo and Hansol. Hansol, despite the acceptance, still held Soonyoung so close to his heart, loving every memories of the man he loved dearly as if he was his lifeline. And Hansol hated that part of himself. His mind had acknowledged that he wouldn't be with Soonyoung anymore, yet his heart still continued to wish otherwise.

Jisoo stayed. He might not be an expert in dealing with people's emotions, he might not know how to help Hansol out of his own misery, he might not give the best advice; but he stayed. He listened to Hansol retelling him the same words over and over, but never once he let Hansol to dwell with that scathing feeling too long. He spoke with Hansol softly, treating him the same as before he learnt about the other's break up and still Jisoo gave him a chance to be different.

Jisoo invited Hansol to run with him in the morning when he found out that they actually lived quite close to each other, with their apartment building actually standing in the same area. He let Hansol to feel the fresh air and introducing the comfortable silence of early morning.

He might not help much directly, but from the sideline where he stood in Hansol's life, he could see that Hansol slowly changed. And when Seungkwan pointed that out, Jisoo felt some sort of accomplishments.

Don't know why (Don’t know why)

Tell me why (Tell me why)

Why does love end?

Why are things that will disappear, So beautiful?

It's just a daydream,

love is like a

“A short daydream.” He told Hansol when he asked him what he thought about love. “Love is like a beautiful short daydream. You're half conscious when it happened, you don't always realize when you start falling into it. But even though sometimes it doesn't last forever, it still gives you beautiful memories. You can still feel the happiness when you were in it.”

Glancing toward Hansol who sat next to him, Jisoo wondered what had prompted Hansol to ask it. They had just had lunch on that snowy Sunday, enjoying the warmth of his apartment while watching the television.

“So, love is only temporary thing? Something that won't last?”

“You can say that.” Jisoo admitted. “But we never know how long it will last, it's all according to you, actually. It depends on how you act on it. If you let it last long, it will. It will stay with you.”

“Then what about the bad memories? When breaking up?” Hansol asked with a murmur, his eyes clutched onto the mug in his hand which held hot chocolate in it.
“It's the end of that short daydream. You're back to your reality.” Jisoo said shortly as he leaned back on his couch, humming softly as he thought about his answer. Sipping his own hot chocolate, Jisoo altered his attention for a bit toward what beyond the window of his apartment. He saw snow.

“I'll let it fall.” He started, still looking at the fluttering dance of the snow, that prompted Hansol to do the same. “I'll let it accumulate on the ground, I'll go around it, gathering some pieces, shaping it into anything I want. Then letting it to melt into the ground as I wait for spring to come until the flowers bloom again on my ground.”

It wasn't expected, but also kind of expected. Jisoo didn't plan for it but his heart never once followed his plan. Few weeks after that Sunday, Jisoo found himself nodding to Hansol's request and saying that he would wait for Hansol.

He fell in love with Hansol.

Darkness, why are you erasing everything black?
I can’t see anything,
about the eternal future by myself,
making me dream however I want

“Have you talked with Soonyoung again?” Jisoo asked that when Hansol came over to his apartment for their dinner date.

Hansol stilled for a moment in front of the TV when he heard the question, but Jisoo didn't let the silence to hang around too long. He knew it was safe for him to talk about it, when he knew that sooner or later, they would talk about it anyway. He chose to talk about it now, not because he was in hurry to make Hansol to fully look at him, but to save Hansol from drowning too long in his memories. But maybe, it was just him reasoning to himself.

“You never mentioned him outside our talk. But, I heard from Seungkwan that you never once talked to him nor meet again after that .”

“Do I have to?” Hansol asked, and from his tone Jisoo could easily pointed out that the other was being defensive about it.

Walking toward him, Jisoo took the seat next to Hansol. He sat close to him but not too close that he was pressing him, just close enough to brush lightly. “Don't you want to?”

From his side, Jisoo could see Hansol's eyes fell close and he slumped back onto the couch as if wanting the furniture to swallow him.

Hansol asked, his hands intertwining together fiddling with each other, showing Jisoo how troubled he was feeling. “What should I talk about with him? I mean, after that...”

“Well.” Knowing how hard it would be for both Hansol and Soonyoung, Jisoo started with a smile, his voice was soft and gentle as usual, not showing any emotion beside loving and caring. He was
glad that Hansol was considering his question instead of avoiding it.

The sun has set and grew black
The waves will crash some day
Why does everything good always become like this?

Waiting in his apartment, Jisoo watched from inside how the clear blue sky seemed to mellow with the presence of dark cloud, portraying what he had been feeling since he got the message from Hansol.

‘I’m going to Soonyoung’s apartment’ the message from Hansol said.

And ‘Good luck’, his reply. He was being genuine about it. From the months of him had been staying beside Hansol, Jisoo noticed how much Hansol had changed yet also still the same with Hansol he saw in the past when he first worked in the company.

The younger opened up to him about his broken relationship and with Jisoo’s -and also other’s- helps, Hansol had let go of it, but not completely. He still held onto the remaining little pieces of Soonyoung and their awful breakup was still haunting him.

Jisoo wasn’t sure if it would help but he wanted Hansol to talk his feeling out toward Soonyoung.

A ring from his phone made Jisoo’s attention turned to the device, a new message had just came in. Finding Hansol’s best friend’s name on his screen, the American wondered what the message was about.

‘Hansol told me that he is meeting Soonyoung.’

‘Is it true?’

‘Yes.’

‘What for?’

‘He’s already happy, why he wants to meet with Soonyoung again?’

‘He is not completely happy.’ It hurted Jisoo when he tapped his reply, the thought of him not able to make his boyfriend happy pained him. ‘He is still holding tightly onto his past. And I don’t want Hansol to have bad memories about Soonyoung. That’s why I suggested to him to talk everything out with Soonyoung.’

The waiting was long until Seungkwan replied. ‘Is he going to be alright?’

Smiling softly at Seungkwan's worry which wasn't much different to his, Jisoo replied honestly. ‘We won’t know until then.’

Jisoo waited another long moment before another message came in. ‘Are you going to be alright?’ Jisoo didn’t know what Seungkwan meant with that, but Jisoo was very much aware of what it could meant for him.
He had thought about it numerous times in his wakes, considering every possible outcomes like what Seungkwan was -probably- currently doing. And if he was being honest, he was scared of some of the results he got.

There was a big possibility of Soonyoung and Hansol got into a argument or worse fight, and their relationship would turn sour and unamendable. There was also the possibility of one of them—or both—would be even more sadder after the talk. And as much as it could end well, there was also the chance of them—even though it was almost impossible—getting back together.

The last possibility set Jisoo on edge. It scared him if Hansol came back after his talk with Soonyoung, telling him that he wanted to give his relationship with Soonyoung a new start. The thought had been following him since the first time he considered himself to support Hansol talking with Soonyoung again. It lingered scarily close when he talked to Hansol. And now when Hansol did go to talk with Soonyoung, Jisoo could feel the fear which brushed his heart threatening to clench every bits of his feeling.

Yet even so, despite the worry he felt, he wanted and hoped for the best for them all. Not only for himself and Hansol, but also for Soonyoung.

Jisoo might not know much about Soonyoung, only hearing about Hansol's ex boyfriend from either Hansol and Seungkwan mostly; and he also didn't know the reason why Soonyoung wanted to break up—one thing which both Hansol and Seungkwan also hadn't figure out too-. But, he believed that Soonyoung was a kind person.

"Your past is what makes you." He once told Hansol, and Jisoo really meant it when he said that. He believed that someone could be the person they were now, because of what they had experienced in the past. And he could see from Hansol's abundant kindness and happiness that the younger had been living happily, and Soonyoung was one of the reasons why he could live like that.

Jisoo could easily tell that they had been a happy couple before the break up, unless, Hansol wouldn't be so sad, it wouldn't take this long for Hansol to move on from Soonyoung.

"Of course." Typing a reply to Seungkwan, Jisoo waited for the answer Hansol would give him. He had been waiting for so long.

"I understand." Jisoo said with a gentle smile, chuckling a bit as his hand reaching out to Hansol who looked like a disobedient kid who waited for punishment. "Please, don't look so stricken like that. I promise you, that I will wait for you. No matter how long it will take, I will wait until you can completely love me."

\begin{center}
\textit{Even if the sun will rise again}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
\textit{after the night is over}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
\textit{I already long for this moment}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
\textit{that I can’t hold onto}
\end{center}

Smiling at the sunrise which swept the gloomy sky with its bright yellow-orange rays, Jisoo continued running, finishing his lap then running back to his apartment with sweat almost drenching
him.

Once inside, he checked the notifications in his phone, reading them all from the top and filtered them between personal messages and work related. Leaving out the work related notification, he continued scrolling until he reached Hansol's name.

Tapping the message, he smiled softly at the last message. It was just a short simple one to wish him a good night, and it was his time to return the favor to Hansol.

‘Good morning, sunshine :’) It was sappy, he knew, but he sent the message anyway because he knew it would help the blooming of Hansol's smile. He then, proceeded to the bathroom and cleansed himself from sweat.

Since it was Sunday, Jisoo didn’t expect Hansol to reply yet, knowing that the younger preferred to sleep in until at least 9 AM to catch up some sleep loss during the week because of work. That was why when he walked out of the shower room to find his phone blinking up notification at him, he was confused and worried. ‘Did Hansol have another nightmare?’ He wondered to himself, reaching out toward his phone and checked the messages.

‘Good morning too. Did you sleep well?’

‘Had just come back from running?’

‘Are you in the bathroom?’

‘Did you message me so you can make me waiting for you?’

The messaged didn’t really show anything which can proved his suspicion but the big smiling and laughing stickers which came along with the messages, kind of assured Jisoo that Hansol was alright. The younger always used sticker in his personal messages to his close friends and Jisoo noted that whenever there was no sticker, that could mean Hansol was feeling down and didn't want to bother himself to go through the sticker.

Tapping the name, Jisoo routed for a call. He didn't have to wait long to hear Hansol's whine with his trying-to-sound-annoyed voice. “Why don't you reply to my messages?”

Chuckling, Jisoo answered while making his way to the kitchen. “So I can hear your voice?”

“Flirting will get you nowhere Hong Jisoo.”

“But it can get you to me.”

Loud joyous laugh rang from the other side of the call and Jisoo wondered if that morning could be any better. It could if Hansol was by his side.

In the end, it’s all momentary,

love is momentary

It’s just a passing dream,

“Calm down.” Jisoo said to Hansol who fidgeted on the seat beside him. Clasping his hand over
Hansol's, the older couldn't help but chuckling at how nervous his boyfriend was.

“How can I calm down? This is my first time doing this.. What if I messed up?” Hansol rattled, eyes glancing around from Jisoo to the steering wheel then to the road which reminded him how close he was already to the site.

“You won't. Don't worry.” Caressing Hansol's hand with his thumb, Jisoo smiled as he continued driving.

When the place was already in his line of sight, Jisoo wanted to tease Hansol about it, but held it back. He could do that after their task was over.

Parking smoothly in the reserved area, Jisoo patted Hansol's shoulder one last time before beckoning him to climb out. “Come on.” He said, his smile wide and encouraging and soon both of them already walked into the building looking for the person who was in charge.

They didn't need to look hard, with bright red hair and white suit, the person they were looking for stood out easily.

“Hyung!” Hansol called, approaching him with long stride.

Soonyoung turned and his face broke into wide smile at the sight of Hansol and Jisoo. Meeting the two halfway, Soonyoung gave the two a brief hug. “Thank you for coming early.”

“Who can say no when you beg for our presences?” Hansol said, teasingly grinning at the groom.

Giving a small snort, Jisoo turned to Hansol with raised brow. “Says the one who was fidgeting non stop during the ride here.”

Soonyoung laughed and patted Hansol's shoulder, while the younger whined at his boyfriend for exposing him.

They exchanged warm greeting with another before Soonyoung asked them. “So, want to meet the bride?”

His question was answered by two obvious nods and soon they were standing in front of open door which led them inside to meet the bride.

Jisoo could already see how beautiful the bride was from a distance and he smiled politely at her when she, with full grace, stood fast to welcome them inside her room. She looked kind, Jisoo noted, and from the way she acted around them, he could see that the kindness was genuine, not some act most people tried to pretend to be. Jisoo was happy to know it and from Hansol's wide smile when he talked to her, Hansol could see that too.

“Thank you for coming.” The bride said again, her small hands holding Hansol's as she looked at the two of them. Not much words were said to follow that word, but from the relieved expression she held, they could understand how much their presences meant for the soon to be married couple.

A voice of someone else, notified Jisoo that there were already other guests inside the room before them. He nodded politely at them who walked out of the room to give them a space. Jisoo and Hansol stayed in that room to take pictures with the bride and the groom and to shared some stories with each other.

Soon other guests started filling in and they decided to leave to make it less crowded. But they didn't leave soon enough, Seungkwan and the other had arrived right before they walked out.
Jisoo and Hansol stayed longer for a photo group and another talk session until Soonyoung kicked them all out of the room because other guests wanted to take picture too.

“How could you kick me out!” Seungkwan reacted jokingly mad, his smile stayed when he threatened. “Just wait! I will get you back for this.”

Because the ceremony was about to start soon, they all scrambled to their appointed seat in the hall. Hansol got the aisle seat and Jisoo sat next to him.

The song started and the couple made their entrance into the ceremony hall. Even though their gaze strayed to their guest every now and then, their focus on the ceremony never wavered.

When the groom and the bride said their vows to each other, Jisoo turned to look at Hansol and his smile faltered a bit when he saw small bead of tears falling on Hansol's cheek.

Hansol's lips were pulled into thin line while his eyes gazing at the couple far upfront, his hands clenched so hard into a pair of white tight fist trembling almost unnoticeably on his lap. He sat up straight, posture rigid on his seat, and Jisoo knew, that Hansol didn't want to look at the white couple.

Jisoo wanted to reach out, wanted to place his hand on Hansol's, but the determination in Hansol's gaze which was growing stronger in time with word by word of the vow he listened to, stopped Jisoo to do so.

Hansol didn't notice his eyes on him, he didn't even look like paying attention to anything but the couple. He seemed like in his own world, in his own darkness where only him, Soonyoung and the girl existed.

Looking at Hansol with concern, Jisoo sighed silently before he too looking at Soonyoung and his wife again. He gave the space to Hansol, letting him watch Soonyoung walked away from his heart, letting him to rearrange his pieces to his desired shape.

He knew that's what Hansol needed. He knew that's what he needed. He knew that's what they needed to continue their life which was started with a broken heart.

Until the end of the ceremony, Jisoo stayed by Hansol's side. He lingered but not haunting. He stayed close but not invading. He let Hansol to deal with everything.

And Hansol let go.

-----

A sigh made Jisoo to turn to Hansol, they were on their way back to work and Jisoo was calmly driving his car with Hansol sitting beside him. Humming an unknown song, he asked.

“It's all over.” Hansol replied, flexing his fingers nervously, eyes looking straight ahead at the road.

Even though he knew that that wasn't what Hansol meant by saying that, he commented, remembering how the two went up on stage to give their speech on behalf of Soonyoung's friend.

“Your speech with Seungkwan was really good. And refreshing.”

When Soonyoung gave them the invitation, Hansol offered himself to give speech in Soonyoung’s wedding.

“Are you sure? I don't want you to force yourself.” Soonyoung said, looking at Hansol and Jisoo
with worry, but mostly to Hansol.

Mirroring Soonyoung's worry, Jisoo looked at Hansol, his calm eyes trying to find any hint of emotions which he couldn't see from Hansol's face.

“I want to do it.” Hansol said, his finger tracing the words on the invitation card delicately. “Maybe, no, I know. I know that I can let go after this.”

Both Soonyoung and Jisoo stared at him silently. Jisoo didn't know if Soonyoung did the same, but Jisoo was assessing everything carefully. He knew how much impulse can make someone do the most nonsensical thing. He thought he was against it, knowing that if Hansol wasn't ready by that time, it might make Hansol fall back.

“I can do it.” Hansol said again and, albeit the worry, Jisoo wanted to believe in Hansol. He believe that Hansol could do it and save himself from his own memories. He knew that Soonyoung wouldn't say otherwise if Jisoo agreed to let Hansol's do it. So, he said.

“Okay.”

From the speech alone, even without knowing everything, he could see how close Hansol was to Soonyoung. Jisoo -and some of their friends- knew that Hansol know Soonyoung much more than everyone in the wedding hall, spending seven years staying beside with the groom, but no one needed to know about it.

Seungkwan's presence beside Hansol also helped. He was like the anchor to Hansol's words, giving it a little twist, making it fun that the speech had turned into the two almost making fun of Soonyoung, but that's what best friends did. Jisoo -Hansol, too- was grateful for it.

“That’s really fun.” Hansol said before adding, again. “It’s all over.”

No need to question it. And no need to answer it. They both knew and that's more than enough for the two of them.

Nodding, Jisoo placed his hand which wasn't holding the steering wheel on Hansol's.

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Glancing up at white ceiling when he opened his eyes, Jisoo smiled when be felt presence beside him. Turning, he looked at the young man sleeping peacefully. He brushed the bangs from covering the sleeping man's brow and closed eyes from his sight. His hand lingered there, caressing his high cheekbone then pushing the strand of hair behind his ear.

That dawn was so peaceful, still dark with small hint of morning but with enough light for Jisoo to see clearly the beauty lying in front of him.

It was too early for Hansol to wake up, but the younger stirred when he moved a little to sit up.

“-soo..” Hansol mumbled, sleep and consciousness pulled his face taut into a frown.

Smiling, Jisoo placed his hand on Hansol's hair, ruffling the blonde hair affectionately. “Morning.”

“Morning.” Hansol muttered, sounded content with the familiar caressing on his hair. His eyes slid shut, seemingly want to fall asleep again.

Staying in the bed, Jisoo continued ruffling Hansol's hair. Loving how soft it felt against his palm
despite the amount of bleach and colouring they had to go through to get this desired color, Hansol had been taking good care of his hair. “You sleep well?” He asked out of habit.

A grunt was heard, muffled by the pillow then a decent reply. “No nightmare.”

Jisoo knew that, he wasn't awoken -not even once- by Hansol's nonexistent restless sleep. And thinking back to the night since Soonyoung’s wedding, Hansol hadn't said anything about having a nightmare. The younger didn't have nightmare haunting him anymore. They were all gone after Hansol attending Soonyoung's wedding, and that made relief washed blissfully over Jisoo.

“Glad to know that.” Jisoo said knowingly, standing up to start his morning routine. “You want to run with me this morning?”

“Naah.”

Laughing, Jisoo proceeded to leave the room. And when he was about to walk out, he heard Hansol mumbled. “Thank you...”

Standing still, Jisoo turned to look at Hansol. The word was uttered low, almost like a whisper that Jisoo thought that he might heard wrong. But the gaze Hansol sent toward him and the smile hanging on his lips told him what he needed to know.

*For waiting*. Jisoo assumed that was what Hansol wanted to say to him. So smiling back at Hansol, Jisoo replied before leaving their bedroom. “I too, thank you.” *For coming to me.*

_A short daydream,_

_a daydream_

_A short daydream,_

_a daydream_

---

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry for taking this long to post this chapter orz
I was so caught up with Wedding Stories that I completely forgot to post this (I thought I had already posted it! I was sure that I had already posted this chapter before working on Wedding Stories TAT)
I'm truly sorry for this... You can sue me..

Anyhow, I hope you like this story as well..
See you next story! ^^
Hansol knows that the person he loves, loves him back and he waits for him to just confess to him.

**Chapter Notes**

check on [I Love You](#) to read the epilogue of SoonSoolSoo Miniseries.

This is a companion story to SeungSol's (S)He's a Baby. Taking place after the talk in Mingyu's apartment, in Hansol's POV.

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

**Song #12**

**FFW - TWICE**

**Across this time**

*I will come to you straight away*

*FASTFORD*

*I'm gonna go fast*

*So I might be dizzy*

*FASTFORD*

Seeing his friend had gathered on their usual table in cafeteria, Hansol plopped down on the empty space between Wonwoo and Jisoo.

“Done your classes today?” Wonwoo asked from his right, he had his chopsticks hanging from his hand above his bowl of rice.

Nodding, Hansol looked back at his hyung before draining almost half of the content of his water bottle. He was thirsty after the presentation in his last class. “What about you, hyung? You eat a lot today.”

“Just another class in socioeconomic.” The elder said through his bite of pork cutlet wrapped in layer of crispy bread crumb. “I need lot of energy to go against Professor Kim.”
Laughing, Hansol patted the hyung’s shoulder. “Don't make him angry at you again.”

Wonwoo raised his shoulders nonchalantly. “I will do that if he doesn't annoy me, again.”

“You know what?” Another voice came from Hansol's other side. Jisoo came into view when the two turned to their left. “I'm glad that I don't have Professor Kim class at all.”

Making unimpressed expression, Wonwoo frowned at the elder’s claim. “Yeah yeah. Glad to be you.”

Chuckling at that, Jisoo turned to Hansol. “How are your classes so far?”

“It's good.” He said shortly with several nods. “I had done my presentation almost perfectly. And from Professor Lee’s expression, I think I will get good score.”

Nodding in satisfaction at his cousin’s hard work, Jisoo asked again. “Do you have any classes after this?”

“No. But I have to go to the library to get some materials. Why?”

Disappointment showed on the elder’s face. “Seokmin and Jeonghan want to hang out. I'll come along them, Seungkwan too, and I wonder if you want to go with us. But I guess, you can't.”

“What? Hansol won't go?” Seungkwan asked from the other end of the table, astonishing Hansol and Jisoo for his ability to hear their conversation despite he was also in another conversation with the other three which were Seokmin, Jeonghan and Chan.

“Yes. I really need to go to the library today.” Hansol said, his grin turned a bit sorry when he saw Seungkwan frowning.

“Fine. When will you be free? We haven't checked that shop we saw last time.”

Hansol thinking about his schedule again. “Maybe tomorrow?”

Beside him, Wonwoo raised his hand, his mouth was full that his words were muffled. “Tomorrow I'm free too. We can go together.”

Seungkwan looked at Wonwoo who interrupted them. “Why are you always free whenever Hansol is free? It's because of that the rumours of you two dating spread. You two are always together and your schedules match each other.”

Hansol laughed and Wonwoo shrugged his shoulders, swallowing his food. “It's fate. Hansol, should we date for real?”

The younger laughed even more nudging Wonwoo's side with his elbow. “That's impossible. You know that.”

“Yeah. I know.” The elder nodded several times before continuing his meal.

“What's impossible?” New voice came from behind Hansol, making the boy turned and found Seungcheol and Mingyu standing behind them.

Hansol looked up at Seungcheol's face who glanced at him, his eyebrow raised asking the younger to let him in into the conversation of something he deemed impossible. The younger couldn't say anything as if he had lost all words and noticing that, Wonwoo answered for him.
“The two of us dating for real.” Came the reply and it made Mingyu look surprised.

“Why? I think you look good together. And you act already like a couple.” The tallest said stepping in closer as he placed his hand on both Hansol's and Wonwoo's shoulder. “Why don't you two give it a try?”

The weight on his shoulder snatched Hansol's gaze from Seungcheol, he turned to glance up at Mingyu who didn't bother to lean down making him had to tilt his head back. “Hyung. How could you say something like that? Wonwoo hyung and I are just friend.”

Mingyu, feeling attacked by Hansol's clarification, frowned. “I am just saying.”

“Both of you stop, right now.” Jisoo interrupted them, both Hansol and Mingyu turned to see Jisoo and the other four looked at them with mixed emotions. “You are gaining attention by raising your voice like that. Go take a seat and talk calmly.”

Mingyu, still frowning, moved and took a seat across Hansol. While Seungcheol who had been silent followed the tallest and then sat beside him across Wonwoo.

Mingyu started first, wanting to get his point across to Hansol and get it done. “I said what I said because I think Hansol and Wonwoo hyung are good for each other. Hansol manages to drag Wonwoo hyung from his hiding place..

..and Wonwoo hyung seems to always know whenever Hansol needs help. And he even picks up Hansol when he studies late until midnight and takes him back to Jisoo hyung’s house.”

“I agree with you!” Seungkwan chirped in from his spot three seats away from Mingyu. “And whenever the three of us hang out, I will mention it again that Wonwoo hyung’s and Hansol's schedules actually really match each other, those two act like boyfriends! If I didn't see that, I wouldn't believe the rumours!”

“That’s because we really care for each other.” Wonwoo said, placing his chopsticks down. “It's not weird for friends to do that. People assuming that we're dating are just exaggerating their own fantasy.”

“Are you saying that we're just fantasizing?” That was Seungkwan, scowling at Wonwoo.

And Wonwoo looked at Seungkwan pointedly, then to Mingyu briefly before back at Seungkwan. “Exactly.”

“Hyung!” Two voices whined but Mingyu brushed it off, completely ignoring the elder.

“..and Wonwoo hyung seems to always know whenever Hansol needs help. And he even picks up Hansol when he studies late until midnight and takes him back to Jisoo hyung’s house.”

“I agree with you!” Seungkwan chirped in from his spot three seats away from Mingyu. “And whenever the three of us hang out, I will mention it again that Wonwoo hyung’s and Hansol's schedules actually really match each other, those two act like boyfriends! If I didn't see that, I wouldn't believe the rumours!”

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And Wonwoo looked at Seungkwan pointedly, then to Mingyu briefly before back at Seungkwan. “Exactly.”

“Hyung!” Two voices whined but Wonwoo not having it.

"Let me make it clear to all of you.” He said, raising his hand while looking at everyone sitting there, his gaze lingered long on Hansol, Seungkwan, Mingyu and then meaningfully, Seungcheol. “I and Hansol won't date each other. Not only that we're only friends. But because I know something that all of you don't know.” He clarified, patting Hansol's back softly.

“What do I not know?” Jisoo asked, his brows furrowed, couldn't believe in what he had just heard about him probably not knowing about his own cousin who lived with him. On the other end of the table, Seungkwan asked the same thing.

With everyone's attention turned to him, Hansol fidgeted on his seat. He spared a glance to Wonwoo who raised his brow, expecting him to say something, to confess something. But he couldn't do that.
Not in front of these people.

Shaking his head, Hansol stood from his seat. “I have to go.” Taking his seat, he left the group, not bothering to look back when they called his name.

He faintly heard though, Wonwoo hyung telling the other to not chase after him. “Give him space.”

*Don't think I'm not gonna know about love*

*I have a good idea I'm running*

*Turn forward the seconds hand*

*I know how to go to the future*

“Hyung. Why did you say something like that?” Hansol complained soon after Wonwoo caught up to him in the library. He had sent a text message to the elder after leaving the cafeteria, asking him to meet him after his class. And gladly Wonwoo did that without question.

“Because you have been postponing it for long time.” He stated before asking. “Aren't you going to confess to Seungcheol hyung?”

“I will.” The younger hissed defensively, yet still mindful enough to lower his voice so he wouldn’t disturb the other occupants of the big library. “But not right now.”

“Then, when?” Wonwoo insisted, looking straight at Hansol who could only uttered. “I don't know.” Hearing that, Wonwoo sighed and leaned back on his seat.

Dropping his pencil on his notebook, Hansol did the same. His shoulders sagged weakly, giving up under the pressure of his thought as they dumped his weight on the chair’s back. Having a crush on his cousin's friend was not in Hansol's expectation of what his university life in Korea would be.

*I know it's crazy*

*I worry and worry*

*I still like you, what do I do*

*I think I’m totally into you*

Hansol personally wouldn’t call it a crush. But was there any better word to describe his feeling toward Seungcheol? If there was any, Hansol hadn’t found it yet.

It started soon after his university life in South Korea started. He had just moved from New York to Seoul, alone with his uncle, aunt and cousins picking him up at Incheon. He spent the first weeks, doing his best to fight the jet lag and getting used to the culture and also the language. Then before he realized it, the study had started and he started attending classes.
The class wasn’t really hard, but there were lot of works he had to do. Not only that, there was also the tradition between seniors and juniors. Swamped up by it all, Hansol found himself tight in time, but gladly, he had Jisoo to guide him around and also all new friends he made there were all willing to help him around. Among them was Choi Seungcheol.

Seungcheol hyung was three years older than him, had been Jisoo’s friend since high school, and the fact that he was also Hansol’s senior in the faculty, made the two of them to get along well be it about their classes and everything else. Seungcheol was comfortable to be around with, Hansol never minded his presence beside him and Seungcheol too was very kind to him, treating him well that it was almost doting. Not realizing it, along the way, Hansol felt a unique feeling grew inside him toward Seungcheol. And Hansol couldn’t stop it. He couldn’t stop himself from falling.

_I know it all, from the first day we held hands_

_What are you waiting for, just confess to me, timing_

_Has to be now or the future might change_

At first, when he realized his feeling toward the elder, he thought that it would be impossible. With him thinking that Seungcheol was only looking at him as his younger brother he wanted to dote on. But it changed when Seungkwan brought up the gossip which had been circulating around their campus, about him and Wonwoo dating.

Wonwoo was another senior Hansol knew. When he knew Seungcheol from Jisoo, Hansol knew Wonwoo from Seungcheol. The literature major student was Seungcheol’s friend from the club activity he used to join before focusing himself on his study. The two year older senior wasn’t the type of person who would talk a lot at first meeting, always preferring to sit back stay in silent unless being talk to, but Hansol found it relatively easy to talk with Wonwoo when they were talking about books, movies and games, specially books.

They had been so close to each other since the beginning and with their same interests and also their class schedules which matched each other, they found themselves often hanging out together. Adding to that, Wonwoo always had his motorbike wherever he went, making it easy for them if they decided to go somewhere without any plan. Seungcheol also had one, but Hansol rarely rode in the back because he didn’t get the chance. While on the other hand, Wonwoo and him clicked like two puzzle pieces sticking together next to each other.

That was probably what prompted the gossip of them dating, always going together and they were very close physically. Not that they kissed or doing anything. But Hansol admitted that with Wonwoo, there were always at least a hug or two shared between them, and when they walked, they were so close to one another that their shoulders often bumped. To make the list longer, when they went out on Wonwoo’s motorbike, Hansol had his hands on the elder’s waist. It was easy for other people who weren’t close with them mistook their closeness as dating. And the fact that they found the gossip hilarious and decided that they would play along with it, only spurting the gossip to grow wilder.

Thinking it again, Hansol shouldn’t have let the gossip grow when he was actually trying to catch someone’s attention, but it had started ever since before he realized his feeling for Seungcheol. He
couldn’t stop it, and he was glad when Seungkwan brought it up to their table.

Although he was also wondering why their friends only brought the topic up right then instead of asking them right away when the gossip started, Hansol felt some sort of relief when he told their friends that he and Wonwoo weren’t dating. And adding to his relieve for the disclosed truth, he noticed the change in Seungcheol’s expression.

Maybe he was being too hopeful or reading it wrong, but when he spotted the relief showing up briefly on Seungcheol’s face, Hansol decided to pursue his love.

*I’m suffocating but I can’t just tell you either*

*Should I just tell you everything*

*I can see it all, your feelings for me*

*What what do I do, timing for our first kiss*

*If you’re gonna be like this, I’m gonna go ahead and do it first*

It had been several days, almost two weeks, since the talk in Mingyu’s apartment. Yet Hansol hadn’t yet done anything about his fixation on Seungcheol. Wonwoo, his hyung who he shared his thought with recently was getting antsy with how slow he was. He had been trying to prompt his confession by any way in any chance, just like what he had done in the cafeteria that afternoon, yet instead of getting himself ready to confess, Hansol felt his courage shrunk with each times he tried to avert Wonwoo’s lead.

“It’s really obvious that Seungcheol likes you back.” Wonwoo had been saying that a lot of times for a week since he admitted his feeling for Seungcheol to the ever curious Wonwoo who successfully fishing out the information from him, and Hansol had lost count on how many times the elder had said that. That could be the seventeenth time, but Hansol couldn’t be sure if he had to add the number of messages containing the same sentence.

“But that doesn’t mean that he wants to date me, hyung.”

“What makes you think that way? You can be wrong.”

“And you can be wrong about Seungcheol hyung liking me back.” Hansol retaliated, propping up his chin with his left hand as his right hand twirled his pencil. Looking at the rows of texts in the book, he sighed tiredly before slumping down, face on the book, Hansol heard a sigh from Wonwoo and he wondered what Wonwoo was going to say then.

“The signs are already a lot, Hansol.” Wonwoo told him and Hansol could feel how hard the elder tried to be patient with him. “He smiles the brightest when you are with him. He always pays huge attention on you. And he totally takes care of you whenever you need him, throwing aside other things only to help you.”

Looking up, Hansol pouted. “But you’re the same. Like this time, you stick with me, not doing your work to encourage me to confess to Seungcheol hyung.”

Frowning, Wonwoo crossed his arms. “Your point is?"
“If you, whose actions are almost the same with Seungcheol hyung, see me only as your brother or friend, then that’s also what Seungcheol hyung thinks about me. He only thinks of me as his brother or younger friend he needed to take care of.”

Wonwoo was silent for a moment, the shine in his gaze changed for the briefest moment that Hansol wondered what his hyung was thinking about. “You can never know.”

“What is there to know about?”

Wonwoo sighed and shook his head before he flicked Hansol’s nose weakly. “Just do as I say. And you will get Seungcheol hyung as your boyfriend.”

The plan started with Wonwoo wouldn’t pick Hansol up after his study session with Seungcheol anymore, and Hansol would ask Seungcheol to give him a ride home. “This is only the start.” Wonwoo said before he left Hansol in the cafe. “We will get you two closer and when you’re finally comfortable with him, you can confess.”

“Well, it will be a perfect plan if he reciprocate my feeling.”

Placing his hand on Hansol's shoulder, Wonwoo said, encouraging the younger. “Don’t be so pessimistic. He loves you.” How Wonwoo could be so sure of Seungcheol's feeling, Hansol could never know.

You’ll be wondering

But honestly I know it all say

F A S T F O R W A R D

Doesn’t it feel like deja vu

Pinch your cheeks to see if it’s not a dream

F A S T F O R W A R D

So far, the small plan started good. Well, it hadn't yet started actually. He and Seungcheol were still in the cafe working on their homework. Every once in a while Hansol stole a glance up over his homework to peek at the elder’s face and he bit his lips when he saw how serious his senior looked right now. He wanted to admire it but the still blank paper dragged him back to reality of his homework. Pushing his want to just stare at Seungcheol’s good look, Hansol started working on the paper.

‘Just stay close with him for now.’ He remembered Wonwoo hyung said that and it made Hansol more nervous than ever. He was pretty sure that he had been spending his time fidgeting on his seat because Seungcheol called his name and asked with eyebrow raised worriedly. “Something wrong with your paper? You need help?”

Flinching, Hansol sputtered embarrassed while waving his hands. “No, hyung! It’s just.. This one is actually very easy that I feel bad for dragging you here with me.”
To his surprise, Seungcheol took his words and smiled at him with that soft smile Hansol wanted to see all the times. “Don’t worry. I have my own assignment, no? Beside, I also want to hang out with you. Tho, I guess, this can’t be called hanging out.” Seeing Seungcheol grinned so bright at him like that, how could Hansol not keen over it?

They finished soon after that and the two spend their time and coffee in the cafe comfortably with random topic of conversation. During that time too, a part of the plan authored by Wonwoo crossed his mind. ‘Let him send you home.’ and abruptly, unconsciously, he said that aloud for Seungcheol to hear.

Hansol wanted to shout, shriek, yelping, anything to let out the sudden burst of excitement residing inside him. Seungcheol had agreed to give him a ride home and the thought of him taking the seat behind Seungcheol and holding onto the elder’s waist suddenly felt so surreal that Hansol wasn’t ready for it yet. He could feel his face heating up because of the growing emotion which might explode sooner than later.

He couldn’t tell what his face looked like in Seungcheol’s vision and it made Hansol squirming on his current spot as he walked a few steps behind the elder. Feigning to be busy with his phone didn’t help either.

And for better or worse, Hansol also couldn’t see what his face looked like now when suddenly his crush walked toward him and placed his lips against his. Glancing up at Seungcheol, his mind stopped working and Hansol couldn’t even think about what was happening to him that moment. He is as motionless as his blank mind and he regretted it right away when Seungcheol pulled away, taking his reaction as rejection, with hurt and regret showed clearly on his face which was failing to veil his emotion.

Then, slowly, the gears in Hansol’s brain started rotating and heat creeping up his face at the realization. Seungcheol kissed him. Pulling his face down in embarrassment because of the kiss and also the sudden confession made by Seungcheol, Hansol wanted to curl into himself, it was too much for him to handle.

We start slowly. Once again, Wonwoo hyung’s words echoed in his mind and Hansol wanted to curse at the jinx. Start slowly he said, but was a kiss to his lips at first try could be considered as slow? He is not ready for this!

Then Seungcheol started apologizing and rambling about him not liking it and even attempted to call Wonwoo hyung to pick him up there. Oh God! How could this hyung he had a crush on be this oblivious? This plan wasn’t supposed to be like that! Hansol continued muttering to himself but it seemed he said it a bit too loud and the lack of noises around them delivered his small voice to Seungcheol’s hearing who let a confused noise. “What? What did you say?”

Dropping his hands which he had been using to hide his flaming face from Seungcheol’s view, Hansol met the other’s gaze bravely and said what’s on his mind. “It wasn’t supposed to be like that!” Okay, he might be nervous and stressed because of this unexpected turn of event, but he shouldn’t had shouted that sharply at this hyung who flinched and readied himself to say another rows of apologize.

Wanting to end the other’s sorry, Hansol spoke up, this time a bit more calmly. “Don’t be sorry for kissing me. I…” God, was he really going to say that? When he saw the uneasiness in Seungcheol’s stare and body language, Hansol knew that he shouldn’t postpone this and just snatched this gold chance. “Hyung!” he shouted again, a little less loud than the previous one. “Listen to me.” he was
really going to do this, the right way.

Taking some more breath to calm himself down and stopping his face from exploding because of too much heat, in the meantime, Seungcheol didn’t say anything, obediently listened to him. “Please repeat what you had just said to me.” That made Seungcheol looked at him confusedly, lost in his question.

“I am sorry?” Seungcheol said what he thought was the answer, but obviously that wasn't the answer Hansol wanted because he said “Not that one. Before that.”

That made the elder swam deeper in confusion and shock to remember the crucial thing he had said earlier. Feeling impatient, Hansol told him instead. “I love you. That word.”

That push Seungcheol to fall deeper, if it was any other situation, Hansol might had laughed and would use that as a joke for days but, he couldn’t now. Not when it was their relationship at stake. Finally, after a short moment of silence which felt so long for Hansol, Seungcheol finally said it again.

Hansol was delighted to hear it again. And he did what his mind told him to. He replied with “I love you too.” and jumped closer to Seungcheol and kissed him right in his lips.

Before the sparkling falling stars say it, say

FASTFORWARD

I really really like you

So I'll just peek a little and go

FASTFORWARD

Chapter End Notes

When I said that WonSol was real, I meant it like this. My WonSol heart is hoping that WonSol date each other. But this is SeungSol story… and I can't stop myself.. so yeah… I apologize for the slight one-sided WonSol implied here.

See you next chapter!

And please send in any pairing which you would like to come up next! I'm a bit troubled to choose the pairing. My heart wishing for some certain pairings coughwonsolcough but we know that I've post much stories around that pairing. We need to come up with new pairing.

Pairing who haven't yet showed up here : JeonghanxHansol, JunhuixHansol, SeokminXHansol and MinghaoxHansol

Pairing which have only showed up once : JihoonxHansol, MingyuxHansol, SeungkwanxHansol, ChanxHansol
Chapter Summary

Why hold onto the handle? Just let it roll out.
JiSol/VerShua Chaebol AU

Chapter Notes

I guess it's about time to use Seventeen’s songs and for starter I choose this one. UwU I was planning to make a story about space at first, like real space, Hansol and Jisoo are astronauts.. But thinking it again, I will save it for later, like maybe a millennia later. Okay, I'll see myself out of here. Enjoy reading! ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Song #13

Rocket - SEVENTEEN (Joshua & Vernon)

Standing in the middle of the party hall with dark maroon velvet suit gleamed in the most classy way with his every moves, Hansol brings his tall glass to his mouth to sip the translucent drink. Giving a playful smirk from behind the pristine glass to the onlookers near him, the young man sweeps his glance across the hall, jumping from one face to another who looks awed by his presence.

“Good day to you, Hansol-ssi.” A young lady, yet still older than him, approaches him with white bright smile, raising her hand which holds a champagne glass as a greeting to him.

“Good day to you too.” He replies with polite smile, also raising his glass, completely hiding his reluctant answer as he doesn't bother to find the name of the young lady from the long list of names he has remembered throughout the years he attended this kind of party.

“It’s been a long time since the last time we meet. Was it in company dinner?”

“Yes.” Probably. Why would he remember about it?

“How is everything going? Is the university fun?” The lady, clad in short red-black dress asked, keeping their distance obviously close no matter how many times Hansol slips back away from her.

Showing a cracked playful smile, Hansol takes another sip. He glances knowingly to their surrounding, stealing another sip while nonchalantly giving a light shrug. He hasn't got the chance to properly reply when murmurs start spreading fast like wildfire inside the grand hall.

“That's the heirs.”
“They are coming together again.”

“They are as perfect as usual.”

Emerging from behind the main entrance door, are three oldest sons of Choi Family. All dressed in similar striking warm shade of charcoal gray suit with conspicuous white shirt peeking from beneath it. Even from afar, Hansol can notice their immaculate appearances and it supplies calamity to his sense that it starts to overwhelm him.

No one stays in their spot to see the father of the three young men approaches his sons who have just stepped into the party hall. No one, but Hansol with his champagne. He tries to consume more air, filling his lungs full with breath and exhaling them until what resides inside him is the residue of anxiety. His eyes glued to the scene upfront until a tiny almost unheard tinkling sound created by the meeting of his ring and his champagne glass rouse him up from his trance. He blinks, focusing his eyes onto his glass before going back to the four figures. With his eyes not letting go of the centre of attention still standing not far from the entrance, calmly he downs the sparkling beverage in one go, his gaze lingers long on them before turning away, ignoring them all. But not fast enough.

“Hansol-ssi? Where are you going? Aren’t you going to meet them?” The young lady who had talked to him a while ago surprisingly still stays close to him, even though the arrival of the three men has given a good distance of personal space to him, she is still there with him. He is almost touched, but is it really like the way it is? Maybe she is just trying to be polite, he sighs inaudibly.

‘Since the favorable heirs have arrived, it's time for the youngest to go away.’ The student wants to comment, but he knows better than to say that kind of thing out loud. Instead, he opts to explain politely with his worn out excuse. “It’s getting late and I have class tomorrow morning.”

The young lady claims softly with what seems to be kind and disappointed smile. “Ah. Is that so? Well, I shouldn't hold you back here. It's nice to see you again here. See you later.”

“See you later.” The young man replies remotely with his shining polite smile he has practiced into perfection since long ago. Bowing a little to the older guest, he leaves the hall, placing his empty glass on the waiter's tray gracefully without a pause as he escapes the venue.

‘Aren’t you going to meet them?’

The lady's question rings in his head so loud that it starts to make him shaky when he walks out of the hall through the route which is only meant for waiters and waitresses. When the staffs spot him walking there, they all smooth out a way for him to stride right toward his desired exit. No one questions him. No one even glances twice at him. It is a usual scheme for him to leave the party before it really starts, and this habit from his teenage days may won't change.

“I see everybody’s aura fading
They can’t be themselves without being anxious
I was afraid to be judged
So I hide amongst the regular
My plate was the size of a coffee cup

Readily waiting for him in the basement of the Diamond Hotel is his family driver who opened the door to the back seat at the sight of him emerging from behind the elevator door. Giving a thankful
nod to him, Hansol climbs in and takes off his suit jacket while the older man closes the passenger door before moving on to the driver seat.

“Should we go straight to young master’s apartment?” The driver asks with concern after seeing Hansol's polite happy expression has dropped completely as if they are a mere illusion created by the party’s atmosphere, and now when it leaves him, tiredness covers his whole being.

The young man doesn't answer immediately, his head resting back against the seat and his eyes hiding under the warmth of his palms. He waits, both of them, they wait for Hansol’s mind to roll and give some sort of reaction or response to the question.

The faint continuous thuds inside his head finally calm down after a minute and his breathing gets more controlled with it. Dragging down his hands from his face, Hansol looks at the rear mirror to meet the driver's eyes as his hand blindly reaching for his thin black pouch he had left inside the car. “No. That place.” The driver nods, already comprehending what the young man means, murmuring a reply as he starts driving and takes them to the place Hansol wants to go.

Looking outside the dark tinted car window, Hansol watches how everything seemed to move in fast forward. They look blurry to his eyes and fleeting to his tired mind. He wants to take all the burden of this thought off his mind, but instead the question replays again.

‘Aren't you going to meet them?’

Them. His older brothers. He doesn't try to avoid them, he thinks but reasons to himself. It is just his relationship with them a bit -if not very- complicated to him.

Hansol being the fourth son, he has three reliable older brothers whose age has a wide gap to him. The youngest of the three being 8 years older than him, and the two other respectively 10 and 15 years older than him.

Hansol loves them actually, they have been loving brothers who never stop showering him with love and care the best brother can ever give. He loves them with all his life and he wants to be a good younger brother to them. But they spoil him by spoiling him, he was so used to have everything ready for him that he loses himself in it, and before he realised it, people had already talked about it.

He knows that he shouldn’t let people's talks to get into his mind, his parents and brothers have continuously told him numerous times, saying that he can do what he wants to do and no one can judge him for it.

He believes it. He believes them. But that doesn't stop people to talk about him, to compare him with his older brothers. Hansol had tried to ignore it at first, following the advice his family gave to him, but as the time goes and he gets older, the talks get more difficult to handle, it explodes uncontrollable.

“At that age, the first son had already played a part in the business.”

“The second son, even had started planning for his own branch.”

“The skill of the third son had in negotiations was significantly amazing, he could gather lot of investors.”

“Their father can even retire early and easily.”

“But what has the fourth son done?”
They all talk about what he hasn't achieved at his age, and those put a great deal on Hansol's small shoulders that he forces himself to be a part of their family business. He always joins them in the parties, when he never did, an activity which he usually avoided because he wanted to play or hang out with his friends.

At first, he tried to enjoy mingling with people far older than him, staying close with his brothers while building -in his opinion, useless- relationship by talking about the most boring and complicated thing like stock markets, gossips and any other chit chat anyone could start.

But in the end, it all turned out faint for him, he couldn't bring himself to enjoy everything he did. He wants to back away but he has stepped too deep into it that whenever he tries to swim away, there is always an invisible force holding him to stay down in that realm.

Pressured from all sides, Hansol wants to hide himself from all those gazes. He wants to look small, he wants to be invisible. His brothers ask him worriedly, his parents try to coax him to tell them what is wrong, his friends can't understand him. No one can. He pulls away. He curls himself in. He hides himself beneath the mask of promising heir.

The first time he met him, Hansol was standing near the wall. His cream coloured suit and his quietness help him to blend with the wall of the grand hall, behind all those people in luxurious looks which could cost at least as expensive as apartment monthly rent fee.

Silently, he watched them moved around the hall while talking with anyone who seemed to share the same interest, money. Everyone in this party had the same interest, all they were talking about was only about money; how much they had, how they got that much and how they planned to get more; everyone but him. He had gotten bored of that talk, and glancing to where his brothers and father were, he wondered how they could bear it for so many years.

With his family being the center of attention, and all guests were most likely paying attention to them, Hansol didn't think that someone would talk to him, nevertheless noticed the plain him in the corner of that vibrant hall. That was why he was more than surprised when someone invited him into conversation.

“Is this your first time in this kind of party?” A young man, older than him but still younger than his youngest older brother, stood beside him. His black jacket suit was off from his body, hanging on his right shoulder as he did the same posture with Hansol, leaning their weight on the wall.

Looking at his face, Hansol knew immediately that he had never met the other before. “Not really. Is this your first time?” he asked while trying to connect his face to people he had ever met, he was probably a heir for a company.

The older boy smiled gently at him. “I have ever been to several big parties, but I have never came to
Choi’s group party. So to answer your question, it's depend on what exactly you are asking.”

“Oh.. Okay.” Hansol responded unsurely, looking at him with puzzlement.

When Hansol didn’t say anything else, the other introduced himself with the same gentleness as his smile which made the young heir to wonder how he could have such a smile in this wicked world. “I'm Jisoo. Hong Jisoo. Nice to meet you.”

Knowing which group the other was from, the Hong Group who had been Choi’s long term partner, Hansol immediately leaned away from the wall and introduced himself politely. He had heard from his father about how valuable their relationship was with the Hong, and Hansol didn't want to be the one who ruin it. “I am Choi Hansol. It is really nice to..”

Jisoo raised his hand, there was a little amused quirk in his smile when he heard Hansol using formalities with him. “It's okay to be casual with me.”

A worried expression scarred Hansol's face. “But..” He couldn't do that or people might...

“It's alright.” Jisoo said placing his hand assuringly on Hansol's shoulder. “The youngest of Choi’s group. Shouldn't boy in your age act freely?” Ruffling the tidy styled hair into messy arrangement, Jisoo grinned at the boy who recently started his middle school life.

Looking down at his black shoes, Hansol pouted. He wanted to do that too. But, other people would say that he was being childish.

“It’s alright for a child to act childish.”

Jisoo’s words jerked Hansol from his thought, a bit embarrassed that he had unconsciously said it out loud to Jisoo. Looking at the elder, Hansol muttered. “I can't do that.”

“Why?” Jisoo asked, he took a step closer to Hansol.

“Because I shouldn't.”

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The stars are looking straight down on us
I can’t see the end of the universe

Hansol had always been the tiny boy hiding behind his brothers and father. When he first started attending the parties, his five years old self would clutch onto his father's pants while holding onto his oldest brother's hand. Peeking at the other adult standing before his father and flinched back away when they noticed his little presence behind the President.

He would then scooped up by his father, and as he wrapped his arms around his father's neck to hide his face, he would hear other people, mostly aunties, cooed at how adorable he was and then his father would tell them how precious his little boy was to him. Blushing at the compliment, he whined and peeked from his father’s shoulder, he would see his brothers’ face grinning up fondly at him and one of them would ruffle his hair. Hansol really enjoyed that time, that time when he didn’t have to be worried about anything beside being a good little boy so he could get to eat lot of sweets and play more games in his room, away from all those adult talk.

He thought that he could hide himself behind all of the glamourous thing, but, he failed to know that
all those glamorous things were paper thin and practically as see through as the clear air. As he grew older day by day, people started talking about him in different way. About his achievement in school, his experience and personality and then comparing him to his brothers. They talked about him as if he was disappointing them with how much he wasn't involved with the Choi’s business market.

“We’re here, young Master.” The driver announces, dragging Hansol back from his thought. He raises his gaze from his lap to the opened door where the driver has been standing for a while. Looking to the other side, assessing the familiar area, Hansol nods before slowly climbing out of the car. “Thank you.” he utters his gratitude as he checks that he has his pouch and jacket.

“Do you need me to wait here for you or.?” The old man trails off his question after closing the door, eyes warmly looking at Hansol, waiting for his answer. And that makes Hansol's heart softened at their family's driver, he is one of the rare people who truly care about his well being beside his family.

The young man shakes his head unhurriedly, accompanied by a small smile hanging on his softened expression. “No. Thank you for asking.”

“Don’t mention it.” Bowing down a little toward Hansol, the old man responds with a caring smile. “I’ll take my leave then.”

Nodding wordlessly, Hansol moves toward the entrance of the tall building, raising the pass card he had taken out from his leather pouch to be scanned by the machine. He spares a glance back to see that the driver hasn’t gone, smiling at the man, the young heir steps inside fast after the security system grants him entrance, so the old kind man doesn’t have to wait long for him. Waving his hand goodbye for one last time that night, Hansol goes straight to the elevator and continues his way up to Jisoo’s floor while hoping that Jisoo is not busy.

The elevator door opens to a small hallway which leads him to another door at the end of it. He can open the door easily, already possessing the entrance passcode for the suite room, but the things which happened that night, prevents Hansol from barging in like he usually does. Glancing between the bell he has pressed and the door, he waits until he hears Jisoo’s voice from the intercom.

“Hansol?” Came the gentle surprised voice before a small click coming from the door. “Come in.”

‘Did Hansol forget the passcode?’ Jisoo wants to ask, but knowing that the answer is negative with how often the younger comes to visit unannounced and barging into his apartment even when he isn’t there to welcome him, Jisoo’s words stays in his own thought. It is really a startling action for Jisoo to open the door for Hansol and it uneasses him that he needs to looks up and down Hansol’s appearance to find out what is wrong.

“Hello, hyung!” Unlike his suspicion, the younger steps in cheerfully, taking off his classic Oxford dress shoes and then giving the elder a brief hug before proceeding to the living room where he usually lounges himself for a rest. “You didn't come to the party. So I come here.”

“You know that I had just arrived from New York.” Glancing at the invitation card on the table in front of Hansol, he nods, an amused smile is on his face when he sits down beside the younger. Taking in the formal clothes, Jisoo can pinpoint that Hansol has just come right from the party. He surmises after recalling the time of that night and figuring out that it is still way too early for a dinner party to end, “Aren't you just looking for a reason to not attend it?”
Laughing, Hansol makes that playful expression as he nods to answer Jisoo, but his cheerfulness doesn't stay long. Noticing it, Jisoo leaned back on his sofa next to his guest. The elder turns on the TV and goes through the channel, looking for something they can watch while his eyes fleeting every once in a while to find some sort of reaction from Hansol. Yet the younger ceases showing any, even after he asks him several random questions.

Not able to ignore it any longer, Jisoo turns off the TV and places the remote back on the spot he took it from. He then turns to Hansol, his hand lands gently on the younger’s shoulder to shake him out of his reverie. “Is there something bothering you?”

A brief headshake, and Jisoo decides to not press him. Hansol always prefers calm and noiseless situation to relax into, but silent Hansol is never a good thing. Rotating the gears in his brain to solve this problem, he calmly stands up from the sofa and goes to his room leaving Hansol staring at his own lap until he comes back into the living room with his new set of clothes several minutes later. “Let's go.”

Staring confusedly at Jisoo who is adorned in a casual and comfortable clothes, Hansol raises his brow. “Where?”

“You will see it.” Jisoo answers easily, offering his hand for Hansol to take.

Why hold onto the handle? 
Just let it roll out
Don’t be afraid

But we don't know where we’re going

Their ride is silent, except for the smooth humming sound of his car’s engine. Jisoo puts most of his focus on the drive as he every once in a while checks on Hansol who sits on the passenger seat beside him. The younger doesn’t move much, dark eyes staring at something far ahead, unseeing, while unconsciously biting his bottom lip.

“What are you thinking about?” Jisoo asks when they almost reach his desired destination. “So serious. If I don't know any better, I may think that you are trying to figure out the mystery of this universe.”

His words prompts out a small laugh from the younger. “As if I could.” He says, glancing at Jisoo only for a brief moment but Jisoo catches it because he happens to glance at Hansol at that very moment.

“Right.” Jisoo also laughs with him and utters softly, too gently for Hansol that the crease of sadness slowly drains from his face.

Smiling at the younger, Jisoo lets silence to envelope them again, sheltering them under its comforting veil. Beside him, while biting back a smile, Hansol tries to find out about where the older man is going to bring him to.
Hansol is dumbfounded when he realizes that of all places they can reach, Jisoo takes him to Namsan. “Here?” He asks when the older parks his car. His silver white luxurious car looks out of place among the less expensive cars, and it catches lot of attentions from other visitors. Feeling their stares on them, Hansol turns to Jisoo anxiously. “Why are we here?”

“Hanging out.” Jisoo answers simply, not ounce of unsureness present on his kind face. “Let's go.” He says, already turning off the engine and opens the door.

Looking at his suit then the casual clothes Jisoo and other people wear, Hansol feels more out of place. Jisoo’s car has already gathered too much attention, now with his too formal suit, he isn’t ready to get out of the car which hides him.

“Come on, Hansol.” Jisoo coaxes him like he is trying to make a little kitten to come out of their hiding. As much as he hides it from his companion, Jisoo really takes pride on the effect he has on Hansol when the younger obediently nods after he closes his side of the door. And he waits patiently as Hansol attempts to shed some attention off of him by tugging off his suit jacket and his necktie, leaving them in his car.

“What are we going to do here?” The reluctant visitor asks when they make their trip up the hill from the parking lot to the cable car site, his pouch held tightly in his grip.

“Let's get ourself some dinner first.” The older claims pointing above. “And hoping that the restaurant isn't full.”

Snorting, Hansol glances briefly at Jisoo’s watch. “It's dinner time and Saturday Night. It's hard to get a table.”

Satisfied with Hansol's responses which ends his silence, Jisoo replies. “We can wait. We have lot of time anyway.”

Realistically, both restaurants in the tower are full, filled by couples and families setting the mood right to their heart content. After Jisoo convincingly books one table for two in the French restaurant on the upper floor, they decide to leave first, but not before they ask the reception to inform him once the table is ready.

To spend the time as they wait, they go to the Observatory. They walk side by side and Jisoo being the one who is more talkative, leads their conversation about his time in New York. This relatable talk which is still away from his personal tangled mind, eases Hansol a lot, his shoulders relax and his hands start making excited gesture toward their conversation.

“I can’t believe that you really stormed out of the meeting. Are you going to be alright?” By this time, there is a wide grin on Hansol's face and he starts giving some feedback to make the conversation keep on going.
“You can ask my assistant to confirm it.” Chuckling as he looks back at Hansol, Jisoo slips his hands into his pockets. “Beside, it’s not like the meeting really matters a lot. We can always find a better investor.”

Snorting, the younger shakes his head, stepping close to Jisoo when they step into the elevator all with several other people. They have just left Teddy Bear Museum and now going up to the restaurant. “You are so sure of that.”

“I’m not the one at fault here. That old man asked for more than what he can give.” Jisoo clips in with a playful smug expression on his face. “In the end, I get more valuable investors than him.”

“I think that’s the first time I hear you got so angry like that since you started working.” Hansol notes. “It reminds me the old you. You were really hot headed.”

At the mention of his past-self, Jisoo laughs, he tugs at Hansol's hand gently when the elevator stops at their next destination. “All those business talks are really boring and demanding. You don't want to know how many times I try to stop myself from bursting out in anger.”

Laughing along, Hansol tries to console him teasingly, his steps are light as they walk toward the entrance of the restaurant. “Well, a rebellious moment away from those uptight situation every once in a while is good. Just need to let go of everything.”

Grinning at the younger, Jisoo pats his back. “That is also what you need.” He walks ahead into the classy dining area.

Staring at Jisoo’s back, Hansol follows silently. His expression is a bit dull as the waitress leads them to a table by the glass window which provides the best view of the night. He takes the seat across Jisoo and let the older to choose the menu for him as he glances to the window and gazes off at the darkness ahead before looking back into his reflection on the window.

Studying the sad expression on his mirror image, the youngest rethinks back to what he has been doing the past few years. The chaos in his mind has digged a deep hole, caving his life until it leaves him feeling hollow in his own space which is supposed to be comfortable for himself. This also distances him from his family, creating a long uncrossable bridge of confusion and fear between them. And all those emotion come from himself.

Hansol longs to be with them, but his own insecurities which is building up fast as the time goes, holds him down, consoling him in its embrace of irresponsibilities.

_He isn't being irresponsible_, his consciousness tries to defend but they know better that it is the truth, a very harsh one. In his attempt to be a good heir, he has neglected what he should do to be a good son and brothers. He has left the most important things behind in his attempt to lit himself for the eyes of onlookers to see.

He can shine. But not enough, not like that, it is never going to be enough, he has to do something bigger. But he can't do that, not when he knows that he isn't ready for it. Yet still, in his stubbornness, he continues running to achieve it, forcing himself to the point of no return.

“You know.” Jisoo suddenly starts and Hansol almost jumps in surprise when he finds Jisoo has been staring up close from across him for a while. The man turns to look at him softly, so soft, so gentle, so fond that Hansol wants to melt into the elder. “Letting go doesn't always mean giving up.” It is the words Jisoo often says to Hansol. His way of reminding the two of them that there can be another way. There are always other ways.
Hansol can understand what Jisoo is meant to say, he is the closest witness to how the young Hong Jisoo matured into a fine grown man he is now. He understands it, yet most of the time, he forgets about it. That sentence has been the phrase Jisoo often rehearses to himself, since years ago, until now and maybe even long after this. And this time, he wants to help Hansol, by letting Hansol to inherit that phrase.

“Can I? Can I let go?” Hansol asks in that lonely big space, asking anyone to answer him, but he is actually asking himself. Is he ready to let go?

If I’m with you, I can go anywhere

Finally I realize
All along love was by my side
It’s true

Hansol doesn’t expect Jisoo to reply, but Jisoo gives him one anyway, like how he has always done for him, providing him answers to his every questions.

“It’s hard. But I will stay with you. I will help you through it. Just like you always be there for me.”

Hansol can say that he has expected that if Jisoo answers, it will be like that. He knows already, yet still, hearing those words right from Jisoo’s mouth makes him realize even more that for whatever it is, he always has Jisoo beside him. He and Jisoo have each other’s back as support.

The stars are looking straight down on us
I can’t see the end of the universe
Yeh I’m a build a rocket
I’m a build a rocket to pierce through the clouds
Countdown launch it

“How are you going now?” Hansol asks again after they finish their dinner and Jisoo gives his card to the waitress to pay for the fine three courses meal. Jisoo doesn't answer right away, choosing to smile at Hansol as they wait for his card to be returned.

“The lounge.” Jisoo says suddenly, making Hansol to turn and give him confused look at that word, while the elder nonchalantly puts his card back in his wallet. “Let’s go.” He says again once he thinks that they are ready to leave.

Contrasting the restaurant below, the lounge room at the highest floor in that tower is darker, dimmer with only candle lit on each tables lighting the space shyly, giving the guest of the lounge room a feel of intimacy and privacy which cloaking them with more personal comfort. That disparity is unsurprisingly calming Hansol to a degree he welcomes it gratefully, all the bright blinding light which has been following him disappear into nothingness and what remains awaiting them in that room is ethereal comfort.

Once again, Jisoo takes the lead to their table. It is a long curved table lining the lounge right against
the window to the vast sky ahead, with row of stools sitting in line with some people sitting on it. The two of them silently take two free stools next to each other, and they are both glad that the lounge isn't that full. Maybe because it's almost closing time, Hansol thinks but nevertheless he loves the lack of people crowding it.

There isn't much noise in that room, the younger comments in his mind as he glances back into the room where most of the guest are sitting on the square private tables for two with candlelight connecting their gazes to each other. Bringing his gaze next to the black speaker placed in the corner next to the bar, does Hansol finally register the distinct sound of bittersweet love melody wafting in the air above the secretive whispers, clinking of glass, and also Jisoo’s voice ending his order of wine for both of them.

Turning back to look at his long time friends, Hansol studies his soft features, comparing them to his own hard and stiff line of his face he sees everyday. After the waitress leaves to get their wine, Jisoo finally sends his attention back to Hansol, his lips stretch gently into a smile and his right eyebrow elevates slightly, touching the tip of his honey blond bang. ‘What?’ His expression asks clearly.

Shaking his head, Hansol turns to look away, appreciating the sight of the twinkling city ahead. He hears Jisoo pulling his stool closer to him and then taking his hand into his hold. The elder says after taking his time caressing the back of Hansol's hand with his thumb. “It's beautiful, isn't it?”

Looking down at the city, Hansol arranges his hand until his fingers entwine with Jisoo’s tightly. The question brushes his ear gently, no underlying meaning nor a subtle start of reprimanding words to get him back into his sense. Just a brief genuine comment of the sight the night are holding out for their eyes to see. Feeling his lips stretching into comfortable relaxed smile, he nods slowly.

**Why hold onto the handle?**
*Just let it roll out*
*Don’t be afraid*

*Ooh Singing like*

The two of them take their time there slowly, sitting side by side, their entwined hands resting undisturbed on the table where their glasses of wine and the cold bottle of red wine accompanying their night of ignoring everything outside their own world.

“Hyu-” Turning to look at Jisoo, Hansol is a bit surprised when his eyes meet Jisoo’s calm gazes instead of the elder’s side profile view. The words he has been wanting to say wither in his throat and instead he asks Jisoo with his eyes opening wide. “How long have you been staring?”

Keeping his smile intact and their hands mingling, Jisoo continues caressing the back of Hansol’s hand with his thumb as he speaks. “For a while.” he admits without missing a beat while his gazes diving softly into Hansol’s mind.

With that said, all the words die down before they reach Hansol’s tongue. He is completely mesmerized by the sight right before his eyes. Placed in mere inches distance from his own face is Jisoo’s handsome face, a face so gentle that one might not believe that it is owned by a very mischievousness person. Other people may not know, but Hansol knows it, he can see the way the small light of candle wavers in a particular way inside his gazes.
Turning away from Jisoo’s gaze, Hansol looks back down onto his lap, wanting to hide his sudden shyness which erupts because of Jisoo’s gaze. He nervously bites his lips when he hears Jisoo asking him. “What were you going to say just now?”

“It’s…” There are a lot Hansol wants to say. Lot of words, lot of feelings, lot of gratitudes, they are piling and rushing to be let out from his heart. He wants to tell Jisoo everything. And everything he tells, started by a simple phrase containing multiple meanings. “Thank you.”

\[\text{Don’t be afraid} \\\\text{Ooh Build a rocket with me} \\\\text{Ooh Blast it up to the sky} \\\\text{Ooh Look, we fly so high} \\\\text{Ooh Yeah so high ah}\]

When the moon is already high in the sky and the tower is slowly being left by the guests, Jisoo and Hansol follows suit. They take their time, and it is a long walk, but they don't mind it as they listen to the fluttering murmurs from far away place.

“Should I take you back to your place?” Jisoo asks, being the gentleman he is, offering to take the younger to his own apartment. His hands are shoved down his slack pockets as they walk down the route of stairs to get to where Jisoo has parked his car.

Hansol who has been enthralled by the serendipitous scenery, glances sideway to meet Jisoo’s eyes. “To my place?” He asks with a disappointed frown which isn’t supported by the little mirth dancing in his eyes.

Responding to him, Jisoo raises his brow playfully. “Yes. Why? You want to go somewhere else?”

Looking away from Jisoo, Hansol skips some steps while humming something. “Maybe.”

Grinning, the elder follows suit, walking faster to catch up to Hansol's pace. “You know that I don’t take maybe as an answer.”

“Is that so?” Hansol asks, continues his way down fast before slowing down once he can see the parking lot.

“Yes.”

Stopping, the youngest Choi turns around, he sees Jisoo stopping two stairs before him and he says. “But you know the answer already.”

“Do I?”

Hansol hums again, nodding his head to the rhythm he only knows before turning around again and looking at the scenery. “You know. You always know.”

With that said, Hansol continues climbing down the stairs, this time at a slower pace. A yawn escapes from him and he doesn't stop it, welcoming the tiredness as he hears Jisoo’s footsteps following him and soon Jisoo is walking beside him again.
Looking at him funny when Jisoo offers his hand, Hansol mutters. “Why? It’s not like you to hold hand while walking.”

“I know.” Jisoo says, his gentle smile stays on his face and so does his hand despite Hansol pushing it away. “I still want to hold your hand.”

Staring at the other, Hansol laughs and raises his hand to place it on Jisoo’s palm. “Fine.” He says, grabbing the warm hand offered to him. “You better not let it go.”

“Why would I do that?” Jisoo laughs gently, holding the cold hand tightly while his feet keep their distance close to each other. “You’re too precious to let go.”

Laughing again, Hansol nudges Jisoo’s side with his elbow. “Cheesy.”

“Only for you.”

_I can see the moon right in front of me_  
_THERE’S NO LANDING PAD_  
_BUT I JUST NEED YOUR HAND_  

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!  
When I wrote this, I was thinking about adding a kiss scene at the end but then I decided against it. JiSol holding hand is sweet enough already, right?  
But anyway, once again, thanks a lot for reading this work of mine and see you later in the next chapter and other stories! (^w^)/

Upcoming (probably) next, JeongSol… …and then WonSol… :p
Artificial Flower (JeongSol)

Chapter Summary

He is like an angel who saves him from the depth of hell. He is Hansol’s beacon, the light in the darkened life he lives.

Chapter Notes

Additional Tags: lil bit of angst, some fluff, Slave/Pets AU, Broken Hansol

I have lots of difficulties when trying to write this JeongSol story... :( I don't know much about Jeonghan so I can't weave Jeonghan’s personality into this, and the fact that there is not much JeongSol moment happening... *sigh* I lost myself here.. I got stuck and had to rewrite this story many times and changed the song thrice…. And, even after those, the plot is plain and lack in many things.. I’m so upset because of this. I’m sorry, I can’t give the best to you… T^T

This one is a bit -if not a lot- sad… but this ends well, so don’t worry.. I guess? Hope you like this as well.. Enjoy reading.. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Song #14

Artificial Flower ( ) - Eddy Kim

Behind the flashiness of an eternal flower petal
There’s a liar who has never bloomed nor withered

“Tonight sale is as good as always.” The trader laughs in satisfaction, his hands giddily recounting the bundles of cash, fingers repeatedly caress the surface of Won, Dollar, Yen and Euro bills almost fondly.

Glancing to his side, the tall lean man stands straighter moving away from his dark brown desk where he had been leaning on. He easily covers the distance between him and the pet in three strides with his long legs before placing his fingers on the boy's face, raising it until he can see the dark brown eyes tremble in their attempt to not meet his.

Smirking, his thumb moves to caress the chapped lips of the boy. Making a note to send the boy for some treatment before delivering him to his buyer as he enjoys watching shiver creeping up the boy's body, the man leans down a bit until he captures the boy's lips. “You will see your new Master tomorrow. Be on your best behavior.”
The boy nods obediently, his lips slip away from the man for a moment as he closes his eyes, relenting his fate that night to the man who has been teaching him until he blooms with perfect obedience.

It will bloom again tomorrow like it’s nothing
Pretending it’s not lonely, deceiving everyone

Waking up with his lower body a bit sore, the brunette haired boy blinks his eyes million times to get used to the bright light before he realizes that he isn't in his room anymore. He wakes up to a wide window with cremé colored curtain gathered at one side and also to the softness of pillow.

Sitting up, he stares down, looking at his naked body. His, no, he has nothing of himself anymore, this body has been sold to someone; the inner side of the thighs are stained with dried whiteness the trader spilled on him and never bother to clean. It has always been like that, he has gotten used to it. He will wake up naked and stained, alone on dirty sheet after every sessions of lesson from the man.

He has stopped complaining or thinking about it. Just accepting and moving on to do what he has to do. But that morning, he has to push himself to think. To notice the differences.

One, albeit still a bit dirty with the white stains, the skin has no mark whatsoever. It is clean with no bruise and there is no pain beside the bearable throbbing between the legs.

Two, he is obviously not inside his gray cell room where there is only small hard bed. Testing the little bounce of the bed with his palm, the boy takes his time to feel the smoothness of the sheet against the dry skin of the fingers before glancing around the room. The place looks expensive, the boy can't know for sure but obviously, this room is much better than the empty cold gray room he always stays in.

Before he can think about anything else, the door opens and the trader walks in. His dark maroon shirt makes the smirk on his face looks more dangerous and so does his black pants and his shiny black dress shoes. “Oh. You are awake.” His cheerful tone doesn't make the boy feel any better.

“Go take a shower and change into this.” The man tells him, raising the paper bags he is holding before dropping them on the bed. “I'll give you an hour to get ready.” Instead of leaving, the man takes a seat on the lounge sofa and raises his brow when the boy doesn't move from the bed.

Without much ado, the boy moves from the bed and walks toward the door the man points with a wave of his hand. Dutifully, the brunette haired boy washes every inch of the body, making sure that they are clean and then the hair which has grow long enough to reach the back.

When he is back in the private bedroom, the trader motions him to start dressing and has some meals before they depart. Without making a fuss, the boy do as he says.

After the flashy lights turn off
My loud friends will leave
I’ll be left alone, thirsty
“Hansol.” Jeonghan, the pet's new Master, gives the boy a new name when he is informed that any of the pets have no name until their Master gives it to them. “From now on, you're Hansol.” He states, almost delightfully, looking so amused with a grin on his handsome face. “You'll be the storm which will make my day interesting.”

Hansol nods, accepting the name because that's what he has to do. This little action somehow brings a frown to the Master.

“This baby doesn't talk much because he is shy.” The trader explains, choosing his words carefully to please the man before him. As a seller that's what he needs to do to make sure the deal is done.

Much to his expectations, Jeonghan coos at Hansol. A smile bloom on his face when Hansol lowers his head after hearing the coo.

Hiding his satisfaction behind business smile, the trader places his hand on Hansol's head, petting the fluffy hair gently, praising the boy for a job well done.

He is given a lot of reasons to smile by Jeonghan. The owner smiles a lot at him, praising him for every tasks well done, and cooing when he finds his action adorable. Jeonghan is always ready to spoil him with things; buying him clothes, accessories, hats and shoes; taking him to fancy restaurants and social events. He even allows Hansol to do anything he wants, going as far as hiring assistant, maid and driver for the pet's personal need when the owner is away.

Once, Hansol ever met with other pet he had ever met during the days inside the cell. The other pet, now with different name, has his life worse. Hansol remembers that back in those days, the other had always been cheerful, very optimistic despite all the lessons which Hansol knows how hard and hurt they are. But, the pet he sees that day, isn't the one he remembers. All the bright light in those eyes
has disappeared and the smile has gone from hearty to empty. That's when Hansol knows exactly that he is in a good hand. A very good one.

He should be happy. But not.

This new life as Jeonghan’s pets, albeit not worse, is actually not better.

He is just living another life, as someone else, as someone new. But looking into the core, he is still the same. He is still a pet, whose any right is just being owned and do what he is told to do.

He smiles whenever he sees Jeonghan or whenever he is with him. He is happy when Jeonghan is being kind to him, which is all the time and seemingly this kindness won't end soon. But he can't see it in himself whether the joyous smile is genuine or coming from his sense of duty as pet to look happy with his owner.

He feels relieved when Jeonghan forgives him after he explains why he does wrong and receives his punishment obediently. Tho, is he just glad that he is not kicked back to the training cell?

He can't differentiate it. Maybe he lost himself somewhere. Or maybe he doesn't. Maybe he is just broken and desperate? Yet, whatever it is, he surely knows that he is not himself anymore. He is just Hansol, Jeonghan’s baby pet.

Nothing more.

_I can love even if I fakely bloom
But I want to give my real heart_

When Jeonghan sits him down in his bedroom -Jeonghan insists that he can have a room for himself-, he asks him a lot of things. And Hansol being the obedient pet he is, answers it as truthfully as the owner demands him.

The worried expression on Jeonghan’s face looks unlikely and unfathomable. Hansol can't understand why such a look exists there and directed at him, for him, a pet whose existence is merely for the satisfaction and amusement of its owner. Why is Jeonghan showering his pet with everything and making sure that Hansol attains everything he needs? Going to that extend for him, and now, acting so worried after Hansol told him that he has been following rules all the time, as far back as he can remember.

Well, since the beginning, all of Jeonghan’s doings are out of norm. He always goes against the rule of normalcy. Yoon Jeonghan turns thing upside down, walking confidently against the stream and achieving everything despite people believing and assuming otherwise.

After months being together, Hansol should have understood it. But, this, is more confusing than ever. Even though he is not like the Master Hansol often heard about from the trainers, the pet can't understand why replying Jeonghan's ‘I love you’ with ‘Thank you, Master’ can end with him being sat down and talked to as if he doesn't know what he is doing.

So confusing and confounding, that Hansol feels some kind of warmness which doesn't have anything to do with fever or lust, blooming inside his chest.

He too can't understand why the tears spill from the eyes when he isn't hurt.
The beautiful language of flowers  
Is for that someone who resembles me

Love.

That word suddenly sounds surreal to Hansol.

He used to believe that Masters say that when their pets do good, a word of praise. Hansol rarely heard it in the cell, even though he heard it, he was too out of his mind to properly understand it. He just thought that that word means that the Master was satisfied with his services. That's all, he never thought further about it.

But, after coming into Jeonghan's estate, he heard that word every so often for simple things, that it brought him confusion.

Why does his Master say ‘I love you’ to him when all he does is saying ‘Good Morning’ when he wakes up?

Why does he says that when Hansol snuggles on his lap?

When they cuddle?

When Jeonghan takes him out to have a random picnic?

When they do nothing?

Hansol was always confused. That's why he didn't reply.

He thought, it was a praise, a reward, so that meant he had to thank his Master, right? So he did that and blinked in confusion when his Master looked confused.

Hansol might not be that smart, his training didn't require that kind of knowledge, but he could see that there was something wrong. He didn't know why, but it was wrong, his knowledge of that word was wrong; he guessed that's why his Master asked him about his training.

“Hansol, how are you feeling?”

Following the talk in his bedroom, Jeonghan always asks that, requiring him to stop following the rule, and for every once in a while think about himself.

It does stop him, literally. He, and Jeonghan often finds the pet stopping midway in his activities. Feet halting on a half step, arms raising up to welcome his owner but failing to wrap them around Jeonghans’s waist for a hug. Hansol's mouth will open and close as he lowers his gaze to the ground, unable to give an answer.

When that happens, Jeonghan smiles at him and hugs him gently, patting his head while telling him that it's okay, that he is still learning. Learning what exactly, Hansol doesn't even know. Though, he has guesses.

Someone in long white coat, once smiled, telling Jeonghan and him that slowly Hansol will learn them and that long process will need Jeonghan's guidance through it.

“Hansol?” Jeonghan calls, making the pet… No, Jeonghan tells him to not refer himself as the pet… He is now Hansol, Jeonghan's baby. He is still learning around it and other things but that doesn't mean that he doesn't know anything anymore.

Looking up when Jeonghan calls him again, Hansol has an answer ready in his mouth. He has thought it through during the day and got the answer from the assistant who accompanies him all day when Jeonghan is not there.

“I miss you.”

_I want to wither when the time comes_

“I don't like this.”

Recently, while learning about feelings, Jeonghan tells him that it is okay if he voices out his dislike or disagreement. That it is okay for him to decline and say no to Jeonghan's whim. No need to force himself doing it.

“Why?” Jeonghan asks back, his brows taut when he looks at Hansol, not able to understand why Hansol disagrees with this.

“I want chocolate ice cream.” The younger pouts, Jeonghan promises that he will buy everything he wants. He likes green tea flavoured ice cream as well but it is not what he wants right now. And he has told Jeonghan that he wants the chocolate one.

Instead of frowning, Jeonghan chuckles and places a kiss on Hansol's cheek. “Of course, baby.” Pulling his other hand from behind him, Jeonghan shows another cone of ice cream which he has been hiding behind him, this has chocolate ice cream with the colorful sprinkles. “Chocolate for baby, and green tea for me.”

Grinning wide at Jeonghan, Hansol takes the offered cone happily

“Thank you!”

_An artificial flower that has to smile even in loneliness_  
_I don’t like it anymore_

_I'm a living flower, I can breathe_  
_I'm not lonely_
It’s been so long since Hansol’s life is handed to Jeonghan. He has changed. The shy and timid boy has grown up and become a cheerful young man.

He has grasped his emotions well and able to convey it honestly to Jeonghan and other people around him. Even though sometime what he feels is too complicated to be said or explained, Jeonghan is always there to guide him, always accompanying him, asking him questions which will help him to solve this mystery and properly understand his feeling.

He is truly thankful. And this is all because of the elder.

Would you stay with me
Would you talk to me, for me
I’m so beautiful

With the lightest pressure, the kiss which lasts for less than a second barely registered by Hansol's mind when Jeonghan steps away. The elder often kisses him, pressing their lips randomly at any time they are together. But this is different.

The complete adoration and love in Jeonghan’s every gestures makes Hansol's heart fluttering with rambunctious speed he never thinks possible. Jeonghan’s smile directed at him, hands cupping his cheeks, gaze so soft and open for Hansol to see the beauty lies behind its shine.

And all of these are reserved for Hansol alone. Hansol can never hope anything more than this as he smiles and replies while pressing his lips on Jeonghan’s.

“I love you.”

I’m a living flower, I can breathe
I’m not lonely

I’m a living flower

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! This story means a lot to me. Lot of people going through this kind of situation (not literally exactly like this, but the ‘mind’ shaped into what people expect them to be) and it put them through harsh and hard time where their ‘shaped” mind doesn't fit with ‘reality’. They have to learn everything from zero again (some
doesn't even have the chance because they are forced to fit in anyway with their conditions) and it hinders them to really love and enjoy their life.

I know this story is kinda exaggerated to tell about it, but I hope the point is sent across. What we have believed might or might not be the right thing, but they might not what can make us happy.

If you read my words until here, once again, I thank you all. And I hope I will see you all again in my later works.

And, recently I create a Twitter account! It's @ ochie94ochie (ochie94 is already taken T,T ) I haven't post anything because I don't exactly know what and how to post it.. But I plan to post tiny drabbles (sentences-length story), info of updates and maybe random hints of my future works. You can follow and see me there! ^^/
Chapter Summary

Hansol is a wolf. But Wonwoo knows better who is the real wolf here.

Chapter Notes

I just want to write about Wonwoo punishing Hansol but why is it so hard for me to write that?

And and and what had i just written?! This is just so random, plotless, what the hell I was thinking when I wrote this?

Halloween has long passed and it's already almost Christmas. I haven't even worked on Christmas story… maybe I won't post anything for Christmas...

Well, Hope you enjoy this WonSol story :D

and just like usual, unbeta'ed

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Song #15

Wolf Baby - TRCNG

I'm a wolf wolf wolf baby

Baby baby baby

I'm a wolf wolf wolf baby

Baby baby baby

Humming to himself as he glances at his reflection in the full body mirror attached to the wall of the walk in closet, Hansol looks from head to toe once again checking his outfit which are only very casual mix-match of oversized navy blue hoodie with red left sleeve paired with navy tartan pants. Looking satisfied at that mediocre costume style which is practically his every day look, the young man turns around and peeks from over his shoulder to inspect his back look.
There is a long thick fluffy tail which the color of the fur matches his brunette hair, slipping out from under his long hoodie, hanging limp with its snowy tip reaching past the back of his knees. Grinning at it as he watches the tail swaying left and right, Hansol turns again, this time to check his face. At first glance, his pair of amber irises stand out most with the adequate black smokey line surrounding his eyes and also the sharp exotic curved line at its outer end. Then down to his high nose which is followed by a pair of canines teeth peeking from behind his parted lips. As he touches the sharp edge of the right one, his gaze climbs upward again, this time at his hair and then the furry pair of ears twitching and moving according his will at the sides of his head.

Smiling, the young wolf steps back and examines his appearance one more time. He looks at himself for another minute before feeling satisfied by his own appearance. Simple but still attractive.

“Sol-ah.” Turning to look at the door, Hansol can see Wonwoo walking toward him, his bored looking face asking him why he takes so long to get ready.

“I’m done, hyung.” He replies, stepping away from the mirror and meeting the elder halfway before placing a chaste kiss right on Wonwoo's lips. “You?”

Nodding wordlessly, Wonwoo leads their walk out of their bedroom to the front door. And as he follows behind the elder, Hansol takes in the sharp fine look of his lover's costume. Matching Hansol's navy blue hoodie, Wonwoo wears a suit with lighter shade of blue, the fabric gleams under the light and Hansol wonders how it will look in the dark. Pushing that thought aside, Hansol hurriedly put on the shoes he has readied by the front door while Wonwoo easily slips his socks-clad feet into polished black dress shoes and walks out to the guest area, a big square room connecting the teleportator and the suite served as waiting area. The older checks his phone for the time and when Hansol has followed him out of their apartment suite, he walks straight to the elevator and presses the button.

“Hyung, What do you think?” Hansol asks when they are already inside the teleportator. It is a bit too late to ask that and to make a sudden change, but Hansol is very much confident about his costume already. “Do I look like a wolf?” he looks genuinely playful with that grin and hands raised as if to pose as a wolf trying to pounce on their target.

Glancing sideway at the younger, Wonwoo nods dutifully as he turns his face forward, ignoring his lover’s whine about his dull reaction. Doing his best to not roll his eyes -and smile- at his boyfriend’s childish antic, the older heaves out a sigh and waits for the door to open to the basement parking.

*My instincts are awakening*

*Every time the blue moonlight shines in the night sky, go*

*My footsteps endlessly, oh nana*

*Wander through a dark forest, oh nana*

Every year, just right on full moon night of the seventh month in the lunar calendar, the portals which bridges the two worlds -Earth and Underworld world- are connected and opened wide. Along with it, a radiation of magic wafting off strongly reaching every creatures and giving them more power and an ease to travel between the worlds, which usually hard to do because of the turbulence created by the strong clash of barriers enveloping each worlds. And the costume, it was all originated by the
underworld creatures who visit the world of living. Because they had very different body shape compared to human, most of them disguised themselves as human, using magic to veil their appearance and copy the human they saw so they can venture the world while blending in with ease. That has become a habit for very long time and spread around so vast that it has become tradition to disguise oneself as someone else on that festival.

For this annual event, Biztarians all celebrate it because it means they can meet with their families, friends and colleagues who live on the other world they usually not able to communicate easily. Earlier, Biztarians only celebrated the event in small circle, in a private gathering or party. But after long years of more and more people knowing each other and celebrating together, they all gather and combine their little parties into one huge festival anyone can join, it has became a day like Biztar Day when there is also a festival being held to celebrate the start of new era. Although not as great as Biztar Festival, Baekjung Festival -how they call it in Korea- is also a hugely anticipated event. And tonight, Hansol and Wonwoo are going to attend one of many parties held in Seoul.

Stepping out of the hover car when they have parked it at the basement of Diamond Hotel, they have to park it themselves because the valets are all busy with other cars, Hansol links his arm with his long time boyfriend as they walk toward the teleportator. That year, the hotel which is located at the heart of Seoul, throws a Halloween Themed Baekjung Party for younger Biztarians. And if it is not for Seungkwan’s amazing ability and connections in snatching the VIP tickets before they sold out, the thirteen of them might not able to spend the night away together. Yes. Thirteen of them. Their little group which has started since Junior High School, started by the triple S -Seungcheol, Soonyoung, Seokmin- and their friends, then completed by three juniors who joined at the following year.

Looking at Wonwoo when the elder touches the button on the hologram panel after raising his ring to the ID scanner, Hansol adds into his monologue that it is because the two of them are in the same group that they are able to know each other and exchange confessions.

“What are you smiling at?” The taller asks, his eyebrow arches slightly higher than usual and it makes Hansol thinks to himself. When he first met the elder, Hansol often wondered why this particular hyung always sounded like he was suspicious of everything, but after knowing him for years, he learns that it is just his voice and he is actually curious instead of suspicious.

Making a face, Hansol shrugs and grins at himself. Ignoring Wonwoo’s confused and curious look, the younger won’t admit that his love story with the elder was started by love at first sight.

Soon, the teleportator doors open again and what greeting them is really extraordinary. Rather than the grandeur looking hall decorated by sky high priced art things and chandelier -like any 5 starred hotel is, Hansol and Wonwoo step into a forest. A forest with lush party properties.

The moment the clouds cover the moon

You appear before me

“Wow.”

After checking their arrival in with the guest manager, Hansol gapes at the real looking expanse of forest. As far as he can see, the entire floor is covered by high towering trees and wild ankle tall grasses as their path around the party hall. It is like they have just stepped into a thick dark forest.
filled by various creatures of all races wearing wide ranging variant of costumes.

“Is someone running out of ideas? I know that the ad said ‘Join into the Wild’, but isn’t this too wild? Like literally wild?” When there is a faint ding from the teleportator next to them, Hansol knows that they aren’t the only ones surprised by this astonishing concept. Leaning closer to Wonwoo who squints his eyes uncomfortably, he asks. “Where should we go?” there are too much trees and it hinders Hansol’s sight to find their friends who claim that they have arrived before them.

“Around.” Wonwoo decides simply and with that, they walk hand in hand around the hall while trying to find their friends.

“Seungkwan says that they are above the Graveyard.” Hansol looks up from his phone, eyebrows knitted together in confusion while looking around to find any sight of grave which is according to Seungkwan a floor below their lounge room.

Beside him, Wonwoo is also looking around the hall, tilting his head around to peek between the cluttering rows of trees. “Is that it?” he says, finger raised to point at one direction and feet start walking toward it.

Following Wonwoo, with his hand still clutching the elder’s hand, Hansol slips into the shadow to avoid the bright slap of blue light above to his face. The source of light in that hall is only one -beside the small ones to light up each tables of course-, making it seems like a big full moon shining over the forest. He doesn’t really mind the idea, but he can’t help but a bit disturbed because they are now practically walking toward it.

“Hansol-ah!” Thanks to the moonlight showering them, they are already spotted first before they can spot their friends. And walking toward him in excited steps with loud cheerful voice is his one and only bestest friend.

Letting go of Wonwoo’s hold, Hansol races forward and meets his friend with a hug. “Kwannie!” he calls and before they can stop themselves, they both dances in circle. It’s been so long since their last physical meeting because Seungkwan moves to underworld for work while Hansol stays on Earth with Wonwoo. “How have you been?” Hansol asks laughing in excitement, hands cupping his best friend’s chubby cheeks.

“So…” after the long awaited reunion, Seungkwan is back to his nagging friend self, eyes running up and down to check their costumes. “What are you?”

“I’m a werewolf.” Touching the wolf ears above his head, Hansol says matter of factly. “What else?”

Seungkwan makes a disagreeing face and nags. “With this clothes?”

“What do you expect?” Hansol jokes. “Torn clothes?”

The slightly older man frowns at Hansol’s response. He clicks his tongue and meet his friend’s gaze. The two of them turn silent while looking at each other before at the same time burst into laughter, laughing at their own joke. “You could have worn a cute onesie.” Seungkwan suggest with a sly look.

Winking at the other, Hansol plays along. “And make others think I’m an overgrown kid?”
“Adorable snatchable kid.”

“Ya.” before they can continue, Wonwoo interrupts and pulls his boyfriend to his side. “Stop putting ideas into his head. If he does it, it will be troublesome.”

Sending another sly stare, Seungkwan hoots. “Not wanting other people to ogle on your boyfriend, hyung?” laughing when Wonwoo scowls at him, the third youngest of their group changes the subject skillfully. “Is that why both of you dress lame? To avoid wandering eyes? What are you anyway?”

“A businessman.” Wonwoo replies dryly, not letting go of Hansol.

Shaking his head at their lame choice, Seungkwan turns. “Both of you are no fun. Who would wear their usual clothes to a costume party?”

Growling, Wonwoo pushes Seungkwan’s back. “Well, first, I’m posing as human. And secondly, look at yourself. What are you wearing?” the younger, a half angel, is wearing purple Hanbok and the violet feathers of his wings are rained by copious amount of purple glitter.

Not affected by Wonwoo’s push nor the scoff, Seungkwan laughs and waved his hand dismissively, the ring on his right pinky which resembles Hansol's and Wonwoo's, glints when it catches the light. “I’m a magic fairy*. Stay back or I’ll curse you”

*this is from JeongSol wedding stories.. Magic fairy is Wonwoo’s role in that story.

“Anyway, come on. The others are waiting for us to join them.” Skipping forward to the frail looking wood stairs, Seungkwan points at the balcony above the graveyard lounge where their friends has occupied a large table and talking to each other while some of them looking at them and get their greeting drowned by the music blasting from the speakers.

“Wow.” Hansol gapes for the second time. He didn't pay attention to the wall before because he was too occupied with looking at foods and searching his friends, but now that that he is standing facing it, he can see the astounding details of a faux cliff. Reaching his hand to touch it, his eyes sparkle when he can feel the almost real graze of rock.

“I know that you will like the cliff, that's why out four themes, I choose the cliff.” Seungkwan boasts his knowledge of Hansol's fondness toward the rock climbing sport, with voice roaring an amused laugh.

Tuning off when Seungkwan and Hansol start talking about going wall climbing together as they ascend the actually sturdy stairs, Wonwoo raises his brow as his eyes jump around the five floors tall hall. The private lounges are build on the walls, several large balconies popping out of the four heavily decorated walls. In total, there are 12 VIP open lounges on the second floor and third floor and 4 big VVIP glass encased lounges on the fourth and fifth floor. Each lounges can provide for a party of 20 and the VVIP ones more. Yes, the grand hall is really that big, no wonder it is called one of the greatest dimension-alterations hotel.

After much talking among them, the group dispersed into smaller groups to venture the site. And of course, Hansol is with Wonwoo again. The two lovers roam the enormous forest to taste many types of bizarre themed decorated foods. They both enjoy their time together a lot and they thinks that that moment is truly irreplaceable.
“Hansol, look there.” Turning only to find that Hansol is not beside him, Wonwoo clicks his tongue and starts looking around. Annoyed that Hansol leaves him but more worried than ever because the party hall is filled by numerous creatures which can cause harm to his Hansol; not to mention it's the big full moon night, some younglings tend to get hazy because of drinks and their growing power. He has warned Hansol about it every years and also before arriving here, but here the younger leaves on his own without protection.

When he can't find the sight of his boyfriend, Wonwoo pulls out his phone from his suit and calls Hansol. He doesn't need to wait long for it to be connected, but what surprises him is the familiar ringtone coming from behind him. Whirling around, Wonwoo comes face to face with Hansol whose hands are full with drinks and chocolates.

“Hyung?” Hansol calls, brow raising and his lips quirk up a bit at the creased look on Wonwoo's face.

“I thought you got lost.” Wonwoo sighs, taking the tall glass of red beverage which he knows just soda, for safety reasons he strictly limits the alcohol intake for both Hansol and himself. “You should have tell me that you went.”

“I did tell you though.” The younger responds, shoving the bite sized confectionery into his mouth. “But you didn't hear me.”

Running his fingers along his slicked back hair, ruining the style, the elder grunts, blaming the haziness in his head for not hearing and noticing that Hansol left him. “You could have tugged my hand or something.”

Smiling, Hansol shrugs. “It’s just that table over there. I can manage.”

Glancing to the table which is hidden by the trees, Wonwoo sees the reason why he can't find Hansol. “Still, I don't want to leave you alone here.”

Stepping closer, Hansol slips into Wonwoo’s space and nuzzle the elder’s neck, careful of the plate of desserts he holds in his hand. He almost mewls when he feels his boyfriend’s arm encases his waist protectively tight. Looking up when Wonwoo relaxes, he muses. “Don't worry so much. I can protect myself.”

Looking back at the younger, Wonwoo doubts. “With that thin body?”

“I'm not frail.” Hansol nudges away, an unamused pout evident on his face. He whines when the other raises his brow higher in doubt. “I'm a wolf.”

Rolling his eyes but not hiding his fond smile, Wonwoo tuts, sipping the soda. “Yeah, sure. You're a wolf.”

_I'm thirsty now, the reins have loosened_

_My sharp eyes are only on you_

_The beast in the forest smells a sweet scent_

_Everyone move, watch, all my senses breathe toward you_
As the night turns darker, more and more people lit the party and more drinks are served, either distributed by the waiters or getting it themselves by lining up at the numerous bars spread around the forest. And with that, more of awful alcohol mixed scents infiltrate Wonwoo's nostril mercilessly. The tall man glares at the party hall below as if that action can get rid of that toxic smell, only to find that some of the source were only several seats away from him.

Some of his friends are drunk, Wonwoo can already see it without needing to use his scent sense, and he doesn't like the fact that that bitter alcohol scent mixed into his lover's almond scent.

Frowning at the amount of redness kissing his lover's face, Wonwoo scolds the younger whose stance is a bit unsteady. “Hansol, how much have you drink?”

“Hmm?” Turning from talking with Chan and Seungcheol hyung, Hansol looks at his recent glass of Grasshopper in front of him and wonders. “I think three or four? Or five?”

With the waitresses and waiters working diligently, cleaning empty glasses and plates from the tables, it is hard to track how many glasses they have drunk if they don't pay attention to it. Wonwoo limits himself with soda because he drives but unfortunately the same not applied to Hansol, and the younger doesn't seem to realize that he is now quiet drunk already.

Taking the half full glass of mint colored drink, Wonwoo forbids his lover to drink more than this. “No more cocktail for you.”

“Why?” Hansol whines, clinging to Wonwoo's arm without making a move to reach for his glass. His voice is loud enough to pull their friends’ attention to him.

“He is drunk.” Mingyu who sits beside Hansol comments, laughing as he pets the brunette hair, careful enough to not touch the furry ears. He checks his phone before suggesting to the couple. “It's already one thirty, maybe you should go home before Hansol losing control.”

“Yes, we don't need a repeat fight of new year party.” Chan laughs too, red faced and leaning down on the table as his half lidded eyes laughing at the two.

“You should go too, Chan.” Junhui sighs, shaking his head at the youngest who look more drunk than Hansol.

Adding to the comments, Jihoon says. “And before you go, drink some milk before you drink someone's blood like what you did last time to Hansol.”

Jihoon’s word makes a frown to show on Chan's face, he doesn't like that the elder reminds him to the accident he unconsciously caused at the new year party because of too much drink. “Okay okay.” Raising his hand to catches the waiter's attention, Chan orders a glass of milk.

**You make my heart pound, you’re my everything**

**Make it roar and Red out whenever I’m in front of you**

**Don’t hesitate, come to me now**

**I will have you today**
After bidding goodbyes to their friends and promising Seungkwan that he will hang out with him later for brunch, Hansol lets Wonwoo to take his hand and lead him stumbling out of the party hall. The elder wastes no times in getting drunk Hansol away from the crowds to the parking area and stuffed him inside with the seat-belt on, rolling his eyes when soon Hansol relents to the temptation of sleeping, Wonwoo thinks to himself how he should scold the younger.

Sighing once he finally reaches back to their apartment, Wonwoo lifts Hansol onto his arms and easily walks toward the teleportator as if Hansol weight nothing.

“Hyung?” A mumble makes him look down at his lover's face, there is a pout there, telling him how still out of this Hansol is. “Where are we?”

Chuckling, Wonwoo raises Hansol a bit until the younger can wrap his arms around Wonwoo and nuzzle onto his neck like a little child needing comfort. “Apartment. Just outside our suite.”

“Oh.. You take us home?” The younger mumbles onto Wonwoo's neck. His voice isn't giggly anymore, which is a relief to Wonwoo because that means Hansol is not beat drunk completely, maybe the little rest he had during the ride back home helped him sober up.

Maneuvering Hansol a bit on his arms so he can show his ring to the scanner, Wonwoo places a small peck on Hansol's hair “Yes. You were drunk trying out every single chocolate cocktails you can find and I know that you will regret it later if I let you drink more.”

Chuckling, Hansol tightens his hold around Wonwoo when the elder has to open the door for them. “Thank you.” He mutters before adding with a grin. “Tho, maybe another glass of chocolate martini won't hurt.”

Closing the door behind him with a small kick, Wonwoo proceeded straight to their bedroom. “You said the same thing last time. And the next day, you cursed at me for not stopping you.”

“Well, I wasn't aware that I was that dru- woah!” Hansol yelps when his lover dumps him on the bed. Even though it doesn't hurt him, it does give him the surprise. “Hyung, you could have lowered me gently, like you usually do.”

Turning back to the younger as he took off his suit jacket, Wonwoo cocks up a brow, lips smirking devilishly. “I thought you said that you are a wolf.”

Pouting, Hansol insists. “I am, but still…”

“Wolf won't mind that little drop.” Laughing, Wonwoo turns back to his closet, his tie follows his suit down on the chair. “Are you going to say that you are a wolf again?”

Still with a big pout on his face, Hansol sits up and hugs a pillow. “Yes.” He sulks, tail waving left and right.

“Yeah, do what you like.” Wonwoo says without looking back at Hansol as he works on his cuff-links, taking it off and placing them back on its place inside the drawer.

“Hyung.” Hansol whines again and darts to Wonwoo's side without wobbling in his steps. “Look at me.” the young wolf growls lowly, demanding attention from his businessman as he stands on tip toes to nip Wonwoo's human ear.
This sharp beast is jumping
My black eyes aim for you, I’m ready
Lowering my body even more
Now I’m going fast toward you, let’s go

If there is anything amusing about drunk Hansol, it will be his needy and sulky sober self. Turning to his lover, Wonwoo asks, his smirk prominent. “I’m looking at you now, little wolf.”

The teasing tone is openly implied at the last word and it makes Hansol pouting more albeit the growl. “Hyuuung.”

Leaning back at his desk with complete amusement, the taller gathers his wolf closer until he is caged between Hansol's legs. “Hmm?” He hums, pressing a small kiss on his forehead before down on that red lips. “What it is, little wolf?”

Putting his hands on Wonwoo's shoulders, Hansol pulls the elder to him, kissing him with extra confidence and eagerness which is reciprocated twice by the older.

With a little growl, Hansol tries to move them around, moving back toward the bed where he pushes Wonwoo down onto it and him following him in an instant straddling his waist.

Hansol doesn't let Wonwoo to say anything, his lips latch onto Wonwoo's firmly as he tries to deepen the kiss while his hands steal the elder’s hands from his hips and pins them to the bed, fingers tangling.

Their kiss lasts quite long until Hansol gasps for breath, and even with cheeks flushed red, he smirks down on Wonwoo's face as he listens to the ragged breathing which doesn't differ much from his. “How is it?”

Not trying to free his hands from Hansol, Wonwoo simply raises his brow, taunting through their mingled breath. “Pretty arousing, cub.”

Danger, my fierce growl wakes up the night
Wake up, there is no fear
The owner of my burning heart is you

Growling down at his older lover, Hansol bares his fangs, showing dominance which sooner than ever trampled down by the growl Wonwoo let out. Shivering when the elder easily free himself from Hansol's weakening grips, the younger knows what is going to come. Before he can say anything, Wonwoo flips their position and in no time, and Hansol is in the position Wonwoo was in just now.

Gasping at the impact of being slammed down on the bed, Hansol looks up and feels his breathe hitches when he notices the change. Between the smirking lips, pair of fangs shows itself to Hansol's vision and so do the the furry ears on Wonwoo's head. Hansol's hand is drawn to touch it before he
realizes that Wonwoo has pinned him down on the bed just like what he did previously.

The younger whines, wanting to touch and feel the softness of fur which not only on his ears but also slowly covering some parts of Wonwoo's face and hands. “Hyung..” He calls again, breathe stutters when a sharp claws grazing its tip along his wrist, new powerful surge of energy changes the direction of the flow inside the room.

“I think you have played as a wolf long enough.” Wonwoo teases, making Hansol shudder in anticipation. Wondering what the elder going to do to him, now that he has showed his true self and Hansol shifted back to his original form, all wolf traits melts back into his body without a trace.

“Will you continue acting like a wolf?”

_Move, you can hear my fierce growl from anywhere_

_Watch, I’m gonna hide you in my arms and roar_

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**Chapter End Notes**

this still so lacks in many things... Let's just pretend this chapter does not exist..

If you haven't caught onto it, Wonwoo is actually the real wolf here, he is werewolf. While Hansol is actually a shapeshifter who posed as a werewolf in that party

This story happens in my own universe called **Biztar**, You can check it for more explanation :)

Anyway, thank you for reading this and I hope you won’t run away from my works because of this randomness TwT

See you later on the next chapter! ^^/

Oh! And, there is WonSol story upcoming soon. It's not More Popsicle update, but you get the hint about what is to come, right?

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