A group of delinquents serving community service after causing mayhem at their school.
Kai didn't know why he was sitting in an old classroom with seven other people, being lectured by a teacher who looked like he gave up teaching five years ago. The draining voice of the teacher echoes around the cracked walls of the classroom, the boy in front of him wasn't even listening. He had his head down on the desk, arms wrapped as a pillow; Kai can see the boy's steady breathing, signalling that this boy was fast asleep.

'Now we all know how cool the media shows rebels and recklessness, but you should not be listen-' Kai didn't have the patience to carry on listening to the teacher's lecture, in fact, he wasn't even suppose to be here. He knew he did nothing but was just simply at the wrong place at the wrong time. And also because the teacher hated him. They were probably trying to get an excuse to suspend Kai, but they had to settle on community service, either way, that puts Kai out of their way.

'Hey, could you shut it? I'm trying to watch something', a voice shouts across the room, as the boy
across him begins to start a fight with someone Kai couldn't see, but his hair was bright orange and he looked absolutely wrecked.

'Ergh. What is my life', Kai groans to himself, giving in and copying the person in front him, resting his head on the table and going to sleep? It's better than dealing with any of these lots in the room.

5 hours earlier.

'Hey, Kai! Nice tat. That new?', a friend of Kai's shouts behind as they race towards him, finding Kai with a new ink on his neck.

'That looks fucking awesome!', another says as Kai's group of friends pile around him, trying to look more closely at his new tattoo. Kai didn't have many friends, but the friends that he had worshipped him, to say the least. They would always follow him around during lunch, even when he was busy with dance practice. Kai didn't mind. He was a lowkey narcissist, never doing much to gain attention, but once attention finds him, he takes absolute pleasure in enjoying it.

'Just got it done last night', Kai smirks, laughing as they made their way to his locker. Before he can even open his, a teacher slides pass them, eyes fixate on Kai- more specifically his neck- and pointed her fingers towards Kai, gesturing him to follow.

'Kim Jongin, may I see you in the Principal's office', Mrs Seojung commands, holding her books with one arm, whilst grabbing Kai's collar with the other. Shit, it was Kai's maths teacher. Someone who hated Kai to pieces. What the fuck did I do now? Kai thought as he continues to be dragged away by his evil maths teacher, meanwhile bumping into a passerby, a fellow classmate with a mullet hair and a lip piercing.

'What the fuck dude', the boy calls out, but Kai continues to be dragged and as the bell rang, the boy forgot about the morning's happenings.

Kai sits on the multiple chairs assembled behind the principles office, over hearing his maths teacher complaining about his lack of attendance and breakage of the dress code- apparently you can't have tattoos which can be seen in public. Then what's the point of having a tattoo? Kai thought to himself, groaning at the annoying squeaky voice his teacher had, going on and on about how stupid he was.

I can leave. I can leave right now and no one would notice', Kai contemplated on whether to just walk out, but he thought that Mrs Seojung might come and find him again, and he'd just rather get her bullshit over and done with, rather than leave it till later. He looks ahead and notices that the water inside the water dispenser starts to freeze from the bottom, frost making its way around the plastic. Kai looked more intently, trying to figure out what the hell was happening to the water dispenser, but before he could freak himself out, he noticed a boy sitting in front of him, his hand reaching out the direction of the water dispenser, turning his hands ever so slightly to the movement of the ice freezing the water.

Cool.
He must be the guy who can freeze things. He heard all over the school a couple of weeks ago that a new guy came and he had a cool power of freezing things. Being in high school where the cooler and more unique your super power is, the more you might actually like school, because everyone will be wetting their pants for you. Some people are unlucky enough to have useless and uncool powers, like Kai knew one guy from his biology class who could separate salt from water once it dissolved. During middle school that might have been cool, but after high school, everyone found out that they could all do that with a simple distillation experiment. Let's just say, the guy is anything but popular in school. That's why Kai is seen as one of the most popular ones in school; teleportation is quite a rare power and it's also damn useful. Kai might have one of the worst attendance in school, but his punctuality was damn straight perfect.

'Hey, are you the new kid?', Kai asks the boy in front of him, who had completely frozen the water dispenser now. The guy looks up, eyes sly and seductive like a cat, hair dark and ruffled, his school blazer being worn off his shoulder.

'What's it to you?', the guy calls back, his voice hoarse and eyes tired, damn this guy was not friendly.

'Dude I was just asking. Calm down', Kai back out, holding his arms in surrender, he looks at the guy once more, before diverting his attention to the multiple rings he had on his finger.

'Xiumin', the voice in front of him suddenly calls out, making Kai look up again, the boy slouched on his chair, still had a bitch face, but his eyes were staring right back up at Kai.

'Excuse me?'

'My name's Xiumin', the boy repeats again, slouching further into his chair.

'And what are you doing here in the principal's office Xiumin', Kai asks, curious to see what the new boy's been up to, to have wound himself at the principal's office.

'Hanging out'

'Hanging out?'

'Yeah. Trying to avoid those people that have been following me around since I got here', Xiumin replies, eyes rolling in frustration and Kai can only imagine how much-unwanted attention this kid must have.

'Well I know a great hiding spot next time you see them running around', Kai smirks as the boy in front of him laughs along, the silence corridor now filling with jokes and laughter.

On the other side of the school building, sits a boy with a lip piercing and a mullet with red highlights he just did on himself last night, although no one can see it as his hood is all the way over his head, eyes hung low, avoiding all eye contact. He was not a friendly student, in fact, he didn't have any friends in school. He was known around the school as the kid who just exists; no one knew anything about him, he hasn't shown up to one party since freshman year and he just minds his own business. He sits in his usual space, at the back of the canteen, where a small round
table is placed in the bins, where no one wants to sit. It was perfect for Baekhyun. No need for conversation or people asking to sit next to him. He minded his business, observing the canteen hear and there, hearing the same old gossip from the table in front of him.

_They are loud when they speak_, Baekhyun thought, biting into his sandwich, switching to drowning himself in music instead, he'd heard the same story over and over again during the pass week; some girl getting pregnant. It was then that he noticed a certain pastel pink and purple haired, tall boy, walking like an absolute dickhead, thinking he owns the school with his cool fire power and a massive group of friends. Baekhyun can only gag at the group as they tried to walk in like models but just ends up looking like total shitheads. But maybe that's just what Baekhyun feels, as the rest of the school gives them a high five or a wave. Baekhyun rolls his eyes and continues to drown himself in the music, stuffing his face with all the food in front of him.

'Hey, Chanyeol! I was hoping maybe you'll sign up for the charity swim competition that I'm organising. It'll be amazing if you're there', Suho, the valedictorian, class president, teacher's pet of senior high. He has a warm smile and curly dark brown hair, wrapped in a headband. He's also famous for having water bending powers, the shit he does with water, he's like a living fountain and a swimmer faster than Michael Phelps. Chen laughs, talking hold of the leaflet, before winking at Suho.

'Don't worry love, I'll make sure Chanyeol's coming', he smiles, folding the leaflet in half and putting it inside his back pocket, Suho gleams brightly, but before he can say anything, the was caught in the middle of the crowd as Chanyeol began doing tricks with his powers, holding his pinkie finger out like a matching stick and showing everyone his fire tricks.

'I think he likes me', Suho gleams, sitting back down to his seat, where a hundred more copies of his swim charity event lays beside him. D.O, also known as Kyungsoo, sits beside him with a gloomy face. _Sometimes this hyung can be so naive_, he thought to himself, he has a book held on his hand, he's been reading _Dante's Inferno_ for the fifth time this week, whilst eating the canteen's spaghetti.

'Yeah sure, hyung', he mumbles, not leaving his attention from his book. The two students continue with their meal, sitting across Chanyeol and Chen and a whole crowd of other people.

'Hey, we still have time to grab some lunch before afternoon period starts', Kai rushes ahead, towards the canteen, followed by his new friend. Kai stood outside the principal's office for ten more minutes, before he was called in to have a 'word' about his behaviour, but it wasn't anything new or out of the norm, so the principal quickly dismissed on the matter, and as for his tattoo... He told them he'll just wear turtle necks from now on. He was grateful that Xiumin waited outside for him and felt guilty that the boy might not have lunch because of him. Luckily, they reached the loud and messy canteen in time to buy themselves a meal.

'The place is pretty crowded', Xiumin states, looking around to find loads of students fumbling and messing around the canteen, food everywhere.

'Look over there. I found some spare seats', Kai calls Xiumin over to the back corner of the canteen, where the bins where placed. 'Sweet, pretty quiet compared to the front', Kai praised
himself, as he made his way towards a table with empty seats.

'Hey, do you mind if we seat here?', Kai asks the boy sitting on an empty table, the boy's face was covered by his hoodie and no reply came to the pair holding their trays. 'Um, hello? Excuse me?', Kai continues to call over the boy, gently patting his shoulder, to reveal a boy with red hair who looked oddly familiar, but he couldn't quite place it.

'Do you mind if we sit here?', Kai asks once more, and the boy nodded lazily in approval, not looking pleased with all that he was interrupted. Kai ignored the boy's irritated face and sat done, gesturing for Xiumin to sit with him as well. The three sat in silence for a while, with Kai and Xiumin exchanging a few words here and there. Baekhyun has had enough of unwanted people on his table, so he started to make move, packing his bag and throwing his trash in the bin next to him, hurrying along the canteen so he can get out of here and maybe into a quiet classroom before the bell rings. He was in such a hurry, he didn't notice his wallet drop.

Baekhyun made his way in front of the canteen, but not without being pushed fiercely by someone running in the canteen, his feet entangled itself around each other as he loses his balance, falling over someone's back. A loud scream came afterwards, the whole crowd worrying. Baekhyun, after he got his shit together from the fall, turns around to find a fuming dickhead with a burnt hole in the middle of his shirt.

'Damn, what happened to your shirt', Baekhyun asks, looking at Chanyeol's bare chest through the burnt shirt.

'You happened! You little shit! You pushed me whilst I was in the middle of doing something!', Chanyeol shouts, stretching his shirt out to see the damage, 'Shit. This was new as well', Chanyeol utters to himself, still looking down on his shirt.

'You mean while you were showing off? Great. Then you deserve it. Everyone knows you're not allowed to use your powers outside lessons', Baekhyun spites back, grabbing his bag which was still on the floor. Chanyeol was now fuming at the boy in front of him, grabbing a hold of the boy's hoodie, he raised him up to his face, almost lifting the boy off his feet.

'You better take that back', Chanyeol threatens, hands tightly wrapped around the boy's clothes. Baekhyun laughs, shoving his arms and punching Chanyeol's bare chest.

'You fucking wish', that was the last straw, Chanyeol's hands held tight around Baekhyun's sleeves, smoke escaping between his fingers.

'Ow! Motherfucker! What the fuck!', Baekhyun screech in pain, kicking Chanyeol in the shin, trying to force his arms out of the boy's firing hands, being able to shove his left arms from Chanyeol. Chen races his way towards Chanyeol, terrified at the small sparks lighting on Chanyeol's hands.

'Mate, I think you need to stop now', Chen warns, hands forcing his friend to let go, but just as Chanyeol was about to let go, Baekhyun flashed a beam of light towards Chanyeol, surprising him and in the process making him put more pressure on his hands, igniting a fire on Baekhyun's sleeves.

'Shit! Fucking fuck!', Baekhyun screams, dragging his arms out of Chanyeol's hands and quickly taking off his hoodie which was now in flames on his right sleeves. His right arm was burning red and blistered all over from the burn. Suho made his way over the sight of the fire and with the pressure of trying to drown the growing fire in the canteen, he waves his hands around and hoped for the best, leaving the whole of the front canteen completely soaked. Baekhyun, who is now
soaking wet, his fringe stuck to his forehead, water dripping from his nose, looks at his bleeding arms in pain, looking back at Chanyeol who was in front of him.

'Hey, dude. I think you left you're wallet back here', Kai approaches the front of the canteen nonchalantly with Xiumin, looking up to see the disaster which just unfolded a few minutes ago.

'What the fuck...', Xiumin whispers, looking at the disaster which surrounded Baekhyun and Chanyeol.

'You motherfucker!', Baekhyun screeches, making all the light bulbs around the whole school explode, teachers inside the staff room wondering why the hell the light bulbs exploded all of a sudden. 'Look what you did to my arm!', he continues to scream at Chanyeol.

'Damn. He done that to your arm?', Xiumin repeats in shock, looking at the tall guy with a burnt hole on his shirt, soaking wet and shocked.

'It was your fucking fault for being a dick!', Chanyeol fights back, gaining sanity and going after Baekhyun who was ready fight him.

'So what if I was being a dick? That doesn't mean you should burn the shit out of me!', Baekhyun shouts, voice being heard all over the school. It won't be long till the teacher's find them fighting and with that, many of the people in the canteen starts to make their way out of the canteen, rushing out towards the back exit. The only people who didn't leave was Baekhyun and Chanyeol who were too busy confronting each other, Chen who was trying to pull his friend back, Suho trying to stop the fight in any way he can and D.O trying to stop his friend from interfering. And with them, all stands Kai and Xiumin, too interested to leave immediately, with Kai still holding Baekhyun's wallet.

'I'm ganna fucking kill you', Baekhyun threatens, beaming his light towards Chanyeol, forcing him to move back, trying to avoid the bright light.

'Shit! Motherfucker', Chanyeol shouts out, beaming out a ball of fire for defence, missing Baekhyun by a slight inch.

'Guys! Guys wait! Let's not get into a dangerous fight! Why don't we just talk about it?', Suho screams over the two boys, leaning his head down in case one of them fires again.

'For fuck's sake Suho, leave them alone! Let's go before we get into trouble!', D.O grabs onto Suho's clothes from the back, trying to pull onto Suho lightly, but Suho wouldn't budge, prying away from D.O and making his way towards Chen who's holding onto Chanyeol's arms.

'The second ball of fire which Chanyeol beamed, landed on a table, straight onto a milk carton, catching fire instantly.

'Holy shit!', Kai bursts out, taking out his phone and taking a video of the huge scene. Xiumin stands nervously, urging Kai for them to go.

'Guys! There's always a better way than violence!', Suho screams, running to Baekhyun's side and trying to grab hold of his arms. D.O has had enough, he raced his way in between Baekhyun and Chanyeol, just as they were about to beam at each other again.

'Hey, kid! Watch out!', Kai shouts, eyes staring at the screen which shows D.O just about to interfere with the fight.

'I said stop!', D.O bellows, stomping his feet with a force, the ground begins to crack with the
impact, causing a massive shake in the almost empty canteen, tables and chairs shake viciously, the floor showing cracks around the foot of the small boy.

'Shit... I didn't know hulk attended this school', Xiumin blurts out, staring, eyes wide at the cracks on the floor. The whole group was staring intently at D.O's doings, looking at the massive cracks on the floor.

'Everyone! What in God's name is going on here?!', bellows a low and deep voice angrily, as footsteps of teachers can be seen entering the back door of the canteen. The principal leading at the front and looking straight ahead at the damage done.

'Oh shit... Xiumin... Let's go...', Kai whispers, trying to grab hold of Xiumin so they can teleport out of here.

'Don't even think about it, Kai. You stay right there. All of you!', Mrs Seojung shouts at the unlikely group of people, the teachers gather around, shocked and disappointed at the state of the canteen.

'Everyone, go to my office right now! Except for you young man. Go get that burn healed, boy', the principal orders, asking a teacher to guide the boy to the healer's office, his eyes fixate on the six other teenagers left in the canteen.

And so here they all were now. Sitting in a two-hour detention after school, being lectured by a teacher who wasn't even in school during lunch and had no idea what had happened. Kai did notice however, an oranged hair boy Chanyeol is fighting with right now, was not present during the lunch time fiasco. *Hmm, wonder what he's in for. Can't be worse than the rest of ours*, Kai thought to himself.

'I told you we should have busted out before the teachers came', Xiumin hisses at Kai for about the fifth time, blaming him for the fact that they both had to do ten hours of after-school detention, two months of community service and one month of volunteer work in school. Kai can only shrug, technically it was his fault, but his plan was to teleport out before the teachers can see the two of them in the crowd. It wasn't his fault Mrs Seojung had eagle eyes just for him.

'Hey, why the fuck are you eating so loud?', Chanyeol shouts across the room to the orange hair boy, who looks tall even whilst sitting down, but his yellow coloured lanyard that was different from the senior's blue coloured lanyards shows that this orange haired boy was a sophomore.

'Hey, quit shouting at the kid will you?', Xiumin calls out, getting more pissed at Chanyeol's attitude, after all, he was mainly the reason why everyone was in this mess. Thank God, the principal didn't decide to expel them, the shit they pulled in the canteen was enough for permanent exclusion.

'And what are you going to do about it?', Chanyeol calls back, eyeing Xiumin from across the room. Both guys stare intently at each other, looking like they might start a fight.

*Oh shit.*
'Guys. I really don't want to be in any more trouble then I am now. So if you're ganna fight, please give us time to leave, so only you two shits can get into trouble', Chen intervenes the argument, stating what was in everyone's mind, especially D.O's, who after being sent in the principal's office for the first time ever, began crying on the way in, completely having a panic attack over his chances of getting into the Universities he wants and how they all ruined it. They would have totally started making fun of him there and then, but he was the main reason why the principal was lenient on their punishment and the fact that his power is earth bending, which meant he can cause an earthquake with just a stomp of a foot, therefore all six of them kept their mouth shut and let D.O be.

'Orange boy, unless you have the power to suck out organs, don't even try to talk to him. He'll just burn you to death', Baekhyun's voice bellows across the room, he sits a table away from Kai and Xiumin at the back, his right armed wrapped in bandages, whereas Chanyeol, who was at the front gave Baekhyun the finger.

'You fucking asked for it'

'And apparently, to his intellect, calling him a dickhead means please burn me to ashes', Baekhyun shouts back, sarcastically imitating Chanyeol's face when he's angry. This follows in screams of argument by different people from across the classroom, Chanyeol and Baekhyun shouting at each other once again, Chen screaming at Chanyeol to stop, Suho bellowing above, trying to be a peacemaker once more, with D.O, Kai and Xiumin, following in pursuit, trying to calm everybody down.

'Alright, everyone! Detention is over! And your community service starts Monday after school! Got it?', the teacher screams over all the other voices, fed up of hearing the petty arguments running across the room, 'You got it? Now get out!', he orders, as he begins to stand up and make his way out of the classroom first.

Next week was going to be a torturous adventure...
translations:

vietnamese

spanish
Kai tries to oversleep on a Monday morning and plan to not show up to school in general, but after his parents heard of what he got up to lately at school, his parents were setting up alarm clocks all over the house, buying CCTV cameras that connects to your phone, so they know that their son definitely left the house. Kai swore that when we meets Chanyeol or Baekhyun again, he was going to fuck them up. His parents had never been more strict than this in his whole entire live... Now here he is, at precisely 7.35am, downstairs, eating cereal with french toast. His parents already went to work, so Kai is left alone sitting down in the kitchen, eating breakfast- which is something he had never done since middle school. He grabs his phone and dials Xiumin's number, he's sure
Xiumin is already awake, but after the seventh ring he gave up.

*He's probably still be pissed at me,* Kai thought, finishing up his french toast. He had to admit to himself, he managed to fuck up a friendship in less than 24 hours, purely because he wanted to film someone burning someone else. But in all fairness, the reasons for their disciplinary action is bullshit, they personally never helped any arson or vandalism that happened that day. They just simply *stood* there. Which Kai did not think was a crime whatsoever, so punishing them specifically for just standing there was absolutely bullshit and just goes to show how Mrs Seojung hated him. He sighs and look at his watch once more, 7.40. *Jesus,* its only been five minutes? Kai can get to school in five seconds, but first period doesn't start till 8.10am, which means he had half an hour to kill. Kai spins his chair around, twirling until he couldn't see his surroundings. He stops and drinks some water, before leaning his chin on the table and looking at the time on his phone. 7.41am.

*Fuck it. I'm going to school early.*

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D.O and Suho can be seen walking towards the school entrance side by side, being neighbours for nearly all their lives, it was not a surprise that both students were always stuck with each other. They had always been lab partners, gym partners, study partners and they walk home to the same neighbourhood.

'Look! It's the gay couple!’, someone shouts from behind, bumping onto D.O, causing the boy to spill all of his books on the floor.

'Hey! That's not very nice!', Suho calls out, bending down to help his friend with his books. The two boys had always had it hard in high school, with Suho constantly being bullied for being such a teacher's pet. But D.O himself wasn't necessarily bullied because of something he did, but purely the fact that he was Suho's last remaining friend, many people thought that to be quite the joke, but D.O never saw it. He wasn't the type of person who gets too caught up in all the bullshit teenagers spread about each other.

'Honestly D.O, why do you keep being friends with me?', Suho asks, his face down and out, picking up D.O's last book, *Dante's Inferno.* D.O just shrugs, both of them standing up and making their way inside the school building and to their lockers, which were obviously right next to each other.

'Because if we're ever stranded on a deserted island, I can trust you to at least get us some drinkable water so I can live', D.O smiles at his friend, their lockers both opened, busy getting ready for today's lessons. 'I'll see you second period', D.O says before going off to his lessons and leaving Suho still by their lockers, probably taking out more of his printed swim charity event leaflets.

D.O opens the door to his first lesson; Chemistry. But things felt weird. His classmate keeps staring at him as he makes his way over to his usual seat. He looks around to see if they were looking at something on his shirt. Maybe the person who bumped into him stuck something on his back. He quirks his head to see if there's anything behind his back. But he saw nothing. He decides to just keep to himself like he usually does.
"I didn't even know he had an earth bending power"

"I heard he had some shit power"

"I heard his powers was just noticing the pH levels of drinks"

"Where the fuck did you hear that?"

"Nah. I saw the video... He's definitely an earth bender"

The whispers made much more sense and at the same time it doesn't. D.O finally realised why everyone was staring at him, they probably saw the cracked floors in the canteen and realised someone used their earth bending... But how did they know it was him? No one knows in this school apart from Suho and the teachers that he had earth bending powers... Did anyone see him do what he did last week? That's impossible. No one was there in the canteen except-

Shit.

"Have you seen the video. Damn he was like hulk smashing that shit", D.O heard the whispers once more, this time listening intently...

Video? Someone took a video of me?, D.O's trails of thoughts stops when he remembered a certain someone in the group with his phone videoing Baekhyun and Chanyeol's fight... He must've filmed D.O too.

Fuck me, D.O thought, trying to think of ways to avoid people more than he used to. He can already sense people coming up to him and asking so many questions. He grabs his phone from underneath his pocket, texting Suho an S.O.S, waiting for his friend to tell him what to do in this situation.

Fuck me. Fuck this. Arghhhh! Fuck a duck!', screams echoes from the inside of the boy's changing room, where a certain cubicle is occupied by Byun Baekhyun, trying to change his bandage. To say his arm is in pain is a downplay within itself. After getting checked in the healer's office, he found out that that bastard, Chanyeol gave him a second fucking degree burn. The healer was quick enough to retouch the first few layers of his skin, and the healer promised that once his skin has healed properly, he's going to help Baekhyun get rid of the ugly scar that's most likely going to stay on his arm, but the pain is still there. Jesus, was it still there. Baekhyun had to re bandage his arm every five hours, so he won't get any infections and that within itself was a long process, but add on to the fact that it was a painful ass process, Baekhyun can only complain as he finishes re bandaging himself. He got out to find a boy staring weirdly at him. Has he been here the whole time?

"What are you looking at?", Baekhyun threatens the boy who had a pink lanyard. He's a freshmen. Probably have no idea what went on last week, because freshmens finishes early on Fridays. Which Baekhyun thought was bullshit, but he wasn't one to voluntarily voice his opinion on that kind of subject. He looks at himself at the mirror one more time, seeing his right arm wrapped in bandages, which were wrapped around his neck. Fuck. How am I going to write?, Baekhyun thought, getting more and more angry at how much inconvenience Chanyeol is putting him through.
'I should've kept my mouth fucking shut. Should've kissed his ass. At least I'd still have a working hand', Baekhyun mumbles to himself, fixing a part of his hair which was out of place, struggling as he tries to gel it down with one hand. He looks to his right to see the freshmen still staring at him like a weirdo. He faces the young man who was getting changed for something Baekhyun had no care for.

'Do you mind? I'm trying to keep myself sane here', Baekhyun approaches the boy, warning him with a cold look to not mess with him. Not today of all days. The freshmen ran out as soon as he finished changing, looking really scared by the senior who was too busy mumbling to himself how much he hates Park Chanyeol.

'You watch out Park Chanyeol. I will make your life an absolute living hell', Baekhyun continues to mumble to himself, alone in the changing room, five minutes left before the bell for first period rings.

'You know for someone who's really smart, you have no idea how to pick up your phone', Kai shouts across the room as he sees Xiumin walking inside the history classroom. Kai didn't even know he shared a lesson with Xiumin, although he never shows up to his morning lessons, so he could have Xiumin in quite a lot of his classes now that he was thinking about it.

Xiumin ignores him, but sits down next to Kai despite the fact that the class is still half empty and he could still choose to sit anywhere else. Xiumin looks forward, giving Kai the cold shoulder, opening his back and prepare his notes before the teacher comes in.

'Come on Xiumin. We had something going for us last week', Kai jokes, his head intruding the other's personal space, head butting his way to make eye contact with Xiumin. The older guy keeps his cool together, getting out his phone to ignore Kai. 'Oh we'll see about that', Kai whispers, noticing Xiumin indulging himself to a game, completely ignoring him. Kai pulls out his phone and looked for Xiumin's contacts.

Xiumin right now was genuinely getting into the game, just before he got to beat his high score however, an incoming call stops the game. Xiumin looks closely to see Kai's name. He sighs and looks over at Kai, who's phone was on his face, clearly laughing at the fact that he ruined Xiumin's high score.

'You little shit', Xiumin whispers to him, resulting in Kai busting out the biggest smile.

'Ha! You spoke to me', Kai laughs, facing the front of the class, now that he had successfully broken Xiumin's silent treatment. He carried on laughing and Xiumin can only hit Kai's head out of frustration. *He's such a fucking kid*, Xiumin thought, instantly regretting the fact that he wanted to be friends with Kai because he looked like one of the tough cool kids. Xiumin looks over at Kai who's still smiling, now with two cartons of chocolate milk in his hands. Did he just teleport to the canteen to grab himself some chocolate milk? Kai sways from left to right whilst drinking the chocolate milk.

'Dude, could you freeze me up some ice? This will taste way better cold'.

_Cool kid my fucking ass_, Xiumin thought, shaking his head back and forth, _Maybe I should've_
'Dude! Come on! We're going to be late!', Chen shouts at Chanyeol, who's still inside of his car, looking at himself on the side mirror. Chen didn't want to be late again to his biology lesson. Mr Jungmin was already hitting him in the head for his failed pop quiz last week, he didn't need another lecture from him. 'In three seconds, I will be leaving your ass hear', Chen warns, as Chanyeol took his time to get out of his car and walk over to where Chen was.

'I swear to god. Why do I put up with you', Chen complains as he rushes inside the school building, rushing to his locker, which was luckily just outside the main entrance of the school, calculating that he has enough time to get his biology books, but not enough to put his chemistry books inside. Who cares, he'll just have to carry four textbooks during the morning period. That's fine.

'Come on Chen. You're the one complaining about being late but here you are taking your time', Chanyeol blabs on, showing off the fact that he was a lot more organised than Chen, who is busying himself into fitting his last biology textbook in his already cramped bag.

'I will cut your throat if you carry on doing that', Chen warns, finally zipping up his stuffed back before running for his life along the corridor to their biology class, with Chanyeol right behind him.

Omphf!', they both bumped into a locked door, as Chen tries to open the door once more. It won't budge. Chen was now giving his all in pushing the door open.

'Kim Jongdae and most likely Park Chanyeol. You are five minutes late to my class, which means you wait outside and listen to my lesson sitting outside', Mr Jungmin says between the locked door. Chen wraps his hands around his hair, ready to pull it out. This has been the third time in a row when they have been locked out of the lesson. It was so embarrassing sitting next to the locked door, trying to make notes with the muffling voices of Mr Jungmin, whilst people with hall passes looked at you like a total weirdo.

'Chanyeooooool! I told you to hurry this time!', Chen complains, sliding his back against the wall and landing on his butt, breathless as he just ran across the school building to get to their biology lesson. Chen looks in front to see his best friend breathlessly sitting on the floor, already taking out his notepad and preparing for the lesson on the floor of the hallway. 'Why did I even bother', Chen laughs, grabbing his pencil case and throwing a pen to Chanyeol.

'Thanks. I needed one', Chanyeol catches the pen in one hand, laughing along with Chen.

'You always do', Chen smiles, trying to get more comfortable sitting on the floor as they hear Mr Jungmin shout about the circulatory system.
Chapter End Notes

A starter chapter, to prepare the crew for their community service by the end of school.
The local community centre was an old building used by the school and other organisations to use for social gatherings and charity events. It's over run and almost falling apart, with the drains making loads of creaking noises, signalling that the building are in its last stages before it falls apart. However, the people in the community continue to use it despite it's worrying problems, such as light outages and such. Luckily for the school, the community centre sits right next to the school building, also using it to dump all their troublesome kids to volunteer working for the
community centre. And that is exactly what is happening right now, with eight awkward teenagers sitting on chairs placed around the main hall of the centre, spreading out from each other, trying to avoid contact. Suho and D.O sits at the front of the hall, with D.O busying himself with reading another book, whereas Suho sits patiently, looking around the hall to find that the rest chose the back to reside and wait for the community centre's manager.

Baekhyun sits in the corner of the hall, taking the chair at the end, avoiding contact with a certain some one, in case they start fighting and he burns his other arm. Baekhyun, being known as a loner, did not look awkward sitting by himself, as he plays with his powers out of boredom, creating flickering balls of small light hover around his hands, looking like fireflies have taken hold of Baekhyun's hands. Through out the day, Baekhyun notice his inability to create light from his right hand, as the burn in his arms stops him from putting too much pressure on his hand due to the seething pain. He sighs heavily, whispering to himself to get a grip, before anger takes its toil and make Baekhyun do something he'll only regret later.

Another person who sits by himself in the middle of the hall, is the orange boy sophomore, who Suho looked at curiously, wondering what the boy's name was. D.O flickers a side eye towards his friend, noticing Suho's attention being solely on the sophomore kid. He had hoped that Suho would learn from his mistakes last week that butting into people's business is a bad idea, but here they are now, dealing with the consequence of his friend's action, yet finding that Suho still hasn't learnt his lesson yet.

'Don't even think about it', D.O murmurs, licking his finger and turning the next page of his book. Suho stops his gaze from the boy and turns around, following his friend's threat, already feeling guilty that he had drag D.O into this.

'Man, the manager is taking her time getting here. Shall we just ditch?', Kai whispers, his phone at its lowest battery life, giving Kai with nothing to do but to wait in silence, with Xiumin by his side. Kai looks over to Xiumin's phone, which still had full battery, watching Xiumin playing a game and trying to keep himself entertain.

'You go. I'm not getting in more shit', Xiumin says, urging that boy next to him to leave if he wants, but showing clear signs that he will no longer follow Kai in his next endeavours, eyes still fixate on the game. Kai through out the day had shown signs of being one of the most popular boy in school, with people left and right following them all through out lunch and afternoon period. It was odd for Xiumin to see Kai latching onto him, when he had so many other friends to hang out with. Although, Xiumin did also realise that Chanyeol's popularity was way ahead of Kai's, earning high fives all around the school corridor and a bunch of people surrounding him and Chen during lunchtime, despite the fact that Chanyeol was one of the main causes of the cafeteria scenario. However, the whole school was forced to eat outside of school because of it, earning Chanyeol bonus points as the whole school can now hang outside of the school building during lunch time, which meant that Chanyeol is getting more popular than he was before. Not that Xiumin cares. There was a quiet agreement among them that they all thought Chanyeol was a dickhead. Apart from Chen, when Chanyeol walked into the hall, a row of sigh passed as they await for the irritating boy to start talking shit, or worse, start picking fights again... Which is exactly what he does.

'Hey hulk boy, I saw the video going around of you. Damn, I didn't notice how fucking strong you were! I mean, I didn't even know you had earth bending powers', Chanyeol calls out from the back of the hall, where he and Chen sat polar opposite from Baekhyun. D.O carries on reading, but Suho notices him tense up a bit. D.o texted him this morning about it and he saw how uncomfortable D.O looked when people started approaching him all of a sudden.
'He doesn't want to talk about it', Suho replies, trying to defend his friend, who sits quietly at the front, refusing to face Chanyeol.

'Yeah, but I wasn't asking you was I'

'I know, I'm sorry, but my friend would most likely not want to-

'Well, I'd like to hear that from him'

'Could you shut up? The kid says he doesn't want to talk about it', Baekhyun interrupts, failing to back away from Chanyeol any longer as his argument was proving once again, how annoyingly stupid he was. Xiumin and Kai both close their eyes, realising that once Baekhyun adds himself in the mix, it'll only get worse.

'Why don't you shut up and mind your own business?', Chanyeol calls back, looking over to the red headed boy who is now facing him, right arm bandaged and wrapped around his neck. Baekhyun's lip piercing moves as he licks his lips in frustration.

'I could say the same thing to you', Baekhyun shouts back, his left arm clenched. Chen who sat beside Chanyeol, closes his eyes and waits for Chanyeol's screaming.

'Fucking say that again!'.

There it is, Chen thought, looking up and preparing himself to hold back his friend, something he was beginning to get the hang of, as he found himself doing it more often nowadays.

'Mind your fucking business', Baekhyun replies, sarcastically answering Chanyeol's threat, but thankfully, before Chanyeol could move towards Baekhyun, a small woman in her mid thirties rolls into the hall, with a big grin on her face and a loud squeaky laugh, which diverts everyone's attention from Baekhyun and Chanyeol and to the front of the hall. The woman is wearing a polo shirt with the word manager ironed at the left side of the blue shirt.

'Wow. You're all here! We haven't had this much volunteers in a long time! This is great!', she squeaks, shrinking at the sight of eight strong and able bodies to finally help her with all the hard work, 'Now, I've been told that you were all sent here because you've done something very bad, but! I hope through this, we can all finally get along and be useful to society', she squeals some more, making Kai groan at her over enthusiasm. God, she's one of those, Kai thought, mewling at the over exaggerated motivational speech that's going to come from her every day.

'Now, luckily for you all, I have a lot of things I need for you all to do. But let's start with the charity baking event which took place yesterday. The back field beside the centre is tarnished, I need all of you to pick up all the trash and separate them from recyclable to non recyclable. Got it?', she shouts, clapping her hands to motivate them. A clap returns to her from the orange hair boy, who claps along with her.

'Great, another weirdo in our presence', Chanyeol mutters to Chen, looking quite disgusted at the sophomore kid who looks more excited than he should be, even Baekhyun from across the room is judging the sophomore kid. Its like he wanted to do community service, Baekhyun thought to himself.

'Good!', the woman shouts even more excitedly after the unexpected earnest reply, 'Now, I've set you all up in groups, four to pick up the recyclable waste and the other four for the non recyclable', she explains, grabbing a piece of paper from her back pocket, with all the students names on them.

'Oh Sehun, Kim Junmyeon, Byun Baekhyun and Kim Jongin for the recyclable team', she shouts
out, calling out the real names of the students, both Suho and Kai who did not go by their real name blush at the sound of it, feeling awkward as no one calls them by their real name, not even their parents.

'Who the fuck are Junmyeon and Jongin?', Chanyeol calls out, curious as to who they were, as he was oblivious to Suho and Kai standing and making their way to the front, where their equipments lay, waiting for them.

'Have a wild fucking guess. Who are the two standing who's real name you don't know', Baekhyun calls back out to Chanyeol sarcastically, officially giving up to avoid the boy, his lack of common sense irritating him more than his burnt arm.

'Fuck off. I didn't know they had fake names!', Chanyeol retorts back, flipping the finger to Baekhyun, who is now sticking his tongue out and flipping the finger back to Chanyeol.

'It's not a fake name. It's a nickname', Suho corrects Chanyeol, grabbing hold of a long trash stick and a black bin bag, going back to sit back down to D.O, who looks worried that they're not in the same group.

'Same difference', Chanyeol mutters to himself, as he, Chen, D.O and Xiumin make their way to the front of the hall and grab their equipments.

'Now, before you all make a move and start, there's one more thing you all need to do', the woman squealed again, moving behind the stage of the hall, carrying out a box full of bright orange jumpsuits. No fucking way, they all thought, as they watch her bring out eight pieces of the diabolic pieces of trash and piling it on a table. 'You all need to wear these, so your pretty clothes won't get dirty', she smiles, reaching out her hand with a fist full of the jumpsuits towards them. They all stand in silence, waiting for someone to come and snatch one, but to no avail, the manager is kept waiting. It wasn't until the sophomore kid walks up to the front and grabs hold of one of the jumpsuit. He smiles and give the manager a small bow, making his way outside.

'Um, excuse me Miss... I'd rather have my clothes get a little dirty', Chanyeol excuses himself, moving pass her and following the sophomore kid, who he sees is already putting the overalls on, covering his clothes with tacky orange, khaki-type overalls, matching the kid's brightly dyed hair. Chanyeol felt disgusted.

'Sorry mister, but everyone has to wear it. Otherwise I won't register you for today, meaning your volunteer doesn't count', she says, pushing the overalls into Chanyeol's hands, and with that sentence, the rest of them piled around the table, quickly grabbing an overall each, making sure the manager can see, so they can be marked in.

The group of eight are now wondering around the park, filled with trash from yesterday, Chen lifts his trash stick to find a rotten cupcake at the end of it. He wince in disgust and shoved it inside his black bin. All eight of them wearing the orange overalls, footsteps crossing each other's path once in a while. Baekhyun made sure he was in the other side of the field, opposite from Chanyeol, with Kai and Suho and also the orange hair boy who was called Sehun tagged along with them.

'So Sehun, what are you here for? Burned a canteen too?', Suho tries to make a conversation with the sophomore kid, who they notice was earnestly following them every time they move from one
place to the next. The boy just shrugs in reply, continuing to pick up any empty bottles and paper plates with his trash stick. Kai notices the kid not budging from the group, but not making conversation either. He's weird, he thought to himself, sighing whilst picking up a paper cup from the grass and noticing an earth worm wriggling underneath the cup.

'Ewww. Holy shit fuck!', Kai squirms, looking at the long worm and flinching from the sudden fright. Suho and Baekhyun laughs at the tall boy's sudden movement.

'Don't tell me you're scared of worms Kai', Baekhyun laughs, looking at Kai's disgusted face, looking straight at the worm.

'Not scared. Just disgusted', Kai defends himself, still looking at the worm, whilst making his way to the other side of Suho, furthering himself away from the worm.

'Well, it looks to me that you're scared of it. Ooohh, tough guy Kai is sooo scared of worms', Baekhyun makes fun of it, making ugly faces, imitating Kai's flinches, whilst Suho continues to laugh at Baekhyun's jokes.

'Shut up will you. I told you. I'm not scared of it', Kai continues to defend himself, arguing back and flailing his trash stick towards Baekhyun, waving it about to warn him to stop, all three starts laughing until a loud bang shocks all of them. They look down to see Sehun's trash stick bang onto the earth worm, squishing it to death.

'What the fuck was that for?', Suho winces, looking at the now crushed worm, all three seniors stillled, their jokes cut short by Sehun, Kai looking more disgusted at the worm than when it was alive and wriggling. All three of them looks down at the dead worm and simultaneously looks back up to look at the sophomore kid.

'You said you were scared of it', Sehun finally spoke out, a squeaky soft voice came out of the small kid, wiping his trash stick on the grass before carrying on picking trash. The seniors looks at each other, all thinking the same thing, this kid is getting weirder.

'We were just joking', Suho whispers, looking once more at the crushed worm and making his way toward the middle of the field, following Baekhyun and Kai who started making their way back to where they started.

On the other side of the field, were D.O and Xiumin rolling their eyes so deep, they might lose their sight, and they wished they did, as they hear Chanyeol singing, quite badly, whilst dancing around with his trash kick, using it as a prop to his ridiculous dancing.

'When you see my face, hope it gives you hell! Hope it gives you hell!', Chanyeol screams at the top of his lungs, jumping around, holding the end of his trash stick in front of his face, now using it as a microphone, whipping his head back and forth to his stupid singing. It was enough being stuck with Chanyeol, but his best friend, Chen, followed along Chanyeol, suddenly using his trash stick as a guitar, making weird noises that were suppose to be 'guitar' noises, but honestly, he sounded like godzilla having sex with a dinosaur.

'I'm going to kill myself', D.O murmurs to himself, whilst picking up burnt candles, looking down to scan the area for more trash.

'Sign me up', Xiumin whispers behind him, hearing D.O's murmur of complaints and agreeing with it, following the only sane person around. The two boys made their way around the perimeter, scanning to see that the field was rid of trash 'Finally. We're done', Xiumin heaves out a sigh of relief, lifting his hand for a high five from D.O, which he shyly comply, looking down on the
ground. They both begin to tie their trash bags filled with rubbish, calling out to the two idiots in front of them.

'Hey, fools! I think we're finished here! Let's get a move on!', Xiumin calls out, watching the two boys have their own concert in the middle of the field, Chanyeol continuing to use his trash stick as a mic and singing another rock song quite badly, whereas Chen was busy making awful noises as background noise to Chanyeol's shit singing, spinning his trash bag round and round, getting too into their stupidity and losing grip of his bag, sending it flailing all over the field, all the trash which he collected now piles around the field once again.

'No fucking way', D.O breathes out, looking at the field, now filled with trash from Chen's trash. He heard Chanyeol's laughter in the corner, as the pair begin to laugh at Chen's stupidity.

'For fuck's sake!', Xiumin screams in utter frustration, stomping his way towards the two shitheads who've just doubled their time, 'Chen you little piece of shit! What is your problem? We've just finished clearing the field and you've manage to fuck it up again!', Xiumin bellows, hands grabbing the boy's collar. 

Oh Shit, D.O thought as he races over to where Xiumin, Chen and Chanyeol were,
Not again.

'Hey, let go of him man. It was an accident', Chanyeol budges in, his arms trying to shove the older boy's arm away from his friend.

'I don't care if it's intentional or by accident. We have to clear up. Again!', Xiumin shouts, his grip only tightening to Chen's collar.

'Guys, please, I beg you, let's just finish the day calmly, shall we?', D.O finally made his way over to the other three, arms around Xiumin, urging him to back out. Chanyeol continue to shove Xiumin's strong arms from his friend, whilst D.O was busying himself with trying to pry Xiumin's arms off of Chen, wishing they could just pick up the fallen trash now, instead of wasting time fighting each other. Xiumin glares at Chen for a minute, before he pushes Chen off of him.

'You're so hot', Chen randomly blurts out, confusing the fuck out of everyone who are in the middle of the tense atmosphere.

'What the fuck dude?', Chanyeol call to his friend, confused as just a minute ago, he was ready to punch Xiumin for Chen, and D.O can only stare between Xiumin and Chen, before giving up and walking away, picking up his trash stick which he threw on the floor before grabbing hold of Xiumin, thinking another fight might persue, apparently not.

'What the fuck', Xiumin comments, looking at Chen, who is know making seductive eye contact at him.

'You're Xiumin right?', Chen begins, trying to get his flirt on, but Xiumin shrugs in disgust before Chen could go any further with his pickup line or whatever else he was going to do.

'Stay away from me', he call back to the two, before making his way to D.O who's busy picking up the trash as quickly as possible, 'What the fuck was that', Xiumin whispers to himself, looking at D.O in utter confusion. The boy next to him can only shrug in confusion, missing his sane friend more, now that he's surrounded by a bunch of weird shitheads.

'Don't look at me. I don't know shit', D.O replies, looking up to see Chen checking them out with Chanyeol smacking him in the head, with a wtf look on his face.
Well done everybody! You managed to get the field squeaky clean! I'm impressed! With you all here, the whole place will be spick and span in no time! Oh! Wait till we start planning charity events together!, the manager squeaks out loud, making the eight tired boys grimace in discomfort, her voice getting more and more annoying by the minute. They're all out of the ugly overalls, with Xiumin and Kai sitting right at the front, just in case Chen follows him. Xiumin keeps on looking back whilst the manager carries on giving her speech, looking to see Chen never taking his eyes off of him, winking every time they made eye contact. Xiumin turns around and gagged, trying to push the image of Chen winking out of his head. Chanyeol can only look at his best friend with a disgusted face, watchinf Chen try to flirt with the new kid.

'Chen. Could you fucking stop? You're going to make me throw up', Chanyeol shoves Chen's shoulder, threatening him to stop with his shit moves, that obviously wasn't working and is only making Chanyeol feel more disgusted, having to witness it all.

'Are you okay dude?', Kai asks Xiumin, who's face looks like he was going to be sick. Xiumin can only shake his head, waiting for the manager to finish, so they can teleport out of here.

'Alright. I'll see you all tomorrow afternoon! Let's all get our game face on, because I have a lot up my sleeves for tomorrow!', the manager finishes off, fisting her hand up in the air like a weirdo, trying to make all of them do it, 'Come guys. In three, two, one, say yay!', the manager shouts, urging them to join her hyperactivity.

'yay', they all groan, face looking bored and eyes tired after all the lifting their were doing. The manager finally leaves them, giving Chen time to rush forward to Xiumin.

'Quick dude, teleport us out of here!', Xiumin exclaims, watching Chen make his way towards him, Kai looks at him in confusion.

'I thought we were walking home?', Kai questions Xiumin, looking ahead to see D.O approaching him all of a sudden.

'Dude, fucking teleport us out of here now!', Xiumin demands, holding onto Kai, and with that, they zapped out of everyone's view. D.O and Chen looks confused, staring at the now empty seat which Kai and Xiumin were just sitting in five seconds ago.

*Dammit, I was going to ask Kai about the video*

*Dammit, I was going to ask Xiumin out on a date*

Both D.O and Chen stand in defeat, before they both make their way towards their friends.

'Dude, stop that. You look like a shithead', Chanyeol tells his friend, wrapping his arm around Chen's shoulder, swinging his bag on his shoulder, as they both made their way out of the centre.

'You should've asked me D.O, I was with Kai the whole afternoon', Suho comforts his friend, forgetting about D.O's video, feeling guilty for his friend for not asking Kai about it.

'Don't worry about it. I'll ask tomorrow...', D.O breathes out, sighing as the pair walks out of the centre, step by step, Suho draining the silent by listing the food his mum was going to make for dinner, of course inviting D.O over.

Baekhyun pulls out his headphones from his pocket, blocking out his surrounding and making his way out of the centre and into the main road, walking to the left, towards his house. He felt a soft
touch on his shoulder, making him pull out one of his headphones and turning around to find the weird sophomore kid right behind him.

'What's up kid?', he asks, annoyed that even after serving community service with a bunch of twats, he is still being harassed.

'I'm walking in the same direction... Can I walk with you?', Sehun asks the senior, voice small and head bowed down. If it was any other person, Baekhyun would've told them to fuck off and carried on walking, but he looks at the sophomore kid, feeling sorry for him for some reason unknown to Baekhyun right now, making him give in to more human interaction.

'Sure kid', he replies, plugging his headphones back in his ears, walking in silence as the younger boy rushes to walk beside him, the pair walking towards the direction opposite of Sehun's house.

Chapter End Notes

excuse some of the wrong grammar and weird sounding sentences here and there. I have a bad habit of not proof reading most of my work.
Library Fiasco.

Chapter Summary

The group gets put into pairs to see if they can really work with each other, and what better place to put them then in the quietest place in school.

OST Part 4: The All American Rejects - Gives You Hell.

1. Monday: KIM JONGIN & DO KYUNGSOO
2. Tuesday: BYUN BAEKHYUN & PARK CHANYEOL
3. Wednesday: OH SEHUN & KIM JUNMYEON
4. Thursday: KIM MINSEOK & KIM JONGDAE
5. Friday - Cafeteria duties: EVERYONE
D.O looks at the sheet of paper that he and Suho were given in the morning by their principal, showing them their allotted time for when they have to volunteer in school, which was also one of their punishments. Most week, it seems like they're all going to be stuck in the library during lunchtime, which D.O didn't mind at all, since he practically lived there, but he looks at the sheet again, seeing that on Fridays, they will all be forced to interact with each other in school as well as outside.

'Remind me never to go in the library on Tuesdays from now on', Suho tells D.O, stuffing his paper into his bag and sighing at the fact that Baekhyun and Chanyeol are stuck with each other once again, and Suho prayed for them not to burn the library today. D.O looks at his friend sympathetically, annoyed at the fact that the teacher's just couldn't take a hint that those two did not get along with each other, yet they keep forcing them to interact. He was upset that once again, he's not partnered up with Suho, but instead Kai, who looks intimidating even from afar. It'll be a down statement to say that D.O is scared of Kai. He is terrified of the boy.

'Don't worry about Kai', his friend comforts him, knowing how sad it is that they were both forced apart, 'Kai's actually quite funny, and not that intimidating', Suho informs, going back to what happened yesterday with the worm. Kai didn't look or feel all that intimidating, but he only hanged around with him for one day, so he didn't know too much, nonetheless, he attempts to comfort D.O.

'I still don't understand why they put Baekhyun and Chanyeol together...', D.O reverts the subject, looking at his sheet one more time and looks as the two name that started it all.

'Maybe it's psychological?', Suho begins, sitting beside D.O and waiting for their teacher to walk in, so their English lesson can start, 'The more time people spent with each other, the more they might get along. Maybe that's what they're trying to do with those two...', Suho analyses, but D.O just huffs, knowing full well that it will do the exact opposite.

'I just hope they don't burn the library to the ground', D.O breathes out, zipping his pencil case open and grabbing a pen as their English teacher walks through the door, Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* in her hand.

'Alright everyone. I hope you've all given in your report for this play today...', the teacher begins her lesson, both Suho and D.O at the front listening intently, but in the back of both their minds, they wonder just how lunchtime will play out, with two of the worst students being stuck in the most quiet place in the school.

'Sir, I think you're making a big mistake!', Baekhyun whines, running straight to the principal's office once he saw the sheet of names given to him and finding his name written besides the devil himself. He turned the corner to find that Chanyeol was already talking to the principal, persuading for a switch from Baekhyun.

'Sir, please, I don't want to look at his face anymore than I need to!', Chanyeol pleads, holding up his sheet of paper and holding it out for the principal to change, but the headmaster sits still and cool behind his desk, continuing to write an email to whoever, not looking at the two pestering
students.

'See look! How do you expect me to be stuck with a complete moron?!', Baekhyun complains, pointing at the stupidity that is Chanyeol, both voices whining over the other as they state more and more excuses as to why this decision is dumb, but to no avail. The principal stops writing for a minute and looks over the two arguing boys, thanking God everyday that he doesn't have children.

'Alright. I'll give you a better deal. Both of you won't need to volunteer to work in the school library', the principal begins, making both Baekhyun and Chanyeol silent at the principal's kind suggestion, with Chanyeol almost shouting 'yes' to it, but the principal continues with his offer, 'But that means you two will carry on with your community service, on the weekend', he states, making both the students droop their shoulders to the idea. Working on the weekend? Baekhyun and Chanyeol looks at each other, for once agreeing with something. The principal looks at the two defeated students, knowing well that he finally made them shut up, going back to his computer, continuing to type, 'I expect to see the both of you in the library at lunch, working diligently', the principal dismisses them with a wave, Baekhyun stomping out of the office, not even making eye contact with the son of a bitch who insulted him in front of the principal.

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Beep. Chanyeol scans one of the library books that a freshmen brought back a minute ago, looking around the quiet library and wanting to pull his hair with just how boring this is. He couldn't believe that people were voluntarily spending their lunch hours in the library. Not even the two smart asses, Suho and D.O can be seen in the library right now. He stacks the book onto the overflowing cart, waiting for Baekhyun to come back and organise the returned books back on the book shelves. After a few more minutes and five more books which nearly tipped the whole mountain of books on the cart, Chanyeol lifts his head in search for the brat.

Why isn't he coming back?, Chanyeol thought, sighing as he stands up from his seat, pushing the cart outside the reception and towards the many book shelves of the school library, looking for Baekhyun. After strolling the cart around the first few bookshelves, he finally saw Baekhyun, with his cart still filled with books, taking his time to read the spine of the books and slowly placing them to each shelf.

'Hey. What the fuck are you doing?', Chanyeol hisses, making sure he stays quiet, so he doesn't get reported by one of the snitchy freshmen. Baekhyun turns around to find Chanyeol pushing a new cart of books to him, 'You are taking forever with those book. Just fucking stuff them in the shelves and move on', Chanyeol whispers, getting more pissed as Baekhyun carries on reading the spine of the book, before placing it in a specific place on the shelf.

'No. You're suppose to put it in genre order, then alphabetic order of the author's surname', Baekhyun whispers back, picking up another book from his cart and strolling the cart onto the next shelf. Chanyeol glares at Baekhyun, before following him, bringing his cart along with him.

'You piece of shi-', Chanyeol takes a breath, trying to get rid of his irritation with Baekhyun, who carries on being an extra motherfucker, and looking at each of the books closely, but before he can argue with Baekhyun more, a voice call out from the front of the library.

'Anyone here? I'm here to take out a book', someone calls out from the front, diverting Chanyeol's attention.
'Yepp. I'll be right there', He calls out, earning a glare from studying students who did not appreciate his loud shout, 'You better hurry up with this before I come back', Chanyeol warns the mullet haired boy, glaring at him one last time, before walking his way up to the desk and putting on a fake smile at the waiting freshmen, holding five books out. *Nerd.*

'What a fucker', Baekhyun whispers, scrunching his face at the thought of Chanyeol. Just as Baekhyun was getting into the groove of putting the books back to their place, Chanyeol glides into view and ruins his mood, 'Let's see how fucking cool you are', Baekhyun continues to whisper on, grabbing a lighter from his back pocket and opening a random page from a book he's holding.

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'Finally. Thank God', Chanyeol celebrates to himself, as he heard the school bell, signalling the end of lunch. He grabs his bag, pushing pass Baekhyun and practically skipping out of the library.

'Park Chanyeol, wait. Come here for a second', the librarian stops Chanyeol's footsteps, he frowns whilst he turns around and make his way back to the library desk. The librarian was holding out a book to Chanyeol, a disappointed and angry expression plasters on her face, 'Would you like to explain this?', she asks, looking intently at Chanyeol, who stands confused, looking at the ordinary book.

'Um. It's a book?', Chanyeol suggests, seriously having no clue as to what the lady was trying to point out. His reply made the librarian even more upset, now glaring at the student.

'Now is not the time for games', she says, flipping through the pages of the book, showing Chanyeol bun pages of the book. He freezes. She didn't actually think Chanyeol did it?

'Miss... I didn't do that... I was in the front desk the whole time!', Chanyeol defends himself, finding it absolutely absurd that he gets blamed for anything that had to do with fire. Like how every time the fire alarm goes off, all the students lined up outside looks over at Chanyeol, even though he had *never* used his power to make the alarm go off. He honestly felt discriminated.

'Baekhyun told me you did go into one of the bookshelves', the librarian contradicts Chanyeol's claims, which took Chanyeol off guard, as he stares at Baekhyun who slowly made his way out of the library door, giving Chanyeol the finger, before disappearing from view. *Oh that sly motherfucker.*

The six teenagers sit inside the hall, in the seats they sat on yesterday, Xiumin making the front seat their permanent seat, looking around to catch a certain someone who's been following him around all day.

'I don't understand why Chen kept wanting to hang out with us at lunch', Kai drains on, oblivious to his friend's situation as he carried on eating in the new and renovated canteen, too busy stuffing his face to see Chen making goo goo eyes at an uncomfortable Xiumin.
'Just don't let him near us again', Xiumin begs Kai, who being a dumb fucker, said yes to Chen's offer to sit with him at the front table, gawking at how fresh the canteen looks after the school fixed the once cracked floor. If Kai's powers weren't teleportation, he would want powers which instantly fixed broken things, then he wouldn't have to keep buying headphones every month.

'I think Chen's quite nice when he's not hanging around Chanyeol', Kai blurs, fiddling with his phone, saving its batter by trying not to touch it through out the day. Luckily, it's at 50% right now, plenty for him to glue himself to his phone.

'He's a weirdo. He keeps following me around', Xiumin argues to his oblivious friend, not knowing what went on yesterday. He never told Kai what Chen said yesterday, being too freaked out to relive the memory. It wasn't a big deal, but what and Xiumin uncomfortable is how adamant Chen became afterwards, staring at Xiumin, looking him, constantly asking for his number. Like damn, calm down boy. Desperation is not a good look.

'Baekhyun! You motherfucker! Come here!', Chanyeol screams at the top of his lungs, banging the door and making an entrance. Everyone in the room, including Sehun, who didn't know much about the senior, was also starting to get annoyed with the teenager.

'Do you here that? It's the sweet voice of a dickhead who's just finished sucking dick', Baekhyun echoes back, sitting down on his chair, relaxed with his eyes closed, looking like he owned the centre. D.O looks back and forth between the two, nudging Suho, giving him an I told you so, look. Both D.O and Suho argued during lunch whether the 'psychological' experiment was going to work, clearly D.O was winning, after he argued that Baekhyun and Chanyeol could be the last living people in the world, but even then, they will never get along. Suho, being the angel who tries to see the good in people, argued that it could work. Suho sighs in defeat, looking back at Chanyeol, who's face is red in fury, Chen holding him back as always.

'Dude calm down. It's no big deal', he says to Chanyeol, being the only one in the group knowing why Chanyeol was ready to recreate what happened last Friday. But the group looks at each other, knowing fully well, that whatever happened, it probably happened in the library.

'No big deal?!! Fucker got me paying for the book and doing extra volunteering in the library on Tuesday mornings!', Chanyeol shouts at his friend, getting more pissed at his undeserving punishment for something Baekhyun done, 'I know it was you! Fucker', Chanyeol points fiercely at Baekhyun, eyes still closed, waiting patiently for the manager.

'Wait... What did he do?', Kai calls out to Chanyeol, curious as to what Baekhyun did to wound Chanyeol up in extra volunteering. Any more trouble and this guy could end up being expelled.

'He burnt a book with his lighter and framed me!', Chanyeol argues, the whole crowd looks at Baekhyun, both in awe of his smart move, but shocked. They've never witness Baekhyun actually attacking Chanyeol like that; to them, he was all words and no actions. Clearly this proves them wrong.

'Sehun, please don't get influenced with this fuckery', Xiumin turns around and sees the sophomore kid looking in awe to Baekhyun, who wasn't afraid to stand up for himself and cause mayhem in the process.

'You were annoying me with your existance', Baekhyun finally speaks out to Chanyeol, opening his eyes, his bandaged arm still in slight pain, as he redressed his bandages almost four hours ago, signalling Baekhyun to re bandage his arm. Chanyeol glares fiercely at him, trying to shove Chen's strong force around him.
'Guys! You're all here! This is great! I have such an exciting activity for all of you today!', the manager squeals her way into the hall, garnering all of the teenagers attention from the growing fight.

'You're going to be taking care of children today!', she squeaks in excitement, jumping up and down as she pulls a cart filled with boxes of arts and crafts materials. A reply of clapping can be heard as Sehun claps in excitement, looking like a kid himself.

*Fuck me*, the rest of the group thought, looking at each other, *We're fucking doom.*
'Excuse me? Taking care of what?', Chen asks, the whole group looking at each other once more, before settling their eyes to the boxes of paintbrushes and paper.

'The local kindergarten are doing their after school club here, because they're renovating the children's playground. Don't worry, it will only be for today', she gleams, rushing over to the side of the hall and entering a small room, pushing out a cart of basketballs and hula hoops, parking it at the centre of the hall, where the boxes of crafts and arts are, 'Now, I need four of you to set up the hall for the arts and crafts section and four of you to go outside and play with the children', she explains, clapping her hands together and cheering the teenagers on, 'And, since I saw your great
team work yesterday, I'm going to let you guys decide which will do which job. Now I have to say, those who are staying in the hall for arts and crafts have to wear the overalls again, in case you get paint all over, but those outside, you can wear your clothes as it is', she beams on, her hands clasp together and onto her chest, eyeing each teenager with a bright grin on her face, 'This is going to be exciting! I'll be at the front waiting for the school bus to arrive. Everyone! Get started', she claps, skipping out of the hall, leaving seven teenagers giving each other a look, already fighting for their job.

'I dibs arts and craft!', Chanyeol bellows, running towards the boxes of paintbrushes and hugging it tightly, the seven teenagers sprint to Chanyeol, tugging on the boxes.

'No! I wanna do it!', Baekhyun screams, fighting his way to the other boxes, making sure he stays away from the basketball cart. God forbid, one of them actually had to take care of kids running around outside. For them, it was like trying to take care of rampaging zombies; always moving about and never losing energy.

'No, let's think about it, I have earth bending powers. You can't trust me chasing around a kid. I might kill them!', D.O bellows in between the argument, trying to make excuses for him to stay indoors and at least take care of kids sitting down and in a perimeter where he can control them.

'Well I can electrocute them!', Chen follows along with D.O, using his powers as an excuse and grabbing hold on the piles of sugar paper placed underneath the table. They carry on fighting, making an excuse after another as to why they shouldn't be the one outside, however, one orange hair teenager stands beside the basketball cart, trying to cough loudly to gain the others attention, attempting to say that he'll volunteer going outside, but his voice was shadowed by the rest, screaming on top of each other, so he waits for the seniors to finish deciding, grabbing hold of the basketball, excited to play a game with them.

'Wait! Wait! Everyone quiet!', Suho shushes everyone, forcing each of them to let go of the boxes and grabbing them into a circle, forever trying to be a peacemaker, 'I can only think of one way to settle this', Suho starts, eyeing each of them to calm down and handle things more humanely, 'Rock, paper, scissors. Winners get to stay inside', Suho suggests, a pause between the members, but after a while, all six agrees, waving their arm to get ready. Suho turns around to look for the missing member, finding Sehun behind him and holding a basketball, 'You're not playing?', he asks, the group waiting for him to join the circle.

'No, I'm good. I'll go outside', he finally says once all the seniors gazes their attention to him.

'Oh thank God'.

'Means there's more chance of winning', Xiumin whispers, nervous as he readies himself.

'Okay... Everyone ready?', Suho begins, lifting his right arm in the air along with the others, tension garners between them as they gaze into each other's eye, trying to guess each others movements.

'Rock...'

'Paper...'

'Scissors!'. 
Children all around the hall are squealing to the sound of children's music playing in the background, all hell breaking loose as each teenager attempts to keep up with the little children's hyperactive behaviours, Chen too busy pulling a toddler's fingers out of his mouth to notice a little girl beside him eating paint with her paintbrush. Taking care of the kids was a burden within itself, but the fact that they had to keep their vocabulary down to PG-13, meaning no swearing of any kind, which really made Baekhyun all the more irritated, as most of his vocabulary were swearing or words that he wasn't allowed to say in front of the children.

'You have to help me draw the princess!', a little girl sitting next to Baekhyun whines, making him paint an abstract object that's suppose to be a princess. He rolls his eyes all the way to the back of his head, wondering when this little girl was going to get bored of him and bother someone else. The moment the kindergarten came into the hall, this girl went straight to Baekhyun's table, not moving, compared to the other kids, who would move around to the other tables.

'Hahaha! The paper is stuck to your back!', the children who sat at D.O's table laughs, as they each try to glue paper on to any part of D.O that their hands could reach, covering the poor boy in paper, with paint gliding all over his face, red and blue stripes going down his cheeks. He closes his eyes and holds his breath, counting to three, then breathing back out, finally he plasters a smile on his face and carries on entertaining the children with funny faces and cute drawings of animals. Chen, D.O, Baekhyun and Suho were in the main hall with arts and crafts, after winning a gruelling game of rock, paper, scissors. They sat on separate tables, accommodating 5-6 playful children, playing along with them. They all had to help the kids make random shit like 'paintings' or 'sculptures', but to them, it was just a bunch of drawings and squiggles that they couldn't make out. One time, Suho thought a little kid drew a dick, but the kid was commentating on his work, saying it was a kangaroo. Suho can only see a dick, but he carries on smiling and praising the kid's work. In fact, Suho is the only one in the hall who was getting the hang of it, his arms waving and dancing along with the music, making the children laugh with his silly dances. Chen looks over at how calm the kids at Suho's table were, jealous at the fact that he can control a bunch of kids, unlike him, he had to battle with his children. Why is this girl eating paint?, Chen questions, trying to grab the paint out of the little girl's hands, telling her off for eating the paint. As a result, she whines loudly, crossing her arms onto her chest and sticking her coloured tongue out to Chen. God, he hates this, but not as much as going outside.

'Everybody! Let's sing together!', Suho shouts, clapping his hands to the rhythm of the song, making all the children at his table sing along to the Disney song playing in the background, Chen looks around his table and sees his children looking at Suho's direction in envy. Oh you wanna play the game Suho, Chen looks over, feeling an urge of competitiveness as Suho gets praises by all the children.

'Guys, do you wanna see a trick I can do?', Chen smiles to his table, trying to get his children excited.

'What is it?', a little boy asks, eyes curious as Chen hold out his hand, laying it on the centre of the table.

'Touch my hand', Chen says, adding a small flickering tension to his hand, tiny static electricity making its way to his palm. The little boy touches Chen's palm, all the hair on his head all of a sudden stands up, as if there was no gravity holding it down. Chen's small static electrical currents rushes through the little boy, like one of the science ball toys he used to have in middle
school, making your hair stand up.

'Oh my God! Daehan look at your hair!', the children around the table laugh, reaching their hands out to try it out themselves. Soon, Chen's whole table are surrounded with children's hair lifting up towards the ceiling, laughing and giggling at how funny they look. Suho looks around to find where the source of laughter is coming from and sees Chen's tricks. He humphs in annoyance, his children's attention being taken away, as the kids on his table runs towards Chen. Suho sees Chen turning his head and sticking his tongue out to him.

'What a shithead', Suho whispers to himself, trying to find a way to get his kids back.

'Guys come on! Gather around!', Kai shouts over the court behind the community centre, ordering the children to come back to the front so he can introduce a new game. When the children first came, they were adamant on playing tag first, forcing the losers; Kai, Chanyeol, Xiumin and Sehun, to give in to the children's pleading, racing around the court, trying to catch each children. Kai thought the game went on for too long, so he would zap around the court, tagging as much children out as he can, but he earned a whiny 'You're no fun', from Sehun, who looks like he genuinely enjoyed playing with the children.

'Okay guys! Why don't we play a different game? How about a game of catch?', Kai shouts over, giving Xiumin and Chanyeol time to take a breather, as unlike Kai who can teleport from on corner of the court to the other, both teenagers had to run around all over the place, trying to play the game but also trying to pick up as much children who fell down during the game, which was a lot, 'Get into pairs everyone!', Kai takes control, waiting for the children to follow his orders.

'Oh my God... Why... Isn't... Suho... Here... I... Need... A... Drink', Chanyeol gasps out between breaths, wishing the water bender was here outside with them, so at least he can give them water. His useless fire power is only dehydrating him more. All of a sudden, he feels ice cold hands on his forehead, relaxing his sweaty body, turning around and seeing Xiumin offer his icy hands.

'Thanks dude', Chanyeol gasps in gratitude, wiping his sweat from his face, regaining his energy and standing next to Kai.

'No problem', Xiumin replies, who is also making his way beside Kai. The children cheers on as Kai pulls the cart of soft basketballs onto the playground, handing out a ball for each pair of children, noticing that one child is standing by himself; a skinny frame with thick glasses on his small face.

'Where's your partner kid?', Kai asks, looking around to see the other children already disperse and having the time of their life.

'No one wanted to be my partner', the boy whispers, looking down and kicking a small pebble with his foot.

'I'll be you partner!', Sehun's voice beams out all of a sudden, grabbing hold of the ball Kai was holding and jogging towards the skinny boy, smiling as he throws the ball to him. The boy lets out a toothy smile, braces showing as he gives Sehun a big grin, catching the ball and running to follow the orange hair boy.
That Sehun kid... He has a lot of stamina', Chanyeol comments, noticing the teenager who still has a lot of energy despite playing tag, catching and throwing the ball with the small kid, laughing loudly as the kid fails to throw the ball properly, leaving it to bounce across the playground instead.

'He's a sophomore. He's still got a lot of children's energy left in him', Xiumin replies, the three senior feeling more and more old, the longer they stare at Sehun.

'Oh come on guys. We're not that old yet. Let's join them and see what we still got', Kai bellows out, his energy still full as he teleport towards Sehun, surprising the sophomore as he grabs hold of the ball and runs away with it, making Sehun and the little boy run after him, laughing all the way.

'He could talk, he's got teleportation powers. He doesn't need to move about that much', Xiumin whines as he leans his arm on Chanyeol's shoulder, trying to regain as much energy, but a pair of children, one girl who had her black hair in pigtails and one boy who's dirty blonde hair stuck to his fringe due to his sweat, approach them with goofy smiles on their faces and grab both the teenager's hands, forcing them to join their game.

*Here we go again,* both Chanyeol and Xiumin thought.

Baekhyun was the least competitive among the group, eyeing each table as the other three tries to outdo each other in trying to make the children laugh. At first it was just Chen versus Suho, but once children started disappearing from D.O's table, he himself started to get competitive. The boy even went outside to get soil and showed all the little girls his ability to grow different types of flowers in pretty much five seconds, hanging each of his flowers behind their ear and calling them a princess. Baekhyun sighs, *Can they be more extra?*, he thought, looking over at Suho who is busying himself making a water fountain with his hands, forming liquid shapes in the air.

'I wanna be a princess', the little girl who never left Baekhyun echoes, looking over at D.O who is now growing a daffodil with the soil on the palm of his right hand, handing it out to another little girl, a heart shaped smile forms on his face. Only a few children are still on Baekhyun's table, too busy colouring their drawing to pay too much attention to what's going on behind them, 'I said, I wanna be a princess!', the girl next to Baekhyun whines, making a tantrum and causing a splurge of yellow paint onto Baekhyun's overalls.

'Shit up Jiyeon! You're too ugly to be a princess', a boy on Baekhyun's table blurts out, still drawing what Baekhyun believes to be a dinosaur. He frowns at the boy's comment, looking back to see the little girl angrier than ever.

'No I'm not!', she shouts back, earning a grown from the rest of the children.

'Yes, you are!', the boy shouts back, lifting his paper and moving from Baekhyun's table to D.O's, sitting down and going back to his drawings. *Damn, even kids can be dicks*, Baekhyun thought, as he notice the rest of the children in his table follow the little boy, not caring of the girl's feelings and sitting at D.O's table. He looks over and sees the little girl huff out angry tears, silent but red faced; she carries on drawing by herself, tears staining her paper. Baekhyun isn't one to care about people's problem, whether they were children or elderly, Baekhyun gave no fucks. That was the beauty of Baekhyun being the loner in high school; he was a loner by choice, giving no fucks
about high school parties or clubs or hanging out and getting drunk. He only cared about himself. But he couldn't leave the girl all alone after that nasty comment, because Baekhyun might be a loner, but he was also known as a person who stands up for himself, no matter the consequences, he doesn't take bullshit from anybody. He scoots over and bends his head at the level of the little girl.

'Hey girl. I don't think you're a princess either', Baekhyun whispers, looking at the crying girl who is still drawing and colouring in, 'I think you're better than a princess', he says, smiling down at her and waving for her to look at him. She stops drawing and looks at Baekhyun with tearary eyes, her chubby face scrunched up and red from the crying. Baekhyun's right arm is still bandaged but not wrapped around his neck, so he can now move it around freely. Ever since the burn, he's been trying to practice his powers on his right hand to see if he can regain his right arm strength; so far, his arm was still a little weary with his powers. He lifts his right hand anyway, facing the little girl, tensing his hand as hard as he can. All of a sudden, little lights flickers out of his hands, hovering around like fireflies on a starry night, he blows the tiny lights towards the little girl, the flickering fireflies wrapping itself around her, glowing more and more as they surround the girl.

'I think you're a fairy', Baekhyun says, smiling as he caught sight of the girl wiping away her tears, her little finger trying to touch the little lights, giggling as the lights only multiply around her.

'I'm a fairy!', she gleams as she stands up and runs around, the flickering lights following her every move, making her feel like a magical princess- no, a magical fairy, 'I'm better than a princess', she laughs, skipping around Baekhyun's table, waving her invisible magic wand, 'Abracadabra!', she laughs, waving her hand to Baekhyun, who acts like he's been hit by her magical wand.

'Did you guys have a wonderful time?', the manager asks the children, who are lining up towards the coat rack, preparing to leave the centre with the kindergarten teacher at the front of the open entrance, waiting for the children to follow.

'Yes!'

'Can we come again?'

'I don't want to leave!'

'Can I say bye to Suho one more time?'

The children shout over each other, laughing and yelling at how much fun they all had, making the manager smile with glee at the success of today's events. She couldn't have done this alone, and thanked the teenagers over and over again for helping her with the kids. She smiles and exchange a few words with the teacher, before leaving and making her way towards the main hall.

The main hall was tarnish to say the least, with Suho moping the wet floor due to all his water tricks and Chen holding a large bin by his side, whilst going around the room and picking up trash on each table. Baekhyun and D.O are busying themselves with sweeping the floors and scrubbing the paint off of walls and tables, when Baekhyun feels a small tug on the back of his overalls, he turns to find the little girl coming back to him, a toothy grin on her face and her arms around her back.
'What are you still doing here? You should be in the school bus by now', Baekhyun warns the girl, leaning the broomstick to the wall and bending down to look at the little girl.

'I made this for you', the little girl giggles shyly, her arms coming forward and handing Baekhyun a drawing:

[Image of a drawing]

Baekhyun stares at the cute drawing before noticing, 'Wait... Is that me?', Baekhyun points at the fairy with red highlights in its hair, wearing an orange dress. The little girl nods, pointing out Baekhyun's mullet hair brightly, proud of her drawing of the boy's hair, which Baekhyun disagrees, thinking it looked nothing like a mullet, in fact, the fairy itself didn't even look like a boy.

'Why am I wearing a dress', Baekhyun laughs, looking at the picture and trying to see any similarities of him, but he found nothing. He did notice a brown thing on his arm which could be his bandages, but other than that... This picture looks nothing like him.

'Because you're my fairy godmother! And fairy godmothers wears dresses!', she exclaims, twirling around in her pink dress, urging Baekhyun to do the same, which the boy refuses to do, but continues to smile at the girl, ruffling her hair.

'Jiyeon come on! The whole bus is waiting for you!', her teacher calls out, waiting impatiently for the little girl. Jiyeon turns to Baekhyun one last time, giving the boy's legs a hug, before racing to her teacher, grabbing hold of her hand as they make their way down the front entrance of the community centre.

Baekhyun looks at the picture one more time, smiling as he got up and reach for his broomstick. Kai, Sehun, Xiumin and Chanyeol make their way inside, with Sehun pushing the cart inside the small storage room, screams of joy echoing the hall as the four sweating boys can finally sit down and take a well earned break. D.O saw the tired boys sitting on the chairs, breathing heavily as they fan themselves, D.O thanked himself once again for choosing scissors whilst the remaining three chose paper; one wrong move and he would've been sitting with them right now, looking like death itself.

'Fucking finally! I can sit down and swear as much as I fucking want!', Chanyeol screams, leaning his head down the newly cleaned table. Suho notice the four tired boys, placing four empty cups on the table where they sat and turns his hands slightly, the empty cup now filled with water.

'Oh thank God!', Kai exclaims, taking a hold of the cup in front of him and gulping the water down instantly, the three follows him, grabbing their cup of water, and finishing it on one go.

'So how was it?', Suho asks, looking down on the breathless boys; they hadn't stopped running since they first entered the playground.

'It was amazing! The children were so much fun!', Sehun beams whilst trying to catch his breath, holding at his empty cup, asking Suho for more water.
'Not the answer I was expecting but...', Suho laughs, filling up their cups one more time, before packing all the boxes of spare arts and crafts material and making his way to a seperate storage room. Chen walks pass Baekhyun, picking up the last trash, noticing Baekhyun holding a piece of paper.

'You going to throw that away?', Chen asks, holding the bin out to Baekhyun, but the boy shakes his head, bringing the paper closer to him.

'No. A little girl gave it to me', Baekhyun replies, earning a confuse gaze from Chen.

'What? Let me see', Chen approaches Baekhyun, seeing a child's drawing on the paper, giving Chen a bigger frown on his face, 'What the actual fuck. I had to use all my tricks for them to like me and not one drawing was given to me!', Chen complains, setting the bin down and looking at the picture closely, seeing a tiny name at the corner of the drawing, Jiyeon.

'Wait... Baekhyun got a gift?' Suho calls out, hearing Chen's voice from inside the storage room and walking straight to the pair. Suho's hands reach for the drawing, looking at Baekhyun in wonder, 'How the fuck did you do that?', he whispers, as he remembers that Baekhyun literally did nothing but sit on his table quietly, he even notice that children started to leave his table and make their way to his, whereas he did everything he could to get the children to get along with him.

'What the hell... I gave them flowers', D.O murmurs, catching up to the other three, both Suho and Chen pining over the drawing, wishing they got one as well, 'After all the work I did...', D.O whispers, joining in the self-pity, after working so hard to make the children laugh, they got nothing but paint on their face and paper glued all over their overalls.

'Guys, get over yourselves. It's just a drawing', Chanyeol calls out, witnessing the odd event happening in front of him, looking weirdly among the three who looked more deflated than they should be at the fact that the children didn't give them a drawing, 'I mean, it's only a kid's ugly drawing', Chanyeol exclaims, standing up after regaining his consciousness and waiting for the manager to dismiss them.

'It's prettier than your face', Baekhyun calls back, defending little Jiyeon's drawing from the dickhead's rude words. Chanyeol glares back at Baekhyun, both Suho and Chen heave out a deep sigh, praying to God for Chanyeol not to open his mouth.

'I'm afraid my face is the only blessing you'll have in your entire life, dickface', Chanyeol shouts back, making Baekhyun stride his way towards him, feet stomping on the ground and drawing still tightly in his hands. Xiumin automatically reaches his arm to pull back the angry boy, his tall legs fighting away from Xiumin's grip, but Xiumin was surprisingly much stronger.

'Don't even fucking think about it... The both of you', Xiumin warns, still sitting down, but glaring fiercely between the two.

'He started it', Baekhyun spits out, arms being held gently by Suho and D.O, who have partnered up to stop Baekhyun, knowing full well that Baekhyun had enough strength to rip from their grip if he gets really angry. Kai just sits calmly, not even trying to involve himself with the argument, he just wants to go home, take a shower and sleep.

'Guys! You've been awesome once again! The children all love you! Such a shame we're only doing this for today. But I hope maybe they visit next time!', the manager walks in, Kai had never thought he'd miss the squeaky voice, but he was glad to here it echo through the hall, ending yet another fight between Chanyeol and Baekhyun, 'I see you've all cleared up the hall perfectly. I'll just grab the last box and pack away. You can all go on your merry way now! Thanks again for the
massive help!', she squeals, grabbing the last box of paintbrushes and making her way to the storage room.

'Come on Xiumin, let's get out of here', Kai breathes out, grabbing hold of both their bags and Xiumin before zapping out of the centre. Suho and D.O slowly lets go of Baeakhyun once Chanyeol turns around and makes a beeline towards his bag.

'Dude, Xiumin just touched your leg! How did it feel?', Chen calls out, racing to his friend, making Chanyeol look at him in horror and disgust.

'Shut up Chen. You're being creepy again', Chanyeol warns, already being fed up with Chen's weird and growing obsession with the older boy. The group all made their way out of the centre, going off in different directions. Baekhyun notice Sehun following him again like yesterday, remembering how Sehun walked along with him almost all the way to his house, before making a turn to the road before Baekhyun's house. He didn't know the kid lived so near him.

'Let me guess. You wanna walk home with me?', Baekhyun asks nonchalantly, stuffing his headphones in his ears and walking on the wide pathway, with Sehun tailing behind him.

'Can I?', the boy asks, making sure he walks slightly behind, waiting for Baekhyun's approval.

'You know what, I've had an alright day today, so why not', Baekhyun urges the boy to catch up with him so they can walk side by side, thinking of little Jiyeon's drawing and the fact that he also landed Chanyeol in more trouble today, making this day quite the day for Baekhyun, that he didn't mind more human interaction on the way home.
Suho brushes past Sehun whilst passing him a new pile of returned books to the cart in the front of the library, once Sehun returned from the bookshelves. Sehun kindly offered to move around the library, urging Suho to stay in the front reception of the library. Suho smiles over the generous sophomore, ruffling his hair as Sehun bent down to pick up more books from the bottom of the cart. Suho didn't mind his lunch time being spent in the library; with Sehun busying himself with returning the books in the library shelves, Suho had time to finish his homework and work from his extra courses. He noticed that time was something he lacked nowadays, being busy with school work, extra classes and now volunteering and community service, Suho notice how tired and less motivated he was in finishing his work on time. But that never stopped him. Till now, all his works have received top marks, sometimes highest in the class and his perfect attendance and punctuality never hindered, even after his community service started.

Sehun sits back down besides Suho, after a long round around the library, sighing in relief as he sits on the computer chair, swivelling around quietly, but excitedly to himself. The older boy looks up
from his work to see Sehun continuing to spin around his chair, trying to hide his giggles from the quiet library. Whilst Sehun was in mid spin, the two made short eye contact, but enough for Sehun to stop his moving chair, staring at Suho, before giving him a flashing genuine smile.

'You're a little too happy today', Suho whispers, silently laughing as Sehun edges closer to peak at the boy's work, crunching his face in confusion, whilst looking at Suho's pages filled with long and complicated maths equation, 'Actually, you seem to always be happy whenever I see you', Suho comments, looking down at the boy who is now fixate on his work.

'That's because I'm with you guys', Sehun replies, gliding Suho's notebook to his side to the table, looking up at him as if he was a genius. Suho didn't know much about Sehun, not even the reason as to how he ended up serving community service with them. Suho would never admit this to anyone, not even D.O, but one time, he tried to ask the teachers if they knew an Oh Sehun and even used his Class President privilege in an attempt to get a hold of his files, but to no avail. Suho concluded that sophomore files were just out of reach for the Senior and left it at that. But now, after observing the interesting kid, his interest rises up once more, noticing that no one else in the group even bothered to get to know Sehun... However, no one in the group bothered to get to know each other in the first place, so it's not like they were leaving Sehun out or anything. They probably just don't give a fuck about each other that's all. But not Suho. Never Suho.

'Hey, do you want me to teach you some equations? I'm sure it'll help for next year', Suho offers, sliding his chai right next to Sehun, grabbing a pencil and turning the next page to a new maths problem. Sehun didn't reply, but his eyes focuses on Suho's fingers, as the pencil glides to write each number, listening diligently to the older boy's soft whispers to his left ear.

Baekhyun sits in his usual lunch seat at the back of the canteen, peacefully eating his meal away from the other students, his left hand preoccupied with holding his beef jerky sandwich, whilst he rests his bandaged arm on the table, palms up, clenching and unclenching his hands, focusing on his muscle strength. Baekhyun couldn't wait to start writing again; through out the week, he was force to type everything up on his laptop with one hand, making him struggle in lessons more than usual. His arms were not in as much pain for him to not write, but his muscles did hurt from time to time, making him flinch in pain whenever he redresses his bandages. His chin rested lightly on the table as his phone stands in front of his face, leaning on his lunchbox, the screen showing a drama he's been dying to catch up on.

'And Mrs Seojung said to me, *Kai when will you start to fix up?* Fix up? I've never been messed up in the first place!', Kai's loud and whiny voice bursts Baekhyun's quiet bubble as the loud rumple of trays bangs in front of Baekhyun. He flinches in surprise, ripping his headphones off to see Kai and Xiumin nonchalantly sitting down on his table. He stares between them, but the two carry on their conversation, completely ignoring Baekhyun.

'Dude, I know she hates you in a not so normal way, but just wear a goddamn turtle neck, then maybe she wouldn't have an excuse to fuck with you', Xiumin suggests, grabbing Kai's chocolate milk and giving it a shake, frost forming around the perimeter of his hands, whilst Kai continues to complain.

'Thanks dude', Kai says when Xiumin gives him his now cold drink, savouring the chocolate milk even more, now that it's not lukewarm.
'Umm, you two... What the fuck are you doing here?', Baekhyun interrupts, pausing his drama and glaring at the two intruders, looking more pissed as Kai and Xiumin refuse to acknowledge their inconvenience to Baekhyun's lunch time, digging into their meals like it's their last.

'Hey dude. Just eating, why?', Kai asks, oblivious to Baekhyun's frustration, his chopsticks moving over to Xiumin's tray to try his noodles. The two boys both had different lunch meals and Kai had always wanted to try the canteen's new stir fried noodles.

'Yes I can fucking see that. I mean, what are you doing on my table?', Baekhyun asks one more time, wanting to slap Kai and his lack of common sense, but holding back as he looks over at Xiumin, who gave him a sort of apologetic look for Kai's stupidity.

'Oh this is your table? I didn't know it has your name on it', Kai replies, looking up to look around the table sarcastically, looking for Baekhyun's name on the table, even going far as to dipping his head under and looking underneath, 'I'm pretty sure last time you had no problem letting us sit on this student table', Kai argues on, bopping his head back up, continuing to eat his lunch, despite the growing signs of Baekhyun's anger. Xiumin, who's smart enough to know not to piss off Baekhyun, hits Kai's head lightly and looks at Baekhyun.

'Sorry dude, but I'm kind of avoiding Chen at the moment', he confesses, pleading to Baekhyun to let them sit here for today. Baekhyun rolls his eyes and gives up, plugging his headphones back into his ears, trying to ignore the two in front. Xiumin smiles and carries on eating, stealing a chicken or two from Kai. A moment of silence pass as Baekhyun tries to watch the drama, trying to focus on the argument happening between the mother in law and her daughter in law on his screen, but his eyes suddenly looks up beyond the view of the two who are stealing each other's food, to the front of the canteen, where he sees a distant Chen looking intently in their direction, completely ignoring Chanyeol who was too busy flirting with a group of girls. What the fuck.

'What's the fucking deal with you and Chen anyway?', he finally blurts out, getting more and more uncomfortable as he notice Chen's refusal to leave his gaze on their table. Baekhyun doesn't even bother to pause the video, but instead closing the tab entirely, losing focus on the drama and looking at Xiumin, 'Did you have a drunk one night stand or what?', he guesses, making Xiumin choke on Kai's chicken and a burst of loud laugh coming from Kai.

'Fuck no!', Xiumin shouts back, dismissing Baekhyun's claims as he grabs his drink and gulps down his shock.

'Then why is he staring here like he's just fucked for the first time in eight years?', Baekhyun continues to interrogate the older boy, earning a bright red blush from Xiumin, trying not to turn around to see if Baekhyun was telling the truth.

'The fucker is staring this way?', Xiumin cries out, banging his head on the edge of the desk, whilst Kai looks back and seeing Chen's goo goo eyes, which he notice seems to be appearing more frequently when Xiumin's around.

'No fucking way. He's totally looking this way!', Kai shouts, hitting Xiumin's arm violently, being the only one in the table excited at the awkward interaction between Xiumin and Chen. The three boys stare at each other, arguing if Xiumin should just give in and let Chen take him on one date.

'Dude, think about it. He'll pay for everything! Just go! And get yourself some free food', Kai bellows, swaying the shrugging boy from side to side, laughing at the irritated groan coming from Xiumin. Baekhyun couldn't disagree more. There was one thing he hates more than Chanyeol, and probably hated even before the dickhead burnt his arm, and that was high school couples. Without a doubt, 97% of the reason as to why Baekhyun skips school is to not gauge his eyes out at the
disgusting teenage couples that loiter the school corridors and makes his lessons all the more unbearable. The way they show too much PDA, swapping saliva by the lockers, sitting on each other's lap in the canteen, ergh, Baekhyun can only gag at imagining such a thing unfold before him. And the fact that he had to spend most of the week with these fuckers, one thing he does not want, is a couple being born within them. He doesn't want to see hand holding, kissing, cheesy ass pick up lines whilst he's trying to pick up trash or clean the toilets.

'Fuck no. Xiumin, don't even think about it', Baekhyun says through clench teeth.

'Couldn't agree more', Xiumin seconded Baekhyun's comment, making Kai sway him more fiercely then before, shouting excuses for Xiumin to go out with Chen. Baekhyun and Xiumin were too busy dealing with Kai, that they didn't notice a short boy, wearing an oversized blue hoodie, coughing rather loudly to get their attention. All three gaze up to find an awkward D.O, standing beside the table with a tray of food in his hands, his foot tapping awkwardly as his eyes gaze down to the floor.

'Do you mind if I sit here? Suho's doing his volunteering in the library and I... Kind of... Have no one to sit with', D.O asks shyly, face turning bright red as he couldn't believe what he's doing. D.O already had a seat in the canteen where he so happily sat quietly in, reading his book and eating his lunch, but it wasn't until Chanyeol's large group of admirers came and bombarded his quiet table did D.O sigh and get up, trying to find a better seat, which he instantly regretted, because there was no other seat. D.O went around the whole canteen, before spotting Baekhyun, Xiumin and Kai sitting in the corner of the canteen, tucked away from everybody else. D.O stood in his place for a moment, arguing to himself not to bother them and find somewhere else to sit, but the more he argued, the more he concluded that it was okay to sit next to them. They did know each other; they're not strangers, so this should be okay.

So here they are now, with Baekhyun staring angrily at D.O, sighing at the unbelievable situation in front of him as, for the first time ever, people are just invading his personal space and table, whilst the other two still had their arms wrapped around each other, play fighting.

'Sure kid, why not', Kai beckons him over, leaning his hand to offer the seat next to Baekhyun, letting go of Xiumin in the process. D.O follows Kai's approval and immediately sits down, giving Baekhyun a small nod of gratitude.

'Sure kid, why fucking not', Baekhyun mumbles, complaining to himself and looking at Kai as if he was about to kill him there and then for offering a seat he had no right to offer. Baekhyun didn't give a shit if this was still school property; this table according to the whole school is his, and his only. He'd never had problems like this before where he had to fight people out of this table.

'The table's not yours, so,' Kai defends himself, sticking his tongue out to the grumpy red head, busying himself with finishing his sandwich to he can get out of the canteen and away from these shitheads. Kai continues to steal Xiumin's food, giving a wave once in a while to his friends who passes their table, nodding in agreement as his friends calls him over, inviting him to parties after parties. Kai just wanted to dismiss them as quickly as possible, so he nods at every single one of them, smiling and waving as he busies himself with eating the rest of his chicken. That motherfucker has tons of friends, so I don't see why he's leeching himself here, Baekhyun thought, sipping his drink, forever glaring at the tanned boy with a long tattoo on his neck. Which reminds D.O...

'Kai, I know you posted that video of me from last week...', D.O whispers shyly, not wanting to gain too much attention to himself, knowing he already interrupted them earlier on, but Baekhyun turns his head attentively, eyes gazing at him, making him feel more uncomfortable. D.O looked at
Kai's Instagram yesterday, seeing the video almost instantly, looking at the hundreds of comments made by Kai's thousands of followers. He never dared approach Kai during their community service, either due to fright or the fact that they're never alone together. Despite his quiet voice, he still manages to gain all three of their attention, all of a sudden, D.O forgets to speak, 'Um... Do you... Do you mind... if you... You know...', D.O begins, stuttering as he looks over and sees Kai looking at him, eyes gazing at his face, making him overwhelmed, head bowing down, looking at his lap.

'What is it?', Kai urges on, looking over at D.O, confused as always but also curious as to why a boy who's shown his ability to be comfortable around Suho and even Xiumin nowadays can suddenly drop his mouth and start talking like that.

'He wants you to delete the video, you dumbass', Baekhyun finishes D.O's failed attempt at a request, sensing D.O's nervousness and concluding that the boy didn't like the video spreading around, which Baekhyun noticed, with people in his class still talking about it even today.

'How do you know he was going to say that?', Kai challenges Baekhyun, eyeing him before turning his attention to D.O, but Baekhyun just sighs in frustration.

'Look at him Kai. Does he look happy talking about the video?', Baekhyun argues back, pointing at a hunched D.O, his sleeves hiding his hands as he fidgets with his food, eyes never gazing up.

'Jesus D.O. It's just a video. Plus, everyone's already seen it', Kai didn't understand D.O's discomfort from all the sudden attention. For someone who had attention all of his life, Kai didn't understand how people can be so uncomfortable with just a few people talking about you and approaching you once in a while.

'So... You're not going to delete it?', D.O gazes up, his eyes wide and puppy-like, lips purse together and looking at Kai with a sad expression. This took Kai by surprise as he witness Suho's quiet friend looking like he just shot a cat. Kai didn't know how to react, and he guesses the whole table was the same as Xiumin looks over the sad looking D.O, giving Kai another smack in the head for bullying the kid in front, whereas Baekhyun looks over at D.O with raised eyebrows. D.O has more than one expression?, Baekhyun thought.

'Fi- fine... I'll delete it...', Kai whispers, feeling like D.O's gaze purposely hypnotised him, he got out his phone and went straight to his Instagram account, looking for the so-called video, 'See, look... Deleted', he documents, making sure D.O sees him pressing the delete button, looking up to see a now satisfied looking D.O.

'Hey guys, what's up?', Chen's voice interrupts them, making Xiumin jump in surprise at how close Chen was next to him, sliding between Kai and Xiumin, his arms wrapping itself on the two fellas. Baekhyun only needed to see tall legs make its way beside him before he blew up.

'Oh my fucking God. Why don't we just invite the whole school to come and sit at my table!', Baekhyun finally busts out, screaming at another two arrivals, leeching their way into Baekhyun's nerves, 'Or better yet! Let's invite the whole staff too! Let's go to the teacher's lounge and drag them all here too!', Baekhyun exclaims, waving his hands in frustration and shouting at the five boys sitting around his table, Chanyeol having the audacity to sit his ass right next to him.

'What the fuck's gotten into him? Didn't have good sex last night?', Chanyeol jokes, stretching his legs and kicking Baekhyun's in the process. Baekhyun turns to his side and glares at Chanyeol; not saying a word, but just giving Chanyeol the bitchiest face he can make, 'Oh shit. You didn't have sex at all!', Chanyeol carries on poking fun at him, covering his mouth and whispering virgin as he points at Baekhyun, making Chen laugh furiously, leaning his head on Xiumin's shoulder.
'That's it', Baekhyun exclaims, about to hit Chanyeol's arms, but he notices a bunch of sophomore kids entering from the back entrance of the canteen, laughing loudly as they tried to throw their trash into the trashcans but failing miserably, their rubbish landly straight to their table.

'Oh my God, Sehun's going to flip. This is going to be so funny', they shout at each other, sniggering whilst looking down on a girl's phone. The group stops what they're doing to the sound of a familiar name. Are they Sehun's friends?, they all thought, lowkey eavesdropping at the group's conversation.

'No fucking way. We've got to add more. Say his dad was broke and left them for another woman', a girl with long blonde hair laughs, grabbing the phone and quickly typing something onto the phone. So, I guess they're not Sehun's friends, they again simultaneously thought, hearing them talk about Sehun.

'Let's post it now', a boy wearing a long sleeves sweatshirts blurts out, ignoring the rest of the group's complaints of adding more bullshit and grabbing the phone instantly from the blonde hair girl's hands, thumb pressing the enter button. An irritating gust of laughter came their way as the kids pass their table, voices can he heard of them talking about Sehun, describing him as a 'fucking moron' or a 'bitch'.

'Just in case you were wondering. That's how you fucking sound like', Baekhyun breaks the silence, pointing at Chanyeol, who gives him the finger.

'I'm not that fucking rude, you piece of shit', Chanyeol fights back, carrying on their bickering from before.

'You just called me a piece of shit', Baekhyun contradicts him, shoving Chanyeol's body away from him, refusing to be anywhere near close to the tall boy, begging Chanyeol to move to the other side of the table.

'Guys. We just heard them talk major shit about Sehun...', Xiumin reminds the group, pointing at the bunch of 16 year olds laughing their way to the front of the canteen, joining the rest of the school's loudness.

'And I think they posted some shitty prank too', D.O adds on, picking up his phone from his front pockets and scrolling on Instagram, refreshing the page for new posts, 'Shit... I don't have any sophomores on my Instagram', he finally realises, scrolling through his updates to find mostly pictures from people in his year.

'It's Sehun's problem. We don't need to fuck around his problems, he can do that shit himself', Chanyeol mutters, having enough of Baekhyun's shove and instead, squeezing himself on the other side of the table, screeching his chair to settle himself next to Kai.

'And I will repeat my previous statement. That's why you look like that to us', Baekhyun points at the sophomore kids once again, who are now busying themselves on who can drink a can of coke through their nostrils.

'Fuck off', Chanyeol swears at Baekhyun one more time, as the rest of the group finish off their meals, their worries for Sehun slowly disappearing as the bell for the end of lunch rings, echoing across the school building, reminding them that their next gruelling lesson is in less than five minutes.
Sehun offers to pack away the rest of the books as they hear the bell ring, studying students closing their books and packing away their stationary. Suho spent the rest of lunch teaching Sehun maths equation, surprise at how interested the boy genuinely looks, nodding along at Suho's explanation and asking questions when he didn't understand. He thought Sehun was such a pleasant person to tutor, wishing some of his student who he tutors on the weekend could be just as focused as Sehun. He made his way under the desk to grab his bag and started making his way out of the library, when a loud noise echoes from one of the bookshelves. It sounded like a pile of books dropped on the floor. Suho looks ahead worriedly, checking to see if Sehun accidentally tripped and dropped a pile of books along the way. He checks each bookshelves before he heard a loud bang, the bookshelves in front of him shaking, laughter echoing from ahead.

'Look who it is. It's little miss Sehun, off to return his books. What a fucking loser', Suho heard a deep voice, looking through the gaps of the bookshelves to see Sehun being pushed against the bookshelves, three boys surrounding him, one grabbing a tight hold of his collar. Oh shit, they're going to beat him up, Suho thought. He knew, more than anyone, what would happen next. He remember this exact situation happening to him in freshman year; he was minding his own business in the library, when a bunch of kids from his Chemistry class started harassing him in one the bookshelves. That's when he found out that he wasn't the most popular guy in school.

'You think because you hang around with seniors don't mean we're not going to get you right?', the boy grabbing hold of Sehun's collar spits at him, whilst the boy next to him takes out his phone and starts to video the whole thing. Sehun looks down, not saying a word, allowing the boys to continue to harass him, pushing him back onto the bookshelves, a bunch of books from the top shelf dropping straight down onto Sehun, hitting his head quite hard, 'You've not been walking home for the whole week. Where have you been running off to after school, huh?', they taunt the boy, closing him on him, not giving him space to move or run out.

'Let's see how tough you are when it's just you and me again', the boy calls out, suddenly kicking Sehun's legs, the pain forcing the younger boy to kneel as the continuously kick him on the stomach. I've got to do something, Suho thinks but freezes as he realise that he's not good in these kind of situation himself, but he was a senior. Surely they'll still be scared of him right? Fuck it.

'Hey! What are you guys doing?!', Suho shouts, finally plucking the courage to slide into their view, stopping them mid kick. Sehun slowly lifts his hands from his face, looking up at Suho, eyes glimmering in tears. Suho hurries to the sophomore's side, shoving the three boys away from the boy.

'I'm going to give you five seconds to leave or I'm going to make sure all three of you gets expelled', Suho threatens, shoving the phone holding up to his face, the phone landing on the floor. The three boys stands still for a moment, confused to who would ruin their fun all of a sudden.

'One', Suho starts, gazing at the three frozen boys, body blocking them from Sehun.

'Two', he threatens with clenched teeth, eyeing each three of them who are now moving back, hurriedly walking out of the corridor of books and making a run. Suho reaches his right hand out and twirls his fingers, making water appear on the library floor; the three boys busy running away trips on the slippery water, landing on top of each other and bruising their knees, trying to get up and run out. Suho turns around and kneels down to help a bruised Sehun, his lips swollen from being kicked by the three boys.

'You okay?', he asks, getting no reply from the younger, who just wipes his bloody lips with his school blazer sleeves, looking down and avoiding eye contact with Suho. Sehun got up, groaning in
pain, his hands palming his bruised stomach, automatically making Suho wrap his arms around Sehun, helping him drag himself to the front reception of the library, leaning on the table and taking a deep breath. Sehun refuses to say a word to Suho, but that didn't stop him from stretching his sleeves all the way to the tip of his fingers, holding his hand to the sophomore's face and wiping the tears that ran down his cheeks, softly touching his swollen lips in the process, trying to clean the blood around, 'Go to the healer's room. I'll tell the front office that you couldn't make afternoon period because you fell', he orders Sehun, respecting the boy's unwillingness to look at him, grabbing the boy's bag from the desk and wrapping it around his shoulders.

'You don't need to tell me anything. Just get yourself checked out, huh?', he comforts Sehun, trying to make him do what he says, giving him a small smile, slowly lifting him as Sehun limps his way out of the library. Suhp watches the limping boy make his way down the long corridor, towards the healer's office, feeling more and more sorry for the boy who reminded him so much of himself.

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**KakaoTalk:**

Suho.01 added DOkyung12, Xiumin_99, 88KAI88, Baek04, ChenChen21 and Yeollie61 to the chat.

Suho.01: Guys I need to discuss something with you...

Suho.01: You guys here?...

Baek04: How tf did you get my no?!?!

Baek04: Why tf is everyone keen on invading my personal space today?

Suho.01: What? I have no idea what you're talking about.

Suho.01: I just got your numbers from the school files...

DOkyung12: You need to stop abusing your class president position

88KAI88: Wait... what is this? Is this a spam?

88KAI88: *Scam*

Yeollie61: lol. Spam

Baek04: Does it look like a scam you piece of shti?

Baek04: *Shit

Xiumin_99: Suho what's the matter? Why'd you steal our numbers from the school system?
Yeollie61: that's hardcore dude.

ChenChen21: omg. Xiumin I finally have your number!

Xiumin_99: Fuck.

Xiumin_99: Suho, this better be fucking good mate.

ChenChen21: why u so rude to me xiu?

Xiumin_99: Don't call me xiu... pls.

Suho.01: guys pls stop fighting with each other for a minute

Suho.01: I saw something awful today!

DOkyung12: What is it??

Suho.01: After lunch time, I saw Sehun getting beaten up by a bunch of kids from his year.

Suho.01: I had to send him to the healer's office... I think he missed afternoon period.

...

88KAI88: fuck.

ChenChen21: no fucking way

Xiumin_99: guys...

Xiumin_99: this is more serious than we thought...

Suho.01: What are you talking about?

Suho.01: You all knew about this?!

DOkyung12: not really... We just saw a bunch of people making fun out of him during lunch today

Baek04: In the canteen.

Yeollie61: we didn't think it was that bad

Baek04: *you didn't think it was that bad

Yeollie61: I didn't see you fucking standing up for the kid

Baek04: fuck you.

Suho.01: Guys. This is serious... What should we do? We can't let them bully Sehun.

ChenChen21: Suho, sorry to burst you bubble. But I think that's the only thing we can do.

Suho.01: What are you talking about?
88KAI88: Chen here has a point... We can't do much. They're just sophomore kids doing a bunch of teenage shit.

Suho.01: Beating people up isn't just 'teenage shit'

Xiumin_99: I think it's best to let Sehun handle his own problems for now.

Yeollie61: Yh. We don't even know the situation fully. It could be the other way around.

ChenChen21: He is the one serving community service after all...

DOkyung12: Suho... They have a point.

...

Suho.01: I can't believe you're all going to let this go

Suho.01: You're seriously not going to at least try and help him?

Suho.01: D.O??

...

Suho.01: fine. I guess you're all just the same as everyone else in this school.

There's an awkward silence that fills the hall as each teenager count themselves in as present. Suho made sure to sit as far away from the group, not even making eye contact at D.O. He wasn't shocked, more disappointed that he allowed himself to believe that maybe these guys were different, but he was reminded how they were the exact people that made his first year a living hell. Of course they weren't going to help. *Why would they?*, Suho thought, refusing to make eye contact to any of them.

They all saw Sehun, being the first one waiting in the hall, an ice pack in one hand and his other wrapped around his stomach, probably in pain, due to the strong kick of the boys from lunch time. Baekhyun looks straight at the boy, not breaking his view from Sehun, trying to find a way to start a conversation, but Baekhyun was not a huge fan of human interactions in the first place, so he found it harder than usual to think of a conversation starter with the sophomore kid. The rest refuse to make eye contact with Sehun or Suho, feeling the tension grow deeper, no conversation echoing through the walls. Even Xiumin didn't feel comfortable playing games on his phone like what he usually does whilst waiting for the manager.

Sehun can feel the awkwardness in the room, noticing that Suho sits quietly by himself, instead of making his way next to D.O, where they would always talk about work or food. His head turns around, catching Chen turn his head around, trying to avoid eye contact. *Suho must have told*, the boy thought, heaving a huge sigh whilst looking down, not looking at anyone if they didn't want him to look at them. They probably found him weird and someone who's not on the same level as them. *They probably don't want to hang out with me anymore.*
Cleaning the toilets in the community centre would've made all eight teenagers complain and voice out their frustration, but the manager looks over at the quiet crowd, seeing them walk over to the storage room and getting out their equipment without a word of complaints. *Hmm, this seems odd*, she thought, but paid no attention as she walks back into her office, not looking over to see the orange hair boy sulking behind, making sure not to stand too close to the rest of the group.

'Hey Suho', D.O approaches his friend, knowing full well that Suho won't want to talk to him, but praying that his friend might cut him some slack. Suho looks over, but continues to walk forward, not wanting to see his friend who refuses to side with him. *Come on, D.O* thought, huffing in frustration as he continues to follow Suho towards the corridor and on the way to the male toilets.

'I'm taking the female toilets. Ain't no where in hell am I going to clean the mens', Baekhyun mutters, pushing pass Chanyeol and making his way forward, with a mop in his hand and sliding a bucket of water along with him. Sehun waits for Chanyeol's screams of insults towards Baekhyun,
but he made eye contact with the senior and all of a sudden Chanyeol goes quiet, and moves along, awkwardly moving pass him as he joins Suho and D.O into the male cubicles, whereas Kai and Xiumin gladly follows through to Baekhyun. Sehun is left standing, not knowing where to go as the group split evenly into groups, not minding him at all.

'Sehun, you're still here', the manager came back after realising that she left her clipboard inside the hall. She gives Sehun a small smile, gleaming in joy as she no longer has to clean the toilets all by herself, 'what are you still doing here?', she asks him, but Sehun can only shrug, looking down at his bucket of water, holding the mop with both his hands, 'Ha. I understand. Seniors can be annoying from time to time. But they're still just kids too', the manager comforts Sehun, thinking the boy can't stand the rest of the group, but in fact it was the complete opposite. These people were the only people he could stand.

'How about I do you a good one. There's a small staff room just down here that you could clean by yourself. It'll take you less longer than the public toilets, so you get to go home early!', she proposes, holding Sehun's bucket and guiding him to the opposite side of the building, laughing as she explains the history of the community centre, but Sehun wasn't listening. His tongue brushes over his swollen lips, reminding himself that no one seems to like his presence very much.

'Suho, quit having a hissy fit. It's not our problem', Chanyeol whines again, hating the sheer silence that they were having, looking over at D.O, gesturing him to comfort his friend, 'Or at least complain now while we're all here... The silence is killing me', Chanyeol moans, grabbing his wet towel after dunking it in soapy water, trying to get rid of writing left on the cubicle door, gagging when he's forced to face the ungodly toilet, looking at the shit marks and smelling some disgusting smell that didn't even smell like shit; more like vomit and rotten vegetables.

'For once in my life, I'm agreeing with Chanyeol', D.O mutters, mopping the floors of the toilets, kicking the door of the cubicle that Suho is currently in. The two have been trying to get Suho to speak since they got here, but the boy refuses to co operate. Suho busies himself unclogging the toilet, the noises echoing through out the bathroom, making Chanyeol gag even more.

'Fucking hell Suho. Speak for fuck's sake', Chanyeol bellows from the neighbouring cubicle, banging the wall to garner Suho's attention.

'I'll speak when you shitheads stop being fucking bystanders and help someone in need!', Suho yells back, fiercely trying to unclog the toilet, getting more and more annoyed by Chanyeol and the stupid fucking blocked toilet. D.O sighs, opening the cubicle door that Chanyeol is in, shrugging his shoulders in defeat, mouthing 'What now', to the tall and irritated boy.

'I don't even understand why I have to beg for you to talk', Chanyeol mutters to himself, gliding his hand against the walls, wiping the marks and stains, leaning down, 'It's not like you have anything interesting to say', he finishes off, moving over to the next cubicle, not looking at D.O's death glare.

'And what makes you think any of us wants to here you talk', Suho fights back, lifting himself off the ground.
'What the fuck did you say to me?', Chanyeol bites back, banging the cubicle door and stomping his way to Suho. D.O races to pull Chanyeol back, trying to avoid a fight that might ensue, but the taller boy easily pushes him back, D.O's back landing on the concrete walls. Chanyeol faces Suho, who glares at Chanyeol, wet plunger in his hands, giving up on the blocked toilet behind him.

'What? You think people actually like you when you're not swaying your fucking hands around and making your stupid fire tricks?', Suho spites back, leaning forward to face Chanyeol, pushing him back out of his cubicle. D.O tries to get between the two, but the space was tight and it didn't look like anyone is going to budge.

'People prefer me over an ass licking teacher's pet', Chanyeol spits out through gritted teeth, stomping his way forward, hands clenched and ready to hit Suho.

'Oh really? And what makes you think people like you at all?', Suho laughs, looking in disbelief at the boy in front of him, 'What? Because of your fire power? Well guess what? I can snuff you and your fires out any second', he threatens, pushing Chanyeol back with a force.

'Oh yeah? Well I like to see you try', Chanyeol yells, kicking the toilet behind Suho violently, glaring straight into Suho's eyes.

'Guys. For fuck's sake. Stop it!', but before D.O can make his way forward between the two, a loud grunting noise behind them screeches, the plumbing between the walls making odd and loud noises, forcing Suho to turn around.

'What the-', a loud bang exploded from the toilet, a splurge of water and shit imploded on the walls and on both Suho and Chanyeol who were standing inside the cubicle, the whole walls splatters in brown liquid.

'Oh my fucking God! I've got shit on my face!', Chanyeol screams, pushing pass Suho with eyes closed, rushing to the sink, hands trying to navigate the taps whilst screeching in disgust, gagging at the thought that he had stranger's shit all over him.

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'Ew! Fucking hell!', Suho follows on, sprinting to where the sinks were. D.O looks at the both of them, twisting the taps and violently wiping their faces with water. he starts laughing, first a soft giggle but as he continues to watch the two, his laughs turns loud and bellowing, his hands on his stomach as he laughs and laughs, feeling his muscles ache over the fact that Suho and Chanyeol are covered in shit, their orange overalls splattered in brown shit, like a Jackson Pollock painting.

'Stop fucking laughing. This isn't funny!', Chanyeol screams, continuing to wipe his face with as much water as he can, refusing to open his eyes, just in case he looks up in the mirror to see a brown stain on his cheeks, 'Suho you fucking bastard. You fucking murdered the toilet by unclogging it too much!', he shouts, putting the blame to Suho as he gurgles the water, making sure that all of him was cleansed from shit.

'Me? You kicked it, you dickhead!', Suho argues back, his hands violently wiping his face, his hands turning the cold tap water warm, so his face doesn't freeze to death.

'You two are fucking morons'.
Thursday.

*Beep.* Xiumin glides the library book from the desk to the cart, refusing to talk to Chen, deep in thought about Sehun. Was Suho right? Should they at least comfort Sehun? But Xiumin shrugs, looking over the almost empty library as people refuse to spend their lunch time cramped inside the library.

'You know, if we're all still thinking about it, maybe Suho's right', Chen whispers, sitting back down on the computer chair next to Xiumin, after returning all the books back on the library shelves. Chen looks at Xiumin who continues to ignore him and instead starts writing on his notebook, finishing off his Chemistry work that is due in next lesson. The two boys sits quietly, Chen hating the silence in the room. Hanging out with Chanyeol made him unfamiliar to a quiet atmosphere. He looks over at Xiumin once again, looking at his eyes, full of concentration, and the way he licks his lips as he tries to solve the next question, making Chen feel like he's watching a drama just by staring at Xiumin doing his work.

'Stop staring at me. I'll report you', Xiumin whispers, his eyes never leaving the page, but he felt Chen's eyes dig into him. His grown too familiar of the boy's eyes wondering all over him.

'Come on Xiumin. I'm not that creepy', Chen whispers, making the boy beside him look up and stare at him, 'Okay, I'm not *that* creepy', he waves his hands in surrender, laughing quietly as he sees Xiumin smile at him for the first time, 'Look, I know we got off on a bad start, but can we at least try again?', Chen suggests, whining as he slides closer to Xiumin, pouting his lips, 'This time I'll be normal', Chen begs, both his hands clasps together, looking up at Xiumin as he leans his head beside the boy's notebook.

'Fine', Xiumin sighs, smiling as he heard Chen whisper a 'yes' excitedly, coughing as he sits up straight, smiles and reaches one hand to shake Xiumin's.

'Hi. My name's Chen. Nice to meet you', he smiles, introducing himself jokingly to Xiumin who grabs his hand and shakes it, laughing softly in the process.

'Hello'.

.....

Lunch time was nearing to an end as both Xiumin and Chen screams over the top of their lungs after Chen introduces a game of battle as he folds a piece of paper and tries to flick it to Xiumin's goalpost, which was his ruler. The library was empty for the pass half hour, meaning the two could make as much noises as they can.

'Hah! You missed!', Xiumin laughs as the paper soars pass the desk, not hitting the ruler in the slightest. Xiumin bends over to pick up the folded paper resting on the floor beside his feet.

'Shut up, I nearly had it!', Chen whines, looking over at Xiumin who continues to laugh at him.

'Nearly had it my ass. It flew across the desk!', he mocks Chen, sitting back down and preparing for his turn, looking over at Chen's goal post, which were highlighters stacked on each other, 'Come on baby', Xiumin whispers at the folded paper, his hands flicking it, his eyes watching as the paper flies across the desk and landing pass the highlighters.

'YES! Get in there!', Xiumin bellows in celebration, lifting his arms, his fists punching the air in
joy as he laugh's at Chen's annoyed expression, looking at the folded paper like it betrayed him.

'I've never been beaten before', he whispers, whining as Xiumin continues to celebrate, humming in delight as Chen wacks his highlighters in defeat.

'Well, looks like you found your rival', Xiumin taunts him, wagging his eyebrows in mock, trying to get under Chen's skin as he continues to joke on the boy's defeat.

'Sehun was in complete tears when he saw the video. Did you see him?', a boy laughs, interrupting Xiumin's sweet victory as footsteps echoes through the library.

'Yes. Oh my God, he looked so ugly when he started crying. The whole class was laughing!', a girl's voice screeches as she imitates what Xiumin and Chen could only predict as Sehun's cries. They look at each other, a gush of guilt rushes through the both of them. Xiumin suddenly remembers Chen's words from earlier on.

*If we're all still thinking about it, maybe Suho's right.*

Xiumin didn't know what came over him all of a sudden, but he grabs the notebook nearest to him and slams it hard on the desk, echoing loudly in the library, making Chen flinch in surprise and the sophomore kids look up at the loud bang.

'I would advise you not to talk in the library please. This is a quiet place for students to study', Xiumin informs through gritted teeth, his grip tightening on his notebook. The younger students laugh at him, ignoring the senior and carrying on with their conversation. *What a buch of rude dickheads*, Xiumin thought, trying to calmly get up from his seat, approaching the pair, 'I said shut the fuck up', he warns them again, this time his composure is out of the window, hands slamming on the table, making the sophomore girl next to him quiver in fright.

'Hey, what's your problem?', the boy beside the quivering girl calls out, staring at Xiumin in half fright, half anger, but the older wasn't scared of a mere sophomore kid. He clenches his hands once more and banged on the table.

'Ah fuck! What the-', the girl screams, looking down at her hands which are now covered in ice, 'Fuck! It's cold!', she screeches, trying to bang her frozen hands on the table, but the ice only hardens with Xiumin's twist of a finger.

'No shit sherlock. It is ice', Xiumin comments as another scream echo, the boy looking down on his legs to find that he's completely stuck in ice.

'What the fuck! Get me out of here!', the boy screeches, trying to move from side to side, but the ice is completely stuck between him and the chair.

'Say please', Xiumin taunts, looking at the two screaming kids, eyes glaring and fingers tapping calmly on the table.

'Please! Please!', the girl begins to beg, noticing the drumming pain on her hands as the ice continued to freeze her skins, blistering her hands.

'Before I do that... I propose an offer', Xiumin begins as the two in front of him continue to squeal, fits of pain and continuous amount of begging coming out of their mouths. Chen races out of the library desk to join Xiumin, eyes wide and in complete shock to find the two students frozen in ice, 'Firstly, whenever someone tells you to shut up. Shut up', Xiumin begins, tapping his fingers, frost climbing up the girl's bare legs, 'Secondly, you dare talk about Sehun or any one like that, I'll be freezing all of you', he threatens as the girl starts to cry, blood trickling down her arm along with
the melted ice.

'Okay. Okay. Xiumin, they've learnt their lessons. Stop it!', Chen shouts at him as he sees the girl's hands, all blistered. She could get frostbite at any moment. Suddenly, the block of ice which trapped the two students turns into water, puddling the floors of the library and soaking the boy's trousers completely.

'You okay kid?', Chen asks, grabbing a napkin from his back pocket, wrapping the girl's red and blistered hands, whilst the boy beside her struggles to get up due to his tense and freezing muscles.

'They asked for it', Xiumin mumbles, leaving them like it was nothing and making his way over to the desk to grab his stuff. Chen shrugs in disbelief. He realised that Xiumin was no different to Chanyeol in terms of getting into fights, he won't stop until he wins.

'Come on kids. I'll take you both to the healer's office', Chen offers, wrapping the boy's arms around his shoulder, lifting the boy's weight and helping him walk. The girl follows close behind, Chen heard her sniffling her cries as they walk down the corridors.

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Friday.

'All right gentlemen. Welcome to your first canteen duty. First, you'll be serving the rest of the school their meals, THEN, you'll be washing all the dishes. Plates, pots, spoons, knives, the whole lot! I want this whole place gleaming after lunch ends. Got it?!', the school Chef bellows to the eight bored and tired looking students, hair wrapped inside blue hairnets, clothes buried in dirty aprons.

'Yes sir', they mumble in reply, going to their designated place, which they were forced into. Baekhyun rolls his eyes as he was assigned with giving the students their trays and shit, but what was worse is that he is force to stand beside Chanyeol, who was in charge of giving out the rice.

'Of all people I have to be stuck with...', he whispers to himself, putting on his gloves after having washed his hands. He looks over at Chanyeol, who's busy fixing his stupid hair under his hairnet.

'I can't believe we have to wear these stupid ugly hairnets. They are so over the top, am I right?', he says, unknowingly conversing to Baekhyun as his eyes bends down on the metal counter, trying to use it as a mirror to see if his hair is okay.

'Don't talk to me', Baekhyun utters, waiting for the first stream of students as he hears the school bell ringing across the school building. Chanyeol looks up, finally noticing that he's stuck with Baekhyun.

'Ergh. I didn't know you'll be in tray duty', he gags, looking at the shorter boy beside him, 'You look even uglier with the hairnet', he laughs, looking at Baekhyun's failed attempt to pin his mullet inside the hairnet.

'I will blind you'.

'Oh really? I guess your other arm could use a burn too', Chanyeol laughs, looking over at Baekhyun's glaring face as he moves his right arm away from Chanyeol.
'Dude I'm telling you. He full on gave the two frostbites!', Chen explains to Suho and Kai, who are busy away preparing the plates on the front of the kitchen, placing a pile on the counter next to Chanyeol. Kai refuses to believe that Xiumin would do a 'Chanyeol' and actually freeze a bunch of sophomore's who were talking shit about Sehun. They all just recently agreed not to step into Sehun's business.

'They couldn't have gotten frostbite. Xiumin would've been expelled then', D.O mutters whilst placing a bunch of cutlery besides the plates, looking at the excited and over exaggerated Chen, flailing his arms as he tries to describe what happened yesterday at lunch.

'I'm glad Xiumin actually done something', Suho voices out, looking over at his friend, earning him a small nudge and glare from D.O. The two made their way to the kitchen, where the cooks places bulks of cooked meat and rice on the trays, waiting for the first batch on the counter to finish, before supplying Chanyeol and Chen with more food

'Dude, i'm telling you the truth. The girl's hands were all bloody and blistered!', Chen exclaims, now standing beside Chanyeol, who's heard the story about a billion times since yesterday after school, where he waited for Chen, who ran as fast as he could towards Chanyeol's car, pushing, pulling and screaming as they drive down the school and toward's Chanyeol's house, giving Chanyeol a severe headache as Chen went on a tangent, saying how hot Xiumin looked yesterday. Chanyeol rolls his eyes as the first set of students arrive, slopping a serving spoonful of rice onto a plate and passing it to Chen, a bored look plastered on his face.

'I'm only telling y'all to not mess with Xiumin. That's all', Chen continues to say, as he puts a spoonful of meat on the plate and passing it to the student. Baekhyun rolls his eyes whilst he sees loud students pushing each other as they grab the try from Baekhyun's hands without a thank you. What a bunch of twats, Baekhyun thought, judging the freshmen students laughing away as they make loud noises in the line.

'Stop looking like you're planning a school shooting', Chanyeol voices out suddenly, looking over at a not so pleased Baekhyun. Chanyeol still hates Baekhyun with a passion, but had learnt to act civil around him. They had one more month of library volunteering, so Chanyeol might as well learn to be civilised with Baekhyun, unless he wanted the twat to frame him again.

'I'm not. Shut up', Baekhyun replies, not knowing why Chanyeol was sparking an conversation all of a sudden, passing another tray to a student, trying to ignore Chanyeol. 

'I wanted noodles', the girl interrupts, looking over at Chanyeol who was stuffing rice on her plate. He looks down and shrugs, passing the girl her plate full of rice anyway.

'They're the same thing', Chanyeol grunts as the girl huffs in annoyance, swearing at him as she moves over to Chen. Chanyeol caught a snigger from Baekhyun's direction, watching the boy suppress a laughter.

'Oh you think that's funny huh?', Chanyeol retorts, flicking his spoon full of rice to Baekhyun, laughing as Baekhyun looks down to his apron to find rice everywhere.

'Oh no you didn't', Baekhyun challenges, grabbing a towel near him and playfully hitting Chanyeol as he tries to stop another ball of rice flying his way. Chanyeol can only laugh as he sees Baekhyun strain himself, trying to avoid his next attack, laughing as the students in front gives up and bends over the counter, grabbing the tray themselves. Chen notices the two to his left play fighting,
seeing Baekhyun laugh for the first time as Chanyeol throws another ball of rice at him, hitting his face. Chen starts to laugh as he sees Baekhyun's face covered in rice, slyly flicking a spoon of meat in his direction, hitting bullseye and straight onto Baekhyun's shocked face. Both Chanyeol and Chen busts out laughing, watching Baekhyun trying to wipe the meat off his face, Chanyeol leaning on Chen, trying to catch his breath.

'Hey! Quit playing!', the Chef shouts at both Baekhyun and Chanyeol, eyeing the three immature teenagers by the counter as he cooks on more meals.

Sehun and Xiumin were busy mopping the floors when Kai started to dance with the song blasting from the radio in the main kitchen. he moonwalks from one area to the next, disposing used plates and cutlery, whilst dancing to the main kitchen to get fresh new ones.

'Wow, I didn't know you can dance', Suho laughs as he busies himself in the sink, washing all the dirty plates that Kai brought in, seeing glimpses of the dancing Kai, popping away as he passes the wet dishes to D.O, covered in towels as he dries each dishes. The two begins to laugh as Kai starts to krump in the beat of Taeyeon's I, D.O chokes in laughter as Kai starts to look like he's having a seizure whilst dancing to a ballad song.

'Hey Sehun', Xiumin suddenly whispers to the orange hair boy looking down, not joining in the fun, 'Watch this', he says as Sehun lifts his gaze onto Xiumin, watching Xiumin's wet mop gliding across the floor, glossing the kitchen floor with water as Kai jumps his way towards them, his foot slipping on the wet floors mid thrust, falling face first on the floor. Sehun bursts out laughing as Kai tries to get up but only falls to the floor again, due to the excessive mopping curtsy of Xiumin. D.O is bent on the kitchen sink, hands on his stomache as he laughs at Kai, forcing the three at the front to look behind to see Kai on the floor whilst the rest are all bend down, laughing, looking like a bunch of idiots.

'What the hell is going on there?', Chen asks as he looks over to see a smiling Sehun, gleaming as he carries on laughing, wiping his teary eyes.

'Fucking hell. Who did that!', Kai shouts once he's up in his feet, angry and in pain, 'I was in the middle of dancing you dickheads', he bellows, but before he can bellow out his frustration, Girl's Day's Something starts playing loudly from the radio, making the once angry boy squeal in excitement, 'Fuck yeah! I love this song!', he shouts, standing up and suddenly posing in girly way. What the fuck?

'I love this song too', Suho voices out as the intro bellows through the kitchen walls. Kai begins to move out of his feminine pose, reaching his arm to drag Suho in the middle of the kitchen beside him.

'Come on, dance with me!', Kai screams as the first verse begins, Suho not refusing and knowing each step of the song, dancing along Kai.

'Oh my fucking God, guys look!', Chanyeol yells, tapping the two beside him as he sees Kai and Suho getting down to the song, moving their hips and following each sensual steps.

'Jesus Christ', Baekhyun whispers, laughing as the chorus enters and Chen runs along and starts dancing along with Suho and Kai, spoon still in his hands as he shouts out the lyrics, D.O joins in as he sings the lyrics, clapping as he sees three boys dancing as if they were Girls Day members. Soon, all eight of them starts screaming out the lyrics, with Chanyeol and Sehun shouting out the
fan chants as Kai begins to kneel down, swaying his ass to the song.

'Must be Something!'

'Something!'

'Nothing! It's something! Stop it! No ohhhh!', they all sing out, seeing Kai, Chen and Suho try to pose seductively as the beat goes on.

'Woo!', Kai kicks his feet in the air, accidentally kicking a pile of plates in the process, lifting them all in the air.

'Shit!', they all scream at the sight of the plates plummeting on the concrete floor, but before they could all move in panic, tiny tornadoes lifts from the ground, balancing each plates, avoiding each of them to break. Seven teenagers look at the hand sized tornadoes spinning away on the kitchen floors, with a plate balanced calmly on top of them.

'Who's doing that?', Kai whispers, looking at the tornadoes in shock and amazement, 'Suho?', Kai looks beside him to see a similair shell shock expression on Suho's face.

'My power's water...', he mutters, making all seven of them look around, trying to figure out each of their powers. But they've all shown their powers around school and each other, non of them has the power of wind-

Suho looks over to find Sehun's index finger spinning around as the tornadoes twirls on. D.O caught Suho's intently stare and follows the trail, his eyes leading to the same thing Suho is staring at and before you know it, all seven seniors looked at Sehun in amazement.

'That's so fucking cool'.
Kai didn't know what he was doing here. He knew that he could've just said no like he usually does, but here he is now, sipping a bottle of beer and watching drunken teenagers make a fool of themselves, music blaring from the speakers and the whole living room smelling of vodka and other deadly smells that Kai does not wish to know. He's friends had been pestering him all week about this party, happening in non other than rich kid Jaewoo's family mansion. Of course Kai and his whole clique were invited, but after the first week of doing community service, Kai was absolutely famished, wanting nothing but to lie like a rug for the whole weekend, playing video
games and eating a whole bunch food. But his friends had been ganging up on him, arguing that he's recently been ditching them to hang out with people like Park Chanyeol.

Now, after tolerating Chanyeol for more than a day, he knew the boy was not as bad as he had originally thought of when they first met, but to honestly admit that in front of his friends? Kai would rather die. He knew that Chanyeol is one of the popular kids; and the ones that really owns the school and controls pretty much everything that happens in school. Half the people hated him for it, whilst the other half admires him. Kai belongs to the group which despises people like Park Chanyeol. Rich, perfect, admired by everyone, even to those who hated him. Kai belonged on the other side of the 'cool' spectrum on the school hierarchy. He was part of the cool kids that people love looking at, but would never dream of joining. Unlike Chanyeol, who doesn't mind approaching people and being approached, Kai's group fancies themselves for being the untouchables.

The two boys made sure to avoid each other at all cost, pretending not to know each other, as they made eye contact once Kai arrived, quickly they both turn heads, Chanyeol heading for the kitchen whilst Kai wasted his night in the living room. He leans across one of the marble mantle pieces in the big living room, calmly playing a game on his phone, waiting for midnight to roll in so he can ditch the party. They refuse to interact with each other, brushing off questions about their community service.

'Hey Kai, try this. Dude I mixed it myself', one of his friends drunkenly approaches him, legs swaying from side to side as he thrusts a drink in Kai's hands, spilling it on his shirt in doing so. Kai looks down to see the damage, staring at a wet patch on his shirt, as his friend starts to laugh hysterically, mumbling nonsense as he loses control and starts dancing like a random crazy person. Kai shrugs his head, laughing at his friend's stupidity, making sure to mention it once he turns sober tomorrow morning. He jugs down the glass in one shot, feeling the absolute burn of vodka mixed with tequila.

'Jesus', he groans, coughing as his throat clenches. He races to the kitchen, bumping into various drunk teenagers trying to dance and grind. He looks for the kitchen sink, trying to wash off the drink's fiery taste with water. Suho would be useful during this time, he thought, as he grabs an empty red plastic cup, filling it up with tap water, drinking it down quickly.

'Hey, I have an idea. What if we prank that loner kid? I heard he lives a couple of roads down', a voice shouts across the kitchen, a loud and annoying laugh blasting across the kitchen.

'What's that douche's name? The weirdo that sits by himself?', a voice echoes behind, he turns around to see Chanyeol hanging around with Jaewoo, surrounded by college students by the looks of it as they wore their college hoodies.

'Baekhyun', Chanyeol's voice perks up, making Kai look at him for a moment before returning to the living room, but he stops in his tracks all of a sudden, hearing the loud conversation behind him.

'My friend right here, he has the power of invisibility! I say, we sneak up inside the loner's house and set fire to his room or something', Jaewoo's suggests, laughing as he receives a high five from his college friends. Kai turns around, seeing if Chanyeol would actually agree with this.

'Burning his room is a bit much don't you think?', Chanyeol interrupts, shaking the back of his pastel hair. Kai sighs in relief, but not for long, 'But Jaewoo, you have the power to control sound waves... How about we scare him shitless by blasting his stereo to the full?', Chanyeol suggests, getting his own rounds of high five as the college students suggest more ways to taunt the kid they've never met before. Kai looks back to Chanyeol, making eye contact with the boy for the
second time that night. Kai didn't signal a conversation with the man, he just looks straight ahead before turning around and making his way back to the kitchen, grabbing someone's bottle of beer and chugging it in one shot.

*Who the fuck cares what Chanyeol's up to?*, Kai thought, being pissed at himself for even thinking about getting involved with Chanyeol's posse. Baekhyun can take care of himself. Kai shakes off the odd feeling in the back of his head as he chugs another bottle of beer. The music blares and he starts swaying to the music, returning to his friends who were wildly dancing and making a fool of themselves. *Ah fuck it*. Kai joins his friends, dancing like a complete moron, screaming at the top of his lungs as he drinks to the music.

The living room is nearly empty, with a couple making out on the couch, touching each other as Kai sways out of the living room and into the corridor. Shatters of glass is covering the floor, crunching as Kai steps over them, arms trying to get a grip with anything that can hold him up. His head was spinning too fucking much, he could barely see anything that wasn't moving in circles.

'Fuck', he whispers to himself, leaning to the wall as he glides himself to the front door, which was completely open with an unconscious teenage girl lying between the door. Kai steps over carefully, trying not to hit the girl, before stepping outside and breathing in the cold air. He looked at his phone which read 2.43am. He stumbles across the large field of a front yard, walking by himself down the gates of the mansion. His friends must've left before him. He honestly couldn't remember anything at the moment, nor did he care, as he focuses more of his mental strength in trying to suppress himself from throwing up. He hold onto his phone, stopping to try and look through his contacts, but the names blur to each other. Kai could see nothing but lines and blurry shapes. *Ah shit*. he murmurs as he clicks on whatever contact his finger can click on, placing the phone on his ear, hoping that it was Xiumin so he can pick him up. Kai isn't very good in teleporting whilst drunk. One time, he teleported in a dumpster, five miles away from his home. He had never even heard of the street's name before.

'Hello?', the person on the other end of the line picks up.

'Xiumin? Ah thank God it's you! I need you to pick me up. I don't think I can move', Kai sways from side to side, taking a step before faltering to the cold cement floor, 'Hurry up. I'm cold!', he screams, waving his arms around, back on the cold ground.

'Umm, Kai? I think you've got the wrong number', the voice stutters, not sounding at all like the fiesty Xiumin, who would've mostly said fuck you whilst grabbing his keys and walking out to fetch the drunk mess of a Jongin.

'Wait... Who is this?', he slurs, turning to his sides whilst gagging, his stomach clenching. He was feeling sicker by the moment.

'Umm... It's... It's D.O... from... school?', the voice tries to explain, but Kai is having non of it. He starts to laugh, rolling from side to side.

'Who would name someone D.O? What are you? A rare blood type?', he screeches in laughter, finding it unbelievable how hilarious he is.

'Umm... Yeah. Kai, can I hang up now?', he says, voice getting slightly uncomfortable as Kai
continues to make fun out of his name, laughing at himself.

'No! You have to take me home D.O. Take me home D.O!', he screams before drunkenly zapping out of the cold and empty streets.

'What the fuck?', D.O jumps in disbelief, a limp and unconscious body lying on his bedroom floor all of a sudden, scaring the fuck out of him. He was just walking around from his desk to his bed before tripping over an object that certainly wasn't there before, 'What the fuck is this?', he whines, looking over to see if the person was breathing. He noticed an odd tattoo on the person's neck, realising that this object is non other than Kai.

Oh my fucking...

He races over his bedroom window, facing another neighbouring house, opening his window wide, 'Hey! Suho!', he shouts over the parallel window, still open with the lights still on. Thank God Suho is still awake. Suho's silhouette makes it's way to the window, curtains opening as Suho presents himself, wearing spiderman pyjamas, hair pulled back with a headband.

'What's up?', he calls over, applying moisturiser on his face, leaning over the window ledge.

'Kai is in my goddamn room!', D.O replies, arms raised in shock, 'What the hell do I do?', he asks, begging his friend to at least help him sneak the boy out of his house.

'What the hell is he doing in your room?', Suho calls over, shocked and looking over at D.O's room, moisturising cream long abandoned. D.O shrugs. He didn't know why Kai was in his room. He didn't even know why Kai chose to teleport to D.O's room. He thought after hanging up, he'd teleport to Xiumin's or maybe his own house.

'Suho! What do I do?'

'Just let him sleep over'

'Are you fucking nuts?!

'It's just one night D.O!'

'I don't fucking care if it's one night. He's not sleeping here!'

'And why not?'

D.O pauses for a moment, not knowing how to fully answer Suho's screams of arguments. He wasn't as scared of Kai as he was previously, and honestly, out of all of them, Kai was the more slightly normal one out of the rest of the folks he's forced to serve community service with, so he didn't particularly know why he was so against Kai being in his room. Suho looks over at D.O's silence as his victory.

'Have fun with your sleepover', Suho jokes, before closing his window door and closing the curtains. Damn it, D.O thought, looking back inside his room to see a fully unconscious Kai sleeping soundlessly on the floor. D.O makes his way over, hands grabbing each of the boy's feet, dragging him out of his room. Kai's head bumps onto his door, making a slightly loud noise. He freezes, looking over to his parents' bedroom door, trying to hear if he'd woken them up. He hears Kai groan but the boy continues to be asleep, so he moved further down, dragging the boy to his family's second floor living room.
'Right', he whispers as he finally makes his way to the sofas on the living room. All he has to do now was to pick Kai up and set him on the sofa, that's not hard.

_Not hard his ass._ D.O tries to lift Kai's torso up, but he falters, knees hitting the floor as he falls with Kai on the floor, 'Fucking fuckhead', he whimpers in pain. He gets back up trying again, this time, trying to pick up Kai's legs, but the man's long legs made it more harder as the shorter boy tangles his arms between Kai's legs, trying to set the man down on the fucking sofa.

'This shouldn't be this hard!', he complains, trying to keep quiet so he doesn't wake up the rest of his family, 'Get on the goddamn sofa', he whines, moving Kai's legs on the sofa, but the rest of the man is still on the floor. Now that D.O was looking, Kai looks like a rug lying awkwardly like that, with Kai's head on the floor, waist bent ans his legs rested on the sofa. I could just leave him like that... he thought, swinging his knee to check if he sprained anything, fully prepared to give up and just let Kai sleep like that.

_Oh for fuck's sake._

He leans down to pick up Kai's torso and lifting him up, heaving short breathes as he tries to lift the rest of the drunk boy's body on the sofa.

'Ah fucking finally', he breathes out, looking over Kai's body finally laying on his family sofa, hair messed up from all the lifting and dropping D.O's been doing for the past fifteen minutes. He looks over one more time, checking if Kai dropped from the sofa, before making his way back to his room, closing the lights on the corridor.

_I'll deal with him in the morning._

Something kept poking Kai's cheeks, making him flinch away, body moving to the side as he hugs his pillow, burying his head deep into the softness of his pillow. He'd never realised how fluffy his pillow was... And how it smells like fresh mangoes. The poking starts again, but this time on his back, making his flinch even more. What the hell was that poking him?

He turns around, eyes straining from the bright light coming from the window above him. All of a sudden, he's face to face with a tiny little girl, her chin resting on the sofa, giving Jongin a toothless grin, both her front teeth were missing.

'What the-', Jongin shouts, scared at the sight of a strange little girl with long black hair staring at him. He'd never seen this girl in his life. He instantly sits up, regretting it the moment the banging in his head starts. _Ah shit. Hangovers._ Kai groans, looking at the little girl, then looking around, not recognising where he is at all. This doesn't look like Jaewoo's house or was it his... So where exactly is he?

'Oh honey! You're friend's awake!', a feminine voice shouts across the corridor as a lady walks in smiling at him. She bends down to pick up the little girl that's been creeping him out since he woke up, 'Oh Eun Bi, leave the boy some space. I'm sure he's very tired', she pokes the little girl's nose, laughing as she sways the little girl around.

'Um... I'm so sorry if this sounds rude but... Who are you?', Kai asks curiously with a croaky voice, feeling his voice disappearing from all the screaming he was doing last night. The lady starts laughing, ruffling Kai's hair all of a sudden. Did he know her from somewhere?
'Oh honey. You're friend is so cute', she shouts across the corridor, Kai looks across the corridor even more confused. What friend is she talking about?, 'Hello, I'm Do Seohee, Kyungsoo's mother', she introduces herself, smiling but Kai is even more confused. Who the fuck was Kyungsoo?

'Mum what are you doing?', a voice calls out, approaching the hot mess of a situation that Kai is currently in, 'Mum, leave him alone, he was just about to leave', D.O approaches Kai's view. He was in D.O's house? Why? This is getting more and more confusing.

'But he just woke up!', the little girl shouts over as D.O stands beside Kai, his hand gripping his arms, forcing the hungover boy to stand, which made Kai feel even more dizzy.

'Eun Bi's right. He can't just leave without breakfast', his mother shouts over, making her way downstairs, the little girl still in her arms, 'Follow me young man. Let's fix you up some breakfast!', she shouts as she goes down the stairs, making D.O roll his eyes in embarrassment.

'Umm... Psst, D.O', Kai whispers, nudging D.O in the stomach, 'Can I ask you a question?', he asks, lowering his head to get rid of the banging headache he's having. D.O looks at the boy in utter annoyance, frustrated at Kai's absolute inconvenience on what's suppose to be a quiet Sunday morning.

'What?'

'What am I doing here?'

D.O glares at the boy. This dickhead doesn't remember a thing. This only frustrates D.O more as he looks at the oblivious boy scratching his head.

'Oh how I want to kill you right now'.

'So young man. Tell us a little bit about yourself?', D.O's dad stares intently at Kai, who sits awkwardly beside the man, hair all over the place, the sweater that D.O gave him to change into was two size small for his, the sleeves barely making it pass his elbows. He can feel D.O's father's stares boring into his skin as he tries to sip a cup of juice, looking up at the tall and built man.

'Um, my name is Jongin sir, but most people call me Kai', he replies earnestly, trying not to be on this man's bad side. D.O rolls his eyes in annoyance, giving his dad a look, trying to stop his father from asking any other invasive questions. His little sister, Eun Bi sits beside D.O, her little fingers wrapped around her fork as she tries to eat her sausages.

'So, Kai', D.O's mother smiles as she says his name for the first time, passing him a plate of sunny side eggs, 'How did you and Kyungsoo meet?', she asks, forcing Kai to take two slices of bread as she looks between the two.

'Uhh...

'In the canteen', D.O replies instead, trying to avoid the fact that he and Kai crossed paths the moment he broke the school's canteen, so he tries to give an ambiguous answer as possible.

'Uhh... Yeah. We sat on the same... Table', Kai tries to follow along with D.O, giving the boy a 'how's that' look, resulting in D.O glaring at him even more.

'Right...', D.O's father replies, looking between the two, 'Anyway, I'm glad you slept on the sofa Kai. That was very manly of you', Kai busies himself with eating all the food D.O's mum was
putting on his plate each time, already on his fifth sausage.

'Umm. Yeah, sure', he agrees, even though he had no idea what the fuck D.O's dad was going on about. He reaches out for his cup of orange juice, trying to down all the food.

'No really. I understand the certain urges teenagers have. Especially young boys. I'm just glad you two didn't do it whilst one of you were drunk', Kai splurts his orange drink, coughing at the realisation of what D.O's dad was going on about. He hits his chest as he tries to cough out the food which climbed down his throat.

'Oh my God. Dad!', D.O shouts across the table, hands on his head, too embarrass to even look at Kai, 'It's not like that!'.

'Oh my... honey. Eun Bi is right here!', D.O's mother laughs, hitting her husband. As if it can't get any worse, D.O's mum was all of a sudden joking about this whole situation.

'Oh my- Guys, please stop', D.O's head is buried in his hands, cheeks absolutely red as his parents laugh at him, his dad hitting Kai's shoulders whilst laughing. Kai can only force out an uncomfortable laugh. The dinner table quietens down as D.O's embarrassing parents had finally calmed down.

'So did you and my brother really kiss like what daddy says?', Eun Bi breaks the silence, looking up and staring at Kai as she nonchalantly eats her fried egg.

'Oh my God- No!', D.O shouts across, trying to suppress anymore of this nonsense, hitting Eun Bi on the shoulders as he looks over to see a tensed Kai being hit on the back by his laughing father, who found the conversation the most hilarious thing in the world.

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**Monday.**

Chanyeol sits on the front desk in his Geography class, eyes drooping as he slept quite late last night, playing video games all night with Chen and a couple other of his mates. Xiumin sits further back of the classroom, chin resting on his leaning hand, bored already, even though the morning lesson hadn't even started yet. Xiumin hated Geography, and the module that they were studying is even more boring. Something to do with rocks or some shit that no one cares for. Xiumin looks at his watch, waiting for their Geography teacher to walk in and start the lesson. That's another reason why he hates his Geography lessons. Their teacher is always late every fucking time.

'Park Chanyeol, you piece of cunt!', a voice bellows in the classroom as Xiumin hears the loud banging of the classroom doors. He looks up to see a fuming Baekhyun, his right arm still bandaged but Xiumin notices quite a big cut on the boy's cheek, still fresh and red... He must've been in an accident recently.

'I'm going to kill you', he races towards where Chanyeol sits, kicking the boy violently off his chair, making Chanyeol fall head first to the floor. The whole classroom quietens and Xiumin notices quite a big cut on the boy's cheek, still fresh and red... He must've been in an accident recently.

'Ow! What the fuck was that?', Chanyeol shouts back, his hands on his head, feeling the pain as he hits his head on the ground.
'I know it was you. You fucking bastard!', Baekhyun screams, kicking Chanyeol in the stomach, making the boy groan in pain at the strong kick. Xiumin races his way to the front, holding back Baekhyun from making anymore damages.

'Let me go!', the boy shouts, trying to nudge Xiumin's grip from his, but Xiumin was more stronger, tightly hugging the boy's arms to stop him from hitting Chanyeol, dragging him away from the crouching boy.

'Baekhyun, Stop it! you're going to get yourself into trouble!', Xiumin warns the boy, trying to move the boy out of the classroom before his Geography teacher walks in.

'I don't give a fuck. I want that fucker dead!', he shouts, spitting in Chanyeol's direction. Xiumin looks over at Chanyeol in shock, questioning the boy who refuses to make eye contact with him.

*What the hell did Chanyeol do now?*
Saturday; 01.23am

Baekhyun sits up on his bed, back leaning on his headboard, turning up the volume of his TV as he binge watch the day away, leaving his assignments for Sunday mornings as usual. He didn't know how tired he felt all week until Friday ended and he ended up sleeping through the first half of Saturday, his mother banging on the door for him to get up and eat lunch at least. Baekhyun is not much of a big eater compared to the rest of his family, who would cook endless amount of meat and force it down his throat, thinking that the skinny boy didn't eat enough. There were times that his mother made a full course meal for breakfast, making him and his brother turn to her with a twisted look of what the fuck.

'Hey Baekhyun! I'm going out with the boys tonight. Cover for me', his younger brother walks in his room, hand slipping off his bathrobe which landed on Baekhyun's bedroom floor, whilst his
Junior year brother wears black ripped jeans with a lather jacket, legs climbing over the window ledge. Baekhyun's window has always been perfect for sneaking out as an old family tree stood directly next to his window, making it easier to climb up and down without any noise or without the thought of breaking a bone.

'Be back before three', he murmurs, not even bothering to stop his brother, already knowing that the twat won't listen to him. Unlike Baekhyun, Baekbeom was a nice kid who has a lot of friends and is part of every club the school has to offer, even joining chess club and theatre. Not because he was good in any of it, but because the boy was an extrovert. He loved hanging around with people and talking. That's all he ever fucking does. Talk, talk and talk. He's a nightmare during road trips and Baekhyun refuses to take him to the cinemas years ago.

'Alright bro. Leave the window open', he whispers as he makes his way out of the window, jumping to the tree. Baekhyun could here grunting as his brother climbs down the tree, footsteps echoing from his window as he makes a run to the street, where his group of friends were probably waiting for him.

'Finally, some peace and quiet', he whispers, eyes glued on the screen and fingers opening his fifth packet of potato chips, digging into the savoury flavour. For the whole day, Baekhyun had done nothing but lay on his bed watching dramas, so it was no wonder his eyes begins to droop all of a sudden, his heavy eyelids threatening to close. But before Baekhyun could enter into sleep, a banging sound forces him to wake, looking around to see any objects in his room dropping, trying to find the source of the sound, but nothing seemed out of the ordinary. Sleep gone, Baekhyun scrunches up his empty crisps packet, throwing it over in the direction of his trash can like a basketball, but it stops flying mid air. The packet floats mid air, like some one was holding it, but no one is in his room. What the actual fuck? Baekhyun stays seated on his bed, frozen and eyes staring onto the hovering crisps packet, trying to unravel what the fuck he was seeing all of a sudden.

Suddenly, the volume from his TV starts going up, the scene from the drama screaming across his bedroom as the volume begins to get louder and louder. Baekhyun stands out, body vibrating with fright as he spins around his room, trying to find out what's happening in his room.

'Who's there?', he screams out, walking across his room, opening all his drawers and wardrobes. Eyes quivering in unknown fear as his bed starts to rattle furiously, making the boy scream in fright. His feet feels a violent tug as his body drops to the ground, legs being dragged by absolutely nothing as his body spins around on the floor, the unknown force dragging him from one side of the room to the next. 'Let me go! Please!', he screams, he didn't know who or what was doing all of this bullshit, but he really needed it to stop, otherwise he was truly going to shit his pants.

His body stops moving around, the volume from his TV drops, the scene from the drama screaming across his bedroom as the volume begins to get louder and louder. Baekhyun stands out, body vibrating with fright as he spins around his room, trying to find out what's happening in his room.

'Stop!', he lets out another shout, suddenly reaching on of his arms to grab a hold of the mysterious object, but the force swerves and pushes Baekhyun back to the floor, the object punching him hard in the face, leaving an angry gash along his left cheeks, he feels the blood trickling down his face. The sudden yellow light that forces itself onto Baekhyun's sight through the cracks of his folded arm forces the boy to lift up his head to see what was happening now. His study lamp, ripped from his desk now laid on the floor in flames beside him. The fire starts to catch onto the carpet, making Baekhyun jolt up in reflex, back still in pain from all the hit as he grabs his blanket, violently hitting on the flames to stop it from spreading. He hit it again and again, his TV turns off and his
left alone in darkness as the flames withers out. His blankets dark and stained from the fire, along with his carpet and his butchered lamp. He kneels down to inspect the damage more, waving his hand to turn his lights on, but he heard screams of laughter on the streets, echoing as they scream in the empty streets of Baekhyun's house, but a voice, a familiar voice that he now got used to hearing bangs through his ears. It was Chanyeol's voice.

'That was fun', the boy laughs and Baekhyun knew instantly why the boy was laughing and specifically why the boy was laughing in his neighbourhood. Frustrated tears threaten to fall, but he wipes his face, erasing the tears before the fall, looking down to find smudges of red on his hands as his cheek continues to bleed from the cut.

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Monday.

'Baekhyun! I said stop!', Xiumin screams, dragging the boy outside of his classroom and into the empty hallway, trying to keep Chanyeol and Baekhyun separate, 'What the fuck is going on?', he shouts over, hands gripping tightly between the boy's arm, spinning him away from the class door, looking him in the eyes.

'That bastard!', Baekhyun screams, attempting to pry his arms out of Xiumin's, legs turning around to go back inside Xiumin's Geography class, but the older boy is still stronger, forcing Baekhyun to stay still.

'Yes, Chanyeol the bastard. But what did he do?'.

'Look at my face! What do you think he did?', Baekhyun shouts back, fingers pointing at the cut decorated along his cheeks, he then rolls his arms to show Xiumin a dangerous amount of bruises, green in colour, plastered around his arms.

'What the fuck', Xiumin breathes out, examining the boy's arms as blotches of ugly coloured bruises makes its way at the end of Baekhyun's arms, 'He did that to you?', he asks, looking up to see not only an angry Baekhyun, but an expression of hurt flashes across his eyes, 'Look, go to class. I'll talk to Chanyeol okay? I don't want you or any of us getting into more trouble because of that prick. Okay?', Xiumin comforts Baekhyun, trying to make him go back to class. He knew that if another fight ensues in school, both of them would most probably get expelled.

'Go. I'll handle this', he whispers, pushing Baekhyun to the end of the corridor, spotting his Geography teacher walking down in the distance, piles of books and paper resting on one arm and a cup of steaming coffee on his hand. Baekhyun hesitates, anger still raging in him, but he follows Xiumin's orders eventually, turning around slowly, fixing his back pack which hanged off his shoulder due to his confrontation with Chanyeol. Xiumin slides the door open with a bang, walking pass Chanyeol who is back on his seat, wiping blood from his lips. The teacher as already stepped inside the class so Xiumin couldn't talk to Chanyeol at the moment, but he glares at the boy as he walks by to his seat.
Xiumin struggles to keep his calm during lessons, as he looks ahead of him to see Chanyeol the
bastard, leaning back on his chair, relaxing and making jokes to his friends beside him as the teacher left them to finish of their report that they started last Friday. Xiumin is getting more and more irritated by Chanyeol's nonchalant manner, laughing and joking about whilst he pretty much confessed to beating the shit out of Baekhyun. What the fuck was he actually thinking? He knew the two still didn't get along, but at least they were trying being civilised over the pass week.

The teacher sits silently in front of his computer, probably watching stupid videos on YouTube as the class waste away their morning on their laptop writing a useless report that he's certain the teacher wasn't even going to check it over. Xiumin rolls his eyes whilst grabbing his phone from his pocket once again, hiding it behind his desk as he types away.

Hey Kai... Guess fucking what?

Someone offered to bang you but he was ugly?

Wtf?

No you idiot.

What? You told me to guess 😊

Idiot listen to me. I saw Baekhyun this morning with a big cut on his face and bruises everywhere.
Xiumin stares blankly at his conversation with Kai, waiting for a reply but not getting any. How did Kai know about it? Did Baekhyun tell him? Why would he? So many questions bombards Xiumin's head, but a small tap from the window distracted him. He looks up to see Kai hiding underneath the window which faces the school's corridor, forcing Xiumin to do a double take as he sees Kai gesturing for him to come out of class. Did Kai just teleport here?

'Um... Sir, can I go to the toilet real quick?', he raises his arm, asking the teacher's permission to leave the classroom, the teacher responding with a slight nod, not even looking at the boy who rushes out of his seat, grabbing the hall pass and zooming out of the class room.

'Xiumin', Kai whispers as he watches Xiumin slide the classroom door, coming out and approaching Kai instantly, head bend so the teacher don't see the two off them rushing at the end of the corridor, opposite from the student's toilets, feet rushing to step out into the school field, where they can talk in peace without teacher's catching them.

'Kai what the fuck is going on?', Xiumin begins to ask as they reach the corner of the field, away from any one hearing, 'How did you know about this?', he questions, noticing a slight flash of guilt in Kai's expression.

'I was at a party last Saturday and Chanyeol so happened to be at the same one', Kai starts to explain, scratching the back of his head, eyes twitching in nervousness. Why the fuck was Kai nervous all of a sudden? It's not like he anticipated anything to happen, 'I overheard Chanyeol and a bunch of his friends planning... something', he stutters, trying to word his sentence carefully as he sees Xiumin glare at him with crossed arms.

'Plan what?'
'A prank for Baekhyun', Kai finishes, but he flails his arms trying to calm the frustrated boy in front of him, 'I swear I didn't think they'd go that far! I thought they were just going to scare him! I didn't know they were going to beat the shit out of him!', Kai defends himself, arms up in surrender, 'If I knew, I would at least... Maybe tell them off?'.

'You just let Baekhyun get beaten', Xiumin looks at his friend with disappointed, 'Whatever your excuse is, your still partly to blame'.

'Wait, now that's not fair! I didn't do anything!'

'Exactly!', Xiumin shouts back, walking away from the boy, they've been talking long enough and he didn't want his teacher getting suspicious as to why he was talking forever.

'Xiumin wait! Don't tell Baek!', he shouts over, but Xiumin doesn't turn around, his footsteps getting further and further away from the boy.

'So, how was the weekend with Kai?', Suho laughs, whispering during class as they busy themselves finishing off writing their essay for their English class. D.O rolls his eyes in annoyance, knowing full well Suho's non stop jokes were not going to end anytime soon. Suho didn't hang out with D.O on Sunday due to swimming practice, to the boy's dismay. He was annoyed that he couldn't talk to Suho straight away about the awkwardness that was Sunday morning, but once he did, he regretted it almost instantly, with Suho laughing his ass off as they hanged out on his back garden, a cold glass of ice tea in their hands.

'Could you stop it', D.O warns, nudging Suho's arms to stop annoying him.

'Oh come on. It's hilarious. You should've played along', Suho snickered, trying to suppress his laughter as their teacher looks up from her marking to glare at the direction of the noise.

'You're going to make things awkward... Dammit, I have library volunteering with him today as well...', D.O sighs in slight horror, he stops writing for a moment, trying to think how bloody awkward this lunch is going to be, 'Suho, please come to the library with me this lunch, I beg of you', but Suho's respond was just another soft laugh, shaking his head and patting his friend's shoulders.

'I don't think so mate. You're on your own for this one. Sorry', Suho declines D.O's pleas, going back to his work to finish off the essay as the class comes to an end.

'You're the one who fucking dragged me in this community service mess', D.O whispers in irritation, finishing up as he hears the school bell ringing across the classroom, signalling the end of the period and the start of lunch, 'You're the worst best friend'.

To say that Kai is more quiet than usual is a little bit of an understatement, as Kai spins around the computer chair, beeping the books in silent, not even looking at D.O, as he stares ahead, daydreaming whilst D.O busies himself shuffling the books back on the bookshelves. This feels even more awkward then what he expected. Maybe Kai got freaked out by his family and decided to keep his distance from the boy, which D.O didn't mind at all, but a part of him felt a bit
uncomfortable hanging around with a quiet Kai.

He makes his way out of the back bookshelves, strolling the empty cart back to the front of the library, gliding it over beside the desk as he makes his way back to his seat. He looks over to the many books stacked upon the library desk, picking one up and instantly reading the first page without reading the blurb. D.O has always been a bookworm, not caring about the genre of the books but instantly getting sucked in to each and every story he opens.

'Do you think I'm a bad person?', Kai suddenly asks, swerving his chair closer to D.O, looking over at the boy. He lifts up his head as he hears the question, making eye contact with Kai for a second before looking away, uncomfortable at the way Kai starts to stare at him, waiting for him to respond.

'I don't know. I don't really... Know you...', D.O tries to reply logically, flipping over to the next page of the book, trying to submerge himself in the book once more, but he feels distracted, 'I mean, you're nicer than expected', he replies again, thinking for a better answer than his previous one.

'Than expected? What did you expect?', Kai asks, perking at the boy's sudden jolt of an answer, making him curious as to what D.O thought of him the first time they met.

'Well, you're always hanging out witht those people... The ones who looked like they belong in a gang or something... So I thought... Maybe...'

'I was a gang member?', Kai laughs at the nervous looking boy who looks up at him with the widest eyes he's ever seen. D.O was caught of guard, bowing in apology, just in case Kai found it offensive.

'Sorry. I know you're not...'

'Haha, so my bad boy image is working', Kai giggles, facing away D.O and in front of a student who hands him a book to return, beeping it in the system.

'What?'

'Bad boy looks which makes everyone swoon. That was my plan all along', Kai replies, handing a new book to the student in front of him, winking flirtatiously, making the girl blush a slight red before walking about of the library, 'I guess you felt it too then. My emanating charisma', he laughs when he turns back to face D.O who is now glaring at him in disgust.

'Forget it. You're just scary', D.O gives up, going back to his book as Kai starts to approach him, bending his head to try and make eye contact at the boy who purposely places the book in front of him, trying to keep Kai out.

'Come on. You agreed right? That I'm a sexy gangster', Kai laughs, swivelling his chair close to D.O.

'More like the local's trashy bike stealer', D.O retorts, strolling his chair away from Kai as they start to play chase with each other around the library desk as Kai strolls his chair t follow D.O, chasing each other with the computer chairs, lucky that the librarian wasn't present to witness their chaos in the library.
Lunch time without D.O is not as bad as Suho expected, busying himself with council meetings and swimming meetups, making his way to the nearly empty canteen as lunch is nearing to an end. He looks down on his watch, reading the time, 12.43pm; he had seventeen minutes to get lunch before the bell rings. He opted out for a lighter meal in a form of a chicken sandwich and a bottle of vimto, making his way to the front table of the canteen which was empty.

He spotted an orange hair boy in front of him, holding his meal and walking towards the back exit of the canteen. Is that Sehun?, he thought, legs moving pass the table he had intended to sit on, following the younger boy out of curiosity as Sehun makes his way out of the canteen with the tray of untouched food still in his hands. They pass the empty corridor, Suho making sure he kept his distance from Sehun as to make sure not to get caught. He sees Sehun leaning his back on the bathroom door to open, walking in. What the hell is he doing in the toilets?, Suho wonders as he walks into the bathroom, with his sandwich and bottle still in his hands, looking at all the empty cubicles except one. For a moment, he wondered if the boy was going to flush all his food down the toilet for some reason, but he heard a bottle of fizzy drink opening, hearing the boy take a gulp from it and noises of clattering spoons against plates echoes in the empty bathroom. Was Sehun eating by himself in the toilets? Suho felt a tinge of pity for the boy, so he goes into the neighbouring cubicle, locking the door and taking out his sandwich, trying not to think about the smell of the boys toilets and trying to flush out the disgusting memories of the last time he's been inside a public toilet.

'Nice day to be eating in this shit place', Suho speaks out, looking below to see Sehun's legs flinch in fright at the sound of his voice, 'It's much more relaxing then I thought', he laughs at himself, trying to make Sehun comfortable, but not knowing due to the wall seperating them.

'What are you doing here?', the young boy whispers at Suho, but he continues to reply with glee.

'Same as what you're doing. Eating my lunch', Suho laughs as he knocks softly on the wall which separates them, encouraging the boy to converse comfortably with him, 'I don't know why you picked the boy's toilets, but I guess we all have our preferences', he jokes on, but he's response was silence, Sehun not breathing out a word. Suho gives in, sighing as he quietly sits on the closed toilet.

'I don't want them to see me', Sehun suddenly whispers, the noises of cutlery stopping, urging Suho to stop eating and to listen to the boy, 'They always come and steal my food, or throw it at me', he speaks to Suho, his voice quaking in fear, or was it embarrassment?

'Then sit with me next time', Suho suggests, leaning his head against the wall, wishing he can see the boy and comfort him face to face.

'What?'

'Unlike you, I'm not a big fan of going inside public toilets... Not anymore anyway. So you might as well sit with me and D.O during lunch rather then having to force us sit inside this hell hole', this took Sehun by surprise, as he looks to the wall where Suho's voice comes from, shocked at the boy's proposition. He'd never been asked to sit with someone during lunch before.

'I think it's just common curtsy to not force your new friends to hang out in the worst place of the school building, am I right?', he asks, making Sehun blush. New friends?, 'So do we have ourselves a deal Sehun?', Suho waits for the boy's reply, wondering why all he's been getting is silence.

'O...Okay', he whispers in reply, a small smile tries to sneak onto Sehun's face, as he continues to
By the time all eight teenagers walk into the community centre, every single one of them knew about what happened between Baekhyun and Chanyeol. D.O holding his breath as he sees Chanyeol glide in with Chen. All eyes gaze over Baekhyun who sits in his usual, tension filling the room as they wait if Baekhyun was going to make a move, but the boy sits still, eyes closed and arms crossed.

'Oh god... Please, I pray nothing happens today...', Suho whispers to D.O and Sehun who sits between him, biting his nails in nervousness as Chanyeol and Chen takes their seat. D.O reaches his arm to pull Suho's hand from his mouth, shaking his head in disgust as he watches Suho bite his nails again. It's one of Suho's habits that he wishes he got rid of.

'Shall we ask him?', Kai asks Xiumin, looking back and forth between the two, wondering when they're going to start their fight, because he knows they will, and it was making him more nervous that they hadn't started yet, feeling like the two were a ticking time bomb, waiting for it to explode in his face.

'Don't. Avoiding each other is better than confronting in their case', Xiumin pulls Kai to turn around and face the stage at the end of the hall, waiting for the manager. But Kai continues to look back every once in a while, staring at Baekhyun and looking over at Chanyeol, suddenly making eye contact with the tall boy, giving him a somewhat disappointed look but doesn't say anything to him. A man they've never seen before, wearing a polo shirt, walks in with the same clipboard the usual manager hold, looking over at the eight teenagers in front of him.

'Manager Song is off sick today. She'll be back tomorrow, but for now, I'm in charge', he explains as he looks down on the clipboard, trying to read the instructions left for him, 'I guess today you won't be doing much, but there is an office at the front of the centre in need of rearranging. I need all of you to rearrange the paper works and draws. Throw out any paper work from the years 1980s to 2006, since we most likely won't be needing those', he explains, trying to give a smile but looking less and less enthusiastic as he reads on, 'Good luck everyone, and I'll see you in two', he finishes off, running off and out of the hall before the boys can even get up.

'Fuck. We're all going to be stuck in one room', Kai whispers, already feeling a darkness brewing as they all make their way towards the office, Chen making sure to pull Chanyeol to the back, so Baekhyun and Chanyeol don't make any contact.

The office is a big room, filled with filing cabinets, stacked with thousands of paper work, covered in dust. The group naturally split, with Chen and Chanyeol firstly going to the other side of the room, before Kai grabs Xiumin with him to join the two, planning to ask Chanyeol a lot of questions. They starts to take out all the paper inside the cabinet drawers, opening them up to see the date and piling the folders in two separate piles.

'Chanyeol... What the fuck did you actually do?', Kai suddenly whispers, turning back to make sure Baekhyun doesn't hear from the other side, in case it triggers on a fight.
'None of your business', Chen whispers back, blowing a layer of dust from the folder he picked up, opening it to see the date before shoving it in the trash pile.

'I don't think I was asking you', Kai retorts back, looking over at Chen, shock that he could still defend Chanyeol despite his stupidity over the weekend, 'Mind you, unless Chanyeol can't fucking speak all of a sudden, i don't think you need to speak'.

'And what makes you think you have the rights to know what happened last Saturday?', Chen bites back, he stops picking up the folders and slowly starts to make his way to Kai, but Xiumin reaches out his arms to stop both of them.

'You two, stop it', he whispers to both Kai and Chen, glaring at the two, 'Chen I can't believe you're standing up for Chanyeol', Xiumin looks over Chen's direction in disappointment.

'Because you don't know shit', Chen whispers, glaring at both Kai and Xiumin who dares go for his friend. Xiumin stares at Chen in disbelief, more upset than angry to realise that Chen is just one of Chanyeol's dog, protecting and making excuses for him when he does something stupid. He had thought that Chen was better than that.

'All of you shut it', Chanyeol interrupts the argument, getting more and more fed up with the squabbling, 'If you don't shut up, I'm moving to the other side', he whispers in annoyance, before shoving a pile of folders in the 'keep' section.

'Dude. Do you not care about Baekhyun? You burnt his arm, cut his face and beat the shit out of him', Kai calls out, looking over at Chanyeol as he tries to approach him, but Chen suddenly blocks him.

'I said stop dude'

'Move out of my way'

'For fuck's sake', Chanyeol huffs out in frustration, banging the folders in is hands on the tables, shoving his way out from Kai and Chen, making his way on the other side, where Baekhyun is.

'Shit. Chanyeol! Get back here', Chen calls over, Xiumin taking in a breath as the two are finally going to make contact, turning to glare at Kai for making it happen after he warns him not to dig into the situation.

'Um... What are you doing here Chanyeol?', D.O whispers, moving Sehun to the side protectively as he sees Baekhyun turn around and make eye contact with Chanyeol. Everyone held their breaths as they watch the two make eye contact, every second turning into an hour, before Baekhyun turns back around, carrying on shoving folders in the trash section, ignoring Chanyeol's existence.

'Um... What are you doing here Chanyeol?', D.O whispers, moving Sehun to the side protectively as he sees Baekhyun turn around and make eye contact with Chanyeol. Everyone held their breaths as they watch the two make eye contact, every second turning into an hour, before Baekhyun turns back around, carrying on shoving folders in the trash section, ignoring Chanyeol's existence.

'Sehun, go over and join Xiumin and Kai', Suho suggests, pushing the boy out of their side, feeling like a volcanic eruption is about to blow out. Sehun, without knowing much, nods to Suho, slowly making his way besides Xiumin.

'I see a lowlife gangster wannabe is here to join us', Baekhyun blurts out sarcastically, flipping over the folder in his hands whilst still refusing to look up at Chanyeol.

'I neither stole from you or threatened to kill you to be qualified a low life gangster', Chanyeol retorts back, trying to avoid Baekhyun's presence and picking up a file of folder from the bottom draw. Just as he was about to drop the piles of paper work onto the table, Baekhyun stretches his foot, making Chanyeol trip, splattering paper all over the room. The office stays quiet, Suho making his way to Baekhyun just in case he needs to hold them back.
'But you did beat me' Baekhyun replies and Chanyeol stands in silence, not replying as he bends down and starts to pick up the paper in front of him, 'So you're confessing that you were the one who broke into my house and beat me in my own room?', Baekhyun shouts over, trying to gain Chanyeol's attention.

'So what if I did? What's it to you?', Chanyeol finally breaks his silence, turning around and looking over Baekhyun, face red with anger, 'If you haven't noticed, you and I hate each other, so I don't understand why you're even surprise at the fact that yes, I was one of the people who beat the shit out of you', Chanyeol shouts, scrunching up the papers in his hands, throwing it in Baekhyun's direction.

'Why the fuck did you do that though? I didn't do shit to you!', Baekhyun screams back, starting to approach him but Suho, who was ready the whole time, pulls back Baekhyun.

'Haven't done anything? Why is it that whenever I do something to you, I'm the devil to all of your eyes!', Chanyeol points out to every single one of them in the room, screaming at the top of his lungs in utter frustration, 'But whenever Baekhyun does anything, you think it fucking okay!'.

'What have I ever done to you?!'

'I'll have you know that you did nearly blind me and just because I accidentally burnt your arms doesn't dismiss the fact that you tried to intentionally blind me', Chanyeol screams, voicing out the fact that he's been given shit over Baekhyun's burnt arm, but no one ever seems to mention the time Baekhyun voluntarily tried to blind him during the fight, And, you nearly got me expelled, because you're a petty son of a bitch', Chanyeol defends himself, trying to approach Baekhyun but his friend has already made his way behind Chanyeol, pulling him back by his shirt.

'So you think you're innocent too Baekhyun. Well, you're worse then me', Chanyeol spits back through gritted teeth, the tension growing more and more.

'Alright, that's enough', Xiumin shouts over, breaking the drumming silence, walking between the two with his arms reached out, 'We get it. You're both fucked up. Now can we finish today's work and leave? I'm sick and tired of having to break up the both of you!', he shouts over, pushing Chanyeol and Chen back to his side of the room, whereas Suho pulls Baekhyun away from them, forcing him to face the cabinets.

'Don't mind him Baekhyun. Just ignore him from now on', Suho suggests, standing by Baekhyun's side and trying to force the boy back into work.

'Gladly', Baekhyun mutters, bending down to pick up more folder.

After finishing the long hours of sorting out paperwork, Sehun and Suho drags the bin bags filled with worthless paper work, whilst Chanyeol and Chen walks straight out into the parking lot, exiting the centre without a word.

'Chanyeol really has the nerves doesn't he?', Kai whispers to Xiumin, looking back to find Chanyeol and Chen's usual seats empty. The stand in manger dismissed then only a minute ago and the pair is already long gone.

'Tell me about it', Xiumin whispers back, completely disappointed in Chen for defending Chanyeol. He was just starting to like Chen and his quick witted sense of humour, but knowing that Chen would not slap Chanyeol back to his senses despite being the guy's close friends, he
didn't think Chen would tolerate Chanyeol's nonsense, but here they were now.

'I honestly thought they were just going to scare him. He said they were just going to turn the volume of his stereo and maybe rattle a bunch of objects. I didn't hear them planning to beat the shit out of him', Kai whispers to Xiumin, grabbing his backpack and swinging on, walking towards the exit.

'You heard them talking about it?', Baekhyun's voice blasts out behind them, making Kai freeze in his spot, feeling like he's been shot in the chest all of a sudden, 'You heard Chanyeol planning to break into my house and you didn't stop him?', Baekhyun repeats, getting more frustrated as he hears another person fucking him over once again. he approaches Kai, turning him around to face him.

'Baekhyun... I-'

'You're just as worse as Chanyeol', Baekhyun looks over the guilty looking Kai in shock and disgust, feeling more and more angry. He pushes pass the two aggressively, trying to keep a straight face whilst stuffing his headphones in his ears, waiting for this fucked up day to finally come to an end. His footsteps finally hit cement floor as he hurries his pace, trying to go back home as quickly as possible. A small tap on his back stops him as he turns around, pissed as ever, and faces Sehun who smiles sweetly at him.

'I was wondering if I-'

'Look Sehun. You look like an alright kid, but I'm not in the mood to walk home with anyone at the moment', Baekhyun blurts out, prying his shoulder off of Sehun as he sees the boy's smile fade and head starting to hang low.

'Oh... I thought maybe you might need some-'

'I don't need anyone', Baekhyun interrupts him, getting more and more frustrated at everyone today, 'I only let you walk with me because I felt sorry for you', he spurs out, trying to get Sehun to leave him alone, 'So if you please. Stop hanging onto me like a leach and leave me alone', Baekhyun begs, turning around and walking away from the boy, headphones plugged by into his ears, not caring about anyone at the moment.

'Okay...', Sehun whispers, lifting his hoodie up to hide his face as he slowly turns around, slapping his head for being such an inconvenience, as usual.

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**Saturday 1.38am**

Chanyeol walks with Jae Woo's group of college friends, laughing at all their jokes and the cold hits them, nearing towards Baekhyun's house. He was starting to get along with a certain college boy named Yoosuk, who played basketball for his college. He has a cool power of shape shifting, albeit not as cool as the ones in movies, Yoosuk had the ability to change his gender and his face structure, but he can't turn into someone else or another species, apparently that's a rare kind of shape shifting that only a few have.

'So do you change often?', he asks as they cross a street, hearing Jae Woo screech that their here.
'Oh absolutely! All the time', Yoosuk laughs, his hands in his pocket as the cold wind embraces him, 'Whenever I meet a straight guy, I turn straight into a girl and bam! I have him', he laughs, tapping Chanyeol's shoulder as he laughs along with the college boy.

'But, you said you have a girlfriend?'

'Ah yes. I'm tied down now, so I'm not cruising around for sex anymore'.

'Hey come on!', Jae Woo interrupts them, waving his arms as he starts to climb a big ass tree, 'Baekhyun's window's open! And he's sleeping! Come on! This is the perfect time', the rich kid laughs mockingly, helping his friend with the invisibility power climb inside the window, twisting the sound waves into silence so the sleeping Baekhyun won't hear the boy clambering over his bedroom. He finally stops once his friend makes his way inside his room, looking excitedly over as Baekhyun wakes up, head spinning around, trying to see what going on, as he notices his invisible friend starting to rattle the boy up.

Chanyeol and Yoosuk climbs up to the spare branches of the tree that weren't occupied, Chanyeol overlooking Baekhyun's room where he stands in confusion, looking around scared at all the rattling noises. The boys on the trees laugh out loud, thanks to Jae Woo's powers, the boy inside can't hear them.

But all of a sudden, Chanyeol stops laughing as he sees Baekhyun being dragged around the room, skin grazing harshly on his carpet, reddening the boy's skin. He looks around to the boys around him who are still laughing, he continues to laugh with them, but a hint of nervousness and force coming out of his laugh. His eyes follow the frightened boy on the floor, noticing a study lamp hovering in the air above the boy, then suddenly hitting Baekhyun violently. Chanyeol stops laughing completely.

'Wooh! Go on Seok Hwan!', Jae Woo encourages, fists in the air as he laughs at Baekhyun's screams. He looks around the group of friends one more time, seeing that none of them were trying to stop what was happening in front of them.

'I think that's enough...', Chanyeol points out, suddenly stopping the laughing boys around him, who begins to stare at him like he was no fun.

'Come on Chanyeol. It's just getting fun', Jae Woo laughs as he hears another bang from the room, this time seeing the lamp punch Baekhyun's face.

'I said stop!', he reaches out his hand to fire at the lamp, guessing where the invisible's boy's hands were. They heard a scream before Seok Hwan climbs out of the window ledge with his hands burnt.

'Son of a bitch!', he shouts, climbing onto the tree branch, making Jae Woo give Chanyeol a deathly glare as he helps Seok Hwan onto the tree, the rest quickly climbing down so they don't get caught.

'You are seriously no fun', Jae Woo calls out Chanyeol as they all land back onto the ground, the rest of the boys laughing at Seok Hwan screaming, shouting about how cool Chanyeol's powers are.

'Oh come, that was fun', Chanyeol tries to distract Jae Woo by laughing at Seok Hwan, joking about how much of a pussy he was for screaming at a small burn, the group laughing as they walk away from Baekhyun's house, Chanyeol turning his head around to check the bedroom lights, the lights are on. He runs up to Yoosuk, trying to hide his slight worry by laughing out loud.
Chapter End Notes

Please don't mind the odd grammar mistakes or so
I didn't bother to proof read this chapter.
Kai has been trying to message Baekhyun for the whole evening now since their confrontation from earlier on, but the boy had already blocked him on Instagram and Facebook, opting out any means of communication with him. Kai didn't even know he was friends with Baekhyun on Facebook. The sudden realisation of guilt passes through him for a short moment, but those short moments turned into a mesh of absolute fucking guilt digging into his skin, making Kai look through his phone, trying to see if he can contact Baekhyun. He left their group chat and pretty much blocked everyone's number, as earlier on, he tried to call Baekhyun from Xiumin's phone. Needless to say, it didn't fucking work.

'What the fuck am I going do to now?', Kai thought, sitting on the park bench with his skateboard beneath him, legs swaying side to side as he moves his feet on the skateboard, sliding it back and forth, eyes looking up at the sun slowly making its way down for the day. After their community
service, Kai didn't feel like playing video games in Xiumin's place, nor did the older boy want to hang out with him today anyway, so he teleports himself to the park he used to hang out in everyday when he was a kid, all the way on the other side of town, opposite his house, nearer to Jae Woo's place than his. It wasn't until he was in the middle of a conversation with one of his friends did he realise that she might know a way to contact the angsty mullet boy.

88KAI88: Yoon Hee, do you happen to have any of the loner kid's contact info? SNS or something?

Yoon_Hee: Why?

88KAI88: Just wondering...

Yoon_Hee: Well, I have him on Instagram... But that's about it.

88KAI88: oh right. Thanks.

Damn. Kai would've thought that Yoon Hee would have an email address at least, seeing as she's the class vice president and, no offence to Suho, was slightly more likeable than the school's teacher's pet, he once saw her successfully approaching Baekhyun one time to sign some kind of petition Kai had no care for. Yoon Hee manages to find a way to be everyone's friend, but it seems like her skills also have their limits.

Yoon_Hee: wait one sec...

Yoon_Hee: I think I have him on snapchat...

88KAI88: oh really?

So here Kai was now, eager for Baekhyun to accept his friend request on snapchat, for once in his life not regretting his stupid username. He sometimes curses snapchat for not having the feature to change it, feeling embarrass when someone asks for his snapchat, and him having to take the latter's username instead, because ain't nowhere in hell would he ever say his username aloud. He actually first made his snapchat when he was drunk on the rooftop of one of his mate's house. He felt oddly left out as his friends obsess over a new app, so after a bottle, maybe ten, of beer, he made an account, highly drunk and his secret narcissist self-coming out, he had decided to call himself yourwetdream88.

Although, now that Kai was thinking about it, his current username would've freaked Baekhyun out more than his real name. _God, I wouldn't add me_, he thought, as he scrolls up to refresh the page, finding no new notification. He is just about to give up, locking his phone and leaning back on the park bench with a heavy sigh, but the vibration of a notification made him stand up straight, fingers already gliding across the screen of his phone to find that Baek04 has miraculously accepted him. _Yes!_ he cheers, already typing to Baekhyun, fingers in a hurry.

yourwetdreams88: Heyya Baekhyun hyung!

yourwetdreams88: it's me!

yourwetdreams88: Kai

yourwetdreams88: I need to fuck with you.

Kai looks down as his fast fingers type out his messages, he notices the _slightly_ small fucking auto
correct that always happens when he lets his friends play with his phone. They've change the auto correct setting again... Kai looks down and tries to write down talk to prove his theory.

yourwetdreams88: fuck

For fuck's sake. Kai groans in frustration and embarrassment as he looks at the damage, hitting himself on the head as he makes it worse by typing fuck again. Fuck.

yourwetdreams88: I mean I need to talk with you

yourwetdreams88: talk with you, not fuck with you

Kai wasn't making it any better and as he sees the small smiling emoji makes its way to the corner of his screen, telling Kai that Baekhyun is online and well underway reading his fuckering, he groans louder, his hands gripping tightly on the phone. He looks like an absolute freak, all alone in the park, screaming at his phone.

Baek04: what the actual fuck? Kai?

Baek04: what the fuck is wrong with you?

youwetdreams88: come on!

youwetdreams88: don't tell me that you haven't been a victim to auto correct.

Baek04: no. And I haven't been a victim of regrettable username either.

youwetdreams88: sorry love, but you still added me. What was your true intentions if you didn't know it was me? ;)

Baek04: pls go fuck yourself. I don't have time for you.
Honestly, Kai wasn't a patient guy and Baekhyun already had him doing most things he wouldn't do. He heaves out a heavy sigh, trying not to get angry at Baekhyun and reminding himself of how beat up the boy actually looks like. He could've stopped that from happening. But he didn't. So as any decent human being will do, he's going to try to at least make Baekhyun acknowledge his apology, because damn, his guilty consciousness wasn't going anywhere as Baekhyun's bruised hand flashes before him in seconds, disappearing almost instantly like how he did when he realised what Chanyeol was up to.
Oh damn. Kai knows exactly where Baekhyun is, noticing the familiar road at once, smiling as he closes his eyes and teleports right beside the angry teenager, receiving a screech of fright and screams of *what the fuck* and *bastard* as Baekhyun turns his head to find Kai's smiling face right up on his.

'You shouldn't have told me where you are', Kai laughs holding up his phone, the picture of the road by the park he took just a second ago still on Kai's phone screen. Oh God, Baekhyun had forgotten about the boy's stupid powers.

'Please Kai, I'm begging you. Leave me alone', he didn't have time to converse with Kai, or anyone as matter of fact, wishing nothing more than to be alone as always. Baekhyun starts to walk away from the park, saddened that he wasn't able to relax under the familiar tree for the evening, frowning as he expectedly hears Kai's footsteps follow along his, 'I swear... Leave me alo-

'Let me explain myself first', Kai turns his hand to swerve Baekhyun, forcing the boy to face, 'Look Baekhyun. I know your mad at me, but would you have done the same thing if you were in my position?', he starts, trying to talk to the boy who keeps slipping off his grip, pace fasten as he continues to walk away from him, but Kai just follows along, 'Come on Baekhyun. Think about it? If someone decided to throw shit my way, would *you* stop them? For me? Someone you just met a few weeks ago?'

'A few weeks ago?!', Baekhyun heaves in disbelief, stopping in his tracks unexpectedly, making Kai bump into him, 'You think we've known each other for a *few* weeks?', Baekhyun turns around, his bruised arms folded across his chest and a look of even more frustration plasters itself on the boy's expression.
'Well... I mean, yeah. We've known each other since freshmen yes. But we've known of each other. We didn't particularly know know each other', Kai tries to defend himself, although, he didn't really know why, surely Baekhyun can't be that sensitive about Kai's lack of acknowledgement of his existence throughout their high school years so far, hell, didn't he revel in the delight of people leaving him alone and not caring about him?

'You're making yourself look more like a douche', Baekhyun breathes out, already having enough with Kai's failure of an apology.

'Now, wait a minute', Kai turns to run after Baekhyun again, 'What did I do this time?', Kai pleads, now clearing not knowing anything as he obliviously pissed off Baekhyun once again.

'Oh, for God's sake. Chicken pie!', Baekhyun shouts, pushing Kai out of his way and making a run away from the now confused boy, standing frozen by the sidewalk, looking at Baekhyun, thinking, what the actual fuck.

'Mum', Kai calls out during dinner, his hand playing with his fork, stabbing and swirling his food around, not really eating much. His mother looks up from her business phone, her right hand held her phone whilst she reads her emails about a new business plan or other sort of important shit that Kai didn't know about.

'What darling', she replies glumly, her left hand slowly lifting her spoon, which barely had any food in it, eating slowly as her vast attention focuses mainly on her phone.

'Chicken pies', this made both his parents turn around, looking over at him with a slight confusion upon their expression, waiting for the boy to continue his sentence to more than just the two words, not really connecting it to anything that makes sense. But his father showed a hint of a smile.

'Darling, what are you on about?', his mother gazes over at him, eyes leaving her phone, looking at the boy up and down, but Kai just shrugs it off. Ever since he come home, he's been wondering why Baekhyun shouted chicken pies at him all of a sudden. It didn't make sense to him at all and he's glad that he's not the only person who found it half as confusing as he did. He looks straight ahead to where his father is, a small breath of laughter escapes from his lips, locking his phone and putting it away in his front pocket.

'Oh God, we've done it again sweetie', he whispers to his wife besides him, laughing by himself as his wife still has no clue as to what is going on, even more so to Kai who looks at his father. Were chicken pies a private joke that Kai was supposed to know?

'Honey, what are you on about?', she voices, head turning back and forth between the two boys, phone abandoned and both arms now leaning on the table.

'Oh, you must remember the time when Kai was in kindergarten. Whenever we were always on our phones making calls or on our computers, he would always shout chicken pies to gain our attention. And we don't know why, but it worked every time', he smiles, reaching his hand over the table to ruffled his confused teenage son. Kai looks across confused, but smiled like that was his true intention, not because some petty jackass screamed it at him before running away.
"Oh right! I remember", his mother breathes out a laugh, a small smile forming onto her lips, 'He told us how jealous he was of our phones', both his parents went off to reminiscent street, recalling the times of Kai's younger years, which he certainly didn't ask about, so he didn't know why his parents were caught up in the moment.

'We didn't know how'd you come up with the idea, but I heard it was your friend you gave you the word chicken pies to use'.

'Oh yes. That boy was absolutely adorable'.

'I wonder where he is now'.

'Yes. What was his name again? Baekbeom?'

'Something like that'.

Oh, flying fucking ducks. Kai lets out a massive sigh of realisation, his hands dropping his cutlery and ripping his hair out once again, in complete humiliation.

'Oh God, he's name was Baekhyun!', he lets out in anger, but his parents didn't see it more than a teenage boy trying to correct them of his old friend's name, not knowing his son was ripping himself to shreds over his own stupidity and utter forgetfulness.

'Ah, that's the one. Shy boy Baekhyun. Boy, did that kid love to smile though', his father lets out a huge grin, hands going back to cutting his food, eating it properly this time, with no phones distracting them as they misread Kai's awkward confusion over a plea for their attention, with both of them now keen on drilling the boy with every question they've got, making sure to keep their son talking, despite Kai's dismay, never once leaving a single detail from his short answers, over analysing them as always.

'You slept over a boy's house?'

'What's his name?'

'Do we know his parents?'

'Are you going out with him?'

'Honey, if you are, I want you to make sure to always be safe-

'Oh my God guys! You asked me what I did over the weekend and I've told you. Now can we please change the subject?', he cries over his two interrogating parents. He shouldn't have even mention what happened over the weekend, should've kept it simple. He went to a party. Period. His eyes hung low in regret and embarrassment, he begins to stuff the rest of his food in his mouth, wanting this weird dinner to finally be over.

'You didn't go to second base whilst his parents were in the house, right?', his father asks with worry, just as the silence settles, making Kai choke onto the meat stuck in his throat, spitting out the spoonful of rice stuffed in his mouth.
Baekhyun flings his wet towel over to the nearby chair, already flowing of used clothes that's been sitting around for week. Much to Baekbeom's disappointment, his older brother's windows are now entirely locked, forcing him to find some other way to sneak out after he failed to persuade Baekhyun to at least just open it up for him.

'Honestly. You're such a fucking loser', he shouts at Baekhyun, stomping out of his brother's room after the fifth time he tries to persuade him, but he was met with a middle finger and his older brother laying down on his bed, eyes glued on his phone. These were the times when Baekbeom felt the most disadvantage with having Baekhyun as a brother, he simply didn't care about anyone else but himself, nor did he care about what they say either, meaning whatever he throws at Baekhyun, he'll just completely swerve around from it.

'You're the fucking loser kid. I ain't trying to be cool by climbing out windows and other shit', Baekhyun retorts, hearing the small bang of his door. Finally, his brother has left him with some peace and quiet. After such a stressful, all Baekhyun wanted to do was to curl in his bed and watch the new episodes of Game of Thrones with the safety of knowing that pricks weren't going to invisibly show up and start beating the shit out of it. That was the first time in years Baekhyun realised that his reaction to the situation was unlike him. He's heavy breaths of disappointment and threatening tears forces him to realise that Chanyeol was affecting him more than he latches on, which is something he refuses to acknowledge, even until know as he gets sucked in the world of Westeros, gaining inspiration for how he's going to kill Chanyeol in his dreams, Poison? Nah, too easy. Cutting his head off? No, too quick. Now crushing his skulls till his brains squeeze out? That's more like it.

'You know, you never did tell me who you liked on Valentine’s Day', a deep voice echoes through his dark room, making him scream in fright, forcing his mum to shout across the hall, asking Baekhyun if he was alright. Which of course, he wasn't as he stares ahead and sees a smug Kai, leaning on his wardrobe.

'What the fuck are you doing here?', he whispers after shouting an answer of reassurance to his mother, shouting back at her about a spider in his room or something like that. He rips his blanket off of him, racing down to pull Kai out.

'Oh, come on. You shouted Chicken Pies and forced me to remember kindergarten years. Did you not expect me to come back with more apologies?', Kai laughs, fully surrendering over his many fuck ups towards the boy, first for not helping him out with the whole Chanyeol situation and now completely forgetting that Baekhyun even existed.

'Get out of my house', Baekhyun orders, ignoring whatever was coming out of Kai's mouth, pushing the boy and urging him to teleport back to his own home.

'I mean, I'm not trying to flood by perfectly practised apology which I've prepared for with excuses, but come on Baekhyun. You don't expect me to remember all the way back from kindergarten, right? We were like... Five', Kai look down on the boy who's still frowning at him, but Baekhyun had to admit, he didn't know why he was pissed at Kai either. He knew the moment they locked eyes back in freshmen year, when they shared the same maths class, that the boy didn't remember him at all, and it wasn't something that angered him at all. He understood if Kai couldn't recognise him and frankly speaking, he didn't even care.

'Alright, alright. I admit. Getting pissed over that is stupid', Baekhyun dismisses the hurls of excuse from Kai, shaking him and telling him to go home. He didn't know how Kai's teleportation works, but he assumes if the boy was thinking of a place, then he'll just zap to it, 'Go home, go home, go home', he says, like a spell, shaking Kai and hoping for the best to zap him out of his room.
'Baekhyun, I'm not a genie, stop shaking me and wishing to get rid of me', Kai laughs, but he pauses when Baekhyun stops and looks up at him, with partly pleading eyes but also an expression of irritation, which he's noticed Baekhyun has been wearing whenever he sees Kai, 'Okay, let's get to the point. I'm sorry', he says, but this time, earnestly. No play on words, no excuses, no whining. Just cutting to the chase and apologising to Baekhyun like he should've done back in the office.

'Alright', Baekhyun didn't want to prolong his grudge any more, seeing as it's doing him more harm than good, 'Alright fine. You're forgiven. Now please, zap along and go', he dismisses, giving Kai a nod that he was finally in the clear, but to his dismay, the boy only gave him a smile and started looking around his room, striding around and touching everything in his distance. For the love of God.

'Your room is exactly how I'd imagine it to be', Kai laughs, looking up at a poster of Pink Floyd hanging up on the walls between two other posters of Star Wars and some other film he's never seen before; it looks like a foreign movie. French? Italian?

'If you must know, Chanyeol wasn't the one who beat you up', Baekhyun perks at the sudden mention of Chanyeol, frowning as Kai was already digging under his skin. He was just forgiven three seconds ago...

'Please don't talk about the douche in front of me', he begins, shrugging in defeat and making his way back to where his phone is, 'I'm not in the mood to hear his name'.

'Your never in the mood to hear his name'.

'Well there you go'.

'Look, I've heard what they were going to do. One of his friend had an invisibility power and their plan was to scare you'.

'Clearly, they did more than that', Kai looks over to Baekhyun again, this time noticing the blotches of bruises plastered across the boy's arms. Clearly. 'Yes. That's why I was confused as to why you're in this condition. Chanyeol would have never allowed it'.

'Never allowed it?', Baekhyun calls out, surprise at Kai for saying that. If anyone was willing to try anything on him, it was that prick of a human being Chanyeol, 'We are talking about Chanyeol here, right?'

'Haven't I said before that I've heard their fucking conversation?', Kai interrupts Baekhyun's string of curses about Chanyeol, 'They were going to do something worse you know. Burn your room was their initial plan, but Chanyeol refuses to use his powers on you', Kai begins, before Baekhyun can stop him with more curses and shouting. He looks up at Baekhyun who still looks unfazed by his revelation, 'I know he still fucked up. But not as much as you think', he says before disappearing out of Baekhyun's sight, leaving the boy in silence and alone in his room, wondering what the fuck to do with that useless information. Was he supposed to instantly forgive Chanyeol for avoiding one fuckery by jumping onto the next one? Honestly, sometimes Kai is so useless.
Chanyeol sits atop the brick walls by the station beside Chen, stuffing his face with chicken and a bottle of beer Chen bought from his house. Chanyeol didn't feel like going to school today, so he texted Chen the usual place they go to when they skip school, still dressing in his uniform as his parents didn't leave for work until after nine o'clock.

'Why did you say you beat him up?', Chen murmurs as he took a swig of alcohol, fingers occupied with grabbing another chicken from the delivery box, looking over at Chanyeol who was too busy brooding to answer his question, 'You know. I'm not always going to be by your side'.

'What do you mean? We're going to the same college damn ass', this made Chanyeol turn around, facing Chen who doesn't look at him, but continues to devour his chicken. The both of them knew, that come senior year, they would instantly apply to the same college. They have the same interests and dreams, so why not spend the rest of their educating career with each other, until the end.

'Not that, you dickhead. I'm saying, I'm not always going to stand up for your bullshit', Chen sighs, biting into another new piece of chicken wings, 'You've fucked up loads of time. I know it, but I give you the benefit of the doubt. Even when you hurled me in this community service bullshit, I still stood up for you', Chen finally stops eating his chicken, looking at Chanyeol dead in the eye, 'But I'm not always going to do that. And in this case, I don't think I can'.

'What are you talking about? You know I didn't do anything to Baekhyun-'

'Directly'

'What?'
'You didn’t do anything directly Baekhyun’, Chen gives Chanyeol a look which stops him from mid-sentence, falling back into silence as the stare into the distance as a train zooms pass them, the sound of wheels turning on metal tracks filling their silence for a moment, their hair blowing in the wind which came with the moving train, 'You fucked up in your own way. So, fix it'.

'Yeah, like that's going to be easy', Chanyeol leans his head back, finishing his can of beer.

'It'll be easier if you were near his vicinity', Chen nudges Chanyeol’s arms to gain the boy's attention, 'Go to school. At least try to apologise', Chanyeol huffs in defeat, staring ahead to watch another train pass by before jumping down from the wall, arms stretched and voice slightly hoarse from drinking beer in the morning.

'You know. You would usually brushed off my stupidity with a you’re a prick Chanyeol’, he laughs for a moment, looking over at Chen who followed him along, now on his feet, swinging his backpack on.

'I've said that in this case too', they start to walk side by side, like always, along the sidewalk and towards Chanyeol's car, parked across the street ahead.

'Yeah. That and then some', Chanyeol laughs, pushing his friend playfully of the sidewalk, chuckling as Chen trips over the cracks on the sidewalk, trying to get back at Chanyeol.

Chapter End Notes

For many people confused about Kai and Baekhyun's past relationship, in the first ever chapter, Kai mentions how familiar Baekhyun looks when they first officially met, but couldn't quite remember why... Well here it is. They used to be childhood friends.
Beep. Chanyeol sits down on the library desk, five minutes late due to a certain Biology teacher spotting him amongst the crowd, drilling him for missing his lesson in the morning. Chanyeol only arrived in school a few minutes before lunch and he seriously didn't need his teacher shouting at him for it. He steps inside the library, cold metal handle holding the door to a completely empty library, with Baekhyun sitting idly on the computer chair, hands busy making paper cranes from old paperwork scattered across the wide desk.

Chanyeol's footsteps gains the attention of the boy for a moment, eyes lifting up to gaze at the pastel hair boy, before going back to ignore his existence and folding the paper into a shape of a bird. He huffs a sigh, slightly nervous over approaching the boy.

'Hey', he calls over, setting his back down on the floor beside his desk as he sits down, and as expected, his greeting is welcomed with silence, Baekhyun now picking the next scrap piece of paper, folding it in halves, 'Hello', he tries again, waving his hand in front of the boy beside him, trying to give of a small smile, but it disappeared as Baekhyun slides his chair away from him, placing himself on the other side of the desk, far away from Chanyeol.

Beep. People rush in and out of the library, bringing returned books and borrowing new ones, but
no students ever stayed in the library. A gush of movement from busy students followed by the empty silence.

'You know... I'm really...', Chanyeol begins to speak, figuring that since it was going to be just him and Baekhyun in the library through out the whole of lunch, he might as well use this opportunity to at least start an apology, 'I'm... really...', God dammit. He just couldn't bring himself to say those fucking words. He didn't know if it was his pride or the awkward tension which made him stop mid sentence, going back and forth in his mind whether to approach Baekhyun now, or just text him an apology. But before he knew it, lunch was drawing to a close and the school bell rings, dismissing his perfect chance of apology. *Ergh.* He should've apologised now. His mind boggles in a rush, trying to see if he has enough time to say anything to Baekhyun. His hands reached for scrap paper, tearing a piece off, fingers grabbing a blunt pencil and quickly scribbling down something before placing it to the front page of a book, rushing to place it inside the book cart. He rushes to get his bag from the floor, feet almost sprinting out of the library.

Baekhyun sought to finish returning all the books to its rightful place, so when the bell ring, he stands up to drag the last pile of books inside the cart, noticing Chanyeol practically throwing a book inside the cart and running out of here. Baekhyun felt Chanyeol's awkward behaviours as he tries to apologise to him. But at the end, he didn't. Baekhyun shrugs to himself, strolling the cart with him and banging his head in frustration. Why was he even waiting for an apology? When Chanyeol started to speak, why did he waver and wait patiently for him to continue. He knew that Chanyeol is just forcing himself to apologies. He obviously wasn't going to mean it.

'You need to fucking straighten yourself Baekhyun', he tells himself off, stopping by the first shelve, drilling himself for even wanting to try to listen to Chanyeol. 'It's probably just going to be excuses... Blah this, blah that, blah it's not my fault', he whispers to himself, picking up the first book on the cart. That's right. Chanyeol was known around the school for bullshitting his way out of trouble, or at least from fights. The boy had no such thing as a guilty conscious, nor did Baekhyun want to tolerate his bullshit of an apolo-

He opens the book to check for the book information, a torn piece of paper sliding out and landing beside his feet. *What is that?*, he thought, bending down to pick up the mysterious paper. He turned the paper around to find a messy scribble of a writing written on the paper:

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I'm sorry Baekhyun!
Please forgive me?
I didn't realise
you'd be badly hurt.
You can do it to me
if you want.
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Baekhyun stares at his name that's written in Chanyeol's writing, his apology taken in the form of messy hand writings and ugly drawings as he looks down underneath to find a small doodle below Chanyeol's writing of a stick figure looking rather cute, whilst looking down with eyebrows raised.
in sadness.

Baekhyun didn't smile. He didn't release a small laugh either as he looks at Chanyeol's failed attempt of a drawing. No he didn't.

'Didn't I tell you I hate public toilets?', Sehun heard Suho's voice murmuring from across the boy's bathroom. Sehun has taken into going back into his safe haven after realising that he's yet again being an inconvenience to the seniors. He didn't reply to Suho, lifting his feet up so Suho couldn't see his legs if he were to ever bend down and check.

'Gosh. It's been a long time since I've been in the school's toilets', D.O's voice sprung into the room, making Sehun tense even more. Gosh, even D.O is being dragged into Sehun's inconvenience.

'Sehun, I know you in there', Suho calls over, lightly knocking on his cubicle, despite his legs hover over the toilet seat, heel of his feet rested on the edge of the toilet, 'Sehun, didn't we agree to stop meeting in the toilets', Suho carries on talking, whilst D.O takes a wiff of the ungodly smell of the toilets, pinching his nose in disgust.

'I can't believe you have your date lunches in the boy's toilets', D.O voices over, walking over next to Suho who nudges him in annoyance.

'Not a date. Just eating lunch', Suho whispers a warning to D.O for misjudging his intentions, worried that Sehun might get more tensed and shy.

'Yeah well, same difference. This place is disgusting', D.O finally Suho's failed attempt to get the sophomore kid to join them. He knocks of the cubicle door, harder than Suho, 'Look here kid. My friend's not going to give up trying to get you to at least sit down with us during lunch, so you might as well give in!', he shouts over but was responded in silence, 'Dude, are you sure he's in here?', D.O turns around, looking confusingly over Suho after not gaining any response from the kid.

'Sehun come on. We've got a few minutes left till lunch ends and we found a really cool place to sit. It far away from the canteen if you're that worried', Suho proposes and he heaves a sigh of relief as he hears the clicking of the door luck, Sehun's head low and his hands holding a sandwich and a bottle of Pepsi.

'Oh kid. No wonder Suho wants to smother you in love', D.O breathes out a laugh, looking at the shy kid's awkward figure, his feet fumbling as he makes his way towards them. D.O sighs in defeat, locking his arm around Sehun's shoulder, 'Come on kid, let's get out of this shit place', he jokes, smiling to Sehun trying to make him feel at ease. He looks across to his best friend, shaking his head in disbelief as Suho smiles in joy. D.O knew Suho since they were kids, but even till this
day, he wasn't quite sure how to stop him from doing things like these. Befriending random
strangers and seeing the positives in people. It was like his habit of picking up stray cats and trying
to adopt them when he was young just upgraded to adopting sophomore kids who are bullied.

'Alright! I'm so glad to be back and with some great news!', Manager Song is already in the hall as
each teenager storms into the community centre, her voice shrieking welcome at them.

'Oh God, I almost forgot her voice sounded like that', Chen whispers in complaint as his ears
combusts from the manager's squeaky shrieks and high pitched laughter echoing across the hall,
'Jesus, she could break glass with that', he continues to complain to Chanyeol. But the boy was
busy stealing glances towards Baekhyun, trying to see if the boy got his message, but Baekhyun sat
still, arms folded and seated by himself in his usual spot.

'Well, since the kindergarten school gave so much praise to you guys, Middo Elementary School's
arts and crafts club will be held here!', the rest of the students wasn't all that frustrated with taking
care of kids again, knowing that they didn't accidentally kill them whilst they took care of the
previous bunch children, they felt okay with doing it again. But they still groaned at the thought of
shouting children and paints everywhere. I guess it's time for them to put on those ugly orange
overalls again.

'Wait... Middo Elementary School?', D.O whispers to himself. Shit. That was his sister's school...
He tries to think if his sister does any after school activities, but realised, he had no fucking clue
what his sister does after school. Please let her be in chess club or something else other than arts
and crafts. He leans his head on Suho's shoulder, moaning in utter frustration for not remembering
what the hell his little sister is up to. The rest of the group starts to stand, walking to the centre of
the hall and preparing chairs and tables, with Chanyeol walking towards the storage room for the
equipments.

'Oh wait, Chanyeol hold up. I have a job I need for you to do before the children come', Manager
Song stops Chanyeol from moving any further, her squeaky voice making him turn around, 'I need
you to go over to the storage room down the basement. There's some moss growing around the
walls and corners of it, I need you to flame them out for me', she orders, ushering him to the other
side of the hall, guiding him down the corridor towards the basement, 'Make sure to use just your
sparks and not start a fire', she squeals a warning and turning around to the hall one more time,
'And Baekhyun! Could you help him? The lights stopped working weeks ago and I didn't have time
to buy new light bulbs', the whole room freezes, every head turn to stare at both Baekhyun and
Chanyeol. Oh God.

'Um... Why don't I do it? I'll just hold a flash light', Suho, forever being the peacemaker, volunteers
instead, before Baekhyun can even reply, 'Plus I have water, just in case Chanyeol does start a fire',
everyone claps in agreement, murmurs of yeah and go instead escaped everyone's lips, desperate
for the two to be in separate rooms.

'No, it's fine. I'll go', Baekhyun's voice stopped what everyone was doing, Kai dropping a chair he
was holding whilst trying to move the area for spaces for the table. The loud banging made
everyone jump, everyone turns confused as to why Baekhyun nonchalantly agreed to be in the
same vicinity as Chanyeol. What was he going to do?

'Um, no it's fine I'll go', Xiumin breaks the silence after the chair banging, and soon, the rest of the
group starts arguing on who should go with Chanyeol instead of Baekhyun, earning a look of confusion from Manager Song, looking between the squabbling teenagers confused.

'I said I'll fucking do it', Baekhyun screams across them, giving Kai a look before pushing pass them and walking towards the corridor where Chanyeol is, 'Come on, let's get this over and done with', Baekhyun grumbles, pushing Chanyeol to follow him along the hallway and towards the flight of stairs towards the basement.

'Wait-', Kai interrupts Xiumin, pulling his shirt to stop him from running to the two pairs who's figures has now disappeared from there view. Baekhyun just gave him a look of assurance as he steps away, making Kai think that maybe the boy was going to use this as an opportunity to finally speak to Chanyeol.

'I can see it already. Community Centre burnt to the ground along with eight fucktards of a student written all over the news tomorrow morning', Chen whispers to himself, their feet glued to the floor as their eyes refuse to leave the swinging door where Chanyeol and Baekhyun exited.

The dark basement started to glow as flickering balls of light hovers around the room, lighting the area filled with dozens of boxes and millions of spiderwebs covering it. Chanyeol looks over the dozens of glowing light around him, mesmerised for a moment before Baekhyun pushes pass him, searching for the walls covered in moss.

'Come here, I found it', Baekhyun's voice calls over for Chanyeol to follow, looking up and down at what was once a wall but now looked like a literal forest. How did this even happen?

'Oh God', Chanyeol breathes out, looking at the thickly covered moss around the walls, his hands already sparkling with small flames, 'This is going to take ages if I don't burn it all at once'.

'Didn't we all just say not to burn the place to the ground?'

'Which is why I'm not going to do it', Chanyeol rolls his eyes, reassuring Baekhyun that he wasn't going to do anything stupid, bending down to his knees and slowly starting a small flame, careful not to spread it, killing the thick moss off of the walls. They stay in silence for more than a moment, Chanyeol busying himself with eliminating the moss whilst Baekhyun makes his way to find an empty box, picking up the burnt moss and clearing up Chanyeol's path.

'I saw your notes in the library', Baekhyun's words made Chanyeol's hands tense, accidentally adding more flames into the moss which caught a fury fire.

'Oh shit', Chanyeol shouts in fright, trying to punch the flames out, getting up and kicking it over and over again, until the flames die down and the two boys are standing in silence, Chanyeol refusing to stare at Baekhyun. Shit. He saw it. Chanyeol wasn't planning on being alone with Baekhyun when he mentions it. In fact, he didn't wish for the boy to mention it at all and just hoped he'd accept his apology.

'Um. Thank by the way', Baekhyun whispers out, bending down to pick up the ashes of the moss, feeling the hot feeling, his hands stained in black ashes.

'What?'
'I said thanks. For the... Apology I guess', Baekhyun carries on picking up the moss, finally waiting for Chanyeol to carry on getting rid of the rest, eyes glaring on the floor as the two wallow in absolute awkward tension. In the corner of Baekyun's eyes, he saw something move, but maybe it was just a shadow. He looks across to see a huge fucking spider crawling itself away from from the moss and towards Baekhyun's hands, enraged that the boys were tearing down its home.

'Fuck!', Baekhyun screams, he jumps from his bent position, climbing over to the nearest object he can find, trying to get away from the big ass spider in font of him. That object so happened to be Chanyeol.

'Baekhyun what the fuck?!', Chanyeol chokes out as Baekhyun squeezes his arms around him, legs wrapped around the boy's waist as Baekhyun tries to get away from the spider now crawling on the floor.

'There's a fucking spider! There's big ass fucking spider right there!', he screams, pointing his fingers on the floor beside Chanyeol, earning a choking laugh from the boy.

'Oh God. I can't believe my arch nemesis is scared of spiders', Chanyeol laughs, his arms trying to disconnect the boy's legs around waist, but Baekhyun holds on tighter.

'If you let me go, I'm going to fucking kill you!', Baekhyun threatens, head buried deep on the base on Chanyeol's neck and arms wrapped tightly around the boy even more, 'Oh my fucking God. Kill it!', Baekhyun screams as he looks over to see the spider still crawling it's way towards them, its eight furry legs freaking Baekhyun out even more.

'Oh, God. You're such a pussy', Chanyeol laughs, walking his way towards the spider, the box filled with moss in his hands. He bangs the box onto the floor where the spider was fiercely, making sure to step on the box to assure of the spider's death, 'See, all done. Spider's gone', Chanyeol giggles as he turns his head to look at Baekhyun's prying eyes. He noticed just how close Baekhyn's face was to his, seeing his scared eyes looking down on the floor, his red cheeks flushed with goosebumps and his lips-

What the fuck. Chanyeol shrugs his thoughts, prying the boy to get of off him now. Baekhyun's feet lands on the floor, breathing heavy as he walks ever so slowly across towards where the box is. He examines to see any signs of movement, sighing in relief. Chanyeol continues to laugh at him, teasing him with words of scaredy cat and pussy.

'You better shut the fuck up', Baekhyun threatens Chanyeol, but the boy in front carries on laughing, pointing his hand towards Baekhyun and recreating Baekhyun's ugly terrified face, scrunched and screaming. Baekhyun has had enough, lifting the box to throw at Chanyeol in frustration. Before Baekhyun can continue to hit Chanyeol, he felt tiny pins walking all over his feet. What the fuck is that? He looks down to find hundreds of tiny spiders crawling around both of them and Chanyeol's feet. The spider was fucking pregnant.

'Fucking hell!', Baekhyun screams again, this time more loudly than his previous screams, jumping over once again at Chanyeol who is also screaming at the hundreds of baby spiders making their way on his feet, shaking his legs to try to get them off. Shouts of fucks, shits and fucking kill it emits from the both of them as Chanyeol gives up and reaches his hands to full on flame the motherfucking wall and the ground where the spiders were flooding them. Shit. Chanyeol has just set fire to half of the basement with Baekhyun screaming on his back. How the fuck did that even happen. The orange flames threatens to spread as it starts to eat the cardboard boxes near by, slowly growing, making the room heat up with smokes.

'Alright, alright. I could do this', he whispers to himself, tensing his hands with his eyes closed as
the whole moss on the wall burns on, huge heat of the fire breathing out towards them, smoke already fuming, 'Come on, come on, come on', Chanyeol breathes out, his body tense and mind focusing on one thing, 'I said come on!', Chanyeol shouts, hands reached out and all of a sudden, the flames disappears, leaving them in a smoky basement, ashes all around with boxes that caught fire crumbling. Chanyeol breathes out a huge sigh of relief. He's gotten rid of the flames. He hears Baekhyun cough from behind him, his whole body still wrapped around Chanyeol like an involuntary piggy back, arms hugging his neck. Chanyeol runs to the door which leads them to the back field of the centre. The moment he opens the door to the back field, black smokes follow them, his arms automatically wraps around Baekhyun's legs holding him tight, as he walks up the stairs and onto the grass, breathing out short breathes after being stuck in a room which was literally on fire.

He bends down, tapping Baekhyun's leg for him to come down, both boys instantly falling to the ground, laying on the floor as they wait for the smokes to leave the basement, breathing heavily as they look up at the skies.

'I fucking hate spiders', Baekhyun breathes out, his chest rising heavily as he coughs once more, the bitter smell of the smoke still lingering in his lungs.

'No shit', Chanyeol huffs out, muscles tired and pink hair stained in black ashes. They just started a fucking fire in the basement and they didn't even hear a fire alarm ringing. What kind of community centre is this?

'Chanyeol... Your bleeding', Baekhyun opens his eyes, turning around to see blood trickling down Chanyeol's cheeks. He sits up hurriedly, seeing that Chanyeol's nose was bleeding, 'Oh God', he squirms, rolling his sweatshirt over his hand, wiping the blood off of Chanyeol's face, hands grazing over the boy's skin as Chanyeol closes his eyes for a moment to rest. It's been a long time since he reversed his powers, he didn't think he was able to do it again.

After they rested for what felt like hours, they notice the smokes disappeared and made their way back down the basement, where they were welcomed with ashes covering the end half of the basement with some of the boxes Chanyeol prayed had no important things in it, burned to the ground.

'Well, let's start cleaning this place before Manager Song shrieks in anger and breaks our eardrums', Chanyeol reaches over to find a couple of old brooms leaning across where a stack of old tables and chairs were placed, covered in spiderwebs. Chanyeol has also decided to hate spiders.

As soon as Baekhyun and Chanyeol finished with the basement, the children had already arrived, the rest of the teenagers occupied with taking care of them. Baekhyun and Chanyeol walks into the main hall, smelling of smokes and Chen looks up from his table, looking over the two figures.

'What the hell happened to you guys?', he asks, looking over at Chanyeol's hair, which was once a pastel colour of pink and purple, now stained with black ashes. Baekhyun was no different. Baekhyun's hair looked like he's been hiking during a storm and his stained cheeks didn't help in easing the suspicious looks which crossed each boy's face when they saw the sight of the two.

'You have no idea', Chanyeol whispers, walking pass the children and going straight to the boy's toilets, eager to wash the smokes and ashes from his face.

'Oh how I wish I can swear right now', Baekhyun murmurs to himself, following Chanyeol while grabbing two orange overalls to towards the direction of the toilets.
The rest of the afternoon consisted on the boys' utmost attention being poured unto the children, who went crazy beyond control, Xiumin struggling to stop the kids from eating paint, using to stick their hands together, fighting each other on who gets to used the yellow paint. Chen, who has seen children's fuckery before just lets it happen, looking over the kids and laughing at Xiumin in front of him who is busy trying to get a paintbrush out of the child's mouth.

One boy's attention which wasn't focus on the children was D.O as he notice a child in the form of his little fucking sister wishing to sit next to Kai the moment she saw both of them. If she fucking dares starts anything, he swears, he will commit murder here and now. Chanyeol joins his table, hair soaking wet and orange overalls hiding his stained shirt and smoky smell. Kai's table was placed right next to D.O's so he can hear every conversation clearly, his back almost touching Kai's. He used this as an opportunity to turn around and eye his sister, giving her a warning look to not start anything. Baekhyun sits on the only spare seat left, right next to Kai who is busy playing with Eun Bi, much to D.O's fucking warning.

'What happened?', Kai laughs after Baekhyun sits himself down in front of him, heaving out a sigh and resting his arms on the table.

'I don't even want to talk about it', he replies, head slowly making its way on the table, leaning on his arms. He's never been more tired, clearing up the basement and trying to make it look like nothing happened was more work than they thought out.

'Ha, well at least you came out alive', Kai snorts in laughter as Baekhyun reaches out to throw a pencil at him. Eun Bi stares at the boy in front of her, looking over the way Kai laughs at the boy. She huffs in jealousy, dropping her pencil and crossing her arms.

'Why are you laughing?', she asks Kai, who now looks at her in confusion, he stops talking to Baekhyun and leans down.

'Come on Eun Bi. I'm allowed to laugh aren't I', he tries to calm down the girl, his hands holding onto the girl's arm, trying to unfold them, 'Now come on, let's get back to your drawing', he smiles on, grabbing a pink marker and trying to get the little girl to calm down. She's nothing like D.O. Fiesty, loud and outspoken, damn Kai wouldn't have put the two together as siblings. He turns around to give D.O a 'what the fuck is wrong with your sister' look, but D.O just gave him a look of apology.

'Anyway', Baekhyun looks pass the possessive little girl and to Kai, 'About what you said last night at my house.'

'You went to his house!', Eun Bi screams, hearing the two's conversation, this time throwing the markers on her hand and gaining the attention of all the teenagers sat on the hall. D.O turns around in fear, trying to slap Eun Bi's back to shut up, but no, his sister carries on ruining his life, 'Kai! How can you do that?!'

'What the fuck is that little girl's problem?', Chanyeol whispers to D.O as he tries to help a little boy mix paint. D.O just shrugs, refusing to admit anyone that he's related to the little girl.

'I have no idea'.

'Eun Bi. Come on I-'

'You went to a stranger's house!'
'He's not a stranger. He's a frie-'

'He's your boyfriend?'

Everyone's head perked up once more, Chanyeol glaring ahead at an embarrassed Kai and red cheeked Baekhyun. What the fuck was going on?

'Dude. You guys are going out?', both Xiumin and Chen simultaneously asks, looking over the two suspiciously as Kai tries hard to get the little girl to hush and Baekhyun just sat still, red in shock and embarrassment over the girl's random accusation, which completely took him by surprise.

'No!', Kai and Baekhyun both screamed back, trying to get rid of the growing suspicion.

'Are you sure?', Eun Bi asks, little voice commanding.

'Yes Eun Bi. Just... please quiet down', Kai whispers to Eun Bi, leaning down to try and get the little girl to stop causing such commotion.

'Good. Cause if you are I'll kill you'.

'Damn little girl. You sure know how to control a man', Chanyeol calls out, laughing at the little girl's cute threatening face, with D.O burying his face even deeper onto the table, hoping and praying that his little sister would stop. He looks up to see Suho straight ahead, completely laughing at him. He grabs a play book and covers his left side, where a child is obliviously colouring in something and gives Suho the middle finger, mouthing *fuck you* as he sees Suho lean into Sehun, explaining the situation to the sophomore kid.

'That's because I'm protecting what's my brother's', Eun Bi shouts back at Chanyeol. *Oh God.*

'Your brother's?', Chanyeol asks on, oblivious to the boy next to him who's busy trying to rip his hair off his scalp.

'Yeah that's right! My brother's dating Kai!', she screams at the top of her lungs.

'No. No. I'm not!', Kai spins around to each of the boys, waving his hands in denial, 'Seriously guys, I'm not... Xiumin I would tell you if I was!', Kai looks over the boys who are starting to get more and more suspicious over Kai's erratic behaviour.

'Kai, no one cares who you're going out with', Baekhyun tries to stop Kai from spraining his back from all the turning and spinning he's been doing, cheeks fiery red from embarrassment and shock.

'But you spent the night-'

'Alright little girl!', D.O has had enough, he couldn't let Eun Bi carry on anymore, he turns around, giving her the deathliest glare he can muster, 'I think that's *enough* from you. Why don't you go back to your drawings', he commands, Eun Bi stuck her tongue out at him and stares fiercely back at him.

'You're just ganna let him do whatever he wants?', she whispered back to her brother, shocked that he wasn't doing anything about it.

'I don't know what you're talking about little girl', D.O whispers back just as fiercely as his sister, trying to get her to shut up for the last time. Eun Bi turns around in anger, picking up a blue marker and colouring in silence once again, with both Kai and D.O hiding a sigh of relief.
'But daddy says you and Kai were kissing!', Eun Bi once again starts and this time, she doesn't hold back and turns around to pat D.O on the back, her loud voice echoing around the many loud voices of the other children. *Oh God.*

'Wait... D.O's the brother?', Chanyeol asks, his jaws dropping to the floor as he looks back and forth between the little girl and D.O, hitting himself in the head for not connecting the two who now started to look more and more alike now that he was properly looking.

'You and D.O are dating?!', Xiumin and Chen simultaneously shouts across the hall, Xiumin completely abandoning the child next to him who's paintbrush is still in his mouth.

'No!', the two accused shout back, this time D.O joins Kai's spinning as he looks to each boys, waving his hands in denial.

'But daddy says-

'The next time dad says anything is when he's asking where your body is after I kill you', D.O threatens Eun Bi, but being his little sister, she seems unfazed by her brother's threats, spitting out her own.

'It's not my fault I have to take care of your man for you'.

'For Gods sa- Eun Bi! Me and Kai are not dating! And I don't care what dad said. We're not going out'.

'Well, for someone who mentions Kai's name in his sleep, you're pretty brave for denying anything'.

'Damn', Chanyeol laughs, a gush of unwavering embarrassment shot through D.O's body, blood gushing to his ears, his cheeks heats up and he turns around from where Eun Bi was sitting, too scared to even look at he boy right behind him.

*What is my fucking life.*
After the events of yesterday afternoon, Kyungsoo refuses to go to the canteen, purposely swerving a corner when he sees a certain tanned skin boy laughing with a group of friends and occasionally with just Xiumin. The moment both Kyungsoo and Eun Bi got home, their mother didn't expect shouting. Lots of it.

'I can't believe you just did that!'

'I can't believe you didn't do anything!'

Eun Bi tends to be ahead of the kids her age, being only seven years old, she understands more complicated situations compared to her classmates, knowing instantly the moment Kyungsoo whispers Kai's name during his sleep, she most definitely knew that her older brother has finally got a crush on someone.

'I do not have a crush on him! I talk in my sleep all the time! I say your name quite a lot, do I have
a crush on you?' D.O has had enough from Eun Bi. He didn't even know he spoke Kai's name out in his sleep, so for Eun Bi to suddenly scream it in the middle of the hall was even more of an embarrassment. Their argument only lasted five more minutes until their mum was forced to break it. A sight to see as a mother when you find your eighteen years old son arguing with your seven years old daughter about his love life, Seo Hee looks between her two children, both in amusement and tiredness, she's had enough of the two always bickering, but my god did she think this was hilarious.

'Did we really have to ditch last lesson?', Suho mumbles in annoyance, looking out of the lake which D.O and he have run away to. Suho is the class president, straight A student, but also being D.O's best friend, he had experience skipping class as the boy beside him tends to have days where he just wasn't feeling school, going off to someplace to clear his mind, and Suho being Suho, didn't want to leave his friend alone. But just because he was willing to tag along with D.O ditching school, that didn't mean he didn't feel tense and nervous every single time.

'Relax Suho. We haven't ditched in ages', D.O stretches his legs as they sit along the grass beside the lake, watching the afternoon sun hide between the thin lines of clouds, the water still and calm in front of them. D.O unfortunately shared his Religious Studies class with the boy who shall not be name and he had RS during last period, which means goodbye to that class for a couple of weeks starting today.

'If you like Kai that much, just admit it. You don't even have to confess, Eun Bi's done that part for you', Suho receives a harsh smack on the chest from D.O, but this just causes him to laugh even more, 'Seriously, why did Eun Bi suddenly put the two together. I would never have guessed you out of all people liking Kai. You were scared of him like a week ago'.

'That's because I'm not!', D.O shouts back in denial, which is all he's been doing for the past twenty-four hours. Baekhyun even unblocked him and started messaging him the moment their community service ended and D.O walks straight out.

'Oh, come on D.O. There's only one person that knows you more than I do, and that's your sister. She usually doesn't get anything wrong about you, and I have a feeling this one won't be the first', Suho tries to suppress a snicker but he sees the small and faint blush making its way on D.O's face, 'Damn D.O. how did it happen? You two barely hang out and when you do, you don't talk', to be perfectly honest, D.O didn't know why he felt a blush creeping in at the mention of Kai's name. He shakes his head harshly, denying once again at Suho's claims. His friend had a point. Kai and he are barely friends and they haven't spoken all that much during the whole four years of high school. But through the cracks of silent library sessions and small rare laughter shared between them over the last couple of weeks, maybe?

'No. Suho stop being Eun Bi 2.0, I really don't need it', D.O ruffles his hair in frustration, laying his back on the grass and looking up the pale blue skies, ignoring Suho's voice and just looking up at the sky.

'D.O... you've done it again', Suho nudges D.O's shoulder, eyes gazing slightly above D.O's head, giggling loudly as his friend sits up and turn around, looking at a small crack on the ground where his head laid. Damn. 'Someone's tense at the subject', Suho laughs on, looking at the crack, further showing D.O's rash reaction over the topic of Kai. He knows well how much D.O hates his powers, that's why he's been hiding it from the rest of the school, and he watches D.O day and night, trying to suppress his powers, refusing to use them at all. So, whenever he does use it, it's usually for emergencies or when he's taken by surprise, and by all means Kai is definitely a
surprise.

'Shit up Suho. I'm just angry that you won't drop the fucking subject', D.O murmurs, sliding off his school jumper and rolling it as a pillow, placing it in the middle of the crack and making his way slowly back down on the ground, trying hard not to use his powers.

'Suho?... D.O?', a soft-spoken voice breaks the silence between the two, forcing both of them to look behind for the source of the voice, finding Sehun walking upon the pathway of the park, hands on the handlebars of a bicycle, looking down on the two students idly sitting by the lake.

'Sehun? What are you doing here?', Suho's eyes gleam and a smile plasters itself on his face, his legs instantly standing up to go to the boy. D.O looks up at his friend with suspicious eyes. Suho looked too happy to see Sehun.

'Oh. Um. I usually just ditch my last lessons...', Sehun shyly looks down, feet still as Suho wraps his arms around his shoulder, forcing him to join the two once again, parking his bicycle behind where D.O was lying down.

'Sit down. D.O here is just having an existential crisis', Suho once again never misses the opportunity to poke fun at his friend, Sehun shyly making his way between the two, legs awkwardly crossed and his posture straight and formal. Suho doesn't bother to tell the boy to relax, he knew that would make Sehun even more tense, so he let the boy be, eyes looking straight ahead, back straight and legs crossed.

'You look weird like that', unlike Suho, D.O notices Sehun's awkward posture, not afraid to comment on it as he lifts his arms behind his head, leaning on it like a pillow, eyes still looking up at the skies which were now a darker shade of blue, birds flying overhead into view.

'No, you don't. You're fine Sehun', Suho tries to waver off D.O's comments, just in case the boy gets too uncomfortable and shy, but to his surprise, Sehun relaxes, legs stretched out and arms by his side, instead of it folded against his chest.

'See. It's much more comfortable, isn't it?', D.O looks to his side to find Sehun nodding, eyes still low and refusing eye contact, but at least the sophomore kid was smiling more naturally, better than the force laughs he emits when he sits with them during lunch. The three students watch the sun glowing dimly as the day goes by slow, they stay like that, mostly silent with a few conversations being tossed around here and there, but most of the time they fall in comfortable silence, relaxing and taking a breather from the stress of life, watching the ducks swimming idly around the lake and hearing the noises of other people passing the park.

'Hey, have you ever danced on water before?', D.O suddenly asks, sitting up on the grass, leaning on his arms as he faces Sehun who looks confused. Of course, he hadn't, no one has. Sehun shakes his head, not noticing Suho's look of warning beside him to D.O, 'Then you're going to love it', D.O stands, a small smirk playing on his face as he rushes to take Sehun's hands, lifting him from the ground, 'You see, Suho can become weightless on water, meaning he can walk on it', this resulted in a glimmer of awe from Sehun, looking at Suho who he decided has the coolest power he's ever seen.

'Really?'

'Yes really, and since Suho loves practising his powers, he manages to strengthen his power and has the ability to make another person weightless on water, but only if they hold his hands, so...', D.O grabs Suho's hand, forcing him up and connecting the two hands together, forcing his friend to interlock his fingers with Sehun. Now it was his time to snicker at his friend who is now bright red,
'I'm sure you'd like to try it'.

'I'd love it!', Sehun voices out excitedly. It's the first time either of them heard Sehun's voice louder than a whisper, a twinge of eagerness flowing in the tone of his now much louder voice. Suho couldn't refuse, so he makes his way towards the lake, giving D.O a deathly glare. He is sure to get him back.

Suho steps into the water and Sehun gasps in amazement as the boy's foot didn't sink into the water, but rested calmly on top of the water. Sehun couldn't wait to try it, his feet rushing inside the water and feeling nothing whatsoever. His feet are also on top of the water, but he didn't feel like he was walking on any hard foundation. It makes him feel like his walking through the air. Suho looks over the smile on Sehun's face as he grips tightly on Suho's hand, but he's feet were walking round and around him, laughing in amazement at the ability of them walking on water. Suddenly, Suho spins his arms around, forcing Sehun to face him, hand still intertwine together, but his other hand makes its way on the boy's waist, resting comfortably.

'Want to dance?'

Their feet begin to glide over the water, Suho never letting go of Sehun as they spin around, dancing with no music, but dancing all the more.
'Look, we're not going to ditch community service because of you', Suho tells off D.O for persuading Sehun to ditch their service for the day, knowing full well the boy will most likely agree.

'Come on. It's just for one day, plus I think Manager Song is growing fond of us. She's not going to snitch'

'You don't know that. And I'm not going to test it', Suho holds on tight to Sehun as he sees D.O eyeing Sehun to agree with him. Suho is not going to let D.O become a bad influence of Sehun. The three walked closer towards the community service, D.O's footsteps slowly steeping back ahead of the two. Why was he nervous? He shouldn't be. Everyone knows embarrassing siblings existed. He just needed to explain that his little sister was a crazy freak who says random shit. D.O can do this. He rushes to the two who's already ahead of him, opening the doors to the community centre, making their way over to the main hall.
'Hey Kai look! Your boyfriend's here!', Chanyeol's voice shouts across the hall the moment he sees D.O's face behind the glass doors. The twat came in the centre earlier than the others waiting for that particular punch line to shout to D.O, 'Come on! Give him a kiss!', D.O hung his head low, leaning on Suho's shoulder as he tries to hide away from everyone who turns around from Chanyeol's shouting. D.O should've fucking ditched.

'Chanyeol stop it', Chen hits his friend on the shoulder. He nudges Xiumin's shoulders who sits in front of him trying to gain his attention, 'Maybe they're just taking it slow', he whispers jokingly to Xiumin, making the older laugh horrendously next to Kai, snorting as he looks between Kai and D.O. Kai notices Xiumin and Chen snickering loudly beside them as they point between him and D.O who sits right at the front and as far away from Kai as possible.

'I thought you were better than that Xiumin', Kai glares at Xiumin who refuses to stop laughing at Kai's situation, high fiving Chen for a joke the boy pulled out, making the pair laugh all the more. Kai chooses to ignore them, fiddling with his phone instead, refusing to look up. This is so embarrassing. Curse his drunken state for teleporting to D.O's house of all places. This never would've happened if he just didn't get fucking drunk. This was worse than the time he teleported in a random dumpster.

Baekhyun sits in his usual spot, far away from the rest of the group, but he listens to their banter, giggling as Chanyeol shouts a pretty good punch line, looking at D.O who is way in the front hugging Suho's waist. using his friend as a shell to hide under. Oh God. You can see his red cheeks from all the way down here. Bless the poor guy.

'Kai, how did you manage to bag Mr Hulk himself? Must've been one hell of a pickup line!', Chen continues to poke fun at Kai with Chanyeol by his side, laughing along and making up his own jokes.

'Oh, oh. How about this. D.O, was that an earthquake? Or did you just rock my world', fits of laughter followed along Chanyeol's cheesy pick up line, forcing everyone to bend down laughing, even Baekhyun and Suho smothered a loud enough giggle for D.O to stare at them. D.O nudges Suho's side harshly, glaring at his friend for joining in.

'Wait... What if it was D.O who seduced him?', Chanyeol stops laughing, turning his head towards the hiding D.O, 'It's always the quiet ones who tames the uncontrollable', by this point, even Sehun was having difficulties suppressing a laugh as he listens to Chanyeol and Chen tossing jokes back and forth.

'What would D.O say to make Kai fall madly in love with him?', Chen urges Chanyeol on, laughing as he sees Kai plugging his headphones on his years and giving them the middle finger.

'Kai, have you been using your powers lately? Because you've teleported straight into my heart', oh for fucks sake.

'Could you shut the fuck up?', Kai finally blurts out, having enough with listening to the most cringe worthy pickup lines, but his reaction only made everyone laugh even more.

'Yepp! That's the exact pick up line which D.O used to reel in Kai!', Chen and Xiumin jokes about, whereas Suho and Sehun on the other side have given up on being a good friend and bursts out laughing. They couldn't even look at D.O in the eye, because they'll just burst out laughing.

'Hello everyone!', Manager Song's squeaky voice enters the hall.

'Finally! Woman what took you long!', Kai shouts the moment he heard the high-pitched voice.
'So, I need all of you on your best behaviour! The nursing homes around the community are having a rare get together and it needs to be perfect!', Manager Song shouts as the hall is now completely decorated with vintage style decorations, with buntings hung all around the hall, cupcakes elegantly laid out in perfect swirling patterns, fruit punch in the middle of the table filled with snacks and such. Vinyl music playing in the background as the boys stand in cosplay costumes of WWII uniforms, hair completely gelled back like they were in the 1940s.

'Do we have to wear these? Wouldn't it bring back shit memories?', Chanyeol complains, squirming at how tight the uniform is on him, his military hat flattening his pink hair. Chen who is beside him contradicts Chanyeol's piss mood as he gleams with a smile, standing tall with his uniform.

'I think I look hot in uniform', Chen whispers back, earning a smack in the head from Chanyeol.

'You narcissistic weirdo', Chanyeol replies as they wait for the mini bus to arrive, welcoming the elderly of the community to the party, 'A party in the afternoon without alcohol... What kind of party is this', Chanyeol whispers, as they stand in a straight line, looking like real soldiers who just got drafted in the war whilst Manager Song waltz back and forth, checking that everything was alright.

'They're old people who ass hole. They can't stay up all night and one sip of vodka and they might die', Kai whispers back with clench teeth. Kai has been listing ways on how to kill the bastard beside him as the prick continues to poke fun out of him.

'Hey man what are you even doing here? Shouldn't you be with your boyfriend?', Chanyeol retorts back, earning a giggle from Chen. I swear to God, I will kill him, Kai thinks to himself, clenching his fist, 'Dude. Not ganna lie. Your boyfriend looks hot in uniform', Chanyeol was going to get a punch on the throat from Kai, but he turns around when Chen does, looking at D.O who's just finished getting changed and rushing himself over the line the rest have made, standing straight with fake medal pins decorated around his uniform jacket, hair gelled back neatly, not a fly of hair popping out. Kai carries on staring for a moment longer, something Chanyeol and Chen notices.

'Ooohh. Looks like someone's getting kinky', Chanyeol jokes once more, giggling at Kai who instantly turns away from D.O glaring at the both of them and staring ahead, ignoring the rest of their stupid banter.

'He has a thing for men in uniform', Chen wriggles his eyebrows, making Chanyeol snort loudly, forcing the rest of the boys to look to their left, where they were given three different expression. Chen laughing, his smile stretching his face, Chanyeol leaning back, mouth wide open from laughter and Kai, head hung low, but you can see the irritation in his eyes. He looks like he is about to commit murder.

'Oh. Here they come! Here they come!', Manager Song squeals, obviously gaining attention from the teenagers who never get used to her goddamn squeaky voice, 'Quickly, quickly, big smiles everyone!', the glass doors open and in comes in groups of elderly, dressed to the nines in their old vintage clothing, men dressed in proper tailored suits, whilst the ladies dressed in gowns which looked like it came straight from the 50s, which it probably did.

'Oh, look how marvellous the place looks!', elderly men and women hurl into the hall, eyes in delight as the decoration takes them back to the old days, looking ahead and laughing at the young boys dressed in uniform, reminiscent of their young days.
The music blares around the hall, a few elderlies coming into the dance floor in the centre, dancing away with the cheery music of the past, full of youthful energy and smiling away. The teenagers however, ironically sit on the spare seats with tired looks plastered across their face as they literally had to walk dozens of elderlies to the bathroom, bringing them their food, clearing the floors every five minutes so they wouldn't fall on something. By the time Suho sits back down on a chair, he is completely beat. Chanyeol, who sits between two old men clapping along with the music, forces the boy to clap along with them, bombarding him with stories about the good old days.

'You have the power of fire? Well, you would've been useful in the war. Not a lot of people have fire power', one elderly man spoke to Chanyeol, 'I used to have the power of flight. I was part of the rescue team, flying over battle fields to find missing soldiers', Chanyeol listens intently to the story, fascinated by the man's powers and even more interested at how the war exploited these powers. In this generation, having a power is nothing more than having a unique eye colour; it's cool, but completely useless to some extent as people now worry about things like money and economic boom rather than a person having the ability to fly, because that just doesn't make money.

'Oh honey, don't just sit around. Dance!', an old lady gestures to Xiumin, who busies himself with filling up the fruit punch. He bows to the lady apologetically.

'Oh no, I don't dance', but the elderly was not taking not for an answer, reaching her hand out to pry away the box of juice from Xiumin, slowly dragging him along to the middle of the dancefloor.

'Now, put your hands on my waist, like this', she urges Xiumin to rest his hands on her waist comfortably, smiling as Xiumin tries to get his position right, making sure his feet are a little further away from the woman's feet, so he doesn't step on it, 'Good, now sway', she laughs, leading the dance, making them spin and go around the hall.

'Go Xiumin! Dance!', he hears cheers from Chen and Kai, who stayed seated on their chairs, but clap along to the music, Chen singing softly. He's got a pretty good voice. Xiumin gains a bit more confident, fastening the pace of the dance so now he's leading it, spinning the two of them round and round, making the elderly lady giggle in excitement as they continue to dance, swirling passes the other dancers.

'Honey, why don't you join you friend there. It looks like he's having fun', another elderly poke yet another teenager to dance, but Suho just smiles, not giving in to the warm smile of the elderly people urging him to go.

'Oh no, I couldn't...', he turns his head to see D.O gleaming over to Xiumin dancing, clapping along to the music, 'But... I need to ask you all a favour...', the elderly just gleams as Suho shares his plan, clapping with how cute it is.

The music in the hall changes to something more cheery and lively with Suho and the other elderly behind him urging every single person to stand and dance, pushing people who sits on the chairs on the outer area, making everyone partner up with someone, dancing along to the music. The teenagers make sure an elderly is accompanied, with Baekhyun even partnering up with an old man, back hunched over but gleaming as they start to dance slowly to the music. Suho gives a wink to the elderly beside him, forcing them to swirl round the hall and suddenly they all swap partners, spinning around onto the next person. An elderly man pushing Kai out of the way as he steals his partner and a cute old lady with a long floral dress pushes D.O out of her hands, grabbing another partner. D.O's hands automatically intertwines with the next person, which happens to be Kai.
Their fingers interlocking as they spin around, eyes accidentally meeting each other. Oh shit. D.O immediately looks down, refusing to make eye contact with Kai with being this close to the boy. Suddenly, the music changes, this time, a slow song begins to play next, changing the atmosphere into a calm and romantic feeling, making things even more awkward between the two.

'Oh shit. I need to video this', Chanyeol whispers, automatically reaching down for his pocket and unlocking his phone. He edges closer, trying not to get caught by the Kai or D.O, shyly hiding behind the other dancing elders.

'Hey dude. Send that to me', Baekhyun whispers as he walks pass Chanyeol with a plateful of more cupcakes.

'No worries', Chanyeol replies, reaching his hand out to give Baekhyun a sly high five.

Kai looks down on D.O whose eyes are still staring on their feet, the sultry sound of trumpets from the vintage music blaring around the hall. He didn't know why, but he wanted to look at D.O, bending his head down to try and make eye contact with the boy in front of him.

'You alright?', he whispers to D.O's ear, making the boy flinch at the sudden breath against his ear, instantly looking up and staring straight into Kai's eyes.

'Shit. Fuck. Why was he cute.'

They continue to dance in silent, hands wrapped tightly around each other's, feet swaying back and forth rhythmically with each other. The slow music draws to a close and the people around them stop dancing, clapping in joy as the atmosphere heightens once more with the help of some Elvis Presley. As the elderly begins to dance like they were still in their twenties, swaying their hips and laughing along with the music, right in the centre stood two boys in army uniform, not moving, but their hands still laced in each other, they stand close to each other. D.O didn't know where the confidence came from, but he suddenly stares up to Kai, eyes meeting one more time, this time, his eyes weren't quivering in fear, but staring comfortably into Kai’s brown eyes. Both of them release a soft smile to each other.

'All right you two love birds! Time to let the old people a chance to have fun. You can't be selfish and hog it all to yourself', Chanyeol interrupts the two, laughing as he forms an okay gesture with his right hand, connecting his thumb and index finger into a circle, index finger on his left hand going in and out the circle. Jesus. What a disgusting motherfucker. Kai gives Chanyeol a dirty look as he carries on making his obscene gesture with his fingers towards him, raising his eyebrows up and down.

'Fuck off', he mouths to Chanyeol as D.O lets go of his hands, giving him a small smile, before walking away to where Suho and Sehun were, oddly, the pair had gleaming smiles plastered across their faces as they wait for D.O to approach them.

'Wow. Everyone! You were absolutely amazing! This get together was a huge success thank to you all!', her high pitch voice grows higher as she carries on praising them. The teenagers, all tired and back into their modern-day clothing, sits on the seats, decoration still loosely hung around the hall, but Manager Song promised them that she's going to get her other team to clean the trash in the hall. Huge sighs of relief and thank God echo across the hall as Xiumin rests tiredly on Kai's shoulders.

'Now that my pep talk is over. You're all dismiss! I can't wait for tomorrow! It's going to be more
fun with all of you guys here!’, she squeaks one last time before she grabs her cell phone to call her other team of workers to clear up the mess, the teenagers standing up to make their way out, finally ending the day.

'Dude, want to play at my house?’, Xiumin asks, yawning as he stretches his arms.

'Sure', Kai replies, waiting for Xiumin to lean on his shoulder before zapping out. D.O who stares ahead of Suho and Sehun, looks to watch Kai disappear almost instantly.

The rest of the teenagers make their way home the conventional way, walking out of the hall and for Chanyeol and Chen, climbing straight into Chanyeol’s car. Suho and D.O waves a goodbye to Sehun as they turn the corner, walking together back to their house, D.O inviting Suho over for Italian night at his house. Baekhyun walks out of the centre, headphones already plugged in and walking to the direction of his house, but he notices Sehun leaning across a brick wall on the side of the road, all alone and awkwardly standing. A wave of guilt immediately rushes onto Baekhyun’s veins as he remembers the last thing he said to Sehun. *Fuck me.* He shouts to himself as he instantly makes a U turn, going straight to the orange hair boy.

'Hey', Sehun looks up to stare at Baekhyun, eyes wide and bowing formally to Baekhyun.

'Oh... Hello', Sehun keeps quiet, looking down to his feet. Baekhyun stands in silence for a moment, scratching the back of his head, awkwardly trying to make up a conversation between the two.

'Look. D’you want to walk home together?’, this again caught Sehun by surprise, looking back to Baekhyun, silent, but eyes looking curious, 'We... Live near each other... So, we might as well...', Baekhyun looks up at the quiet sophomore kid in front of him, still wide eyed and confused, 'Or not... You don’t have to if you want'.

'No. I'll... Yes. I'll walk home with you', Sehun suddenly replies as he sees Baekhyun turn back around.

'Alright'.

'Alright'.

The pair begins to walk side by side towards Baekhyun's house, Sehun pulling out his phone and quickly texting his mum not to pick him up today.
there are some mentions of bullying in this chapter, but it's nothing too serious, however just a warning, in case anyone gets uncomfortable at the subject.

Sloppy Joes looked more disgusting up close now that Xiumin had a tray load of it right in front of him. Ergh. He turns beside him to find Suho luckily enough dealing with the salads. He looks at Suho with pleading eyes, begging them to swap, but Suho just gave him a yeah right look. It was his fault for being late for canteen duty, but he couldn't help it. After attending this school for almost two months, he's still apparently the new kid and with a cool power, so whenever he tries to walk across the school corridors, he still gets random people approaching him and asking him to hang out with them. Honestly, he should've called Kai for help, but the bastard was already racing down the canteen. Apparently he and Chanyeol are currently fighting on who gets the sweeping
job, so for them, they were already in the canteen even before the kitchen staffs rolled in, fighting over the mop.

'Honestly, this looks disgusting', he whispers as he tries to lift up a spoonful of Sloppy Joes to find the smell even more revolting. He doesn't know what they put in there, but he refuses to know any further.

'Your fault for coming in late', Suho replies as he sees Xiumin's face filled with disgust, Sehun, who stands nervously by the tray area, agreed to swap positions with Baekhyun as the boy continues to complain about the idiots in the school and how he'd rather die than interact with them one more time. The kitchen radio starts to blare with mainstream music as the school bell rings across the school building, signalling the start of hell for the teenagers.

Chanyeol sulks in the corner where the kitchen sinks were, right beside D.O, giving the finger to Kai who is comfortably sitting down on one of the kitchen chairs with a mop by his side, playing a game with his phone.

'That's not fair. I came here first', Chanyeol mumbled to himself, leaning on the kitchen counter, waiting for their counter to be filled with filthy plates. And it's Sloppy Joes as well... 'Ergh. Of all days I'm stuck in sink duty', he voices out, earning a laugh from Kai as he sticks his tongue out, waving the mop in front of him, just to rub it in.

'You keep doing that and I'll steal your boyfriend!', Chanyeol retorts back, arms stretching to suddenly hug D.O's waist, in which he earns a harsh nudge from D.O and a dirty look from Kai.

'I'm not his boyfriend', D.O whispers, but Chanyeol pays no attention to him, too busy taunting Kai, who clearly stole his job.

Xiumin is already on his second tray of Sloppy Joes when he heard a loud bang to his left, turning his head to see what all the ruckus is about, he sees a group of students wearing yellow lanyards starts to throw the trays beside Sehun, knocking them to the floor as Sehun cowers in the corner, winching at the sound of the group's taunting laughter.

'Look what we have here'

'Little prick Sehun doing the kitchen duties'

'Shouldn't you be cleaning shit in the toilets?'

'Passing out trays is too easy for you'

The group continues to insult Sehun, and much to Xiumin's dismay, the former allows this to happen, bending down to pick up the trays which the sophomore kids dropped.

'What's going on?', Suho whispers, noticing the lack of people in the line as he finished serving a student. His eyes wondered to where Xiumin was staring, witnessing Sehun getting bullied by a group of students who were holding up the line.

'Hey! Can you all make a move on? There's a line behind you', Xiumin has had enough, walking over to where Sehun was, a hand gripping his hand, forcing Sehun to stay behind him, 'So move the fuck along', his eyes glaring particularly on a boy wearing a denim jacket and looks like the boss of the group as the rest stayed behind him.
'Woah. Looks like you've made friends. Are they just like you? Absolute losers?', the boy in front refuses to back down, forcing Suho to join the fuss.

'Can you please move along. I'm sure the students behind are waiting to get their meal', Suho tries to break up the forming tension which he saw was starting to bubble as Xiumin glares at the younger boy.

'You must be lucky Sehun. Having all these scummy Seniors protecting you. But what happens when they find out what you've done? Probably disgusted like the rest of us', he spits out before making a move on as the students behind him started to complain for them to move the fuck along.

Xiumin and Suho stares back to where Sehun is, head hung low and feet awkwardly trying to get back to his place, hands holding trays that were tossed to the ground.

What are they talking about?', Xiumin asks, and to his dismay, he gets no response, with Sehun avoiding the two Seniors and quickly passing trays to already pissed students, making Xiumin and Suho forget their curious questions, going back to their place and serving the students once more.

But Xiumin and Suho continues to stare at Sehun once in a while, checking if the boy is okay.

'Oh God, it's stuck between my nails', Chanyeol complains, as he tries to scrub the Sloppy Joes which were stuck onto the used plates, getting grease and left over meat all over his nails.

'Use gloves you idiot', D.O sighs in irritation, having enough of Chanyeol's ongoing bitch fit, he lifts up his hands which were buried deep into the bubbly waters in the kitchen sink, revealing Chanyeol a revelation of kitchen gloves.

'Oh shit. We have that?', Chanyeol is already half way across the kitchen, leaving D.O with piles and piles of filthy dishes by his side as Chen brings in another batch of plates and cups. The fucker just left me, D.O cursed under his breath, looking back to see if Chanyeol had come back, but that twat hadn't.

'Fucking bastard', he whines as he scrubs one of many plates all by himself, cursing under his breath for being stuck with the idiot of the group.

'Dude, grab me some gloves', Chanyeol shouts over to Baekhyun who is busy collecting new plates inside the storage room in the corner of the kitchen. Closing the lights, he grabbed the first packet of gloves, throwing it over to where Chanyeol was when a sudden loud bang coming from the student's area garners their attention.

'Guys! Don't eat your food! Oh Sehun is serving here!', both Chanyeol and Baekhyun, curious as to what's going on, ditch the kitchen, walking onto the panel of food where Xiumin and Suho were, peeking out to see what all the fuss is about.

'Seems to me, he might add something to fuck you up!', the group of sophomore students starts to stand on tables, shouting over the canteen about the school food.

'What the fuck is going on?', Baekhyun whispers over to Xiumin, standing beside them as the group out front continues their bullshit. Xiumin can only shrug, not really knowing what all the fuss is about. Sehun who hears his name being shouted by familiar voices, cower behind the walls of the kitchen, not wanting to gain any attention to him.

'Oh Sehun! The kid with no dad. Hey! Do you even have a dad... Or do you even know you're dad?', the arrogant boy shouts over, eyes playful as his posse below him starts to laugh, loud gasping noises as they start to imitate some sort of animal sound, probably to make fun out of
'What the fuck do they think they're doing?', Suho looks displeased not just to see a group bullying Sehun, but practically the whole school laughing along and letting this all happen. 'Hey! Hey! What the hell are you all doing?', Suho is already out of the kitchen and walking out through the door approaching the group of students before the rest can say anything. Oh shit. Xiumin is already following along, trying to get Suho back inside.

'Oh lookie here. We have one of Sehun's new bodyguards', Suho glares at the boy who continues to stand on the table. The whole school looks over the well known teacher's pet and captain of the swim team; one of the most hated students, purely for his perfect image and optimistic attitude, which no one asks for. Pretty much all the Seniors who sees Suho walking over to handle yet another fight gives out a sigh of irritation. He's here to ruin the fun once again.

'I don't think that's very nice at all. And why are you so keen on making someone's life miserable? Is your's that miserable too?', Suho fights back, but Xiumin behind him is already making a move with dragging Suho back inside the kitchen, hands gripping the shirt on his back whilst whispering for the boy to shut it and come back inside.

'Oh Sehun! Where are you? Looks to me you found yourself a bunch of shitheads similar to you. You can finally feel at home', a burst of laughter echoes across the canteen as other students begin to clap along and shout words of encouragement over the little piece of shit in front of Suho.

'What are you on about?', Suho spits back, ready to fling himself onto the motherfucker.

'What the fuck is going on?', Kai's sudden voice makes Xiumin jump for a moment. Kai must've teleported to see what's going on.

'Help me get Suho out of here. I think he might start a fight'

'Oh shit', Kai knew Suho well enough that the boy never starts the fight, in fact, the first time they met, Suho was trying to stop the fight, so if the boy is so willing to pick a punch now, that means something big is going down. His hands instantly grab Suho's arms to pull him back, fully noticing the laughter of the canteen as the boy standing on the table now starts to make fun out of Suho, earning quite a lot of laughter from everyone, even those who've never met Suho. Both Xiumin and Kai just had enough power to drag Suho back into the direction of the kitchen.

'Suho and Sehun, the school's scums. Perfect for each other right? Won't be long till they start sucking each other's dick-

A gush of wind goes pass the trio as they try to get back inside the kitchen. What the hell was that? Next thing you know, the table as to which the boy was standing on is flipped over completely, the table legs right into the air with the trays of food flying out and landing on the canteen floor.

D.O.

Kai and Xiumin sees a small figure bent down to the ground, hands clenching the boy's collar shirt. No way. The table is now split in half, the boy splattered on the ground as his back hits the floor with a force, gasping his breath as D.O looks down over him, eyes blaring in anger.

'What the fuck did you just say?', the crowd of students, stunned, runs to form a crowd around the two, phones out as the boy with earth bending powers is once again showing his capabilities.

'Someone get D.O out of there!', Suho exclaims, worried that his friend might get in trouble once
again and because of him. The group ditched their kitchen duties, sprinting over to where a large crowd is forming, hands pushing pass the other students.

'Repeat that again... Then you'll see how hard I can punch you deep into the ground', D.O threatened with gritted teeth. The boy's arrogant stature is long abandoned as he squirms beneath D.O, begging him not to touch him, eyes tearing up in fright, 'You're crying now huh? Seems to me, you're all words no actions', D.O laughs at the boy's stupid action, saying sorry and looking like an absolute wuss, when a moment ago, he was ready to make fun out of anyone, and a Senior as well. He looks down to see the yellow lanyard, indicating that this dickhead is only a sophomore and he's getting brave enough to touch a Senior. He hears his name being shouted behind him, but he carries on glaring at the sophomore kid, 'You open your mouth again, and I swear-', he threatens the boy one more time before he feels strong arms pry him away, pulling him back up, losing his grip of the boy's collar.

'D.O stop. You'll get into trouble', Xiumin shouts to D.O, pulling him away from the big scene he's just caused.

'You better believe he will!', the kitchen chef walks into the canteen, confused as to why the front kitchen was suddenly quiet, finding out that all the kids are making a huge ruckus in the student's table, 'D.O, go to the Principle's office! The rest of you, get back to work!', fuck. The rest of the group looks over at D.O, Suho almost bursting into tears as he watches his best friend leave the canteen.

'Fuck. It's my fault', Suho whispers, eyes looking down the canteen exit, extremely worried of D.O's punishments. Fuck, they're already serving community service, what else can D.O get. Suspension? Expulsion?

'Suho don't worry. D.O didn't start a fight, the prick looks fine to me', Baekhyun turns to find the sophomore kid unharmed, albeit a little shaken, but no bruises or blood on his face. Looks to them, D.O only broke a table, which is not bad enough for a suspension. Six pairs of footsteps make their way back into the canteen, confused and utterly pissed at everyone else's reaction over the boy's mini rant.

'Fucking hell. Not only did they not stop that kid, they fucking clapped on for him', Chanyeol was more than frustrated with the amount of prasie that shithead was getting for saying such dumb stuff about Sehun, 'Half his shit wasn't even funny', they pass through the kitchen doors and back into their positions, Chanyeol looking over the empty kitchen counter with piles of used plates sitting beside the sink, waiting to be cleaned. Shit, this is going to be hard without D.O.

'Wait... Where's Sehun?', Chen looks around to find the corner where the trays are is completely empty. Sehun's gone too.

'Vandalism, use of powers outside of lesson, instigating a fight... Looks all too familiar to me', the principal's voice drowns on, looking over to the new files of trouble the boy in front of him has made, curtsy of the kitchen chef, the Principal is already made well aware of D.O's actions before the boy can make it in his office to explain it himself.

'Sir, I can expl-' 

'You were suppose to be reflecting on your previous action not too long ago by doing community service, yet you cause another set of trouble during it', the Principal looks up, disappointed to find a star pupil going downhill and this far into the year, 'Do Kyungsoo you do not have the luxury to
suddenly have a rebel phase. You have finals and college entrance exams to worry about, I don't-

'If you listen to me, maybe I'll explain what happened', D.O took the Principle by surprise with his sudden surge of confidence interrupting him like that. Not too long ago the boy in front was crying at the thought of suspension and community service, but now he's interrupting the Principal with no care in the world about the consequences.

'Go on then', the Principal garners his full attention on the boy, hands leaving the keyboard as he dismisses an unfinished email.

'There's severe bullying happening in this school sir, and I can't just let it slide when innocent people can get extremely hurt'

'And you're stopping it with violence?'

'I'm a teenager. My impulse to help isn't the most mature way'

'And what do-

'Sir, I just witnessed the whole school encourage a bully to taunt another student. If the school isn't going to do anything about it, then I'd expect you'll be receiving your first legal dispute with parents once a kid commits suicide', D.O looks down at the Principal, eyes focused and body tensed with anger at the lack of common logic the teachers had. And they're suppose to be the grown ups, 'And by the way this school is functioning, I'd suspect you'll receive it soon'.

'And have you yourself experienced bullying?'

'Of course I have'

'And have you ever thought of... Ending-

'No'

'Then suicide is a bit extreme-

'There are other people that aren't like me. So suicide is still very much a big possibility'

The Principal looks over the serious gaze of the student. Do Kyungsoo did not look like he's going to back down any minute.

'And can you name me any students who've bullied anyone in school?'

'Sehun, get out of there', Suho bangs on the toilet doors, knowing instantly that the boy has locked himself up here after the whole kitchen fiasco.

'Jesus, this looks like a mess', Baekhyun breathes out in disgust, looking at the many writings on the walls about sex or talking shit about other students and obviously the momentous amount of dicks being drawn all around the walls and cubicle doors.

'Sehun please. Just talk to us, it's fine. We won't judge', as usual, Suho is given nothing but silence as Sehun refuses to speak, bending his legs, feet rested on the toilet seat, head buried deep in his knees. Baekhyun looks at Suho, worried at the lack of communication the younger is giving, 'Please, Sehun...'. 
'Sehun, listen to me', Baekhyun overpowers Suho's whispering pleas, nudging him to the side and started to bang on the locked cubicle door, quite loudly, banging again and again, 'Sehun, we know you're in there. Stop being an idiot and answer our question. What the fuck was that dickhead on about earlier? Why does everyone hate you?', Baekhyun waits for a reply and continues to bang on the door when he doesn't get any, his foot kicking the bottom of the door to force Sehun to at least speak. He stops and waits.

'They posted a video', they finally hear a whisper, his voice is weak and shaky showing that he's been crying, 'They started a rumour... That my mum was...', his voice is muffled as he buries his head back down to his knees.

'Yeah, okay, they started a rumour. We won't ask what...', Suho comforts the boy behind the locked cubicle, trying to get Sehun to come out, 'Sehun, please just come out'. Nothing.

'They were being mean to me... Just because my mum had me when she was young... They wouldn't stop... So... When my year group was participating on the school's mini sports day... I...'

'What the fuck did you do?', Baekhyun gulps as he looks over Suho with a worried expression. He realised just how little he knew of Sehun, despite walking home together, Sehun could've done anything to anyone for him to end up in just as much trouble as they did. He couldn't have done a Chanyeol could he? Baekhyun didn't thinK Sehun was capable of doing anything close to the shit Chanyeol has done.

'I pissed on the water fountain'. Silence.

'Sorry... What?', both Suho and Baekhyun stare at each other confused, then looked back onto the locked cubicle door.

'I pissed inside the water fountain... So when they drank it-', Sehun couldn't even finish his sentence as Baekhyun suddenly bursts out laughing, hand rested on the cubicle door as he bends over laughing, tearing up as he tries to imagine how the events unfolded.

'Wait... You made your whole year group drink piss?', Suho asks in shock, giggling along at the prospect of Sehun trying to get revenge by pissing on something.

'Oh God, I can't... That's too funny', Baekhyun is too far gone to regain sanity as he laughs on, 'Is that all you've done? Piss on a goddamn water fountain'

'No'

'Wait wait... what else did you do?', this time Baekhyun waits for an even more bizarre revenge trick, waiting for Sehun to say he mailed dog shit to everyone's house or something.

'I set fire to some of their lockers...', Suho pauses.... he tries to remember any recent fire alarm events which happened a few months ago...

'Wait... You were the one who set the lockers on fire during the storm a couple of months ago?', Suho remembers having to stand in the middle of the rain, uniform soaking wet as they wait for the firetruck to come in and sort out the mess which happened in the corridors of the school, 'Wait shit... I thought that was Chanyeol'

'Oh damn... So did I', Baekhyun murmurs. He remembered that time, everyone was giving Chanyeol shit because they thought it was him doing one of his stupid fire tricks again. He remembers glaring at the boy as they stand in the cold and windy rain, imagining thousands of ways to kill the bastard.
'I'm sorry...', they hear Sehun's voice again, whispering as he continues to cry inside the cubicle.

'What are you talking about?'

'I didn't know I was going to cause such an inconvenience for the rest of the school... I just...'

'Sehun. You're not an inconvenience', Suho comforts him, but the boy stays silent, not believing any word the Seniors were saying.

'Yes I am. Look at D.O... he's in trouble again, because of me...'

'Sehun, listen to me. That wasn't your fault, okay? You need to understand that we've seen worse than piss and flames... Fuck, my arm was burnt by Chanyeol. We're not here to judge you', Baehyun knocks of the lock cubicle, this time, voice calming and gentle, 'And if you're an inconvenience, then the rest of us are absolute jackasses'.

'Baehyun's right. I mean, you're talking with someone who nearly blinded Chanyeol. We're no big different from you'

'We're all inconvenient pieces of shit... So come out and join us, huh?', the two tries again to get Sehun to stop crying and at least show then a sign that he's okay. They hear a sudden click on the door, a sigh of relief wash over them as Sehun opens the door, red puffy eyes and tear stained cheeks.

'Come here', Suho opens his arms to reach for Sehun, hugging the crying boy tightly, hands stroking his orange hair as Sehun continues to reside comfort in Suho, head buried deep between Suho's neck, hands shyly hugging the boy back.

'Alright. Now that's settled. Lunch time is over and I don't feel like going to lessons today. I saw a great looking cafe down the road from school... Wanna ditch?', Suho would've completely slapped Baehyun on the back of the head for influencing Sehun, but he realised that he ditched last lesson yesterday, so he nods when Sehun does, grabbing their bags and slyly making their way out of the school building, heads turning to watch out for any teachers roaming around the corridors.

'This is so fucking cool', Baehyun leans his head on Suho's shoulders, making contact with the boy as they sit on water. Literally sitting on water as Suho holds Sehun's hands, their school trouser's wet as they float on water, like it was a magical carpet, weightless beneath them. After buying ice cream, Suho heard Sehun whisper to himself about water dancing and he knew instantly that the boy wanted to walk on water again. They walked to the park with a large lake, showing Baehyun his skills, which instantly made the boy completely obsess with him, holding his arm as he sprints and twirls onto the water, never sinking.

'This is some Jesus stuff right here', Baehyun is still looking around in wonder, despite the fact he made Suho run up and down the lake with him, feet jumping up and down the water, trying to make his body sink, but no, Baehyun stayed floating on water like it was ground.

'Don't get used to it. I'm not doing this every time', Suho warns as Baehyun stretches his leg in front of him. The three of them are bang in the middle of the lake, looking like they were idly sitting on grass and having a picnic.

'I didn't know you can take two people with you on water', Sehun whispers, hands still intertwined with Suho, head leaning on his shoulder.
'Nor did I', Suho looks down on Sehun, tears now gone and a small grin plastered on his face as Sehun looks up to smile at him.

'Seriously. This is so cool! We need to run another lap!', Baekhyun ruins their moment with his bloody shouting, making Suho winch as the excited boy is near his face, 'Honestly, I need to video this one more time... Sehun, do you mind videoing me? I want a full landscape of me walking on water...', Suho has had enough of Baekhyun's voice. He nudges his shoulder slightly, breaking away from Baekhyun's head, the latter losing contact to Suho's powers and instantly falling straight into the water, submerging with soaking wet hair and a shocked face.

'You bitch!', Baekhyun gasps out, spitting out water as he floats in the lake, clothes completely wet, 'You absolute bitch', he flails his arms, splashing water onto Suho, who only laughs at Baekhyun.

'You were getting too loud', Suho and Sehun completely breaks into fits of laughter as Baekhyun grabs hold of Suho, climbing out of the water and making his way back again into a sitting position, never letting go of Suho's arms.

'I will blind you', he glares at the two, laughing as they compare him to a dog shivering after it's been dunked in water, 'That's not funny!', but alas, Baekhyun's shouts is ignored as the pair beside him carries on laughing.
D.O sits idly on his bed, staring out the window in boredom as he listens to his family's bustling feet, getting ready for the day to start. Shouts of *where's my tie* and *Eun Bi!* echoes across the house, making D.O jealous. Being suspended for three days was not something anyone expected, especially his parents, so when he arrived home on Friday after his community service, he was welcomed in shouts and disappointment.

'D.O what were you thinking?', his dad didn't even bother to greet his son as he watches D.O's footstep walking inside of the house. Arms crossed and eyes glaring, he did not bite his tongue as streams of rants and angry shouts emits from his lips.

'Honey, calm down', D.O's mother, being the more rational and gentle parent, tries to calm down her husband, disappointment at her son, but trying to make the house a little bit more civil when they touch on the subject, but for her it was too late as D.O joins in the screaming, arguing back to his dad, voice even louder.
'Why won't you listen to my side of the story? Why are you adamant in believing the teacher's story?', D.O voice overpowers his dad's deep anger, making the usually peaceful house raise alarms of fighting and throwing of furniture. The arguments continues until D.O spots his little sister crouching on the top of the stairs, head peaking out of the banisters of the stairs, clutching her teddy bear tightly as she looks down in fright. She'd never witness her family fight this much before.

D.O tries to calm himself down, breathing slowly in and out, trying not to scare his little sister as objects of chairs and coat stands were covered all over the living room, fits of anger filled in both D.O and his dad.

'Can I please explain myself...?', he whispers, eyes pleading to his father to stop his angry rampage and at least give his son five minutes to talk to him.

'Honey, please. Let's just calm down and listen to our son', his mum comes forward once again, hugging her husband's torso and wishing for both her husband and son to stop this nonsense. They've never gotten in such a big fight like this. Ever.

'Alright. You better have a good explanation for a three day suspension'

After a cup of hot coffee and three strawberry jam toast, D.O and his parents sits on the dining room table, silence as D.O explains his witness of pretty severe bullying to not only Suho but Sehun, a sophomore kid which he's been trying to keep an eye on lately.

'Children these days...', his mother looks worriedly to his son... How worse will it be when Eun Bi reaches High School? And she's a girl, which she can only imagine would be ten times worse.

'And the school aren't doing anything about it?', his dad asks, sipping a cup of coffee, guilty looking at his son. He shouldn't have accused him for doing stupid shit, he was only trying to stand up with someone who couldn't stand up for themselves.

'They took some names that I gave, but I don't know...', D.O looks down, taking another bite from his toast covered in strawberry jam.

'Well, did you scare the crap out of him?', his dad asks, eyes focused on his son.

'Well, yeah... He looked like he shit himself right there and then', D.O snickers along with his dad.

'That's good', his father reaches his hand to ruffle his son's hair. The kitchen doors suddenly creak open, presenting a nervous looking Eun Bi, arms still hugging her teddy bear as she walks in.

'Are you all okay now?', she looks up, scared eyes and D.O can only laugh apologetically, reaching his arms out to welcome his little sister in his arms, lifting her up to sit on his lap and giving her his last toast.

'We're okay Eun Bi. Don't worry', D.O whispers to his little sister, stroking her hair as he final cheers, smiling as she bites down on the jam filled toast.

'Since you're going to be stuck here for three days... You might as well clean the whole house!', his mother shouts from across the corridor, high heels tapping down the stairs.

'No fair! How comes Kyunggie gets to stay home!', he hears her sister whine from across his door, voice high pitched and moaning as she's forced to get ready for school.
'Because that's how the system works', their mother tries to calm her down, rushing her to come downstairs as she looks at her watch. They're going to be late.

'Does that mean if I do something naughty I get to stay at home?'

'Don't even think about it Eun Bi!', their mother warns her. The door finally closes, leaving the house in complete silence. Ergh. D.O is already bored as he stares at his walls, arms flailing as he buries his head once again to his pillows, wrapping himself in his blankets, eyes closed and trying to go back to sleep. Maybe he could spent the whole three days just sleeping, that might kill a lot of time.

'Your room's much bigger than I remembered', he heard a deep voice coming from his door, making his lift his head up to see Kai leaning on his bedroom walls, worn out leather jacket hang loose on the boy's body, face smirking at him. What the fuck is Kai doing here?

'Um... What the fuck?', D.O questions, gathering his blankets together, trying to cover himself. He wasn't going to show Kai his teenage mutant ninjas turtles pyjamas that he's wearing as they speak. Not in a million years.

'Suho told me you're suspended for three days'

'And?'

'Well, I've been suspended once surprisingly enough, and from what I can remember, it was super boring', Kai scans his room, exploring up and down as he looks through the different figurines which decorated D.O's room, small figures of Chewbaccas and Attack on Titan characters resting comfortably on his desks and book shelves.

'Don't touch them', D.O carefully warns Kai as he notices the boy picking up a specific special edition of Levi from Attack on Titan, he remembered saving up a shit ton of money just to buy that one. If Kai breaks it... He will commit murder in his own house.

'Alright', he laughs, lifting his hands up in surrender, 'Well, you better get changed... We've got a lot to do today', he begins, teleporting from D.O's bedroom desk to the foot of his bed, legs crossed as he sits on D.O's bed, trying to pull out the blankets off D.O.

'What the fuck are you talking about? You should be at school!', D.O pulls the blankets back up to where he is.

'Well, I haven't ditched a whole day of school for a long time so...', D.O has to remind himself that this is Kai. A trouble making teenager who doesn't take school or life in general seriously. He has no plans for a future or have any sort of dream. D.O needed to remind himself exactly how Kai is everything that turns D.O off, maybe then he won't fall for that stupid smile.

'Go to school', he sighs, dropping his head back into his pillows, blankets covering his body as he waits for Kai to leave his room.

'There's a skate park near your house. We can just spend the morning there, then I'll go to school', he suggests, hands gripping the blankets again, pulling the blankets from D.O. 'Oh come on. I'll buy you ice cream too!', Kai laughs as he sees a hint of teenage mutant ninja turtles on D.O's pyjama shirt.

'Oh for God's sakes- okay, okay! But just for a bit', D.O gives up, throwing his blankets to Kai, frustrated and stomping over to where his wardrobe is, pulling the doors open and grabbing the first pairs of clothing his hands could reach, flinging them to the bed as he begins to unbutton his
pyjama shirt... He turns around to find Kai still sitting on his bed and staring at him.

'Um... Do you mind?', he eyes Kai, eyebrows raised as he tries to hide behind his closet doors, only making Kai laugh as he sarcastically lifts his hands to cover his eyes.

'Happy?', he jokes, burying his head with D.O's blankets, laughing at the boy's sudden shyness.

'Fuck off'.

'D.O calm down, it's an easy ramp', Kai laughs as D.O claws at his jacket, trying to keep him from falling off the edge of the ramp on Kai's skateboard. The skate park near D.O's house was empty when they arrived, with most people already at work or school by then. Kai knew D.O isn't one for skateboarding, but he didn't expect the boy to be flailing in fright, cursing at Kai if he dares let him go.

'Kai! You didn't even bring a helmet', he whines, arms hugging the boy's waist, gripping tightly as Kai tries to push the skateboard off the ramp.

'Helmets are for losers', Kai giggles, arms slowly trying to pry D.O's out of his waist.

'Fuck off. Helmets are for people with common sense', D.O yells, but he couldn't protest any longer as Kai suddenly pushes the skateboard off the ramp, forcing D.O to go down, eyes closed shut and body tense.

Kai! You motherfucker!', he screams in fright as he feels the gush of wind on his cheeks and the movement of skateboard gliding down. *Fuck.* He's seen so many skateboard fails on YouTube, he's expecting his bones to break at any moment, or worse, getting hit in the balls by something as he plummets to his death.

'Kai!', he feels the skateboard nudge a little, making his feet lose balance. *Shit.* This is it. This is where he dies. He covered his head with his arms, not wanting his skulls to crack anytime soon as he feels his legs turn into jelly, slipping out of the skateboard and body falling to the floor. But he didn't feel the hard cement crashing on his body, in fact, he was welcomed with strong but warm arms, grabbing hold of him before he falters to the ground, spinning the both of them around, Kai's arms automatically hugging the frightened boy close to him. D.O, relieved that he hasn't snapped a bone in two, reciprocates and tightly wraps his arms back around Kai's waist, head buried deep in his chest.

'Damn D.O. How did you manage to fall in the baby ramps?', Kai starts laughing at him, but he was met with a harsh punch on the stomach.

'Fuck off. You pushed me off!', the two begins a heated argument in the empty park, Kai laughing at the boy who sulks beside him, complaining as Kai continues to make fun out of him.

'Such a wuss'.

*Beep.*

'Fuck Kai. Fuck Chanyeol and Baekhyun. Fuck everyone', Xiumin whispers through gritted teeth as he leans back into the library chairs, looking over an empty library, spinning around his chair out of
sheer boredom. Since Kai and D.O has ditched school, the Monday rota for library volunteering is empty for the week, and normally, that would just mean the librarians will have to cancel their lunch plans, but the idiots seems to be loving actually having a life during lunch, so they push Xiumin and Chen do doing Monday and Thursday. But why not Chanyeol and Baekhyun? Well since the burning book incident, the librarians barely trust them for that one hour, let alone two, and since Suho is the President of everything in the school, he manages to weave him and Sehun out with library duties... Which left him and Chen fucking around the empty library.

'Calm down. We're in the school library not toilets', Chen tries to comfort the pissed off and bored Xiumin next to him whilst he busies himself throwing out ruined books, ink worn out and pages covered in coffee stains and other such substances. The books which have been butchered by students over the years goes over to the recycling bin right beside Chen. He doesn't even bother to open the book, just in case he finds anything more disgusting than coffee stains plastered on the paper.

'Yeah, but still... Library volunteering is so boring!', Xiumin whines, spinning round and round his chair as he looks around, trying to see if he can do anything to kill time.

Unlike him, Chen quite liked library duties. It gave him an excuse to hang out with Xiumin without Kai or Chanyeol moping around with them. Ever since they decided to act civil around each other, Chen realised how hot Xiumin gets the more you hang around with him, the way he smiles and laugh at his jokes, even joining in his banter. And he noticed how Xiumin treats him as Chen, not Mr Popular's best friend, texting him everyday without a doubt, and not because he wants to know what Chanyeol was up to, but what he was up to. Chen loved Chanyeol and he absolutely didn't mind the rest of their posse drooling over him, but if another person calls him Chanyeol's mate instead of calling him by his real name, he was going to flip a table.

He looks over to Xiumin who has resided in ripping scrap paper into small pieces, making a pile of mess on the desk in front of him.

'Hey. Would you rather be burnt by Chanyeol or blinded by Baekhyun?', Chen suddenly asks, pulling out the classic 'would you rather' game. It looks like Xiumin needs a bit of fun, so Chen abandons his books and slides over to where Xiumin is.

'Um... Well obviously get burnt... I'm not losing my eyesight', Xiumn stops ripping the paper in his hand, turning to face Chen, answering his question almost instantly.

'Well, how about this. If we were in the Avengers... Which one of us would you have for your team?', now this question is interesting, Xiumin thinks for a moment, analysing everyone's powers, 'Hmm... D.O for sure. And... Probably Suho and Kai'.

'Wait... I'm not in your team?', Chen instantly gives Xiumin a shock look, hand on his chest, like he's been shot.

'Oh come on Chen. You haven't shown your powers at all. How am I suppose to know how useful you are?', Xiumin tries to defend his choices, reminding Chen just how strong D.O is, 'I mean, no one will touch us if D.O's in my team'.

'Yeah, but I have lightning! I can electrocute all of you in once second!', Chen is now completely offended. His power is totally cool. He just can't use it daily, because, well, he'll end up killing someone if he does... 'And, you passed Chanyeol? I mean, fire power!'

'Yeah, but I have Suho to snuff him out', Xiumin once again defends his choices, not tempted one bit to swap over.
'Alright. Well my team will just blast you out before you can even start', Chen bites back, listing Xiumin his team of fire, lightning, light and not forgetting wind.

'I didn't know we'd be pit against each other'

'Well we are now'

'Stop whining that I didn't pick you'

'What did you say? Me and my lightning bolts aren't listening'

'God, what an absolute sore whiner', Xiumin giggles as he sees Chen sulk back into his corner, hands back to organising books.

Baekhyun revels the quiet peace he finds during the day, realising that he barely has any nowadays. Sitting peacefully by himself, head resting on one hand as he holds a book in the other, eyes getting lost to the words which sucked him into a different world. He wasn't a big fan of classical novels, but Catcher in the Rye was a modern classic he could honestly get down to without having to write a report on it. It's been a book he's been dying to read for quite some time now.

“I am always saying "Glad to've met you" to somebody I'm not at all glad I met. If you want to stay alive, you have to say that stuff, though.”

Baekhyun flips through the page, sandwich abandoned and surroundings left behind, getting sucked into the world of Holden Caulfield rather than being in his world, in a noisy canteen filled with useless idiots and the canteen trashcans being right next to him. He didn't notice another human being invading his world, sitting in front of him with a tray filled with food, tall figure bending his knees to squeeze into Baekhyun's renown table, with his name etched in capital letters on the side of the table after Kai's reoccurring rudeness of trying to sit on his table. So Baekhyun being Baekhyun, he wrote his name with a permanent marker, so next time Kai tries to argue with him, he'll just show him what's up with his name officially being on the table. Yes. That's how petty he is.

'Byun Baekhyun. Huh', Chanyeol reads out the bold black writing on the school table, looking in front of him to find the boy himself, looking like he owned the place, and by the looks of the writing, he probably does, 'Rolls off the tongue well I guess', his voice finally makes contact with Baekhyun, his book lowering and eyes making contact at Chanyeol.

'What the fuck are you doing here?', Baekhyun rolls his eyes as his peace and quiet is ripped off from him, by non other than Park fucking Chanyeol.

'Chen is filling in for Kai and D.O today'

'And?'

'Well I have no one to fucking sit with', Baekhyun gives him a really? look as they both know that's a downright lie. Chanyeol can sit in any table, and he'll be welcomed with open arms, in fact... They'd probably beg for him to sit on their table, 'Okay, I don't have anyone to sit with that I actually like'.

'And you like me?', this takes both of them back. Not in a million years did Chanyeol mean it like
that, but with the way Baekhyun was making it sound, it oddly makes it creepy.

'Oh God no. No, I mean... I don't have anyone to sit with that's tolerable. It's not that I like you... You're just tolerable... And... Well, I mean you're not just tolerable... I guess you can be cool to hang out with... But that doesn't mean I like you!', by this point, even Chanyeol knew he's rambling on, making things a shit ton worse. Jesus. He should just stop talking.

'Right...', Baekhyun looks at Chanyeol, trying to suppress a snicker as he witness Chanyeol rambling on and being stupid in front of him.

'Yeah... Oh my God Baekhyun... Just let me sit here, gosh, is it too much to ask', Chanyeol tries to hide his weird and awkward rambling with his mean demeanour, but it's too late, he sees a little smirk playing at Baekhyun's lips as he clearly embarrassed himself.

'Just bloody ask next time', he giggles, eyes gazing back down to his book, surprisingly, he's allowing Chanyeol to sit with him and on his table. But he promises to himself, this will be the only time.

'This isn't your table'

'Oh, but it is', he gestures his hands to the big letters of his name on the table, eyes never leaving his book, but he smiles at the thought of Chanyeol outing for being outwitted by him.

'So, how did people begin to call you D.O?', Kai sits on the edge of one of the skate ramp, an ice cream by his hand and D.O sitting right beside him. He was eating a plain old vanilla ice cream, but the boy besides him went outrageously crazy with rainbow sherbet with sprinkles and all.

'It's not that interesting', D.O mumbles, tongue licking the cold dessert as he looks over the empty park, feet avoiding the hell that is Kai's skateboard, but he had to admit, sitting by the edge of the ramp, quiet and with the midday sun gazing down on them, it was relaxing.

'No honestly, I'm curious', Kai had his wonders as to how the boy got his odd nickname. Unlike him, Xiumin or even Chen, they decided to change their names into something way cooler than their own, but D.O's name is just too odd, he didn't think the boy thought of it himself.

'Well, it's actually my surname. Do Kyungsoo is my full name', D.O looks ahead of them, staring at the graffiti etched all around the park walls and ramps, 'Me and Suho met in kindergarten, and back then, Suho had trouble reading, so when he looked down on my name tag, he was having quite a hard time... So, Suho being Suho thought of a clever idea by spelling out my surname instead. And from then on... It sort of just stuck...'

'Wait... So your nickname is D.O because... Suho couldn't pronounce your real name?', Kai laughs in disbelief, this boy was becoming more and more interesting the more Kai got to know him. Why did he want to get to know him all of a sudden anyway?

'Yeah. And we've been friends ever since', D.O smiles on, nibbling on the edges of his ice cream cone.

'Well. That's a nice... Story'

'I told you it's not that interesting...'

'Well, it's better than just changing your name to sound cool and badass', Kai retorts, finishing his
ice cream, licking his fingers as to which his ice cream had landed on as the day melts their cold dessert.

'Ha, well... What's your real name again?'

'Jongin. Kim Jongin.

'Yeah, Kai is way better'

'Hey', Kai nudges D.O playfully, earning a playful laugh in return.

'Well, it'll be a cool stage name'

'Stage name?'

'Yeah. I'm planning on getting into theatre school after high school. I've never been academic, but performing arts... Yeah, that's something I really see myself doing'

Oh no. D.O sees a glimmer of excitement in Kai's eyes as he starts talking about his dancing and applications to all the best theatre school in the country... What is that... He looks passionate about something other than causing trouble.

'So, you're planning on being a musical actor?', there was something in D.O that was intrigued by this new side of Kai. Not the joking and slightly immature Kai. But oddly serious and more passionate then he'd ever seen him before.

'Well I don't really know. All I know is that it's always been my dream to stand in front of the stage... Any stage. As a dancer, musical actor, I don't really mind. I just want to be there, in the moment', Kai gestures his arms, trying to explain his future goals to D.O, which only makes it worse for the boy next to him as he falls for the sudden smile on Kai's face as he talks about his future, the passion in his eyes and the playfulness in his voice, showing D.O that he can be serious but also youthful with his approach in life. Shit. That's practically everything which turns D.O on.

Fuck. My. Life.
The week drags longer as Suho sits by himself in biology class, annoyed that his only friend isn't here with him. He hadn't realised D.O new found status in school and it was when his friend was missing did his bullying start again. The usual teasing and name calling whilst throwing his books to the floor as he tries to sit down in class. He hadn't experienced it in a long time, so when it did happen he realised straight away that people merely stopped because they were too shit scared of D.O since the video came out, curtsy of Kai's Instagram of course.

The teacher's voice drowns the class' attention, with most students laying on their arms as they try to go to sleep or hiding their phone under their desk as they watch the latest episode of Game of Thrones. Or they bitch about each other, like what the girls behind him are doing. Suho tries to concentrate, as he fills in his question sheets, but the high pitch shrieking of girls behind him made him want to rip his own eardrums out.

'I would fuck Chanyeol without a doubt'
'Why. He so vain and full of himself, I could just imagine how worse he'll be in bed'

'Yeah, but think of the school royalty you'll gain for going out with Mr Popular. I don't think I'll need to pay for another meal again', the girls in his biology class continues to ramble on about stupid shit. Most of the time they just gossip on who's the biggest slut, but this time all they seem to talk about are guys, and precisely guy's they would bang.

'I wouldn't mind getting me some Kai though. I heard he's in a gang', the high pitch shrieks of girls behind him is really getting annoying, making him turn around, despite D.O's morning text to not in under any circumstances cause too much attention to himself.

'Ladies, I'm sorry, but can you stop talking so loud? I'm trying to finish this question', of course the response he gets is more shrieking and glares from the girls who just simply stared down at him.

'Were we talking to you though?', one girl, he thinks her name is Suhyun, sarcastically side eyed him, gesturing her hand for him to leave them alone, like he was just some stray dog looking for attention.

'Honestly, I'm sick and tired of sharing a class with the teacher's pet'

'Gosh, girl trying sharing two', they whisper to each other, but it seems they didn't care if Suho heard or not as they continue to speak right behind him, calling him names in the process.

'Suho's loud complaints can be heard through out the empty library as he drags a chair right beside the library reception, hands waving as he explains what an awful morning he's had to the two boys who couldn't care less about his day.

'Why the fuck is Suho here?', Chanyeol whispers as he tries to slide his chair away from Suho, not wanting to listen to the boy's complaints, but Baekhyun just slides him back, not wanting to deal with the Class President.

'Beats me', Baekhyun whispers back, making his fourth paper crane of the day. Library duties has always been the worse, especially for Chanyeol who has to do it in the morning as well, but with Suho inviting himself in, it can only get worse from here.

'I mean and they were so graphic about it as well. Makes me want to gag', Suho continues to ruin the two boy's already dampened mood.

'Graphic about what?', Baekhyun asks, choosing another scrap piece of paper to make another paper crane, deciding that he'd rather drown himself with all his paper than to listen to Suho whine.

'How much they wanna do it with Chanyeol'

Now this got the narcissistic popular boy's attention, as he slowly slides back to face Suho, eyes gleaming with attention.

'Oh really? And how many said that?'

'Well. Actually, it's been a game the girls in our year has been playing for quite some time actually. I've heard a few of them talk about it over past couple of months'
"Talk about what?", now this also got Baekhyun's attention, stopping mid fold to gaze up at Suho.

"They have some sort of tally. They list all the boy's in Senior year and each girl has to say which one they'd... you know... Do it with"

Oh shit. Now Suho has Chanyeol's utmost attention.

"And?", he tries to drag out Suho's explanation, waiting for the inevitable results.

"I think you're winning"

"Yes!", Chanyeol fists his hand in the air, celebrating for being the number one most desired Senior to fuck. Baekhyun stares at the boy next to him with disgust and utter disbelief.

"You're really celebrating on something like that?", he tuts, shaking his head as he judges Chanyeol even more.

"Oh come on. It means I'm still popular", he exclaims, smiling so wide you can see all of his teeth.

"And why does that bring you so much joy?", Baekhyun can never understand the satisfaction or joy in being popular. He didn't seem to think it was such a huge thing to be happy about.

"Well, Jae Woo that piece of shit keeps on trying to steal my spot. His house parties are all everyone seems to be talking about now a days... And I can't out beat him', Chanyeol had to give in to Jae Woo's house parties, claiming defeat as he simply can't outdo the boy's stupid fucking mansions. His house wasn't as big or as luxurious looking as the rich boy's.

"Oh, you mean the party where you all decided to beat the shit out of me?", Chanyeol glares over to Baekhyun with a really? look, making him feel guilty again as he is reminded of his recent fuck up, despite their reconciliation.

"What? I forgive but I don't forget', Baekhyun retorts, punching Chanyeol's arm lightly as he slides back to where his abandoned folded paper is, trying to get back into making his sixth paper crane.

"You know what the weird thing is though?", Suho once again gains the attention of the boys, 'I'm still trying to understand how the second place came to be...'

"What do you mean?", Chanyeol questions. He didn't even think about who came after him in the list. He couldn't care less. It was probably Kai or Jae Woo following behind him as he had to admit, they were also popular in school. But definitely not as popular as him.

"Who's in second place?", Baekhyun asks, eyes fixate on his scrap paper, folding it with precision.

"You"

"I'm sorry, what?"

Baekhyun and Chanyeol looks back up to Suho, then to each other, confused as fuck.

"Baekhyun, people chose you as second"

*No fucking way.* Chanyeol couldn't believe that his popularity was being threatened by non another than Byun *fucking* Baekhyun.
Chen is ready to burn the whole school down as he listens to Chanyeol whine on for the millionth time about the goddamn list.

'Listen here you piece of shit. I don't care about that stupid list and if I have to hear it one more time, I will skin you alive', he threatens his best friend who just couldn't get the memo and continues to complain, making Chen roll his eyes back and shoot out his headphones, plugging it into his ears as he tries to eat his lunch peacefully.

'I mean... Aren't you not at all pissed that Baekhyun placed higher than you? You only came ninth!’

'Chanyeol, I couldn't care less if I placed 100th', he retorts, fork punching the meat on his plate as he continues to eat, ignoring his whiny best friend.

'Hey, what's up?'

'Oh thank God you're here!', Chen exclaims, rushing over to where Xiumin sits in the canteen desk, trying to further himself away from Chanyeol.

'Why? What's up?', Xiumin asks, placing his tray of food down and sitting down in Chanyeol and Chen's table for the second time as Kai refuses to show up in yet again another day.

'Baekhyun placed second!', Chanyeol squeezes over their side, trying to explain to Xiumin his existential crisis.

'Second on what?'

'That stupid sex list the girls pulled out'

'Oh that...'

'Yes that. How can Baekhyun even be on the list? Did they even know he existed?'

'Wow, you're talking it too seriously...', Xiumin eyes the frantic looking Chanyeol as he continues to fucking talk out of his ass about the list. Chen tries to change the subject by submerging Xiumin in conversation about their Maths homework, trying to get his attention all to himself, but to no avail, Chanyeol continues to ruin every chance he gets to talk to Xiumin.

'Xiumin, you came in fifth'

'What? Really? Wait... Who's in the top ten?', Xiumin, now completely abandoning his conversation with Chen, much to the other boy's dismay, sliding down to look down on Chanyeol's phone, where a photo of the list is uploaded on Instagram.

'Chanyeol, Baekhyun, Kai, Jae Woo, Xiumin, Mark Lee, D.O, Hyunsik, Chen, Lay...', Xiumin had never heard the rest of the people, but he was surprise that D.O made the top ten, since he's always been quiet and reserved. But since that video, I guess people have been getting more and more interested in him.

'Who the fuck even is Lay? What kind of name is that?', Chanyeol comments, bewildered as he hands his phone to Xiumin.

'Xiumin, just forget about it. Hey, why don't you come over-'
'He's the new kid', Suho barges on their table with Sehun by his side. Suho has gotten used to eating outside with Sehun and D.O during lunch, but since D.O isn't here, he's gotten more worried if anyone else tried to start a fight with him, seeing as the rest of the school uses this as an opportunity to taunt the teacher's pet before hulk arrives back to school. The easier way to avoid any of that is to reside in the second safest place; Mr Popular's table.

'Who?', they ask simultaneously

'Lay. I saw it in the school files this morning. New comer. I also heard he has some pretty cool powers too'

'Oh thank fucking goodness', Xiumin breathes out, 'They can harass him now instead', he heaves out a sigh of relief upon knowing that he is no longer the 'new boy' and will not have to endure torture in the school halls.

'Well, I met him once in the corridor yesterday... He looked too out there to be considered cool. I think people only picked him cause he's new'

'What do you mean out there?', Chanyeol asks, pushing Chen to the side so he can sit next to Suho, making Chen punch him in the stomach.

'Well, the first time we said hello, he told me he had this huge fascination with unicorns... Then he missed his step and fell onto the lockers...'

'Great, we've got ourselves a stoner', Chanyeol leans back, slightly relaxed that the new kid wasn't as cool as Xiumin. He's been having too much trouble trying to keep his crown and pedestal this year. He couldn't be asked for another player to be thrown in the game.

The group converse about the list for a few more minutes before falling silence, eating their meals and realising how fucking awkward this whole situation looked as they all gather around Chanyeol's table, students who you would never even think would sit in together all in one table. Fuck, even a sophomore is sitting here. Chanyeol realises this all too quickly, as he sees people stare at their table, his usual posse of people sitting on the other table and whispering amongst themselves, most likely about how weird Chanyeol looks with all these weirdos with him.

'Guys, um... I need all of you to leave now...', he whispers, gesturing his hands as he urges each of them to leave. Except Chen of course.

'What are you talking about? We haven't finished our meals yet', Suho looks ahead a nervous looking Chanyeol, eyes desperate as he tries to get them to leave.

'People are staring. I can't let them think that I let anyone sit on my table'

'Are you fucking kidding me?'

'Oh my God, you're just like Baekhyun'

'Hey, I am not! Take that back!', he shouts at Xiumin, looking offended to be compared to someone like Baekhyun. And with the publication of the sex list, he's pretty fucking sensitive over the topic of him and Baekhyun. Yes, he's one ego maniac.

'It's a fucking table, let them stay here', Chen tells off his best friend, nudging him in the stomach as he gives Chanyeol a what the fuck look, I mean, he was fine with Xiumin sitting with them yesterday, why was he being so pissy now?
'Look, I've just found out how vulnerable my status it in school right now, and I can't be making it worse by letting all the ragtags sit here'

'So we're ragtags to you?', Xiumin interrogates, eyes furrowed and slightly pissed.

'No. Just... You are to everyone else...'

'So not cool Chanyeol. So not cool', Chen shakes his head, smacking his best friend's head to see if he can punch some sense to him.

'Ow! Obviously, I don't think so...'

Before Chanyeol can dig himself a bigger hole, the table is once again joined by someone else. Someone with red streaks in his hair and a mullet.

'Baekhyun?', they all voice out with confusion in their tone as they watch the boy oddly sitting down in the front of the canteen. This does not look normal. Baekhyun did not look like he belonged here, his posture awkward and tray with unfinished food by his side.

'What?', he calls out, glaring at each and everyone of them as he continues to eat like nothing is wrong.

'What the fuck are you doing here?', Chanyeol whispers, even more nervous as whispers begin to grow at the arrival of the school's loner sitting bang in the middle of Chanyeol's table.

'Some annoying bunch of girls won't stop pestering me. I had to leave before I explode and start a massacre here and now', he explains, making them all look back at the back on the canteen, where his usual table is usually hidden, finding a bunch of girls squirming and waving in their direction. Where they trying to seduce Baekhyun?

'What the actual fuck? Girls are dropping themselves in front of you now too?', Chanyeol has given up. He bangs his head on his table at the thought of officially being rivals with Byun Baekhyun.

'I don't want the attention. Have it for all I care', the table continues to look even more out of place as the six ragtags gain the attention of the whole school in the canteen, whispers of new baseless gossips wondering around and before you know it, there's already dozens of rumours around each of the students by the end of the day.

'Look what we have here!', Kai laughs as he and D.O opens the doors to the centre hall of the community centre, 'We have the teacher's pet who's fucked Chanyeol. The sophomore kid who's fucked Chanyeol. And on the other side, we have the new boy who's fucked Chanyeol and the best friend who's also fucked with Chanyeol and... Who's that over there? Is that? Is that the loner kid? And what did he do? That's right ladies and gentlemen! He's also fucked Chanyeol!'

'You better shut the fuck up before I fuck with you!', Chanyeol shouts back, standing up and giving Kai the middle finger.

'Oh no thanks. I'm sure you've given enough fucks around here', Kai revels at this moment. This perfect moment where he can tease the shit out of Chanyeol all day long. That's for teasing him endlessly about D.O. This guy is getting what he deserved.
'I don't understand it... How did the rumour even spread?', D.O looks worriedly onto his best friend, sitting down next to Suho and glancing for some answers.

'We all sat on one fucking table. One table and they think we're having an orgy!', Baekhyun whines, uttering curse words of disbelief as he witness the whole school lose their minds over one small event during lunch time where they all just sat down. That's all they did. They sat down. And now the whole school is treating it like there's a nuclear war happening.

'I mean, Baekhyun why would you even sit near Chanyeol anyway? Isn't it your goal to stay as far away from him as possible?', D.O looks back to where Baekhyun sits, watching the boy kiss his teeth and whine.

'I'd rather be with that idiot then with a pile of girls clawing at me'

'Oh... So you'd rather have Chanyeol doing it to you?', D.O didn't mean to make it sound suggestive in anyway, and in fact he hadn't realised that he did until Kai starts to laugh, pointing his finger to a bright red Baekhyun.

'Oooooohhhhh. Someone has a crush!', Kai finally understands why everyone was enjoying torturing him last week, this is too fucking fun. He continues to laugh as Baekhyun screams a stream of denial.

'Are you kidding me? I'd rather have him burn me again!'

'Hey, wait a minute! What's wrong with me? Not good enough for you?', Chanyeol shouts over, already being sensitive with the whole drop of status and popularity situation, making the rest stare at the two conspicuously, eyes darting back and forth as if they were watching a tennis match as the two argued with each other. But weirdly enough, this didn't sound like their usual deathly arguments.

'What are you talking about?'

'You said you didn't wanna do it with me? Why? Think you're all that?'

'What the fu- Chanyeol I don't like you!'

'And why not! I'm hot!'

'And stupid!'

'It doesn't matter if you think I'm stupid! That doesn't mean I'm not good!'

'Oh for fuck's sake Chanyeol. I don't want to have sex with you!'

'Well you should! Cause I'm hot!'

The two bicker on as the rest carries on staring at them, confused with what to do.

'Should we... Stop them?', Sehun asks, tugging Suho's sleeves as he watches on with the rest of them.

'I don't... I don't know...', Suho whispers back, looking over at D.O with a questioning glance. They didn't think this would be a fight the two of them would have. Not in a lifetime.

'Everybody! Good news!', Manager Song's shrieking voice ends the argument at once, forcing the teenagers to look over to her beaming face, 'We have a new member to the family!'
All of a sudden, a dark ruffle haired boy joined them, muscular and quite shy looking, lifting up his hands awkwardly to wave at them, smiling shyly, his dimples showing.

'Hello. My name is Lay'.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for such a late update. I feel guilty for not touching this fic for a whole week... Please accept my apology but I truly have been a bit busy. And, I guess only people from Britain would understand, but A-Levels results day was so stressful that I couldn't even write a good chapter even if I wanted do.

And just for everyone's knowledge, this fic was 100% inspired by exo's ko ko bop mv and concept, but I'll be damned if I don't add our beautiful Lay into the fic, so please welcome Zhang Yixing into the dysfunctional family. (And yes... He also did something stupid to land himself into community service, despite only being in school for like a week)

Plus... New cover! Well not really, but this is the cover I use on aff and thought a change would be good.
'Hello! My name is Lay and I'm new here, so please take care of me!'

'Why does it feel like that kid is volunteering to be here?', Kai whispers to Baekhyun as he sits down next to him, trying to awkwardly look like he's paying attention to Manager Song.

'Beats me', Baekhyun whispers back, trying to avoid looking over at the angry looking Chanyeol. Seems like the guy is still not over their argument. God, he can't even believe that they were having the argument.

'He's doing his time too, so please be kind of him and be a good influence! We need to turn this guy
back into a good guy!\textquoteright;, she squeaks on, clapping her hand as Lay claps along with her, grabbing a seat next to Suho, waving frantically at the only person who he recognises.

'Hello! You're the class president aren't you!\textquoteright;, he was being too loud as he practically screams at Suho, grabbing the boy\textquotesingle s hand and shaking it violently.

'Great... We have another weirdo in our presence\textquoteright;, Chanyeol mumbles, earning a warning nudge from Chen.

'No one is weirder than you\textquoteright;, Chen retorts to his best friend.

'Now that\textquoteright;s out of the way, I have a new job for you guys! I checked out the basement to the centre and found it completely needs refurbishing! So! I ordered a ton new furniture and shelves, so we are all going to be getting rid of all the rotten furniture and replacing them with new ones! I need four of you to clear the basement and get rid of the trash whilst the rest needs to start building the new shelves I bought from Ikea!'

'I dibs building the shelves\textquoteright;, Xiumin screams out, reaching his hand up and being followed by three other desperate boys who did not want to go down the basement and lift up rotten trash.

'Dammit\textquoteright;, Chanyeol screams as he sees another hand go up beside him, taking the last place to stay in the centre hall. Chen refuses to even go near anywhere that\textapos;s dark and filled with rotten cardboard boxes.

'Wait... What the fuck... I\textapos;m not going back down there!\textquoteright;, Baekhyun, completely missing out on the dibs battle looks around as the five people make their way towards Manager Song, helping her lift boxes of newly delivered furniture and other items from IKEA.

'Tough luck mate\textquoteright;, Kai shouts out, squirming as he tries to lift up a rather heavy looking package. D.O turns to where he is, lifting the box with ease \textit{and} with just one hand. Kai just continues to stare at him in amazement.

'Stop looking at D.O like he\textapos;s a piece of meat! He has feelings too!\textquoteright;, Chanyeol shouts across the room as he pulls out the boxes of orange overalls that he knew he was going to need if he\textapos;s going back to the wrecked basement. Kai turns around, glaring at him as he shoves him the middle finger, blushing slightly as D.O turns around to stare back at him. Chanyeol can only suppress a giggle as Kai tries to deny his googly eyes over the short boy, 'Aish, just fucking date already!\textquoteright;, he couldn\textapos;t help but add more fuel to the fire.

'When you and Baekhyun have sex, then I will!\textquoteright;, Kai shouts back, happy that he finally has something to use against Chanyeol in times like these.

'Ha! I\textapos;d rather die!'

'Excuse me? You were just arguing about how you wanted to have sex with me!\textquoteright;, Baekhyun joins the argument as he walks back to Chanyeol\textapos;s side, wearing a particular oversized orange overall, giving the taller boy a dirty look.

'No I wasn\textapos;t. I was pointing out your lie for not wanting to have sex with me. That doesn\textapos;t mean \textit{I} want to have sex with you'

'What makes you think I want to have sex with you?'

'Because I\textapos;m hot! We\textapos;ve just been over this a minute ago'
'No we haven't. You said you were hot, but no where in our conversation did I agree with you!'

'Can you both shut the fuck up and go down to the basement already? You're giving me a headache!', Chen pushes Chanyeol out of his way as he drags another packaged furniture to the centre of the hall. Chanyeol huffs in annoyance, grabbing his mop and bucket of water which Suho so kindly filled up.

'Come on Sehun. Seems like you're the only normal person around here', Chanyeol sticks out his tongue, grabbing Sehun's sleeves so the boy can be by his side. Chanyeol, Sehun, Baekhyun and the new boy Lay turns around, walking down a flight of stairs towards the entrance of the basement.

'Right, to make life easier, why don't we clean in pairs. Me and Sehun are in charge of mopping and clearing out, you and the new guy are in charge of taking out the trash'

'Why the fuck are we taking out the trash?', Baekhyun complains, looking over the fairly silent but happy looking boy beside him, slightly uncomfortable with being paired up with a random boy he hasn't met before.

'Because I can't be bothered to walk up and down the stairs with bags of trash'

'So you're making me do it?'

'Precisely'

'You fucking asshole', Baekhyun smacks Chanyeol's back, earning him a high pitched whine from the boy.

'Are they usually like this?', Lay stands closely beside Sehun, hands grabbing the boy's sleeves as they enter the dark basement.

'Basically', Sehun slowly creeps a smile, a happy feeling creeping in his stomach as the new boy just asked him about his friends. He can now finally talk about his group of his friends.

'Wait...', Baekhyun, who is leading them at the front, stops mid step, looking back to them with slightly terrified eyes, 'What if there's spiders here again?', he whines, eyes looking slightly worried as he looks back down the dark basement, hands reaching out, light fluttering from his hands and hovering up to the ceiling, lighting up the whole roof of the basement.

'Stop being a pussy and come on', Chanyeol pushes Baekhyun to move ahead, holding his hand and dragging him when he refuses to move, hands intertwining with his.

'Ahhh... So they usually fight because of that', Lay whispers to Sehun, but the sophomore looks confusingly to him, not understanding Lay's sudden revelation as the boy refuses to explain himself further, just clapping like a seal as he looks up to see Baekhyun's moving lights.

'It's like a galaxy...', Lay spins around, a skip in his steps as he adores Baekhyun's work which lights above them, 'It looks so pretty'

'Yeah, you see Baekhyun has the power of light and Chanyeol over there, he has the power of fire!', Sehun explains to the new boy, pointing proudly at his two friends who were busy setting up their mops and buckets at the centre of the basement to realise Sehun basically talking in long paragraphs about the both of them.

'Fire? Really? Cool!'
'Yeah! Super! And he can do cool tricks with it!'

'I bet!', Lay skips to join the two, arms intertwining with theirs as he jumps up and down, excited to be working with such cool people.

'Sehun, look at these!', Lay squirms in excitement as he lets go of Chanyeol and Baekhyun's arm, opening a box filled with old knickknacks, from ballerina figurines to small antique ornaments.

'Ohh!', the youngest races beside the new boy, excited and happy that the new boy was even more interesting than the rest of the seniors.

'Can we at least swap one of them with Chen or someone else please', Chanyeol mumbles, whining as he tries to pry Sehun off of Lay, passing a mop to him.

'Shit up, you're ruining their joy', Baekhyun whispers back, nudging his partner Lay to be by his side.

'Now twist the screw anti clockwise... Anticlo- TWIST THE MOTHERFUCKER ANTICLOCKWISE!', Kai screams as Chen refuses to listen to him, screwing the nail clockwise instead.

'Bitch, it doesn't matter which way I screw it! Just as long as it's nailed in!', Chen fights back, trying to push Kai who's holding the instructions booklet back.

'It's going to fall apart if we don't follow the instructions!'

'Kai please... No one follows the instructions booklet', Xiumin dismisses Kai, standing next to Chen as he grabs another screwdriver, helping Chen out as he screws another nail in; clockwise much to Kai's dismay.

'Fuck all of you'

'Kai stop whining and help us out here!', D.O calls out, trying to place a leg stand on one of the drawers he and Suho were busy trying to set up.

'Which set is that?', Kai asks, going over to the desk with all the furniture's booklet instruction, trying to see what Suho and D.O are building.

'I don't know... The one with the white drawer?'

'I need specifics. Is it an Alparo 217 type 4? Or a Dagstorp 23 type 2.3?'

'What the fuck does that even mean? Just grab the one with the picture of a white drawer!', D.O looks over at Kai, rolling his eyes at the boy's over the to seriousness of trying to set up a drawer from scratch.

'Alright Kyungsoo, here we go', the two looks on the booklet, unfazed by Kai's mention of his birth name.

'Wait a minute... Kyungsoo?', Suho stops what he's doing midway, looking up to find D.O and Kai sitting close to each other as they bend down to look at the instruction booklets together.

'Did Kai just call D.O Kyungsoo?', Xiumin looks behind to stare at Suho, giving him a questioning
look, but the boy can only reciprocate the expression, looking over his best friend with a huge what the fuck look. No one calls him by his real name. Not even his parents.

'Kai, what the fuck?', Suho couldn't take it anymore. The two looks absolutely okay with it, continuing with trying to hammer the leg stand on the desk, not realising that the other three has stopped doing what they're doing to stare at the two.

'What?', Kai looks up at the sound of his name, looking back to feel two pairs of glaring eyes piercing his back.

'Who the fuck is Kyungsoo?', Chen calls at him, dropping his screwdriver to fully turn at Kai.

'Well, obviously it's D.O's real name'

'And why are you calling him by his real name?'

'Because I can'

'Well, I can call you Jongin, but I don't do I', Xiumin butts in, fully immerse with the conversation.

'Well, Suho made that nickname for Kyungsoo so...'

'So what?'

'So, what if I want to make my own nickname for him?'

'Well Kai, Kyungsoo isn't a nickname, that's his real name', Suho butts in, eyeing D.O, signalling him that they're going to have a long talk when they get home.

'Fine then! Kyunggie can you hold this hammer'

The three of them stare even more intently at the two.

'Kai, you're not helping yourself!', Xiumin throws a scrunched piece of paper to his friend.

'And why not?!

'Because now it sounds too cheesy!'

'You might as well call him honey!', Chen butts in, laughing as he tries to sneak in his usual joke about the pair.

'Kai, he has a point. That sounds like a cute pet name', Suho slowly grabs the hammer which D.O was holding awkwardly as he tries to grab Kai's sleeves, forcing him to stop milking the situation and making it even worse.

'So what if it's a cute sounding name? Does D.O not deserve a cute nickname?', the three lifts their hand up in surrender, not wanting to mess at a pissed off Kai, turning around to avoid the pair and continuing to build their shelves in silence.

'Give me that Kyunggie, you might nail your fingers if you're not careful. I'll do it for you', Suho looks up to grimace at how fucking corny that sentence was, judging Kai so badly.

Chen can only gag as he holds onto Xiumin for support, 'I think I'm going to throw up'.
My family are a family of healers, so they tend to travel the world, trying to learn new power skills so they can help as much patients as they can. They're part of the Cancer Training Team, going around the world and trying to learn how to use their powers to try and kill cancer cells. I really think we're making progress by the looks of it!, the new boy could not shut up, talking as he and Baekhyun walks up and down the stairs with heavy bags filled with trash, but surprisingly enough, Baekhyun didn't seem annoyed by the boy's excessive energy, smiling and laughing as Lay continues to passionately talk about his family and life in China.

'Do you miss China?'

'Well, of course I do... I miss my friends everyday, but I'm okay now. I have you guys as friends now and Sehun says you guys are fun to hang around with', Baekhyun looks at Lay in surprise, shock that the boy has already started to accept them as friends. This boy looks like he trusts people too much.

'Anyway, what the hell did you do to end up in community service, please tell me you're just volunteering because I seriously can't see you doing anything fucked up'

'Well, actually I didn't even know what was happening when i got sent to the Principle's office... I was just asking for directions to my morning class. I still don't know my way around the school and I'm still struggling to read Korean, so I asked a group of guys who were standing at the front entrac-'

'Wait... Did these group of guys wear grey beanies by any chance?', Baekhyun interrupts Lay's story, already knowing how the story was going to end if the boy says yes.

'Wow... How did you know? Are you friends with them?', Baekhyun can only laugh as they throw their bags of trash in the dumpster field by the perimeter of the community centre, laughing at the oblivious looking boy beside him.

'Oh my God... You've walked straight into the stoner's corner'

'Stoners?'

'Druggies. People who smoke weed and drinks alcohol'

'Ohhhh, so that's what that was...'

'What was what?'

'Well, they said they really liked me and one person gave me a packet of tea leaves as a present. They said it'll make me feel more comfortable at school'

'Oh for fuck's sake', Baekhyun didn't know what else to do but to carry on laughing. Lay just accepted a packet of weed from the stoners of the school and called it tea leaves. He wraps his arms around the clueless boy's shoulder, 'Next time, don't accept anything they give, just come straight to me and I'll protect you'

'But they were really nice to me! They showed me directions and gave me weed. As far as I know, weed is quite expensive, so it was quite nice of them to give me some'

'Aw man, you really need to be protected from the shits of the world, you're too pure', Baekhyun giggles, walking down the stares as his arm rests idly on Lay's shoulders, his right arm now healed from Chanyeol's burn, free from bandages and comfortably resting by Lay, which makes the boy notice the scar which decorated itself on Baekhyun's arm.
'What is that?', Lay points, fingers touching the boy's sensitive skin.

'Oh that. Well, I kind of burnt my arm'

'Oh really? Was it from cooking something? Because I sometimes accidentally burn myself whilst baking'

'Yeah cooking... Huh. Let's just say I was cooking up a temper...', Baekhyun laughs as he looks ahead to find Chanyeol mopping the floors of the basement, playfully splashing water towards Sehun.

'Let me fix it for you'

'What?'

'I'm a healer. Fixing a burn scar is my forte', Lay unwraps Baekhyun's arm away from him, hands holding tightly on his arm, rubbing along the scar before closing his eyes for a second, a flood of heat rushes through to Baekhyun's skin, smoothing his scar and getting rid of the dark pigments which spots itself all over Baekhyun's scar, turning his right arm back to what it used to look like a month ago.

'Damn! It looks brand new!', Baekhyun gleams as Lay lets go of his arm, showing him a his new smooth layer of skin, no scar, no discolor. His fingers glide up and down his arm, still amazed by Lay's quick healing, 'Thanks man', he smiles, reaching out to do a bro fist at Lay.

Chanyeol notice Lay getting closer and closer to Baekhyun, touching his arm and laughing at something Baekhyun said, he continues to mop but eyes still stares ahead of im as he bumps his mop into something, but not caring.

'Chanyeol... Your mop is... On my foot', Chanyeol looks down to see him moving his mop along Sehun's feet.

'Oh... Sorry mate', he smiles apologetically at the boy, swerving at Sehun's feet and continuing to mop.

'You know... Um... I...', Chanyeol notices Sehun suddenly getting shy, looking down as he tries to avoid eye contact with Chanyeol.

'Come on Sehun, just say it, I don't bite'

'Well... It's okay to admit that you like someone...'

'What? And who exactly do you think I like?'

'Baekhyun...'

'Huh! Sehun, please don't take Kai's banter seriously. We're just joking around', Chanyeol tries to push Sehun and him to the side, slightly getting nervous that maybe Baekhyun might hear their conversation.

'I didn't even think about Kai... I sort of just... Saw...'

'Saw what?'

'Just... A change of heart?'
'Oh God... Sehun, there's no change of heart bullshit going on. We're simply agreeing to at least be civil for the group's sakes'

'Oh... Okay', Sehun looks down, scared that he might have pissed off Chanyeol and pokes him in the wrong way. He silently ends the conversation, continuing to mop and making Chanyeol feel guilty as the youngest shy from him once again.

'Look... I know you and me don't hang out that much and we're clearly not as close as say, you and Suho but...', he reaches his hand out to squeeze Sehun's shoulder, trying to gain the boy's attention, 'If those twats in your year tries to mess with you again, just tell me. I'll fuck them up for you'

'Really?', Sehun looks up, wide eyes imitating a puppy who's just been recently adopted, 'You'd do that?'

'Well, I have the power don't I? No one messes with Mr Popular's friends, right?', Chanyeol smiles, playfully splashing Sehun with water from his mop again, earning a soft laugh from the younger as Sehun suddenly rushes towards him, squeezing him to a tight hug which he did not expect.

'Alright Sehun. Don't get too touchy feely on me. I hate corny emotions'

Baekhyun didn't know why he started to stare towards Chanyeol's direction. He didn't know if it was the sudden movement of Sehun running up to hug him or the small laugh which came out from Chanyeol when he did.

'Don't be too jealous. He only has eyes for you', Lay whispers to him as he passes Baekhyun another bag of trash.

'What? What the fuck are you taking about?', Baekhyun turns to give Lay a questioning look as they go back to the back entrance of the basement, dragging heavy plastic bags of old shit.

'It's perfectly normal for couples to be jealous from time to time, but there's seriously no need to be. Seems like Chanyeol is only fixated on you'

'Oh God no!', Baekhyun shakes his head vigorously as he laughs off Lay's sudden claims. That boy is so clueless, 'Me and Chanyeol are not a couple!' 

'You're not?', Lay looks genuinely shock as he stares at Baekhyun, 'But you were holding hands a minute ago...'

'What? No, that was... That was nothing', Baekhyun does nothing but shakes his head. He really needs to teach Lay a thing or two about observing basic human interaction as it seems the boy didn't now how to. Just by the way they treat each other, Baekhyun 100% can tell that they still hate each other, calling each other names, arguing at every little thing they find argue about, it seems as though nothing much has changed between them. Baekhyun definitely didn't see any vast improvements, other than the fact that he can finally sleep peacefully at night with his windows open.

'Sure', Lay just dismisses it as he notice Baekhyun flinch at the mention of Chanyeol. Maybe their relationship was much more complicated than what Lay thought.

'Guys! I think we're ready! The basement looks clean enough. Sehun stay here, we're just going to help the rest with moving the shelves here', he strokes the boy's hair, ruffling it before making his way to Baekhyun and Lay, squeezing between them as they make their way up to the stairs.
'I think it's done', Chen breathes out, leaning on Xiumin as he wipes the sweat which beads down his forehead. After two gruelling hours of trying to build a shelf, they couldn't believe that Kai's anticlockwise twist acting made an impact as their first try and setting up the shelf came down in complete disasters as the nails completely fell out from all the holes, following the break down of their shelf. A set of 'I told you so's' ensued as Kai continues to remind them both on who told them to screw the goddamn nails anticlockwise.

'You would've finished earlier if you just did what I said'

'I love you Kai, but the next time you say I told you so, i will chop off your dick and personally ask Chanyeol to burn it', Xiumin threatens his friend who spins around them smugly, looking like an arrogant smart ass as he holds onto his stupid instruction booklet.

'Dude, come on, stop being so harsh', D.O calls out, wiping the dust off his and Suho's drawer, making sure it looks clean and perfect.

'Why? Is it because Kai will end up useless to you without his dick?', Chen jokes, earning a loud gasp from Suho as he laughs at the joke, making D.O slap his friend on the back of the head.

'Will you all shut up. Me and Kai are not dating!'

'Well you better. The sexual tension can only get worse from here', Chen whispers, making Xiumin beside him laugh like a whale, gasping his breath as Kai looks towards him, glaring at him.

'Guys, are you guys done, because we are!', they hear Chanyeol's voice scream from behind the corridor, three of them approaching the main hall.

'Yeah, pretty much', Chen calls out, continuing to laugh, not getting over how funny he is.

'What's so funny?', Lay asks, smiling as he tries to join in Chen and Xiumin's banter.

'Nothing!', Kai and D.O dismisses simultaneously, waving their hands to distract Lay from being dragged in the rest of the group's banter. Chanyeol and Baekhyun who notices the two immediately knew what Chen and Xiumin were laughing about.

'Ohhh... What did the two love birds do this time'

'Oh you have no idea...'

'Oh come on! Tell me! Did they finally smooch', Chanyeol begins to pucker his lips, making disgusting kissy noises at D.O and Kai.

'Or did they hold hands like Chanyeol and Baekhyun!', Lay being oblivious to anything tries to join in the fun, looking around expecting to gain at least a giggle but he was met with seven wide eyes staring at him in shock, 'What? What did I say?

'Chanyeol and Bekhyun were holding hands?', Chen screams, making all of them simultaneously at the two who were surprising standing next to each other comfortably.

'No!'

'We were not!'
'Chanyeol was just trying to-

'I was trying to help him down the stairs-

'We seriously weren't holding hands!

They shout across each other, both denying and trying to make excuses as the rest just looks ahead of them. They were too fixated on the two awkward boys as they wave their arms around in denial to notice a tall muscular man who looks Indian walking into the main hall, eyes looking hopeful as he sees the group of teenagers in front of him.

'Ahem. Are you Oh Sehun's friends?, he coughs loudly, trying to gain the attention of eight rowdy boys, smiling a wide a toothy grin as they all look at him.

'Yeah...', Suho replies, wondering what this man was doing here. Is he another one of Manager Song's staffs.

'Oh good! I was wondering when I was going to meet you all!

'And why were you wondering?'

'Well... I'm sort of Sehun's stepdad'

'His what?', they all simultaneously ask looking at the lean Indian man and turning to look at one another, confused as fuck.

'Look, please don't tell him I came here. He'll get upset...

He rushes towards them, holding his side bag firmly as he smiles, opening his bag and rushing to give each of them a small white envelope.

'I really want Sehun to have an amazing night so I wanted to invite all his friends, but he just wouldn't say any names', they each open the white envelope, finding a small elegantly written invitation delicately placed inside.

'A wedding! Oh my! I've never been to a wedding before!', Lay squirms in excitement, punching Suho who is next to him as he jumps up and down.

'You're getting married to Sehun's mother?

'Yeah, we've been planning the wedding for about a year now and I was really hoping Sehun would invite his friends, but when he didn't add anyone on the list, I took it upon myself to search for his friends instead'

'Your Korean... It's really good sir', Baekhyun looks up, finding it odd to see an Indian man being comfortably fluent in Korean.

'Why thank you. I have been working here for almost five years, so I'd hope it would be good by now', he laughs trying to joke with the kids but they still feel awkward around the grown man, he was super fucking tall compared to the rest of them, he's even beaten Chanyeol's staggering 6' 1" height.

'So what do you say? I really want to make this Sehun's best night too, since we're officially going to be family, so can you help a man gain the approval of his wife's son?', he pleads, looking even more hopeful at Sehun's friends.
They all turn to each other, not knowing how to reply. He didn't even know Sehun had a stepdad and now they're being dragged to Sehun's mother's wedding.

'Please?', the man asks one more time as he was met with an awkward silent.

'Oh come on guys! Its says it's going to be a fusion wedding! A Korean and Indian wedding! I've never been to either so this will be a two in one for me!', Lay screams, jumping up and down as he holds onto Suho's sleeves once more. The rest of them look at Suho, waiting for the boy who's closest to Sehun to reply.

'Umm... Well you know what... Why not?', Suho breathes out, giving in to the pressure and looking at everyone with a look of approval, making everyone stare back at at the man and nodding in agreement, making him clap his hands in joy.

'Great! This is going to make Sehun so happy', he claps on, walking towards each of them, shaking their hands one by one, happy that he finally has at least Sehun's friends' approval, 'This is going to be great!', the group waits until the man disappears from the hall, bowing in respect at the older man.

'Did anyone here even know that Sehun's mum had an Indian boyfriend?', Chanyeol breaks the awkward silence, looking around to see the rest of them still standing still, Chen's hand still reaching out after the man shook his hands.

'I don't even know what his mum looks like...', Baekhyun breathes out, trying to remember if he saw any of Sehun's family members once they turn the corner and part ways, but no, Sehun is always walking on his own. That was the moment they all realise, that they knew absolutely nothing about the youngest boy in the group.

'Guys, are you all okay? I've been waiting downstairs for quite some time now...', Sehun's voice makes all of them move out of their frozen state, all of them flailing their arms around as they try to hide their invitation from the boy.

'Sehun!', Suho screams, throwing his invitation backwards for Kai to catch, running to Sehun, hugging him to a tight embrace as he turns them around so Sehun is facing the corridor, gesturing the rest of the group to hurry up and hide their invitation letters, laughing as he guides Sehun back to the basement, laughing and trying to make jokes to distract the boy as the rest throw their wedding invitations to Kai before he quickly teleports to his school locker, hiding all eight letters.

Chapter End Notes
In terms of delving into each of the member's family, I really wanted to write an ethnic diverse family, but I didn't know which member would be able to fit with an ethnically diverse family, and I remembered that Sehun is constantly being bullied for having a young single mum raising him and I though if he gains yet another person in his life which cares for him, maybe he'll start coming out of his shell a bit more - I really just wanted one family to be ethnically diverse, so I'm kind of doing this more for myself than for the story, but idgaf, we need more diversity in fics.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

EXO teaser - the power of music #parallel_universe

OST Part 18: EXO - Ko Ko Bop

Chen's House.

*morning period;  Kakao Talk*

Suho.01: Did anyone get a text from Dr Patel?

Yeollie61: Duuuuude, yeah I just got one now!

DOkyung12: Seems to me he's planning a surprise event just for Sehun

Yeollie61: Why though? It's his wedding, so why is he stressing over Sehun?
Baek04: Oh, I don't know... Maybe because he just wants to be a good stepdad?

Yeollie61: Why do I feel the sarcasm through this text message?

Baek04: Because it was intended.

Yeollie61: psst. Please save me the bullshit Baekhyun. You know you secretly want me.

Baek04: Please go fuck yourself.

Yeollie61: or you can join me ;)

88KAI88: ...

88KAI88: Chanyeol... you're gross disgusting.

Suho.01: Guys! Can we please stop going off on a tangent. Dr Patel is asking us to not tell Sehun we're coming.

Xiumin_99: He's not just asking that. He's asking us to do a surprise performance during the wedding reception...

DOkyung12: A Korean and Indian traditional dance... I don't even know how to do Korean traditional dance, let alone Indian...

ChenChen21: Oh hey Xumin:) You're finally here!

88KAI88: Were you just waiting for Xumin to show up before actually talking?

Yeollie61: I am ashamed to be your friend.

ChenChen21: you can chat... --

Xiumin_99: Can't we just do it? I mean, we accepted to go to the wedding, so we might as well just do whatever he wants too.

ChenChen21: I'm game if Xumin is.

Baek04: right Chen, sure you are... Anyway, I mean I guess we can give it a try?

Suho.01: I'm obviously in too... and so is D.O.

88KAI88: Hang on... Kyunggie didn't agree just yet.

Baek04: Kyunggie?!

Yeollie61: Ew. I think I'm going to be sick.

ChenChen21: Kai, please just give up with the nickname... It's honestly not working.

Xiumin_99: yeah, I'm ganna have to agree with Chen on this one.

DOKyung21: lol. Well, I guess I'll probably go too. I never do anything without Suho.
Suho.01: Ditto

88KAI88: ...

Yeollie61: do you feel that?...

Yeollie61: It's the sound of jealousy as Kai smashes his phone into pieces...

88KAI88: shut the fuck up istg I'm going to kill you.

Baek04: well, since D.O is game, Kai will be too, so sign me up.

Yeollie61: Why are you only game when Kai is game?

88KAI88: Ladies and gentlemen, do you hear that? It's the sound of jealousy as Chanyeol smashes his phone into pieces

Yeollie61: Wait till lunch... I will kill you with my bare hands

Suho.01: Guys, lesson's started... I'll speak to you all soon.

Xiumin_99: Which reminds me... Kai, where the hell are you? Our history lesson is about to start...

88KAI88: still at home...

Xiumin_99: wtf?! Get here now!

Xiumin_99: oh shit... you're here already... nvm

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third period; Kakao Talk

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Yeollie61: I'm so bored! Maths sucks!

88KAI88: I can see you, you mongrel. You're folding paper air planes and throwing it at the girls.

Yeollie61: and they're not responding! Just giving me the finger -.-

Baek04: still a bully I see

Yeollie61: I threw paper not fire. Calm your tits

DOKyung21: please stop messaging during class, it's distracting me

88KAI88: just mute the group chat

DOKyung21: How do I do that?
88KAI88: go to your settings and click notifications. There should be a mute option

Yeollie61: awww, look at D.O's boyfriend being such a helpful cutey pie

88KAI88: I am not afraid to teleport to the front and slap you in the face right now

Yeollie61: alright, alright. Calm down

Baek04: you lowkey didn't deny it Kai...

DOKyung21: well, I'm denying it now.

Yeollie61: Aw, what a shame... Too bad I don't listen. So to me, you're still going out with Kai. ha ha.

beginning of lunch; Kakao Talk

Suho.01 just added ZhangLay_10 to the group chat

Suho.01: Lay, Dr Patel has just asked us to plan a mini performance at his wedding, and I was hoping we all meet up after community service and start planning now

ZhangLay_10: I'm soooooooooooooo game!

ZhangLay_10: Who's house are we going to?

Suho.01: well, that's kind of what I wanna ask everyone. I can't offer my house, because my parents are renovating the living room, so... Any offers?

Baek04: not me.

Suho.01: why not?

Baek04: no one has ever been or will ever be allowed in my house

88KAI88: I've been in your house...

Yeollie61: so have I

Baek04: 1. Kai you practically trespassed and 2. Chanyeol do you really want me to mention that night?

88KAI88: fair enough

Yeollie61: Nuff said...
ZhangLay_10: what night?

Suho.01: nvm that. We need a meeting place!

Yeollie61: Well... Chen has a cosy studio basement in his house that we hang out in...

Suho.01: sweet! Chen, please?

ChenChen21: idk... I've never really shared my studio basement with anyone else before...

Yeollie61: Oh come on Chen, it'll be fun

ChenChen21: hmmm, I'll think about it

Xiumin_99: you have a studio basement? Sweet

ChenChen21: I guess my place is okay then

Yeollie61: You're fucking kidding me...

Suho.01: That's sweet! Everyone! Meet up at Chen's place after community service! Sehun's coming in the library... gotta go.

Suho slyly puts his phone away as he waves to Sehun coming over towards the library reception.

'Hey, what's up?', Suho waves, Sehun smiling widely as he sits down next to Suho.

'I'm good. Maths was a bore', the younger boy complains, getting more and more comfortable with Suho, sliding his computer chair to be closer to the Senior, 'And you?'

'Oh... Just the same old I guess. Maths was terrific for me'

'Yeah, I'm not surprised', Sehun giggles, eyeing Suho's open work book lying on the library reception. Just as lunch is about to begin, the library doors open and they both see Manager Song rushing in.

'Oh! They told me I'd find yo here!' she screamed in her usual high pitched voice, not understanding that she was in a library and that she needed to be quiet.

'Manager Song... What are you doing here?', Suho whispers. standing up to bow to his senior, trying to quieten her down as students begin to fill the library.

'Oh, I just needed to tell you guys quickly. There's been a emergency meeting and I need to close the community centre for the day, so no community service for you guys today. Remind the others!', she shouts as she whooshes pass the two and walking back out the library, feet rushing as she tries to get to her meeting as fast as she could.

'Gosh, she's so loud isn't she', Sehun whispers, smiling as he bows apologetically to the students for the noises, 'Sorry about that guys'
'Sehun, I'm trying to look for a book... Can you help me find it?', a freshman approaches their desk, asking for help as she pulls out a reading list with names of classical books written on it. Sehun smiles as he eagerly tries to help the student. Over the weeks, Sehun has been acknowledge as a life saver, as each student run up to him whenever they need to find a specific book in the big school library. Many students who goes to the library on a daily have been glad for Sehun's help and his sweet nature, making him look approachable.

**KakaoTalk**

**Suho.01**: Guys, community service is cancelled today. Means we go straight to Chen's house after school.

**88KAI88**: Sweet! Xiumin, let's go to an ice cream parlour after school first

**Xiumin_99**: game.

**ChenChen21**: can i come too?

**88KAI88**: No.

**Xiumin_99**: sure

**88KAI88**: Dude?!

**Yeollie61**: I'm coming too then

**88KAI88**: No. Fuck off. No one else is coming

**Yeollie61**: and who are you to dictate where I can and can't go? I'm coming.

**88KAI88**: ffs. fine -.-

**ZhangLay_10**: ooh sweet. Where do we meet up for ice cream?

**88KAI88**: Who says you're coming too?

**ZhanyLay_10**: ... But... Everyone else is coming...

**Yeollie61**: Kai, you're such a dick...

**88KAI88**: ohh ffs. Fine, everyone meet at the front gates of the school where the bike racks are'

**Yeollie61**: sweeeeeet. Now I can't stop thinking about ice cream

**88KAI88**: shut up and don't even dare sit on our table

**Baek04**: you mean *my* table!
Chen's house was a pretty average. Nothing compared to the likes of someone like rich boy Jae Woo, but it was cosy, homelike and comfortable. Almost too comfortable that Kai was too scared that he'll spill his ice cream on the clean carpets, so he made sure to eat the rest at the front door.

'Anyone want a drink?', Chen calls out, nudging Chanyeol to get the cups. Being Chen's best friend, he knows his house inside out, even staying at Chen's place for a couple of days at a time whenever he gets into a serious fight with his parents, so he comfortably walks over to the kitchen, practically knowing where everything is placed. Chen had an older brother, but he's moved out a couple of years ago to live in Japan, so his parents didn't hesitate to spoil Chanyeol and drag him into the family as soon as Chen introduces him as a friend. Sometimes the tall boy stays here more often than his real home.

'Dude, your place is sweet. You sure your parents want eight people trashing it?', Baekhyun voices out, snatching Chanyeol's drink just as the boy was about to drink it.

'Hey, that's my drink', Chanyeol grimaces, trying to get his cup back but having to turn back as Baekhyun flashes a light his way.

'Now it's mine', Baekhyun turns to playfully nudge Chanyeol's stomach.

'It's fine. My parents love bringing people over our house. See, my mum is an interior design as she kind of uses our house as her portfolio', a trail of 'ahhs' and 'ohhs' followed as they now understand why this cosy little house looked absolutely like it was ripped straight out of a Home Decorations magazine.

'Your mum has style, I'll give her that', D.O beams as he nears the living room, where a small, yet glamorous looking chandelier hang beautifully by the centre of the room.

'Well yeah, she does it for a living... Anyway, let's head downstairs, we have a lot to plan', Chen shouts over them, guiding them down to his basement, where he made a deal with his dad that he'll waste his previous summer to help him build a shed in the garden if he gives the basement to him. With that, his family's basement is now his own personal game room, game consoles places everywhere, with sofas resting comfortably by the edges. His mother helped set out the simple layout and Chen added his own flair by putting up loads of posters and action figures. DVDs and old music vinyls rested in stacks by the corner by where an old TV from the early 2000s was placed. Chen had a hobby of collecting old things, still keeping his old Playstation 2 and GameBoy from when he was in elementary school.

Baekhyun, curious of the boy's lair, opens a draw wedged by the corner of the room, finding piles of Tamagotchis of different colours and design. Lay sneaks behind Baekhyun, finding Chen's old gems.

'Look guys! Tamagotchis!', he bends down to pick one up, smiling as he jumps up and down in excitement, 'I haven't seen one in ages!', Baekhyun furrows his eyebrows in confusion as the new boy just comfortably acts like his quirky self around them. He finds it odd yet admiring to find a person who can comfortably act like himself without the need to become someone else first to fit in. He didn't think anyone else in the group could and had done that. He definitely was the first.

'I used to love collecting Tamagotchis when I was a kid, I couldn't bare to throw them all away when I got bored of them, so I just kept them here. Actually, I kept most of my old toys and game consoles here. Right there is my Playstation with all my games. And it still works!', Chen beams, showing of all his old retro collection, making everyone lowkey jealous for a bit.

Chen and Kai instantly sits on the floor, excited to play one old school game as Chen turns on his
old TV, the static from old age plastered the screen as old pixel graphics welcomed them into an old Zelda game.

‘Why are your sofa all the way on the other side of the corner?’, Xiumin asks, crossing his legs to sit down on the floor next to as he rests his hands on the small coffee table in front of him.

‘I like sitting down on the floor when I play’

‘Kai... At least lean on a pillow’, D.O walks towards the rest of the group, grabbing a bunch of pillows he found resting on one of the sofas and throwing it to Kai, making the boy rest on the white pillows as he leans back to watch Chen set up his old Playstation.

‘Hey, gimme some too!’, Chanyeol asks, reaching out his hands to catch the small pillows D.O throws at him as he joins the taller boy to sit down on the other side of the coffee table. Lay leans down on the drawer on which he found the Tamagotchis, trying to turn one on and to his delight, one still had working batteries. He lets himself lost into the small game.

‘Dude, what are all these comics doing lying around on the floor?’, Suho gazes around the room, noticing that there were some mangas and comic books lying around the floor, picking up a Marvel one and scanning the volume. Chen has Marvel's Avenger Civil War special edition, which costs hundreds, just lying on his fucking basement floor.

‘I can't be bothered to take them back up to my room. I have a whole shelve just for my comics’, Baekhyun rolls his eyes as Chen and Suho gets into a debate on who's the better superhero, walking back to find a random globe resting on one of Chen's desk. He bends down to take a closer look, gliding his fingers around as he spins the globe again and again.

‘Kai, get you fucking feet off of me’, Chen pushes Kai's feet away from his, disgusted at the sight of feet in general, he curses Kai for leaning his feet his level, only earning a playful nudge as Kai playfully tries to piss him off by pressing his foot further towards Chen's face.

‘Dude, look what I found’, D.O gleams, bending down to find an old wrecked box of Jenga.

‘Oh cool! Let's play!’, Xiumin shouts, grabbing the box and pulling the game out, making sure to set up the wood blocks perfectly.

‘Guys, we are not here to play a game! We need to plan what we're doing for Sehun's mother's wedding!’, Suho voices out above the screaming boys, setting the comic book in his hands down, but before the rest can argue back to Suho, the door to the basement open, making all of them simultaneously look ahead of them to see a pair of legs walking down the stairs.

‘Dad? What are you doing here?’, Chen asks as he looks down to his watch to find that it's 6.45pm, his father doesn't usually get back from work till nine. What exactly was he doing here?

‘Oh, hello Mr Chen! I'm Zhang Yixing, Chen's new friend. But most people call me Lay', Lay get's up from the floor, abandoning his Tamagatchi and rushing over to shake Chen's dad's hands, trying to make a good first impression. The rest just stands and give him a small bow, smiling as they greet the man.

‘Yeah, hello. Nice to meet you all. It's a bit of a surprise that I'm seeing a person other than Chanyeol, let alone six of you', his dad smiles, moving forward to open one of Chen's drawers, picking up an old Walkman he remembered giving Chen for Christmas when the boy was still fairly young. Chen knew instantly what his dad was doing.

‘Dad... Please don't tell me you got into a fight with your colleagues again!', Chen shouts, grabbing
a pillow Kai was leaning on and throwing it towards his dad.

'I can't help it! They're just socially inept to not understand what to do in their job!'

The rest of group sits back down awkwardly, trying not to stare at the father and son argue with each other.

_Fucking hell. This was why D.O hates going into other people's houses. It's just too damn awkward when they start to fight with their parents._

'Dad! That doesn't mean you should just _leave_ work! You can get fired!

'I'm head of the Marketing Department! I fire people!'

'Yeah, but you're not the CEO are you?'

'Oh, real low right there, Jongdae. _Real_ low!', his dad argues back, running around to try and find a packet of batteries as the Walkman refuses to turn on when he pressed it.

'I'm only stating facts!'

'My own father is not going to fire me from the family company!'

'He can surely demote you _again_. And maybe this time to just a measly office worker!'

'Ha, ha, ha. Let's see how you like it when you're surrounded by idiots all day!', his father shouts back, plugging his headphones to his ears as he walks back up to the main floor of the house.

'I'll have you know, I go to _high school_! I'm surrounded by idiots everyday!', Chen manages to shout before his immature father slams the basement doors, probably going upstairs to change for a run. His father always does that. Walk straight out of the office during work hours to run, leaving his team by themselves without a Head. He had no idea how many times he hears his grandfather shouting over the phone to his dad.

'Okay, first of all, _ouch_. Second of all... Your family owns a company?' Kai blurts out once the basement had gone quiet again, Chanyeol looking amused as the rest of the group looked wide eyed at Chen.

'What?'

'You didn't tell us that you practically own a company!' Kai adds on, sitting up from his leaning position, eyes now fixated on nothing but Chen.

'Why would I tell you guys? I don't know what your parents do... And I clearly don't care'

'But still dude...', Kai, being the only one to press on the matter suddenly floods out a trail of question, 'So, what do you guys own?'

'A small food company. That's all'

'Don't give me those bullshit... You say small, but you're actually the secret heir to Samsung'

'Oh my God, Kai stop it', Baekhyun blurts out, walking over to smack the boy's head, 'You've been watching too much drama haven't you?'

'I'm just curious', Kai outs, rubbing the place where Baekhyun smacked him.
'Well... I don't think it changes anything', Xiumin butts in, sliding to sit between Kai and Chen, smiling as he steals the game controller from Kai's hands, leaning on Chen, shoulders bumping into each other, as he presses start to the game. Chen smiles back, gleaming at the fact that Xiumin's treatment of him didn't change, despite the revelation that Chen is probably even more rich than Jae Woo.

Chanyeol looks ahead from a distance, ignoring Suho and Lay as they YouTube traditional indian dancing, watching Chen leaning on Xiumin, noticing the glint of a smile from both of them as they playfully budge each other, trying to distract each other whilst they play Street fighter, suspiciously looking from behind, a sudden feeling of protectiveness surging in him as he sees Xiumin lean in closer as he whispers something in Chen's ears.

'Guys? Can we all fucking focus? We kind of have a wedding to plan?', both Suho and Lay simultaneously shout, trying to gain the rest of the group's attention, comparing their notes from the research they did before meeting up for ice cream. This was going to be a long day as the gather around, arguing over each other on which song or outfit to use, moving the coffee table on the other side of the room as they begin to practice a dance move they found on YouTube, Kai being the only one who can learn a move in less than five seconds, whilst the rest had to continuously rewind the video tutorials once again.

Chapter End Notes

Repackaged Teaser just came out and I can't with all the EXO theories omg, EXO-Ls are truly something haha. So hanging out in Chen's house is basically inspired by the ten second teaser of them just chilling in a room.
And I think this is the first time I've actually added an EXO song to the soundtrack... oops haha
Fusion Wedding.

Chapter Notes

Any sentences or words with a (*) beside them are phrases/words which will have full explanations down at the end of the chapter - they may be words/sentences referring to a specific tradition which many may not know or a specific EXO-L private joke.

See the end of the chapter for more notes


OST Part 19: Do Hyeok - Goodbye (Korean Edition)

Fusion Wedding.

The Sangreet Night:

'I feel uncomfortable...'
'Stop fidgeting’

'Chanyeol, please stop staring at the girls, they're trying to get their Mendhi* done in peace'

All eight of them stands awkwardly in the middle of Sehun's living room, backpacks stacked in the corner of the room and eyes reverting over the colourful interior that is Mrs Oh Sehun's living room. Her living room was filled with people, Korean and Indian, laughing with each other, girls in colourful dresses known as a 'Sari*', with many of Mrs Oh's friends trying them on out of curiosity, the Indian women showing them the different jewellery they use during the wedding ceremony, long yellow thread with a gold pendant that they call a 'Mangalsutra'* which would rest beautifully on the bride's neck after the groom puts it onto her and other golden studded anklets and rings. Xiumin noticed a familiar looking jewellery which he sees a lot foreign film of a nose ring which has a long chain of studded diamonds which he saw girls tuck behind their ear.

'Um, what is that called? I've always wanted to know', he points out on the elaborate piece of jewellery, joining in the other Koreans whose eyes widen at the amount of sparkling jewellery that was laid out on the table.

'Oh that, it's called a Nath. It’s a symbolism of beauty’, the explained, as Xiumin practically gate crash.

'I think we better leave… They’re starting what is called a ‘Mendhi’ session, which I don’t think boys are allowed in…’, Lay approaches Xiumin, whispering as he tries to herd the group back together, noticing Baekhyun and Kai wondering around and touching the different silks and materials used for clothing; dresses so colourful it can blind you.

‘Dude, this dress is so yellow!’, Kai shouts over in excitement, feeling the soft material of a traditional Indian dress, which hang comfortably on a clothing rack.

‘I love it when someone wears yellow’, Baekhyun breathes out, falling in love with the dress already, the beads decorating the already beautiful dress.

‘It’s a Sari, not a dress’, Suho walks towards them, a cup of juice in his hands as he continues to look down on his phone, waiting if Sehun was going to reply. He felt slightly guilty for leaving out the younger boy from their after-school activity, having to lie to him as they all sneak back to Chen’s house, trying to perfect the dance for this night, well and for the wedding night too.

‘Who’d have ever thought a wedding can last for a week’, Chanyeol whines as he tries to push pass little kids running around and their dancing. He couldn’t believe how it’s almost midnight and they’ve been here since five in the afternoon! They first reached Sehun’s house after Dr Patel dragged Sehun the opposite way, distracting him as the rest of the group travelled to Mrs Oh’s house, in which Baekhyun found out was the complete opposite of where he lived.

‘When is Sehun going to show up?’, Chen whined as the first half of the Sangreet* had finished Dr Patel’s family finished performing a sort of traditional folk song, the rest of the evening being filled with dancing, laughter and lots of alcohol.

‘Dr Patel said he’s here but he won’t come down’

‘Why?’

‘He probably doesn’t want to come down. Typical mood for a boy to watch his mother getting married to a new man’, Lay states in a matter of fact, pushing his hair back from his forehead.

‘Oh, so he’s a spoilt brat as well’, Chanyeol nods, sniffing his cold beer before downsing it in one
‘He’s not spoilt you idiot. Completely understandable to feel a bit off’, Baekhyun defends, upset at he keeps looking to the closed door of the living room, waiting for the boy who waste his afternoon walking with Baekhyun, despite living on the other side. He really had to speak to Sehun about that.

‘Boys! Boys! I’ve just persuaded for Sehun to come down for a minute!’, Mrs Oh rushes back into the room, gleaming as she wore a traditional hanbok*, her sister tailing behind her as they excitedly tried to hide the eight boys behind the kitchen door, almost throwing them into the other room.

‘Get changed now!’, they ordered, slamming the door behind as Lay brings out a big plastic bag which holds their costumes. Their hands begin to dig to the bag, knowing full well the battlefield as each of them try to steal the best-looking Kurta*.

‘Ow! You son of a bitch! Did you just electrocute me?’, Baekhyun squirms all of a sudden, feeling a jolt of pain from his palm as he tries to grab the yellow Kurta.

‘I really don’t want to wear the orange one. It’s not my colour, sorry mate’, Chen voices out, already stripping his shirt as he puts on the yellow Kurta.

‘I fucking hate you’, he spits out, grabbing the last Kurta in the bag, which so happened to be the god awful bright orange one. He was going to look like a fucking cheez it if he wears this. Baekhyun couldn’t whine as he wants as hears the sudden beating of the Mridanga* along with the soft touches of the Gayageum*.

‘What’s the situation?’*, Suho asks, combing his hair back as he uses the microwave to check his reflection, hair now straight compared to his usual curly locks.

‘Chen is a fucking twat’

‘Everyone’s a fucking twat in your eyes’

‘Shut up’

‘Guys! Do we all remember how the dance goes?’, Lay screams in excitement, clapping his hands for a mini group meeting, making sure that everything goes according to plan.

‘Screw the light bulb and punch the dog’, Chanyeol screams out, trying to get his tall legs over his trousers, struggling as Mrs Oh’s kitchen is fairly small, so eight teenagers were not going to make the place look or feel any bigger.

‘Punch the dog?’, lay screamed back, a mental breakdown already starting to creep in.

‘It’s pat the dog, you absolute idiot!’

‘Whatever! Same thing!’

‘No. One is animal abuse!’

On the other side of the kitchen door lies a bored looking Sehun as he comes down under the request of his mother, to join the Sangreet, sporting mismatched pyjamas and hair messy from go.
laying on the bed.

‘Sehun, you’re going to love it’, the whole family knew from both side that Sehun meant no harm. The boy was more than excited for the wedding just as anyone else, being well aware of how Dr Patel makes his mother happy, he had accepted him as her mother’s boyfriend, not so much as a father just yet, but he wasn’t ruling that out either. No. It was his time at school which made him into a bowl of depression and teen angst. He felt excluded once again as Suho and D.O cancelled another lunch, leaving him alone to eat in the god-awful canteen where he was met with slurs of insult yet again, as people took this chance to bully him without having to be confronted by the scariest senior in school.

‘Don’t you worry honey, you’re going to have so much fun!’, his mother gleams as his Aunt strokes his back, knowing Sehun’s struggles in school as she would sometimes see bruises along his body, knowing full well that it wasn’t caused by ‘gym practice’. She really hopes maybe this group of young kids could be Sehun’s true friends. Sehun doesn’t reply, just nodded as he smiles towards Dr Patel’s mother, trying to at least look friendly to who would be his step grandmother? Is that even a thing?

The music starts and the noise only heightens as the people begin to clap to the beat, screaming over the noises of drums, Korean and Indian instruments fusing together to create a new sound of unity and bright music.

‘Let’s go!’ they all scream, the lights turning off as flashes of candles being the only thing which illuminated the room. Korean and Indian girls wearing traditional Hanbok and Sari gets into position as they elegantly pose into their starting point, clothes beautiful and faces even more so. The music goes calm and so does the room as one of Sehun’s cousins continues to play on the Gayageum, fingers delicately plucking each string to create a melodious tune as the girls’ flutter into their dance, legs spinning elegantly, hands dainty as even the tips of their fingers felt the dance.

Suddenly the music stops, the girls frozen for a moment before they build a V formation, leaving the centre of the living room empty. Sudden light flashes in from the kitchen as a silhouette of people make their way inside the living room, face covered in some sort of cloth, their colourful clothing gaining the attention of Sehun.

The drums begin to beat and this time the flow of the music turns lively, mixture of Korean flutes and Indian strings forming a lively atmosphere as the seven men in front of him begins to dance, legs stomping to the beat.

‘Where the hell is Chanyeol?’, Suho whispers to Kai as they pass each other, switching place and spinning around.

‘How am I supposed to know?’, Kai whispered back, trying to look calm as their tall member is nowhere to be in sight. Suho looked worriedly over at Lay who thankfully hasn’t noticed the boy’s absence, arms moving rhythmically to the music, giving Kai a run for the money as his body swerved perfectly and in time.

The light from the kitchen passes the living room once again as the doors open, tall legs trying to run in heels as he tries to get into place.

‘Chanyeol?’, Sehun screams in realisation, a sudden loud laugh emitting from him as he suddenly laid eyes on his friend, wearing a yellow sari with beads decorating the seams.

‘What the fuck?’, the rest of them turned to Chanyeol, taller than ever as he dances pass them with
five-inch heels, yellow flowing dress. Chanyeol can only close his eyes as he tries to dance like everything is normal when in fact, he just wants to burn himself at this very moment. Just as he was about to leave with the rest of the group, he was pulled away by a grandmother who did not know how to speak Korean, so she just smiled as she stripped the boy’s clothes off, pushing a woman’s sari to Chanyeol and gesturing for him to change into that instead. Due to the language difference and the fact that she was probably Sehun’s new Indian grandmother, he couldn’t refuse, so he just forced himself to put on a dress three sizes smaller than his usual size.

‘Chanyeol, what the fuck?’, Lay screams upon the realisation that everyone was going crazy at the Korean boy who was wearing an Indian sari.

I want to die.

The beat changed to the pivotal point in which the boys rip off their mask to show Sehun their identity, but with Chanyeol’s sudden decision to cross dress, their climax was obviously smashed to the ground as Sehun figured out the rest of the boy’s identity, clapping along and shouting cheers as the song draws to a close.

‘Well done Chanyeol, you’ve ruined the surprise’, they all look at him, glaring as the tall boy completely stole the thunder from the performance they’ve been planning all week.

‘Does it look like I wanted to do it!’, he screamed back at them, completely pissed at the unfair treatment as he was blamed for something he did not do. Before the argument can spark, the old grandmother raced towards them, clapping along and laughing whilst giving Chanyeol a hug.

‘Very good! Very Good! Grandson very happy now!’, she screamed in delight, giving all eight of them a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

‘Oh… Um, very much welcome’, Chanyeol tries to speak English, hugging back the grandmother, bowing to her and the female dancers, another bright music beginning to play as the rest of the family makes their way to the centre of living room, dancing the night away.

‘Very much thank you?’, Baekhyun snickered a laugh at Chanyeol’s fail attempts to speak English.

‘Shut up’, Chanyeol toddles along to the mini bar, his feet awkwardly stepping over the other as he tried to walk in heel, his yellow dupatta scarf barely hiding his bare stomach from showing.

‘Sehun! Surprise!’, Suho screams, reaching his hands out to welcome the boy to his embrace, Sehun instantly running into his arms, hugging him tightly.

‘I thought you got sick of me’, he breathed out, not letting go of Suho as he sighed in relief.

‘Sehun, why would you even think that’, Suho strokes the boy’s orange hair, letting him go as the rest approach him for a hug.

‘Congratulations with your mother’s wedding!’, Xiumin screams over the music, trying to politely push pass the dancing crowd.

‘Thank you!’, he screams, hugging Xiumin too.

‘Sehun, do you want to go back to your room now?’, his Aunt calls over, smiling as her nephew gives her a violent shake. He was not leaving.

‘C’mon fuckers. We might as well get drunk and wasted’, Chanyeol shouted, giving Sehun a small pat as his hands were filled with shots of vodka, passing it around, ‘Nuh uh, not for you young
man’, he glared at Sehun who tried to grab a shot, pouting as the eight takes a shot without him.

‘Let’s dance!’

_Wedding Night:_

He fucking regretted it to say the least. His banging head and drooping eyes making him want to burn himself as they stand outside Mrs Oh’s house, guests wearing colourful hanboks, saris and kurtas, waiting for the groom to arrive to his bride’s house.

‘I want to kill myself’, Chanyeol breathes out, his hangover from last night still making him want to throw up.

‘Sign me up with you’, Xiumin moans as he leans on Chanyeol’s shoulders, his headache making him squirm in pain.

‘Suicide pact anyone?’, Chen butts in, leaning on Chanyeol’s other shoulder, weighing the sick man down. It was almost dawn before the wedding started, confusing them as most wedding they’ve been to start in the morning, but that didn’t play an advantage as each teenager were still hung over from the other day, drinking all night till the perks of the morning, getting home to sleep for a bit before they had to make their way back to Sehun’s home to prepare for the actual wedding.

‘What the fuck did you mix in my drink? Poison?’, Kai whispered as the elderly from Dr Patel’s family arrived, crowding the whole street with flowers of different colours and breed, their trails smelling like a fresh garden.

‘I don’t know… Some of them were Indian drinks’, Chanyeol whispers back, learning his lesson to never try a drink he did not know.

‘Y’all best believe we’re probably going to get wasted tonight too’, Chen added in, looking out to see Dr Patel’s family holding buckets of wine and champagne.

‘I’m not’, D.O voices out, holding his little sister’s hand as she once again tries to run off from his sight. He didn’t really want to bring his sister, but after he accidently blurted out that he was going to a wedding this weekend during the dinner table, Eun Bi wouldn’t stop crying until he promised to take her.

‘Kai look! Pineapples!’

That’s right Eun Bi’, Kai giggles as he sees Eun Bi jumping up and down in excitement.

‘That’s Kyunggie’s favourite fruit!’

‘Oh, is it?’

‘Please shut up Eun Bi’, D.O warns her, tightening his grip on her hands, making her pout and whine. He’d rather have her do that. Music begins to fill the air as Dr Patel’s family members begins to dance as they see him approach on a horse.

‘Damn, so extra’, Chanyeol breathes out, eyes squinting in pain as the sound of loud banging drums
didn’t help his hangover. The dancing lasted for what seemed like forever, the boys being surprise how lively the people were as it was only this morning that they were splurga drunk on Mrs Oh’s living room floors along with them.

Dr Patel laughed along as he got off his horse, wearing a Sherwani* hands holding a tiny wooden goose* as he approaches Sehun and his family, wearing traditional silk hanbok. He bowed respectfully to Mrs Oh’s mother as he offers her his gift, smiling brightly as she smiles at him, ruffling his hair and reaching out to give him a tight warm hug. With that, Sehun’s mother walks out of the front door, her beautiful white wedding dress flowing down behind her, veil elegantly placed by her hair, Jonji and Gongi placed delicately on her forehead and cheeks. So, the wedding begins.

To have a typical Korean ceremony, it usually lasts for about an hour, with Mrs Oh’s best friend being the MC, so the Korean segment was pretty much done and dusted, however just as Baekhyun was relieved to see the newlyweds kiss, looking back to the exit door where the reception room lies ahead, already exciting about the food, but he saw no signs of movement as Dr Patel’s grandmother presents them with floral garlands*, smiling as the two of them exchange the garlands, an Indian priest placing round covered rice pile before them, coming over and flicking his fingers to start a fire.

“What is happening?”, Baekhyun whispered, confused as the Priest begins to recite Hindu phrases.

“They’re doing the Saptapadi* ceremony”, Suho and Lay simultaneously states, tilting their head to try and get a better view.

“That didn’t explain anything’

‘Basically, it’s an Indian ceremony where they have to make their vows with seven steps around the fire’, Lay whispers back, eyes focused as the bride and groom steps on each of the rice pile each time they say their vows. They finish their second vow, hugging as Dr Patel puts vermillion* onto the now Mrs Patel’s forehead. Clapping emerged across the hall, everyone cheering for the officially newlywed.

‘They look so beautiful!’, Eun Bi gleams, hugging D.O’s arms as she points at Mrs Patel’s gorgeous white dress, ‘I want to have a wedding!’

‘Slow down kid, you’re still too young’, Kai jokes, pinching her soft cheeks as the ceremony continues on a bit longer.

‘Well, I can always go to yours and Kyunggie’s’, this made Kai tensed as he made awkward eye contact with D.O, instantly looking away as he coughs nervously.

‘I will kill you when we get home’, D.O whispers to his little sister’s ears, smiling so that it looks like he was talking to his sister, but really, he was listing ways to kill her.

‘Is the ceremony over?’, Baekhyun whispers, not wanting to sound rude, but he really needed to eat.

‘Seems like it’

‘Oh, thank God’, Baekhyun breathes out, hearing his stomach grumble, hungry for some food.
The reception is even more crazy than the Sangreet last night, Dr Patel has asked them to keep the venue from going crazy as he witness everyone dance the night away, screaming as they drink champagne and hit the dance floor.

Sehun is sat by the front table of the reception, clapping along with his new family members, laughing as he watches Suho and Lay dancing on the dancefloor and making a fool out of them. He wishes he can join them, but he had to stay by his mum’s side, at least for one last time, before he gives his spot to Dr Patel.

‘I cannot believe I’m on canteen duty, Chanyeol groans, twisting his hand to make sure the food is still well and heated, little kids clambering over to get their millionth piece of Korean fried chicken.

‘At least you’re not on clean up duty’, Kai teleports his way, sliding left over food from used plates as he wizzes around the room, collecting empty cups and piles of plates, making it much easier for the hired waiters to just clear the tables now and again.

‘Aish, I had to refreeze this stupid swan ice sculpture for the fifth time tonight!’, Xiumin whines, standing idly by the centre of the food service, constantly having to touch the ice in front of him every time he sees water dripping down.

‘It’s like he invited us to for the pure reason to make us work in his wedding’, Chanyeol screams over the loud music, the screams are never ending. He had never thought a wedding could last this long.

‘Ah well. It’s the most fun I’ve had in a long time anyway’, Kai smiles, looking over the lively venue, seeing Mr and Mrs Patel dancing in their traditional clothes, smiling lovingly at each other.

Baekhyun and D.O busied themselves in taking care of the children, Eun Bi running off to say hello to the kids her age, playing and twirling around with a group of Indian girls, despite their lack of conversation, D.O’s little sister manages to still make friends with them.

‘Your sister is having the time of her life’, Baekhyun laughs, overlooking the group of children who were now in the centre of the dancefloor spinning around and seeing Eun Bi in the middle, laughing the night away.

‘Huh, yeah, she’s always been like that’, D.O sighs, smiling up at his sister whilst he tries and fixes a little boy’s loose tie, ‘Sometimes I get jealous of her’

‘Really?’

‘Yeah, pretty sad, I know. Me being jealous of my seven-year-old sister’

‘No, I think that’s fine’

‘No, you don’t’, D.O laughs, looking up at Baekhyun and giving him a look. He knew the boy was the most judgemental person in the whole room, and there was at least five hundred people presents.

‘No, I’m being serious. I have a little brother, just like her. Always fun and always knows what to say. I don’t per say want to be him, but I admire him’
‘Oh really?’, D.O smiled at him, slightly glad that he found a command ground with the oh so outspoken yet reserved boy who’d manage to climb up the school’s social ladder just for being his cool mysterious self.

‘Oh, hey are you okay?’, their conversation broke to the sound of a little boy crying as he tripped over. The pair made their way across, wiping the boy’s tears as they look to see his arms scratched.

‘Hey, Lay! Come here!’, Baekhyun screams, throwing a ball of light in Lay’s direction. Removing himself from the dancefloor, he approaches Baekhyun and D.O.

‘What’s the problem?’, he smiles, breathing heavily as he was just in the middle of dancing.

‘Little kid fell down and hurt his arm’, D.O didn’t have to say any more as Lay smiled down on the little boy, stroking his hair as he whispers words of comfort, hands holding the scratch, healing his arms brand new and scratch free.

‘There you go little kid’, he laughs, ruffling his hair as he encouraged the boy to run along and play with the rest of the children.

New music starts, making the whole crowd scream out in excitement as they see the girls huddling together, hands reaching out to find a partner. It just so happens the trio was right beside the dancefloor, with girls grabbing their hands, dragging them to the dancefloor as the music begins. It was a fusion of Korean and Indian, the girls’ hanbok and sari flowing as they begin to spin, hands holding their hands.

Baekhyun was caught off guard, so he awkwardly held onto the girl’s hands, eyes looking anywhere but the girl’s eyes as she nears him, swirling around him and giving him a kiss on the cheek.

‘Baekhyun, help me’, he hears Sehun as a girl also approaches him, spinning them around and swaying her hips next to him.

‘Mate, I’m just as lost as you…’

-Wooh! Look at them go’, Chen claps, being the only boy who didn’t have an actual job to do, so he sat on the table, stuffing his face and making his way back over the food service.

‘They look like they’re having fun’, Xiumin breathes out longingly as he sees Lay lift the girl up dirty dancing style, spinning her around.

‘Oh, don’t look so glum princess, it’s a wedding’, Chen laughs, putting his plate down and reaching out his hand to Xiumin, ‘Want to dance?’

‘Hell fucking yeah’, Xiumin bursts out, freezing the sculpture one more time before ditching Chanyeol, hands holding Chen’s as they run up to the dancefloor and joined them, Chen swirling Xiumin around him.

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'Baekhyun, can you go with Chanyeol and prepare the dates and chestnuts for the Pyebaek* ceremony?', Mrs Patel’s sister drags Baekhyun out of the dancefloor, pointing at Chanyeol who’s struggling to hold four bowls of dates into the front table.

‘Yeah, of course’, he gasps, breathless from the dancing, he hurried along and grabbed a bowl leaning on Chanyeol’s arm, ‘Give me that before you drop it’, he looks down to grab a sack of chestnuts, making their way over to the other room, empty and quiet. It was small and had a small coffee desk placed in the middle. The put the bowl of dates down and grabbed another bowl to place the chestnuts.

‘Had fun dancing?’, Chanyeol suddenly asked, making Baekhyun look up to face him, but the boy just carried on pouring sacks of chestnuts into a bowl.

‘Yeah. What’s it to you?’, he interrogates, not even knowing that Chanyeol was watching this whole time. *How embarrassing*, he must have seen how awkward he looked trying to dance with her.

‘Saw her kiss your cheek’

‘And?’

‘Nothing. Just looked sweet, that’s all’

The room turns quiet again as Chanyeol refuses to speak any further, making the room slightly awkward, but Baekhyun didn’t know why. Comfortable silence was not new between them, so he didn’t know why he felt uncomfortable with a quiet Chanyeol. Surely, that must’ve been his dream once, Chanyeol shutting up for once.

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‘Hey, having fun?’, Suho asks Sehun as the dance draws itself into a close, Suho breathless and tired, grabbing a water bottle as he feels his power weakening due to dehydration.

‘Yeah. I haven’t had this much fun in a long time’, he screams back at Suho, leaning on the older boy’s shoulders as he tries to catch his breath.

‘That’s good’, Suho smiled, stroking the boy’s hair before kissing him on the cheek, laughing as he walks off to get a beer, not knowing the younger boy standing frozen at the touch of his lips against his cheeks. He looks ahead at Suho one more time, a small blush creeping on his face.

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‘Right Eun Bi, I think it’s time for us to get home’, D.O shouts across the still lively venue, looking down his watch to see that it’s past midnight. Looks like Cinderella needs to go home.

‘Noooo! Five more minutes!’, she screams as she refuses to leave her new friends.

‘I gave you five minutes twenty minutes ago’, he screams back at her, reaching out his hand for her to hold.

‘No’
'No?'

'No'

'Okay, bye’, he waves goodbye to his sister, walking to the direction of the front door, not bothering to look back as he knows she’s going to believe his bluff. She always does.

'You’re mean!’, she yells as she races across the room towards him, saying bye to herself before she punches D.O’s leg in frustration before she held his hand. D.O sticks his tongue out playfully at Eun Bi as he bows to the newly wed, handing them a pristine envelope with crispy bills inside as his gift*. 

‘Congratulations again Mr and Mrs Patel’, he smiles, bowing respectfully as they gave him a small gift basket.

‘No, thank you’, they both reply, Mrs Patel giving him a warm hug as Mr Patel ruffles Eun Bi’s hair. They make their way out of the venue and into an empty corridor, footsteps nearing the cold and dark night.

‘Hey, D.O! Wait up!’, he hears a deep voice shouting from behind them, making the pair of siblings turn around.

‘Kai!’, Eun Bi jumps up and down, racing over to hug Kai’s leg.

‘Hello sweetheart’, his breath stenches of alcohol as his unbalanced legs gave D.O the sign that he was far from sober.

‘Kai… What do you want?’

‘Well, I was about to make my way out too and I thought, why don’t I drop you off’

‘That’s very nice of you, but-’

‘Yay! Yes, and you can stay the night too!’, Eun B screams, completely disregarding the millionth warning that her older brother gave to her about mentioning Kai.

‘Sweet. Come on then. Let’s go!’, he screams, reaching out to hold both Eun Bi and Kyungsoo’s hands, teleporting to their house.

‘Oh, for fucks sake Kai! Why are we in a dumpster?’, Kai might have underestimated how sober he actually was.

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The night was so much fun’, Xiumin gleams, breathing out and emitting fog from his breath as they sat by the roof of the venue, Chen discovering the place and showing Xiumin the beautiful stars of the night.

‘Yeah, it truly was’, unlike Xiumin who stared up longingly to the sight of millions of flickering lights above them, he only stared at the beauty that was much closer to him. He had never stopped liking Xiumin, eve after they decided to be civil and become friends. He had never brushed of the fact that he liked Xiumin more than friends.

‘I’ve always dreamed of falling in love just like them’
‘Really?’

‘Yeah, finding love in the midst of all the differences and chaos. Seeing them was like seeing a dream come true’, he turns his head to stare at Chen for a moment, a pair of eyes meeting another, silence fills the air with just the echoing music, Xiumin sips from what seems to be his hundredth beer, sighing as he feels his mind relax as the alcohol kicks in, fingertips slowly freezing the bottle until it exploded.

‘Oh shit!’, he yells as he flinches in shock at what he’s done, ‘Dammit, I must be really drunk right now’, he whispers, closing his eyes for a moment.

‘Here, I’ve got a tissue’, Chen snickers, handing the older boy a tissue to wipe his wet hands. Their fingers touch for a moment, sending sparks that weren’t Chen’s electricity, forcing the two to make eye contact yet again, but this time, their gaze lasts longer, lingering in the moment as they relish each other’s view, Chen slowly closing the gap.

‘What are you doing?’, Xiumin suddenly nudges Chen away from him, in shock at Chen’s sudden actions.

I’m… I was…’

‘Chen… You do know we’re just friends, right?’, that wasn’t something the boy wanted to hear. He looks over at Xiumin, shock at how he can just slide his feelings away, surely, he must’ve known that he liked him more than that. Everyone knew.

‘Xiumin, I-‘

‘Chen, you and I are friends, and really close friends… We can’t…’

‘Yeah. Okay, sure. I understand’, he didn’t understand at all. He would’ve thought soft touches, the playful fights and growing fondness of each other where signs that maybe, just maybe, Xiumin might reciprocate his feelings. He takes a swig of his beer, downing it in one go, the awkward silence drilling onto him like a hammer against a wall.

‘I think I better go’, he stands up, leaving his empty bottle on the rooftop as he leaves behind Xiumin, his hands tensed as he fuses out electricity, busting an electrical wire on his way down.

‘Chen wait-‘, it was too late. Goddammit.

‘Sehun, throw these away’, his Aunt orders him, holding numerous trash bags, dragging it towards him and shooing him away. Despite the time, the wedding reception continues to be alive and well with many people still dancing, but as of right now, he didn’t care for it. His eyes only focused on one person. One person who danced the night away in front of him, smiling and laughing as another man spins him around, ‘Sehun get a move on!’

‘Okay Auntie’, he murmurs, footsteps slowly making their way outside as his eyes never left Suho who was still laughing as Lay grabs his waist and spins him around.
'Fuck this shit, Fuck everything’, Chanyeol chants to himself as he steals another bottle of soju from the kitchen, pouring himself one after the other. Yes, Chanyeol was a depressed drunk. Crying and whining whilst he was drunk was a common thing for Chanyeol, so it didn’t surprise him as she makes his way out of the loud venue and outside the main entrance of the building, whining as he pours himself another shot.

‘What are you whining about Chanyeol? Today has been a great day! You’ve had all the food you could ask for! You’ve had all the drinks that you could ask for! Why so glum?’, he talks to himself whilst sipping another drink, feeling the bitter liquid burn his throat, blurry his visions even more. He stops pouring his drink as he heard whispers from beside him, turning around to see a pair making out right in front of him. Ergh.

‘Is that why I’m so sad? Because I haven’t had sex in months!’, he whines to himself, not caring if the pair can hear him. By the looks of it, maybe hooking up was what Chanyeol needed. He was at a wedding, which is a perfect situation to hook up with a bridesmaid or a best man, ‘Fuck it, let’s do it’, he didn’t need much persuading as he abandons his empty bottle, stumbling back inside the venue to find anyone he can hook up with.

Morning daylight comes, illuminating the room and flickering pass Chanyeol’s closed eyes, stirring him awake.

‘Mphm’, he groans, feeling the surging pain in his head as he pulls the bedsheets over his head, trying to block the light from his face.

‘Ahem’, he heard someone cough, kicking the bed to wake him up. Ergh. He seriously didn’t have the patience or health to tolerate whoever was kicking his bed.

‘What?’, he mumbles, hugging his soft and warm pillow closer to him. Almost too soft. And squishy. He opens his eyes slightly, being greeted by unfamiliar walls in an unfamiliar room with an unfamiliar boy standing by the foot of the bed, ‘Who are you?’, he grumbles, closing his eyes for a moment as the figures around him begins to spin.

‘I can ask you the same question’, the boy replies, voice stern as he crosses his arms, glaring at him. Something else moved, Chanyeol felt it. He looks down to see his pillow squirming. What the fuck? He pushes back whatever he was holding to find not a pillow, but a person sleeping beside him. A mullet haired boy. Sleeping. With him. Naked. He lifts the covers up, looking down. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. No, fucking way.

‘I just hooked up with Byun Baekhyun…’, he whispers to himself, eyes wide, hands clenching the sheets and lips quivering in shock and disbelief. He looks back down to the boy, mouthing help me, but the boy just stares at him, realising the gold he just found in his brother’s room.

‘Muuuum! Baekhyun just had sex with someone!’
**Meanings**

*Mendhi* - the art or practice of applying temporary henna tattoos, especially as part of a bride or groom's preparations for a wedding.

*Sari* - a garment consisting of a length of cotton or silk elaborately draped around the body, traditionally worn by women from South Asia.

*Mangalsutra* - It is a symbol of marriage and is worn by the bride until her husband's death. The word *mangalsutra* can be deciphered as 'sacred thread or cord'; as 'mangal' means auspicious and 'sutra' means thread or cord.

*I love it when someone wears yellow* - Baekhyun once said at a fan sign that he loved girls who wore yellow shirts.

*Sangreet* - a celebration held before a Hindu wedding ceremony for the bride-to-be and her female friends and relatives.

*Hanbok* - (South Korea) or Joseon-ot (North Korea) is the representative example of traditional Korean dress. It is characterised by vibrant colours and simple lines without pockets.

*Kurta* - a loose collarless shirt worn by people from South Asia, usually with a salwar, churidars, or pyjama.

*Mridanga* - a drum of India that is shaped like an elongated barrel and has tuned heads of different diameters.

*Gayageum* - a traditional Korean zither-like string instrument, with 12 strings, though some more recent variants have 21 or other number of strings. It is probably the best known traditional Korean musical instrument.

*What's the situation?* - lyrics from EXO's The Eve

*Waiting for the groom to arrive to his bride's house* - It is an Indian tradition for the groom to arrive at the wedding by a horse with his family members dancing around him

*Almost dawn before the wedding start* - Most Indian weddings start at an odd time, mainly during the early hours of the morning or late at night

*Sherwani* - a knee-length coat buttoning to the neck, worn by men from South Asia.

*Wooden Goose* - Korean Traditional for the groom to gift the bride's mother a goose as goose mate for life, symbolising that they will stay together forever.

*Garlands* - A garland is a decorative wreath or cord (typically used at festive occasions) which can be hung round a person's neck or on inanimate objects like Christmas trees. Originally garlands were made of flowers or leaves - it is traditional for the bride and groom to exchange garlands before the ceremony starts.

*Saptapadi* - (English: seven steps, saptapadi) is the most important rite (Sanskrit, Hindi: rītī) of a Hindu marriage ceremony. The word, Saptapadi means "Seven steps". After tying the Mangalsutra, the newly wed couple take seven steps around the holy fire, that is called Saptapadi.
*Pyebaek Ceremony -* traditional Korean wedding bowing ceremony, where the newlywed meets their parents after the wedding to ask for their blessings.

Chapter End Notes

Y'all, I played myself so fucking badly. Whilst writing the previous chapters, I was going on about ethnic diversity without realising how much stress I unknowingly gave myself... o.* (~ ^_^ ~ *) ~ As I am neither Korean or Indian, I had to do actual research to get this wedding right, and since this is two ethnicity with rich culture, I had to be respectful and at least get some of the wedding traditions right, but gosh, there was just too much traditions and so different to each other that I couldn't fully get all of them right, so I'm sorry if you are Korean or Indian and felt like this wedding misrepresents your traditional weddings - honestly I truly did try, please do not kill me °.°(°_°)°.°

(Dammit, why didn't I just make the husband Filipino... Then I'll at least know what to do from there)

*Anyone reading: please do not take this wedding too seriously to a proper Korean/Indian wedding - it is nowhere near what a traditional Indian/Korean wedding is.*
'Mum! Dad! Come here!', Baekbeom runs out of his older brother’s room banging the walls of the house and screaming at the top of his lungs.

‘What the fuck…’, Chanyeol breathes out in distress, shutting his eyes and rubbing his forehead, ‘What have I put myself into’, he groans at his bad choice of words, looking down as he feels Baekhyun squirm awake, arms stretching out and hitting his face. He couldn’t believe it. Byun Baekhyun. Why him of all the five hundred people that were present in the wedding? How did this even happen? He closes his eyes again, this time trying to remember anything that happened last night, but all he remembered it standing by the food stand and constantly heating up the food the whole night.

‘What the fuck is that noise?’, Baekhyun mumbles whilst rubbing his eyes awake, angry and confused at the sudden loudness of the house, eyes squinting from the brightness as he looks up at Chanyeol, What the fuck? What are you doing here?’, Baekhyun didn’t think much of it until he sees Chanyeol’s torso and looks down to find himself in a similar situation, ‘Oh no we fucking didn’t…’
‘Please don’t use that word at such an inconvenient moment’, Chanyeol grimaces, grabbing the blanket to wrap himself as he begins to get off the bed, eyes scanning to look for his clothes. The blankets are yanked back off him, forcing him to get back into bed.

‘What are you doing?’ Baekhyun shouts out, wrapping himself with the blanket; a tug of war has started between them as Chanyeol tries to pull the blanket to him but Baekhyun, showing signs of surprising strength, just pulls back.

‘I need to leave now!’

‘Then leave!’

‘Not without my clothes!’

‘Then go get it!’

‘Oh, so you want to see me roaming around naked? Is that what you want?’, the tugging ends as both figure stare at each other, once again realising the mess that they’re in.

‘Oh, for fuck sake, then what am I going to use to cover up?’

‘Pfft, like I’m going to look at you anyway’

Before the two can continue to argue, they both hear the creaking of the door, making them both look at each other in absolute terror.

‘Mr and Mrs Baekhyun, please… I can explain—’

‘Oh… Why, hello’, his mum awkwardly breaks the silence, oddly forming a smile on her face as her eyes goes back and forth between her son and the random stranger next to him.

‘Um… Hello? Mrs Baekhyun…’, Chanyeol whispers, a mixture of nervous, embarrassment and absolute fucking confusion surging through him as he tries to bow whilst grabbing more of the blanket to cover himself up.

‘Well, this was a lovely surprise. Can I ask, who exactly are you?’, Baekhyun’s father barges into the conversation, being slightly calmer than what Chanyeol expected, not even a shout or a punch come his way as the man just smiles down on him, like this is the most normal thing ever. He wasn’t the only one looking confused. Baekhyun’s little brother stood behind the two, grimacing at their lack of reaction and not only their sense of calmness, but the fact that they actually looked happy.
‘Um… Park Chanyeol sir. I’m—’

‘My boyfriend’, Baekhyun interrupts, wrapping his hands around his arm. Chanyeol did a double take, eyebrows furrowed as he mouths the boy with a ‘what the fuck?’. He just receives an angry warning look from Baekhyun.

‘Oh really? Well that’s nice’, his mother suddenly gleams, turning beside her to fist pump her husband.

‘What the hell mum? Hello? Are you not seeing what I’m seeing here?’, Baekbeom interrupts, gesturing to the two and reminding them what the hell they must’ve been doing last night.

‘Oh, stay calm Baekbeom, they’re in a relationship. Stuff happens’, his mother waves him off, clapping her hands much to Chanyeol’s confusion. Are parents supposed to be happy when finding out their kids had sex? Why are they suddenly smiling down on them? What the fuck has Chanyeol gotten himself into? Dammit, why were Baekhyun’s family so fucking weird?

‘Mum! Dad! May I remind you what that must have looked like yesterday!’, Baekbeom was not backing down.

‘Shut up!’, Baekhyun reaches behind him to grab a pillow, throwing it at his little brother’s direction with fury.

‘Baekbeom, we do not need to hear about the details just… Mr Park Chanyeol, would you like to join us for breakfast?’, she dismisses her younger son’s cries, looking back to the two with a hopeful smile.

‘Um…’

‘He would love to’, Baekhyun once again interrupts the taller boy from responding.

‘This is great! I’ll go start breakfast’, his dad chirps in, legs busy as he stumbles out of the room, giving Chanyeol and awkward sly wink and thumbs up before making his way out. His mother and brother follows in pursuit, Baekbeom pissed as fuck as Baekhyun didn’t even get in trouble, but praised?

‘I bring home someone, I get a smack in the head… But when he brings someone over, you’re making them breakfast? This is favouritism!’, he protests, shouting across the hallway as the pair hears them stomping down the stairs.

‘What the fuck is wrong with you? What the fuck is wrong with your family? What the actual fuck is happening right now?’, Chanyeol screams out the moment the door closes, looking over and flailing his arms out in confusion and frustration.

‘Shut up and get change. Whatever you do down there, just remember… You’re my boyfriend, so act accordingly and I’ll explain the rest later’, Baekhyun demands through gritted teeth, grabbing the boy by the shoulder and glaring at him. His parents cannot know he had a one-night stand.
‘So… How long have you two been dating?’, Chanyeol turns to look at Baekhyun, nervous and still slightly confused. Baekhyun had warned him not to speak a word and that he’ll handle everything else, but the question was directed at him so it seemed a bit rude to not reply.

‘Um…’

‘Three months’, Baekhyun just keeps interrupting the boy without any means of stopping. He wasn’t going to let Chanyeol’s stupidity get him in a shit ton of trouble.

‘Oh lovely, and how did you two meet?’, the pair turns to stare at each other, eyes meeting uncomfortably. Chanyeol laughs nervously, not really knowing what to say, he couldn’t just blurt out that they met whilst he was burning their son’s arm – by accident as Chanyeol would like to reiterate.

‘Um…’

‘Tinder’, Baekhyun shot out the only answer that he can think of.

‘You use Tinder?’, Baekbeom slides into the awkward conversation, eyes looking over his brother. He and his brother might not get along like rainbows and butterflies, but he still knows his brother fully well to know that the boy not only hates human interactions on a daily basis, but he had an utmost passionate hate for social media and hooking up through the use of it, so Tinder was the embodiment of everything the boy despises. Something just didn’t settle properly…

‘Oh wow! Baekhyun I didn’t know you use dating apps’, his father pats him on the back, quite harshly, munching on his bacon.

‘I’m sorry, but why is everyone okay with this?’, Baekbeom has had it, he cannot believe is parents were not only calm, but fucking gleaming with happiness as Baekhyun gushes out random shit like dating apps and having sex, but when he does it, he gets hit with a broomstick, ‘You know, if this was me, I’d be locked in my room with bruises!’

‘First of all, you bring random strangers to this house, which is unacceptable. Baekhyun and this young man are in a relationship, so that is one massive difference between you and him’, his father argues, smacking the boy in the head, ‘And, secondly, you should be happy your brother is in a relationship. This is a great moment’

‘Why… Why is this a great moment?’, Chanyeol asks, finally using his voice again as he picks at his food, too uncomfortable to eat.

‘Well, we’ve always thought our Baekhyun here was asexual. Not that there is anything wrong with that! We are an open-minded family who cares for each other no matter what… But it does feel good to see your kid in a loving relationship’, she smiles, reaching out her hand to stroke Chanyeol’s hair. Oh god. Oh no. He looks over to Baekhyun, slyly trying to shake his head to signal that he was backing out. He was not going to lie to his parents whilst they looked so happy and excited. He wasn’t that mean to lead them on, well… They all knew now that Baekhyun is nowhere near asexual, but still, he wasn’t going to lead them on into thinking that Baekhyun has a ‘loving’ relationship. They didn’t have a relationship – they barely have a friendship.

‘Um… Mrs Baekhyun, I don’t think a relationship between us is what-‘, he is once again interrupted, but this time it was not Baekhyun’s voice, but his lips which shuts him up, feeling the boy’s soft touches as they kiss in the dining table, in front of the rest of the family.

‘Right, that settles it. I told you not to be nervous whilst meeting my family, right?’, Baekhyun
pulls away, pinching the boy’s leg, forcing him to follow his orders.

‘Aw, you were nervous about meeting us? Oh, what a sweetheart’, Baekhyun’s mum gushes out, holding a hand on her chest. She is already in love with her son’s first ever boyfriend.

‘Pfft. Disgusting’, his little brother whispers, slouching in defeat as he plays with his food.

‘I am not going!’

‘Yes, you are’

‘No. I am not!’

‘Bitch, when my mum says you’re coming grocery shopping with us, you best believe you are’

‘Baekhyun. We. Are. Not. Going. Out’

‘Well, we are for today’, the two continue to bicker inside Baekhyun’s room, whispering so no one would hear their conversation.

‘Why am I even doing this?’

‘Because I will get killed the moment they found out this was just a one-night stand’, Baekhyun knows his parents well, he knew they didn’t care about what he did during his time, not caring whether he was gay, straight, asexual or a fucking otaku, but there was one thing they hated the most; one-night stands. His parents were absolute romantics who believes in passionate love like you see in the movies, and they believe that a person should only have sex when they have that love, so let’s just say Chanyeol had to play that role until the day ends.

‘You can’t make me! This is South Korea, not North and it is a free democratic country, so I have a choice to say no’, Chanyeol blurts out, prying his arms from Baekhyun who has now decided to pin the boy down to him, but no, Chanyeol is not having it anymore. An awkward breakfast table was already enough for him, but a whole fucking day? Nope. No thanks. Not in a million years…

He stops his movement, fingers frozen on the doorknob as he turns to looks over Baekhyun’s desk, eyes gazing on a small torn paper pinned up on the boy’s board, catching his attention. It was his handwriting on the note.

His apology note which he shyly write for Baekhyun rests on the centre of the message board, the rest of the memos and post it notes making room for the note to be the centre of attention whenever you look up to see it. He freezes over the fact that Baekhyun even kept his failure of an apology, let alone hung it up in his room. Breathing out a defeated sigh, he turns back around to a nervous looking Baekhyun.

‘Just this one day’
‘So, Chanyeol, you say you have the power of fire, am I right?’, Baekhyun’s father drives calmly, his mother right beside him by the front passenger seat whilst Chanyeol brings his legs close, being squished into a Baek sandwich, with Baekhyun on one side of him, whilst his little brother is on the other.

_I should’ve just walked out._

‘Um, yes sir’

‘Oh please, enough of that. Call me Homin’

_Great._ Now he’s supposed to be on a first name basis.

‘Um… Okay, Mr Homin’

‘Ha ha. Always respectful, aren’t we?’; he catches the boy continuing to call with a respectful tone, slightly admiring the boy’s regards on respecting elders. He seems like a good one.

‘We’re a family of natural powers too’, Baekhyun’s mother joins the conversation, ‘Baekhyun got his power of light from me whilst Baekbeom and my husband has the power of magnetic manipulation’

‘Magnetic manipulation?’

‘Basically, we can become a magnet! See watch’, his little brother gleams up at the mention of his powers, stretching his hands out towards Chanyeol, tensing his arms and suddenly making the boy’s metal bracelet move towards him.

‘Wow! That’s awesome!’

They make their way to the grocery store, Chanyeol’s head bopping out as he walks with the Byun family, being taller than all of them, he looked slightly off, but that didn’t stop Baekhyun’s mother from dragging him near them, pointing at the food, asking if he wanted some.

‘No, it’s fine Mrs Hyobin’

‘Just drop anything you want in the cart, okay sweetie?’

‘Alright Mrs Hyobin…’

‘Oh, Baekhyun, can you go down the aisle and get some cheese’, his dad asks, pushing Baekhyun away as they continue to walk down where the meat aisle, moving along and away from the pair to purposely leave them alone.

‘Well, I guess we’re going to the dairy aisle’, Chanyeol voices out, with the pair already straying away from the rest of the family and moving along the second aisle.

‘Oooh. Free samples!’, Chanyeol gets himself distracted, looking over to see small cups of barbequed meat, straying from Baekhyun as he grabs himself one, munching on the sweet meat.

‘Chanyeol, where are you?’, Baekhyun turns back to see the tall boy missing, walking back down to the front of the aisle, head spinning around in search of him.

‘You’ve got to try this! It’s so nice!’; he hears the tall boy’s loud voice nearing as he spots him
taking over a free sample stand, grabbing yet another piece of meat.

‘Chanyeol, seriously stop it, we need to-‘, his words are cut short as Chanyeol stuffs a piece of meat in his mouth.

‘Taste nice doesn’t it?’

‘Yeah, I guess…‘, he responded with his mouth full, chewing at the piece of sweet meat.

‘Here, try another one’, Chanyeol reaches out his finger which held another piece, gesturing his hand in front of Baekhyun and starts to feed him with more samples.

‘Ew, get a room, the both of you’, they hear Baekbeom walk pass them, eyes glued to his phone but still acknowledging the two’s close stature towards each other. It felt odd for Baekbeom, he’s never seen his big brother relying on anyone, let alone having them feed him like he was a five-year-old. Was his brother really going out with this dude? And if so, is he going to act like a lovesick teenager the whole time? He didn’t want to say it, but he misses his ‘idgaf’ lone wolf of a brother and he’s only witness this side of his brother for less than a day.

‘Shut up!’, Baekhyun shouts ahead with his mouth full, chewing quite happily as the food was super nice, Chanyeol wasn’t lying.

‘Come on, let’s the cheese your dad is asking for’

‘Kai! Kai! Wakey wakey! It’s breakfast time!’, Kai feels a big object jumping up and down on his stomach, forcing him to wake up as the bed moves from side to side.

‘Mummy! He won’t wake up! I think Kyunggie killed him!’

‘Honey, he’s just a little tired, let him sleep for a bit’, mother and daughter look down on the hot mess that is Kai, hair messy and everywhere, jacket hanging off of his body and breath stench with alcohol. He shuffles around for a bit, trying to go back to sleep, but the shouting and constant banging of his headache forces him to open his eyes, looking around to see a familiar looking room, but he knew it wasn’t his house. Did Xiumin drop him off from the wedding?

‘Seems to me we always meet like this, young man’, he hears a deep voice over him, forcing him to look ahead to see a short yet hench man standing over him, sporting a smile, but his expression is slightly annoyed as Kai sits up and rubs his eyes awake, gagging at his sudden movement which forces him to see spirals.

‘Hello, Mr Do. Sorry again…‘, he bows his head apologetically, feeling a surge coming up from his stomach. He gags before running towards the nearest room he can get inside to, which thankfully was D.O’s room, but unfortunately, D.O did not have an en suite in his room.

‘Kai? You’re awake?’, D.O didn’t even get a respond as the boy throws up on him, pyjamas splurged in vomit as he shouts in disgust, ‘Kai! What the fuck?!’, he yells, arms stretched out to avoid touching the disgusting substance on him. He didn’t even want to look down. He could smell enough for him to throw up himself.
‘I’m so sorry…’, Kai looks up at his mistake, eyes finally giving him a steady sight of his surrounding and noticing a very pissed off and soaked D.O.

‘You dick!’, he feels a strong punch on his cheek before blacking out once again.

‘Kai, where are you? Pick up your phone!’, Xiumin walks around Kai’s street, backing out since his parents have told him that Kai never went home after the wedding. He really needed to talk to someone and he realised that Kai was the only person he felt comfortable talking to, him and someone else… But that someone else is the reason why he’s running around and ripping his hair from his scalp in utter frustration. He didn’t know who he hated more, Chen for pulling that bullshit last night or himself for not giving Chen a proper answer to his question.

‘Please pick up, anyone’, he begs as his footsteps takes him inside a small park, a swing set empty as morning just started, with the clear breeze chilling down his spine and the metal chains of the swing freezing at the touch of his hands. He didn’t know who else to talk to, but he hoped at least one of them would pick up, he couldn’t handle this situation alone, not when Chen has become such a prominent person in his life, he couldn’t let him down himself.

‘Hello?’
‘Suho?’
‘Xiumin? What is it?’
‘I really need some advice’
‘You know, just say you don’t have feelings for him, maybe he’ll understand’, a black-eyed Kai sits beside a destress Xiumin, both looking glum and depressed. Kai himself wasn’t depress as after the punch from D.O, he manages to wake up forgiven and taken care of as the boy carried him to his bed and let him sleep some more, a cup of water and painkillers by the bedside table when he woke up again, but just the black-eye on his face started yet another rumour of him fighting in a gang, and that was annoying within itself, but it also alerted more teachers into watching his every movement. Not only that, but he received a punch from Xiumin before he manages to sit down in
‘If you really don’t like him, then just tell him’

‘I’ve said that! I told him we were just friends and he just walked away…’

‘Well, I don’t know… Talk to him again’

‘I don’t want to’

‘Then, I don’t know what else?’

‘I need Chen to understand. I need the whole thing to be forgotten and for us to quickly get over it. Is that too much to ask?’, Xiumin couldn’t stop thinking about it. Even after Suho told him to give it some time, he didn’t want to. He needed it fixed now. And as soon as possible, he couldn’t think about the fact that he was about to lose a friend he just made, and that he’ll be left with nothing but the dumbass that is Kai as his best friend.

‘Students! Quite down!’, Xiumin and Kai’s history teacher looks up from his computer, eyes glaring at Kai specifically, giving him a warning look. At this point in the year and in life, Kai gave no fucks at all if all the teachers ever do is pick specifically on him, he just smiles back and wave at his teacher – which obviously pisses them off more.

‘To answer that question, yes that is too much to ask’

‘What?’

‘You’re asking Chen, who’s been pining over you since before we all knew each other’s names and you just want to disregard his feelings just because it’s beneficial for you?’

‘Why are you making me sound like an asshole?’

‘Because maybe you are?’, Kai receives a cold punch, literally a cold one, as Xiumin freezes his knuckles before smacking the boy’s shoulder, resulting in Kai screaming in pain and being sent to the principal’s office for disrupting the class.

Suho looks over his text messages almost religiously, scrolling through Xiumin’s replies and trying to think of something persuasive to say before the lesson starts.

‘What are you doing?’, he feels Lay’s voice creeps up from behind him, scaring him slightly as the boy sits down beside him, oddly enough, the new boy had no hardships in making friends, already forming some sort of bond with the stoner kids, despite Suho and Baekhyun’s numerous warnings. He was surprise he still wanted to hang out with the teacher’s pet when he’s already made more friends than Suho, and he’s been in this school since Freshman.

‘Oh… Just, some trouble’

‘Trouble?’
'See… Xiumin and Chen aren’t on good terms at the moment…’, Suho paused for a moment, not really sure whether he had the rights to share information about something that doesn’t involve him, but he looks up towards Lay, not realising it but already accepting him slowly into their group – if that’s what you even call it. I’m sure he’ll need all the help with persuading Xiumin anyway.

‘What’s going on with them?’

‘Well… Chen really likes Xiumin, like really really likes him, even before you came to the school, Chen has always had a crush on Xiumin and during the Wedding last weekend, Chen sort of… Tried to kiss Xiumin…’

‘And?’

‘Well, Xiumin pushed away’

‘So, Xiumin doesn’t like him back?’

‘That’s the thing… I think he does…’

‘But why would he push away then?’

‘I don’t know… Scared of losing a friend? Scared of moving to the next level?’

‘Look, I don’t think that’s it’, Lay turns to take Suho’s phone away from him, slipping it in Suho’s open bag and giving him a comforting look, ‘I don’t think you need to worry so much for them, they’ll sort themselves out’

‘But what if they don’t?’

‘They will. If you’re right and they do like each other, then they will’, Lay turns around to face the front, notebook already open on a new blank page prior to their conversation, waiting for the teacher to show up.

‘Oh look! It’s the teacher’s pet, all by himself without his own personal hulk to protect him. Looks like Hulk boy has another one he wants to smash’, Suho looks down, not wanting to add fuel to the fire by replying back since all he’ll get is an echo of laughter and more opportunities for the rest of the class to make fun out of him

‘Boo hoo, no more hulkie boy–‘

‘Can you please be quiet? I think if you don’t have anything nice to say, then it’s best to keep that mouth shut’, Lay interrupts the usual classroom banter, not knowing the daily basis of bullying which occurred during Suho’s day.

‘Excuse me?’

‘You heard me. It’s not nice, so I suggest you shut up… Please’, lay bows his head respectfully to the boy, smiling as he gives them a friendly warning, which sounded more like a sadistic threat as he told the boy to shut up with a smile on his face. The classroom turns silent, not knowing what to do, but before anyone can reciprocate Lay’s sudden warning, the door opens wide as their teacher walks in with a pile of book resting on her arm.

‘Alright class, let’s begin’

Lay nudges Suho’s shoulder to gain the boy’s attention, giving him a thumbs up before turning
back to pay attention to the teacher’s lesson. *Huh.* This is the first time Suho had ever been defended by someone other than D.O. it felt odd. It felt good.

‘Chen, what’s wrong with you? I said I really need to tell you something’, Chanyeol turns his car into the student parking lot, eyes looking worriedly over the quiet boy next to him. Chen isn’t usually quiet, so this is something Chanyeol has not experienced before.

‘Nothing’, Chen replies, eyes dead and chin resting on his hand as he leans over the car window, avoiding starting a conversation with Chanyeol.

‘Look, I really need you to get out that stick riling up your ass, because I really need to talk to you’

‘Why don’t you just go talk to someone else and leave me the fuck alone’

‘What the fuck is wrong with you?’

‘Can’t you see that I’m not in the particular mood to talk about you or whatever stupid problem you probably got yourself into this time? Does it look like I give a fuck at this moment?’, the moment Chanyeol parks his car and turns the engines off, Chen makes a move, grabbing his backpack and opening the door, not even waiting for Chanyeol. His footsteps stray further away from his best friend and to the entrance doors.

He makes his way by his lockers, twisting his locks and exchanging his Chemistry books with his Biology, closing his backpack and speed walking his way over to his class – maybe for once he’ll actually make it on time.

‘Chen, wait’, he feels himself being pulled back as Chanyeol’s hands grip on his arm.

‘What?’

‘I know you’re pissed at something, so tell me’

‘Why would I tell you?’

‘Because I’m your best friend and I need to know who I need to beat up. Tell me, is it that girl who keeps trying to get into your pants? Because if it is, I can’t punch her, but I can tell her off… If that’s what you want?’, Chanyeol looks over his friend with sad puppy eyes, feeling guilty at the fact that he hasn’t been paying much attention to Chen since all of this mayhem started – and he started this all, dragging Chen along with him.

‘Nothing, it’s just… At the wedding…’

‘Something happened to you?’, Chanyeol had concluded that the wedding done more damage than he’d let on as he sees his friend’s head hung low, eyes sad and not his usual perky self.

‘I tried to kiss Xiumin’

‘What?!’, Chanyeol’s screams echoes across the empty school corridor as many of the students have already made their way to their lessons, but the pair stops walking as they made their way to
the front of their Biology class, ‘And?!’

‘Well, take a wild fucking guess? Of course, he pushed me away’

‘Dickhead… What when I see him today… I’m going to burn his hair till he’s bold’

‘Chanyeol, please give it a rest’, Chen whispers, trying to open the classroom door, but as usual, it was locked.

‘Chanyeol and Chen, good morning. Sitting outside as usual? What a change’, the teacher calls out behind the lock door.

‘Argh! Sir, we haven’t been late for two days! Two days!’, Chen shouts, banging on the door instead of sitting down on the floor beside the door like their usual Monday morning routine.

‘Come here and give it a rest’, Chanyeol pulls the boy away, noticing how distressed and depressed he is, he sat him down on the cold hard floor of the school corridors, sitting beside him, ‘You’re going to be fine’

‘Yeah right. Every night, I think about how embarrassing I must have looked to him. Ergh, why did I do that?!’, Chen squirms, hiding his head behind his backpack as he pulls his knees up and curls into a ball.

‘Don’t worry about it. It’s just a spurt of the moment. We all knew you liked and he definitely led you on’, Chanyeol tries to comfort his best friend, opening his back to get out his notebook as he hears their Biology Teacher talking about a pop quiz.

‘Both of you, you have one hour’, he hears the deep voice of their teacher as paper slides from the door, landing beside them.

‘You heard the man’, Chanyeol distracts Chen from his dilemma, poking his side and handing him the pop quiz and a pencil.

‘Thanks’

‘You know, if it makes you feel any better, you’re not the only who embarrassed themselves during the wedding’

‘Oh yeah? I don’t bloody think so’, Chen whispers, focused on answering the pop quiz instead of dwelling on the subject of him and Xiumin.

‘Yeah. I got pissed drunk and slept with Baekhyun’

‘What?!’, the lightbulb above them bursts as Chen looks up wide and shocked, tensing his power to fire up the circuit system beside them.

‘Ow! Chen did you just electrify my computer?’, his Biology teacher yells in pain from the other side of the door.
D.O could not feel more uncomfortable sitting in his Chemistry class. Everyone was staring at him as he tries and pays attention to their teacher demonstrating an experiment on acids and other substances that D.O can’t understand as he was too busy trying to calm down his anxieties as he feels everyone’s eyes piercing on him.

‘He’s Kai’s new boyfriend?’

‘I heard he recently broke up with a college girl just for him’

‘I heard he got beaten up by his gang because he wants out, just for him’

‘Dude, is that why he showed to school with that black eye?’

D.O can hear the whispers like shouts, drumming into his ears as he tries to write down each step and method of the experiment they were supposed to be doing in less than ten minutes. He didn’t know how the rumours of them spread, but the morning he strolls into school with Suho, call he heard were people talking about him and Kai. Rumours about them dating or Kai giving up his gang for him or how they’ve been dating since the beginning of the year. Honestly, D.O didn’t know where all the mad stories started, but for one he can clear the whole gang thing; the teenager’s black eye was given by him after he punched him by instinct – and by accident – as the shock of being thrown up on was something D.O had never experienced before. But everything else was a confusion to D.O. They don’t even hang out during school for people to figure out that they were even close.

‘Have you seen Kai’s Instagram? It’s filled with him. I’d say they’re getting serious’

*Instagram? Oh, Kai, he didn’t…*

Sneaking his phone out behind the table, he quickly unlocks his phone and checks his Instagram and lord behold, there it was, pictures upon pictures of just him in Kai’s account…

‘I think they’re planning to move in together after senior year’

‘Hmm, I heard they’re already living together’

D.O scrolls through the different photos, a feeling of déjà vu surging in him, angry at Kai for causing trouble on his Instagram account once again.
He even took a photo of when D.O wrapped himself in his towel after taking a shower, wiping off every follicle of skin that touched Kai’s vomit. He didn’t even look good in that photo. Geesh, Kai really was a boy known for his over sharing on social media.

‘What is that?’, he whispers to himself, looking at a blurry photo of what looks like him and Eun Bi walking home from the wedding. Did he even take a picture whilst he was drunk? How did he even do that when he couldn’t even walk straight?
'D.O looks so good with kids'

'Who is that?'

'I don't know, maybe his sister? Or just a kid they're taking care of together'

'Aw, that's so cute! I wish I had a boyfriend like him', the girls in his class gushes over Kai's Instagram, disregarding the lesson as a whole. He looks over and tries to read each of the caption on Kai's photos. He calls me Soo. Kai probably got sick and tired of using other's people's nickname of him as Kyunggie had always been what his little sister calls him. Soo, a new nickname. Why did he like it so much? It's the least creative compared to his other nicknames, but why did he try to suppress a smile when Kai uses it?
'D.O looks adorable though, I didn’t think he even smiles'

‘Are you still looking at that photo of him? You should stop, he’s obviously taken’

A small blush creeps on his cheeks, as he scrolls through his phone and finds the photo Kai had forced him to take inside his house after taking Eun Bi out for the afternoon. He didn’t understand why Kai always had his phone glued to his hands, but he refuses to be part of it, covering his face whenever Kai tries to post a video on his snapchat. But there was this one time he did pose with a smile. A small corner of their kitchen where he remembers leaning as he waits for his mum to finish cooking for dinner, Kai strolls in front of him, begging for a photo, and after Eun Bi tired him out prior to this event, he gives in, giving Kai a peace sign and what he thought was the most awkward smile he’s ever given.

_Cherish this moment._

Is that what Kai thought whilst looking at the picture? D.O wonders with a small smile plastered on his face.
Of course they were friends, he had to admit that to himself the moment the boy teleported to his room and stayed with him during his three day suspension. He was glad that he became friends with Kai. Three days of trying to entertain him and other days where he'll wake up with a morning text from the boy, sweet and short but enough to make him smile for the rest of the day. But God, when was Kai going to officially ask him out because he didn't think he can wait for long till he explodes.

*I want him to be my fucking boyfriend already.*

That's it. D.O finally admits it to himself, blushing as he tries to hide his cheeks from the rest of the class, locking his phone and covering his face with his hands.
Awkward. That’s what it was. Kai and D.O sitting beside each other behind the library reception desk whilst their fellow students stroll pass them. Stolen glances as D.O flickers his sight towards the boy, accidently making eye contact and awkwardly breaking their gazes as he busies himself with stockng new piles of books. He couldn’t talk. Not when it pains him every time Kai slides near him, or when he stretches out his arm in front of him to reach for a book, or when his fingers accidently brushed his cheeks.

‘Ahem’, a soft cough forced D.O to turn his head up, seeing a classmate which he shared the same Physics class with, stands on the other side of the desk, hands reaching over to him with a book, ‘I’m here to return this’

‘Oh... Oh right’, D.O shakes his head back into reality, never missing an opportunity to glance at Kai, who’s eyes are glued on his phone – as usual.
‘Thanks, by the way’, she whispers, leaning down to talk to him, lips forming into a friendly smile. D.O looks over confused.

‘For what?’

‘For making us look cool’

‘Us?’

The girl reaches her hand to grab the school’s staplers, crushing it with a small squeeze and handing it back to D.O, all curled and broken.

‘Because of you, no one has picked on me in weeks’, she whispers, bowing to him before zipping her bag close and walking out of the library. She was bullied? D.O didn’t even notice that people picked on her. Now he wondered how many more people were getting picked on without anyone’s notice? Not even him, an observer who notices even the littlest of movements knew that this girl who smiled a lot and had her fair share of friends were being picked on.

‘You look glum. You okay?’, Kai’s voice sends a rush through him, shaking him back to reality, looking over to see Kai sliding closer to him.

‘Um, yeah… I’m fine’, D.O uncomfortably scratches the back of his neck, eyes quivering back and forth, trying not to make eye contact and hands fidgeting on the book in front of him, trying to look busy.

‘You don’t look okay…’

‘I’m fine’, D.O was not fine. After realising that he not only liked Kai more than a friend, but was waiting for the boy to at least ask him out on a date, he started to think. What if he asked him out instead? There’s nothing stopping him from asking Kai out… Maybe for a coffee? Or a film night at his house? Therefore, he spent most of his morning lessons planning ways to ask Kai out, picturing his posture, how he’s going to say it and what he was going to say. He made a list on his phone on stuff he can say without being too cheesy or desperate, but as of right now, everything that he has planned seemed too cheesy and gross. What is wrong with him? Why can’t he just be a smooth person and ask him out? Why was he having an internal struggle? What if he had something on his teeth whilst he was talking to him? What if Kai said no? Shit… He didn't even think about that...

‘Kai’, he hears himself whisper. This is not something he’s planned, he hasn’t even planned what to say next, but seeing Kai look over him, waiting for him to carry on, he feels sweat beading from his forehead as he is put under pressure to finally ask Kai out…

‘Do you want to-‘

‘Check my Instagram’

‘What?’

‘I said check my Instagram’

‘Why?’

‘Because I kinda wanted to ask you something first’

And with that, D.O pulls out his phone, going back to the one app he barely used but now seemed
to be going on more often. He types in Kai’s username, expecting the photos he saw earlier in the morning to pop up, but instead a new set of photos appeared. Kai must’ve updated.

‘Check from the oldest of the three’, Kai whispers, looking out to make sure he isn’t pissing off studying students before leaning down, looking over D.O’s shoulder, unknowingly anticipating the boy’s reaction, praying in his head that this will work.

Will you…

Dante’s Inferno? Was that… His copy? How did Kai get a photo of his favourite book? And what’s up with the captions? He scrolls up to the second picture, which is a picture of Eun Bi looking up at the camera, the bright sun shining down on her. He must’ve taken this yesterday.

Be my…
He scrolls up to the last photo and sees his anime figurines dressed up in Eun Bi’s dolls clothes; Eren and Levi from Attack on Titan. He remembered dragging Suho early in the morning so that they can go to the Anime Convention down in Itaewon. He scavenged the whole convention looking for them and he had never let them go since. He looks down to see what the odd caption for this photo might be, freezing up as he sees the words typed up.
Boyfriend?

He looks up to see Kai sliding a small note to him, eyes nervous but lips still smiling at him. D.O looks down on the small piece of paper, reading the cursive handwritten note in front of him.

'Will you be the Levi to my Erin?'

What? He looks up to find Kai’s seat empty all of a sudden, leaving him overwhelmed and confused as the boy has just asked him out. Finally asked him out… But, where is he?

He feels a small tap on his shoulder, making him swivel his chair to find Kai standing up and holding a bouquet of… Pineapple sticks?

‘I heard you like pineapples so… I though it’ll make more sense than a bunch of flowers’, he shyly gazes down on D.O, one hand rubbing the back of his neck as he awkwardly hands it to D.O, pink tint making its way to his cheeks.

D.O didn’t say much. He didn’t even grab the pineapple bouquet. Instead, he looks back down to his phone, opening the last picture and typing something.

‘Now you check your phone’

And with that, Kai opens his phone to see the word ‘yes’ commented below his photo, along with
other comments which he didn’t bother to read, resulting in a huge smile plastering across his face, teeth showing fully.

‘Sorry, but can you give me a minute?’, he whispers, trying not to scream in the library but instead teleporting to the field right next to the library, jumping around and screaming at the top of his lungs.

‘He said yes!’

Poor Kai, he didn’t realise the library windows being wide open due to the summer heat, meaning his shouts of joy can still be heard, even from where D.O was standing, making some of the curious students in the library turn around at the sudden loud noise from outside.
super short, but I kind of had to at least make one pair official after so many chapters later, so yes, you guys guessed it.. The most smooth sailing out of all the pairs is finally official~
And to add a bit of explanation as to why I done it this way - if you pick up on the small things during the fic, you'll know that the three set of photos Kai used are the three most special things to Kyungsoo.

And also, their main connection with each other is through Instagram and the video Kai uploaded of D.O - that's how they got acquainted and I guess I just wanted to make it ironic how D.O first started to hate/get scared of Kai through his Instagram posts but is now being asked out in that way - basically they came full circle haha (I'm poetic/romantic af so I care for the small details. sorry)
'Look who we have here!', Suho screams once the doors to the main hall swings opening, revealing Kai and D.O, hands intertwined as they walk in. The room cheers for the official couple, Suho clapping his hands together and even Lay gave a small smile to Kai as they walk pass. D.O squirms at the noise, burying his head behind Kai's shoulders, trying to pry his hand off.

'What's up Soo?', Kai whispers, noticing the boy's hand trying to leave his, looking back at the small boy who buries his head between the junction of his collar bone and neck.

'They're looking at us', D.O whines, which only made Kai wrap his arms around his waist, wedging himself closer to D.O.

'Oh, go get a fucking room!', Chanyeol screams at them, getting up to try and shove Kai away from showing too much PDA.

'Shit up'. Kai calls back, bringing D.O closer to him as they make their way to the spare seats of
'Now, wait a fucking second, what are you doing there?', Xiumin calls over, noticing the empty seat next to him where Kai usually sits.

'Oh come on man, you know how it is', Kai shouts back, chin resting on the top of D.O's head, still smiling like he's won the lottery - and to him, he has.

'D.O, I am disappointed, I can't believe you're the type of person to ditch their best friend in the whole wide world for their boyfriend', Suho playfully pokes fun at D.O, shouting over and looking pissed, but inside, he's dying in happiness. He may not have spoken to D.O about his feelings for Kai, but he knew his best friend well enough that his stolen glances and shy mannerisms around Kai was a sign that he did like him.

'Don't worry, I'll replace D.O for you', Lay joins in, stretching his arm to rest on Suho's shoulders as he takes D.O's usual seat.

'I'm here too...', Sehun watches as Lay draws closer, finger poking Suho's torso to gain the senior's attention.

'Well, I for one am slightly pissed, because now I can't even make fun of them', Chanyeol huffs in annoyance, but he smiles when Kai turns around to look at him.

The doors swing open once again, banging attention as the last boy enters the centre, earning wide eyed stared as he sits down in his usual seat, right at the back corner of the hall.

‘Bae- Baekhyun?’, Xiumin call over, squinting at the boy who looks totally different. His mullet with red streaks long gone, he’s now sporting short black hair and big round glasses, resting lightly on the tip of his pale nose.

‘Huh?’, he looks up at the sound of his name, turning to each of the boys in confusion, ‘What is it?’

‘You’ve changed you’ve hair’

‘Ah, well, I’ve been needing a change’

‘It looks amazing on you!’, Lay comments, giving him a thumbs up as he continues to wrap his arm around Suho – much to Sehun’s dismay.

‘It really does’, Sehun adds, trying to look away from the close pair and giving Baekhyun a gentle smile.

‘Right. Thanks guys’, his cheeks slightly go red at the flashes of compliments, making him turn his head down to hide his flushed face. He was not going to let them know how shy he suddenly got.

‘Dude, why’re you wearing glasses? You blind?’, Chanyeol shouts over, shaking his head back into reality as he took a moment to stare at Baekhyun. Like, really stare at the outlines of the glasses which only makes Baekhyun’s face look rounder and cute. He hates it.

‘Yeah, and what’s it to you?’, Baekhyun calls back, his shyness completely tarnished as he feels Chanyeol building something up; an insult.

‘You blind as hell? Take it off, you look ugly’

‘No, he doesn’t!’, Lay butts in, waving Chanyeol’s aggressive insults back, ‘Don’t listen
Baekhyun, honestly, I think it makes you look cute’

Why was Baekhyun smiling back? Gosh, Chanyeol can only squirm at how ugly Baekhyun looked when he smiles. The way the creases of his eyes crinkled, forming a crescent shaped eye smile, or the toothy grin that makes his cheeks puffier and his lips, he didn’t even want to talk about his lips. That is, until flashes of memories flies through his mind of Baekhyun pressing his lips against him during the breakfast table in his house…

‘Right. Baekhyun honestly, I knew your mullet didn’t suit you, but it’s better on you then whatever this is’

‘Chanyeol, shut the fuck up!’, they all scream at him as they feel the brewing of another argument between the two who just could not be civil around each other.

‘Suho, I told you your psychology trick wouldn’t work!’, D.O calls over to his best friend, laughing as Suho just glares at him. D.O still haven’t forgotten their intense debate on whether forcing Chanyeol and Baekhyun to spend more time together would actually help them or make it worse, clearly D.O was winning. Kai looks over at D.O, who continues to smile at his amusement, making Kai squirm in delight. God, his boyfriend looked so cute when he smiled. He bends down and stole a quick kiss.

‘Oh my God, ew, don’t make me punch you Kai!’, Baekhyun shouts over, squirming in disgust as he’s reminded of a new couple within the group. This is the one thing he detested in the whole universe, high school couple PDA, and now he has to tolerate it during community service too?

The hall is loud, with eight boys laughing as they continuously make fun of the new couple, but one of the boys remained silent, earphones plugged in his ears, playing a game on his phone and not even looking up to join in. A boy that would've taken this opportunity to lay out his jokes sits next to Chanyeol, quiet and unresponsive. His best friend notices right away, looking over to his left to see Chen busying himself with his phone. Chanyeol takes another peek towards Xiumin, seeing the boy smiling and laughing in the midst, not even half bothered that Chen isn't his usual self. A sudden surge of agitation fills Chanyeol as he realises that Xiumin isn't even feeling the least bit guilty or even responsible for hurting Chen. But he was wrong.

Xiumin tries to steal glances with Chen, looking over at the boy every five seconds, but Chen just wouldn't look up. After fifteen missed calls, he has given up trying to reach Chen, but after seeing him walk in the hall with Chanyeol, a sudden urge to try again came through him, but like before, Chen just wasn't giving him a chance.

'Hello everyone!', the screeching noise of Manager Song pops everyone out of their bubble, making them focus on her, 'I'm sorry for cancelling for the last couple to days, it's just been so hectic in the office lately, but I have some good news!', she squeals, jumping up and down as she skips over to the storage room, strolling some sort of cart with boxes of paint in it.

'What's going on Manager Song?', Suho asks, standing up to help her pull the heavy trolley.

'Well, the previous boss just quit last week and... They've just promoted me to be the new boss!', she starts to clap for herself, making everyone awkwardly join in, 'Anyway, I was thinking, as the new boss, the first thing I wanted to do is to revamp the whole place! And so, we paint!', she lifts out tins after tins of paint, earning a soft groan from everyone in the room. They were going to have to wear those ugly orange overalls again...

'Now, I need someone to help me fix the Boss' office and throw away all the previous paperwork, so... Chen and Xiumin, why don't you come with me whilst the rest gets started on the painting',
she gleams, smiling her big toothy smile as she gestures for the two to come to her. Chen looks over to Chanyeol with puppy eyes, begging his best friend to help him out. He didn't want to be stuck in a room with Xiumin, not when it's just the two of them.

'Manager Song, why don't I just go ahead?', Chanyeol volunteers, raising his hand and already walking over to where she and Xiumin is, not even waiting for an answer.

'Um, well okay', Manager pays no mind to the disappointed looks from Xiumin and something furious building up inside Chanyeol.

_Dammit Chanyeol_, Xiumin thought as he looks over at Chen one last time, disappointed that he missed yet another opportunity to confront him.

‘Pink’

‘Yellow’

‘No, purple!’

‘Orange’

‘You best believe we ain’t painting this hall orange!’, the remaining boys argues over each other as they lay down the paint, choosing which colour is best to paint the walls. After Kai so helpfully teleported around and gathered all of the furniture in the middle of the hall, covering it with old white sheets and blankets, he kisses the tip of D.O’s nose as he joins in the argument, shouting ‘Black’, because he knew that was D.O’s favourite colour.

‘I don’t know if you’re shouting black because you’re emo or because it’s D.O’s favourite colour, but I’m going to ignore that request’, Suho murmurs, pointing at Kai and giving him a warning. After the dozens of unwanted PDA the new couple has given them during the last hour, they – mostly Baekhyun – have forced a tally chart for every time Kai did something extra and disgustingly cheesy, and they only tally Kai, because D.O was a good egg who knew how to keep their lovey dovey shit in privacy. So, by the end of the day, the amount of tally equals to the amount of food Kai is forced to buy after community service.

‘Looks like we’re getting a buffet tonight’, Lay laughs, playfully pushing Kai off D.O and lifting up the purple paint.

‘And who says we’re painting it purple?’, Suho corners him, grabbing the tin of paint off from Lay who tried to open it.

‘Because purple is a nice colour’

‘No, it’s not. I hate purple. Especially that dark colour Manager Song bought’

‘How about this mustard yellow?’, Sehun offers, lifting another tin of paint.
‘That doesn’t look bad. I like it’, Suho approves, reaching out his hand to ruffle the boy hair, bringing Sehun closer to him.

‘Fine, mustard yellow it is’, D.O oblige, not wanting to prolong the argument, so they can finally get started with at least painting the first layer of the walls by the end of today.

‘I’m for it too’, Kai jumps on the bandwagon, slipping from D.O’s warm hold and teleporting inside the storage room to pick up the orange overalls.

‘That’s another tally for you Kai!’, Lay screams, crossing his arms in tantrum as everyone else just joins in for the mustard yellow.

‘Why?’, Kai protests, getting back to where D.O was, hands automatically wrapping around his waist.

‘Well, that for starters’, Lay points at Kai’s closeness with D.O, hugging him like he was a teddy bear, ‘And because you’re only picking yellow because D.O’s picking yellow!’

‘So? Baekhyun picked yellow too! Give him a point’

‘He didn’t pick it because you picked it!’

‘But he still picked it because everyone else picked it!’

‘Okay everyone! Shut the fuck up. We’ve all picked fucking yellow. Tough luck mate’, Chen shouts across the both of them, turning off his phone as he’s had enough of this. He’d thought that after Xiumin left, he’ll have a more relaxing time during community service, distracting his thoughts with trying to paint, but it’s been half an hour and they still haven’t started.

‘It’s fucking yellow. Get over it new guy’, he barges pass Lay, grabbing his own tin of paint and bending down in front of Kai to grab a nasty looking overall.

‘What’s up with Chen?’, Suho looks behind as Chen didn’t even wait for the rest to follow along with him.

‘Probably has enough of you trying to slip your tongue down D.O’s throat’, Baekhyun huffs out in frustration as he gives Kai another tally on his piece of paper, glaring at the boy who tries to steal another kiss from D.O, the latter moving his head to try and get away from Kai’s lips, only to giggle out a softly as Kai settled for second best and kissed his neck instead.

‘I’m going to throw up’

‘Throw up on both, please. I can’t take it anymore’

‘I’ll be right back. I’m going to check up on the rest of the gang back in the hall. Keep clearing the desks’, Manager Song squeaks out, clapping her hand to give encouragements to the glum looking pair; Xiumin bending down to pick up the stacks of paper which fell from Chanyeol’s pile.
The moment the door closes, clicking sound of the metal signalling the departure of Manager Song, Chanyeol took this opportunity to stop what he’s doing, turning around and glaring at Xiumin.

‘What the fuck is wrong with you?’, he yells over, surprising the older boy, jolting his head to face Chanyeol, now angry and fuming at him.

‘What are you talking about’

‘You know exactly what I’m talking about. Just friends? What kind of idiot thinks Chen wanted to be just friends with you? I mean, do you not remember the first shit he ever said to you?’

‘Look Chanyeol, this is none of your business’

‘None of my business? My best friend is not talking because of you. I’ve never seen him so depressed! What have you done? What voodoo witchcraft did you put him under?’

‘Chanyeol, please stop-‘

‘Did you literally brain freeze him? Because you might as well!’

‘I said shut up!’, Xiumin shouts over, lifting his hand to throw out ice bolts towards Chanyeol’s direction, but it seems as if the taller boy had better reflexes as he reaches out his hands to burst flames which melted the ice, turning it into water which landed on the carpet, flooding it.

‘Were you just about to impale me with ice?!’

‘Oh God, I’ve wanted to ice you for a long time’

‘Oh yeah? Well try me bitch. I will end you’

‘Can you please shut up?’

‘Why? I thought we’re going to have a fucking power rangers fight. Well come on, let’s see what you’ve got then. Come on! Ice me!’, Chanyeol started jumping up and down in his space, looking like a boxer ready for his first fight. Honestly, Xiumin had never seen anything more pathetic.

‘I’m not going to fight with you, you idiot’, Xiumin sighs, making his way to lean down on the office desk, facing Chanyeol, who’s pastel hair is slowly fading to a darker colour, ‘I need your help’

‘Help?’, this stops Chanyeol from tensing his hands, stopping in his tracks as he sees Xiumin looking glum, head held down.

‘I don’t know what to say to Chen to fix it’

‘Say yes’

‘I can’t say yes’

‘Why not’

‘Because it’s not fair on him. It’s not fair that I’m only going to say yes to him because I don’t want our friendship to end whilst he genuinely likes me. He deserves to be with someone who fully reciprocates his feelings’
‘And you think you don’t do that?’

‘Well, no… I don’t like him like that’

‘Yes, you do’

‘No, I don’t’

‘Yes, you do’

‘Chanyeol, can you shut the fuck up? What part of ‘I don’t’ don’t you get?’, Xiumin is seriously contemplating to ice Chanyeol right now. Why was he so stupid? He couldn’t even have a normal conversation with him without wanting to kill him.

‘Look, I don’t know about you, but you definitely care for Chen. More than you’d let on’

‘That doesn’t mean I like him’

‘Huh’, Chanyeol steps over, eyes scanning the older boy, muscles tensed as he leans his hands on the desk. He never really focused on Xiumin’s actions, but during the week when they were preparing for Sehun’s mother’s wedding, he genuinely believed that Xiumin was starting to feel something for his best friend. And he was all for it. It’ll give Chen a reason to stop calling him in the middle of the night to squirm about a conversation he and Xiumin had over text. But maybe he got it wrong? Maybe Xiumin never liked Chen like that.

‘I don’t know man. I guess, you’ve just got to give it some time’

‘What?’

‘Chen doesn’t hold grudges. He’ll get over it soon enough’

‘But, we won’t be the same…’

‘Of course, you won’t. He likes you, genuinely. It’ll be hard for you guys to go back to being close friends’, Chanyeol notices Xiumin’s hopeless eyes.

‘I guess that’s just the way things will be’

‘Sorry mate. I wish I can help, but my best friend means a lot more to me than you, so I’m still going to hate you’

‘Gee, thanks’

‘Seriously. At least talk to Chen before it gets worst and you two won’t be able to be in the same room. It’s starting to happen already and you better fix it’

‘Why are you so adamant on making me fix it?’

‘Because it’ll be awkward for me’

‘For you?’

‘What? You think I’m not going to feel the tension when we hang out?’

‘Hang out? You’re making it sound like we’re friends’
‘Are we not?’ there’s a silence between the two, a little bit awkward as Xiumin looks over to the annoying idiot who has made his new school life a living hell. But in this moment, the annoying asshole has just stated that they were friends and that he was actually worried for him too and not just Chen. Gosh, that guy knows how to pull your emotions to the extremes.

‘Well… I guess we are then’

‘I still hate you though’

‘Of course, you fucking do’

The ringing of a phone interrupts their weird but slightly joyous conversation, Xiumin feeling the vibrate of his phone in his front pockets. Picking it up to find his mother’s number on his screen.

‘Mum, what’s up? I’m at the community centre’

Chen adamantly tries to paint the tops of the walls, using a rather long roller, he dumps the end in yellow paint before lifting it up and rolling it in one perfect motion, trying to get the consistency right.

‘Someone looks pissy’, he hears a whisper beside him as Baekhyun’s figure makes its way over to where he is, ‘What are you doing on this side? Everyone’s starting on the left. You’re missing out’, amongst the laughter of the group as they paint over the first layer on the left side, Baekhyun noticed a missing person during one of Lay’s mid joke, turning around to see Chen by himself, painting away with ear plugs separating him from the rest of the group.

‘Yeah, well, it’s faster if we do one side each’

‘You’re the only one doing one side’

‘I guess I’m the only logical one then’

‘Chen, come one, tell me, why the fuck do you sound like there’s a huge stick up your ass?’, Baekhyun reaches his hand out to tug the earphones away from Chen.

‘None of your business’, he spites back, pulling his earphone out of Baekhyun’s hands and putting it back in his ears.

‘Alright then’, Baekhyun lifts his hands up in surrender, moving away from a rather angry Chen.

Just as Chen thought he’s finally out of Baekhyun’s prying eyes, he sees a small flickering movement of another roller painting across from him. He turns to see the now dark-haired boy painting beside him.

‘Why the fuck are you still here?’

‘You said it’s more convenient to paint a side each. There’s already too many people on that side’,
geesh, this boy does not get the picture. Chen gives up, allowing Baekhyun to stand next to him as they paint in silence. Chen turning up the volume on his phone to drown out the unwanted presence next to him.

‘You okay?’

‘What?’, he heard Baekhyun shouting next to his hear, making him flinch and turn down his music.

‘I said… Are you okay?’, he knew he could just lie, say that he’s fine and move on. But he just didn’t seem to care at trying to hide his frustration anymore, not when Baekhyun seems so adamant in poking it out of him.

‘Does it look like it?’

‘Well, just tell at least one of us what’s up. Don’t keep it to yourself’

‘I’ve already told someone’

‘Oh, so Xiumin knows why you’re upset?’, the mention of his name jolted Chen to look to Baekhyun, eyes wide and shocked.

‘No. Chanyeol’

‘Oh’, and the moment Chen looked over at him with an expression that looked half shock and half awkward. He knew it must be something about Xiumin. But he doesn’t press on it.

‘Look, I know you’re trying to look out for me, but seriously, stop’

‘Alright’, Baekhyun turns back to what he’s doing, giving Chen the space he needs as they continue to move along the wall.

‘He saved me’

‘What?’, the sudden interruption of comfortable silence made Baekhyun turn around to spot Chen getting rid of his earphones, turning off his phone as he look ahead, continuing to paint and not even looking at Baekhyun.

‘Chanyeol. He saved me’, right. A random conversation, but Baekhyun went along with it, thinking that maybe the change of subject probably made Chen more comfortable, so he goes along with it.

‘How so?’

‘There was a burning building. It was an apartment block near his old house. Some sort of fire started, maybe electricity busted or someone left their oven on for too long, honestly, I don’t remember how it started. All I know is that I was in the fourth floor and I was stuck’, Baekhyun looks over at Chen, confused by the sudden anecdote he was giving. Why in the world was Chen suddenly opening up to what seems to be like a traumatic event in his life?

‘Um…’

‘Chanyeol can’t reverse his powers. No one with a natural power of element can reverse their powers. I can’t reverse a thunderstorm and you can’t stop the sun from shining. That’s just the way it is. But our ancestors from hundreds of years ago used to. When individual powers were
important in dictating your social hierarchy. Only the people who can control their powers and be able to reverse it are in the elite groups’

Baekhyun stops painting for a moment. If they can’t reverse their power, then… What did Chanyeol do in the basement during the last time he set something on fire? He reversed it, Baekhyun remembered, he remembered the red flames surrounding them one moment and the next, everything is dark and filled with ashes.

‘He saw me screaming for help. I was by the balcony. We must’ve been around twelve or something, but he saw me and you know what that bastard did?’

‘What?’

‘He fucking ran inside the burning building. Ran pass the police and firefighters straight into the fire’, Chen laughs and shakes his head, till this day, still not believing the stupidity that is Chanyeol, ‘He ran inside and stayed there for a few minutes. Actually, it was a good while that he stayed in, people thought he got burnt and died, but before the rescue team can even send in a new troop to fetch him. It was gone.’

‘What was gone?’

‘The flames. All the flames from each and every floor of the building stopped burning. Everything just disappeared. I remember looking around my living room, everything was burnt to the ground but the flames were gone. The bastard stopped it’

‘Wait… If it’s impossible… How did he do it?’

‘Ancestry I guess. His ancestors were probably part of the elites and I guess genes got passed on. Sad thing is, the idiot never shuts about how he comes from a high-class descent. Sometimes thinks of himself as a prince because of it. But that idiot, that stupid dumbass who always gets me into messes like this? The first time I met him, he looked up at me and saved me. He saved me without even knowing me. I owe him my life’

‘I’m sure he just wanted to show off. If Chanyeol was as much of a narcissist when he was young, he probably wanted to show off’

Chen laughs at Baekhyun, glinting his eyes up and down as he scans the latter’s expression. He’s not surprised at the excuses Baekhyun tries to make, it doesn’t seem like Chanyeol would do anything close to what he’s saying. He’s not heroic nor is he selfless to risk his life for a stranger.

‘You know what the funny thing is?’

‘What?’

‘He’s never done it before. He’s never tried reversing a fire before, so he ran knowing full well he might not come out alive. He almost didn’t…’

‘What do you mean?’

‘When the firefighters came in, they found him unconscious, on the floor, all bloodied. Blood trickles from his nose, his ears, his mouth. He even had some between his fingernails. He was bleeding to death’

Suddenly, Baekhyun remembers the sweater his mum had to wash because of the amount of blood Baekhyun had to wipe from Chanyeol as he bled after the whole basement fiasco. Was he really in
pain that whole time?

‘Spent months in hospital. Two months in a coma and another three trying to heal from the impact. He was told never to do that again, unless he wanted a death sentence’

Chanyeol nearly killed himself trying to save Baekhyun from a measly spider? What was the idiot thinking? He should’ve let the spiders climb all over them, they weren’t going to kill them. They could’ve just shaken it off… Why did he have to start a fire, knowing fully well he had no other choice but to reverse it afterwards?

‘You mean to tell me. Chanyeol has the ability to reverse his powers, but it has physical consequences?’

‘Yeah’

‘What a bastard’, he whispers beneath his breath.

‘What?’

‘Nothing’

‘Anyway. I only told you that to show you that he’s not just a prick and give you an excuse as to why I’m always standing up for him when he is one’

‘Right…’, Baekhyun didn’t know where this was going. Why was Chen suddenly so interested in giving him information about Chanyeol?

‘He’s a nice guy when you get to know him. So, don’t be too scared to fall for him’

‘Wait… What? Fall for him?’, Baekhyun swerves his view back to Chen, glaring over at him with confusion, eyes furrowed and roller dropped down to the ground, paint splattering between them, ‘I’m not… I don’t like Chanyeol like that… Me and him? Together? That’s a big huge no no’

‘Baekhyun… Chanyeol told me that you two slept together. Stop hiding it’

‘What? He told you? That bastard… He promised not to tell anyone…’

‘Come on. Not telling anyone doesn’t include his best friend, which is me by the way’, Chen laughs, earning a hard punch on his arm, ‘You sure you didn’t… Feel anything?’

‘How can I? I don’t even remember what happened that night, I was so blacked out’

‘Wait… So, you two don’t actually remember… doing it?’

‘Um… I remember blurs… Bits of it… Does that count?’

‘God, and that was your first time as well’

‘Huh?! How do you know?’

‘Chanyeol told me’

‘And how does Chanyeol know⁈’

‘Your little brother told him’
'Oh, for fucks sakes… I’m going to kill him…’, Baekhyun huffs out a sigh of frustration, hands making its way to his hair, pulling it in anger. Chanyeol wasn’t supposed to know that his first time was with him. Fucking hell, this is so embarrassing, he’s ready to quit high school right now and apply to online classes because he did not want to look at Chanyeol knowing that he knows he took his virginity.

‘Wait… Just because Chanyeol and I had sex, doesn’t mean I was the one…’

‘You and Chanyeol had sex?!’, Kai screams at the top of his lungs, making Chen and Baekhyun flinch in fright as the boy just appeared in between them. Due to the request of D.O wanting to check up on the two, he made Kai teleport his way to invite the two back to their side, only to hear their previous conversations about two people doing it.

‘What?!’, the rest of the group yells simultaneously, head shifting over to where Chen and Baekhyun were, jaws dropping to the floor as Chen hits Kai in the head and Baekhyun just bends down in defeat, burying his head between his knees.

‘Guys, we’re back. Manager Song said to help you guys out for a bit-‘

‘You had sex with Baekhyun?!’, is the first thing Chanyeol was greeted with when he bangs open the door with Xiumin by his side, already wearing the ugly orange overalls that made him look like a Cheeto.

‘What?!’, Xiumin violently turns Chanyeol to face him, glaring up, ‘You slept with Baekhyun?!’

‘Wait what’s going on? Why do people know that?’, Chanyeol didn’t even have the time to process anything when the group dropped everything they were holding, racing towards the two pair, shaking them vigorously as if they were a broken toy.

‘Why?’
‘How?’
‘When?’
‘Ew!’
‘What even?’

Questions were hurled onto the pair as they’re pushed together, awkwardly standing side by side as they are sandwiched with loud voices and prying arms.

‘And y’all said I’m gross, we should keep a tally to keep these two in check! I didn’t even notice that they were sleeping with each other’

‘Now hold on a minute. We slept once. Once. And we were both drunk!’, Baekhyun tries to explain, waving his hands out for everyone to quieten down and listen to him.

‘You were drunk?’
‘Yes, we were at the wedding’

‘Wait… You had sex during my mother’s wedding?’

‘Sehun no. Don’t make it sound disgusting. It was after the wedding, when everyone left and it was just us two’
'Oh my God, dammit!'

'What is it Kai?'

'They had sex before me and soo became official… So technically we’re not the first couple'

'Hey. Just because we had sex, doesn’t mean we’re a couple!'

Hurls of arguments tumbling over each other continues as Chanyeol and Baekhyun tried to fend off any further questions and interrogations, but that only led to more questions and interrogations. That was until Lay quietens down and stops shouting, thinking for a minute before asking the ultimate question.

'So, if you two had sex… Who topped?'

There was a silence as everyone let the question sink at first, being slightly disgusted by Lay’s sudden personal question, but now that they were all thinking about it, they looked over to the pair curiously.

'We are not answering that question. You disgusting freaks’

'Exactly. There’s no question. It was obviously me’, Chanyeol fends off, pushing back Lay and trying to make a gap for him to part. But he was pulled back by the collar by none other than Baekhyun.

'Hold on. Who said you did?'

'Oh, come on Baekhyun…’

'You said you were drunk, right? Neither one of us didn’t remember shit about that night. It could’ve been me’

'Oh please. It was totally me!'

'And what makes you think that?! It could’ve been me, we were in my house’

'That doesn’t correlate to anything!'

'Well, your over confidence doesn’t correlate to anything either!’

'Baekhyun, just admit it. I topped'

'No. I have a feeling. I think I did’

'No, I did’

'No, I did’

'They’re fighting again’, Suho whispers to D.O and Sehun and they slowly started to step back from the most weirdest argument they’ve seen yet.

'Should we stop them?’, Sehun whispers, holding onto Suho’s arms.

'I have no idea. I’ve never thought they’d be arguing over something like this’
After community service, Xiumin vows to himself to get a moment alone with Chen, before he leaves. Thank God Chanyeol had agreed to help him out, otherwise Chen probably wouldn’t even look at him if he asks. The whole fiasco about Chanyeol and Baekhyun’s disgusting revelation that they slept together did distract him – well it distracted everyone quite frankly speaking – but he wasn’t going to let that get to him, so when Manager Song dismisses them, Xiumin goes straight to where Chanyeol and Chen were, ignoring the shouting of the rest of the group as they continue to question Baekhyun and Chanyeol of their saucy endeavour during Sehun’s mother’s wedding.

‘Xiumin?’, Chen shouts, surprise as he was now being dragged by Xiumin away from his best friend, and he couldn’t even shout for help as everyone was fixated on Baekhyun and Chanyeol. Xiumin pushes pass the door towards the hallway leading to the basement, looking back to check that no one has followed them so he can finally talk in private.

‘We need to talk’
‘No, we don’t’

‘Yes, we do’

‘No, we don’t’

‘Chen, can you fucking listen to me?’

‘No, I don’t want to hear it’

‘Hear what? You haven’t even given me the chance to speak!’

‘That’s because I know what you’re going to say. “I’m sorry Chen, but let’s just stay friends” or “Why don’t we just view each other as friends”, friends, friends, friends, that’s all you want us to be’

‘And is that bad?’

‘Are you fucking kidding me?’, Chen looks over to Xiumin, slightly pissed at the latter’s choice of words. The white paint of the corridor was shredded and old, the small window hinting a small sunlight onto the pair, two pairs of eyes staring into each other, eyes which bore into each other’s soul as they finally met eye to eye. One filled with sadness, the other with regret.

‘Look, I know you’ve always had a thing for me…’

‘A thing for you? Are you saying my feelings were just a weird obsession?’

‘No, that’s not what I was going to say-’

‘You think you’re all that? Pushing people aside like their dirt’

‘Hold on, what the fuck is that about? When have I ever pushed you aside?’

‘It’s not just me. It’s everyone who tries to be friends with you. You always complain about people coming up to you and asking you to hang out, always whining about how annoying it is, but have you ever thought, in the tiniest part of your unsympathetic mind, that they might actually want to be your friend?’, Chen finally blurts out in frustration, chest heaving from breathing heavily over his sudden gush of words. His painful outrage freezes Xiumin, the older boy looking over at Chen with sadness in his eyes.

‘Is that what you think of me? Mr I’m better than everyone?’

‘You sure ain’t acting like anything else’

‘Then why do you like me? Why in your tiny little mind did you start liking me for? If I’m such an asshole’

‘Because, even though you hate people acknowledging you, you at least acknowledge me…’

The pair stands in silence as Chen looks down to his feet, tensing his face, trying not to let his tears drop from his eyes.

‘I’ve never been Chen. To everyone, I’ve always been Chanyeol’s friend. You were the first one to think of me as me. To approach me not because you wanted to hang with Chanyeol, but because you wanted to hang out with me. I’ve always made people laugh, that’s just who I am, I love making people smile, but for once, just for a moment, I wanted someone to make me laugh… And
you came along and… I thought…’, Chen turns around as he feels hot tears threatening to leave his face. He quickly wipes it off so Xiumin won’t see.

‘Chen…’

‘Look, I know you don’t like me like that. I thought maybe you did… But you clearly abbreviated the fact that you don’t, so now that that’s settle, can we please lea-’

‘Chen, I care about you… You know I do. Aside from Kai, you’re the only person who even showed a remote interest in getting to know me. Not my powers or my looks but me’, Xiumin grabs Chen’s arm to stop him from leaving, eyes red from trying to rub his tears away and hair messy. Xiumin pleads for Chen to stay for a moment, just for a second.

‘Then… Why don’t you like me?’, Chen looks over, not even trying to wipe his tears and letting it trickle down his cheeks, lips swollen from biting it too hard.

‘I… I don’t know…’, this was not a good enough answer for Chen who breathes out a heavy sigh, biting his lips once more as he tries to stop himself from crying. He can taste blood.

‘Have you ever… Felt anything for me? Even just a tiny feeling?’, Chen closes his eyes as he waits for Xiumin’s answer, already knowing the heart wrenching response, but hopelessly praying that it might be different, that, just like in the movies, Xiumin was just holding back his feelings and that in the movies, the cheesy, love sick, kissing in the rain type of movies, he prayed that love will prevail, but he was in the real world.

‘No’

It felt like a knife, that’s all Chen can think. It didn’t stab him in the heart, no that would be an instant and painless kill. It stabbed him everywhere else.

‘Okay’

‘Chen, please’

‘No, I get it. I can’t force you to feel something for me’, Chen breaks away from Xiumin’s cold touch, bowing goodbye to the older Senior, ‘I’ll get over you. It’ll probably take some time, but I will… So please don’t feel too burdened by my presence’, Chen looks down to his feet, not wanting to stare at Xiumin’s face. He didn’t think he had it in him.

‘Chen, please…’, he heard the quivering in Xiumin’s voice as he breaks down. Xiumin was crying. But why was he crying? He’s not the one left heart broken. Chen starts to tear himself away from Xiumin, weight on his shoulder heavy, the weight in his heart heavier. It struck to him what an idiot he must have looked like to Xiumin. A stupid, love sick idiot who followed Xiumin everywhere like a dog. No wonder Xiumin didn’t like him. He must’ve pissed him off with his overly enthusiastic nature, but he couldn’t help it. It was the first time someone liked him for who he is, he wanted to make sure Xiumin knows how much he appreciated him, how grateful he was, but he guessed that’s where everything backfired.
If only.

If only I’d approached you more confidently. Would you fall for me then?

Would you fall for me if I wasn’t this loud? Maybe I should’ve kept my mouth shut.

I should’ve asked you to dance with me all night long if I knew it’ll be the last time we would ever be together.

You shouldn’t have leaned on my shoulder and rested your head on me.

I shouldn’t have let you in my house and showed you all my favourite things.

You shouldn’t have asked what my favourite movie was.

I shouldn’t have told you.

We shouldn’t have spent the night speaking on the phone and talking about our dreams, our dislikes, why you hated the colour green and why I hated the colour purple.

Now I have all this useless information about you. And it’ll just make me think about you.

Every time I see flashes of green I’ll think of you.

Whenever I listen to the radio and your favourite song comes on, I’ll think of you.

Goddammit, when the waiter asks me if I want ice on my drink, I’ll fucking think of you.

Why did you allow yourself into my world if you were just going to leave?

Why did I let you in?

Chen stops in his track, hands clenched and sight blurred as his tears overtakes his emotions. He stops for a moment, listening to the sniffling coming from behind him. He stops for a moment to feel the ice which had started to build up all around the hallway floor. He stops for a moment. Because he knew he wasn’t going to be able to be alone with Xiumin like this. No matter how painful this moment is for him, it’s even more painful to think that Xiumin and him will be returning back to strangers after this meeting, nothing more but two passing people in a crowd, so he stays still for a moment. Because he doesn’t want their friendship to end just yet. Because he’d rather relish in the pain of rejection right now then to spend the rest of the day as painful strangers.

‘I will always care for you’, he hears himself whisper, voice cracking as he coughs his tears away.

Xiumin looks up, the faded walls now covered in thick ice, sending shivers down their spine and fog in their surrounding as Xiumin creates a freezer around him, numbing the pain.

‘No matter what. Because apart from Chanyeol, you were the first to treat me as Kim Jongdae. And for that, you’ll always be appreciated by me’, Chen continues to walk away, turning a corner and breaking away from Xiumin’s view.
‘I’m sorry’, Xiumin whispers to himself as the frozen ice slowly travels outside of the hallway, turning a corner, trying to chase after a certain ruffled hair boy with tears in his eyes.

‘Hey, have you ever played Battlefield 1?’

‘I’ve never been much of a gamer’, Xiumin flicks through the magazine as he waits for the rest of the group to show up in Chen’s house.

‘Oh, come on, it’ll be fun, just try it’

‘No, we need to prepare for the wedding and we’re not going to get anywhere if the rest of the group are always fucking late’, Xiumin whines as he looks at his phone, texting Kai once again to hurry up from the ice cream parlour. Ever since finding out that Chen’s pretty much the future CEO of some company, the rest of the group has taken the respectful liberty of finishing their ice cream inside the parlour instead of bringing their unworthy filth in Chen’s house.

‘They’re going to take their time. I can feel it. So, we might as well play a game. Huh? Come on Xiumin. Xiuminnie. Minnie’, Chen whines like a puppy, resting his chin on Xiumin’s shoulder as he tries to make his eyes cute and pleading like the cat from Shrek.

‘Ergh. Fine’

‘Yes!’

‘But you have to show me how use the controller. I’m being serious when I say I’m not much of a gamer’, Chen laughs as he witnesses Xiumin’s words being put into actions as he observes Xiumin’s lack of knowledge as he tries to press the select button but failing miserably.

‘Come here, let me show you’, Chen stifled a laugh as he stretches his arms around Xiumin, torso resting on the latter’s back as he breathes down Xiumin’s neck, unknowingly making the boy in front of him shiver at the close contact.

‘See here, this is the X button, you use that to shoot’

Xiumin suddenly couldn’t focus on Chen’s explanation. His breathing was tickling his neck. He tries to move slightly away so that there’s a comfortable gap between them, but he noticed that he didn’t do that. In fact, he stayed where he was, eyes gazing down at Chen’s fingers touching his as the boy tried to direct his over the controller, eyes slowly gazing up to watch Chen’s eyelashes flutter, the small Cheshire cat smile whenever he talks about video games, his hair is slightly messy, but in a good way, in a way where he purposely made it messy. He feels a small tug in his stomach – or chest – he didn’t know. But all he knows is, he surely felt something.

He feels a vibrate on his front pocket as the short ringtone of his phone notifies him of a message.
Mum:

Minseok darling, where are you? Me and your father are at the front of the centre.

We’re leaving for the airport now.
I'll Protect You.

Baekhyun refuses to tag along with the group after community service, despite the fact that Kai was going to treat them to some Chinese takeaway, he couldn’t bear to be in the same vicinity as Chanyeol, not when all they ever talk about is that night. The night that Baekhyun barely remembers no matter how many fucking times he thinks about it – not that he thinks about it at all… Anyway…

He tears away from the group that carried on walking left, refusing once again to join, much to Lay’s dismay but Kai’s happiness as he has one less person to pay for. The air is slightly colder now that Summer is almost over, though he’ll miss the warm kiss of daylight, he couldn’t wait till the snow falls and he’s ready to wear his warm sweatshirts. Just thinking about it makes him want to make himself a cup of hot chocolate with sprinkles on top and marshmallows, lots and lots of marshmallows.
‘Ahem. Hey, mind if I walk with you?’, a voice distracts him from his daydream, shaking him back to reality. He turns to see the tall sophomore smiling at him as he walks beside Baekhyun.

‘What are you doing?’

‘I’m walking home with you. Like I usually do’

‘Shouldn’t you be with Suho and everyone else?’

‘Well… I saw you walking alone and…’

‘Sehun, go back’

‘Why?’

‘Because I know you don’t live near me. I’ve been to your house remember? Your place is on the other side of my neighbourhood’, Sehun drops his shoulders. He forgot that Baekhyun has been in his house. In pure embarrassment, he bows to Baekhyun, turning back to walk in the other direction. He didn’t want to go home just yet, but maybe he can catch up with the others.

‘Wait…’, Baekhyun sighs, shouting for Sehun to stop as he walks in the opposite direction of his house, approaching Sehun, ‘I’ll walk you home’

‘What?’

‘I’m not stupid. I know why you wanted to walk with me and it’s not because I’m a fun person to hang out with’

‘You are… A fun person to hang out with…’

‘Stop with the bullshit. Even I can tell when you’re lying’, Baekhyun smiles at the boy, patting him on the back as they walk to the right, this times towards Sehun’s house. Despite Sehun’s tall frame, he really is fragile, so much so that he’s even scared of Baekhyun. Not even Suho is scared of him.

Aish. I really have to protect this kid, Baekhyun thought, standing as close to him as possible, looking around for any group of high school students, preferably sophomore pricks loitering the streets. And since Baekhyun was looking, my god did he see them, a group of mindless idiots throwing litter onto the neighbourhood, laughing like a bunch of loud seals with a microphone. Gosh, Baekhyun almost forgot how much he hates his high school.

‘Oh, look who we have here. Oh Sehun has finally rolled into the area. We haven’t seen your ugly face in ages. We kind of miss it… Well, we miss punching it that’s for sure’, the sophomore kid donning a tacky headband around his hair laughs, looking back to his posse as they – like minions – laugh at the joke. Was it even a joke?

‘Oh, and look who he brings. Probably one of his new Senior bodyguard he fucks in exchange of protection’

‘Nah, he probably just fucks them all for free’

‘Sehun, just ignore them and carry on walking’, Baekhyun whispers, hands automatically grabbing Sehun, protectively making the boy stand behind him as he notices the group moving forward.

‘Oi, Sehun! Come on mate, why aren’t you saying anything? Isn’t it a bit rude to not talk back when someone is talking to you?’
'Look you major dickheads, he doesn’t want to talk to you, so leave it’, Baekhyun warns them, shouting back as he continues to pull Sehun as far away from the group of five approaching them.

‘Baekhyun…’

‘Don’t worry Hunnie, I’ve got this’, Baekhyun whispers, coughing as he tries to stand tall and intimidating in front of the sophomore kids, trying to show him his blue lanyard – maybe they’ll be more scared if they know he’s a proper senior. Baekhyun can only look intimidating, as much intimidating as a thin and quite short boy with big round glasses and puffy black hair.

_Dammit, where was D.O when you need him?_

‘Looks like Sehun has been sucking quite a few in exchange for a bodyguard. I’m slightly offended that you chose him to protect you from us… Where’s that hulk senior?’

‘Look, it seems like you were deprived as a child, but come on man, leave everyone out of your side life’, Baekhyun call back, watching as the playful smirk turns into fury.

_Oh shit. I must’ve hit home…_

Baekhyun internally punches himself for not keeping his mouth shut. Now he’s provoked him.

‘What did you just say to me?’

Oh well, he might as well roll with it.

‘I said you’re a sad loser with a sad life that has no idea how to make friends. I mean, if you’re that lonely, you should’ve just asked. Maybe I’d let you suck my dick’

Sehun sniggers a laugh.

‘Oh, you think that’s funny? You think that’s funny?’, the boy tenses his hands and the wind starts to blow, rather violently. Baekhyun had to try and balance himself as the wind spirals uncontrollably around them.

Did this kid have the power of wind too?

‘Oh come on! Sucking my dick isn’t that bad… Try it. You might like it’, Baekhyun taunts some more. He didn’t know why he was doing it, he clearly wasn’t doing himself a favour in doing so, but he continues to rile the whole group up, noticing that the boy is the only one using his powers – either the rest of the group have really good self-control or they probably have shit and useless powers.

‘Oh I’m so going to give it to you’

‘What? A good blowjob?’

That’s when the wind spirals into a tornado which spun around between Baekhyun and Sehun and the group of sophomore boys.

‘Sehun… Close your eyes’

Before the boy can throw the furious winds at them, Baekhyun clenches his hands out, creating a wall of light around him and Sehun, blinding everyone.

‘Ah!’, the sophomore kids landing to their knees as they try to bury their heads in between their
knees, trying to block it away from the fierce light. Baekhyun’s lucky enough to control light, so no matter how bright his lights flashes, he can still see through them, his eyes are mutated to withstand the brightest of light. Due to his sudden wall of light, the boy stops the fierce wind from spiralling towards them.

Baekhyun unclenches his hands, making the light disappear.

‘Now. Since that’s settled, I’d advice for you all never to loiter around this area again. Go home, play some video games, do your homework. Don’t ever come here for the soul purpose of ganging up on Sehun, do you hear me?’, Baekhyun looks down on the sophomore kids whose eyes are still tearing from the bright light, their sight still blurry and dark.

‘I said do you understand?’

Hurls of ‘okay’ and ‘yeah’ were given to him, making him slightly smug as the sophomores looks up at him, slightly terrified. They all make a run for it. All except for that wind boy.

‘You asshole’, he shouts as he hurls himself towards Baekhyun, punching the Senior hard on the face, making Baekhyun tumble to the floor. He took this opportunity to climb on top of him, punching Baekhyun’s face continuously.

‘Stop!’, a gush of strong wind pushes the boy away from Baekhyun, the boy’s back landing on a lamppost.

‘Ahh!’, the kid screams in pain, bending down to stroke his back.

‘Don’t ever touch him!’; Baekhyun, eye sight blurred from the punch and mouth drooling blood and saliva, looks up to see Sehun standing in front of the sophomore kid, pushing his wind to keep the boy from running from him, ‘You touch him, I’ll kill you’

‘What the fuck Sehun?! Get off me! I said get off me!’

‘Not until you promise not to touch him again!’, Sehun pushes his wind at the boy, intimidating him in such a way Baekhyun has never seen before.

‘Alright! Alright! Please let me go!’, the bully pleads, trying to clench his fists to counter attack Sehun’s power, but his recent injury didn’t help him to regain strength to use his powers.

Sehun finally stops his powers, the moment the wind subsides, the sophomore kid runs for his life, stumbling as he loses his balance from the shock.

‘Baekhyun, are you okay? Oh my… You’re bleeding everywhere. This is all my fault. I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry…’, Sehun kneels down, trying to get Baekhyun to sit up, crying as he sees the Senior’s bloodshot eyes, nose trickling down blood, lips swollen and bleeding, a huge gash on his cheek and hues of purple forming around his left eye. Sehun starts to cry.

‘Hey, hey. Why are you crying? I should be the one crying’, Baekhyun huff in pain, trying to get Sehun to stop crying but only making the boy cry even more as he groans in pain, ‘Hey, stop it. I’m alright’

‘No. You’re not alright. You’re hurt and your bleeding all because of me. I’m such an inconvenience!’

‘Hey, stop that. Don’t say that’
‘But I am… Look at you. First, I get D.O suspended then you get beat up… I should just leave you guys alone. I’m such a nuisance’, Sehun continues to cry, nose runny and eyes swollen red, making Baekhyun laugh at the sight of him. Gosh, people are so ugly when they cry…

‘Sehun please stop. Your crying face makes me laugh’, Baekhyun reaches for the bottom of his shirt, bringing it so his face as he tries to wipe the blood from his face, ‘Look, we chose to do those things. D.O chose to beat the shit out of the dickhead and I chose to do the same. Come on Sehun, we’ve talked about this. You’re not a nuisance, okay?’, he looks over to Sehun, he stopped wailing like a five-year-old, but his eyes were still tearing up.

‘Say it to me. Say you’re not a nuisance’

‘But I am’

‘Okay, well repeat after me then. I, Oh Sehun…’

‘I, Oh Sehun’

‘Am not a nuisance…’

‘Am not a nuisance’

‘Nor am I inconvenient…’

‘Nor am I inconvenient’

‘D.O and Baekhyun got themselves in trouble…’

‘D.O and Baekhyun got themselves in trouble’

‘Because they’re my cool best friends…’

Sehun pauses to look at Baekhyun.

‘Come on. Repeat it’

‘Because they’re my cool best friends’

‘Who will do anything to protect me…’

‘Who… Will do anything to protect me’

‘No matter what…’

‘No matter what’

‘Good. Now that’s settled, do you mind if I come home with you? I kind of need a plaster…’
Xiumin looks outside the window of the moving car, eyes still swollen from crying too much and arms sore red from the amount of ice he emitted. He was tired and dehydrated.

His parents notice their son’s red eyes and swollen lips.

‘Minseok, I know you’re upset, but everything’s going to be okay’, his mum whispers, not knowing the real reason of why her son was a still a crying mess, completely misunderstanding the situation.

‘Your grandmother’s going to be fine and so are we’

‘Yeah…’, he whispers, trying to dismiss his mum’s questions and continuing to look up at the sky. It’s grey now.

‘Looks like there might be a thunderstorm after we leave’, his dad voices out, turning a corner straight into the highway. Xiumin feels his phone beep once more, distracting him from his daydream. He looks down to see a text from Kai.

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K Jongin

Dude, where are you? You missed some good Chinese food 🍜

I’m going somewhere

Where?

11/09/2017 7:28 pm

China

What the fuck? Why? I've got some Chinese food if that's what you wanted

Are you going now? When are you coming back?

16/09/2017 1:32 am

My grandma’s sick. My family’s booked the next flight to china l. I don’t know when I'll be back...
It wouldn’t be a surprise if he didn’t.
Chanyeol groans as he walks into school an hour earlier. He couldn’t believe they opened the school library so early in the morning and he couldn’t believe he was still doing morning volunteer in the library. It’s been ages since Baekhyun had framed him with burning one of the school’s library books, but the librarian still won’t let him go. No stupid book is worth his morning sleep.

‘Good morning Chanyeol. Late, as usual’, the librarian voices out. Already making her way out of the library reception at the sight of her replacement.

‘Yes, because it’s seven o’clock in the morning and no one wakes up this early’, he calls back. He’s usually not this rude to any member of the staff, but he’s not a morning person either, so one small poke and he’ll fume.
'Just don’t burn anything’, she walks straight pass him, leaving him alone in the empty library by himself. Barely anyone goes to the school library at lunch, let alone in the morning before school starts, so this is not only time consuming for Chanyeol, but useless for everyone else.

‘Oomphf’, he sighs as he lands on one of the seats, setting his bag down on the desk, he adjusts it in perfect place before dropping his head and closing his eyes. Chanyeol goes to sleep.

Beep. Chanyeol’s eyes flutters open at the light sound of beeping, head still in a sleepy state as he rubs his eyes, trying to adjust his eyesight, yawning and stretching his arms, he looks to his side and notice that he was not alone…

‘Baekhyun?’, he sees the boy sitting by his side, scanning a pile of books left at the front of the desk, he didn’t even notice it when he first walked in. He was about to ask Baekhyun what he was doing in the library so early in the morning but his eyes distracted him, rather, what his eyes saw.

‘What happened to you?’, he scans Baekhyun’s face noticing a black eye, bruised lips and a bandage taped on a gash on his cheeks.

‘I got into a fight’

‘A fight? With who? What were you doing fighting? Did you call for help?’

‘Can you calm down with the questions? Honestly, you just woke up and you’re already your loud usual self’

‘Stop acting like this is the first time you’ve seen me woke up’, Baekhyun turns to glare at him, throwing a library book in his direction.

‘We agreed not to talk about that’

‘Why not? Everyone else seems to be talking about it’, Baekhyun grimace at the thought of people talking about his sex life. Gosh, he couldn’t bear to read the group chat because that seems to be all they ever talk about…

‘You sure you didn’t feel anything?’, Chanyeol’ sudden question freezes Baekhyun in his tracks. What does he mean by feel? Was Chanyeol really asking him if… He had feelings for him?

‘Um…’

‘I mean… Didn’t you feel sore in the morning? Like you’re back were aching or something?’

Oh, for fuck’s sake.

‘Fucking hell, can you stop with that!’, Baekhyun punches Chanyeol’s shoulder harshly.

‘No, I won’t. Not until I know for certain’

‘Why do you want to know? Either way, we both had sex. End of story’

Hmpfh’, Chanyeol huffs in frustration as Baekhyun continues to ignore him, ‘Well, you still haven’t answered my question’

‘I’m not answering a question about who topped’

‘Not that you idiot. Why do you look like shit?’
'Oh, I was… Beating up some of Sehun’s bullies'

'Oh shit, really? And did you win?'

'Um… Yeah, you can say that'

'Sweet. Give me five’, Chanyeol lifts up his hand and waits for Baekhyun to high five. The latter awkwardly looks up at the tall boy’s hand in the air, slowly bringing his to touch Chanyeol’s. Just as he was about to bring his hand down, Chanyeol takes the opportunity to interlock his hand with Baekhyun, pulling the boy towards him, making Baekhyun’s computer chair slide closer to where Chanyeol is.

'We might as well do something about the poorly done bandage on your face. You look so ugly right now’, Chanyeol laughs as Baekhyun glares at him. He opens one of the small pockets of his backpack, revealing a mini first aid kit, completed with disinfectant cream and bandages.

'Why the hell do you have a whole first aid kit in your bag? Do you burn people in your spare time?’, Baekhyun notices Chanyeol opening up a bag – a fucking bag – filled with band aids, in different shapes and sizes. Who even is this guy?

'Haha, very funny but no’, he sarcastically laughs as he grabs Baekhyun’s arm to stop him from sliding away, ‘Believe it or not but it’s actually for Chen’

'Chen?’, Baekhyun looks closely as Chanyeol applies a small amount of disinfectant cream on his fingers, edging closer to him as he tries to apply it on Baekhyun’s gash, ‘Ow!’

'Hold still, idiot’, Chanyeol warns, his other hand still gripping itself onto Baekhyun’s arm, ‘Anyway. Chen would always do stupid things when he’s drunk. Turns into a real hardcore parkour kind of guy. Obviously, jumping off buildings whilst drunk is not really the best idea so he always comes out bruised or injured, to the point where I would get in trouble with his parents whenever I took him home bleeding’, Chanyeol finishes applying the ointment on Baekhyun’s face, wiping the excess onto his denim jeans as he opens a fresh new bandage, slightly bigger than Baekhyun’s previous one.

'So, I’ve bought a whole first aid kit in special occasions when Chen does something stupid. Just in case. I don’t want to get shouted at by his mother again’, he gently bandages Baekhyun’s injury, smiling at his perfect work. The bandaged covered the whole scar. Good.

'So, you always take precautions with Chen? Seems to me, you’re always giving up your life for Chen’

'You jealous or something?'

'What? Of course not. It’s just nice to see, that’s all’, Baekhyun flinches at Chanyeol’s sudden accusation, eyes looking down as he slides back to his place, far away from Chanyeol.

'Next time, don’t get beaten up badly’

'Why? You’re worried?’

They both at each other at the exact moment, where their eyes land upon each other, silent and slightly awkward atmosphere between the two.

'No, I just don’t want to look at your ugly face looking even more uglier with all those purple bruises'
‘Will you stop calling me ugly’, Baekhyun grabs the nearest object his hands can reach – which is a pen – and throws it at Chanyeol in frustration. Not the answer he was waiting for.

Why are you here anyway?’

‘What do you mean?’

‘I mean, it’s eight o’clock in the morning and lessons don’t start till eight thirty… So, why are you here?’

‘Because… Technically… I’m the one who’s supposed to be here’, Chanyeol looks up and sees Baekhyun fiddling with his nails, biting it as he looks down on the desk.

‘Wait a minute… Are you here to… Apologise to me?’ , Chanyeol smirks as he sees a tint of red make their way to Baekhyun’s cheeks, ‘Byun Mr Almighty Baekhyun is here to apologise to me’

‘Shut up will you. Stop making it into a big deal. It’s my fault you’re here earlier, so I might as well apologise for it’

‘Well go on then’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Apologise’

‘I already did’

‘No, you didn’t’

‘Yes, I did’

‘No you didn’t. You said you were here to apologise, but you didn’t actually apologise’, Chanyeol slides his chair nearer to Baekhyun, facial expressions smug. You bet, he was going to relish and milk this moment.

‘For fuck’s sakes Chanyeol. I’m sorry’

‘Sorry for what?’

‘For fucking you over. Happy?’

‘Very much so’, his response earns him a harsh push.

‘At least it’s better than your sad excuse of an apology’

‘What do you mean?’

‘A note? I mean, are we in elementary school?’

‘I thought my note was cute actually’

‘Yeah right’, Baekhyun puffs, looking away from Chanyeol and trying to busy himself with rescanning the library books. They can hear the rustles of footsteps outside of the library as first period nears, shouting and laughter muffled by the doors of the library.

‘If you hated it that much, why hang it up in your room’
‘What?’

‘Oh, come on, I saw it’

Baekhyun didn’t reply to Chanyeol, which worried the latter as he was left in silence. For a moment, he wondered if it was actually his note. Maybe he got it wrong? He was hungover that day.

‘You said in your note that I could hit you back’

‘What?’

‘Did you forget what you wrote?’, Chanyeol remembered it vaguely. He didn’t pour his heart and soul in the apology so it was natural for him to forget what exactly he wrote but he did remember writing something along those lines, but that within itself also wasn’t from the heart but more on the spur of the moment. He didn’t actually mean it. What was Baekhyun up to?

‘Um…’

‘Come on then’

‘Excuse me?’

‘You said I can hit you. I’m taking your word for it and using it now’

‘Wait… Are you actually serious?’

‘Do you hear me stutter?’, Baekhyun glides his chair to face Chanyeol, rolling his wrist as he prepares himself for the hit.

‘Wait a minute. I’m confused. Why do you want to hit me? And now?’

‘Because you’re annoying and you called me ugly’

‘I was joking!’

‘Doesn’t matter. Come here now, the bell’s about to ring’, Chanyeol idly faces Baekhyun, still not quite believing that Baekhyun had just proposed to punch him. What sort of random bullshit is this?

‘Close your eyes’

‘Shit, Baekhyun, you’re not going to hit me hard, are you?’

‘Just. Close your eyes’, Baekhyun commands. The pair are now face to face, sitting close to each other in a silent library. The birds lightly chirp outside, with the library windows open, they can feel the light breeze of the Autumn morning along with the melodious singing of the birds. The day is bright, but not too bright, their shadows the only thing which shuffles along with the sway of their movements. Chanyeol closes his eyes shut for the impact as he sees Baekhyun lift up his hand in a clenched fist. But Baekhyun’s shadows didn’t reiterate along the movement of fist punching face, but with lips touching lips.

Chanyeol opens his eyes in shock as he felt a soft touch on his lips instead of a painful impact on his face. He looks at Baekhyun, so close to his face, he can feel the boy’s breathing. The boy’s uneven breathing which tickles his skin; he feels the electric touch of Baekhyun’s fingertips as he wraps Chanyeol around him, drawing him closer. He sees Baekhyun’s round glasses slowly gliding
down until the cold metal touches his nose. He senses Baekhyun edging even more closer to him, eyes closed and lips open. But what shocks him the most was the he didn’t feel his hands climb up to hug Baekhyun closer to him, he didn’t realise his lips moving in sync with the latter, he didn’t notice his tongue shyly reaching out, licking Baekhyun’s lips and asking for permission. He can taste blood.

The school bell rings aloud across the school building, signalling them that first period is about to start, the feeling of warmth disappears from his and a gush of wind touches his face as he sees Baekhyun stand from his chair, as quick as lightning, running out of the library and away from Chanyeol.

‘What the fuck was that?’, he whispers to himself. He couldn’t even process what the fuck just happened right now, his ass still sitting on the library chair, not moving to get to his next lesson. How could he? He just made out with Baekhyun and worse, the idiot instigated it… If Baekhyun had the ability to control him at this moment, then him topping wasn’t too farfetched anymore…

‘Park Chanyeol, what are you still doing here? Get to lessons!’, the librarian walks in, holding a full-blown English Breakfast, despite the no eating in the library policy, shocked to see the teenager still seated in the library despite first period starting ten minutes ago.

‘Whatcha doing?’, Lay leans his chair back, biting his pen as he notices that Suho wasn’t writing a hypothesis unlike the rest of the class.

‘I’m filling up a request form’

‘A request form for what?’, Lay looks over the Class President’s shoulder, seeing his neat writing glide across the white sheet of paper.

‘An antibullying workshop. It’ll last the whole week and we’ll invite psychologists and proper professionals to talk to the whole school about the impact of bullying’

‘Wow. Seems like a good idea. You think it’ll work?’

‘I have no idea… But I wanna at least give it a try’, Lay notices the hint of motivation which rested upon Suho’s expression, his glasses sliding down his nose as he continues to write down on the form without much care for anything. Slowly the glasses fall just at the tip of his nose.

Lay reaches out his hand to glide it back up, making Suho flinch at the sudden contact.

‘Oh… Thanks’, Suho looks over at Lay, smiling as he carries on working on the form, trying to make it look as presentable as possible.

‘You really wanna do it for Sehun, don’t you?’

‘Huh?’
‘The whole bullying scenario. It intrigues me’

‘What intrigues you?’

‘You’ve been bullied by a lot of people. I’ve noticed and I’ve only been in this school for a little over a month’

‘And your point is?’

‘You’ve never done anything about it. You just let it happen to you. You even got mad at me once for standing up for you’

‘That’s because you were about to punch someone’

‘Anyway… The moment you witness Sehun’s bullying, you’re already making rallies and organising workshops’

‘Well, of course. It’s because I know exactly how he feels and I don’t want him to feel like that for the rest of his school life’

‘Is that all?’

‘What do you mean? Of course that’s all’

‘Alright boss. Whatever you say’, Lay laughs to himself as Suho goes back to his work. Man, his new friends were so oblivious – or lying to themselves. He doesn’t know which one yet.

Sehun looks down to his notebook, finishing up his question sheet as first period draws to a close, eyes avoiding the class as always. Typically he would usually have to deal with hurls of insults, but for the past couple of days, the insults have subsided immensely. He didn’t know whether to feel calm or slightly worried as the last time anything seemed calm, by the end of the week, he was greeted by a massive sophomore prank where they stole all his clothes during gym and forced him to cry for help as he refuses to leave the changing room naked, scared they might take pictures again and send it around the whole year.

‘Hey, Sehun’, he flinches in fright as he hears a soft voice behind him, he covers his head subconsciously shielding himself. He slowly looks behind him to see one of his classmates looking over at him.

‘Um… Hello?’

‘Yeah… Sehun, have you done question eighteen yet?’, she asks, looking down at her worksheet then back at him. He turns to check.

‘Um, yeah’
‘Great. Do you mind in helping me?’

‘Do you want my answers?’, Sehun asks, already handing her his notebook.

‘What? No, I want you to help me out. I’m stuck with question eighteen’, she replies softly, smiling as Sehun as she showed him her messy notebook, filled with scratched working outs and messy handwriting.

‘Ah… Well, I think you’re applying the wrong method…’, he slowly turns his body around to face her, smiling back as he looks down to her notebook.

‘What the fuck? Blergh. Yuck’, Baekhyun whispers to himself, wiping his mouth for the umpteen time, asking D.O for his water bottle and gulping it down in one go.

‘Jesus, Baekhyun, are you alright?’, D.O asks, surprise that the boy even sat next to him during first period. Despite sharing a class together, Baekhyun never bothers to start sitting next to D.O and just continues to act like mysterious lone wolf self, making all the girls in the classroom seem more interested in him. But today is different. D.O settles himself comfortably to his table, spreading his stationary and notebooks out generously as no one really bothers to sit with him on most days. All of a sudden, Baekhyun walks in, breathless and looking like he’s been through a horror movie with a bruised face, sitting right next to him and resting his bruised face onto his shoulder as if he was hiding from someone.

‘Baekhyun, I can’t help you if you don’t tell me what’s going on’, D.O whispers as their teacher starts to read out from the power point with a monotonous voice, draining the life out of everybody.

‘I don’t want to talk about it. I might throw up if I do’, Baekhyun wanted to kill himself. No, he wanted to get Chen and electrocute him back to sanity. Why did he do that? He should’ve just punched Chanyeol, but the moment the latter’s eyes closed, something in him clicked. He hasn’t properly looked at Chanyeol’s face, why would he? He hated the brat. But the moment he looked, like really looked and focus of the very freckles on his nose, the way his eyebrows arched up slightly, the creases by his eyes as he closes it shut, the way his lips pursed tightly.

‘Blergh’, he gags, hands punching his head as he tries to shake himself back to reality. He needs to stop and remind himself that he and Chanyeol are enemies – enemies who slept together – but still. They did not get along and they will not get along…

‘Baekhyun’, he hears the low gruff murmurs of Chanyeol’s voice breathing down his neck.

‘Chan-Chanyeol’, he remembers himself moaning out his name, fingers grazing over the tall boy’s hair, holding it as he felt a surge of ecstasy flow through his body-
‘Oh my God, D.O… I think I’m going to throw up’, he holds onto D.O as flashes of images goes through his mind.

‘Baek? Baek? Are you okay?’, D.O now looks worried over the boy who looked like he’s been possessed as he flinches around, gagging and freaking himself out, ‘Do you want to go to the Healer’s office?’

‘No, I want to go to a Church. I need to get cleansed’

‘What are you talking about? Are you sure you’re okay? I think your lips are bleeding…’, D.O slyly takes out his phone, messaging Kai an S.O.S text, getting his boyfriend to come here and sort Baekhyun out, not knowing that the boy wasn’t at school today, hell, he isn’t even in the country.

Xiumin looks out of the window of his current room, looking at the forest which decorates itself behind his windows, seeing the trickling of raindrops on the leaves and on the glass of his windows. He reaches his finger out, following the trails of one particular raindrop, imagining a race between the two pairs of raindrops he was observing.

His family landed in China a couple of hours ago, his parents going straight to bed in his Uncle’s house, recharging themselves so they have enough energy to visit his grandmother who’s been sick for a couple of weeks now.

Despite his whole family sleeping, he just couldn’t close his eyes. Not when there’s lightning appearing in front of him all morning. He couldn’t stop watching the thunderstorm unfolding in front of him, seeing the bursts of light flashing into the grey sky.

‘This room looks nice’, he turns to see none other than Kai leaning on his closed door.

‘What the fuck are you doing here you motherfucker?’

‘You texted me where you would be staying and it wasn’t long till I found it on Google Maps’, Kai explains nonchalantly, looking around and scanning Xiumin’s room. It was plain, simple, no posters, no video games, no clothes scattered on the floor, no signs of living in the room.

‘That’s not the point. How are you here? In China?’

‘Have you forgotten my powers of teleportation?’

‘You teleported here? That’s illegal Kai! You haven’t even gone through immigrations!’

‘I’m not going around China running pass CCTVs, I’m in a room bang in the middle of the country side. How are they going to know I’m here?’, Kai laughs as Xiumin throws a pillow at him.
‘You are a piece of work; do you know that?’

‘I’ve been told’

‘What are you doing here anyway?’

‘I wanna see my best friend?’

‘Best friend?’

‘What? Who do you think you are to me?’

‘A school buddy’?, Kai shrugs his head at Xiumin’s replying, walking over to the centre of the room and sitting down on the bed, perfectly made and looks like it hasn’t been slept on.

‘What’s going on?’

‘What do you mean?’

‘You wouldn’t pick up my calls, your text messages were one-word answers and right now, you look like your childhood dog just got ran over by a bus’, Kai states, worriedly glancing over to Xiumin who continues to look outside his window solemnly, ‘You know, I’m not just going to break government law just to see what’s up, you’re hiding something and I know it’

‘I’m not hiding anything’

‘Xiumin…’

A loud bang of thunder steps in between their conversation, making Xiumin look up to watch the bright light of lightening.

‘I never noticed hoe pretty thunderstorms are…’

‘Holy shit. This is about Chen, isn’t it?’, Kai looks over Xiumin who looks like he was about to cry at the mention of his name, ‘What happened between the two of you and how comes you haven’t told me about it?’, Kai stands from the bed and makes his way to sit on the window ledge beside Xiumin.

‘He tried to kiss me’

‘And?’

‘What do you mean and? I pushed him back because I don’t like him like that’

‘You sure about that?’

Yes! God dammit I’m sure about it!’

‘Alright. No need to shout’, Kai lifts his hands in surrender, noticing that it really struck a core in Xiumin, so instead of pressing on the matter, he sits besides Xiumin, head leaning on the cold window as they both stare at the flowing leaves, the soiled ground wet and the sky grey. Kai waits patiently, observing the country side’s well known blooming plants closing to its last stages of life as Autumn rolls in, the season turning the one vibrant green leaves into brown.

‘I had a relationship before I moved schools. We’ve been going out since we were about fourteen’, Xiumin begins as the comfortable silence engulfs the pair, the ambient atmosphere opening up
something in Xiumin he’s been trying to hide.

‘We were childhood friends. We grew up together and we fell in love together. He was the best thing to have ever happened to me’

‘And you broke up because long distance sucks?’

‘No. It was a year before my family moved. We started Junior year and everything was going steady. He knew me so well that I couldn’t even lie to him, he can tell when I was lying, he knew the way I twitched my nose whenever I lied. I knew all of his secrets since he was a kid. I knew the time he peed his pants in 4th Grade, or the time he accidentally called our elementary teacher mum. I know everything about him, things he wouldn’t have told anyone else, that he didn’t even bother hiding anything from me… Or so I thought’

Kai looks at the window, he sees small delicate frosts decorating itself around the glass, small but dainty travelling to cover the whole window, engulfing them into ice.

‘One day, a rumour started. Something about me that no one knows about. That I was supposed to be a twin, but my brother came out a still born. No one knew about that, only me and my parents, so how did the story spread?’

‘The bastard told everyone?’

Xiumin laughs, looking down at the palm on his hands as he creates snowflakes which floats between Kai and him, the soft object landing on Kai’s jeans and leaving a wet patch.

‘You know what the funny thing is?’

‘What?’

‘He told one of his team mates in his Lacrosse team whilst he was sleeping with them’

‘What?’

‘Till this day, I always wondered how I became a subject of conversation whilst they were having sex…’. Xiumin clenches his hands for a moment, squeezing his hand till his nails dug deep into his skin, feeling blood trickling down his hand.

‘Well, did you break up with that dickhead?’

‘Of course I did'

‘Good’

‘But that’s the thing Kai. It wasn’t. Even after what he’d done to me, cheating on me and breaking my trust, I felt emptier letting him go then finding out about him cheating and spreading my secrets. I’ve known him since before I can speak, he’d been a part of most of my life, the moment I turn back to look in the past, he’s there. He’s always there. He’ll always be there’

The room is now snowing as Xiumin unclenches his bloody hand, making snowflakes by the dozens which flies around the room.

‘Xiumin’

‘He was my best friend. And all my memories, the good ones, they’re tarnished because of what he
done. Now I can’t even look at a simple childhood memory without feeling sad… I promised myself… I promised myself I would never put myself in such a fucked-up situation ever again. I wasn’t going to let someone abuse me after I’ve opened up to them…’

‘Xiumin… Chen isn’t like that…’

‘How do you know? I’ve known Chen for how long? A couple of months? Well, I’ve known Minhyuk since I was five and he still did what he did to me. I told myself I wasn’t going to be stupid. I’m sticking to my promise’

‘Xiumin…’, Kai didn’t know what to do. He couldn’t persuade Xiumin to drop all his walls down for Chen, but he couldn’t just sit and watch Xiumin inflict pain onto himself, all because he’s too scared to fall for a friend. What was he supposed to do now? There’s nothing else he can do but to let the snow fall onto them, his lashes catching some of the white snow as he reaches his hand out, inviting Xiumin into an embrace, not a warm one, neither a soft one, but an embrace nonetheless and for Xiumin, it was enough.
For a moment, Chanyeol wasn’t thinking about the dark haired short boy, he was too busy doing two jobs of receiving and returning books in the library that lunch time.

‘Shows up in the morning, but doesn’t even bother to show up now’, he mumbles to himself, strolling the cart filled with books as students rush in and out of the library due to Junior’s first big exam of the year. Chanyeol is cracking his back and patience trying to take care of so many requests that for a moment he hasn’t uttered the name of the godforsaken bitch.
‘Kisses me then leaves, huh, we’ll see about that’, Chanyeol grits his teeth, shoving a book into a random shelf, ignoring the basic organisation of how to shelf a library book; author name and book title, shoving the first book he can see into the first empty shelf he finds.

‘Watch… I’m going to kill him, break his neck and sell his kidneys to the black market…’, he continues to whisper to himself as he delves deeper and deeper through the dozens of library shelves noticing the odd students strolling and looking for a book, eyeing him with much confusion as he carries on talking to himself, but Chanyeol didn’t care, no, right now he’s listing ways on how to skin Baekhyun alive.

‘Or maybe I’ll burn him again… Maybe I’ll burn him in the face so he won’t get those grubby lips on me’, how dare he think he can touch the Park Chanyeol and his lips. He has girls dying to get a piece of him and Baekhyun just decides why not? He doesn’t think so. Not by a long shot. Not by a –

‘Oh, my fucking God! Both of you out! Out, out, out!’, Chanyeol yells across the silent library, making a turn to the next shelf to find two people intensely making out against the library shelves, clothes almost off.

‘Dude!’, the guy yells, flinching at the sound of Chanyeol’s loud screams, adjusting his jacket back into place as the girl flinches and bows her head, trying to avoid making eye contact with Chanyeol.

‘Don’t dude me. Have a bit of class! Sex in the library? You’ve been watching too much porn’, he didn’t know what came over him shouting at the Junior for making out in the library, it’s not like he hasn’t done it before, in fact, it’s like a high school bucket list to at least do it in the school library, but since lips and sex has been all that’s rolling inside Chanyeol’s already weird mind, he couldn’t help but explode at the fact that he was about to witness two people having sex.

‘Such a party killer’, the Junior whispers, pushing pass the tall Senior, pissed at the fact that his moment just got interrupted.

‘Excuse me? Party killer? Do you know who you’re talking to? Park fucking Chanyeol, that’s right! I’m Mr Party Vibe!’

‘No, you’re not. I don’t even know who you are’

‘Oh, well I guess that makes you a loser! ‘

‘Excuse me Mr library man, could you shut up?! I’m trying to study here!’, his argument with the Junior gets cut off short as the rest of the students by the front of the library orders in fits of shouts for him to shut up.

Mr library man?

I don’t even know you?

Oh God, it’s happening. What Chanyeol has feared since the start of Senior year is already happening. He’s being forgotten.

‘Hey, Jae Woo’s party was so awesome last night! Dude, I’m so going to his next one tomorrow night!’, Jae Woo? Oh hell no. Chanyeol rushes back into the front reception of the library, leaving behind the trolleys of books and almost climbing on the desk as he grabs his back where his phone rested.
He needs an intervention.

Suho feels the water flow through his skin, closing his eyes as he floats above the school’s swimming pool. It’s been a long time since Suho can fully appreciate the water, always training and practising, but never just floating.

He hears the small gush of waves as he flails his arms slowly, seeing the water rise above his arms for a moment, before crashing back in beneath him. He isn’t a big fan of the chlorine, his skin didn’t like the feeling, but he had to make do. They didn’t live near the beach and the closes thing he has in embracing himself was the small pool in his school’s track.

He originally didn’t want to take up swimming because he didn’t want people to think that he was using his powers to cheat, but since his parents were adamant to have all their children take up extra classes and clubs, Suho had no choice but to choose swimming or track. He hated running.

‘Having fun?’, he hears someone’s voice echoes across the empty corridor. Suho opens his eyes to see Lay walking in, grey school tracksuit on, along with a plain black shirt, soaked in sweat and face gleaming.

‘What’s up with you?’

‘Dancing’

‘Huh?’

‘I thought I should take up something whilst I’m here and dancing has always been a hobby of mine’, Lay shouts across the pool, smiling down as he breathes heavily, hands trying to open the lid of his water bottle. It seems like Lay was getting along just fine fitting in school. Suho looks at the boy in front of him. He’s jealous of Lay. He’s never seen anyone so carefree before and being accepted by everyone, Suho has never had that privilege. Even the stoners love Lay. Everyone loves Lay. No one likes him. Suho the teacher’s pet. Party pooper. A nobody.

‘Hey Lay’, Suho calls him over, getting up and beginning to walk on water towards Lay, not wanting to swim back to the edge due to his three-hour long practice previously, making his muscles ache.

‘Woah! That’s so cool!’, Lay points out, eyes wide and empty water bottle dropped on the floor as he points on how Suho is just gliding across water like it’s nothing.

‘Huh, oh this? Just a little perk I learnt to do with my powers’, Suho finally lands his feet on solid ground, approaching Lay, ‘Anyway, look, I’m having a charity swim competition I’ve been planning for months now, it’s coming up next week, I was wondering… If you wanna come?’

‘Well duh I’m coming! I’ve already seen the millions of posters up across the hallways, you didn’t
have to invite me’, Lay laughs, wrapping an arm around him, ‘Anyway, if I’m coming to your swim competition, it’s only fair you come to my Lacrosse game’

‘Lacrosse? I thought you were doing dance?’

‘What? I can’t do both?’

‘What exactly have you signed up for?’

‘Let’s see... Dancing, Lacrosse, archery, performing arts, composition, animation and... Community service’

‘You didn’t sign up for the last one’

‘Well I have now’

‘Eh?’

‘My community service was only for two weeks. I didn’t do anything and the teachers found out that the pack of weed wasn’t mine’

‘So, you’ve been coming in voluntarily?!’

‘How else am I going to hang out with my new friends when they’re all doing service?’

‘You have other friends in school. You’ve made loads already’

‘Yeah, but they’re not as cool as you guys’

‘Us guys?’

‘Haven’t you heard?’, Lay grabs his towel, wiping the sweat from the back of his neck, ‘Everyone’s talking about Park Chanyeol’s new posse and how much cooler they are. You must have heard it flying around school’

‘Wait... They were talking about us?’

‘Well duh. Who else has Chanyeol been hanging out with?’

Suho stilled for a moment. Of course he’s heard his year group flying around new rumours about Chanyeol and his cool new group, but he honestly thought Chanyeol was probably going around after school getting drunk and high in parties again. He didn’t think they meant them when talking about cool people, right?

‘Come on Suho, it’s not hard to think as yourself as cool when you walk on water!’, Lay pushes Suho to prove a point, only being shocked as Suho lands straight into the water, gasping for breath from the surprise dunk.

‘You idiot! I need to use my powers to walk on water you idiot!’

‘Oh... So it’s not automatic? That’s ashamed. It would’ve been awesome if it was just a natural reflex’, Lay points out.

‘Natural reflex? I’ll show you natural reflex’, Suho tenses his arms, shaking the water pumps which fills the swimming pool, making the stadium shake from the dense water forcing the pumps to vibrate aggressively. Lay falters straight into the pool due to the unstable ground, clothes wet...
and eyes soaked in chlorine.

‘Ah! Jesus Suho! What was that for?’

‘For looking down on my powers’, Suho laughs, splashing a great wave towards Lay who drowns beneath the intensity of Suho’s powers.

‘That’s so not cool!’, Lay yells, flailing his hands to splash Suho, but his waves were small and childlike compared to Suho and he pouts as he sees Suho laughing at him after he sends another strong wave at Lay’s direction.

‘No fair!’

And with that entails the event of the most unfair water fight, with Lay being constantly swept by Suho’s waves, having to swim back to him, small waves only splashing a little bit on Suho’s face. Moments in which the two gets lost into their own bubble, laughing the day away in each other’s comfort not knowing the boy hiding behind the closed door of the stadium, a chicken sandwich in one hand and a bottle of blue Gatorade, Suho’s favourites, sneaking a peek at the happy pair, slowly bringing his head down and walking away.

‘Kai please stop, I’m trying to study. I have an exam tomorrow and I haven’t finished going over the module yet’, D.O sways his neck away from Kai as he continuously tries to steal soft kisses from him, the sun bright as the pair sit outside the school’s field and away from everyone’s noise.

‘Just one more’, Kai mumbles, lips already pressed on D.O’s jaws, giving the small boy short pecks across till he reaches his chin, slowly reaching up to kiss D.O’s soft full lips.

‘Mmhm, Kai… Stop’, D.O once again tries to get Kai off him – well, off his lips – as his boyfriend’s head blocks his view from his book.

‘Just one more’

‘Kai, you said that five minutes ago…’

‘Then just two more’, D.O gives up, throwing his pen to the ground – which crashes and snaps in two – hands wrapping itself around Kai’s face, cupping the boy’s cheeks as he draws him in. He hasn’t kissed anyone like this before. Of course, he’s had his first kiss back in freshman year with a boy in summer camp, but that was just a small peck on the lips. Kai wanted more, he wanted to indulge himself with all of D.O and he can only comply, lips parting as he lets Kai’s tongue roam him, eyes closed and cheeks hot as he feels Kai’s fingers tracing him, hands going down to his neck and onto his collar bone, fingertips electrifying his chest as he feels his fingers go further down.

‘Is that spicy rice cakes? Let me have some’

‘Chen!’
‘Oh my God!’, both D.O and Kai gasp out, one in frustration and one in embarrassment as Chen crashes in between them, interrupting their make out session as he steals D.O’s lunch, stuffing his mouth with the rice cakes along with his noodles, cheeks puffed like a hamster.

‘Chen, what are you doing here?’, Kai whines, ruffling his hair in frustration as he just had D.O give him attention, but now his boyfriend’s attention is now back on the books and not him. He’s more than pissed, he’s infuriated.

‘Chanyeol’s in the library and I couldn’t find Suho’, Chen talks with his mouth full, spitting some wet chewed noodles onto D.O’s textbook.

‘Ew’, D.O looks down, using his new pen he stole from Kai’s pencil case, to flick the disgusting piece off his book.

‘Then go chill with Sehun’

‘Sehun says he’ll be with Suho’, D.O bursts Kai’s bubble of trying to get rid of Chen.

‘How about Lay?’

‘Can’t find him either’, Chen dismisses Kai, bumping his shoulder against D.O as he sways from side to side, humming a song he’s been hearing over the radio, munching on his meal.

‘Who said you can touch my boyfriend?’, Kai complains, pulling Chen away from D.O. He didn’t appreciate Chen being so close to D.O that they’re almost touching.

‘Dude, we touched shoulders, not dicks’, this earns Chen a strong punch in the chest by Kai.

‘Maybe that’s what you need’

‘What? D.O’s dick?’, Chen earns himself another punch.

‘Not D.O’s! Maybe someone else. When was the last time you got laid?’

‘The last time I got myself into a serious relationship’

‘And when was that?’

‘Sophomore’

‘What?! You haven’t had sex in two years?’, Kai yells, punching Chen’s shoulder once again – he can already feel the bruises. Unlike Chanyeol, Chen wasn’t a fuckboy, so having sex was something he takes very seriously.

‘Oh, and you have?’, D.O suddenly turns to face Kai, dropping his pen to give him his utmost attention.

‘Look, I’m not even going to lie to you, but half the rumours about me are true you know’, Kai lifts his arms up in surrender, face looking down so he won’t see D.O glaring at him.

‘Does that mean the time you had sex on Jae Woo’s parents’ bed is true?’, Chen blurts out, instantly regretting it as they witness D.O’s second pencil snapping in two as D.O’s fingers tense around the thin frame.

‘Um… No, of course not!’, Kai grimace as he sees D.O punching the grass, seeing the small cracks of the ground around his fists.
‘Don’t lie to me’

‘Honestly, it’s no big deal. That was ages ago!’

‘That’s it. I’m looking for Suho’, D.O stands up, closing his book and burying them inside his bag and walking away from Chen and Kai.

‘Babe, wait!’

‘Don’t babe me. It’s D.O and don’t you dare follow me’, Kai stays sitting down, not wanting to have a broken bone if he followed D.O.

‘Hey D.O! If you’re leaving your food, can I have it!’, Chen screams, already stuffing the remaining rice cakes into his mouth.

‘I hate you’, Kai breathes out, downing his water bottle in frustration.

‘Shut up. I’m grieving’

‘You got rejected, why are you making it sound like your family just got killed?’

‘I don’t want to talk about it’, Chen whispers, playing with his noodles, twirling it round his chopsticks before letting it drop down back on his plate.

‘Well, Soo’s not here so we are so going to talk about it’, Kai turns his body to face Chen, legs crossed and elbows resting on his legs as he leans his chin on his hands, eyeing Chen subtle movements. Kai isn’t stupid, he’s a dancer, he can read people’s emotions through their body language and Chen’s soft tapping of his feet, his fingers twitching slightly as he continues to fiddle with his food, eyes looking down on the grass and lips pursed tightly. Kai knew that Chen is not okay.

‘Xiumin feels sorry’

‘Ah great. That lifts the feeling straight off’

‘I don’t know what else to say to make you feel better’

‘How about not mentioning his name?’

‘Okay. He feels sorry’

‘Seriously Kai. Stop it’

Chen finishes his meal, refusing to talk about Xiumin despite Kai’s constant poking. He found out of Xiumin’s departure through Chanyeol after Xiumin mysteriously left the group chat, catching worrisome glances between the group before Kai can explain to everyone where he is. Honestly, he’s not sad that Xiumin’s left. He’s going to use this opportunity to put his words into action and get over the boy, maybe even follow Kai’s suggestion and get laid, maybe even have a one-night stand. Unlike everyone else, Chen sees this as a blessing in disguise, for him anyway.
For the most part, everyone in the group has pretty much gotten used to Chanyeol’s loud mouth, always starting a fight, screeching in laughter at his own jokes or purely being Chanyeol and screaming whilst he talks due to his dire need to be at the centre of attention.

Chen rolls his eyes and pulls his hoodie way up to cover his eyes as Chanyeol forces people together around them, long lanky arms flailing in the air with his phone wide up in the air.

Due to Kai’s previous stupidity during lunch, D.O has decided to reside with his best friend, wrapping his hands around Suho’s arms as he sulks onto his best friend’s shoulder, eyes glum and wondering why Kai never followed him during lunch. Kai gives his boyfriend a side eye, fist clenching the more D.O edges closer to Suho, whispering right up to his ears. He did not like that. Not one bit.

‘Hello’, he hears a soft whisper behind him, forcing him to flinch and make the most ungodliest squeaky noise he’s ever made, worse than Manager Song’s usual voice.

‘Oh, Sehun, what’s up?’

‘Nothing. Just wondering what Chanyeol’s going on about’, he whispers, continuing to stand close to Kai. He didn’t know why, but the older boy stands awkwardly beside the sophomore, fingers fiddling with the back of his ears as he smiles to Sehun, mind having an intense battle on trying to make small conversation with the younger. It’s not like he doesn’t like Sehun, it’s quite the opposite now, ever since the wedding, he’s grown slightly fonder for Sehun, but they’ve never talked alone, just the two of them together, not that he can remember, so this is just slightly awkward and not what Kai wants to think right now as he sees Suho laughing at what D.O says. What is he saying that has them both laughing?

‘Guys, I need y’all to help with my super massive spectacular Halloween party coming up this month!’, Chanyeol begins to explain, opening his phone and showing the message, he posted on snapchat, inviting literally everyone. They hear the buzzing vibrate of the tall boy’s phone, seeing so many replies thrown out at him. Where is his party taking place? When? What’s the dress code? Pre-drinks? Just by the simple post, the whole school is buzzing and alive once again, finally Park Chanyeol has gotten out of his slumber.

‘And why would we do that?’

‘Because you’re my posse’

‘Oh God, he’s heard it’, Chen mumbles, digging his headphones in deeper, not having the time of day to listen to Chanyeol brag about the new rumours about him being the leader of the group.

‘Just because people think you’re in charge, doesn’t mean you are’, Kai rolls his eyes, walking away from Chanyeol’s corner, but he’s dragged back by none other.

‘Guys, if you all show up, it’s going to be huge! It’s going to be a huge smack on Jae Woo’s smug face. We need to make this work!’

‘Chanyeol shut up. It’s Senior year, no one cares about popularity’, Lay voices out, but Chanyeol only sways his fingers at him, shaking his head.

‘If that’s the case, why is my snapchat blowing up? Huh?’
‘Chanyeol, just get on with it. What do you want us to do?’ D.O exclaims, shushing everyone as he gestures for Chanyeol to go on.


‘Yeah but think about it. After Christmas, everything’s going to be hell for us. We won’t have time to enjoy anything now that finals’ is coming up’

‘I’m in’, Sehun blurts out the moment D.O made his point. He had a point, the moment community service is over and the Seniors bury themselves in the library, Sehun knows he won’t have the opportunity to spend time with the group as much as he wants.

‘Alright cool. Now, we need a place to host the party, so I’m thinking… Chen?’

‘Um, no way’

‘Please’

‘My parents are going to kill me if one speck of dust lands on the carpet. I’m not trusting half the school to keep the place tidy whilst their out dancing and getting drunk’

‘And having sex in your parents’ room’, D.O mumbles to himself, eyes trying to steal a glance at Kai.

‘But…’

‘Look, why don’t we do it here?’, Lay points out, gesturing to the hall.

‘Wait… That’s not a bad idea…’, Chanyeol pauses, looking around the hall and already planning the decorations. He can put a lot more Halloween ornaments in here than Chen’s place.

‘Look, I don’t think Manager Song will approve…’

‘We’ll just tell her it’s for a charity event’

‘That includes actually collecting money at the end of it. How are we supposed to do that?’, Chen looks over the group, completely surprise why they’re not only tolerating Chanyeol’s stupidity but also joining it. A Halloween Party? In the community centre? Where they’re the ones in charge of not burning this dump to the ground? They have to be kidding.

‘A casino’

‘What?’

‘A casino…’, Sehun mumbles, ‘Maybe we can set up games and have people bet on them… Like truth or dare, but people have to bet money on what the dare would be, so the higher the bet, the crazier the bet is…’

‘That’s… Not a bad idea actually…’

‘Or beer pong. Losers gets to a choice to do a dare made by the winners or pay up’

‘Great, now we’re planning a children’s fair?’, Chen rolls his eyes, turning up the volume of his playlist.

‘Right, venue here, events planned out… Dress code… How about Horror Movies Only costume
party, so people have to dress up scary and not like a slutty bunny’

‘That’ll just take away the fun then’, Kai moans but instantly regrets it as he sees D.O’s eyes fuming in anger, ‘I mean, you know what? You have a very good point’

‘Nah, I just say we keep it as a simple Halloween costume party. They can show up in whatever they want, I mean, they will be paying for most of the stuff in the party’

‘But not the beer. The beer’s free’, Chanyeol butts in, already texting the information to everyone.

‘Why? The alcohol is the bet item to sell!’, Suho argues, already picturing how much money they would get just by charging people per drink, maybe then they’ll stop wasting plastic cups and getting new ones.

‘Suho, I’m still hosting a party. I’m not going to look cool when I’m forcing people to pay for beer. I’ll repeat this to everyone; this party is not a charity! It is disguised as one, but in reality, it is a life or death situation of my living conditions!’

‘Gosh, so loud’, they hear a voice enter the hall, banging the door to a close. Baekhyun looks closely at the gathering group in front of him, confused why they weren’t in their usual seats, getting even more worried as he sees Chanyeol bang in the centre looking like he’s discussing something.

*God, did he tell everyone what happened this morning?*

*Jesus Christ, Chanyeol!*

Baekhyun is freaking out. He laughs out loud suddenly, eyes disappearing as his cheeks flared along with the huge grin he was suddenly sporting, clapping his hands like a seal.

‘Looks like I’m late again, ha ha’, he continues to make himself look like an idiot, trying to avoid eye contact with the one person he couldn’t wait to see. Unknowingly, throughout the day, he couldn’t get his mind off Chanyeol. The boy manages to invade all of his privacy, even one in his mind, making him want to rip his hair out as Chanyeol’s voice echoes through his thoughts, how his face, so close to him, has permanently etched itself in Baekhyun’s head. He feels like he’s going to die by the time school finishes.

‘Why is he smiling like that?’, Sehun whispers to Kai, slightly worried as Baekhyun continues to laugh, mouth open and hands still clapping.

‘Beats me’

‘Baekhyun…’, Chanyeol calls him over, eyes steady but heart racing. Chanyeol almost forgot about what happened. He was so caught up about his party that his mind blocked out exactly what Baekhyun did this morning.

But now that he’s looking over at the boy, wearing a light blue plaid shirt, hair straight, bobbing along the movements of his laughter, teeth showing and lips in a rectangular form.

*Lips.*

*Lips.*

*Soft lips touching his, the morning sun watching down on him, the smell of old crisp books engulfing them as slow hands reach to his face, fingertips controlling his emotion with every graze*
of skin against skin.

He drops his phone.

‘Dude, your phone!’, Chen screams as it lands on his foot.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like with so many chapters already, I think this fic needs to come to an end because I feel like no one is going to want to read like 100 chaps of this story... So, now I must prepare myself for writing the conclusions soon.
Chen's birthday.

Chapter Notes

Happy Birthday to Captain Beagle Line~

OST Part 28: EXO CBX - For You

Chen's Birthday.

Refurbishing the whole centre has become more of a pain to everyone more than a blessing as they are sectioned off in different parts of the centre, painting over or clearing out the room. It has confused them why Manager Song hadn’t hired a proper construction site to fix the centre, but then they’d just figured she probably didn’t have the funds and is just exploiting them to do all the hard work before they complete their community service.
But that didn’t mean Chanyeol liked it when he’s stuck on the second floor storage room with none other than Kai and D.O, gliding away into their own world as Kai tries to get back on D.O’s good side, chin leaning on his shoulders and arms wrapped around the shorter boy’s waist.

‘Disgusting’, he murmurs as he paints the walls into a vibrant red, eyes constantly going back to his phone, checking up on the updates to his party. It’s just been confirmed that nearly the whole Senior year is coming to his party, even Jae Woo, which he could not wait for. He’s going to show that spoilt brat that he’s still on top of the game.

‘Soo please… I said I was sorry… Let me make it up to you’, Kai whispers to D.O, arms trying to keep still whenever D.O attempts to push them off, ‘You know I was joking’

‘Having sex on Jae Woo’s parents’ bed is not a joke’

‘Why are you so upset about that? It obviously was before we even knew each other, come on, give me a break’, Kai mumbles, whining as D.O still refuses to look at him, ‘Come on babe, if you’re that upset, we can do it too’

‘That is not why I’m upset’, D.O pushes him off, surprised at Kai’s sudden offer and slightly pissed. How could he easily bring it up, ‘You haven’t even taken me out on a date’

‘What are you talking about? I have’

‘No, you haven’t’

‘Ah, yes I have. Remember the time I taught you how to skate?’

‘That wasn’t a date’, D.O drops his paintbrush, turning around to face Kai.

‘It totally was. We went out, had fun, talked about ourselves. Aren’t that what dates are supposed to be?’

‘Kai, you have to intentionally go out on a date. You can’t just pick a random day from before and say that’s a date’

‘Why not? Why does it have to be so official?’

‘Because going on a date means you want to get to know the person you like’, D.O spins back around to face the half-painted wall, ‘As far as I know, we didn’t even know we liked each other’

‘Can’t it be the other way around?’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Can’t a date be the moment I started to like you whilst getting to know you?’

D.O turns back around, this time perplexed by Kai’s confession. Kai started to like him during that time? During the time, he so embarrassingly clung onto him, voice screeching and legs tensed. He started liking him during the time Kai saw him in his ugly pyjamas, hair messy, face unwashed, bedroom floor decorated with used clothes.

‘Don’t look surprise. How could I not start liking you when you were so cute in those pyjamas, your face was so puffy and adorable’, Kai was a flirt, that part of the rumours is definitely true. He’s a good flirt too, seeing as D.O felt millions of butterflies in his stomach, his cheeks slowly turning red.
‘Really?’

‘Really’, Kai wedges closer to a shy D.O, hands tracing his waist as he draws him nearer to him, lips smiling playfully, bending down to look at D.O closer.

‘That’s five points for the both of you!’, Chanyeol interrupts them, yelling out in disgust as he lifts his head from his phone to find Kai and D.O looking all cheesy and lovey dove in front.

‘You know Chen, you have to paint it in one straight line so that there’s no weird marks left behind afterwards’, Baekhyun complains as Chen continuously paints with no organisation or sense of pattern. Baekhyun wasn’t a perfectionist, but it’s still clearly bugging him.

‘Can you just paint on the other side of the wall and leave my area alone?’, Chen call him out, plugging his earphones as he continues to paint in whatever way he wants, gliding his roller across the wall, not caring over the vertical lines of smudges paint already printed on the wall, going over the whole wall with red paint horizontally.

‘Chen! It’s not going to look proper!’, Baekhyun screams, giving up and dropping his roller into the bucket, stomping to the left of the second-floor attic to where Chen was bent, trying to paint the corners of the walls – rather badly as he spills the paint onto the floor.

‘I said back off! Let me paint my part!’

‘You idiot. Just paint it properly then I wouldn’t be screaming at you!’

‘Why are you screaming at me? It’s just a fucking wall!’

‘It’s not just a wall!’

‘Then what the fuck is it?’

‘It’s my fucking wall and you’re breaking it down!’

Chen pauses, unplugs his headphones from his ears, eyes gazing up and down as Baekhyun shuts his eyes, residing to hide his face behind his gloved hands, orange overalls covered in splashes of paint along with small smudges decorated on the side of his cheeks.

‘Why do I have a feeling you’re talking about a metaphorical wall?’, Chen asks, abandoning his butchered wall decorated in smudges and unplanned lines of red.

‘I just…’, Baekhyun sighs, a heavy and deep sigh, inverting his eyes towards the closed attic door, just in case someone might come in. He didn’t need anyone to scream at him, he’s already screaming at himself.

‘I kissed Chanyeol’
‘I beg your pardon?’

‘I… Fucking kissed Chanyeol, okay?’

It took Chen a moment to gather the information in his brain, not quite understanding what it all meant until he looks over at Baekhyun, eyebrows raised sorrowfully, lips quivering as if he’s about to cry.

‘I kissed Chanyeol’, he confesses one more time, not sure if it felt good or absolutely excruciating to finally say it aloud. He couldn’t even admit it to himself for the whole day and now he’s fully prepared to break it all down to Chen – who is Chanyeol’s best friend.

‘Um… Congratulations?’

‘No, it’s not a congratulation! You should be slapping me in the face and asking me what I was thinking!’, Baekhyun breaks down, hands now making its way up to reside on his head, clutching a fist full of his hair.

‘I’m not going to slap you… But I will do the other one… What were you actually thinking?’, Chen settles his roller down lightly on the floor, red paint dripping onto the floor once again.

‘I don’t know… I was just looking at him and I was just staring at his face…’

‘And?’

‘And I just thought for a moment…’

‘Thought what?’

‘That he’s really hot’

‘Oh God, please don’t say that to him’

‘What?’

‘He’s not going to let that go for the next five years, trust me’

‘Chen, not the problem!’

‘What is the problem?’

‘That I kissed Chanyeol!’

‘I don’t think that’s the real problem…’

‘Oh really, then please give me your full insight on the real problem, I’d love to know’, Baekhyun sarcastically asks Chen, crossing his arms and rolling his arms. Of course, Chen wasn’t going to understand, why would he even ask for advice from anyone? They’re all useless.

‘I think the fact that you might actually like him but just too scared to admit it to him and yourself is the problem’

Wow. Baekhyun was not expecting that. The cold breeze starts from the open window starts to hit him hard, forming goose bumps across his forearm as he stands silence.

‘That’s- That’s not the problem…’
‘Really? It sure sounds like it’

‘I don’t like Chanyeol’, Baekhyun whispers, mostly to himself as he flashes through so many different reasons on why he can’t possibly like the tall annoying brat – he burnt his arms god dammit.

‘Alright… Whatever you say’, Chen lifts his hands up in surrender.

‘Yo, Chen service is over!’, Chanyeol barges into the room, stopping for a moment as he sets his eyes upon Baekhyun, ‘Oh, um… Baekhyun… I, uh… Didn’t know you were here’, Chanyeol suddenly lowers his voice in a normal tone – which Chen quickly picked up - noticing Chanyeol completely abandoning his phone, sliding it to the back pockets of his denim jeans, eyes busy inspecting the room as he tries to slowly go nearer to Chen, looking cautious that something might jump out, taking one step at a time as he slides to Chen.

‘Alright, well off we go Chen. We gotta go somewhere’, Chanyeol cuts the situation before it becomes more awkward, hands reaching out to grab Chen, like a feather, falling gracefully out of Baekhyun’s sight, albeit the boy’s dire need to ask him one question.

‘Dude, what’s up?’, Chen speaks out first, slightly curious why his usually light and breezy friend is nothing but the opposite, stiff and awkward. It made him wonder of the sudden shift of mood which changed the moment Chanyeol walked into the attic, safe to say, Chanyeol and Baekhyun had never seen eye to eye, but now they’re literally refusing to see eye to eye, which Chen has concluded to be something more than just their odd relationship, transcending into the blurry line between enemies and friends, a blurry line which no one knows regards but it still exists.

‘Nothing, just needed you to get out of there, because I have something to show you’, Chanyeol brushes off Chen’s prying eyes which burns into him, ironically, but he continues to drag Chen outside the community centre, but their usual journey to Chanyeol’s car is cut short as the tall boy makes a turn to the left, walking back around to the centre and towards the back field.

‘Where are you going?’, Chen follows along, brows raised and head turning back as if Chanyeol was going to realise that his car was at the front and that they should turn around, but no, Chanyeol is not only leading Chen to the back of the community centre, but is now climbing up the fire escape stairs, which were rusty metal ladder like stairs decorated across the back of the centre, which leads them to every door of each floor, all the way up to the rooftop, ‘Chanyeol, come on, where are we going?’, Chen hesitates for a slight moment, looking up to see Chanyeol’s figure
growing smaller the more he climbs up, tall legs bent down as he tries to squeeze himself through
the railings; Chen follows him.

‘Just hurry up!’, Chanyeol shouts below him, quickening his pace so he can reach the top first, eyes
looking down occasionally to check up on Chen, figure slowly disappearing as he makes his way
over to the rooftop.

Much to Chen’s dismay, he huffs out small breathes as he continues to climb up, curious and
slightly annoyed as to why Chanyeol is suddenly making him move more than usual. His eyes
catched a glimpse of the rooftop. He expected an empty surface, but what he found was something
else. The sun was setting with hues of orange painted across the darkening skies, but around the
rooftop were lamps, stands and coat hangers placed around the perimeter and with them hanged
meters of fairy lights, lit in various amounts of colours, lights changing from reds to greens in
cinematic seconds.

‘What the fuck?’, Chen whispers as he hoists himself up, feet finally landing on the cold and
slightly damp roof, now having a better view of a rugged and torn couch placed in the middle, a
table with one stand missing placed in the middle, only a pile of old books and files keeping it
balanced and at the centre, a small cake with one dainty candle delicately lit.

‘Happy Birthday Chen’

‘What?’

‘You wouldn’t think I’d forget your birthday, huh?’, Chanyeol tells him off with a playful manner,
scratching the back of his ears in embarrassment, shyly presenting his work to Chen. Of course, he
didn’t have time to make it look perfect. He knew Chen doesn’t like to make a big fuss about his
birthday, so he made sure not to tell anyone, which made hoisting all the furniture other objects
into the rooftops after community service to be much more difficult. But he was glad to be paired
with Kai and D.O. They hadn’t even realised that he left halfway and already started going down to
the old basement, gathering all the old furniture due for throwing away.

‘Chanyeol, you know we don’t-’

‘Yeah yeah, you don’t like celebrating it. But come on, I think this year you need to at least have
fun’, Chanyeol interrupts, bending down to pick up the small cake he manages to run half a mile
for in a small cake shop down the street. He really needs to thank Kai and D.O for not noticing him
leave, ‘Anyway, I know I haven’t been the best friend you needed, and I know I can be a little too
over my head sometimes, but you’re still my best friend so… Come on, how about having a two-
woman party? Just you and me?’, he holds up the cake, close to Chen face, smiling like an idiot as he
tries to make Chen blow the candle.

‘You’re a pain in my ass, you know that right?’, a grin escapes his lips, showing his teeth as he
sighs, blowing out the lit candle.

‘Yeah, well, tough luck on you’, Chanyeol smirk as he flicks the candle away, quickly throwing
the cake straight onto Chen’s face, making sure all of the icing gets on him.

‘You son of a bitch!’

The two watch the orange of the skies fade, turning into a dark blue shade above them as they
munch on a packet of Doritos and drink room temperature beer the remaining bright, the fairy
lights engulfing them in specks of bright colours, the cold night breeze making their way over,
kissing their skin, making goose bumps form on their bare arms.
‘You know, by birthday party is going to be much cooler than this. They’ll be loud music, hundreds of people coming to the party. Dude, I’m so going to hire a DJ’, Chanyeol goes on about himself – again -already planning the big spectacular that will be his birthday party. Chen can only laugh, sipping from his beer as he dips his chip in salsa salad, looking over the passing cars and timid streets ahead of them. He didn’t want to argue with Chanyeol, but he thought his two-man birthday party is totally way cooler.

The morning after, Chen strolls into school, head lighter than the previous days, side bag hanging by his shoulder with the many high fives and sweet birthday messages the rest of his friends gave him in the early morning. Albeit his relaxing morning, he did receive a mountain of mean text when he checked his phone is the morning. Mostly from Suho, who has repeatedly called him rude for not mentioning to the rest of the group about his birthday.

‘Hey Chen!’, he hears a loud voice calling him from behind, turning his head to see the gush of students rushing pass him, bumping into him as he stills in the movement. He sees Kai rushing to him, teleporting from one part of the hallway to the next, until he is face to face with Chen.

‘What’s up?’

‘I heard it was your birthday yesterday’

‘Yeah, well…’

‘You didn’t tell me, so I couldn’t buy you a present’

‘No worries, it’s no big deal, actually-’

‘But I think I can get you something better’

‘What?’, he notices Kai jumping up and down, shaking his arms and breathing in and out, as if he’s preparing for a race, ‘What are you doing?’, Chen backs away slowly as Kai stretches his arms, moving his body around.

‘I’ve been practising this for a while, but I haven’t done it properly and in this amount of distance’, Kai huffs out as he brings his leg out, stretching in front of Chen before standing up in normal posture, grabbing his arm.

‘What are you doing?’

‘I already called your teacher to say you won’t make it to first period, but we have to be back by second. I can’t miss anymore school’, Kai warns him before everything spirals. The school hallway no longer looks normal as it distorts into circular shapes, blurring into nothing but tints of colour, flashes of shapes and a bearing sound which made him grimace.

Suddenly, they’re no longer at school. They’re in a forest, surrounded by trees, overbearing above
them, leaves already in hubris brown, falling down on the ground beneath them. The day is much brighter, the sun forming patterns and colouring the ground with lines of shadows, the sound of rustling feet and whistling of birds around them.

‘Where are we?’, Chen looks around, finding that the smell around them felt foreign, the musk of something not quite home but still felt familiar, sensing into a sweet smell of pinewood with a touch of grass.

‘China’

‘Excuse me?’

‘Shh. Look over’, Kai whispers, pursing his finger to his lips as he points ahead to the outskirts of the small forest that they were in, welcoming him to a view of a meadow. A sea of wild flower decorates the meadow, colours of vibrant pink and yellows pasted across the patch of field, small buzzing of bees flying around and the swaying of the morning breeze creating a flow of movements between the thin stems of each flowers, but that’s not what he noticed. He noticed a small gap in the meadows where a patch of flowers was missing, a hand reached out from beneath, holding a daisy between its fingers, he follows the hand below to find its owner, looking up at the daisy he was holding, eyes slightly squinting from the sun’s rays, hair flopped in front of him.

It was Xiumin.

The boy sits up, holding up the daisy to face him, twirling it in motion, arm leaning on his knees. He has grass painted across his back, flowers buried between his hair, petals falling slowly. He sees a dragonfly, thin wings fly over to Xiumin, landing on his daisy.

‘Hello, little guy’, he hears Xiumin whisper, laughing as the small creature makes its way to his soft pale fingers, swaying his hair pack to get a closer look at the insect, making flowers fall from his hair. He edges closer, hiding behind the bark of a tree, eyes fixated on the boy in the middle of the meadow.

‘I’m going to call you… Chen’

The hues of sunlight turn brighter but the wind reciprocates its heat, making the day warm and breezy.

‘Because you’re a graceful morning’, Xiumin whispers as the dragonfly makes his way up to the palm of his hands before fluttering away across the meadow, joining the many other dragonflies.

‘Xiumin, come on! You’re grandmother’s waiting in the hospital!’

The boy gets up from the meadow, making his way out of Chen’s sight, following the crooked path away from him and towards the house where his family waits for him.

‘Chen, it’s time to go’

‘Wait. Just one moment', Chen whispers, looking to see if Xiumin has completely disappeared before making his way to the centre of the meadow where Xiumin laid, picking up the small daisy which was dropped upon the notion of movement, resting on the dented field. He picks it up before turning back to Kai.
Chen (n)

[Hebrew] נحن means "grace, charm".

[Chinese] From Chinese 晨 (chen) or 辰 (chén) which both mean "morning".
Suho glides through the bookshelves of the library, returning the books back to their shelves and even fixing the whole first five shelves as he found many books that did not belong in a place. He couldn’t believe someone would just randomly put a book in a shelve without looking at the author’s name. Paying attention to the orders of each book, he takes his time going up and down the aisle, going back to the front of the library where Sehun sat, surrounded by a group of students at the front. His first instinct is to run immediately to Sehun’s side and that’s exactly what he did. He dropped the book he was holding, running pass the study desks filled with students, passing with a noise tapping of his sneakers on the soft carpet, earning him glares from studying students.

‘Hey, what’s up?’, he breathes out, leaning his hand on the desk and trying to look authoritative, ‘What can I do for you?’, he glares at each of the sophomore students, making them slightly uncomfortable.

‘Um… Nothing. I was just talking to Sehun…’, one girl speaks up, looking back down to smile at
Sehun and Suho notice that he smiles back, ‘Anyway, we better go’, she whispers, nodding for the rest of her friends to follow her along. He watches their footsteps leave the library door, watching until the door slowly closes behind them before turning to Sehun.

‘Did they do anything to you? What did they say? Are you okay?’, Suho looks over to make eye contact with Sehun, inspecting his arms just in case they did anything physical.

‘No, I’m fine. They were just asking about something’

‘What were they asking?’

‘Um… What I was going to wear for Chanyeol’s Halloween Party’, Sehun whispers, gesturing Suho to come back over to the desk, feeling the glares of the students at the front who were ready to throw a book at them for talking.

‘What? That’s it?’

‘Yeah. And if I wanted to join their study group, because we have a test coming up’

‘Oh, okay… That’s… Wait, they’re coming to Chanyeol’s party? I thought it was Seniors only – I mean and you of course’

‘No, it seems like Chanyeol’s invited the whole school’, Sehun fills him in, opening his phone to show Suho the picture on Chanyeol’s Instagram inviting everyone in their school to come.

‘Chanyeol that idiot. There’s just over four hundred people in this school, what does he think he’s doing’, Suho murmurs, instantly using Sehun’s account to DM the idiot, typing a long ass paragraph, giving him bullet points of reasons why inviting the whole school is a disaster and huge mistake.

‘Um… Suho… He’s not inviting the whole school…’

‘Then what is this picture saying: ‘All students invited’, huh?’

‘Suho… Slide the phone. Chanyeol posted three pictures’, Sehun informs him. Suho looks back down on the phone, escaping Sehun’s DMs’ and looking back at Chanyeol’s phone and sure enough, there’s two other pictures alongside the invite. He slides it to find a list of names under the blacklist label, lists of names which he scans quickly, some names he recognised almost instantly.

‘Are these… Are these the people that kept bullying you?’, Suho asks, pinching the screen to get a closer look on each of the names.

‘Yeah… Some of um… Some of yours are in there too’, and sure enough, some Seniors who have taunted him since freshman are listed in bright red writing under the blacklist names. Did Chanyeol really get all the bullies’ names and seriously blacklisted them?
‘I can’t believe you blacklisted Jae Hyun. His family owns a fucking bar! We could’ve had free drinks!’, Chanyeol groans, looking down as Lay sabotages his super-duper amazing party.

‘Jae Hyun consistently calls Suho a faggot and once called D.O, hulk’s whore. I don’t think he’s invited to any parties with that mouth’, Lay dismisses Chanyeol’s complaining, pushing the tall boy’s lanky arms as he tries to take his phone back, ‘Plus, it’s going to make your party even more exclusive if we cut back’

‘Cutting back is fine, but inviting the Chess Club? You must be out of your god damn mind’, Chanyeol complains, looking over the comments to see that every single one of the Chess Club members instantly agreed on coming upon one second of being invited.

‘Hey, I’m in the Chess Club!’, Lay looks over at Chanyeol, highly offended since he finds it interesting.

‘That’s because you’re in everything! You don’t count’, Chanyeol lays his head on the desk, hitting his head repeatedly in horror. His party is not supposed to be a charity event for losers who hasn’t been invited to parties in their whole life, this is not how he planned it.

‘Come on, you wouldn’t want Jae Hyun to come anyway. He goes to animations club and one time, he spoke about how shit you were in bed’

‘What?!’, Chanyeol shouts, earning the stares of many of his classmates. He looks across to check the front of the room to where their teacher was. Good, she’s still sleeping, ‘What the fuck did he say?’

‘He said you only lasted for three minutes’

‘Three minutes?! Bitch, I lasted for three hours’

‘Chanyeol please, I don’t need to know that…’, Lay grimace at Chanyeol, subconsciously looking down to his pants before shaking his head to stop thinking about it, ‘If Jae Hyun slept with you, I don’t understand why he likes to use the word faggot. It’s totally homophobic and degrading. Honestly, I can’t believe you would sleep with that guy’

‘I was drunk’

‘Oh really? So, how comes you remember every detail of that night and not the night with Baekhyun?’

‘Really Lay? You really want to speak about that right now?’

‘Glady. I’m curious’, Lay looks away from Chanyeol’s phone, eyes solely focused on the tall boy who is now hiding his face behind the palm of his hands at the mention of his name.

‘Look, I don’t know. I must’ve been pissed drunk. Trust me… I want to remember’

‘Really?’, Lay eyes him up and down, smirking playfully all of a sudden, chin resting on his hands like he was Sherlock.

‘Not in that way! I just need to prove to Baekhyun that I always top’

‘Again… I don’t need to know that’

‘Well you asked first!’
‘It was in the spurt of the moment!’, both their whispering gradually became louder until they notice a pair of eyes looking behind them, judging them so hard, they felt like criminals on trial. She must’ve heard their conversation.

‘Why does that girl look like she wants to kill us?’, Lay asks, notices her eyes continuing to glare upon their notice, an awkward atmosphere forming between the three of them.

‘Her name is Jaeyoung and I used to sleep with her – I mean, we were kinda a thing back in freshman’

‘Oh my God Chanyeol. Who haven’t you slept with?’

‘You?’

‘Stay away from me’

‘Come on, they came onto me. Can’t blame them though, if I could, I would have sex with myself too’, Chanyeol raises his hands in surrender, leaning back on his chair as he licks his lips, gesturing to all of him.

‘Chanyeol, first of all, ew and secondly, you probably have. It’s called masturbating’.

Baekhyun sits in his usual table by himself, indulging himself in a drama he’s been wanting to catch up with for ages. He’s been so busy with work and community service, he’s missed whole new eight episodes and it was twice as hard not to look at Tumblr and see a chunk amount of spoilers.

‘Dammit. Just kiss already!’, Baekhyun frowns, frustrated that his favourite pairing still hasn’t got together, even after two whole serious of total sexual chemistry. If they seriously don’t get together now, then love doesn’t exist.

His name is still etched boldly in permanent marker over his table, much to Kai’s dismay as he tried to sit with Baekhyun, only to be shooed away. Baekhyun is not going to be a pushover. This time he wasn’t going to let anybody sit on his table. He’s had enough of sharing his space. That’s how he got into all of this mess in the first place. If he had just said no when Kai and Xiumin asked to sit with him, he wouldn’t have had the dire need to leave his table and bang straight towards Chanyeol’s path. He wouldn’t have burnt his arm, he wouldn’t have to share his personal space that he’s been hogging since freshman and he wouldn’t be stuck stressing over the fact that he was being emotional that his favourite pairing just wouldn’t fucking kiss.

‘Just kiss. Just kiss. Just kiss god dammit!’

‘Who do you want to kiss?’

‘FUCK!’, Baekhyun flinches at the sound of a deep voice behind him, dropping his phone straight
into his plate of sloppy joes, ‘Are you fucking kidding me’, he groans, grabbing a tissue to lift his phone up from the greasy meat. He looks to find none other than Chanyeol laughing behind him, pushing him violently to the side as he sits down right next to him.

‘Why are you here?’

‘Because I want to eat here’

‘Where’s Chen?’

‘He’s helping Lay and Kai with some dance competition. He can’t even dance so I don’t know how useful he’ll be’, Chanyeol begin to stuff his face with his lunch, trying not to feel the upcoming awkwardness that’s slowly festering between them.

Baekhyun hasn’t even up on watching his drama – again – eating the remaining of his food in piercingly awkward silence, fork fiddling around with his food as he feels Chanyeol’s arm bump against his shoulder every time he lifts his spoon up.

_God dammit Baekhyun, just tell him to leave. You’ve done it to Kai, you can do it to Chanyeol_, he thought to himself, lecturing himself to get a grip and to tell Chanyeol to get lost. He’s done it over a million times and he could most definitely to do it. Okay, he knows how to push Chanyeol’s buttons, it’s simple and he’s been doing it since they first got acquainted. He can totally do this.

‘Chanyeol…’

‘Yeah?’

‘Chan- ah… Chanyeol’

‘Uh. Hyunnie’

‘Um… I’m uh… Going to go now’, Baekhyun leaves his unfinished tray of food, fork still in his hand as he grabs his bag, racing straight out of the canteen and away from Chanyeol’s view so he wouldn’t see the bright red flashing across his cheeks.

‘Really Baekhyun? Of all things to think about…’, he hits himself in the head with his fork, going out towards the school feed, not noticing the students who sat on the grass eating their lunch as he walks up one of the stairs inside the school – not realising Chen, Lay, Kai and D.O eating their meals, Chen texting Chanyeol asking him where the hell he is.

Community service throughout the whole has consisted of piling up old shit and throwing them in
the massive dumpsters which Manager Song rented. That and a whole lot of painting and interior designing as Manager Song breathes down their necks checking up on how the placements of the chairs and furniture are holding it.

They didn’t want to admit it, but she’s being such a pain in the ass, fussing over how the table should be placed on the left because of the right – who the fuck cares? No one gives a shit if the chairs are in rows of ten to fifteen.

‘I’m trying hard not to choke her right now’, Chanyeol whines as he hears her screaming about a new set of hall chairs was going to come in today and she needs all of them to crack their backs to get them all in the centre hall.

‘Please don’t… Her voice might become higher. She might break my eardrums’, Chen replies, earning a laugh between the two. It’s been a long time since Chen had pulled a joke. It honestly relieved Chanyeol a lot.

‘Dude! Come help me with the chairs! It’s heavy as fuck!’, Kai screams, dragging five chairs at a time, whereas Lay and Sehun – being normal human beings – took two at a time.

‘Kai, you have to take your time. You’re going to drop one of the chairs and hit your foot’, Sehun warns him, placing the chairs at the front of the stage of the hall, trying to align it perfectly before Manager starts shouting and freaking out about it.

‘Look Sehun, I’ve got it covered. Trust me, just let me handle it’, Kai shows off, teleporting right by Sehun’s side and placing the chairs beside him, ‘Booyah, Kai just did it again’

‘Rat!’, someone screams, pointing at the small feral which ran across the hall after D.O moves an old table from the corner of the hall, opening a hole with which a tiny mouse resides in.

‘Fuck!’, Kai jumps up, screaming as he sees the rat running up his way, teleporting on the other side of the room, clinging on the first thing his hands and legs and wrap itself onto, which unfortunately to Suho was him.

‘Kai, get off me!’

‘Someone kill it!’

‘Don’t kill it! It’s just a mouse!’

‘Oh my God, I can hear it’s claws tapping! Kill it!’

Suddenly a loud bang crashes between the screams from the teenagers, causing a silence effect as they watch Sehun grab a chair and throw it over to the mouse.

‘Sehun! I told you not to kill it!’, Chanyeol screams, running over to the now unconscious mouse, knees leaning to the ground as he inspects the creature’s life. It’s not breathing.

‘You guys were scared’

‘Come on Chanyeol, get up, that rat probably carries the plague’

‘It’s not a rat, it’s a mouse and you just killed it!’, Chanyeol squirms as he pokes the mouse with his fingers, seeing no movements. He turns around with the biggest puppy eyes, ‘Chen?’

‘No, dude, I’m not touching that’
‘Please…’, Chanyeol looks over to his best friend, begging, ‘Pretty please?’

‘Oh, for fuck’s sakes Chanyeol’, Chen drops his broomstick, looking over to what he sees as a dead rat but what Chanyeol sees as an animal in need of CPR, ‘Move’ he groans, looking at the rat’s muddy paws and odd-looking fur with looks like it’s been covered in faeces. God, he hates doing this. He gags as he presses his two index fingers between the rat’s chest, jolting a small stream of electricity, trying to wake the feral back to life. He stops and waits for signs of movement, the whole room silent with confusion as Chen tries to revive the ugly looking rat.

He jolts electricity once more. Suddenly he feels a tiny heartbeat.

‘Ew! It’s alive! I felt its heart’, Chen gets back up, racing as far away from the disgusting animal as its eyes open.

‘Oh my God, it’s going to move again!’, Kai prepares himself behind Suho, but before the rat can get back to its feet, Chanyeol grabs it by the tail, running towards the back field of the centre to try and set the rat free.

‘What the fuck was that Chen. You should’ve left it dead!’, Kai grimaces as he sees the rat flailing beneath Chanyeol’s hands.

‘Chanyeol’s an animal lover. He once adopted a ferret and started a ferret appreciation club in middle school’

‘Are you fucking kidding me?’, Kai raised his eyebrows at the thought. Mr Popular used to be the President of the Ferret Club?

‘Yeah, he hates it when he sees animals get injured. He adopts them all and even brought a dead mouse caught in a mouse trap and asks his mum if he can keep it. It was disgusting. I was having lunch in their house as well’

‘Did his mum say no?’

‘His mum slapped him’

‘Bruh, I would too, if I was his mum’

After the rat fiasco, the group is finally clearing away the empty cardboard boxes and throwing away the empty cans of paints which they’ve used, stretching their arms as they are finally free from Manager Song’s grips.

Baekhyun packs the rest of the cleaning equipment inside the storage, making sure he doesn’t close the door since Manager warns him that it locks instantly from the outside and he doesn’t have the key. Making sure that everything is where he should be, he turns around to make his way out of the storage.
'Hey, I need to talk to you for a minute', Chanyeol approaches him, closing the door behind him.

'Park fucking Chanyeol!', Baekhyun yells, running over to try and stop Chanyeol from closing the door behind him, 'You fucking prick…', Baekhyun looks over to the tall idiot in front of him.

'What? What did I do?'

'You just locked us in the storage room! Hope you’re fucking proud of yourself!', Baekhyun pushes pass him, going to the door and twisting the door knob, trying to push the door open, but to no avail, the door is sealed shut. Great. Fucking brilliant…

'Help! Someone! We’re stuck in here! Somebody open the door!', Baekhyun bangs on the door with full force, crying for help as he begins to kick the door. He starts flick snap his fingers, making small hordes of light, bending down between the small crack of the door, blowing his light out, sending a signal that they’re inside, ‘Come on, come on’, he whispers, eyes peeking to see his lights fluttering around the door. Someone is bound to see this, right?

'Dude, just calm down. Someone’s going to come', Chanyeol – soundlessly not giving a fuck that they’re locked in a storage room’, bends down to sit on the floor, back leaning on the wall beside the door, looking up to Baekhyun and tapping the spot next to him. They might as well get comfortable whilst waiting for help.

'Ergh', Baekhyun gives up, emitting a few smaller flickering fairy lights and blowing it out between the hinges of the door, sighing as he settles down next to Chanyeol, ‘What do you want to talk about anyway?’

'Oh that… Um… Just wanted to ask about… The kiss', Baekhyun tenses, his skin slowly begins to feel the closeness of Chanyeol, eyes reverting into staring at the boxes of Fabreze which were piled on the floor. He didn’t want to look at Chanyeol, let alone to reply to him.

'Um… Yeah… About that… That seems to be the elephant in the room between us, huh?’, what the fuck was Baekhyun talking about? Ergh, he internally punches himself in the stomach.

'I guess… Look-

'I mean, it was a spurt of the moment. Just me trying to be funny hahaha and honestly, it’s nothing, I was just… I mean, it didn’t mean anything… Because I was just joking- Like not joking like oh let’s kiss Chanyeol as a joke, but joking like hey let’s piss off Chanyeol by kissing-

He gets cut off instantly by the shock of Chanyeol’s lips touching his. Chanyeol bends Baekhyun’s head to turn towards him, hands hugging the boy’s small face, eyes closed as he feels the sensation he felt previously. So, it wasn’t just him being weird, he can still feel the tingling sensation in his stomach, his mind spinning and his heart pounding like he’s about to have a heart attack. His hands brush upon Baekhyun’s soft hair, his skin burning up as he feels the movements of Baekhyun’s lips reciprocating with his, mouth opening and hand grazing his stomach, reaching higher and higher until both Baekhyun’s hands wrap around the back of his neck, pulling him closer, not wanting the feeling of Chanyeol’s breath on his lips to disappear.

'Dude, where are all these lights coming from?’, Kai’s voice interrupts them, opening the door, ‘What the fuck?!’, he screams as Chanyeol and Baekhyun making out on the floor.

‘Kai!’

‘What the fuck dude?!’, both of them scream in shock and embarrassment, seeing Kai wide eyes and pointing at them, jumping up and down like a kid who’s just seen his parents having sex.
‘Everyone! Everyone come here! Chanyeol and Baekhyun are making out! Chanyeol and Baekhyun are sucking each other’s faces off!’, Kai screams at the top of his lungs, teleporting out of the storage room and straight to where the rest of them were.

‘God dammit Kai!’, Baekhyun yells, standing up to make a run for Kai. Maybe he can reach Kai and shut him up before he makes it to the others, his feet start to race out of the storage room, but he’s pulled back in, body twisted around to face Chanyeol. He feels his breath literally being taken away as Chanyeol smack his lips back to Baekhyun, not caring that Kai saw, simply not caring if anyone else sees as his hands wraps itself around the smaller boy’s waist, drawing him closer to him until he can feel Baekhyun’s heartbeat.

‘Chan- Chanyeol’, Baekhyun mumbles in between kisses, trying to let Chanyeol go of him but instantly losing it the moment Chanyeol’s lips travel down between the junction of his jaw and neck, tongue gliding down to feel his pulse beneath him. He lifts his head higher as Chanyeol goes further down his neck, feeling his soft lips brush upon his skin, numbing him with sensation he never felt before.

‘Oh my God, they’re practically doing it!’, Chen screams as they turn a corner after Kai’s screaming announcement, the whole group’s eyes being festered with the disgusting sight of Baekhyun and Chanyeol making out.

‘Oh my God! Ten points! Ten fucking points to both of you!’, Suho screams, covering his and Sehun’s eyes.

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**Kakao Talk:**

*Suho.01 added hunnie94 to the group chat.*

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*Suho.01: I refuse to discuss further about what we saw earlier.*

*Hunnie94: Congrats Chanyeol and Baekhyun!*

*Baek04: No. No congratulating. There’s no need to congratulate.*

*DOKyung12: Why not? Aren’t you and Chanyeol official now?*

*Baek04: No, we are not dating.*

*Yeollie61: Excuse me… But you kissed me first.*

*88KA188: WHAT?!*
ZhangLay_10: really? I’d always thought it’d be Chanyeol who did the wooing

Baek04: omg. There was no ‘wooing’, nobody was ‘wooing’ anybody. It was just a spurt of the moment.

ChenChen21: What, like the time you two had sex?

Baek04: fuck off.

Yeollie61: Dude, how are we not official yet? We ticked everything from the checklist

Baek04: What check list?

Yeollie61: Checklist on how to tell if you’re dating… Let’s see, we had sex, made out a couple of times, I mean… That’s enough

Suho.01: a couple of times?!?!

ZhangLay_10: in all fairness, I thought you two were already dating when I came.

Baek04: no, we’re not dating and we still aren’t dating.

Yeollie61: why not? We had sex.

Baek04: Could you fucking stop mentioning it every five seconds?!

Yeollie61: What? That we had sex?

Yeollie61: And that I totally topped?

Baek04 has left the group chat.

***

Yeollie61 has added Baek04 to the group chat.

Baek04: you better stop.

Yeollie61: not until you tell me why we aren’t official yet.

Baek04: fuck you.

Yeollie61: I can come over to your house and you can do just that.

Suho.01 has left the group chat.

88KAI88: *eats popcorn*, d’you want some soo?

ZhangLay_10: that’s five points Kai

88KAI88: what?!

Baek04: we haven’t even told each other that we liked each other
Yeollie61: oh, is that it? You want me to go big and officially ask you out with a bouquet of flowers in my hands?

Baek04: no, just… Idk, maybe ask me out on a date at least?

Yeollie61: Jesus, I didn’t know you were such a hopeless romantic…

Baek04: no, I’m not! And what’s wrong with that? What’s wrong with wanting someone to actually ask me out? Huh?

Yeollie61: nothing, for someone who’s so into being by himself and being such a loner, you’re seriously asking Mr Popular to go all out and ask you out in front of the whole school?

Baek04: Who said I wanted you to ask me out in front of the whole school?

Yeollie61: Well, you fucking asked for it.

Baek04: what? I didn’t ask for anything!

ChenChen21: Oh lord almighty… Baekhyun, what have you done?

Upon the realisation that Chanyeol was about to do something preposterous, Chen calls Chanyeol at three o’clock in the morning and by five o’clock, he’s banging his head begging Chanyeol not to do what he’s going to do tomorrow. But alas, this is Chanyeol we’re talking about – and that bastard does whatever the fuck he wants.

Chen texts Baekhyun a warning sign to use the backdoor of the school that leads straight into the gym and to not sit in the canteen during lunch. Baekhyun wavers it off, not really believing that Chanyeol was actually going to do something idiotic – oh, how he was wrong.

Chen hops into Chanyeol’s car an hour early, as his best friend honks his car outside of his house at six o’clock in the fucking morning – and Chen slept at five. His eyes are drooping, hair a mess, he still had the weird buggy things between his eyes because he hasn’t washed his face in the morning. He feels disgusting, like a used toilet paper.

‘Why the fuck are we in school in the morning’

‘Because we’re asking Baekhyun out’

‘Excuse me? We? What do you mean we?’, Chen’s eyes are fully alerted as he sees Chanyeol opening the boot of his car, bringing out his guitar. Oh no. Please no.
Baekhyun yawns as he walks into the front gates of school right on time, hoodie hugging him warm as the morning is still a bit chilling, hands buried inside his pockets and earphones plugged in. His steps up the stairs were smooth as he notices fallen petals all over the stair. Must be because it’s Autumn. He swings the doors open to be greeted with exploding confetti in his face.

‘What the fuck?’, he flinches, wanking his headphones out and lifting his eyes to see a line of students pulling part poppers every time he walks. What is going on? He tries to move to the side, in case the school was celebrating a school sports team win or something, looking behind him to see if any of the jocks were behind him. No, it was just him. Awkwardly walking in a path of clapping students.

Suddenly, a group of freshman stands in front of him, blocking the way towards his locker. He tries to swerve around them but they move along, making sure that Baekhyun stays in place.

‘Um… Excuse me’, he bends his head down, trying to push pass them, but nothing. He is left standing in the middle of the hall. Now, standing there would’ve been fine, but the freshman started to fucking sing, ‘What is going on?’, he whispers to himself, eyes wide in shock as he hears them singing an acapella version of The Beach Boys’ *God Only Knows*.

_I may not always love you_
But long as there are stars above you
You never need to doubt it
I'll make you so sure about it
God only knows what I'd be without you

Right. Now, this is just getting awkward. He feels each and every one of the freshmen looking at him and he feels every student behind him looking at him. He awkwardly stands there, because, what else can he fucking do? He can’t just push pass them mid song and he can’t go back to the clapping fiasco behind him, so he just stands there, arms awkwardly swaying around as he smiles to the singing freshman. They must be from choir or something. Maybe they were practising? But why the fuck were they practicing in the middle of the school corridor? He really needs to get to his locker…

They finally end the song, still smiling at Baekhyun, making this hella awkward, so what does Baekhyun do? He claps like a seal, giving them a thumbs up before attempting to push pass again.

However, the singing freshman immediately parted like the Red Sea, leaving an opening gap bang in the middle, perfect for Baekhyun to pass through. Thank God, Baekhyun instantly took this opportunity to whiz through the crowd but almost instantly regretting it as he stops in his tracks, hands clenching on the straps of his backpack as he sees a certain tall boy approaching him holding a guitar with Chen behind him, holding speakers of violins and trumpets playing aloud as Chanyeol
enters the hallway, eyes rolling way back in his head, he lost vision for a moment.

*Oh God no.*

He starts to strum the first note.

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**Chanyeol's Song - Introducing Me (Nick Jonas)**

I'm good at wasting time,

And I really love to climb,

the social ladder,

But I prefer it when you lean on me,

I eat cheese, only on sandwich, please,

Sometimes maybe pinapples on pizza,

otherwise they both tastes shit to me

And I, I really like it when you

make fun out of my flames,

and I love the way you scream my name,

‘That’s fucking disgusting dude’, Chen comments.

If you wanna know, here it goes,

ganna tell you,

there's a part of me that shows,

if we're close, ganna let you see everything,

but remember that you ask for it

I try to do my best, to impress

But it's easier to let you take a guess at the rest,

But you wanna hear what lives in my brain,

my heart,
well, you asked for it,
for your perusin',
at times confusin',
slightly amusin',
Introducin' me,

I never really care if you steal my fame,
And I hope that you feel the same way,
When I kissed you, when I held you, when I squeezed you,
And I've never really been into cars,
I like really cool guitars,
And I don't care,
If you topped or if I bottomed,
I'd kill every living spiders for you,
if you only light up my sky,

‘That’s so cheesy, I think I’m going to throw up’, Chen continues his commentary.

If you wanna know, here it goes,
ganna tell you,
there's a part of me that shows,
if we're close, ganna let you see everything,
but remember that you ask for it
I try to do my best, to impress
But it's easier to let you take a guess at the rest,
But you wanna hear what lives in my brain,
my heart,
well, you asked for it,
for your perusin',
Introducin' me,

Well, you probably know more than you ever wanted to,
so, be careful next time,
so...

If you wanna know, here it goes,
ganna tell you,
there's a part of me that shows,
if we're close, ganna let you see everything,
but remember that you ask for it
I try to do my best, to impress
But it's easier to let you take a guess at the rest,
But you wanna hear what lives in my brain,
my heart,
well, you asked for it,
for your perusin',
at times confusin',
hopefully amusin',
Introducin' me,

He finishes playing, never fingers strumming the last note, eyes looking hopefully over at Baekhyun as he asks him out.

‘Are you mental?’, Baekhyun whispers, going over to Chanyeol and hitting his arm repeatedly, ‘You are embarrassing me!’

‘That’s what I do best right?’, Chanyeol smirks, holding Baekhyun’s hands to stop him from hitting him more, pulling him closer to him, ‘So… will you go out with me?’

Why does Baekhyun feel the whole school tense around him as they wait for his answers? He can feel the prying eyes of dozens of students as Chanyeol draws him closer, eyes expecting.
God dammit.

Baekhyun just tiptoes and leans in, pressing his lips onto Chanyeol – his answer is yes.

‘He said yes!’, the whole school cheers, especially the freshman kids jumping up and down, hugging each other in tears of joy.

‘Why are they so happy?’, Baekhyun looks around, confused at the amount of celebration these people were having.

‘Because I told them if you said yes, they’re all invited to my Halloween Party?’

‘Weren’t they already invited?’

‘Not the freshmans’

‘Oh my God’, Baekhyun shakes his head in disbelief, giggling at how stupid Chanyeol is – all he wanted was for him to ask him out properly, not to make a fucking scene in front of everyone – but that is Chanyeol’s forte. He tiptoes once again, kissing Chanyeol without his warning, making the boy tense up at the sudden touch of Baekhyun’s tongue grazing his lips, ‘Ow, Jesus, you’re burning my arms!’, Baekhyun flinches away, noticing Chanyeol’s tight grip on his hands as his surprise kiss made Chanyeol use his powers in reflex.

‘Oops. Sorry’

‘No worries’, Chanyeol unwraps his guitar from himself, giving it to Chen who has been dying to get out of this stupid, time wasting, not worth his morning sleep event, clapping one last time in celebration before grabbing Chanyeol’s guitar and walking to his lessons. Maybe he still has time to have a quick snooze.

‘So… You really don’t care who bottomed?’, Baekhyun asks, wrapping his arms around Chanyeol’s waist, looking up at him, the sea of freshman dispersing as first period nears.

‘I don’t give one damn’

‘Oh really? Even if I remembered everything?’

‘What?’, Chanyeol is brought out of his daze as he stares at Baekhyun – more precisely – his smirk, ‘You remembered that night?’

‘Mmhmm’, he nods, seeing Chanyeol’s lips tense as he tries not to look curious.

‘Well… Like I said… Who cares right? Because I don’t care…’, he intertwines his fingers with Baekhyun, swinging it back and forth, resting his chin on top of Baekhyun’s head. Of course, he didn’t care. Why would he care? It’s all in the past and it was just a drunk mistake – but it’s no longer a mistake. He’s now officially dating Baekhyun, which means – this is important information.

‘So… Do you know who topped or not?’

‘Not telling’, Baekhyun leans in to give the tip of Chanyeol’s nose a kiss, pushing pass him and towards his locker, smiling as he hears Chanyeol whining behind him.
Flashback.

Chapter Notes

*Warning* chapter rated nc-17. if you do not like reading smut then you do not have to read this chapter - this does not affect the rest of the story (I mean, not really)

See the end of the chapter for more notes


Flashback

Chanyeol stumbles back into the wedding, head spinning and body spiralling out of control as he
feels the beat of the music getting heavier. He makes his way back to the dance floor, swaying from side to side, trying to get into the groove of the music. He didn’t know how long he lasted there, five minutes or five hours, before he gives up and makes his way to one of the empty tables, spotting a half empty glass of champagne, gulping it down in one shot.

‘Disgusting’, he hears someone shout behind him, forcing him to turn, eyes squinting to see a small figure making its way over.

‘Baek- Baekhyun? Wh- What are you still doing here?’ he mumbles, not knowing how to speak in full sentences as the alcohol really kicks in.

‘I was just about to leave’

‘Wait… Don’t leave me yet’, Chanyeol reaches out to grab Baekhyun’s cost sleeves, pulling him closer, ‘I still need to get laid’

‘Not my fucking problem’, Baekhyun pushes Chanyeol back, rolling his eyes as the tall boy lets go of his arms, ‘I’m leaving’

‘Wait!’, Chanyeol tries to get Baekhyun to stop on more time, fingers clenching his coat sleeves one more, ‘Just have one more drink we me then’, Chanyeol offers, lifting another half empty glass of champagne with lipstick smudges on the rim of the glass to Baekhyun.

This is the time where Baekhyun slaps Chanyeol back to his senses and leaves, but somehow, he does the opposite, he sighs, takes the glass and gulps it all down in one go, feeling the burning sensation, which did not taste like normal champagne – it tasted much stronger. And with that, the notion of spinning taking a toll in his head. He sits down on the spare seat next to Chanyeol, resting his head for a moment between his hands. What exactly did he drink?

‘Ooh, that girl looks hot. I’m ganna go after her’, Chanyeol mumbles, slowly coming to a stand and stumbling back into the dancefloor on his way to seduce one of Mrs Oh Sehun’s work colleagues, a woman dressed in a beautiful pink hanbok, dancing away with another man. Oh shit. That must be a fucking wedding ring on her finger and that has to be her husband.

‘Jesus, Chanyeol. You really have a way strolling straight into trouble’, Baekhyun groans, standing up – which he regrets – as he feels the spiralling worsen and he couldn’t even see his feet anymore, not like he did before, this place was so dark and the flashing lights was giving him a headache. He sees Chanyeol grinding behind the lady and thank god, the pair hadn’t noticed the hormonal teenage boy yet, that gave Baekhyun time to save his ass.

‘Come with me’, Baekhyun screams in between the shots of beat drops and loud music, grabbing Chanyeol’s hand and dragging both of them out of the dancefloor and maybe somewhere quiet and peaceful, so Baekhyun won’t throw up.

‘You’re the worst wing man ever!’, Chanyeol screams, wrapping his arms around Baekhyun and choking him, hiccupping as the alcohol drowns his senses.

‘Chanyeol, let go!’, Baekhyun fights back, having one sip glass of alcohol and he’s already as pissed drunk as Chanyeol. The stumbling pair made their way out of the hot venue, feeling the cold punch of the night engulfing their sweaty face as Baekhyun swings the entrance doors open. He leans on the wall for a moment, trying to get his breath back, looking up to see the millions of stars above them. They looked so beautiful. Suddenly, Baekhyun reaches out his hands to touch one of the stars, creating a horde of firefly like lights above the palm of his hands.
‘That’s right. I have my own stars’, he laughs to himself, blowing his little stars out, watching them hover and float around the air, swaying as the night breeze passes by, blowing them towards a certain tall boy, sitting on the stairs, head lifted up as he tries to sleep, ‘Chanyeol, you need to get up. You need to go home’, Baekhyun utters, bending down to pick up the drunk idiot.

‘Then take me home!’, he screams.

By home, Baekhyun didn’t actually think he’d bring Chanyeol to his home, but since the idiot refuses to co-operate and tell Baekhyun where he leaves or even give his phone to he can call Chen or someone else, so he had no choice but to slowly tiptoe inside his house, head wavering around to see if the coasts was clear, shushing Chanyeol as they each take the stairs one step at a time, passing by his brother’s room and slowly entering his.

‘Oh God, I feel like I’m going to explode’, Baekhyun murmurs, ripping his Kurta off him. He himself was pissed drunk and boiling, he really needs to sleep.

‘Baekhyun… Where are we? This isn’t my house’, Chanyeol stumbles on dirty piles of clothes, landing face first onto the carpet.

‘For fucks sake’, Baekhyun steps over a drunk Chanyeol, going straight to bed and not giving a fuck if Chanyeol is literally spurt on his bedroom floor.

‘I think I like him’, he hears Chanyeol mumble.

‘Shut up’, he replies, closing his eyes and burying his head in his pillows.

‘There’s this guy that’s been on my mind lately’, Chanyeol continues to talk, much to Baekhyun’s dismay, he feels a dip in his bed, looking down to see Chanyeol crawling his way on top of him.

‘What are you doing?’

‘He’s really sexy and hot. He’s like those mysterious guys that just sits by themselves, but they know a lot more than what people think of them’

‘What are you on about? Chanyeol, you’re really heavy’, Baekhyun feels Chanyeol’s hands pressed on either side of him, pinning him down, head slowly facing him as their legs intertwine.

‘Like, he probably knows how to turn me on just by staring at me’, Chanyeol mumbles, nuzzling his nose between the junction of Baekhyun’s shoulder and neck, grazing Baekhyun’s skin, his lips gliding on the base of Baekhyun’s ears, breathing short hot breathes, eliciting a noise Baekhyun never thought he’d make.

‘Dammit Chanyeol’, Baekhyun moans, trying to get the boy off him, but at the same time, wanting him to continue what he was doing.

‘He’s so beautiful, god, I want to smack his face. But more than anything right now, I want to hear him say my name’, he kisses Baekhyun’s neck, mouth opening to bite the skin as he talks to Baekhyun, ‘I want to hear him sing my name’, once again, he glides further down Baekhyun’s bare
torso, kissing his way down to every muscle on Baekhyun’s body, the crevices which makes up the masterpiece that was the boy beneath him, fingertips decorating Baekhyun with soft electrifying touches, grazing over the warmth of his skin.

‘I want him to moan my name’, he whispers, hands going down along with him as he explores every bit of Baekhyun’s body, fingers grazing along the top of Baekhyun’s trousers, teasing the boy as he glides the material down, soft hot breath filling Baekhyun with sensation, his stomach churning as he looks down to see Chanyeol’s hand slowly, running his palm against Baekhyun’s clothed shaft.

‘Ah- Fuck- Chan… Chanyeol’, lewd noises emitted from Baekhyun’s lips as his blood boils over the Chanyeol’s touch, eye shut and fingers intertwining itself with Chanyeol’s moving hands, guiding him inside his boxers.

‘There it is’, Chanyeol moans, smirking at Baekhyun, his eyes never leaving the boy’s gaze.

‘Wh- What?’, Baekhyun asks, breathily short uneven breathes as his member is released from its tight constraint.

‘He’s moaning my name’, Chanyeol licks his shaft, long a lucid screams of pleasure being blocked by the palm of Baekhyun’s hands as he tries not to make too much noise, feeling Chanyeol’s wet tongue licking his member before his mouth engulf all of him.

‘Chanyeol- Ngh’, Baekhyun arches his back at the sensation, hands now around Chanyeol’s hair, eyelids fluttering as he sees hues of colour flashing across his thoughts. Rhythmic movements of tongue and cheek constraining every part of Baekhyun’s member, boiling him down into a mess of moans, whispers of more escaping his lips.

‘Wait… Chanyeol…’, the feeling suddenly disappears as Chanyeol leaves him, crawling back up to face him, hands finding his as he lifts Baekhyun’s fingers towards him, tongue licking his wrist, all the way up to the tip of his index finger, sucking his digits.

‘Prepare yourself for me’, Chanyeol whispers, sitting up to take of his Kurta, hands quickly but swiftly untying the knot around his trouser.

Baekhyun didn’t understand what Chanyeol meant. He’s never had sex before, he didn’t even know what to do.

‘I… I don’t know how’, Baekhyun whispers, closing his eyes and burying his red cheeks into his pillows, too shy and embarrassed to look at Chanyeol.

‘I’ll help you’, Chanyeol whispers the moment he removes his last piece of clothing, two naked bodies pressed against each other as Chanyeol finds his lips onto Baekhyun’s neck, like a magnet being attracted, his lips decorating Baekhyun’s nape with all of him, his smell, his senses, his breath, his hand guiding Baekhyun’s fingers slowly down, carefully inserting one finger into him.

‘Fu- Ngh – Chanyeol, please, it hurts’, Baekhyun whines, trying to remove his finger but Chanyeol bites softly onto his collarbone, burying the pain beneath with the pleasure of his tongue, trying to distract the boy from the pain.

‘Don’t worry. Trust me’, and with that, he forces another one of Baekhyun’s fingers inside, gradually moving rhythmically to the beat of his heart, in and out, trying to make Baekhyun feel good. He watches Baekhyun’s chest rising and falling heavily, mind not knowing what to think, thoughts lewd and blurred as Chanyeol drags his tongue down to graze on his hardening nipples.
'Chan- ah… Chanyeol'

‘Uh. Hyunnie’, Chanyeol whispers, breathing hot breathes, his pain being completely wiped away by Chanyeol, replaced with nothing but pleasure, hot lewd pleasure.

Much more confident now, Baekhyun inserts his third digit alone, grinding to the movements of his own fingers, moans of shear pleasure turning Chanyeol on, but to him, it wasn’t enough. His fingers, which were still holding Baekhyun’s, slowly teases the boy’s rim, inserting his own fingers along with Baekhyun’s, seeing the boy arch his back, eyes tearing as he feels Chanyeol’s finger against his.

‘Baekhyun’, he hears the low gruff murmurs of Chanyeol’s voice breathing down his neck.

‘Chan- Chanyeol’, Baekhyun hears himself moaning out his name, fingers grazing over the tall boy’s hair, holding it as he felt a surge of ecstasy flow through his body.

But once again, Chanyeol leaves him in mid pleasure, forcing the digits out of him as he faces Baekhyun, this time, he pecks Baekhyun’s lips, staying still for a moment as he positions himself, staring at the galaxy in Baekhyun’s hazy eyes.

‘Now, I want him to sing for me’, and with that Chanyeol gives all of himself to Baekhyun, the silent room being filled with soft moans as Chanyeol’s body grinds with Baekhyun’s, a dance they made for themselves as he enters Baekhyun, lips slowly but surely kissing lips, mouth open as they continue to feel for each other, to feel beneath their skin and kindle the fire which has been waiting to be lit.

‘Chanyeol- Ah, please’

‘Baekhyun, uh’

As the night goes on, so does their exploration, fingers intertwining fingers, lips on lips and hearts wide open, the never-ending feeling of sensation as Chanyeol fills Baekhyun and Baekhyun completes Chanyeol, like a perfect jigsaw in a messed up puzzle.

Chapter End Notes

and the ultimate question is answered - side note - I've never written smut before, therefore this chapter is a hot mess of messy and bad writing - so please just pretend this chapter never happened.
Canteen Duties.

Chen has had it up to his neck. He’s currently on wash up duty in the canteen – which is a pain enough – but he was currently sandwiched between hell and torture with Kai and D.O on sweep on duty being all giggly and playing around like cute couples in old 50s’ movies and to his left are the two motherfuckers who can’t keep their hands off each other.

‘We are washing the dishes, not each other, please get a room!’, he warns Chanyeol and Baekhyun as they leave the dishes – for the fifth time in ten minutes – whilst they go off canoodling each other and just giving Chen the worst time of his life.

‘Such a party pooper’, Chanyeol whines, kissing Baekhyun before going back to work, dragging piles of dirty dishes to the sink whilst Baekhyun joins Chen in the drying section.

‘For someone who hates PDA, you’re pretty okay with a tongue stuck all the way down your throat’, Chen mumbles, his hands slightly red from drying too many plates with the rough kitchen towels.

‘Shut up Chen’, Baekhyun punches his shoulder, glaring at him as he whines with a high pitched
annoyed tone.

‘Shut up Chen’, he imitates back, pulling a caricature expression of Baekhyun whining.

‘Babe stop’, he hears another couple behind him – he wishes for the ground to eat him up.

‘Yeah babe. Stop!’, Chen shouts back to Kai and D.O, giving them the finger before shooing them away to sweep another section of the canteen.

‘What’s up with you?’, Chanyeol asks, picking bubbles from the sink before blowing it at Baekhyun.

‘That is what’s up. All this smooching and kissing and hugging and absolute disrespect for those who just wants to get this over and done with’, Chen whines, pointing at the two couple who has been giving him nothing but a pain and a reason to start a school shooting.

‘Chen, quit whining. I’ve got tons of friends wanting to hook up with you. You just need to ask’, Kai points out, mopping the wet area around the sinks.

‘That’s not the point Kai. The point is, you all just earned 20 points each for being disgusting in front of me’, Chen points out, throwing his towel to the floor and stomping out to the food stalls.

‘Suho! Take over for me. I can’t stand it in there’, he whines, pressing himself between Sehun and Suho, grabbing the serving spoon out of Suho’s hands, pointing back inside the kitchen and ripping off Suho’s hairnet from him.

‘Gosh, are they that bad?’, he whispers, looking back, not really wanting to go in, but he looks over to Chen, who looks like he’s about to commit murder, so he just starts a quick prayer and walks inside.

‘We need more than a chart system. We need a punishment system’, Chen complains whilst Sehun gives him a plateful of rice which he adds on the Thai curry they were serving, not even looking up to who he was serving and just seeing a hand reaching out to grab the plate.

‘How about, instead of paying money, each point is like a favour point? 20 points means they’ve got to do 20 favours for you?’, Sehun chimes in, giving a tray to another student.

‘That’s not a bad idea… That seems pretty sweet. I’ve been dying to get my motorcycle washed. It looks like a mess right now’, Lay joins in their conversation, adding salad to their fellow classmates’ plates.

‘You have a motorcycle?’, Chen beams, nodding in approval, looking down at the metal bars to see a hair escaping his hairnet, giving it a quick fix before continuing.

‘Yeah, my parents’ bought it for me when we came to Korea. They probably thought it’ll make me less pissed’

‘Still pissed at them that y’all moved to Korea?’, Sehun bends his head to look over to Lay. He seemed pretty proud of his parents’ medical research and he was more than fitting in school. He’s everyone’s new best friend.

‘Yeah well. I miss my friends sometimes’, Lay shrugs, adding a pile of lettuce on a students’ plate, despite their orders not to.

‘Well, at least you have us, right? I’m sure Korea can’t be that boring’
‘You’re right. It’s not’

‘That’s it. Tag, Lay, you’re up next’, Suho comes back inside, apron stained in water and bubbles all over his hair.

‘Oh wow. What did they do to you?’, Lay giggles as he takes off his hairnet, passing it to Suho, but before doing so, he raises his hands, wiping off the wet bubbles on Suho’s hair. Chen rolls his eyes as he welcomes back Suho by his side, looking over to the now silent Sehun who’s busy passing trays onto the students in front of him.

‘Anyway Sehun, what are you going to dress as in Chanyeol’s party?’, Chen tries to get the sophomore to speak, slightly confused how it has become silent all of a sudden, the three piling on food on plates without a word of conversation passing through them.

‘Um… I don’t really know. I think I’ll just show up with plain clothes’

‘Oh come. It’s a Halloween party. That’s the fun part about Halloween, you could dress whatever. Oh, I know! You can be Elvis Presley! I found a costume shop that sells his classic outfit. You think you can do an Elvis impression. Ahem. Well thank you very much’, Chen attempts to imitate Elvis Presley, trying to make the younger laugh, but all Sehun gives him is a small and what he thinks is a forced smile. Okay, he hasn’t been joking for a while, maybe he was getting rusty.

‘Hey Sehun’, a girl interrupts them, smiling over at Sehun as he passes the tray at her.

‘Oh, hello Nayoung’, Sehun smiles at her, ooh, now Chen is very much interested.

‘Me and my friends are having a study group tomorrow, want to join us?’, she asks, sliding to Chen but still looking over to Sehun, waiting for his reply.

‘Um… Sure’

‘Great. Then I’ll see you tomorrow?’

‘Uh… Yeah…”

Chen smirks as the girl slides pass him after he gave slops down some food on her plate, turning back to smack Sehun.

‘Look what we have here!’, Chen gleams, laughing and poking the younger’s stomach, ‘Looks like someone’s going on a date’

‘It’s not a date… We’re studying for a test’

‘A test huh… When is it?’, Suho chimes in, looking pass Chen to towards Sehun, not wanting to look too obvious so fiddles with the carrots in the salad section.

‘Yeah… We have a maths test on Tuesday next week’

‘Ah… I see… And you have to study for it all weekend, right?’

‘Ah… Yes, all weekend. It’s… It’s a tough test’, Sehun looks down to his feet.

Suho couldn’t ask Sehun to miss out on studying. Not when the younger had an important test. But that didn’t mean he wasn’t upset that he was going to miss his swimming competition tomorrow. He had really hoped Sehun would come.
‘Well, I think you should take this chance and ask her out on a proper date. Just you and her’, Chen, not knowing the situation, devised a structured plan, teaching Sehun on how to woo a girl. It’s once again silent between the three of them, or so Suho thought. He blocks out Chen’s voice, only looking at Sehun in side glances, moments where he tries to see Sehun’s expression over the subject of asking someone out. He didn’t know why he was so curious, but he wanted to see if Sehun hinted a smile, some sort of sign that he might be interested in what Chen was saying. Deep in his thoughts, he hoped Sehun didn’t.

‘Right guys. I know community service have been a bit boring as of lately, but I have some good news!’ Manager Song squeaks into the hall, hands clapping and eyes gleaming she looks over to the eight teenagers.

‘Gosh, what is it now?’, Chen whines, looking over to Chanyeol to realise that his friend is no longer sitting next to him but with Baekhyun in the back corner. Great. Now he’s literally by himself, ‘Fucking fantastic’, he whines to himself now, ‘I woke up at six in the morning to help you and this is how you repay me. You son of a bitch’, Chen shakes his head as he realises that he’s ended up talking to himself. Gosh, he really needs to make a new friend. One that’s not in a relationship.

‘Anyway, the neighbouring high school’s football team is going to be using the field to practice, so all you need to do is watch over them and make sure they don’t do anything stupid. And don’t worry, they’re the sophomore team, so you can boss the around. I’ve finally hired the construction team to finalise everything and finish up fixing this place’

‘Oh thank God’, Kai expresses, leaning his head on D.O’s shoulders as Manager Song finalises her announcement before dismissing them to the field.

‘Wait… If it’s the neighbouring high school… That means… Ah shit… My brother’s going to be here’, Baekhyun realises, punching his leg in frustration at the thought of him and his brother interacting.

‘Your brother’s in the football team?’, Chanyeol looks over to Baekhyun, slightly surprise since he expected Baekbeom to be a loner like Baekhyun.

‘He’s in everything…’

‘Gosh, how are you related?’, he earns himself a well-deserved punch on the back.

‘Dude, you have a brother?’, D.O questions as they all stand up, making their way over to the back doors of the centre.

‘Yeah. Why is that so surprising to you?’, Baekhyun asks as he feels Chanyeol intertwine their hands, pushing the doors open.
‘I don’t know… I just thought you were a lone wolf even at home’, D.O shrugs apologetically as he sees Baekhyun glare at him.

‘Everyone listen up! My brother might look like me, but we are nothing alike! So, don’t even try and speak to him, in fact, avoid him at all cost!’, he screams to all of them as they feel the gush of wind whilst they walk into the back field.

Baekhyun’s warning didn’t work. Not because everyone approached Baekbeom, no, no one wanted to approach a bunch of sophomore idiots going around and kicking a football. No, Baekbeom was the one to approach them, smiling and laughing and joking and screaming as he greets his brother’s friends, surprised his brother had more than one.

‘Jesus Christ Baekhyun, your brother has been talking to me for a good twenty minutes during their practice break’, Kai complains, going over to sit on the grass next to Chanyeol and Baekhyun as D.O and Suho went back into the centre, being asked by the coach to get the team some water.

‘I warned you’, Baekhyun just voiced out, looking ahead to see his brother joking with his team as they try a five-minute game, five against five.

‘Why is he like that and you’re like this?’, Chanyeol asks, gesturing to all of Baekhyun in a slightly displeasing manner. Baekhyun only smack him in the head – and rather quite harshly.

‘Just because you’re my boyfriend, doesn’t mean I’m going to let you off saying stupid shit to me’, Baekhyun gives him a warning, crossing his arms and shaking Chanyeol’s arm off his shoulder.

‘Oh, come on, I was just curious’, Chanyeol defends himself, trying to wrap his arms around Baekhyun again but being shrugged off.

‘Nah, your lame boyfriend has a point. Baekbeom is so different. Last time I saw him, he was such a tiny baby’, Kai chimes in, observing the sophomore kids play whilst their coach shouts directions at them.

‘Wait… What do you mean the last time?’, Chanyeol furrowed his brows in confusion, looking to Kai then back to Baekhyun.

‘Me and Baek used to go to the same Kindergarten. We were quite the pals actually’, Kai mentions to Chanyeol information that the tall boy never knew about.

‘Wait a minute… So, you two knew each other already?’

‘Yeah, but we lost contact when I moved. I only moved back to town during the start of high school’, Kai continues on, sipping his orange soda, but Chanyeol was not finished with his interrogation. How comes he didn’t know about this?

‘Yeah, he even forgot about me. Didn’t even know who I was until recently’, Baekhyun reminds
Kai once again, glaring at the boy playfully before getting hit by Kai.

‘I said I was sorry!’, Kai reminds him once again, ‘You forgave me when I went to your house, remember?’

‘You went to Baekhyun’s house?’, Chanyeol felt like an outsider all of a sudden, like a third wheel as he watches Baekhyun and Kai laugh about their childhood memories, completely ignoring him.

‘You never told me who your Valentines’ crush was back in kindergarten. I’ve always wanted to know’, Kai playfully pokes Baekhyun, urging the boy to finally confess his childhood feelings, ‘Come on, just say it. Was it Seokjin?’

‘Who?’

‘The boy who keeps on stealing your crayons’

‘Oh, that guy. Oh god no. He kept on taking my marbles home and never give it back to me’, Baekhyun whines, remembering the little kid which used to sometimes tag along with him and Kai during playtime.

‘Then who is it?’

‘Yeah, who is it?’, Chanyeol chimes in, curious as to who Baekhyun was going to name his first crush was – even though he probably didn’t know the person.

‘Well, you of course’

‘What?’

‘I beg your pardon?’, Chanyeol looks over at Baekhyun’s fingers pointing at Kai, ‘You used to like Kai?’, he yells out, glaring at both of them as they laugh, excluding Chanyeol once again from the banter. Chanyeol feels a surge of something he’s never felt before, something that makes him want to punch Kai in the face.

‘Seriously?’, Kai claps his hand as he laughs like an idiot at the sudden revelation of Baekhyun’s first ever crush. He never thought he’d be the one, but honestly, he felt lowkey honoured.

‘Yeah, seriously’

‘But I peed my pants in class’

‘But still. You were kind of cute when we were five’

‘Right that’s it. How disrespectful. I’m telling D.O’, Chanyeol gets up from the grass, patting the stains off his jeans as he glares at the two, stomping back inside the field, ‘D.O! D.O! Come here! I have something to tell you!’
‘Hey! Hey! You!’, Baekbeom screams from across the field, running up to Sehun who was busy helping out Suho and Lay clearing the empty plastic bottles and putting them into the recycling bin.

‘Me?’, Sehun points to himself, looking behind him to see if Baekhyun’s little brother was addressing someone else. There was no one else hear him.

‘Yeah, Sehoon right?’

‘Sehun’

‘My bad. Anyway, I heard you’re a sophomore as well’, he smiles, breathing heavily as they just finished a gruelling hour of practise and is now just playing around with the rest of his team mates.

‘Uh… Yeah, I am’, he informs him, swaying his hands which were holding plastic bottles, awkwardly, trying to leave the conversation as politely as he can. Sehun wasn’t much of a talker, so he didn’t know how to keep the conversation flowing.

‘Right, so anyway, why don’t you play with us?’, Baekbeom offers, pointing at his other friends who’s calling him to come back so they can play a quick game before the coach dismisses them.

‘Um… I don’t really know how to play…’, Sehun scratches his head, looking back to try and get help from Baekhyun to get out of the situation, but his friend was nowhere to be seen.

‘Oh, don’t worry about it. We’ll teach you’, Baekbeom grabs Sehun’s arm, forcing him to drop the plastic bottle and join him in the centre field, introducing him to the rest of the team as they begin to play one game of football, trying to teach Sehun the offside rule.

‘Hey Chanyeol, don’t be so upset. It was a long time ago’, Baekhyun tries to hold Chanyeol’s hands, only to be brushed off by the tall boy, giving him the cold shoulder, still slightly pissed and jealous over the fact that Baekhyun’s first crush was Kai. As if Kai wasn’t already a competition enough with his popularity ranks, he’s now a competition in his love life too. Ergh, so annoying.

‘Kai! Can you please tell Chanyeol to get over it? You started it’, Baekhyun turns back to whine at Kai, but the boy just shrugs his shoulders whilst wrapping his arms around D.O.

‘You answered truthfully. Should’ve just said yes when I asked if it was Seokjin’

‘You are a betrayer’, Baekhyun replies, glaring over at Kai and shaking his head, ‘You are no longer a friend I can trust’

‘And you say Chanyeol’s overdramatic’, Kai giggles, looking down to his phone as he feels it vibrate in his back pockets. He looks at the message and instantly smiles.
‘Hey everyone, let’s go to the ice cream parlour, I’m buying’, and with that, they all follow Kai. All except Chen who was still outside the field, clearing up and of course Kai knew Chen was going to be left behind.
'Where the fuck is everyone?', Chen mumbles as he walks into the hall, seeing that no one was in there. He walks across the corridor and hallway finding absolutely no soul, ‘I can’t believe it. They actually ditched me…’, Chen huff out, cursing each and every single one of them as he goes back into the hall by himself, grabbing his back and texting Chanyeol a fuck you.

Looking down on his phone and spamming Chanyeol with loads of mean texts, he walks out of the centre, walking down the stairs and towards the direction of the ice cream parlour after he looks on his snapchat to find Kai uploading a picture of his ice cream, squinting to see the rest of the gang in the background.

‘What a bunch of assholes’, he complains to himself, not noticing a pair of eyes staring behind him.
‘Chen’, someone calls his name, making him turn around to find the source of the voice, eyes landing on someone he hasn’t seen in a long time.

‘Xiumin?’, his eyes widen at the sight of the boy smiling at him. What is this? He thought Xiumin was still in China? And why was his smile making him feel something? It shouldn’t. Goddammit, he vowed that he’ll be over Xiumin by the time he comes back. Maybe he needs a little more time?

‘How are you?’, Xiumin asks, body language awkward and voice even more awkward as he tries to fill the silence between them. God, this is exactly what Chen hates. He hates the feeling of this stupid awkwardness, this feeling where you can’t find any words to say to someone you once poured your heart out with. It’s excruciating.

‘I’m good’, Chen’s short replies didn’t help with fixing the awkwardness and he honestly wished his loud usual self could take over and sort out the mess, ‘Um… I thought you were still in China’

‘Well… My grandma’s making a healthy recovering and my parents’ thought I shouldn’t miss anymore school. So, they told me to move schools in China, it seems like they’re planning to stay with my grandma for quite some time anyway’

‘You’re moving to China permanently?’, Chen didn’t know how to feel about that. Suddenly he didn’t like the feeling of having infinite of time without Xiumin.

‘Yeah, well, I managed to persuade them to let me come back here and stay with my Uncle. At least till Senior year ends. Then I’ll come join them in China’.

Until Senior year? This means that he’ll only get to see Xiumin for less than a year before he moves to China permanently. Thoughts flashes through his mind all of a sudden, thoughts of regret for confessing. If he knew this would be the outcome, he would have thrown his feelings in the trash so that he can spend the remaining year comfortably with Xiumin. Fucking hell, why was he so selfish. He shouldn’t have kissed him. Maybe he can fix it? Maybe he can hide his feelings and spend the remaining months with Xiumin as friends, maybe they can try to go back to where they used to be? It’s better than where they are now.

‘I met someone’, this forces Chen to stop all thoughts, he looks over at Xiumin, there was distance between them, there’ll always be distance between them from now on, but their eyes stray further from each other, Chen looking down on the ground as the words sunk in.

Already?

‘An old friend from when I was younger and living in China. It was great to see him again’

‘I bet it is’

‘Yeah… He does martial arts and all, makes me feel so unhealthy’, Xiumin tries to lighten the mood, only to make it worse.
‘Well, I hope he’s nice to you’

‘Yeah… He is. He even offered me a favour’

‘Is it?’, Chen tries to sound interested, but he wasn’t. He never wants to speak to Xiumin about someone else who’s treating him nice, who’s spending time with him, who’s with him the way he wanted to be. Chen didn’t want to even think about it, but here he is now, listening to Xiumin rave about someone.

‘Yeah. He has the power to control time. He asked if I wanted to go to a certain time. Where I can change something from my past’

Silence. Is this what this is? Is Xiumin giving Chen a warning before he goes back in time and change the moment they met?

‘He told me he’d help me do that. Go back in time and change my biggest regret’, Xiumin steps closer, but not too close, still wary over Chen’s expression, ‘I thought about it. I really did. And I was going to, but something came over me’

Chen looks down to his feet, noticing a trail of ice decorating the sidewalk.

‘I realised… I didn’t want to change anything from my past. Not one thing’

Chen looks up to Xiumin.

‘Not even you’

Xiumin didn’t want to overstep his boundaries. Kai had told him that Chen was finally acting like his old self again.

‘He told me that he would often go back in time to tweak his day. To avoid the puddles he stepped in or to bring an umbrella when it suddenly rained. He said it made his life easier’, Xiumin slowly draws his eyes over to Chen, glancing as he clutches his backpack, phone still in his pockets, and his ice finally reaching the one person they’ve been dying to get a hold off, he notices Chen kicking off the growing snow which surrounds him.

‘There are things in my life I wanted to change, events I wished never happened and people I wished I’d never met. But I didn’t’

‘Any why is that?’

‘Because that meant I wouldn’t have met you’

They couldn’t look at each other in the eye, not because of the awkwardness, but of a feeling, a pressing force which wedges itself between them. A feeling of possibilities.

‘Wouldn’t it be better if you haven’t met me? It would make your life a lot easier’

‘It would make it hella boring. You’re my puddle and rain. But instead of wanting to avoid it, I want to jump in and to dance in the rain’

‘What?’

‘What I’m trying to say is… I want to dance with you. And I should’ve danced with you. The whole night’
‘Xiumin-

‘I’m not a fan of starting over. But I am a fan of continuing something that might have potential’, Xiumin steps over his snow, his frozen ice which has been keeping him locked and numb from feeling anything, even love. He steps right over it and towards Chen.

‘So, Chen, instead of starting over, can we just continue from the moment you tried to kiss me?’

‘And how would you like to continue from there?’

‘Like this’

Xiumin, slowly, but surely, leans in to kiss Chen.

__________________________________________________________________________

**China; 21.30pm; yesterday**

‘How’s Chen?’

‘If you’re so curious, why don’t you ask yourself?’, Kai whines, eating a packet of meat candies Xiumin bought from the shops. They never sell this type of food in Korea, so this is a culture shock of Kai who has been visiting Xiumin’s grandmother’s house every night like it’s just down the road from him.

‘Just answer the damn question Kai’

‘Alright. He’s doing just fine. Chen celebrated his birthday with just Chanyeol’

‘Ah…’, Xiumin still for a moment, wondering how it would be like if he was there on Chen’s birthday. Would Chanyeol have let him celebrate with them?

‘Look, I really think Chen’s completely over you. Even went on a date and got laid’

‘What?’

‘Ah ha! I saw that expression! It’s an expression of pain!’

‘Kai, lay off’, Xiumin glares at him, swatting his hand away from his face, annoyed that Kai keeps getting under his skin.

‘Look Xiumin, if you miss Chen more than me, then it means you like him’

‘How can I miss you? You’re here almost every goddamn day’, Xiumin whines, stepping over the
piles of books on the floor and resting on his bed beside Kai – who is steal eating his snack.

‘Xiumin, I’m really not one for advice over traumatic experiences. I mean, the most traumatic experience I had when dating is when the other person came too quickly’

‘Oh Jesus, that’s disgusting’, Xiumin hits Kai with a pillow, grimacing at the thought of Kai’s sex life.

‘Look, you’re missing out on so much. You missed out Chanyeol and Baekhyun getting together and over time, you’re going to miss out on Chen as well. Do you want that to happen? To come back to Korea and see Chen dating someone?’

‘Or maybe I can just stay here…’

‘Oh nice. Running away, how classy of you’, Kai rolls his eyes, judging Xiumin’s action.

‘Look, I don’t like Chen’

‘Are you fucking kidding me? Stop with that bullshit, you and I know you like Chen as much as he likes you. Maybe even more’

‘I just don’t want to’

‘Xiumin, goddamn it, stop being a pussy. It’s not a good look on you’

‘Kai, I’m being serious’

‘So, am I. Look, I’m not a good friend, you shouldn’t seek advice from me and like I said, I don’t know shit about being hurt by someone you love to your extent, but seriously Xiumin, if you keep pushing back because over that one thing that happened to you, how are you supposed to get over it and start a new chapter in your fucking life? Honestly, your life is going to be shit if you let that one thing fester and affect your every relationship. Get over yourself Xiumin, seriously’

‘Why are you so mad at me?’

‘Because Chen is slowly getting over you and if I wasn’t your friend, I’d be glad he is because of the emotional wreck you gave to him. If you don’t move now then he’s going to be gone for good. I’m just warning you to do it now or else’, and with that, Kai disappears from his room, leaving him alone and empty. Xiumin huff out in anger, trying to brush of Kai’s words as he usually does. But this time he doesn’t. This time, as he lays on his room, alone and in silent, Kai’s words fester inside his mind, and finally, something switched.

His ice finally melts and he suddenly feels the urge.

The urge to tell Chen he’s sorry.
The urge to tell him that he lied.

The urge to tell Chen that when he asked him if he ever felt anything for him, to reply hell fucking yeah.
Kyungsoo knew today’s competition meant everything to Suho. It’s been months since his best friend had organised and prepared the event and Kyungsoo can only be glad at the response. The stadium was full to the brim, each bench squished with so many people – of course, Suho’s months advertising paid off, but Kyungsoo had a small tiny feeling that some people did not come for him.

‘You know, I didn’t think our school loved swimming so much’, Baekhyun mutters as he scans the stadium, disbelief in finding that even the stoners are here.

‘Lay invited the Chess Club and most likely the stoners too’, Kai comments, stuffing his face with the seventh hotdog he purchased from outside.
‘And your boyfriend invited everyone else’, Kyungsoo adds on, looking to find Chanyeol gleaming as he is followed by a group of people. Kyungsoo wonders why Baekhyun wasn’t in the slightest bit jealous – sure he didn’t think Baekhyun was the jealous type, but surely, he must feel agitated to see Chanyeol being draped with boys and girls.

‘Dude, doesn’t that piss you off?’, Kai practically reads Kyungsoo’s mind as the trio looks ahead to find that Chanyeol had not yet finished relishing at the crowd which formed around him, Kai and Kyungsoo then turns back to look over at Baekhyun, surprised that the boy genuinely didn’t look like he gives a damn.

‘Nah, not really’

‘Why not?’

‘Because of this’, Baekhyun stretches his arm out, draping himself over at Kai, head resting on the boy’s shoulder as he looks up to smile at both Kyungsoo and Kai, ‘Three, two…’, Baekhyun begins to countdown.

‘One’

And like magic, Chanyeol’s head almost snapped into as he turns his head towards their direction, eyes squinting to confirm that his boyfriend was currently holding someone else other than him, making him glare to intensely at Kai, the tanned younger boy felt intimidated for a minute.

‘The kid digs me’, Baekhyun whispers, giggling as he winks over to Chanyeol, eyes filled with fury and jealousy.

‘I don’t know whether to barf or to laugh’, Kyungsoo whispers as he suddenly sees Chanyeol trying to pry himself off the crowd he gathered, eyes never leaving their sight.

Lay had almost gotten used to life in Korea. Of course, it wasn’t his beloved home, but still, he didn’t feel like a complete outsider. Much to everyone’s disbelief, ever since Lay got here, he had never felt like he fitted in. That’s why he tried to join every club the school and community had to offer; Senior year and he was 100% sure everyone else were already in solid friendship groups. He had the fear that no one would want him to join, so Lay had taken that into account, switching from one group to the other, spending lunch playing chess whilst on Fridays after school, he’d make sure to hang out with the astrology club. It had become a pattern for him, one which he so sadly obliged too, not making any emotional connection but just simply hanging out to pass the time until he can go back to China and attend college.

Of course, serving community service was never part of his plan – but after two weeks was up, Lay had found the comfort he longed for in the eight strange boys who does nothing but cause trouble for everyone around them. But for once, since he got on the plane to Korea, he can say he’s had fun.
So, it was no surprise, Lay came to the charity event in full support of the first proper friend he’s made, making sure he and the arts and crafts club made as many banners and posters as they can, filling the stadium with coloured sugar paper, glitter everywhere and lots of paint written letters of encouragements.

‘You really outdid yourself there’, Chanyeol comments as he walks pass Lay, stopping for a moment to stare at the wide cardboard cut-out of Suho’s face with the words ‘Cheers’ written on top of it.

‘Yeah, well, Suho is versing an actual professional swimmer, so he needs all the support’

‘What’s the charity for again?’ one of the arts and crafts member asks, trying to wedge themselves in between Chanyeol and Lay, eyes trying to steal glances at the tall handsome boy next to her.

‘For the Teen Suicide Prevention Organisation’

‘Ah shit really?’, Chanyeol did a double take and sure enough, the organisation’s logo was labelled all over the posters Lay is busy putting up.

_Huh_, Chanyeol thought it was just another typical donation to try and stop poverty around the world, but Chanyeol noticed that Suho had been continuously mentioning this topic more than once.

‘Chanyeol, you don’t even know what your friend is up to? What kind of friend are you?’

‘The kind of friend that will be on their way to the locker room to wish him luck!’, Chanyeol defends himself, pointing his hands to the direction of the locker room, racing out of Lay’s demise.

Suho sits on the bench, swimming gear already in place, breathing in and out to try and calm his nerves. This is the first time he’s ever organised something massive and although he was glad of the huge response it got, it didn’t ease him one bit.

Ironically, having the power to control water didn’t help him in the pool, in fact, it made every competition ten times harder as he tries to keep his powers under wraps, scared that he might accidentally end up cheating by manipulating the current around him. He had to make sure to never use his powers, otherwise he can easily get disqualified.

The silence of the locker room drowns his thoughts into nothing, his mind blank and breathing heavy, he focuses on the soft tapping of the drains around him, closing his eyes to imagine water all over him, trinkets of water flowing out of him, forming a bubble around him, blocking out everyone and everything which might distract him from his meditation.

‘Oh, that’s so cool!’, Chanyeol pops Suho’s bubbles – literally pops it – as the tall boy walks in, finding to see the circular shape engulfing Suho and like a curious cat, poking a finger through it,
surprising the boy and splattering the water around them, making both he and Suho soaking wet.

‘Chanyeol?’

‘Well… It’s not so cool anymore’, Chanyeol looks down at his wet clothes, whining as his t-shirt sticks to his torso.

‘What are you doing here?’

‘Wishing you luck’

Right. It’s not that Suho and Chanyeol weren’t close, over time the two students from completely different parts of the high school hierarchy had found a friendship within them – not a very close or emotional one – but Suho can finally rely on Chanyeol to at least make him laugh – and to him, that was more than enough. But that didn’t mean their friendship is the type to congratulate each other and talk about their feelings – this was new for Suho.

‘Look, I know you worked hard on this, trust me, Kyungsoo won’t shut up about it, and I just want to say…’, Chanyeol takes a moment to scan the boy in front of him, seeing that the teacher’s pet had quite the figure himself, but also seeing the glint in his eyes which never seemed to fade, except for that one time they all found out that Sehun was getting bullied and did nothing about it.

‘And?’, Suho encourages Chanyeol to continue his sentence.

‘Well, I know you got bullied. Really bad. Hell, I think I even joined in once… Maybe… In sophomore’, Suho looks at him, ‘Or Junior… I can’t really remember…’, okay, Chanyeol might be lying… He remembered the time he joined in Jae Woo’s jokes in stuffing some rotten egg inside Suho’s locker beginning of Senior year.

‘But anyway. The point is. I’m sorry’

‘Sorry? About what?’

‘Well… Even though I didn’t directly participate, I knew I fucked up by letting them do all those things to you… And… If… You know…. If you were doing this charity thing… Because you might have felt that way once… Then… You know… I… Yeah… Sorry’, Chanyeol has found himself apologising more than he’s ever had this year, but that didn’t mean he was still used to it, he can barely say the word ‘sorry’ without stuttering like an idiot, but he kind of needed to do it, for Suho anyway.

‘Wow… Your kind of shit at saying sorry’

‘Hey, I’m trying’

‘Of course you are’
Kai wonders his eyes at the crowd, waiting for the race to start, but instead he gleams as he sees Xiumin walking in. He hadn’t seen Xiumin on Friday and he made sure not to interrupt the boy – just in case he was getting it on – so today is his opportunity to ask Xiumin for the details.

Racing out of his seat, ketchup on his face, he runs to Xiumin, gripping the boy’s arms as he spins him around.

‘Soooo…’, Kai looks at Xiumin, ‘Tell me what happen. Give me all the details. Did you two bone?’

‘No’

‘What?’, okay, not the response Kai was expecting, but maybe they were too shy? ‘Well, did you at least kiss?’

‘Yeah’

‘Oh good, then that means you’re off to the right tracks – ‘

‘No… We’re not’

‘I beg your pardon?’, Kai stops smiling, he finally takes this chance to look at his friend, not really seeing a boy who looked like he just found the love of his life – no, he actually looked even more depressed then when he was in China, ‘What happened?’

‘I kissed him, then he pushed me and ran off’

‘What?’, that did not sound like Chen at all, ‘Are you sure it was him?’

‘Kai, I’m pretty fucking sure I know what Chen looks like’, Xiumin huffs, glaring at Kai for clearly not helping him out – not only was Xiumin frustrated, but god, did Kai have the talents to piss him off.

‘Then, did you bite his tongue? Did you do it wrong? Was it not good?’

‘Oh my god… Can we not?’, Xiumin pushes Kai away from him, walking over to find a spare seat in the stadium – even though he’s depressed, Xiumin was glad that he wasn’t missing the event, he’s already missed out a ton of stuff and he’d be bummed if he had to miss this out too. Knowing the group, something is bound to happen other than swimming, whether it’s death of a burning stadium, Xiumin was expecting a big scene.

‘Come on dude, if you need kissing lesson, then I can give you advice – ‘

Xiumin refuses to listen to anymore of Kai’s bullshit.

The stadium is full of tension once the announcer broadcasts the start of the race, ringing the bell, the two swimmers walk into the stadium, at the ready with their swim caps tightly in place. Kyungsoo sees Suho, breathing heavily, as he stretches his arms and warms up, jumping on the spot and looking at the far end of the pool.

Kyungsoo knows Suho can win – even without his powers Suho is still a fast swimmer – not only that but Suho seems like he needs to take his mind off things, whether it was school work or
something else, Kyungsoo never fails to notice if his best friend was feeling uncomfortable. And he knew exactly what Suho does when he feels stressed, dive straight into the water.

‘Come on Suho…’, he cheers on, whispering his best wishes because Kyungsoo was not much of a loud cheerer. Unlike everyone else in the audience who seems to be cheering for some reason – they don’t even like Suho – but the high school spirit seems to be flowing through the school nonetheless.

With the coach lifting his hand, whistle in his mouth, the two swimmers get into position, Suho’s rival, Han Yi An, being a professional athlete set out who has already won two silvers at the Korean Youth Swimming Championship takes a calm stature, being used to the massive crowd, he pays no attention and focuses on nothing else but the water.

The whistle blows, instinctively making the two swimmers jump straight into the water.

One person that wasn’t present in the Charity Swim was a sophomore kid, sitting in the library and trying to finish his maths work, breathing a sigh of relief as he rolls onto the last question, taking about thirty minutes trying to solve the previous one.

‘Thank again, Nayoung’, Sehun smiles at the girl who had slowly become his friend – although hesitant – he started to get used to Nayoung’s presence, smiling whenever she approached him and genuinely having a nice conversation during lesson. She’s the first friend he’s made in his year.

‘No problem, to be honest, I really needed your help on trigonometry anyway, I suck at it’

‘No worries, I’m not that good at it either’

‘Yeah, well, you’re better than me’, they share a small laugh between them, continuing to do their work silently since they were at the library and the librarians were giving them so many warning glares already.

‘Oh, my friend just snapchatted me. Seems like the whole school’s in that Charity Swim event’, Nayoung looks down at her phone, smiling as she goes through everyone’s story, seeing the stadium full and people shouting everywhere.

Sehun freezes for a moment. The boy didn’t forget that today was Suho competition. He remembers Suho always going on about it during lunch, eyes gleaming passionately as he tells Sehun over and over again just how excited he was for it. Of course, Sehun was never bored when Suho kept going on about it.

‘Do you… Do you want to go? I think we can still make it if we leave no’, Nayoung suddenly looks up to stare at Sehun, smiling encouragingly at him, almost like she knew something.

‘Um… No, it’s fine. We still need to finish our work’, Sehun opted out into coming, despite his
promise with Suho, purely because he didn’t think he’ll know what to do when he’s near Suho. He didn’t think he feels comfortable around the boy anymore – sometimes he wished he can rewind to his mother’s wedding and instead of staring at Suho all night long, he wished he looked at something else, maybe then he wouldn’t feel so weird around him. And it was such a shame, Sehun genuinely thought his friendship with Suho might actually last, but as expected, he fucks it up.

‘Sehun, we can go, I mean it’s not the end of the world if we don’t finish this’

‘No, it’s fine. Plus, you said we’re going to have a whole day study session… It’s only one o’clock’, Sehun looks over at his watch and sure enough, it’s still the early hours of the afternoon.

‘Okay, if that’s what you want’, silence overtake them as Sehun runs out of conversation topics to present to Nayoung, opting to just finish his work and start helping Nayoung to finish hers, walking her through each method step by step.

‘So… The Halloween Party at Chanyeol’s…’, Sehun breaks the silence between them, ‘Got anyone to go with’? Sehun didn’t know why he would ask Nayoung such a random question, it’s not like he wanted to ask her out on a date, and on Chanyeol’s Halloween Party? He would definitely pick something more romantic to go on a date than a high school party.

‘No, my friends and I decide to just go as a group’, Nayoung looks over at Sehun, ‘Why? You wanna take me instead?’

Oh God no. Sehun didn’t want to take Nayoung out on a date… He just wanted to fill the silent atmosphere between them… So, does this mean Sehun has to know ask her on a date because he did bring it up and it’ll be weird not to follow through.

‘I mean… If you… If you want…’

‘Oh Sehun’, she giggles, trying to supress her laugh as she looks over the shy and awkward boy, so oblivious. It’s times like these that she loved her powers the most, ‘Don’t worry Sehun, I know you don’t wanna go with me’

‘What?’, Sehun sees the playful glint in her eyes as she leans in closer, whispering in his ears, ‘You know, I can read people’s minds’

‘What?’

‘You’ve been thinking about the Senior since the moment we got here. That’s why I asked if you wanted to ditch today’s study, it looked like you couldn’t focus’

Sehun turns bright red, hands automatically burying his face. How long as she been reading his mind? Oh God, how embarrassing.

‘Don’t worry Sehun, I don’t judge, not when I’ve read almost everyone’s mind. Yours is pretty normal’

‘I can’t believe you read my mind… Isn’t that… I don’t know… Against human rights?’

‘Stop over playing it Sehun’

*Wait, if she read my mind… Then does that mean she knows?*

‘Why did you think I mentioned the Charity Swim?’, she answers the question that spun around his
head, making him turn to her, his cheeks even more brighter than before – if that’s even possible.

‘So… Do you still wanna go or nah?’

Sehun pauses for a moment. Despite his discomfort of having his mind read, it gave him some relief that he’s not the only one who knows about his crush on the Senior. A sudden jolt of confidence boosts him.

‘You know what, maths isn’t that important’

‘Hell yeah, it isn’t. Let’s go’

The competition was intense, the crowd cheering at the moment flashing over everyone’s eyes. Both swimmers were goddamn fast, arms hosted against the water, moving at such a rate Kai was worried they might break their arms right off. He sees Ya In hit end in the first lap, sighing in defeat, but heart rate beating again the moment he sees Suho catching up, only a second behind.

‘Come on, come on’, Kyungsoo whispers, hands clenched into a tight fist as the last lap arrives, Ya In being in the lead by a mere second. But in sports, a mere second is still a lot.

‘Jesus Christ, I never knew two people swimming can be so intense’, Chanyeol looks around, seeing the screaming crowd and his friends beside him, Kai looking like he’s in the middle of doing a shit as his face tensed.

‘If people can get excited about your stupid fire tricks, then they can surely get excited about swimming’, Baekhyun comments, shushing Chanyeol as his eyes focused on Suho, fist clenched around Chanyeol, almost breaking the boy’s finger at how tight he was gripping his hand.

‘Ow!’, Chanyeol squirms, trying to break his hand away from the steel grip, ‘For of all, it’s not stupid’

‘You set my arm on fire’

‘Oh my god, get over it, that was so like three months ago’

‘You want me to get over a second degree burn?’

‘Oh come on, it’s not like it left a scar’, Chanyeol points at Baekhyun’s perfectly smooth arm, his long sleeves rolled up.

‘That’s because Lay healed me’

‘Yeah, but still, you were going to go to the healer’s office to get it fixed anyway’

‘Not the point. Point is you still burnt me’
‘For fucks sakes, can you two shut the fuck up?’, Kyungsoo whines, his focus on the competition being compromised over the two whining bitches sitting beside him, ‘And to think you guys would stop the bickering once you’re dating… God, what kind of couple are you?’

Before Chanyeol and Baekhyun can reply, the crowd disperse into full on screaming, Kai gripping on Kyungsoo’s shoulders.

‘Soo look! Suho’s the lead! He’s in the lead!’, and he was, Suho during the last lap had garnered enough energy, swimming faster as he surpasses Ya In, but that didn’t mean he’s safe, it looks like Ya In is taking speed as well, both nearing the other end.

‘Are we on time? Have we made it?’, Sehun huffs out as he and Nayoung run inside the stadium, looking around to see the crowd still cheering. They stool right beside the edge of the pool, overlooking the whole stadium and only a mere few steps from the end of the pool.

‘Sohun look! I think Suho’s about to win!’, she points out onto the pool, seeing the two swimmers racing to the finish line, jumping up and down and joining the whole school as they cheer for Suho.

Sehun on the other hand didn’t have time to process as the first swimmer touches the end of the pool, the whistle blowing for the end of the competition.

Everyone was tense. No one actually knew who one. It was a close call. They noticed that both hands touched at pretty much the same time.

There’s a moment of silence as the school’s camera replays the video they took in slow motion – Olympic fashion style – showing it at the front screen as the whole crowd sat with side eyes, seeing the tip of Suho’s fingers touching the pool lightly before Ya In.

The noise which erupted around the stadium was not normal. It sounded like Godzilla… No, it sounded like ten Godzillas. Suho splashes the water around him, cheering as he hears the whole school clap for him. He of course doesn’t forget to shake hands with Ya In, lifting him up on the water so both swimmers stood in the middle of the pool, hands holding as they professionally cheered for each other, bowing to the audience.

‘Good game’, Ya In smiles, still slightly breathless as the two hug, Suho guiding him from the water to solid ground.

‘Good game’, he replies, staying on the water and lifting his arms up for the rest of the school to join with his celebration.

‘Suho! Suho!’, he hears them scream, but all of a sudden, he feels a weight in him, something heavy embracing him, making him lose concentration and fall into the water.

He opens his eyes for a moment, seeing the blue around them and a boy’s face smiling at him.
Sehun was here.

The sophomore’s arms wrapped itself around his as they stay underwater for a moment, the crowd’s noises blurred and all they hear is the soft gushing of water surrounding them.
It’s Sunday and Lay is bored. More than anything, he’s tired. He loves his parents and have always wanted to follow their footsteps, he’d even started to apply for college which specialises in training young healers to become doctors and medical researcher, that’s how much his parents meant to him – they are his main inspiration. But my God, if he has to listen to another conversation about the hospital, he’s going to flip a table.

‘So, honey, how’s your research in the history and future of beta blockers in heart failure treatment in children and adults?’, his mother asks, the clanking of metal cutlery against ceramic filling the dinner table between them.
Lay can only roll his eyes as his parents continue to discuss about statistics and possible stages of human experiment which Lay has lost all interest in, opting to just chew on his broccoli and sip his drink, waiting for their dinner to finish.

The whole day and they haven’t mentioned his birthday. Not that he cares. His family wasn’t much of a celebrator, opting to just get him a cake and some cash during his birthday, but today, he felt slightly agitated. He did get the happy nod and pat on the back as his dad wishes him a happy birthday and his mother even went out her way during work to order a small cake. Lay didn’t think it was enough – he didn’t want to sound like a spoilt child, but it was his eighteenth and maybe a weekend away to China where he can spend his time with his friends would be one of the gifts his parents might have considered.

After dinner is even more miserable as they still ask him to wash the dishes, leaving him alone in the kitchen as they retire for a good earned rest upstairs in their room, all the while complaining about their tired backs and sleepy dazes, leaving their son alone with the uneaten cake, candles still in place but the tip slightly burnt and melted placed in the centre of the dining table.

Lay isn’t complaining – he just shrugs and daydreams of a time he celebrated his sixteenth birthday with his friends packing a weekend road trip get away. It was truly the best. Sometimes he wishes to go back to those days.

Finishing up with the dishes, he races up to his room, not even touching his cake, residing to play games in his room all night till it hits midnight and it’s no longer his birthday.

What he didn’t expect however is a tanned skinned boy resting on his bed, flicking through the pages of one of his manga.

‘Kai? What the hell are you doing here?’, Lay asks, covering his mouth as he tries not to scream in fright at the sight of the boy the moment he walked into his messy room.

‘Hey Lay’, Kai waves, not really giving much context in why he’s here and it didn’t look like he’s planning to do so any time soon. Instead, he gets off the boy’s bed, smiling as he pulls out some sort of fabric from his back pocket, maybe a handkerchief?

‘I need you to put this on’

‘Excuse me?’

‘Just… Trust me’, Kai smiles, and Lay, not really a person who has any trust issues, obliges to Kai’s wishes, even though it sounds and looks oddly like a sequence of a murder.

‘What are you going to do?’, lay asks as his sight turns into pitch darkness, the material blocking his eyes from seeing his room. He felt it tighten around him as Kai ties it from the back, feeling the boy’s hand glides up to his, ‘Kai… You have a boyfriend’

‘Oh my God Lay, it’s not like that’, Kai can only giggle at Lay’s presumption, intertwining his hands with the boy, ‘Just trust me’

‘Why does that oddly sound romantic?’

‘Because I’m the one saying it, and frankly everything I do is either sexy or romantic… Or both really’, Kai tries to ease Lay, persuading the boy to relax his tense muscle. Kai’s tired to the bone so he can’t afford Lay’s lack of participation, he might end up missing an arm if Kai gets this wrong. But hopefully he doesn’t.
And with a zap. They both disappear into thin air.

Meanwhile…

‘Can you fucking get out of my way?’

‘Excuse you, but you’re in my way’

‘No, you’re in my way!’

‘Why are you even moving the lights? It’s perfect as it is’

‘No, it’s not’

‘I put them there’

‘Which is why it sucks’

‘Are you calling me a bad decorator’

Suho couldn’t believe they have to handle the mess that was Chanyeol and Baekhyun all over again. He rolls his eyes, looking over at Kyungsoo making gagging noises as they listen to the two argue and bicker. Suho preferred them when they were just friends – that was the time when they didn’t argue as much and everything didn’t end up in flames or tears.

‘Guys, please stop, this isn’t your day’, Xiumin breaks them apart, pushing pass Chanyeol and he rests a box of candles on one of the old furniture Chanyeol manages to salvage from the community centre. Xiumin had never seen such a perfect view and he was slightly jealous Chanyeol and Chen had the rooftop all to themselves – not even bothering to share with them. Speaking of Chen. Xiumin looks behind to see the boy, silent as he sticks to Chanyeol and Baekhyun, minding his own business and busying himself with rearranging the lamps and coat hanger to form some sort of a fort made of old blankets, pillows already disperse beneath.

‘I can’t believe you knew about Lay’s birthday. I don’t think I even know he’s real name’, Sehun calls over, turning to face Suho, smiling brightly as the older boy helps him with the banner, pinning the words Happy Birthday to one of the old message boards Sehun found in the basement.

‘Sehun, come on, I’m the Class President, I have all access to everyone’s files’, Suho replies, smiling smugly as he finishes helping Sehun.

‘That’s slightly concerning’, Chen decides to speak now, making Xiumin tense for a moment. Everything is so awkward between them ever since Xiumin came back from China. Everyone can feel it too. Of course, with Kai’s blabbering mouth, the rest of the group new about the situation between Xiumin and Chen, so they opted to ignore the subject, trying to ignore the elephant in the room. The huge elephant in the room.
‘Oh… Excuse me… Sorry’, Xiumin bows apologetically, eyes on the floor as he bumps into Chen, holding a box of snacks and trying to place it inside the fort.

‘No – No, it’s fine’, Chen whispers, bowing to Xiumin also, like a pendulum, both swinging apologies back and forth.

‘That is the most awkward thing I’ve ever seen in my life’, D.O whispers to Suho and Sehun, going over to their side, observing the pair. It saddens D.O slightly, he remembers the first time Chen and Xiumin had been first acquainted. Back then, it was absolutely annoying since Chen made them work an extra hour to collect the garbage that he threw, but looking back at it now, it’s hilarious and D.O can’t help but to smile at the small memory. Their relationship was weird from the get go, but Kyungsoo liked them together. Maybe as friends, maybe as lovers, D.O doesn’t know. All he knows is that the two suited each other.

‘D.O, has Kai teleported you anywhere yet?’, Sehun breaks the trio’s silent as they continue to observe the awkward pair. D.O tears his eyes away from Chen, looking over the sophomore kid.

‘No, not really. I haven’t really asked’

‘Well, where would you go if he asked you right now?’, Sehun has become much more talkative over the pass couple of days, asking tons of questions and always asking them for help for their homework, of course, Kai and Chanyeol were a lost cause since they don’t even do homework, but he started to rely more on Kyungsoo and Chen – especially Chen, since he’s surprising pretty good at physics – so Sehun would always visit them whenever he needed help.

‘Um… I actually don’t know… Maybe… Jeju Island?’

‘So typically boring’, Suho groans, earning a small hit from D.O.

‘I don’t know, okay? I don’t mind where we go, as long as we spend it together’

‘That’s disgustingly cheesy and so not like you’, Suho grimace, looking over and judging his best friend long and hard at his choices of words.

‘Oh come on, it wasn’t that corny’

‘Yeah… It kind of was…’, Sehun added in, giggling as he gives Suho a high five, completely leaving D.O to fend for himself, choosing to gang up with Suho and make fun out of the love-sick puppy beside them.

‘Ah shit. Guys! I just got a text from Kai! They’re coming!’, Baekhyun breaks the soft atmosphere, making all of them bustle, getting everything prepared, lights on, fort secure and in place, food heated and prepared in bowls and plastic plates and cake – not very big since they were all broke – resting in the centre of a rather small yet full table, candles placed around Lay’s name.

‘Wait… Why did Kai text you and not D.O?’, Chanyeol pauses for a moment, looking at Baekhyun with accusation and a hint of jealousy.

‘Wow, your boyfriend is really something’, D.O looks over, not even bothering to question Chanyeol’s way of thinking. Even he wasn’t the slightest bit jealous that his boyfriend called Baekhyun, there was an easy explanation for this – Baekhyun’s name starts with a ‘B’ and his name was saved as ‘Soo’, therefore it’s more convenient to pick the person who’s right at the top of your contact list, especially if you’re a lazy motherfucker like Kai.

‘Chanyeol, just up and hurry here, Kai told me they’ll be teleporting where you’re standing and if
you don’t want to get pushed aside into another dimension, then I suggest you come here’

Chanyeol huffs in submission, pouting his lips as he moves out of the way and walking over to where Chen is, refusing to stand by Baekhyun’s side.

‘You’re such a baby’, Baekhyun whines as he sees Chanyeol’s evident silent treatment, ‘Ah wait’, Baekhyun quickly races over back to the centre of the roof top, lifting the palm of his hands and blowing little firefly like lights around, hovering around. It reminded Chen of the time he went to China – well, when Kai teleported him to China – he didn’t see fireflies, but remembered the dragonflies decorating the already beautiful meadow. It was so blissful, he wished he can go back…

‘Great… You didn’t do that to me…’, Chanyeol continues to whine, looking over to see Baekhyun trying to make his lights perfect, turning his light to a shade of light pink and purple.

‘Why the fuck would I randomly blow lights to you?’, Baekhyun shuts the tall boy up, racing back to the line the rest of the group formed, waiting for the pair to arrive any minute now.

‘Just so you know… My birthday is coming up… Like next month so…’, Chanyeol whispers but he only earns a smack in the head from Chen, ‘Ow! I’m just saying! Just warning you guys, I want a bigger party than this – ‘

‘Happy Birthday!’, Sehun screeches as he sees the flashes of light and two teenagers in front of them, pooping his part popper first as the rest were to engross with Chanyeol.

‘Oh… Happy Birthday!’, the rest follows along, popping their part popper, clapping and cheering as they wish Lay a happy birthday, racing up to hug the boy, unknowingly, all of them decided to go in for a hug at the same time, resulting in just one massive group hug with Lay being squished bang in the middle.

‘Oh… You guys!’, Lay gleams, although he’s slightly breathless, still in the middle of a fairly dangerous bear hug, the group continuing to squeeze the living daylight out of Lay, ‘You shouldn’t have!’

‘Of course we have to! It’s your birthday’, Suho gleams, forcing the rest of them to break away from the boy, noticing Lay’s slight discomfort at the tight contact.

‘This looks amazing!’, Lay looks around once everyone disperses, glazing his eyes over the beautiful fairy lights, small mini ice sculptures of a chess piece and a boy dancing rested beside the cake with his name written with icing.

‘I made those sculptures by the way, took me hours’, Xiumin points out as Lay bends down to take a closer look at the intricately detailed ice sculpture.

‘It’s amazing’, Lay couldn’t begin to fathom just how many emotions were going through him right now. It was a mixture of shock, happiness and disbelief, muting him and filling tears in his eyes.

‘Ah shit he’s crying. Guys, I don’t think he likes it!’, Chanyeol voices out as soon as he sees Lay lift up a hand to try and wipe of the tears threatening to escape, turning around to hide his face from everyone.

‘Oh no, why are you crying?’, Suho wraps his arm around the boy’s waist, giving him a warm hug as the rest pats his back in comfort.
‘I’m – nothing – I’m just overwhelmed, that’s all…’, Lay tries to shake his tears away, smiling as he wipes the rest away, ‘Now where’s my cake? I want my cake’, Lay smiles as Chanyeol races behind them, holding the cake between his hands.

‘I paid for most of it’, he says proudly, lighting the candles with one click of his fingers.

‘Ah, excuse me, we all paid for it’, everyone chimes in, attacking Chanyeol’s claims.

‘Yeah, well I paid the most, I mean, come one Kai, you gave us less than ₩10,000’, Chanyeol shuts them down one by one. What he said wasn’t a lie, he did contribute the most money, but that doesn’t matter, they still all chipped in by the end of the day.

‘Come on, let Lay blow the candle’, Baekhyun breaks the argument, clapping his hands and pushing Lay in front of Chanyeol who stretches his arms, waiting for Lay to make a wish.

There’s a moment of silence as Lay closes his eyes, clasping both his hands together in prayer. He opens his eyes and blows it all in one go, smiling with his dimples showing as the rest continues to sing happy birthday and clapping along.

The candles light up again.

‘Oops, sorry. Got a bit carried away’, Chanyeol laughs, getting rid of the flames.

It’s raining. It’s been raining all night long but it’s okay. Suho wedges some sort of protection field which forces the rain to pass by them, the rooftop dry as the rest of the city is drenched in water.

The sound of thunder follows along as they see flashes of light in front of them.

‘Holy shit, that’s scary’, Chanyeol flinches, doing a mini dab as he jumped in fright over the sound of thunder.

‘Dude, your best friend controls lightning’, Baekhyun looks up, his head lifted from Chanyeol’s shoulder.

‘So? That doesn’t mean I suddenly like lightning. Chen has a phobia of fire and he’s still friends with me’

‘Well, that’s different’, Baekhyun looks over to Chen, stuffing his face with another slice of cake and pizza – boy, that kid knows how to eat.

‘Lay, watch this’, Chen elbows the boy sitting next to him as they look up to watch the night sky. Chen stretches his hand, pointing his finger to the sky and writing something in the air. Suddenly, flashes of lightning forms in the sky, but it wasn’t a normal lightning, it didn’t go straight down, instead it curved and looped around the sky, forming the words Zhang Yixing in the midnight blue sky.
‘Damn, that looks sick’, Sehun comments, looking over to Chen and begging the Senior to write his name in the sky too.

‘It’s not your birthday Sehun’

‘But please? Pleeeeeeeaaaaassssssssseeeeee?’, Sehun pleads, wrapping his hand around the boy, bottom lip pouting.

‘Chen, just do it’, Lay giggles, giving Chen permission to write Sehun’s name.

Xiumin wasn’t jealous. He was envious. There’s a difference. Jealousy is a feeling of delving yourself in self-pity ad you watch someone you like being together with someone else. Being envious is wishing that someone was you. Xiumin wasn’t mad or agitated that Sehun and Lay were edging closer to Chen, rather, he wanted it to be him that leaned on Chen’s shoulder as he writes his name into the night sky.

‘Dude, why can’t you do that?’, Chanyeol whispers to Baekhyun, turning to his boyfriend as Chanyeol keeps the bonfire alive, adding small flames as they relish in the warmth of his fire as the night breeze makes the night cold.

‘What?’

‘Write my name in the sky?’

‘Why would I do that?’

‘Seriously? You wouldn’t do it even when I’m your boyfriend? What benefits do I have in dating you then?’, Chanyeol whines, using his fingers to play with his flames, making them dance and curve around, the wood forming into ashes which danced along the fire, forming some kind of a figure, maybe a figure of a man.

‘Do you want it that bad?’

‘Yeah… Kinda…’

‘Ergh’, the rest of the group continues to look up at the skies, not noticing Baekhyun reaching his hand out to pull a shooting star, fingers cursive and elegant as he writes something in the air, the shooting star following his every movement, leaving behind a trail of lights which reads:

‘Chanyeol… You fucking bastard?’, Sehun reads out what’s written in the sky, turning around to see Baekhyun laughing as Chanyeol hits him on the back, glaring furiously as he orders Baekhyun to take it down. The rest of the group follows his gaze as they read the sentence, laughing at the pair.

‘They’re cute when they’re not talking’, Kai comments, wrapping his arm around Kyungsoo and resting his chin on top of the boy’s head. Kai turns around to face a content Lay, ‘Oh, by the way, I couldn’t teleport him’

‘What?’

‘I didn’t want to be caught by the government. There’s loads of security cameras in Seoul and we’re chilling in a rooftop in the middle of the city, so I couldn’t teleport him. But I did suggest a great site that offers really cheap flights and even a hotel’

‘What are you talking about?’
They hear the doors of the rooftop creaking open, forcing all heads to turn back at the sudden movement in the shadows.

‘I called your boyfriend and asked him if he wanted to join us. Thank me later’, Kai whispers, patting Lay’s back as the boy stands up as fast as lightning, watching one of Baekhyun’s lights reflecting on the boy’s face, fair skin smiling at him, holding a bouquet of flowers.

‘How did you know that he had a boyfriend?’, Kyungsoo whispers to Kai.

‘Have you not seen me on social media? I know everything because of the Holy Trinity that is Instagram, Facebook and Twitter’

‘Yixing, happy birthday’, Lay only needed to hear the first word before the familiar voice hits him like a ton of bricks, forcing him to race up to the boy hugging him tightly, not wanting to ever let go.

‘You came’

‘Of course I did. I’ve missed you’

‘I’ve missed you too Lu’

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Chapter End Notes

Happy Birthday to the Sheep King; Zhang Yixing.
Chanyeol has had it up to here with Baekhyun’s bullshit. At first, it was cute, Baekhyun making Chanyeol jealous, making the boy pout and yearn for him, now it’s just fucking annoying.

Chanyeol, for the most part, thought dating Baekhyun would be more swift and easy, seeing as the boy was the ‘loner’ of the school nor did anyone really want to socialise with him that much – but he forgot about the list. The god damn list which has bitten him the ass once again. He forgot that the once weird loner boy was now a mysterious lone wolf which everyone was intrigued to.

‘Baekhyun, we have a physics report due in soon, so you mind if we work together next week?’, one of the girls asks him, leaning down to tap Baekhyun on the shoulder, forcing him to stop conversation with Chanyeol, dropping his food as he focuses his attention onto her.
'Yeah sure, I’d been needing some help anyway’, since when has Baekhyun become so social? When was that a thing? Can’t he say no? Chanyeol couldn’t believe he’d have the audacity to do it in front of him as well.

And it’s not like he can do it back. That’s what bugs him. The motherfucker doesn’t care. Even when he doesn’t let Baekhyun know he’s going to a party, the next day, whilst Instagram or Snapchat was exploding, Baekhyun wouldn’t bat an eye in his direction, doesn’t ask him why he didn’t tell him. Nothing. Nada.


‘Please don’t call me that’, Baekhyun utters, glancing at Chanyeol before going back to finishing his meal. It’s odd retreating from his own table all the way to the front where Chanyeol’s territory was. It didn’t feel at all normal. He’s sitting right where his arm got burnt and with the boy who burnt it.

‘Why not? Babe is cute’

‘Babe is disgusting’

‘Then what do you want me to call you’

‘By my fucking name’

‘Honestly, you’re so not romantic’

‘Chanyeol, we’ve been dating for two weeks. Let’s not get too ahead of ourselves’, Baekhyun looks over the whining boy, seeing the pout he’s grown to get used to as Chanyeol turns around, talking to Chen instead.

This has become more than a routine for Baekhyun. It’s more of a chore now as he slides himself closer to Chanyeol, resting his chin on the boy’s shoulder, arms snaking their way around the boy’s waist. It was like trying to ease a stray dog who had trust issues with humans.

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Xiumin has had it up to here. He’s been trying to speak to Chen since the moment they got back but it seems like Chen wasn’t having it. First, he let it slide, he has concluded that what he did was slightly awkward and it may work in the movies, but not in real life, but now it was getting ridiculous. He couldn’t even sit next to Kai since the whole group decided to make Chanyeol’s territory their new hang out place and where Chanyeol is Chen was also.

Residing on the small patch of grass by the school field, Xiumin munches on his burger, looking over the playing field where Junior Lacrosse players practised during lunch break. He watches them run as they chase after the ball, Lacrosse sticks swaying across the field.
He heard his phone buzz inside the pocket of his jeans, feeling the vibrate. He didn’t know who would call, Kai is doing library duties with D.O so it can’t be that idiot. He pulls out his phone, checking his notification only to find a phone call from someone completely random.

Hurriedly, he dialled his number, hearing the dial tone as he pressed the phone against his ear, waiting for the boy to pick up.

‘Xiumin!’

‘Zitao, what’s up?’

‘I’m in Korea and I’m lonely! Come play with me’

‘Hey Chanyeol, last night was great’, one of the guys from behind them spoke up, breaking between Chanyeol and Baekhyun, separating their holding hands as the school hallway busies with students walking to their next class.

‘Oh, yeah, it was fun’, Chanyeol looks across to find Baekhyun’s face expressionless. Did that not sound any weirder or anymore odd? Why was Baekhyun still calm? ‘We should do it more often’

‘Yeah man, that would be awesome’, he gives Chanyeol a quick high five, leaving the two and walking straight pass them and into his next class.

‘Hey, this is my stop. See you after school’, Baekhyun tiptoes to give Chanyeol a small peck on the lips, walking straight into his classroom without batting an eyelash towards Chanyeol’s weird and suspicious conversation.

Little did Chanyeol know that Baekhyun already saw him and the other guy playing beer pong in the middle of the pool on Snapchat – which means he knows that Chanyeol wasn’t fucking around but was simply being his idiotic-self last night.

‘Xiumin’s ditching’, Kai voices over as he walks inside the community centre, eyes glued to his phone as he replies to Xiumin, sitting over to where D.O and Suho were, leaning his back against the side of his small boyfriend.
'Why?', Lay asks, his laptop resting on his lap as he quickly finishes his History essay, fingers gliding across the keyboard, his eyes looking from the screen and to the textbook resting on a spare chair Lay positioned right beside him.

'He’s showing a friend around Korea. Apparently, someone from China is visiting'

'Ah really? Who is it?', Sehun asks, walking over to sit next to Kai, peaking through the boy’s phone. Kai being Kai has already gotten a hold of the boy’s Instagram account, whipping it out and showing it to Sehun.

'He’s handsome’, he breathes out, looking through the photos as Kai scrolls through them, ‘And he does Martial Arts!'

'I know, pretty sweet huh’, Kai joins in, practically drooling as they watch the boy practising his martial arts.

'Alright Kai, that’s enough, let’s not stalk the poor boy’, D.O twines his fingers around the boy’s wrist, trying to pull Kai and urging him to close the app.

'See, D.O gets jealous too’, Chanyeol whines, seeing Kai giggle as D.O pouts at him, whining for the boy to stop drooling at someone else.

'Chanyeol please, get a life’, Chen mumbles, playing a game on his phone and going back to square one, sitting by himself and refusing to join in the group’s conversation. Chanyeol didn’t have time to worry about Chen but this is getting insane – he really needs to talk to Xiumin and ask him what the fuck he did this time for his best friend to be sulking in the corner.

'You get a life. The person you’ve been drooling for kissed you and what do you do? You push him and run away? What are you? A five year old?’, Chanyeol bites back, folding his arm and sticking his tongue out to a slightly pissed Chen. Chen was going to kill Kai. Him and his stupid blabbing mouth – the whole group probably knows what happened by now.

'Shut up'

'You shut up. You five year old'

'I swear to god, I will electrocute you'

‘How’s Korea’

‘Amazing, now that I have you’, Zitao yells at the top of his lungs, one hand holding an ice cream despite the cold weather, footsteps following Xiumin as they walk towards the park around his school, looking out across the lake.

‘Were you really that lonely?’
'No… I was lost… There’s a difference. Plus, my parents have been dragging me along all these business trips, it’s getting on my nerves, I had to runaway'

Xiumin can only sigh, stifling a laugh as Zitao grips onto his arm, flinching as he saw a bee flying across from them. Despite his cold demeanour, this boy was easily scared of anything that moved.

‘It’s not funny!’, he whines, Xiumin notices the light steps in the boy’s footsteps, the spring in his voice.

‘How many times have you repeated today?’ Xiumin asks, observing the boy as he skips ahead of him, spinning around and breathing the air – although the air was shit, it wasn’t as bad as China.

‘Ha ha, how did you know?’, Zitao skips back to Xiumin.

‘Because you look happier. You always restart a day when something goes wrong. He could see the small falter of expression in the boy’s face, but he quickly brushes it off, holding onto Xiumin’s hand as they race out of the park and straight into the main street, decorated in dozens of restaurants and retail stores.

‘Let’s go shopping! I wanna buy some Korean street fashion. It’s totally my style’

‘Where is Xiumin?’, Manger Song whines, looking around to see a missing pair of hands as they finalise the renovation of the community centre, the wall perfectly painted, furniture new, lights replaced with an eco-friendly lightbulb due to Manager Song’s request.

‘Um… He’s not feeling well so we told him to go straight home for today… I hope that’s okay with you’, Kai nervously looks to the others, begging them to join his lie, to which the others can only comply, nodding their heads and waving words of ‘yeah’ and ‘so sick’, towards Manager Song.

‘Oh, well that’s a shame. I hope he gets well soon’

‘Yeah, sure’, they all reply simultaneously, trying to look worried whilst trying to fix the interior of the main hall, moving the new chairs Manager Song ordered, trying to set them up in perfect lines.

Chanyeol looks over at Baekhyun, watching him laugh along with Sehun and Suho, fixing the chairs on their side whilst he left Chanyeol with the depressing mess that was Chen. God, he was starting to dislike Baekhyun right now.
Xiumin didn’t hate the fact that Zitao was here, he was glad that his old friend was visiting and he couldn’t be more pleased that he was the one Zitao called to hang out with and show him around Korea. He accompanied the boy inside every store, even opting to hold all of his bags when they go in and out of the store, watching Zitao try on all the clothes in the store, making his own fashion show as he looks in the mirror from every angle, fixing his hair and styling his jacket.

‘You know, it’s been the third time I’ve repeated today and every time you look like you want to throw yourself off a building’, Zitao calls over, turning to face the boy who was sitting on the seats by the shoe area, fiddling with his phone and looking inside the shopping bag from time to time, wondering what Tao bought that was so fucking heavy.

‘What? No… No, I really love spending time with you… It’s just – wait… You repeated this day already?’

‘Yeah, the first time I didn’t think of the idea to call you so I got lost somewhere in the middle of the night’

‘And the second?’

Zitao kept silent for a moment, fiddling with the beanie he put on, trying to fix his hair in perfect place, looking at the mirror and avoiding Xiumin’s eyes.

‘Zitao… What happened the second time?’

‘You saw him’

‘Who?’, Xiumin only had one person in his mind when Zitao said him all sorts of emotions running through him. What did he do in the other past that forced Zitao to turn back just for him?

‘Minhyuk’

‘What?’, Xiumin did a double take. That was not the answer nor the person he’d think Zitao would say and it felt odd to him that he was being sensitive over such old news.

‘Xiumin, trust me. You’ll be glad I pressed rewind’

‘I really wouldn’t care if I see him again’, Xiumin mumbles but Zitao holds onto his decision, pulling the beanie and placing it onto his basket, along with three leather jackets, four sweatshirts and two sunglasses.

They walk over to the till, the cashier lady looking over Xiumin’s full hands, pitying him as she hands ZItao two plastic bags filled with his bought items, smiling as they walk out of the shop.

‘I suggest we turn a left from here’, Zitao looks around the road, trying to see if they were heading towards them, manoeuvring Xiumin to walk well away from the main street and into the residential areas, back to the park.
‘Chen, you coming with us?’, Chanyeol shouts across the hall as they finish with their work, looking around to see a vast improvement over the centre, everything looks new and bright, even the toilets looked nice – but Chanyeol and Suho still refused to go inside – everyone was confused as to why, except for D.O, who was laughing in the corner, eyes watering.

‘Nah man. I got to pick up my cousin. He’s staying over for the weekend’

‘Which one? The nice one?’

‘Nah, he’s a fucking prick’, Chen replies to Chanyeol, giving him a high five before gesturing the rest of the group to go ahead without him, they were most likely going to the ice cream parlour which has become their home over the pass couple of weeks.

‘Suho, I really wanna try the orange marmalade flavour, but if I don’t like it, can you have it?’ Chen can hear Sehun’s voice shouting across the hall, hands gripping onto the Senior as he skips out with the rest of the group, not at all scared if there was anyone by the road waiting for him, because now he knows there isn’t.

Chen walks the other way, walking towards the one of the main streets, looking down on his phone and dialling his cousin’s number, waiting for the idiot to pick up.

‘Jongdae!’

‘Minkhyuk, where are you?’

‘Right here!’
Ever since Xiumin can remember, Minhyuk has always been part of his life. Their mothers shared the same yoga classes whilst they were pregnant with them and ever since then, they promised to grow their kids up together – signing them up for the same nursery, same after school activities and same football club. Xiumin can only remember fragments of his childhood memories but Minhyuk has been in all of them, his first memory consisting of Minhyuk and him running across the garden, a kite in their hands as they watch the object fly around. It was the first time Minhyuk’s powers appeared – he had the power of wind and storms.

Xiumin can remember sulking. He couldn’t for the life of him emit enough force or energy to use his powers and he was jealous of Minhyuk – that was his first memory. But what differs is the moments which Minhyuk cradles the sulking boy, stopping his winds and promising not to use his powers until Xiumin can use his. In a sense, Xiumin can only remember briefs of his childhood memories, unparalleled to each other and in unchronological order. But that’s the thing, you can shake his memories, cut them, dice them but either way, he’ll always be there.
‘Mummy! Look!’

‘Oh, what is it darling?’

‘It’s me and Hyukkie’, Xiumin smiles, his two front teeth missing after falling out when he bit on a particularly hard apple, his eyes forming two crescent moons on his face as he smiles, chubby cheeks forming a balloon shape on his face.

‘That’s amazing darling’, he remembers his mother laughing, giggling as she lifts the picture to show to her husband and best friend. Only now does he know why his mother was in stitches – the two boy’s that were supposed to be him and Minhyuk looked nothing but two eggs with four sticks coming out of it. The picture is still around, hung proudly by his mother’s vanity desk.

‘Minhyuk, now be nice and invite your cousin over to play’, Minhyuk’s mother rushes over to the two toddlers, holding another little boy, hair curly, eyes looking down and small fingers playing with the end of his zip.

‘No. I don’t like him’, Minhyuk yells, pushing the shy little boy away from him, sliding closer to Xiumin, getting slightly possessive. He didn’t like anyone else playing with his best friend.

‘Don’t be rude’, Xiumin barges pass him, looking up to Minhyuk’s mother with a huge smile, small hands clutching on a bunch of crayons, ‘Here you go’, he says, struggling to say the words in sentences since he was a little bit of a slow learner.

Minhyuk’s mother pats Xiumin’s head lovingly, almost as if he was her own son and in that moment, he was.

‘Don’t touch him. He’s my best friend’, Minhyuk whines, wedging in between the two toddlers, hugging Xiumin and blocking him from the new boy, ‘Minsokkie is mine’

‘So, who’s this little fella?’, Xiumin’s mother walks over to Minhyuk’s mum, handing her a cup of coffee as they supervised their playdate, smiling as they watch the two plays together, Minkhyunk’s head leaning on Xiumin’s shoulder. Xiumin’s mother notice however, a small boy, sitting crossed leg and as far away from the other two, busying himself with drawing something on his paper.

‘Oh, that’s my brother’s little boy. He’s in a business trip right now so he asked me to babysit whilst his wife is at work. He’s a real angel, always quiet but laughs a lot’, Minhyuk’s mother pours her heart out, showing off her older brother’s son like he was her own, telling her friend how sweet and playful the little boy was. This only made Xiumin’s mum fall in love with him, bending down to her knees, she sits beside the little boy, smiling as she observes the boy, watching him draw what she can only think is an animal.

‘Hello, what’s your name?’, she asks, swiping the boy’s hair away from his face, tucking it back to his ears.

‘My… name… Is… Jong’
‘Jong?’

‘Jong… Dae’

The little boy was a slow learner too, since they were all toddlers, speaking in full sentences can be tiring but especially for this little guy who had to attend special reading classes because he still couldn’t grasp the Korean alphabets just yet.

‘Jongdae?’ she sees the little boy give her a fast nod, head bobbing up and down as he begins to smile, a big toothy grin.

‘That’s my name!’ he says rather proudly, pointing at himself as he stops drawing, looking up to see the friendly lady. He likes her.

‘Mummy! Can we play outside!’ Minhyuk’s loud voice interrupts them, both mother’s looking up to see a hyperactive boy jumping up and down, hands holding onto the other small and much chubbier boy, still sitting down but eyes pleading to their mothers.

‘Alright, but I want the front door open and no going over to the next street. You stay in this neighbourhood’, Xiumin’s mother warns them, leaving the little boy and walking over to the front of the house, opening the door and letting the little boy run around, grabbing a football which rested by the coat hangers.

‘Why don’t you join them sweetie’, Minhyuk’s mother bends down, packing away the dozens of crayons and coloured pens, putting the lids back on and clearing away the messy table, but she looks over, seeing little Jongdae still seated down, hands holding two different coloured pens at once, swerving them around his paper, making patterned lines and other objects the adults couldn’t recognise.

‘I don’t like him’

‘Who?’

‘Minhyuk’

‘Oh darling, I’m sorry about that. Minhyukkie is just really loud, that’s all’, she hugs her nephew, stroking his back as she urges him to stand up and join them, ‘You’ll get used to him and besides, Xiumin is a nice boy. You’ll love hanging out with him’, this was enough to persuade the young boy to play with them, nodding his head as Minhyuk’s mother offers him once more, grabbing her hand and wrapping his hand around one of her fingers, waddling along to the front yard.

Thirty seconds later and Jongdae is back inside the house with grazed knees and face scrunched up, crying in pain.

Minhyuk had just thrown the ball at him, forcing him to fall to his hands and knees, concrete grazing on skin.

‘Oh Minhyuk! How could you?! Watch when we get home young man, you are grounded!’ Minhyuk’s mother shouts across the hall, hitting her son as she walks in to see Jongdae in crying fits.

‘Don’t worry Soojung, I’ve got a first aid kit’, Xiumin’s mother call out, walking out of the living room and into the kitchen, trying to find the small box of band aids and disinfectant.

The boy in the meantime could not stop crying, feeling the stinging against his knees and the palm
of his hands, tears flowing right out of his eyes, landing onto his short as he sits high on one of the chairs, short legs not being able to touch the ground. He hated it here. He hated that he’s not with his mother. And he hated Minhyuk. He was so mean to him and whatever he does, he’ll always find a way to be rude to Jongdae. All he wanted was to go home and hug his mother.

‘Don’t cry’, he hears someone whisper. He opens his eyes, sniffling his runny nose as he looks down, seeing the other small boy, his cousin’s stupid best friend who he’s not allowed to hang out with because Minhyuk will surely hit him.

‘Here, I bought this’, he sees the little boy bring him something yellow, something fluffy. It was a small Pikachu stuffed toy, bright yellow and still new. Jongdae stops crying, wiping his nose with his arm, grabbing hold of the toy as he looks down on the boy in front of him.

‘What… Is… This?’, he struggles to form sentences, his other hand wiping the tears in his eyes so he can see better.

‘That’s Pikachu’, the boy smiles brightly, pointing at the toy then pointing at him, ‘He’s you’

‘Huh?’

‘I saw you point your finger at my crayons and I saw sparks. Your power must be lightning!’ the little boy excitedly spoke to him, arms waving about as he tries to recreate Jongdae’s actions, pointing at the stuffed toy and making zapping noises, ‘You’re lightning and Pikachu’s lightning. Which means you’re Pikachu!’

This makes Jongdae laugh, swaying his legs as he watches the boy dance around in front of him, making zapping noises as he points at other objects in the room.

That was the only time he smiled during that day.

Jongdae promised himself he’d forget that day, that awful day where he spent the worst hours of his life with his stupid cousin. By the time he saw his mother, his arms were wrapped around her neck, head burying itself on her chest as he sleeps the day away. Jongdae was only a small child but he vowed to himself that he was going to forget that today ever happened. But he kept Pikachu. He hugged the stuffed toy as he slept in the back seat. Till this day, the now torn and old Pokémon toy rested by the drawers in his basement studio, hidden away with his other childhood games and toys he never bothered throwing away.

‘Mother, why do you still have this up? It’s so embarrassing to look at’, Xiumin whines over the phone as he goes back to his parent’s house, unoccupied since he’s still staying with his Uncle, only staying occasionally when he’s bored or need some space alone.

‘Have what up honey?’
‘The drawing I made when I was like… Four? It looks disgusting. It just looks like three eggs with legs’, this triggered a loud laugh from his mother, snorting over the phone as she remembers the memory full and well, seeing the proud smile her son sported when he showed it to her.

‘I loved the picture. And you did too. You were so glad when your father bought a frame just for your drawing. Said you were going to be a painter when you grow up’, Xiumin cringes, trying to remember if he really said that, but his memory was fragmented. Xiumin can only remember briefs of his childhood memories, unparalleled to each other and in unchronological order, so he doesn’t fully remember that day – although he does remember handing some crayons to Minhyuk, maybe he was sulking that day? All he remembered was the need to be extra cheerful.

‘Do you even remember what you drew?’, his mother asks, a playful tone in her voice as she recalls the memory, unlike her however, Xiumin struggled to piece the small flashes of memory in his mind.

‘I have no idea… It’s probably Minhyuk and me…’, although… he wonders who the other egg was… Maybe an imaginary friend he made when he was a kid.

‘Anyway, what did you want me to look for?’

‘Ah yes, I need you to go to the top draws and see if your father left his birth certificate’, and with that, the conversation ends, unknowingly, the third egg continuing to be a mystery to Xiumin, not knowing that he drew the extra egg so the little boy he just met wouldn’t feel left out, showing off to his mother that he included the boy like a good kid that he was.
Chanyeol’s trying to kill himself. That’s what Chen was thinking when he watches Chanyeol driving in pass the student parking lot and towards the field where dozens of students were walking in to get to the front, a certain short boy with dark messy hair and an oversized hoodie, surely belonging to his boyfriend walks by the sidewalk.

Chanyeol honks his car as he drives pass the boy, gaining his attention, but he didn’t so much look at the boy, he instead slows down next to another person, a sweet girl, probably a Sophomore, a Rilakkuma backpack on her bag, long straight hair flowing through the Autumn wind. He gives her a small wink which made her blush, gaining the attention of the other girls around her as they
squeal at the fact that a Senior has just turned their attention to them.

‘Chanyeol, what the fuck?’, Chen turns around to see Baekhyun slightly dazed and tired looking, waiting for Chanyeol’s car to get a move on so he can move and get to his lessons.

‘Is he looking?’, Chanyeol whispers, trying not to turn his head, eyes fixed on his rear-view mirror as he watches Baekhyun yawn, small hands rubbing his eyes as he tries to wake himself up.

_Dammit, he’s so fucking cute_, Chanyeol though for a moment, seeing his green hoodie that the boy stole from him, hugging his figure, long sleeves going pass the boy’s fingertips. He almost forgot that he was supposed to make Baekhyun jealous.

‘Chanyeol, he barely looks conscious. What makes you think he noticed you?’, Chen asks, quickly typing a reply on his phone, turning his phone off – he’s had enough with his cousin always pestering him. Weekend his ass. His mother was such a liar, the bastard was staying over for the whole fucking week.

‘Damn it. That’s true. I’ll try again during lunch’, Chanyeol turns the car towards the student parking lot.

‘What is up with you and making Baekhyun jealous? Shouldn’t you be glad he’s not a clingy motherfucker like your last boyfriend?’

‘He wasn’t that clingy’

‘He broke into my house because he thought you were cheating on him with me’

‘Okay fine. But still. There’s one thing being super clingy, but there’s also another of being a rock. How valuable will you feel when the person you like don’t give two shits where your dick falls into’

‘I’m pretty sure Baekhyun would care if your dick falls into someone else, but talking to a person doesn’t always equal in sex and Baekhyun is just someone with common sense that understands that’

‘Talking always leads to sex’

‘Then you must have slept with Mr Jungmin’

Chanyeol parks his car, smacking the back of Chen’s head in the process, turning back to grab his bag as they take their time – today, they seemed pretty early for the first time in a while, so they decided to chill and get out of the car extra slowly.

‘So, what’s up with you and Xiumin?’, Chanyeol begins, finally getting the opportunity to poke into the subject after days of ignoring it and letting it be. He’s decided that he can’t let it be anymore and as Chen’s best friend, it’s his duty to torture the boy into telling him everything.

‘Don’t even ask’

‘Well, I’m asking’, Chanyeol urges him to speak, tapping his watch, gesturing that he and Chen does not have a lot of time.

‘Ergh, it’s just… I was caught in the moment’

‘Usually that would mean you would be sucking his face off not running away’
'Shut up. I know I should be happy and if I hadn’t run away, we would probably be dating right now'

‘So, why did you run away?’

Chen stares outside the car windows for a moment. Of course, something like this would only happen to him.

‘You know my dick of a cousin?’

‘Minhyuk?’

‘Yeah… He’s Xiumin’s ex-boyfriend’

‘What?!’

Of course, Chen knew. Chen found out on his birthday. Well… The day after his birthday.

22nd September

Kai has left Chen in the middle of the student corridor, rushing to his afternoon lesson as he spots his History teacher turning a corner – they were both going to be late.

Chen on the other hand didn’t feel like going to lessons, not today – and since it was his birthday yesterday, he thought he should treat himself with a day off, so off he goes, walking straight out of school, swinging his bag against his bag, his other hand embracing a fragile flower which was buried inside the front pockets of his school trousers.

Heading back to his house, Chen has opted to lay video games for the whole game, quickly texting Chanyeol in case the boy decides to ditch to, unlocking his house and to his surprise, he was not welcomed to the familiar silence but a commotion. A burning commotion and lots of yelling.

‘What the fuck?’, he screams in fright, running away from the smokes as he feels confined to the sudden embrace of fire and smoke, making his breathing hitch and his brain triggered, freezing his muscles to the time he was trapped between the flames.

‘Jongdae! Are you there? How the fuck do you turn your stove off?’, someone yells from inside the kitchen – a voice belonging to someone he wanted to murder for a long time.

‘Minhyuk?’, Chen yells over the fire alarm, walking backward back outside of his house, swinging the door wide open, ‘What the fuck are you doing here?’
‘Bro, just tell me how to switch it off, then I’ll tell you’

And with that, Chen took approximately a good seven minutes to explain to the dumb motherfucker to twist the stove buttons, pulling his hair as he screams to turn the alarm first before an actual fire brigade comes rolling to their neighbourhood.

‘Dude, your stove is so old fashion. Who twists it nowadays? Back at home, we have touchscreen’

‘It’s a 1947 original chamber stove. It’s an antique’, Chen tries to explain his mother’s obsession with retro furniture, walking straight into the mess, opening every window on the ground floor, swaying the smokes away from his house – his mum was so going to blame him for this shit.

‘Damn, it looks cute, but it’s so inconvenient’, Minhyuk mumbles, opening every drawer in the kitchen, looking for a Febreze to get rid of the burnt smell.

‘You didn’t answer my question. What are you doing here?’, if Minhyuk got into another fight with his mother and he’s taking refuges here, Chen was going to flip a table. He’s had enough of Minhyuk and his mother’s fighting, because that always means that he’s most likely going to crash in his place.

‘It’s your birthday man. I just wanted to celebrate by making my favourite cousin a meal’

Chen glares at the boy. They both knew that they couldn’t stand each other – more Chen than Minhyuk – but if they were ever in a position where they had to choose which cousin they would save, they would not pick each other.

‘And... I’m meeting an old friend’

‘An old friend?’

‘Yeah, I just found out that he moved to your area recently’, Minhyuk turns around, heading back to the now smokeless kitchen, still in his school uniform which was a brown blazer, much more preppy than Chen’s dark grey public-school uniform. He must’ve missed school too.

‘Then go visit them, stop loitering my house’

‘Geesh, so mean. Can’t I stay a little longer? I actually don’t know where he is right now or what school he’s attending’, Minhyuk snaps back at Chen, walking pass him to sit down on the dining table, stealing a packet of chips and bringing his phone out from his pockets, typing away and ignoring Chen’s existance.

‘Clearly you’re not friends if you don’t even know where he goes to school’, Chen mumbles, opening the fridge and getting himself a drink, reciprocating and ignoring that Minhyuk was in the room, grabbing his back as he makes his way down his basement.

‘Hey! Maybe you might know him!’, Minhyuk looks up, standing up to follow his cousin to the basement, footsteps close behind Chen – much to the latter’s dismay. His day of just playing video games by the devil himself.

Ever since Chen remembers, he and Minhyuk has never got along – every family reunion and Christmas dinners consisted of them two being in separate room, their mothers shouting at them as they start yet another fight – now that they’re older, most family dinners usually consist of trails of insults from the other which would make the rest of the family uncomfortable and annoyed.

‘I probably don’t’, Chen utters, dropping his bag by the drawers, kicking his shoes off and leaning
of the drawers, reaching out for his game controller and turning on his Xbox.

‘You might. You can’t be that much of a loner’, oh, if Minhyuk only knew that Chen was one of the most popular people in his school – they refused to follow each other on social media, so they have no idea what goes on in each other’s personal life. Like Chen cares, it’s not like he’s interested in Minhyuk’s life anyway.

Chen ignores the boy, reaching out for his drawers of games. He was feeling World of Warcraft today.

‘Look, I know you’re probably a weird loser kid at school, but he might have transferred to your school’

‘Like I said. I don’t care’

‘His name is Minseok’

Chen pauses. He recognises that name. But where from? Why does it sound so familiar?

‘Although, I heard he’s changed it back into his Chinese name. The one he used when he moved to China for like a year during Middle School’

Chen waits for the game to load, but he couldn’t deny that half of his attention was unfortunately on Minhyuk. Chinese name?

‘What’s his Chinese name then?’

‘Xiumin’

‘I beg your pardon?’

Chen has always been an unlucky human being. At a young age, he witnessed his father practically being disowned by his grandparents, he and his parents had to live in a crummy apartment for a while since his father tried to look for a job, he was bullied by his own cousin throughout most of his childhood and he experienced a post traumatic experience of being trapped in a burning building. But of all the bad shit that’s ever happened to him, this one has to be the cherry on top.

‘He chose that name when we were young, I didn’t like it, I thought Chang better suited him’

Chen didn’t give two shits about Minhyuk’s opinion over Xiumin’s name. All he can think about is the fact that Xiumin was acquainted to a fucking idiot. How did that even happen? The Xiumin he knows wouldn’t take half the crap Minhyuk pulls on a daily basis.

‘Anyway, he moved out recently and I know he lives somewhere here… but I don’t know where…’

‘How are you friends with Xiumin?’, Chen asks, coughing as he tries to sound more casual, eyes fixated on the screen in front of him, avoiding contact with Minhyuk.

‘Me and Xiumin? He’s my best friend. We grew up together. We were inseparable once’

*Great. Fucking great.* Chen didn’t know what to think. He forced his mind to try and decipher how someone as nice and lovable as Xiumin would ever be friends with this dickhead and to top it off, how can he even fall for someone who remotely associated themselves with Minhyuk?

‘I don’t know if you met him, but maybe you have’
‘I visited your place once in my life. How was I supposed to meet him?’

‘I don’t know. We might have been hanging out when you visited. I don’t fucking remember. All I know is that we were joined by the hip’

‘And why are you not joined by the hip now?’, Chen prayed that Minhyuk fucked up big time and Xiumin punched him in the face and froze his dick or something.

‘I fucked up’

Oh, thank god.

Chen couldn’t help but smile at the fact that Minhyuk must have fucked up so bad that Xiumin has not once ever mentioned him in any of their conversation.

‘But, I’m going to make things right. I’m going to take him back’

‘Take him back? You sound like an animal owner’, Chen didn’t want to sound too obvious, but even he noticed the bitter tone in his voice the moment Minhyuk started talking about fixing his relationship with Xiumin – it didn’t sit well with him that Minhyuk was so possessive over Xiumin.

‘Look Jongdae, you’ve probably never had a boyfriend, but when you do, you’ll know how it feels’

‘Wait a second… Boyfriend?’

‘Yeah. Me and Minseok were a thing’

‘Dude, Xiumin went out with your cousin?!’

‘Yeah…’

‘He has shit taste in men then…’, Chanyeol earns a harsh punch on the shoulder as Chen gestured to all of him, brows furrowed, angry that Chanyeol just managed to insult him without even realising.

‘Well… Apart from you’

‘Look, I’m not going to go out with Xiumin knowing full well that my own cousin fucked him over’

‘What did Minhyuk do anyway?’

‘He cheated on him’

‘Shit’
‘Yeah… I mean… Xiumin would most likely just leave me the moment he finds out about Minhyuk… What’s the point?’

‘Wait… Are you seriously going to let Minhyuk stop you from dating Xiumin? Someone you’ve been pining for since you first met him? You must be out of your goddamn mind. And even after knowing that he wants Xiumin back, you’re still not going to fight for him?’

‘I’m not doing it for Minhyuk. I’m doing it for Xiumin’

‘No, you’re just scared that Xiumin might pick Minhyuk over you’

‘Chanyeol, I don’t really think – ‘

‘You are. Aren’t you always pissed at Minhyuk because he gets everything that you don’t? Isn’t he like… The favourite child?’

Chen continues to glare at Chanyeol, grabbing his backpack and opening the passenger door, slamming out of Chanyeol’s car.

‘Way to add salt to the wound dickhead’, Chen shouts across the parking lot, leaving behind his tall best friend.

Sehun couldn’t begin to act around Nayoung. Now that he knows her powers, he was wary about what he was thinking, feeling a sense of vulnerability as he tries to stop thinking whenever she sits next to him.

‘Sehun… I can hear you having a crisis. Relax, just don’t think about sex than I won’t judge you’

Now all Sehun can think about is sex. He tries to bury the flashes of R-Rated images which seeps in mind, filling his brain with unicorns and cartoon network characters, blushing as he sees Nayoung stifling a laugh in the middle of class.

Sehun wasn’t used to it, but he loved the idea of finally having someone to mess around with during class – it made school more bearable.

‘Sehun, come on, focus. We have an assignment due in’, Nayoung giggles, whispering over their Maths teacher’s draining voice, getting side eyes from the rest of their classmate. Sehun has noticed a vast difference as soon as he walks into the room, instead of being welcomed with shouts of insults, everyone turns silent, almost too afraid to speak to him. He knew it was because being nice to him was a free pass to Chanyeol’s big Halloween party, but it still felt good being relaxed during lessons.

‘Anyway, do you still think Suho and Lay are going out?’

Images of Lay’s birthday get together flashes across his thoughts, the moment Lay introduced them
to his long-term boyfriend of two years, the feeling of Suho’s arm leaning on his shoulder as he rests on Suho, making him blush as he looks over to Nayoung who was a squealing mess next to him.

‘Oh my god, you totally like him and he’s totally single’, she pinches Sehun’s arm, trying not to squeal too loud.

‘Can you two shut up? I’m trying to understand Pythagoras Theorem right now’, one of their classmate hisses at their direction.

‘If you still don’t know how to use Pythagoras theorem right now, then that’s your problem’, Nayoung fights back, earning a snigger from the rest of their classmate. Sehun admires her sense of confidence – but he knew she had the advantage of hearing people’s thoughts, so he doesn’t feel all that bad.

It appears Nayoung heard his thoughts as she turns to face him once more, smiling sweetly at Sehun, throwing one of her erasers playfully, head leaned towards Sehun’s ears. She felt a sense of guilt wave through her as she hears Sehun gladly celebrate his new friendship.

‘Can I talk honestly to you?’, she whispers, Sehun nods swiftly, writing quick notes, trying to look busy and immersed in the class, ‘Promise you won’t get angry?’

‘Of course not’

‘I originally approached you because I wanted to hang out with the cool seniors you hang out with… But right now, I’m glad just being your friend’, Nayoung felt like she owed Sehun a glimpse of her thoughts since she has been reading his nonstop. It sounded embarrassingly desperate and she hates herself every day for thinking like that – but if there was one good thing that came out of her desperate stupidity, it was befriending the awkward silent boy in her year. She hoped he wasn’t at all upset, but once she read his mind, she couldn’t help but form a relief smile.

‘It’s alright. I wanted to be friends with the Seniors so they could protect me from the bullies. Now, I think they’re the best thing that could ever happen to me’

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Baekhyun knew what Chanyeol was doing. How could he not? All the tall boy was doing was flirting with everyone that breathes near him. He wasn’t upset, he wasn’t even remotely surprised. He just sat in his usual canteen table – which he hasn’t sat on for a full two days – he was glad he gets to sit down in his territory, it felt calm and familiar.

‘Is he staring?’, Chanyeol asks Chen for about the umpteenth time, making his best friend turn towards the direction of the secret corner of the canteen, spinning his whole body around, trying to see Baekhyun more clearly only to find the boy eating whilst holding the phone out in front of him, probably watching a drama.
‘Nah man. Give up’, Chen replies, sipping his orange juice as he gives Baekhyun a small wave before wrapping his hand around his neck and imitating being choked whilst mouthing kill me. Chen didn’t know why Baekhyun refused to sit next to Chanyeol seeing as he sat yesterday – it only made Chanyeol more determined to get the boy jealous – sometimes it feels as though they aren’t even going out but are just set out to ruin each other’s lives.

‘Not until he looks over’, Chanyeol whispers, continuing to play with someone’s hair – a boy from the year below who asked to sit with them, usually that would have been a stupid move but since Chanyeol was so desperate at this point, he allowed the younger to sit next to him.

‘I need to make a new best friend’, Chen rolls his eyes, playing with his phone and disassociating himself with the embarrassing male.

Chanyeol couldn’t help but feel empty. He’s been trying so hard to have Baekhyun look at him, but every time he thinks he remotely got to Baekhyun, the boy would just shrug him off and continue with his day – no matter how many people he flirted with, Baekhyun wouldn’t care. It wasn’t Chanyeol’s intention to keep pushing Baekhyun’s non-existent buttons, but after seeing Kai and D.O’s playful manner, the way D.O whines and pouts his lips when Kai doesn’t pay enough attention to him or how Kai would snake his arms around the boy’s waist and turn him around to face him was something Chanyeol didn’t know he felt envious over until he realised he and Baekhyun didn’t have that kind of relationship. He wasn’t asking Baekhyun to be whiny or act cute, because he knew that wasn’t Baekhyun, but maybe a little intimacy will do. But maybe that’s what he gets from dating a loner.

His thoughts get distracted once he felt a vibration in his pocket, his hand pulling out his phone to see a message from Baekhyun.
Squinting over to where Baekhyun was, he gave a boy a questioning look but the latter just shrugged his shoulders, going back to watching whatever he was watching on his phone. Without questioning his boyfriend too much, he unzips his backpack, looking over at all his stuff – everything is as it should be – nothing extraordinary was in his bag, just a bunch of books and his pencil case. But he noticed something dark and cursive pasted all over his belongings. He slowly takes out each of his notebook, a white name label was pasted on each of them.

This book belongs to Baekhyun’s boyfriend.

Baekhyun’s boyfriend.

Do not touch Baekhyun’s boyfriend’s belongings.

Chanyeol opens his pencil case and sees the small writing of Baekhyun’s name written across his pens and rulers, even his eraser, a big capital writing of Baekhyun’s name written with a sharpie etched across his pencil case.

Baekhyun smirks, seeing Chanyeol leaving his table, giving Chen a quick pat on the bag as he rests his bag on Baekhyun’s table, residing to sit facing the boy.
Baekhyun pauses the drama he was watching, looking over at Chanyeol.

‘You happy now?’

‘Really? Vandalising my shit?’

‘It’s better than me acting like a koala and clinging onto you, right?’, Baekhyun watched Chanyeol’s lips, how the boy tries to control his muscles, hiding his smile, but Baekhyun knew. And he thought it was adorable.

‘You know, you could’ve just been normal and asked me to stop hanging out with people’

‘I’m your boyfriend, not your mum’

‘So why don’t you get jealous?’

‘Because being jealous means I wish for whatever they have. How can I wish for something that I obviously know already belongs to me?’

This shuts Chanyeol up, even more so making his cheeks flush a certain hint of red.

‘Plus, I trust you well enough to not do anything stupid. So, don’t you dare break it or I will break your neck’

‘Geesh. Way to be romantic’, Chanyeol snorts, reaching his hand out to tear Baekhyun’s phone away, intertwining his fingers with the latter.

‘So, don’t get jealous when I talk to other people, okay? You should trust me and you should know that I am your boyfriend. Got it?’

‘Got it, boss’

And with that, Baekhyun and Chanyeol left the canteen hand in hand, Baekhyun’s head resting on Chanyeol’s shoulder, accidentally leaving one of his Sharpie behind, lying on an abandoned unwanted table by the corner of the school canteen where the bins are, a red cursive handwriting joining Baekhyun’s name which was written by the side of the old table.

Baekhyun's + Chanyeol’s table.

‘Chen! Chen!’, by the time lunch time finished, Chen was making his way towards his next lesson, bag swinging by his side as he hears his name being shouted behind him. He’d recognise that
voice anywhere.

‘Xiumin?’, he freezes once he feels Xiumin’s hand snakes its way around his, dragging him to the corner of the corridor, where the toilets are.

‘I need to talk to you’
'I need to talk to you'

Chen wasn’t prepared. He’s sure he would have avoided this if he did, but Xiumin was persistent, grabbing hold of Chen’s wrist before the latter can refuse, dragging him to the nearest toilets.

‘Xiumin?’

Chen couldn’t even begin to process Xiumin’s tight grip around his as he is pushed rather harshly to the walls of the boy’s toilets.

‘What is up with you?’, Xiumin begins to ask, glaring at Chen as he continues to pin both his hands on either side of Chen, due to their sudden closeness, Chen couldn’t fathom the immense sudden tension between the two.

‘What are you talking about? Xiumin, let me go. I have a less – ‘
'You’ve been ignoring me since I came back. I was cutting you some slack because I probably deserve the silent treatment, but this is getting ridiculous’, Xiumin whines, making sure Chen doesn’t have any escape routes. The latter on the other hand tries to avoid eye contact, swallowing his saliva as he tries to come up with an excuse. But Xiumin was getting too close for Chen to actually focus.

‘I’m… Just… Not – I don’t think we’ll work out, that’s all’

‘What do you mean by that?’, Xiumin replies, harshly as he looks at the latter, ‘You were the one who asked me out – ’

‘Actually… I didn’t actually ask you out… I just admitted that I liked you’

‘What’s the difference?’

‘Is that we’re not going out’

Well. That hit home for the both of them, awkward silence feeling the air between them. Chen feel Xiumin’s hands tense on his arm, tightening his grip which in any other situation, he’d cry out in pain, but he bites his lips and clenches his throat, trying to keep silent.

‘Fine, if you’re going to be like that, I’ll ask you out’

‘No no, that’s okay, you don’t have to ask me ou – ’

‘Will you go out with me?’

Okay, well what the fuck am I supposed to say now? Chen thought to himself, sighing in frustration as he again begins to think of any excuses to try and swerve away from the question. But there was nothing in his head that can do that, apart from…

‘No’, and with a pained heart, Chen breaks looks from Xiumin’s grips, trying to walk off, but he feels a force grabbing the back of his shirt, pulling him back into the toilets.

‘Why the fuck not?’

‘You’re really persistent, aren’t you?’, Chen turns back, choking as his shirt rides up to his neck upon Xiumin pulling him back harshly.

‘Because I am so done with you’, Xiumin practically yells, pushing Chen back up against the wall.

‘Jesus Xiumin, I wasn’t like this when you rejected me’, Chen whines, feeling the pain on his back rides up as Xiumin practically punches him onto the wall.

‘If you were, maybe I would’ve said yes’

‘Oh, so now it’s my fault?’

‘It is now’

‘Why?!’

‘Because you’re rejecting me’

Their argument lasts for another five minutes, the two beginning to blame the other for the long tension that’s been riling up between them.
‘Xiumin please, I have a lesson and I’m already five minutes late’, Chen tries to pry himself off Xiumin’s wrath, looking down his watch to find that death will be calling him the moment he gets to his lesson, his teacher was going to have such a go on him.

‘You best believe this argument is far from over’, Xiumin calls out, following the boy along, hands still gripping onto Chen’s arm.

‘Xiumin, please, can we sto –’, his sentence was interrupted by the flood of students still walking around the student’s corridor, but he noticed something different – they were all wearing athletic uniform with a different logo from their school. It was a logo of a bear rather than the usual tiger which was imprinted in and around their school – and there is only one school with a bear logo like that.

‘Fuck’, he didn’t know what kind of reflex was this, but Chen grabs hold of Xiumin, this time being the one to pull the boy in his direction, swinging the latter as he scans the room – normal humans would just go back to the toilets and hide there for a bit – but since Chen was neither normal nor logical, his eyes fall upon a locker which due to reasons unknown, was wide open.

‘Get in’, Chen orders, pushing Xiumin inside the tight space, ignoring the boy’s cries of complaints, turning around to see the students walking towards them and sure enough he was there.

‘Chen, what the fuck?!’, Xiumin yells as he tries to get in, squeezing in between the wall and Xiumin’s chest.

‘Stay still, stay still… Shhh…’, Chen didn’t know how they got here, two bodies squished together in a random student’s locker, sealed shut and so dark, Chen could barely see the outlines of Xiumin’s face.

But here they are now, so close that Chen could feel Xiumin’s breath on his skin.

\[ \text{What is my life?} \]

‘You need to explain what the fuck you’re doing because – ‘, Chen puts a hand over Xiumin’s mouth, looking through the gaps on the front locker to spy outside, watching the athletics passing them by, voices loud and actions even louder with their sneakers squeaking against the floor, stomping their way to the gym.

‘Chmphfh’, Xiumin continues to talk even whilst Chen’s hands were on his mouth, trying to push Chen away, but there was no space to push him.

‘Shhh! Shush!’, Chen warns him one more time, checking the student corridor once more to find a few stray students still walking around. It seems stupid of him to continue pressing his hand on Xiumin’s mouth as the students were all long gone, Chen seeing nothing but the silence of the empty corridor.

Without speaking to Xiumin, he opens the locker doors ever so slightly, peaking his head out to the direction of their school gym, sighing in relief as he found that Minhyuk hadn’t seen them.

He didn’t want to look at Xiumin. He wanted to pretend none of this ever happened and get going to his next class, but it seems like Xiumin was really pulling his strength with getting Chen to stay.

‘Come back in here’, he hears Xiumin ordering him as the boy grips onto his wrist, pulling Chen back and closing the locker doors once again.

‘What is wrong with you? Can’t you just leave me alone?’, Chen whines, his high-pitched noise
‘What’s wrong with me? What’s wrong with you? Are you even Chen? Why are you acting weird?’, Xiumin shouts back, bursting Chen’s eardrums as he continues to yell despite Chen’s close proximity.

‘Can we at least argue outside the locker?’

‘You’re the one who put us in here’

‘Yes, well, now I’m trying to get out’

‘Oh, no you’re not. Come back here!’, he yells once again, this time not letting go of Chen, hands gripping both wrists, ‘Just tell me why you won’t go out with me. Is it because I pissed you off? Is that it?’

‘No. No, it’s not… It’s just…’

‘What the hell are you two doing in my locker?’, a girl interrupts their conversation as they hear the screeching of the locker door, looking to the side to find a Sophomore girl looking straight at them, eyes boring in confusion.

‘Chen? Xiumin?’, they hear another voice from behind the girl, Sehun bopping into view as he finds both his friends locked inside Nayoung’s locker, ‘What are you doing in there?’

‘Umm… Hey Sehun’, Chen tries to laugh off the situation, prying his arm off Xiumin’s grip once more, clambering out of the locker with much difficulty as his right ankle got stuck whilst he tried to pull himself out, huffing in pain as he lands on Sehun, feeling his ankle twist slightly.

‘Sehun… What are your friends doing inside my locker – Oh…’, Nayoung reads Chen’s mind accidentally, looking back at Xiumin then at towards the direction of the gym, ‘That’s messed up…’

‘What’s messed up?’, Sehun replies, turning back to Nayoung whilst he holds onto Chen, trying to pull the Senior up and onto his feet.

‘Nothing… I’ll tell you later…’

Xiumin on the other hand didn’t say anything. He just looks at Chen, never leaving his eyes as he observes the boy’s awkward behaviour and even more awkward mannerism as he realised that Chen was avoiding eye contact with him – Chen was up to something and he was going to find out.

Without talking to the other, he was next to leave the locker, walking straight out without no struggle unlike Chen, bowing to Nayoung before turning back, walking towards his class which he was 15 minutes late for.

‘Hey, wait Xiumin! I actually… Have… Something to tell you…’, Sehun calls out, trying to get Xiumin back but the older boy has already turned a corner and has left their sight.

‘Don’t worry Sehun. He’s just not having a good day’, Chen assures the younger boy, patting
Sehun’s shoulder as he sees the boy’s expression falter a little.

‘I wonder why’, Nayoung whispers to herself, continuing to read Chen’s mind and being shocked – it seems like she was reading off a Korean Drama script.

‘Anyway… Can you tell the others that my stepfather’s inviting all of you guys for dinner tonight? My mum’s just been promoted Chief Nurse and the ER Department and they kind of want to celebrate…’, Sehun informs Chen, turning around to invite Nayoung as well, but the girl shakes her head sadly, excusing herself for her own family dinner with her brother visiting over from Japan.

‘Sorry Sehun, but invite me again next time!’, she apologises, tugging at his sleeves as he laughs it off.

‘Right… If you don’t mind me, I’ll just be going to my lesson…’, Chen leaves the two sophomores, walking in the other direction from Xiumin’s classroom, steps slow and mind filled with excuses. Excuses to just fuck Minhyuk and go back to Xiumin and start over.

Kakao Talk

ChenChen21: Dude, Sehun’s parents are inviting us over for dinner tonight.

Suho.21: Seriously? I’m excited for school to finish now

Yeollie61: Oh, thank god. I was feeling some Indian tonight anyway.

DOKyung21: First of all, that’s lowkey racist Chanyeol. Just because Sehun’s stepdad is Indian doesn’t mean he’s going to cook us some Indian food.

Yeollie61: What? My mum’s Korean. You don’t see her making some Japanese for dinner do yah?

DOKyung21: I’ve never met your mum…

Yeollie61: Yeah well, she doesn’t cook Japanese food.

ChenChen21: yo Chanyeol you idiot, no one gives a shit.

Baek04: Chanyeol’s not an idiot

Yeollie61: Thanks babe

Baek04: he’s a fucktard
Yeollie61: Oh okay… that wasn’t what I was imagining
Baek04: And what were you imagining?
Yeollie61: that you’d be defending me
Baek04: why would I do that, you dumbass?
Yeollie61: Because I’m your dumbass
ZhangLay_10: that’s five points for each of you
Yeollie61: dude wtf?
Baek04: five points for what?
ZhangLay_10: for acting like a cute stupid couple and making miss my bf even more
ChenChen21: guys stfu. Are we all going on not?
88KA188: I suspect yes. Probably not Xiumin because you just rejected him.
Xiumin_99: wtf Kai?!
Suho.01: what?
Baek04: what?!
DOKyung21: no way…
ZhangLay_10: huh???
Yeollie61: I thought it was Xiumin that got rejected? What’s going on?
Hunnie94: wot? But you and Xiumin were just hanging out earlier today…
Hunnie94: So… Is Xiumin not coming??
ChenChen21: Kai, sometimes you really do need to keep your mouth shut…
88KA188: what? Xiumin told me so…
Xiumin_99: I’m never telling you anything ever again
Xiumin_99: btw Sehun, dw I’m coming.
After school, all nine of them were sitting around a rather large dining room, waiting patiently for Sehun’s mum to come in with the food, his stepfather helping her out in the kitchen, leaving all of them alone.

‘I smell curry… See, I told you they were so going to make Indian’, Chanyeol whispers to D.O in front of him, earning a kick from D.O and a glare from Chen as he tries to get the boy to shut up.

‘You know, I actually already ate after school, so I don’t know if I can eat a whole meal again… Dude, help me out and finish mine if I can’t’, Lay whispers to Suho who was sitting next to him, but the boy shrugs the request, explaining that he need to diet due to an upcoming competition.

‘Suho’s going up against a Chinese swimmer next week’, D.O explains as Suho excuses himself to the bathroom, ‘But, I’m starving right now, so you can give me your leftovers if you want’, Lay gives him a quick high-five, turning around as they here the swinging of the kitchen doors, Sehun’s parents smiling with plates of food occupying their hands.

Xiumin quickly stands up, offering his help as he grabs one of the plates filled with Biryani, the smell of spices and steam flowing out, making all their mouths water.

‘I’m not much of a cook, but Arjun did help so I hope it turned out better than my usual meals’, she warns them, but the teenage boys’ hands were itching to get a plateful of the food, so she didn’t have to worry about anything.

‘I’ll be the judge of that’, Sehun pokes fun at his mum, quickly thanking them for the food before being the first to dig in, grabbing a whole handful of rice before peering at the different option of food, it seems like Dr Arjun cooked Chicken Tikka Masala along with some Keema, digging straight into them whilst Kai sought to ravage the first chicken based food that he can get his hands on.

‘Babe, slow down, you’re going to choke’, D.O warns him, trying to stop Kai from pretty much swallowing the chicken bones along with the meat, picking it up without even using a knife and fork and digging in straight away.

‘I don’t think I can handle spice…’, Xiumin whines the moment he tasted the Laal Maas, its red gravy sauce punching his tongue with the strong taste of red chillies. He tried to hide his expression as he sees everyone else dig into the same meal he tried, eating it with ease as if it was just a normal bean paste stew. He felt like he was the only Korean in the room who couldn’t take spice and he was not going to let the rest of them find out.

‘Mrs… Mrs Patel… Do you have any milk?’, he tries to ask without coughing out and crying, face slowly turning red from the growing hotness in his mouth.

‘Milk? Dude, what are you? Twelve?’, Chanyeol laughs, drinking his apple juice along with his meal, elbowing Baekhyun sitting beside him as he giggles at Xiumin’s request – not knowing that there was another boy burning up in the corner by himself.

Baekhyun has never been a big fan of spicy food – he and his family learnt that the hard way when they went out to eat in a Korean Family restaurant. The next day was not fun at all for Baekhyun. For Baekbeom it was the most hilarious thing in the world as his older brother pretty much stayed inside the bathroom for the whole day – it looks like Baekhyun might have to repeat that situation tomorrow, breathing in and out like a dying dragon, face red and lips slightly swollen.
‘Actually… Mrs Patel, I’d like to have some too’, the moment the two boys looked at each other, they knew that they were on the same boat, Xiumin sticking his tongue out whilst Baekhyun breathes in and out, the weirdest code signal between the two as they converse their pain to each other.

‘This has got to best the best chicken I’ve ever tasted… How did you make this?’, Kai practically moans as he bites onto what seems to be his seventh chicken in the space of less than an hour, making the two adults laugh as they look over the boys, Sehun’s mother smiling with gleam as she looks over at each of Sehun’s new friends.

The only person who was not having a good time was none other than Chen himself, feeling his phone vibrate every few seconds as Minhyuk keeps on calling him nonstop.

‘Dude, do you have like, a vibrator stuck up your ass?’, Chanyeol whispers, stuffing his face with another spoonful of Laal Maas.

‘What the fuck dude. No?’, Chen responds, pinching Chanyeol’s back as he turns to see if Sehun’s parents noticed or heard their conversation – Chanyeol can be so inappropriate sometimes.

‘Then why are your pants always vibrating?’

‘Minhyuk’, that’s enough of an answer to make Chanyeol choke, the spice climbing down his throat the wrong way, making him cough vigorously, begging Mrs Patel for some milk.

‘Oh, now who wants the milk’, Xiumin sarcastically comments, looking over as Chanyeol pours himself a glass, downing it in one go and earning himself a white moustache on his upper lip.

‘Shut up’

‘No, you shut up’

‘Why don’t you both shut up?’, Baekhyun joins in, only to have D.O shut him up.

‘Don’t talk to Baekhyun like that’, Chanyeol kicks D.O’s foot under the table, giving the shorter boy a warning.

‘Don’t talk to D.O like that!’, Kai drops the chicken bones he was holding in his hands, pointing his slimy fingers to Chanyeol. The bickering continues, having Suho and Lay dragged in after Kai and Chanyeol begins a foot kicking match under the table, accidentally hitting Suho and Lay in the process.

‘Is this how your friends usually hang out…’, Mr Patel whispers to Sehun who just giggles in between argument, cheering Suho and D.O on as they snatch Chanyeol and Baekhyun’s chicken, with an annoyed Chen in between just shaking his head in sheer embarrassment.

‘It won’t be normal if it isn’t like this’, Sehun replies with his mother offering him another spoonful of Biryani as she watches the other teenage boys argue among each other – thank god she only had one son.

Chen felt that this might be the perfect time to answer is goddamn phone, feeling it vibrate for the millionth time against his school trousers, sighing as he excuses himself from the table, bowing to the two adults before making his way to the kitchen to answer the phone.

‘What the fuck do you want?’, Chen whispers through gritted teeth, trying to look for the door which leads to the back garden but finding nothing. He was stuck in the kitchen for now.
‘Woah. Calm down princess, just wanted to see what’s up’, the annoying voice replies – god, how Chen wanted to punch that voice.

‘Well, I’m doing fucking fantastic. Now, goodbye – ‘

‘Wait! Wait, I have a favour to ask you! One second!’, Minhyuk disrupts Chen from putting his phone down, yelling for his attention.

‘What?’

‘I heard that Minseok goes to your school. I heard a bunch of people talking about him during the match when I went to your school’

_Oh God. Great. Now he knows._

‘And? I don’t associate myself with him so I can’t – ‘

‘Don’t associate yourself? I’d like to tell you exactly what they were talking about’, Minhyuk finally silences Chen.

‘What do you mean?’

‘I heard you and him are kind of a thing’, Chen looks around, checking to see if anyone has any plans of going inside the kitchen before closing it shut, not knowing how to lock it so he stands behind it himself, lowering the electricity lights in the kitchen, ‘It’s sad that you wouldn’t even tell me this yourself really…’

‘Minhyuk listen – ‘

‘No, you listen. I can’t believe you didn’t tell me that Minseok was in school _and_ that you and him were a thing. I mean, come on man, you should’ve told me’

‘Why would I? Are we best friends all of a sudden?’

‘No, but me and Minseok are’

‘Were’

‘Chen, I know why you like Minseok, he’s a sweet guy, but – ‘

‘But nothing. You and him are no longer together so I don’t see why you’re all up in my space trying to mess with what I can have’, Chen has switched off his self-control, finally exploding at shouting at himself more than to Minhyuk. How dumb can he be to hold off going out with Xiumin all because of his stupid cousin, why did he even think it was a good idea to push Xiumin away all because Minhyuk just came into the picture – he’s been bending over backwards just for Xiumin to even remotely feel the same way as he does and now that the boy he likes finally likes him back, he’s all of a sudden retreating? Chen has had enough of himself and of Minhyuk. They can both fuck themselves.

‘Chen, dude, I – ‘

‘Shut the fuck up Minhyuk. You’re starting to get on my nerves again. You better leave my house tonight or god I will call Auntie and tell her all the shit you’ve been up to? You got that?’, Chen orders his cousin, tightening his grip around the phone before hanging up, the light bulb above him glistening brightly.
‘Dude… Minhyuk’s your cousin?’, Chen hears Kai’s voice, forcing him to look ahead to find the teenage boy holding a carton of milk, his eyes wide as he accidentally teleports in the middle of an awkward confrontation between Chen and his cousin – Kai might be slow witted, but it didn’t take long before he pieced two and two together, mouth opening wide as he drops the carton of milk on the kitchen floor, white liquid spilling on the wooden floors.

‘Kai… Kai please shut up. Shut up, please’, Chen runs to the boy who always ends up coming in at the wrong time, blocking the boy’s scream with his hands, ‘Kai, I swear if you tell Xiumin, I will kill you…’
Trouble in Paradise.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

OST Part 39: Avril Lavigne - Complicated

Trouble in Paradise.

Kai and D.O have officially been known around the school as 'the' couple, the pair which had become inseparable, hands always holding, lips always attached to each other like a bunch of bugs seeing sugar for the first time. It pisses Chanyeol off, in fact, it rages him.

'Chanyeol, please... Stop it...', Baekhyun whines, seeing how much Chanyeol had been clinging onto him, arms hugging around him, blocking him from his food that he was trying to eat, but alas, Baekhyun just can't have a peaceful lunch with this bastard, 'Chanyeol! Get off me!', Baekhyun has had enough, swaying his arms to try and swat Chanyeol's long ones out of the way. He bought really good jerk chicken and he'd like to eat it whilst it's still hot.
'Baekhyun shh... We need to take a selfie... Come back here', Chanyeol whines, bringing Baekhyun back to where he is, closing the gap between the two, gripping onto Baekhyun's shoulder so the boy cannot escape.

'You piece of shit -'

'Smile'

'What?'

'Smile for the camera! One, two, three', and with that, Baekhyun gives out, giving somewhat of a forced smile.

'This is an abusive relationship', Baekhyun whines, pushing Chanyeol out of his way to continue eating his lunch. Dating Chanyeol was really something - one thing Baekhyun thought he'd have to worry about was the growing attention he'd be getting by becoming Chanyeol's boyfriend, but the actual thing he was not expecting nor did he have any idea how to control was how emotional this motherfucker was. Everything just has to be over dramatic with this kid, always wanting to show as much PDA as much as possible, despite Baekhyun's hatred for it, holding hands, shouting, even talking to their teachers about his new relationship, it was so embarrassing and unnecessary. Baekhyun can only roll his eyes as Chanyeol posts yet another photo of them to his highly popular Instagram account which had become more of the school's newsfeed, finding out about the latest gossips and stories through his account has become the norm in school.

'Damn it, Kai, get out of my Instagram!', Chanyeol whines, typing away with eyes that blares with rage. Baekhyun can break up with him now, break it all up whilst it's early. That's all Baekhyun
can really think about the moment his eyes laid on the tall boy crouched as he still has his eyes glued on his phone. The idiot was so materialistic, he forgot that his boyfriend is sitting right next to him.

'I hate you', Baekhyun whispers to Chanyeol and with no surprise, Chanyeol doesn't hear.

Chen buries himself on his phone, swirling on the computer chair as he leaves Xiumin to do all the hard work of storing the new books which were just delivered this morning. Library duties were coming to an end for the delinquents and Chen didn't know whether to feel happy that he will now have Thursday lunch to himself or saddened by the fact that he may not have any more excuses to hang out with Xiumin - just them two and not with the other freaks.

Ever since his argument with Minhyuk, Chen has been nothing but a hot and cold mess, pacing up and down his room, eyes glued onto Xiumin's number which he's been opening and closing for the past hour in the middle of the night. He was going to ask Xiumin for a retry, he's made up his mind and he didn't give a fuck about Minhyuk's lingering feelings anymore. But what can he say to the boy? Oh, hello, I really like you but I've been avoiding you because my cousin was the one responsible for fucking you over? Ha! Chen would get a slap in the face if that's how he goes about this situation. But what else can he do? He has to mention Minhyuk either way. He can't keep hiding that fact and he refused to keep it a secret any longer...

'Hey', Xiumin comes back, breathing out a heavy sigh, tired after the long time spent in going up and down the library, putting all the new books in their new place without the help of anyone. If only he can punch Chen in the shoulder and complain about how lazy he was - but he didn't think their relationship was like that anymore, especially when Chen refused to even reply to his greeting, swirling away from him, grabbing his textbook and doing his work. There was once a time Chen would've dropped his assignment due in for the next lesson just to talk to Xiumin... Damn, the older boy must be a narcissist for missing those moments when Chen would drop anything for him. Now it seems like it's the other way around, with Xiumin slowly trying to edge himself closer to Chen, eyes trying to find what Chen had been so fixated on for the past five minutes. It didn't seem like he was reading his textbook, in fact, he's been staring at the same page for the past five minutes. It wasn't until Xiumin edged, even closer, finding that Chen was looking at his bookmark rather than his actual book.

'What is that?', Xiumin asked, voice closer to Chen than the latter expected, flinching in fright as he turns to find Xiumin right in front of his face.

'Oh... It's nothing... Just something I found', Chen tries to dismiss Xiumin's curious eyes, closing the book shut and throwing it back into his backpack.

'Huh... Seems like a flower to me'

'Uhh... Yeah... It was a flower I found lying around'
'Huh... Well, it looks really pretty', Xiumin replies, they can both sense the awkward tension begins to build up between them again, silence overtaking them with no sense of conversation starting between them to fill up the gaps. 'That was a daisy, wasn't it?', Xiumin continues to try and at least keep the silence away.

'Uhh... Yeah...'

'I love daisies. I always pick one up whenever I see one... They're my favourite'

'Uhh... Yeah...'; Chen replies once again, uncooperative, leaving Xiumin with just one-word answers, barely one-word answers. Unbeknownst to Xiumin, the daisy which Chen had specifically asked his mother to laminate with great care was the daisy which Xiumin left behind in the meadow, only for Chen to keep.

Kai and D.O. The Senior Couple. The envious couple. The Power Couple - literally the power couple since they are the two students in the whole school with the coolest powers, Kai's teleportation gaining him immense popularity and with the exposure of D.O's real power of strength and earth, the two were not to mess with - added onto the fact that they were also officially part of Chanyeol's squad, Kai and D.O has become indestructible. But, on this earth, there will always be trouble in paradise.

'Look, Kai, I can't come over to your house', D.O reiterates once again for the umpteenth time as Kai continues to whine and moan.

'But you haven't been to my place yet and my parents have just gone to a business trip. It's perfect'

'Perfect for what exactly? We can do whatever you want at my place'

'But your parents are at home...'

'Oh, so that's what you're thinking huh?'

'What are you talking about?'

D.O has been holding off that talk. D.O hasn't dated many people and those times which he did, their relationship wouldn't last long enough for them to take it to the next level. It seems like his relationship with Kai has been his most serious one - hell, his parents don't even mind if Kai just steps into the house unnoticed and unannounced and because of his stupid teleportation powers, that's all he ever does. But, despite their closeness and steady relationship, there was one thing that they were not on the same page on.

'Why are you so nervous about spending the night? I'm not going to eat you...'

'Kai, please. I don't want to talk about it'
'Why? All you're doing is just coming over to my house', Kai continues to whine, resting his chin on D.O's shoulder as they eat outside during lunch, not wanting to sit next to Chanyeol and Baekhyun due to Kai and Chanyeol's competitive sides showing.

'Because I don't want to'

'Ergh. Fine'

It's not that D.O didn't want to hang out in Kai's house, in fact, he's been fairly curious as to what the boy's house looked like - but he knew how Kai's mind worked. Recently, all he's ever talked about is sex. It's like he couldn't be any subtler and is just throwing the information to D.O without warning and now an invite over his house? D.O may not be knowledgeable, but he wasn't stupid.

Kai looks nervously around, texting on his phone and quickly trying to brush it off without gaining too much attention. Ever since he found out about Chen and Minhyuk, he's been trying so hard to tear Xiumin right away from the boy, setting him up on dates and trying to separate Chen from Xiumin, but library duties are library duties and he can't do anything but try and keep Xiumin occupied through texts, lost of them, Kai was almost spamming him now.

'So, dude, have you tried watching porn yet?', he noticed D.O glaring at him with disgust, but he couldn't help. He's been itching to tell everyone about Chen but since the boy vowed him - and threatened him - to secrecy, Kai had to keep his mouth shut, which means he has to try and distract himself from accidentally screaming it out to the whole entire world - and what better distraction than talking about sex? He knew D.O hated it, but that's all he can talk about without wanting to rip his own guts out and tell his boyfriend that Chen is related to the idiot that broke Xiumin in two. He wants to tell D.O so badly it hurts him knowing that he's hiding a secret from D.O.

'Can you shut the fuck up? Like seriously?'

'Why? I’m sure you’ve watched porn before. Everyone has… I’ll give you some good sites…'

Today is there last day that they are doing community service. It seems like it was forever ago when Chanyeol accidentally burnt half of the school canteen and Baekhyun’s arm, dragging everyone along with him in serving almost three months of community service. Things have changed since then.

Eight delinquents yawn in boredom as they stood side by side, listening to their principal give a long lecture about behaviour and discipline – as always, Chanyeol zones out, rolling his eyes it could get lost at the back of his head; Chen leans on Chanyeol’s shoulder, trying to fight the urge to close his eyes and go to sleep whilst facing the headteacher – plus Chanyeol had become somewhat of a lamppost as Baekhyun also leaned onto his shoulder, tiptoeing as he rests his chin on the tall boy. One thing that surely hasn’t changed amongst them was Suho who stood straight, eyes attentive and with vindication, listening to their principal wholeheartedly, nodding in all the right places and engaging when he needs to.
‘Dude… He is taking his time’, Xiumin whispers to Kai, unknowingly breathing out some frost which tickled the tan skinned boy, yelping at the sudden cold rush of breath which melts onto his skin, between the junction of his neck and collarbone, ‘Oops, sorry dude’

‘Keep your ice to yourself’, Kai whispers back, trying to slyly punch Xiumin without gaining too much attention. Their small interaction was picked up, however, by D.O who stood next to his best friend, eyes gazing pass Suho’s smile and onto Kai and Xiumin. D.O wasn’t jealous, not at all, but there was a feeling riling up inside D.O that he didn’t know. A sudden attraction he felt, the way Kai’s voice goes deeper when he whispers or the sudden exposure of skin whenever he stretches his arms, sleeves coming along with him.

Of course, one could not forget the dramatic change of Oh Sehun, once a quiet and mysterious boy, now an open book, following Suho’s every step, nodding and engaging just as much as the older, smiling more with a sense of belonging as he stood right in the middle, his Seniors by his side with nothing to get at him. His confident boost was unnaturally quick. But no one was complaining.

‘Sir, we promise to improve our behaviours even after community service’, the sophomore adds on, bowing to the principal whilst his Seniors continued to fight the urging drowsiness which had set off the moment their headteacher begins to speak about the statistics of college acceptance and blah, blah, blah…

‘Alright, I hope this has been an eye-opening experience for you all’, the principal concludes, bowing his head to the young teenagers that have made his work a living hell for the past couple of month.

Finally. They made their way out of the office, sighing in relief with faces that look like they might as well have been in an apocalypse.

‘Jesus… What took you guys so long’, Lay breathes out, getting up from one of the chairs in the office, waiting patiently for the eight, his phone battery down to 20% due to binge-watching the new season of Stranger Things whilst he waits for the gang.

‘Ask the principal’, Chen points out, bringing his arms around Lay, leaning on him as they made their way out of the school and to the community centre just the opposite side of the road.

‘What are we all going to do? It’s the last day of community service and we should all celebrate!’, Sehun points out, walking beside Suho as he sees the older bring out his phone, curiosity getting the better of him as he watches Suho looking through an online costume shop – probably for Chanyeol’s Halloween Party for tomorrow.

‘Dude, what we’re going to do is set up my party right after community service. Manager Song gave the full go and we still haven’t set anything up’, Chanyeol interrupts their conversation, pulling out his phone and going over the process and decoration.

‘How much is this idiot spending on this goddamn party anyway?’, Baekhyun mutters, looking over to Chen who just rolled his eyes, not really wanting to answer the question.

‘One million won’

‘What?!’, they all simultaneously scream, stopping their tracks and looking over to the tall boy right in front of them who carries on walking, screaming streams of orders and instructions.

‘Guys, are you even listening?’, he turns around when he senses the emptiness around him, looking back to see seven pairs of wide eyes glued onto him with Chen looking so done with life in the
‘You’re spending one million won over a fucking party?’, Xiumin stops the silence, furrowing his eyebrows in confusion along with Kai.

‘Yeah, which is why we need to get a move on – ‘

‘You fucking idiot! Why the fuck would you waste so much money on a party? Are you mad?’, Baekhyun bolts out suddenly, walking over to the boy, having to tiptoe to grab hold of his ears, tugging it in frustration, because goddamn he’d never met someone so stupid.

‘Ow! Ow! What is the matter? It’s my money!’

‘Oh really? How did you, a high school student, manage to have that much money?’, Baekhyun questions Chanyeol with suspicion in his eyes.

‘Baekhyun, hold on, Baekhyun, the guy’s telling the truth’, Chen butts in, trying to save his best friend from the wrath of Baekhyun and everyone’s judging eyes, ‘He’s been working at his Uncle’s garage every summer since we were twelve, he’s been saving up all that money for years’, Chen informed them.

‘Chanyeol saved up one million won in the span of six years?’, D.O interrogates, a hint of jealousy glosses over him as he himself couldn’t even save ten won in one month.

‘Look, I’m actually responsible guys! Don’t judge a book by its cover!’, Chanyeol defends himself, pushing Baekhyun off him and gesturing for the rest to follow him so they can finish community service early.

‘Clearly not, since you’re deciding to waste your hard earn money on a party…’

‘You should see his fucking costume…’, Chen mutters to himself, giving up completely on trying to tame his friend to normalcy. It seems like the more he forces Chanyeol to be normal, the weirder he got.

Bingo Night. That’s what Manager Song decides to do on their last day of community service, inviting the nearby nursing home for a night out.

‘Playing bingo is their way of fun?’, Chanyeol questions, standing at the back as he watches D.O reads out the numbers at the front, rolling the ball since he lost rock, papers and scissors and is forced with the unwanted job, ‘Remind me never to be old’, Chanyeol mutters to Chen, looking over at such a dead event, seeing all the old people silently looking down on their paper, waiting patiently for their number to be called out.

‘Remind yourself’, Chen utters back, leaning on his broom as he tries to keep the floors clean and clear – apparently there was a sad incident of an old lady breaking her back due to a littered water
‘Why are you so mean to me lately. I saved your life bro’

‘Yeah, but that doesn’t mean I have to tolerate your idiocy’

‘You’ll tolerate my idiocy and stupidity because I’m your best friend’

‘They’re the same thing you fucktard’

‘Suho’, Sehun calls out, coming back after guiding one of the elders to the toilets, literally skipping his way to the older, arms stretched out to hug Suho, leaning his chin against the boy’s shoulder. It had been weeks since Lay’s birthday and all Sehun has been doing is clinging onto Suho like a koala. But the older didn’t mind. Not one bit.

‘What’s up?’, Suho giggles, bringing his arms around Sehun, allowing the latter to cling onto him as they watch the elder play bingo, trying not to laugh as D.O continues to read out the numbers with eyes that burn in rage every time he makes eye contact with one of them.

‘I think we need to do something’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Well… Today is supposed to be their ‘night out’ but it seems like they’re not even remotely enjoying it’, Sehun points out, making Suho scan the room and sure enough, there was no one in the room enjoying Bingo Night.

‘Hmm… Well, it was Manager Song’s idea and I don’t know what else to do’, before the two teenagers can continue to argue over the boring fate of this night, a tall, rather annoying teenager has already made his way up the podium, pushing D.O to the side and snatching the mic from him, making everyone in the room look over at him with a confused glare.

‘What the fuck is your boyfriend doing now?’, Chen murmurs to Baekhyun, shaking his head in embarrassment as Chanyeol taps the mic to check if it works, even though D.O was using it less than three seconds ago.

‘He’s your best friend before he was my boyfriend… I think I should be the one asking what I got myself into…’, Baekhyun responds, massaging his temples in sheer shock as Chanyeol begins to shout over the microphone, even scaring the little old lady who doesn’t even have her hearing aid turned on.

‘Ladies and gentlemen, although it pains me to stop you from having the time of your life… Literally, you guys look like time is having your life sucked out of you…’

‘Chanyeol!’ Manager Song shouts from behind the stage, glaring at the boy’s sudden interjection,
looking at the other boys, trying to signal them to get Chanyeol the fuck away from the stage.

‘Anyway… I have the delightful news that the DJ I’ve hired for my part – I mean my charity event has bailed out on me… Which means I’ll have to be taking the reigns and doing the DJ myself’, Chanyeol pushes pass D.O once more, strolling in some sort of music equipment that got everyone looking at him, the tall boy struggling to get the thing up the small steps to the stage, having to huff and roll his sleeves, picking it up and placing it in the centre, ‘So, I’ll be practising some of my rusty skills at DJing and will be using you all as my lab rats’

‘Park Chanyeol!’, Manager Song has had enough, pushing pass Baekhyun and Chen who stood side by side at the back of the hall, ‘What are you – ‘

‘So, so does that mean we get to dance?’

‘Ooh, I haven’t danced in a very long time!’, the crowd of elderlies broke out in fits of excitement and joy, already standing up and pairing with each other, laughing as they all recall to each other the last time they all went out to dance.

‘I don’t think they’d like Chanyeol’s taste of music…’, Suho whispered to Lay and Sehun, looking nervously as he watches Chanyeol trying to prepare his playlist, loudspeakers beside the stage at the ready, red light turning on.

‘Shit… He’s not going to put EDM, is he? Some of these people might clearly have a heart attack over the sudden noise of the music… My parents spoke to me about it the other day’, Lay whispers back, biting his nails, Sehun leaning behind him like a scared puppy, not wanting to know what Chanyeol has got under his unpredictable sleeves this time.

It was a sheer surprise when they hear Elvis Presley blaring – rather lightly for Chanyeol’s loud taste – through the speakers, making the elderlies roar in joy at the familiar sweet music of their time, dancing almost immediately as the teenagers around them looked up on stage with faces that looked like they just saw an alien land on earth and start dancing.

‘Chanyeol… What the fuck?’, it was D.O’s turn to push Chanyeol, looking over to the atmosphere the boy had created, nothing but laughing elderlies as they swing their hips and sway to the music with pretty much all they’ve got, ‘This is you DJing?’

‘What? Did you clearly think I was going to put on some dubstep whilst I have thirty or so old people in front of me? I’m putting on music not starting a massacre’, Chanyeol replies, waving his arms about so D.O won’t be able to touch the DJ equipment he borrowed from his Uncle’s shop – if these breaks then he’s done for.

‘Oh…’, Manager Song looks around, seeing that Chanyeol hasn’t messed up her plans in entertaining the local nursing home, in fact, she’s never seen them enjoy themselves this much and she usually volunteers to help out once in a while, even grumpy Jung can be seen dancing around with his walking stick by his side, ‘This… Actually, isn’t bad…’, she smiles, turning around to give Chanyeol two thumbs up, waving a good job at him.

‘Well, I got one approval for my skills’, Chanyeol whispers to D.O who is still standing with him on stage – which Chanyeol didn’t really understand since Bingo Night has ended and D.O didn’t have to groan random numbers – but hey, at least he wasn’t here by himself was the others were starting to join the party, looking Sehun who has dragged Suho in the middle of the dancefloor, doing the twist as The Beatles came on.

‘Dude, not that I’m complaining… But what the fuck are you still doing here?’, Chanyeol finally
asks, turning around and bumping into D.O who had edged himself closer to Chanyeol much to the tall boy’s dismay.

‘Nothing’, D.O tries to brush it off, but he sees Kai looking at him, giving him a signal to get down and join him – like hell he is.

‘Dude, something’s up and you might as well tell me because I have a mic and I am not afraid to announce to the world that you’re hiding something’

‘Shut up’

‘I will use it’, Chanyeol threatens the boy, turning the mic back on, giving D.O an ‘I dare you’ look.

‘Fine…’, D.O sighs, not believing that he’s about to tell Chanyeol this – he hasn’t even spoken to Suho about it first and if his best friend finds out, he was so going to kill him for telling Chanyeol first, ‘I think… I think Kai might want to… You know… Have sex with me…’

‘Might? The kid’s probably dying to do it with you’, Chanyeol responds, looking slightly disappointing at D.O’s lack of news – Chanyeol knew that Kai was just any other normal teenage guy – he’s probably dying to get in D.O’s pants.

‘That’s not helping’

‘I’m just telling the truth… teenagers like us – ‘

‘Like you’

‘What?’

‘Don’t ever drag me in the same level as you…’

‘For fuck sakes D.O. What I’m trying to say is, every teenager just wants some, Kai’s probably horny as we speak’

D.O grimace at the thought, now wanting nothing more than to be five hundred miles away from Kai. Of course, Chanyeol sees D.O’s expression and instantly puts the two and two together.

‘Let me guess. You’re a virgin and you’re scared because Kai isn’t. Is that what it’s all about? Kai intimidating you?’, Chanyeol laughs, looking over at D.O’s glare and knowing right there and then that that was exactly what D.O was worrying about.

‘It’s not just that, you know’, D.O tries to push Chanyeol to try and stop him from laughing at the situation. He knew the boy wasn’t going to take him seriously and he needed Suho to replace Chanyeol right now.

‘Yeah well, if the second one is because you’re not ready, then I think I have some advice for that’

‘Huh? How did you know?’, D.O stopped trying to push Chanyeol, looking up and him in wonder. That boy just fucking read his mind… Was he that easy to read? Then why wasn’t Kai getting the picture? ‘You have advice for me?’

‘Yeah’

‘What is it?’
‘Don’t do it’

‘What?’

‘Don’t have sex’, Chanyeol states matter of factly, shrugging his shoulders and going back to DJing, this time hamming it up to the 80s and putting on some Tina Turner, ‘Sex might seem like a joke at our age, but it’s not and if you’re not ready then you’re not. Kai just has to deal with it’

Well damn. This motherfucker does know how to give advice.

‘Honestly, Kai’s not an asshole that will keep pressing for sex, so I don’t think you have to be too worried about telling him that you’re not ready. You and I both know he’ll wait for you. And if you don’t want to tell him that you’re not ready because you’re embarrassed about being a virgin, well… Like I said, Kai’s not an asshole and plus, being a virgin is not a bad thing, I mean, sometimes I wish I was still a virgin’

‘You do?’

‘No, not really. I’m only trying to make you feel better’, this statement, of course, gained him another harsh punch from hulk himself, feeling a bruise forming on his arm, ‘Ow! Gosh D.O, I was just kidding! No one cares if you’re a virgin, trust me, it’s really not a bad thing. People think all high school students have had sex but I can assure you, only about 20% of us probably have’

‘Really?’

‘Yeah, most people who say they’ve had sex only lied just to try and look cool, so don’t fret buddy. Your kind is more common than you think’

‘Virgins aren’t fucking species of their own you idiot’

‘Same thing’

‘Woo, boy you sure have the moves’, an elderly lady giggled once Lay offered her to dance, making small conversation with him as he twirls her around to the voice of none other than Elvis Presley.

‘Thank you, Miss,’, Lay replied, only earning him more points in terms of popularity ranking as the rest of the elderly ladies dotes over him, sighing in awe at his gentleman-like manners, recalling back to their memories of first loves and kisses.

‘Boys, watch your step with this one. He’s a lady stealer… I can tell from a mile’, grumpy Jung spoke to Sehun and Xiumin as they sit at one of the spare tables, Sehun tired out of his mind as he’s been dancing nonstop for the past fifteen minutes and Xiumin decided to sit down on the fun due to his unending bitterness over his situation with Chen.
‘Ha ha, we sure will sir’, Sehun laughs along, paying attention to the elderly’s sudden gush of conversation, smiling as the man continues to make him laugh of old stories from his youth.

‘You know, you’re more engaging than my grandson… All that kid ever does is blast his music in the car and play basket… Rather horribly might I say’, he whispers to Sehun, arms stretched out as he elaborates how his grandson plays basketball, ‘But what can I say? At least he’s visiting me once in a while ey?’

‘He doesn’t visit often?’, Sehun pouts, immediately feeling sorry for the old man, but the elderly just brushes it off.

‘Well, he lives in China so he can’t most of the time. But when he can he does, so I’m not complaining – Oh, hello young man! Great music taste! Do you remember me?’, Sehun’s conversation with grumpy Jung gets cut off the moment walked off stage to get a glass of water, gaining the attention of the old man who did, in fact, look familiar to him.

‘Mr Jung?’, Chanyeol replying as the man wraps an arm to hug him. He was the old man who Chanyeol was entertaining ages ago when Manager Song decided to host a throwback party for them, he was the guy telling hundreds of war stories and particularly his part in it, ‘It’s Mr Flying man!’, Chanyeol calls over, embracing back the happy man who chuckles at the new nickname.

‘Mr Flying Man… Well, it’s better than The Bird…’

‘Is that what they used to call you?’

‘Yeah… And my grandson still calls me that from time to time’

‘Oh, well I guess you really do need an upgrade in names’, Chanyeol chuckles, unknowingly leaning his other arm on Xiumin’s shoulder, making the other boy glare at him, shrugging his shoulders to try and get Chanyeol off him only for Chanyeol’s arm to snake his way back on Xiumin’s shoulders.

‘Upgrade my bones whilst you’re at it kid’

Shit. Kai’s coming. Shit, shit, shit… Hurry the fuck up Chanyeol. D.O looks over to try and find his safety, only to see his safety pestering Xiumin and an old man as he sees Kai finally making a move.

Shit, shit, shit, shit.


‘Soo! What are you still doing here? I’ve been calling for you’, Kai breathes out, stepping on stage, arms reached out as he tries to wrap his arms around the boy, but D.O quickly swerves, bumping into the equipment and accidentally turning the mic back on, red light flashing.
‘Soo? What’s wrong? Are you okay?’, Kai most definitely noticed just how awkward D.O has been acting lately, swerving from his and refusing to hold his hands, even screaming at him from trying to talk… Was it because he invited D.O over to his house? What was the boy thinking? Does he think he randomly wants to start having sex with him now? It can’t be… D.O is too innocent for that.

‘Nothing… Nothing, just… Stop trying to touch me’

‘You’re saying that as if I’m trying to sexually harass you’, Kai points out, the mic picking up their conversation and automatically blasting it out around the hall despite their knowledge since D.O was too caught up in the moment to realise and Kai was just a dumb fuck.

‘I’m not… It’s just… It’s just…’

Chanyeol and pretty much everyone else in the room can hear the two voices blaring over the music, the tall boy ending his conversation abruptly as he sees Kai and D.O looking rather seriously at each other, their conversation becoming slightly awkward every time Kai opens his mouth to ask what’s wrong.

‘Oh shit…’, Chanyeol leaves Sehun and Mr Jung, running pass the dancing pairs who have suddenly stop due to their curiosity over the voices which ruins the music they were dancing too, ‘Excuse me, pardon me’, Chanyeol tries to get up on stage before anything happened.

‘Look, if I did something wrong, just tell me so I at least know how to fix it’

‘Dude, just stop talking’

‘Stop talking? That’s your problem with me? Do I talk a lot?’

‘No… No, it’s just… Stop – ‘

‘Stop what Soo?’

‘Stop fucking talking about sex! You talk about it every five seconds! Okay! I get the hint! You want to have sex with me! Fine! But can you just stop?!’

‘Ah shit’, Chanyeol whispers to himself as he watches the whole hall stop what they’re doing, looking at the two people on stage, oblivious to the crowd that’s solely paying attention to them.

‘You think I’m talking about sex because I’m forcing you to do it with me? Are you crazy D.O? Is that what you really think of me? Just a horny teenager wanting to stick it in you?’

‘Okay!’, Manager Song starts, hearing the vulgarities in Kai’s words and moving at a fast pace to the front stage, trying to get everyone to stop listening to them.

‘What else could it be? Huh? Every time you open your mouth, that’s all that comes out!’

‘Dude! The only reason why I’ve been talking about sex is that I was trying to distract myself!’

‘Distract yourself from what?! From wanting to have sex with me!’

‘No!’
‘Then what?!’

‘Because I found out that Chen is cousins with the guy that cheated on Xiumin and spread rumours about him in his old school and I’m going to get killed by Chen himself if I tell anyone about it! You have no idea how much I’ve been aching to tell you this but I can’t! Because I’m going to get electrocuted!’

‘Kai!’

‘Kai and D.O both turn to the centre hall, seeing a crowd of eyes just staring straight at them with mouths open, Manager Song shaking her head at the catastrophe that has happened.

Chanyeol and pretty much everyone’s jaws dropped to the floor at Kai’s sudden revelation, all heads turning to Xiumin and Chen who unknowingly stood beside each other at this moment in time.

Silence.

‘Chen… You know Minhyuk?’, Xiumin turns to face Chen, eyes wide and face red at the sight of Chen, a guilty expression plastered across his face, ‘You… You’re related to Minhyuk?’

‘Xiu… Xiumin… I…’, Chen didn’t know what to say. He was angry at Kai for blurting out after promising not to tell anyone – his plan to fess up to Xiumin on Chanyeol’s Halloween party is obviously ruined – but what’s worse is, there’s nothing left for him to do but feel bad for Xiumin, seeing the boy’s face drain into nothing but sadness.

‘Right… This is awkward…’, Chanyeol interrupts, trying to break the growing tension in the room as he laughs and claps his hands, ‘Haha… Why don’t I put on some more music ey? That’ll cheer up everyone’s mood, right?’, Chanyeol tries to go back on stage to where Kai and D.O were, glaring at the two of them for starting such an awkward situation after he’s just made the cheery atmosphere.

‘Wait… Chanyeol… Did you know about this?’, Xiumin’s voice made Chanyeol freeze in his tracks, closing his as he spins around, trying to laugh the situation off.

‘Well… I mean… I am Chen’s best friend… I obviously have a higher possibility of knowing about this… What you should be asking is… Why does Kai know? Surely, he’s your best friend and he’s obviously hidden this away from you!’, this in return stops Xiumin from getting angry at Chanyeol, turning to face Kai instead, the boy’s face red and eyes pleading guilty.

‘Yeah, Kai… Please do explain why the fuck you know this information and haven’t even bothered to tell me?!’

Kai was going to kill Chanyeol. He was going to annihilate him.

‘Um… I sort of… Walked in on Chen arguing with Minhyuk over the phone whilst we were in Sehun’s parents’ house’

‘You knew about them since last week?!’

‘Why is it, everything happens around my parents’ house?’, Sehun pouts, looking over at the growing tension between the group, leaning over to Suho who just shakes his head.

‘Dude, we could’ve been in the middle of the dumpsters and this would probably still happen…’, Suho points out, not having much to say since he himself didn’t know much about Chen and
Xiumin’s relationship, so all of this is brand new information… He didn’t even know Xiumin had an ex.

‘You guys have more drama than the Chinese show my mum watches’, Lay whispers.

‘Tell me about it’

As for their last day of community service, well… It ended with how it started, D.O being done with life, Kai being an idiot, Chanyeol always the one to start something stupid, Sehun, Suho and Lay being the only normal ones, Baekhyun interacting with no one, not even Chanyeol who continues to pester him and Chen ogling after Xiumin as the boy continues to give him the cold shoulder.

‘It’s like things haven’t changed’, Suho whispered to D.O as they watch Kai and Xiumin teleport out of the community centre whilst watching Baekhyun and Chanyeol arguing since Chanyeol wanted to drive Baekhyun home but the smaller boy insists on just walking it.

‘Is this how your first day doing community service started?’, Lay asked curiously, watching Chen sulk behind Chanyeol as he waits for the boy to finish arguing with Baekhyun.

‘Well, not really… Sehun smashed a worm to death’, Suho fills in, Lay making a disgusted look towards Sehun who lifted his hands up in surrender.

‘Look, you all were scared of it! I was doing you all a favour!’, Sehun defends himself, only making Suho laugh as the Senior wraps an arm around the boy’s shoulder.

‘Yeah, I know. Now that I’m thinking about it… It was kind of cute…’, Suho comments, making the boy laugh, D.O rolling his eyes behind him.

‘Hey, have you guys seen my grandpops? He hasn’t come out with the others’, a deep voice interrupts them from walking, four heads turning around to spot a tall guy, maybe even taller than Chanyeol, walking towards them, he had a small scar on his bottom lip, hair slicked back like an 80s hip-hop rapper, oversized basketball sweater making him look slightly cute but intimidating at the same time.

‘And what’s your name?’, Suho asked as he was the only one who wasn’t busy ogling at the really tall boy in front of them.

‘Oh… I’m Yifan, but most people call me Kris. I’m here to pick up my grandad’

‘Your Chinese?’, Lay suddenly lights up, speaking his native language and smiling the moment the boy answered back in Chinese.

‘Well, we don’t know who your grandad is so – ‘
‘Oh, there you are Kris! Where have you been boy!’, Suho gets cut off by the screams of grumpy Jung walking out of the centre with his walking stick, smiling at the sight of his grandson waiting for him.

‘You’re grumpy Jung’s grandson?’ Sehun points out, looking at the boy he’s been hearing about all day.

‘Oh, so they still call him that?’ Kris laughs, bringing an arm around his granddad, ‘How’s it going pops?’

‘Too boring! I was once a flyer in the army who flew across war fields and now look at me! Can barely walk without breaking a knee!’

‘Oh, come on pops, you’re still the bird to me’, Kris jokes, doting on his grandad making everyone coo at their cute interaction.

‘Anyway, I found my granddad, so I won’t be needing your help. Thanks anyway’, Kris bows to them, walking to the opposite direction to where his car is parked.

‘He’s cute’, Lay mutters, still in awe at how such a tall and intimidating person can be so cute.

‘You have a boyfriend’, Suho points out, flashing his hand in front of Lay to stop him from ogling over the boy in front of them.

‘Dude, I know that… But I can admire you know’

‘Sure… You know I have your boyfriend’s number, and he did tell me to call him whenever I find you doing something stupid…’

‘Hey!’

‘Those are his words, not mine’

‘Guys! Hate to interrupt, but Chanyeol’s Halloween Party is tomorrow and I still don’t have a costume!’, Sehun interrupts, subconsciously holding Suho’s hand as he drags the Senior to the direction of the mall, whining as he worries about the party whilst the rest worries about Xiumin and Chen, talking about nothing but the two’s complicated relationship.
So, I literally have no excuse for not updating in ages other than the fact that I was waiting for SM Town Halloween Party so I could incorporate it to Chanyeol's Halloween Party chapter to find out that Chanyeol was extra™ and the rest of the members were not to be found - except for some blurry ass photo of Suho - so that was useless, I'll have to make up everyone else's costumes. But you best believe Iron Man Chanyeol will obviously be making an appearance on the next chapter despite being old news haha.

Anyway, my apologies again for not updating this fic for about a month and I was so excited about updating this fic on my bday - which is a day before Halloween but as per usual, I'm a failure haha.

Also, just to remind everyone to carry on voting for exo and let's aim to give exo their daesung - and if exo isn't your bias group then go vote your fav group!~

-Oh, and I almost forgot... Happy Birthday Kris Wu. A lot of people were wondering if he'll ever make an appearance and I thought I should add him in on his birthday.
Park Chanyeol. That's the name which had made its way to the local newspaper as a role model to all teenagers, his stupid-self printed on the front page of the papers, his face almost squished inside his Iron Man costume, eyes closed and teeth showing as he smiled for the camera, his fingers holding up a peace sign whilst his other hand was holding a metal box, posing for the camera, his helmet lifted up to show his face. Whereas Suho, wearing a Pyeongchang mascot, the animal's head rolled down the stairs to where Chanyeol was, along with Sehun who was holding a grim reaper's scythe, were caught in the background trying to lift up a sick and pissed drunk Lay in a sheep onesie holding a blanket caught up in flames which in the photo can be seen getting caught in Sehun's black grim reaper gown costume. Baekhyun was also caught in the picture, his face
decorated with a sharpie to make it look like he had a beard, standing behind the windows of the community centre eating Doritos whilst comforting a crying D.O, face painted white and wearing all black, his eyes red and puffy on the grainy picture in the papers.

'Kyunggie, why are you in the newspaper?', Eun Bi shouts across the dining room, her small fingers wrapped around the new crisp paper of their father's morning newspaper whilst Kyungsoo limps his way inside the kitchen, hangover killing him by the minute as he just finished throwing up everything he ate last night.

'What the hell are you talking about, Eun Bi...', Kyungsoo groans, pressing his hand to his forehead, trying to massage the hangover away but nothing was working.

'Oh honey, here drink some honey and lemon tea. That'll chirp you right up', D.O's mother pouts at the sight of her sick son - well, hangover son - patting his back whilst laying the cup of tea on the table.

'Dating that Kai guy, I'd expect you to have improved your drinking skills already', his father comments, preparing breakfast, consisting of last night's dinner, laying the plate on the table as he grabs the newspaper from Eun Bi, unbeknownst to him, triggering his son to start crying frantically, making everyone lift their head up in confusion at D.O's irrational behaviour as he scrunches his face at sudden mention of his name.

'Son... Are you okay?', his mother slowly tries to hold him in her arms, but D.O was still practically screaming, banging his head on the table and yelling streams of muffled noises that the rest of the family couldn't make out.

'Daddy... Is Kyunggie broken?', Eun Bi asks, turning to her father who was distracted from looking at the papers for a moment, brows raised in a questioning look as he judges his son.

'Probably. Baby Eun Bi, promise daddy never to drink in the future...'

'Daddy... I'm only seven'

'Chen, come here! Come here!', Chen hears his mother's shouting from above, his head resting on
the pillow as he cuddles in the warm blankets, sleeping soundlessly as he continues to hear the muffled footsteps of his mother racing around above him. Upon the realisation that her son was not in his room, Chen's mother went to the second place where her son could be, opening the door which led to the basement, screaming for him to get up and look at the newspaper which was rolled around her hands, pacing herself down the stairs to where she found her son, still wearing his yellow raincoat from last night, the red day-old helium balloon barely floating above him, his arms cuddling a boy in an orange suit, bowtie unravelled but still resting on his neck, glasses tilted as his cheeks rest on Chen's chest.

'Honey! Have you told him?', Chen's father bursts into the room, forcing his mother to swerve and wrap her hands around his mouth, trying not to wake the two sleeping boys.

'Shh!', she whispers, turning back around to look at her son, spotting Chen stretching his legs and wrapping his arms tighter around the boy, 'Let's give them five more minutes'

_Last Night; Chanyeol's Halloween Party._

'This is going to be lit', Lay yells as soon as they've finished the decorations, seeing the pumpkin style banners and orange lights flickering above the roof, curtsy of Baekhyun of course, the entire hall decorated in nothing but orange and dark green lights, fake cobwebs hanging on every corners along with figures of grim reapers and witches hanging above the ceiling, small flickering of Chen's lightning sparkling above them along with Baekhyun's lights.

'Is the photo booth ready?', Lay calls over to where Xiumin and Kai were, fixing the position of the photobooth Chanyeol had hired for the night, placed by the end of the food stalls, where different types of food from different cultures were placed neatly, Chanyeol's fire burning underneath of keeping them all warm; Indian, Korean, Japanese, Filipino and all other types of snacks and small dishes placed perfectly around, bright colours of sauce and meat making everyone's mouth water at the sight.

'We are so going to rip people off', Chen whispers, looking at the rows of crispy samosas and spring rolls that Sehun's parents had generously given to them once Sehun mentioned about Chanyeol's 'charity' party, of course everyone else knew it wasn't so much as a Charity party but a party to fuel Chanyeol's narcissistic soul, but their parents didn't need to know that. Once they all found out that their children were hosting a so-called Charity event, they didn't hesitate to join in, making different courses of food for them to take along.

'Yeah, we're going to overprice the shit out of these meals. Especially my mum's cooking, look, she made those noodles', Kai points proudly at the tasty dish placed at the centre of the table.

'Guys! Guys! Hurry up with the decorating! We need to be in our costumes in fifteen minutes because I can feel the Chess Club nutties will most likely be here an hour early!', Chanyeol's voice bellows across the hall, holding up packets of red cups, his foot kicking a barrel of alcohol he got
from the Lacrosse team, placing it with the other alcohol he had mustered up from his Uncle and other friends outside of school.

'They are not nutties!', Lay shouts back, defending the Chess Club members as he finished with the fairy lights, setting them around the football table top, ping pong table, mini bowling that Chanyeol had set up along with other games Lay didn't know people played during parties.

'Right, let's get this, food is priced but alcohol is free, do you all understand?', Chanyeol reiterates again after having to argue with everyone that he was not going to look like a loser selling alcohol at a high school party.

'It'll bump up our profit by 80%', Suho continues to persuade the boy, tailing behind Chanyeol, prying him but the tall boy wasn't budging, 'Listen, if we raise more money, we might be able to keep some to ourselves... How about that?'

'So, you want me to exploit our own fellow classmates for money?'

'No, that's not what I meant -'

'Hi, we're here!', the leader of the Chess Club enters, two and a half hours early to the party, carrying boxes of more food and alcohol. In the corner, you can see Chanyeol grimacing at the vampire dressed group, rolling his eyes in frustration as they came in way too early and now they had to quickly finish everything with little to no break in between.

'Hey, guys! You're here a little early', Lay yells over, dropping what he was holding and leaving Baekhyun to hang up the other banners by himself, running over and giving a hug to the group of guys.

'Yeah, but better early than late ey'

'Specially when it's your first ever high school party!', they all comment on to[ of each other, excitedly looking around the nearly finished hall.

'Wow. This looks amazing!'

'Are those real stars and lightning up there?', one of them whispers, looking in awe at both Baekhyun and Chen's work, orange star-like lights flickering along with small lightning by as the witches and grim reaper figures hang calmly beside it.

'As expected, from the Squad'

'I'm sorry, the what?', D.O passes them, offering to take their boxes of alcohol and hearing their conversation with Lay.

'Yeah. You guys are the Squad. The whole school has been doing nothing but talk about you guys'

'Right...', D.O whispers, looking over to Suho suspiciously. Whenever people start talking about them, it's never a good thing, especially for him and Suho, so the old habit of worrying what they might be posting on social media still gnaws at the back of D.O's head.

'Yeah... And we're all curious as to what you guys are wearing! That's kind of why we came early actually...', they continue to look at each of them excitedly, watching them with curiosity that it made Baekhyun a little bit awkward.

'I want to go back to being known as the lone wolf', Baekhyun whispers to himself, earning a small
chuckle from Sehun who, unlike the rest of the group, knew all about the stories about them being whispered around the school hallways and classrooms.

'Don't worry, you're still the mysterious one', Sehun whispers back, putting away all the trash and plastic wrappers in a cardboard box, making his second round of going outside and dumping the trash in the dumpsters just out the back of the centre where the field is.

'Hey guys, why don't we finish up here and you guys get changed for the party?', one of the chess club members wearing a Jack Skellington costume offers, lifting his hand out to gain attention, getting a sigh of relief as a response as Kai practically raises to hug him.

'Thank God! I've been dying to try on my costume since it arrived!', Kai gleams, running outside to one of the smaller rooms in the centre, the rest of the group following in suit apart from Lay who continued to offer his presence and a drink of water to his chess members, Suho volunteering to stay behind and make sure none of them fucks up Chanyeol's decoration, just in case.

Now, costumes weren't going to be a big deal to the group since Halloween was just a time for everyone to dress up in whatever they want and since all of them were in a low budget, many have decided to go as simple characters, Chen not even bothering to get change but just putting on a bright yellow raincoat and buying himself a red helium balloon, dressing up as Georgie Denbrough from IT.

'Dude, help me with the sharpie, I need to draw a moustache but I don't know how without making me look like a paedophile', Baekhyun grabs Chen to the side since he was the first person to finish dressing up, shoving him a sharpie and giving him a picture of Jang Chen from the movie 'Outlaws'.

'You're dressing up as him?', Chen looks down at Baekhyun's phone, giving him an odd look but shrugging once Baekhyun compiled for him to just draw on his face already.

'The movie was cool and I found this leather jacket in my dad's wardrobe', Baekhyun defends himself, opening his backpack and pulling out a long black wig, making Chen chuckle as he tries to put it on whilst Chen was still drawing on his chin, 'What's so funny?', Baekhyun asks the moment Chen had to stop drawing.

'Sorry... The wig just reminded me of the time when you had a mullet', Chen says in between giggles, being punched in the shoulder by Baekhyun as he glares over Chen.

'And what's so funny about my mullet?'

'I can say it now because it's gone, but honestly Baekhyun... What the fuck was you thinking?', Chen continues to laugh, leaning his head to rest on Baekhyun's shoulders as he continues to reminisce of the time they were doing canteen duties and Baekhyun would always have problems trying to tame his hair to fit in his hairnet.
'I'll have you know, my mullet was the fucking bomb!', Baekhyun pushes Chen away from him, snatching the pen away from Chen's hands and walking away, 'Kai! Kai where are you?!', he shouts across the halls of the centre, trying to look for the tanned skin boy.

'What's up?', he hears Kai's voice shout from one of the ends of the room, making his way over and pushing the door open, being punched in the face with the smell of hairspray and really strong cologne, coughing loudly as he tries to breathe inside the room.

'Kai?', Baekhyun breathed out in between a cough, closing the door and watching Kai in a slightly oversized light brown suit, his eyes squinted right in front of the mirrors, a can of hairspray on his hands as he tries to get the perfect hairstreak, tongue slightly sticking out as he concentrates on getting his hair perfectly right.

'Who the fuck are you supposed to be?', Baekhyun furrows his brows, looking at the boy up and down, going through all of the movies he can think of, but nothing matching up with what Kai's wearing.

'I can say the same thing to you', Kai briefly turns around to look at Baekhyun, going back to combing his hair forward.

'Jang Chen from The Outlaw... Duh', Baekhyun bites back, stating the obvious as he posed precisely like the one in the movie poster, holding his sharpie and going over to where the mirror is to see that Chen still left some spaces on his chin but the moustache seems pretty okay, 'And you?', he asks, leaning in closer to the mirror like Kai, trying to fill in the rest of Chen work.

'Alain Delon'

'Alain who?'

'Alain Delon, the famous French actor of the sixties, worked in high-class directors like Jean-Luc Godard and Michelangelo Antonioni...', Kai continued to list the other many works and achievements of Alain Delon but Baekhyun just looked at him, blank-faced and confused as to why Kai was getting pissed at him for not knowing, 'He's a fucking sex symbol!', Kai tries one last time, gesturing to himself whilst eyeing Baekhyun to see if he recognised him now.

'Nope, still doesn't ring a bell', Baekhyun dismisses Kai's attempt to explain his costume, walking away and leaving his sharpie behind on the desk.

'Ergh. You're such an uncultured swine', Kai bites back, going back to fixing his hair and trying to make himself look good, especially now he and D.O has had their first fight, he wanted to make sure D.O would take the first leap and come to him and apologise for snapping and tell him he looked sexy.

'I love you, you know that right?', Suho toddles in, struggling to walk into the room as his mascot's
butt was too big for the narrow door, having to literally push himself inside the room where D.O was doing his make-up nonchalantly, making Suho do a double take the moment he turned to see what D.O would be dressing up as.

'I love you too I guess...', D.O looks at Suho who had wide eyes and a nervous expression, trying to scratch the back of his hair with the big ass hands of the mascot he's wearing.

'Yeah... D.O, I don't think that's going to work', Suho finally gains the courage to blurt it out, closing the door just in case anyone sees them, eyes reverting back to D.O who as wearing all black, his hair also black but his face painted white, his eyes in outlined in heavy eyeliner, making him look hella scary.

'What do you mean? Have I put too much eyeliner?', he looks back to the mirror worriedly, checking both his eyes to see if he went over the line.

'No, no it's not that... It's... It's just... Do you really wanna be Toshio Saeki from The Grudge?', Suho sighs as he looks at D.O's very wide-eyed face that looked eerily similar to the creepy boy gave Suho nightmares for a week when he and D.O first watched the movie when they were twelve.

'What do you mean? It's Halloween and this is the perfect costume. Simple yet scary', D.O gestures to himself, trying to make a scary face and growling only to make SUho chuckle, walking slowly over to where D.O is.

'You do realise that it's a high school Halloween Party and that people aren't actually dressing up as someone scary, right?'

'Yeah, I know that. Which is why I've taken the liberty to be the only one to actually dress up properly... Unlike some people', D.O replies, looking down at Suho's costume with raised eyebrows.

'Shit up. I look cute!', Suho pushes D.O playfully, defending his costume by putting on the head that he's been holding, trying to do a cute dance but D.O wasn't having it, pushing him playfully and going back to observe himself in the mirror. He stopped smiling for a minute, his thoughts going back to the argument he and Kai had last night and it seems like it kept playing over and over his head again. Was it truly his fault that they had a fight? Was it his fault for assuming Kai's intentions? He still didn't know and for a moment, he didn't want to believe that it was him to have started about going to the next level... Surely he wasn't ready for that... Right?

'D.O are you okay?', Suho suddenly asks, removing his Pyeongchang mascot head and walking over to where D.O was, worriedly observing his best friend as he sees the boy sighing in frustration and with a hint of sadness. Waves of guilt suddenly crash through Suho's gut, making him squirm and upset that as D.O's best friend, he had no idea that the boy was going through such a struggle. D.O has always been there for Suho, especially during last year when the bullying became immense that he would lock himself in his room and refuse to come out, forcing D.O to break his doorknob and spend the night in Suho's room, talking about anything and everything, waiting for Suho to cry his eyes out before he sleeps, staying till the sunrise sleeping on Suho's floor. Now it's his turn to be there for D.O.

'Look, what you and Kai discussed... Well... More like argued... Is something every couple our age argue over. It's no big deal. If you don't want to do it, don't. No one is forcing you, especially not Kai', Suho comforts D.O, having to look away once in a while, because damn he looks just like the Toshio Saeki and it was freaking Suho out that he was advising the kid from the Grudge about relationships.
'I know that', D.O whispers, looking on the floor and kicking the small stone that has made its way into the room, 'I just... Don't know how to apologise'

'Apologise?'

'Yeah... I've been such a dick in assuming shit that Kai would do... You can tell from his face yesterday... He was offended'

'Well... You have the rest of the night to properly apologise to him', Suho comforts him once more, putting on his mascot head and dancing around, trying to lighten the situation and make D.O laugh, earning a mini dance session that looked rather odd out of context, but to the both of them, it felt right.

The night ensued and they still haven't seen Chanyeol, with only Chen who was sipping his beer disinterested whilst the others wait around for the tall boy's arrival. The party had already started with D.O having to be the one to start the music, learning a few tricks he saw Chanyeol doing the other day, his costumes giving everyone the creeps as they walk past him.

'And to think you were planning on D.O and you to be the best sexy dressed couple', Xiumin chuckles, looking at a sulking Kai who has his arms crossed as he watches D.O from the dancefloor, seeing the boy's creepy painted face smiling as he puts on another set of music saved in Chanyeol's files, getting the hang of DJing.

'Shut up', he continues to whine, grabbing a spring roll from the table.

'Hey, you're supposed to pay for that', Sehun whines, holding his scythe with his hood up, almost covering his entire face, telling Kai off who just gave him the finger.

'I'm also the host of this party and I'll eat whatever I want'. Kai sticks his tongue out, taking another bite from his spring rolls.

Xiumin, wearing an orange tuxedo to match Eggsy from The Kingman Service leans on the umbrella he brought along with him, looking around to see practically the whole school in here, dancing away, playing games and drinking till their hearts explode. Too bad he was on babysitting duty since Chanyeol had also invited the freshman and sophomore who obviously couldn't drink, keeping an eye on them with Kai having to teleport around the block to see if any police cars were driving past. Even though this was a 'charity' party, if the police get one look of the amount of alcohol stashed in the centre along with a whole school of underage kids in one room, then they'll be off to jail for the night. Xiumin on the other hand, couldn't be bothered to keep an eye on all the kids, so once he saw a group of freshman sprinting nervously past him and towards the fields of the community centre, he just rolled his eyes and let it be. As long as those idiots don't get caught by anyone else superior to Xiumin, they could do whatever the fuck they want.

'You know, you still need to talk things through with Chen', Kai mentions suddenly, once he pops
back from his usual round, making Xiumin flinch at the sudden voice coming from behind him.

'Kai shut the fuck up. You have no rights to advice me about anything to do with Chen', Xiumin brushes him off, walking his way over to where the rest are, noticing Baekhyun lifting his phone to his ear the third time in ten minutes, probably looking for Chanyeol who has still yet to arrive.

'Dude, I was trying to help you! Chen said he was going to tell you and that he just needed more time'

'And is that why you've been trying to get me to date everyone else other than Chen? You started setting me with other people the moment you found out, didn't you'

'Well... I just... Thought maybe you should spread your options...'

'Ergh', Xiumin didn't even want to hear any more of Kai's lame excuses, walking straight to where Lay is, asking for a beer as the boy was left in charge of controlling the alcohol contribution.

'Come on man, where is he?', Baekhyun looks around the now filled hall, his eyes trying to scan the room for the tall boy, having called him three times already. He's been gone for a full hour and it's making Baekhyun slightly worried.

'Don't worry. You'll spot him the moment you see him', Chen comforts Baekhyun, drinking his second bottle of beer and patting the boy on the back.

'What are you talking about? Do you know where he is?', Baekhyun turns around, leaving Sehun with Suho to deal with the food, having an argument with a Junior who had bought three batches of Takoyaki and is already asking for another one despite the growing decrease of the popular snack.

'Probably still trying to get inside his costume...'

'What are you talking about?', before Baekhyun can even get Chen to explain himself, he notices the lights go dimmer, D.O slowly walking away from teh DJing booth as he notice the song he was playing shutting off only for AC DC 'Shoot To Thrill' to come on, small fluttering fireworks that Chen had made and set up himself starts to explode under his command after he received a text message from Chanyeol. The sudden change in the atmosphere causes everyone to look in the direction of the one light still on turned, every eye falling onto the object which appears as the doors bursts open, showing a 6-foot metal man stomping in.

'Please tell me... That's not Chanyeol', Baekhyun whispers as he sees the perfect imitation of the Iron Man suit walking straight into the hall, one hand holding a bottle of red wine as he raises his hand up, earning a bunch of cheers and claps from their fellow classmates, already raising their way to take a picture with the best costume of the year.

'Yours truly', Chen whispers back, unamused and rolling his eyes as he sees Chanyeol signalling him to make the lightning above him brighter, awes of 'oohs' and 'ahhs' emitting from everyone's lips as they see all the lights turn back on, small fireworks blasting on the corner of hall. Everyone else in their group just continued to stare in disbelief by the food stalls, everyone turning to Chen as if he was also Chanyeol and that he was in on the brilliant idea to waste the remaining money to buy a replica of the Iron Man suit.

'Don't fucking look at me!', Chen defends himself, raising his hands up, brushing himself off from Chanyeol's decisions.

'I admire your ability to still be Park Chanyeol's best friend. It seems tiring', Lay calls over to Chen, wearing his sheep onesie with the hood up so everyone can see the cute sheep head, giving him an
encouraging thumbs up as he gives another student some spicy rice cakes and Kwek Kwek (Filipino street food), the hundreds of eyes still never leaving Chanyeol as he shows off the cool tricks his suit could do, which is just his hands and chest lighting up, but to everyone, it's the coolest shit they've ever seen.

'Baekhyun, why don't you go and join your boyfriend. You've been looking all over for him', one of the people from the chest club walks by with a cup of orange juice, watching Baekhyun looking over at his own boyfriend in disgust.

'Yeah, come on Baekhyun. Why don't you try and smooch with Chanyeol inside the metal suit', Xiumin jokes, poking the tip of his umbrella at Baekhyun's sides, laughing as the boy just gave him the finger, resting his beer down on Sehun's stall and making his way over to where Chanyeol was, struggling to walk over with the weight of his suit pressing down on him and making him look even more taller than he already is.

'Hey, dickhead!', Baekhyun shouts over, making Iron Man turn around to see Baekhyun sporting a fake beard, his leather jacket slightly big on him, holding a small plastic axe which he rested on his shoulder, smiling in disbelief as he watches Chanyeol toddling towards his direction. If only he can see the goofy smile plastered on the mask, 'I can't even ask if you want to dance...!', he chuckles as soon as Chanyeol presses something, forcing his helmet to automatically go up to show his face all squished inside the helmet, his smile can finally be seen by Baekhyun who only laughs and reaches his hand out, squeezing the boy's chubby cheeks, making fun of how extra the boy is.

'We can try to dance if you want?', Chanyeol suggests but he's struggling to bend his arm right now, let alone try to actually dance in a crowded dancefloor, he might hit someone in the face. But as Baekhyun pushes past him to the centre of the dancefloor, dancing without him, Chanyeol quickly feels himself turn around, grabbing Baekhyun's arm and spinning him around, his arm wrapped itself behind Baekhyun's knees as he picks the smaller boy up bridal style, swaying from side to side since that's the only movement he can muster.

'What the fuck are you doing? Put me down!', Baekhyun screeches, punching Chanyeol's chest only to whine in pain at his knuckles making contact on the hard metal costume Chanyeol was wearing, 'Ow! Motherfucker... Put me down!' 

'You said you wanted to dance. See look, we're dancing!', Chanyeol abbreviates his statement by swaying Baekhyun from side to side, this time more vigorously, forcing the boy to drop his axe and grip his hands on Chanyeol's shoulder so he won't fall.

'I could've died!'. Baekhyun screeches, glaring at Chanyeol as the boy continues to sway him around in the middle of the dancefloor, flashing lights from phones filming everything that they're doing - which will most likely bite Baekhyun in the ass tomorrow.

'Then you would've died in my arms'

'Shit up'
D.O was still stranded in the DJ booth as he watches Chanyeol completely abandon his role as the main DJ, dancing around with Baekhyun as D.O boringly spins another track, getting the hang of it but still slightly annoyed that he had to miss out on the actual party. He can even see Suho and Sehun abandoning their stalls once the food ran out, running straight for the dancefloor, swaying their bodies side to side to the beat of D.O's music.

'Hey', he hears a deep voice calling from behind him, his eyes falling upon Kai once he turned around, his hair falling perfectly into place in front of his eyes, tanned skin looking perfect against the chestnut coloured blazer, his hands behind his back as he approaching the creepy looking DJ with face make-up that can scare the living shit out of you, 'You look cute by the way', he whispers, chuckling as D.O gives him an unamused look, both knowing that he looks anything but cute.

'Please Kai, stop the bullshit'

'Alright then', Kai stops smiling, instead of standing straight and proper in front of D.O, like he was waiting for something.

'What do you want?'

'My well-deserved apology', Kai replies back, making D.O squirm in guilt as he is reminded of their argument yesterday.

'Oh... That...'

'Yeah... That'

'Sorry?'

'You're saying it as if it's a question', Kai looks over at D.O, noticing how uncomfortable the boy got, scratching the back of his head and fiddling with the volume of the DJ booth.

'Okay, okay... I'm sorry. I'm sorry for assuming your intentions... Even though it did add up perfectly to my conclusion and Chen's situation was just the perfect plot twist which threw everyone off-

'That's a very long apology... Almost sounds like an excuse actually...', Kai furrows his brows suspiciously at D.O, this time his patient stature gone, head tilted with confusion, 'All you need to do is say sorry'

'Why are you so sensitive about it? I made a mistake yeah, my fault and I'm sorry', D.O reciprocates Kai's impatient manner by arguing back. D.O knew he was at fault, but this was the first time that he had to apologise for a stupid mistake he's done and he wasn't quite sure how to go about it, can't Kai just be patient with him?

'Woah, hold on there cowboy, I'm just saying. Sometimes you only need two words to apologise to someone, not a whole list', Kai lifts his hands up as he feels D.O getting more angry, the edge of the table to where D.O's hands gripped on was now bent and close to breaking, which triggers Kai to back away, 'D.O, calm down... You're going to break the table-

'I am calm. I'm calm. But I'm also fucking pissed'

'D.O...'
'What else was I supposed to think you meant? How could I have possibly figured that you were trying to distract yourself from blabbering about Chen's situation? You seriously can't blame me for everything'

'Now hold on a minute Soo, just because I was talking about it, doesn't mean I wanted to do it! That's down on you and your crude imagination'

'My **crude** imagination? You must be out of your mind to think I would ever think that!'

'Oh, so all of a sudden, having sex with me would be gross'

'Well it sure *sounds* gross with all the stories flying around school about what you do in your spare time', D.O couldn't stop himself, blurting it out straight to Kai's face, making the boy take a step back to him, an angry expression etched on his face but what broke D.O even more was the hint of hurt hidden behind Kai's eyes, something he's never seen in the usual happy go lucky Kai and it suddenly broke him that he was the person who made Kai feel that way.

'Kai...'

But Kai was already out of the stage and buried with the hundreds of other swaying bodies in the dancefloor, D.O eyes trying to look for the chestnut suit, but coming up with nothing.

'Ah, shit...'

'You know, I'm proud of you Sehun', Suho breathes in a gush of cold air as the pair decided to take a break from dancing, feeling the cold winds of the night touch their sweating skin, relieving them from the sweaty atmosphere of the party.

'Proud of what?', Sehun murmurs, handing Suho a bottle of water he found inside the party, gulping his own one, hydrating himself from all the dancing he's been doing.

'Well, for once I don't have to drag you out from the boys' toilets to come hang out with me', Suho jokes, poking Sehun's torso as the boy shyly laughs, nuzzling his head under Suho's chest.

'Please don't remind me of that time', Sehun whispers, his pale white face now a bright red. He slowly makes his way, so his head is resting on Suho's lap, looking up at the Senior as the boy looks down on him with a small smile plastered on his face.

'I won't. I promise. From now on we're going to be talking about all the good memories'

'Like when you took me out water dancing', Sehun reminds Suho, smiling at the memory of the feeling of his feet touching the water but never sinking, his body feeling like he was flying as he feels nothing pressed underneath him, not one thing that staples him onto the ground and refuses to let him move.
'Ah, you really love doing that huh?', Suho laughs, seeing Sehun's expression as he cutely nods his head, smiling and asking Suho for them to do it again soon.

'We can bring your new friend. The girl dressed up as a zombie cheerleader, what's her name again?'

'No!', Sehun lifts his head up all of a sudden, shocking Suho for a bit as he turns to face Sehun.

'I don't want Nayoung to come', Sehun pouts, shaking his head from side to side.

'Why not?'

'Because I want it to be just us two'

'Now, come on Sehun, you let Baekhyu-', Suho wasn't able to finish his sentence since a pair of lips clashes itself on his, the Pyeongchang mascot head dropping down the flight of stairs they were sitting on as Sehun rests his hands on Suho's chest, pushing his weight in and forcing Suho to lean back, accidentally tilting the mascot head down the stairs.

'Se- Sehun...', Suho breathes out, slightly pushing the boy away so he can speak for a moment, but he was never given the chance as Sehun looks at him with wide eyes, not quite believing that he did that, his face even redder now than it was before.

'I'm... I'm sorry', Sehun turns to run, not letting Suho get a say - which the senior was not fond of - getting up along with Sehun and running to catch up with him, his hands reach out to grab hold of Sehun, turning him around, his other hands finding the back of the boy's neck as he pursed himself back onto Sehun's lips, edging him closer to Sehun, his lips finally reciprocating to the shy movements of Sehun's, breathing in the cold air and the smell of alcohol and... Was that... Weed?

Suho instinctively breaks his kiss with Sehun, leaving the sophomore in a daze, eyes half closed and lips slightly parted and glistening.

'Where the hell is that smell coming from?'

Xiumin and Chen can be seen near each other, but never with each other, that's what people have noticed, their eyes prying on the small awkward movements of Chen trying to edge closer to Xiumin but never having the confidence to actually speak to the boy. What if Xiumin hates him now? What if he didn't want to speak to him? What if he ruins Xiumin's night just by existing? It seems like everything has come into full circle with Chen pining silently behind Xiumin as he observes the young man socialising with everyone, showing them his powers to sculpted ice into different shapes and figures, his orange tuxedo fitting perfectly on him, making him look even more gorgeous than usual.

Chen couldn't take it anymore. He should at least apologise to Xiumin for everything, then he'll
leave him alone for good. Breathing with a sigh of confidence, he takes a long sip of his beer before setting it down on the table and making his way over to the Kingsman, his red helium balloon following behind as he tied it around his wrist,

'Minseok!'

Chen freezes. He glances at Minhyuk's hand as his cousin waves to Xiumin for his attention and he didn't know if he was drunk or if it actually happened, but Xiumin's attention went straight to Minhyuk, his eyes falling on the boy dressed as The Joker, Jared Leto style as his hair was dyed green, wearing nothing but a shiny purple leather jacket, showing his bare torso which was decorated with fake tattoos.

'Minhyuk?', Chen hears Xiumin's voice, high pitched and surprised as he walks over to wear Minhyuk was without hesitating or even looking uncomfortable. They must still be friends if they can also hug like that. His sudden confidence has now disappeared, turning into dust which swayed with the wind of the music, leaving with nothing but the sad excuse of a boy trying to tell his crush that he likes him.

'I'm so pathetic', Chen whispers to himself, shaking his head and turning around, exiting the party.

Xiumin had been waiting for the right moment to approach Chen since the boy was too much of a pussy to approach him, noticing the boy walking closer to him only to retreat back to the alcohol stalls. He's had enough of Chen's actions, feeling himself getting annoyed at the fact that Chen would just hide away in the corner when things didn't go right for him. They could be a couple by now if he reciprocated the kiss when Xiumin came back, but here they are now, stuck on the same bloody chapter all because he was scared that Xiumin might not see him the same way because of Minhyuk.

It seems like everything that's going wrong in his life at the moment has everything to do with Minhyuk and he has had enough. Xiumin was surprised of course that Chen would ever be related to someone like Minhyuk, he doesn't even look like him. And Xiumin was baffled since Minhyuk and he grew up together and not once had he heard Chen being mentioned. He can definitely tell they weren't close otherwise he and Chen would have have been acquainted ages ago.

Just as he spots Chen making his way towards him, drawing himself closer to the orange-suited boy, a voice he'd never think he'd hear shouts across the blaring music, making him turn to see Minhyuk right in front of him, his smile still sweet and friendly despite everything they've gone through.

'Minhyuk?', Xiumin calls out with a tight smile, pursing his lips and trying to look back to see if Chen was still there. If he was quick, he can run up to Chen and leave the dancefloor, but Minhyuk, knowing everything about Xiumin, knows that when Xiumin purses his lips, he was about to leave an uncomfortable situation, making him act instantly, reaching his hand out to snatch Xiumin to him, hugging the boy with a small hint of alcohol around him as he continues to tighten
his embrace.

'I've missed you'

'Yeah, I bet', Xiumin breathes out, pushing Minhyuk out of the way, trying to draw a gap - a massive gap - between the two of them, 'What do you want?', Xiumin scowls, turning around to see that Chen was nowhere to be fucking seen. Great. Fucking fantastic. Thanks a lot, Minhyuk.

'I just want to see my best friend... Is that too much to ask?', Minhyuk responds, looking at Xiumin's distracted expression, looking around the dancefloor, looking at anyone but him, 'Minseok? Minseok, are you listening to me?', Minhyuk tries to gain the boy's attention, waving his hand in front of Xiumin.

'Yes, I hear you. What do you want?', Xiumin bites back, swatting his hand away from his face, glaring at the boy.

'Alright, Xiumin. Please, come on, don't be like that. I just want to talk'

'Talk about what?'

'Everything. Come on. Remember when we would piss each other off and we would set up meetings in the park when we would talk everything out? Why don't we do that, huh?'

'We held those meetings when we stole each other's food, not when one of us cheated on the other whilst spilling their secrets to the whole school', Xiumin bites back, pushing past Minhyuk as he tries to find Chen, but the boy was sure persistent, grabbing Xiumin's shoulder to spin him around. God, why can't Minhyuk be Chen and Chen be Minhyuk at this moment? That would make Xiumin's life so much easier right now.

'Look, Minseok, I was drunk! I didn't know what I was doing! Please believe me. You know me, you know how I get drunk, everything just comes out my mouth'

'I don't care Minhyuk. It's all in the past and there's nothing we can do about it', Xiumin waves off Minhyuk's attempt of excusing himself once again from the bullshit he's done, not once even apologising.

'Oh good', Minhyuk breathes out, clearly not getting the point as he spins Xiumin closer to him, embracing the boy once more, 'I was worried that our relationship would be ruined forever'

'What the fuck are you doing?', Xiumin pushes Minhyuk away for what seems to be the millionth time, 'I said the past was the past. And I mean all of it', Xiumin reiterates, pressing the fact that he and Minhyuk was over, not just relationship wise, but friendship wise. Everything that they've experienced together since the moment they were born, albeit it was still precious to Xiumin, it was all gone and those memories that they shared together, it doesn't emit to the fact the for Xiumin, Chen was much healthier for him than Minhyuk had ever been to him. In this moment, in this exact moment when he sees Minhyuk trying to pull him back towards him, he realised that a friendship which just started for a day can be more valuable than a friendship which had lasted a lifetime, because real friendship isn't made up of how long you've spent time together, but how someone is willing to drop everything for the other in a matter of seconds. And Chen had dropped everything for Xiumin in the span of a couple of months that they knew each other compared to Minhyuk who he knew since he can remember.

'Minseok, please...'

'It's Xiumin'
'What?'

'It's Xiumin and if you don't let me go, Xiumin will punch your throat'

Chen sits atop on the rooftop of the community centre, the fairy lights and old furniture still scattered around, his back leaning on the back of the sofa as he looks up, turning all the fairy lights on, their dim lights illuminating the scratched leather sofa, along with the damp ground, his ears listening to the muffles of the music which continued to play during the night, showing signs that the party was far from over. He can already feel the stench of alcohol and sex roaming around the place.

'God, this is boring', he whispers to himself, sipping on his tenth fourth bottle of beer, eyes never leaving the clear midnight blue skies as he draws small lightning around the sky, lightning stick men drawn all over the sky, confusing the passing strangers driving late at night, doing a double take as they see a particular stickman sticking up his middle finger as Chen continues to draw his frustration.

'You know, a kid could be watching the night sky, praying for a wish only to find that someone just gave them a huge fuck you', Chen hears Xiumin's voice from behind. hearing the creaking slam of the door and the bright orange suit illuminating due to the fairy lights which surrounds them, 'I knew I'd find you here'

'Oh... Xiumin... Hi', Chen replies, awkwardly sitting up straight and looking forward to the city, building lit up with the streets empty except the few passing cars.

'You look constipated', Xiumin chuckles as he sits beside Chen, feeling the boy stiffen at the sudden contact of their shoulder's colliding, Chen slowly dropping his beer onto the floor, a loud thud of glass and cement filling in the awkward atmosphere between them.

'I'm sorry', Chen starts to speak, to Xiumin's surprise - the boy turning around to finally stare at him, 'I should've told you about Minhyuk...', his eyes fall upon Xiumin's, making him swallow nervously, 'I was... Just scared... That maybe you won't like me anymore or that... Or that maybe... You might want him back...'

'God Chen, you're a fucking idiot, you know that right?'

'Huh?'

'Why the fuck would I go back to a lying scumbag? And why would I even kiss you?', Xiumin chuckles as Chen was left dazed and confused at Xiumin's sudden statement, making him freeze for a moment, not knowing how to answer.

'I... I don't know... I just thought... Since it was Minhyuk, he'd probably get the boy'
'You have an inferior complex with your cousin', Xiumin points out, laughing as Chen was forced to admit to the truth and nod his head, 'But your complex has nothing to do with me', Xiumin edges closer, reaching his hand out to tilt Chen's head to face him, and only him, 'I don't care about Minhyuk. I really don't. It's taken me a long time to say that and mean it, but thanks to you I can finally do it'

'Thanks to me?'

'Yeah. Thanks to you and your goddamn awful video games and weird text messages at midnight, I managed to forget about him. So, thank you', Xiumin laughs, bringing his hand down to hold Chen's, eyes glistening as he sees Chen tighten his grip around Xiumin's fingers, 'But I still kind of hate you...'

'Yeah, I would hate me too...', Chen breathes out, looking down to his lap where both their hands resting, entangled together, looking like one hot mess as each finger overlapped the other, but it still looked beautiful.

'No. I hate you for removing Minhyuk out of my mind but pushing yourself in'

'huh?'

'See, I forgot all about Minhyuk and how he invades my thoughts, but you suddenly came and took his place. And now you're all I think about'

'Huh?'

'Jesus Christ Chen, I'm trying to be poetic here and all you're giving me is huh?', Xiumin cries out, rolling his eyes as he Chen continues to look dazed and highly confused.

'I'm sorry... I'm just... I'm just confused'

'About what?'

'So... You actually like me? Like you would genuinely choose me over all the others?'

'Well, that's what I'm doing now right?'

'I guess so...'

'So, can I finally get an answer?', Xiumin looks at Chen with hopeful eyes, hands never leaving his as he waits for Chen to reply.

'I... Well yeah. It'll be an honour to date you, Xiumin', Chen breathes out, not quite believing how this night had turned out, throughout the day, he'd thought he'd classify this day as one of the worst days of his nights and file it under his box of memories that he forces himself to forget, but it seems like Xiumin had gone and saved the day with his soft smile and warm hands with holding him in the night.
'Where is everyone?', Chanyeol asks Baekhyun as soon as they left the dancefloor, his suit too heavy for him to spin around and look for everyone. Every stall was empty and even the DJ booth was empty, with just his first playlist playing over and over again and soon enough, people were going to get sick and tired of the music.

'Hey', Chanyeol calls out to one of the members of the chess club, 'Do you DJ?'

'Me?', the boy replies, splurting his drink since Park Chanyeol was talking to him, 'Ah... yeah, I major in computing and databases and I know all about technology. It won't be long till I figure out how to operate a DJ booth...'

'Yeah sure... Do you mind if you DJ for me?'

'What?! It'll be an honour', and with that Chanyeol had fixed one problem, seeing the boy standing on stage and confidently analysing the buttons of the booth, playing around with it for a bit before figuring out how to play a song in less than a minute, turning the volume up and cheering the crowd on.

'Damn, he's actually pretty good', Baekhyun points out, but his admiration was cut short as Chanyeol takes the box filled with money that they earned from the food and game stall, protecting it since he just found it laying around one of the tables.

'Idiots... What if someone went by and just took this?', Chanyeol murmurs to himself, opening the box and seeing hundreds of notes and coins piled onto each other. This must be enough to please Manager Song, 'Baek, go look for D.O and Kai, I'll look for the others', Chanyeol instructs the boy, turning around and toddling out towards the entrance of the hall, eyes scanning around to see if he can spot Suho or at least Lay.

D.O is sitting down by the side of the hall, drinking his heart out, already on his seventh bottle, downing the beer all in one go as he watches everyone having a terrific time. Fuck them all. How come they're all having a great time but not him. Fuck society for having them press the notion of sex to teenagers as if it's the most important thing on their to-do list. And fuck Chanyeol for leaving him alone on stage. He felt more lonely now than ever.

'D.O? Are you okay? You look out of it?', he hears Baekhyun's voiced blurred with the music, the boy walking over to where he is, holding a packet of Doritos as he munches on, looking down on a depressed D.O who looks even scarier with his face all glum and depressed, making him look more like the kid from the grudge the drunker he got.

'He's gone'

'Who's gone?'

'Kai...', D.O begins to cry, feeling the hot tears escaping from his eyes and trickling down his cheeks, his throat constricting like someone had just punched a football in his throat, 'Kai just left me... I pissed him off and he just went away... I don't even know where he is... It's all my fault! All my fault!'

Baekhyun had no idea about their fight so he just stood by D.O, munching his Doritos and patting the drunk boy's back. Is this how D.O acts when he's drunk? Well, this is something new to him.
'Kai! Come back! Come back! I'm sorry!', D.O continues to cry out, his eyes turning all red and puffy as he continues to cry, reaching his hand out dramatically as he looks up at Baekhyun, confused as to why Baekhyun suddenly had a beard, 'Oh my god... Am I in the future? Are we old already?', D.O continues to scream out streams of nonsense as the alcohol kicks in, grabbing hold of Baekhyun's jacket, 'Oh my God! Does that mean that Kai didn't come back! My Kai has gone and left me forever!'

'Good Lord, this boy is a hot mess', Baekhyun looks down, still munching on his Dorito whilst trying to shake D.O back to sanity.

'Ooh my god, it's over! It's all over! All because I couldn't say sorry! Kai! Kai! Please, I'm sorry! Baekhyun please tell me Kai still lives here! What if he's moved to another country! Baekhyun please!', D.O continues to cry, holding onto Baekhyun and shaking him vigorously, 'And why did you go back to your mullet days?! It never suited you in high school! Why? Why Baekhyun, why?! This future is looking grimmer than I can imagine!'

'Was my mullet that fucking disgusting to you all?', Baekhyun shouts back at D.O for his sudden statement about his old hairstyle, triggering him to bite back, 'D.O please get yourself together. Kai is probably in the toilet or something...'

Lay had never gotten high before. He wasn't that type of person and of course, his parents would kill him. But that didn't mean he wouldn't make friends with people who do, he was too much of a friendly bunny not to make friends with the stoners, they were so nice and hilarious when they want to be, so when he made his way to the toilets to find them smoking, he didn't want to judge and just started to have a conversation with them. Before you know it, they were in the back of the field passing around a blunt, Lay taking a wing at his first joint whilst wearing a sheep onesie.

'Fuck...', Lay coughs as he smokes another joint, feeling the stars grow bigger before his eyes, the elated feeling of flying as he lays his head back, leaning on the wall.

'Dude, I'm so fucked right now...', one of the stoner kids whispers, beginning to sing some sort of song which somehow attracted everyone to sing the song along with them.

'Lay? Lay, what the fuck? Dude?', Suho's voice screeches the moment to a halt, an outcry from the stoners as Suho picks up Lay, dragging him away from the group with such an angry expression, he looked like a mother who just caught her son smoking a cigarette.

'Suho? Oh, he buddy! Guys! Guys! This is my friend! He's really good at swimming!'

'I'm so going to tell this to Luhan... Watch your ass get beat tomorrow', Suho whispers to him as he continues to drag the boy out to the front field where Sehun was waiting, head leaning to look if Suho had come back.

'Suho? Suho? What's going on?', Sehun shouts, his long black gown flowing behind him as he
races towards Suho and a half-conscious Lay.

'Lay's high right now'

'What?!!'

'Shh! Don't say anything. We just need to take him home quickly', Suho whispers, trying to get Lay to stand up straight, but the Lay continues to be uncooperative, shouting about unicorns and flying beavers as he laughs to himself, spinning around with his sheep hood slapping Suho in the face.

'God, Lay! How could you give in to peer pressure!', Sehun cries, looking over at the Senior who was a hot mess, grabbing hold onto one of the blankets which hung by the rails of the stairs, swaying it around.

'Is this what happens when you get high?', Sehun whispers in shock as he witnesses Lay trying to recreate the Sailor Moon transformation, singing along to the theme song.

'Sehun, please don't do drugs, I beg of you', Suho whispers.

'You guys! Where have you been? I have been looking everywhere for you!', Chanyeol's voice bellows from behind them, making the two flinch in fright as they watch Chanyeol stomp himself over to where they were, holding onto the money box and looking straight at Lay who is still doing his Sailor Moon recreation, 'What the fuck is he doing?'

'He's high right now', Suho and Sehun simultaneously reply, nearly choking Chanyeol to death as he turns to the both of them with wide eyes, hoping that this was just a joke.

'Are you being serious?'

'Does that look like a sober person to you?!!'

'Oh my fucking god... Ge them out of here!'

'That's what we've been trying to do!'

'Quickly! Quickly! Take him home!', Chanyeol orders, removing his Iron Man gloves as he tries to give Suho and Sehun a helping hand, lifting Lay off the ground.

'Unicorns!'

'Fuck!', Chanyeol screams as Lay frightens them all with his sudden streams of shouts, making Chanyeol tighten his grip and emit small sparks onto the blanket Lay was holding, accidentally starting a fire.

'Shit... Chanyeol, the blanket! The blanket!', Suho screams as he sees the fire grow in front of his eyes and soon the flames were eating up the whole cloth, forcing all of them to jump back but Lay was still holding onto the blanket, swaying it around.

'Shit! Get it off him! Suho use your powers goddamn it!', Chanyeol orders, pointing at Lay who was now running with fire. Just as he was about to join the chase, a trail of shouts from behind screaming his name forces him to halt, leaving Suho and Sehun to deal with a pissed drunk and high Lay.

'Hello, I'm Nayoung and here is my cousin. He works for the local newspaper and we heard that you're the student who had set up this event to help the Children in Need programme helping to aid
all the children in war-stricken countries', a girl wearing a cheerleading costume splattered to what Chanyeol hoped was just fake blood, standing next to a guy, older than them but not too old, holding a camera and an iPad, eyes gleaming at Chanyeol's costume which thankfully covered up the hot mess behind him.

'Ah...', so that was the charity Manager Song chose, 'Yeah... I guess...'

'Is that the money you've raised so far?', the boy points to the money box he was holding, Chanyeol looking down and nodding.

'Uhhh... Yeah... This is how much we've raised for the night... It's not a lot... But I guess it's enough, right?', he responds, earning respectful nods from both the people he was talking.

'Well, why don't we get a picture for the paper tomorrow?'

'Tomorrow?'

'Yeah, the local newspaper has been in a slump as of lately and as of right now, we still don't have a front-page story, so if I can just quickly take a photo of you and ask a couple of questions, this story will be done in an hour and we'll have it printed by morning'

'Right... Well... Sure... I guess', Chanyeol fakes a smile, turning around as he hears Sehun screaming behind him, the orange flames still alight, making him slightly nervous as he turns around to pose for the camera, awkwardly standing there with his suit, holding his hand up for a peace sign.

'And smile!'

Click.

Unsurprisingly, the picture had gone out to become a viral meme around the school and the whole neighbourhood, much to the group's dismay.
And here we have the longest chapter I have ever written - even longer than Sehun's parents' wedding which I thought was the most gruelling chapter I'd ever written. But unlike that chapter, I actually genuinely enjoyed writing this one and it seemed like time flew by once I start this chapter.

Anyway, if anyone has seen the Avengers, then you would all understand why I chose to play AC DC's Shoot to thrill to play at Chanyeol's entrance along with all the fireworks and extraness - I genuinely love writing him the most if ya'll can't already tell haha.

Happy Late Halloween Everyone!~
Breakfast.

OST Part 41: Train - Hey Soul Sister

Breakfast.
Swim team goals 😊

Jigsaw vs Harry Potter: who will win?

I lost my mascot head 😞 oh well...

taetae411

1,073 likes
Taet as old as time bitches 😁💖🏡
- with the bff @prettyer099

463 likes
Presidentmin Halloween party 🎃 could barley remember anything but I'm glad this pic exists 😄

752 likes
Are we cool yet? 😁

presidentmin
Chonsa High School has earned over ₩500k for the Children in Need Charity project during their Halloween Party last night; hosted by a fellow student; Park Chanyeol.

Park Chanyeol, an 18 years old student has made hearts flutter over his idea of hosting a Charity Event in the form of a Halloween Party for his fellow classmates to participate and enjoy. The idea came during his time whilst he was serving community service due to his previous behaviour issues; his time clearly becoming an eyeopener for him to do some good for the community.

**Here is what the Manager of the Centre had to say about Chanyeol:**

He's such a smart kid, always loud and trying to make people laugh, that's the type of person he is. I guess it's only normal for people his age to get lost in their tracks and stir a bit of trouble, but he is a clear example that you could always get back up and try to be a better person.

**Words from Park Chanyeol:**

Um... It’s been a great pleasure to be acknowledged as a nice person I guess... Very... Privileged. Obviously, I couldn’t have done it without the other people who helped set up the whole thing... So, yeah... Thanks, guys.

The Halloween Party has been a total success and the whole school had managed to gain approximately ₩76,843 all together, showing that even the smallest idea can become something extraordinary.
The day started off as usual for Chen, the smell of morning coffee, his blankets all wrapped up around him as he stretches his arms, nuzzling his head on the pillow. His eyes fluttered open as the blurred visions turned into objects, swirling around him as the back of his head begins to ache, groaning as his hangover suddenly hits him. Although, compared to all the other hangovers he'd had, Chen seemed pretty fine. He looks around to find himself in his basement, blankets all rolled over and pillows surrounding him. He didn't even know he slept here, but Chen would usually sleep in his basement on a daily basis so it was no surprise, his yellow raincoat still on him and he spots the red helium balloon floating by the corner of the room where the stairs are.

'God, I need to stop drinking...', Chen whispers to himself, rubbing his eyes and scratching his mess of a hair whilst he gets back, swaying his body as his surrounding begins to swirl for a moment, forcing him to halt and take a deep breath, just in case he throws up.

'Dad! Dad! Do we still have some ibuprofen?!', Chen screams out as he makes his way up the stairs, taking off his coat and leaving it on the floor, 'Dad!', he shouts once more as he opens the door, letting it swing behind him as his eyes were disrupted from the early morning sunlight which hits him in the face, making him squint and groan in pain. He lets his feet guide him to the kitchen, his eyes still tightly shut as he brings his head down, trying to massage his hangover away.

'Honey...', he hears his mother's voice disrupting the silence, the clanking of glass against wood and screeching of metal cutlery against ceramic meant that they had started breakfast without him.

'Honey...', he hears his mother's voice disrupting the silence, the clanking of glass against wood and screeching of metal cutlery against ceramic meant that they had started breakfast without him.

'Mum... I really need some painkillers right no-', his sentence is cut short as his eyes fall over the back of a boy eating peacefully in his kitchen, facing his father who was giving him such an odd
'Ah, Jonggie. You should really stop the drinking. You're going to have liver failure before you hit thirty', his mother echoes the same lecture he's been hearing since the first time he woke up with a banging hangover, her eyes shadowed with worry, 'Now come and eat your breakfast before you take any pills', she orders her son, pulling up a chair and completely dismissing the boy who was already sitting down on the table... And was that his hoodie he was wearing?

'Sorry, but who is that guy? Is that a cousin from mum's side that I don't know about?', Chen whispers to his mum who just laughs at him, pouring hot water in Chen's favourite Zelda mug and handing it over to him.

'You should tell me since you were the one who brought him in'

'What?'

'Hey Chen', he hears the boy speak, turning around to find none other than Xiumin waving at him, holding up his fork as he eats his bacon.

'Xiu...'; all of a sudden, the memories start flooding back to Chen's mind, the moment he saw Minhyuk walk across the hall, the cold wind which struck his skin as he drinks by himself on the rooftop of the community centre and Xiumin walking in on him and telling him he likes him, 'Min...'

'Kid, come sit down and take care of your friend. I've been doing all the hard work for you', his dad smiles at his awkward movement as he sits down next to Xiumin who was still munching away, shifting his gaze from his mother who sought nothing of it since Xiumin has been here before and they've been acquainted, but he looks over his dad who knew the whole story since Chen caught himself spilling everything to his dad who had decided to ditch work again.

'So, how have you been Xiumin? We haven't seen you around the house, only Chanyeol these days', his mother starts the conversation, smiling as Xiumin responds with her with a small smile, never forgetting to compliment her cooking, the strands of his hair slightly sticking out as the hairspray had lost its effects, Chen's hoodie fitting perfectly on him. Chen feels his dad kicking him on the leg, chuckling as he winks over to his son again, slyly pointing at Xiumin then pointing to himself, mouthing to his son that it was his idea to give the boy his hoodie. Chen can only glare at his dad, mouthing back for him to stop embarrassing him.

'Anyway, Chen guess what?', Xiumin turns back to finally talk to Chen, reaching his arm out to get the rolled up newspaper and resting it right in front of Chen, the boy's eyes falling over the picture on the front page.

'Is that...'

'Yepp'

'And in the back... Those are...'

'Uh huh...'

'And... Baekhyun and...

'D.O'

'Why do they look like they came straight out of a renaissance painting?', Chen whispers, feeling
the gush of second-hand embarrassment as he looks over to properly analyse the hot mess of a photo, seeing Sehun’s mouth wide open as the flaming thing that Lay was holding has just been caught on him, and oh my god... Lay's facial expression... It was a mixture of happiness and disgust rolled up in one as he was trying to take a shit, that's the only description that Chen can think of. Curious as to what the newspaper actually said about the party, Chanyeol scrolls through the page to where the full story is, reading with furrowed brows, chuckling at how over the top the papers had made it seem like.

"Without the other people"?, Chen squints closer to the bit where Chanyeol's interview was, shaking his head in disbelief at the absolute bullshit of an answer from Chanyeol, 'So we were just the other people... That's all the thanks we get? I set up fireworks for this idiot', Chen complains, pushing the paper away from him before he can scrunch it up in frustration, 'And what's up with the whole behavioural issues and eye-opening experience? Making it sound like Chanyeol had just got out of prison and is starting his own business... What a load of bull...'

'Well, what really confused me is what Manager Song said, 'smart' isn't exactly the word we'd be describing someone who thought a tomato was a vegetable', Xiumin adds on, laughing as he grabs the newspaper and rereads the article once again, chuckling at how they made it sound as if it was Chanyeol's sole idea to set up a Charity Event... Last night wasn't even a Charity Event, it was Chanyeol's night to fuel his narcissistic soul, 'God, if only they knew the truth', Xiumin continues to laugh, finishing off his bacon and smiling at Mrs Chen as she pours him another glass of orange juice.

'Well, I'm glad you're all doing something for a good cause', Chen's mother interrupts their conversation, not knowing the full story and only what they've told, which meant they had unknowingly poured a sense of pride in Mrs Kim as she looks at her son proudly, not knowing that they used the term 'charity event' just so they can use the community centre - oh well, what they don't know won't kill them - and they were all hoping the public will never know.

'Anyway, Chen... Back to business... So, what have the two of you been up to since the party ended? Mind telling me how you both ended up in the basement?', Chen's dad teases, making both teenagers choke on their drink, Chen coughing loudly, spilling the drink on the table which made his mother shout at him.

'Um...', Chen looks over at Xiumin nervously, but he was met with a small shy smile, making him feel less nervous as he turns to his dad, reaching his hand out for a high five and finally reciprocating his father's wink.

'Eyyyy... That's my son!', his dad smiles widely, teeth showing as he reaches his hand and gives his son his well earned high five.

'What's going on?', Chen's mother sits down, looking at the cheering father and son moment with Xiumin sitting across from them, confused and dazed as to why they were both laughing and cheering despite Chen not really saying anything.

'Looks like our son is no longer single!'

'What do you mean by that? Chen, are you dating someone?', his mother, still oblivious as Chen's father brings an arm around Xiumin, ruffling his hair and patting the boy on the back.

'Yeah... I'm... Kinda dating him', Chen shyly points at Xiumin as he witnesses his mum's jaws drop to the ground, looking back and forth between the two before staring at her husband, shock and aghast.
'You knew about this?', she asks, pointing between the two and earning a playful nod from her husband, laughing as she scrunches her face, walking over to her husband and hitting him on the head, 'Why didn't you tell me?', she shouts, but her husband does nothing but laugh at the two teenage boys shyly laugh along with him, Xiumin looking with hopeful eyes to see if Chen's parents were okay with him dating his son.

'Oh my god... Oh my god... This cannot be happening', D.O screeches the moment his dad reads the papers, looking at his son and passing the paper to him, smiling at the headline but grimacing at his son's face in the picture, 'Oh god! I look like an idiot!', he whines, seeing his teary face and open mouth crying in the background of one of the windows of the community centre, eyes closing shut in embarrassment as he hears his family begin to laugh, Eun Bi's high pitched voice filling the dining room with noise.

'What is it darling?', his mother decides to join in, bending down to where her husband was pretty much bending backwards laughing, still holding the newspaper, her eyes falling at first to Chanyeol who was posing right at the centre frame, but her eyes slowly scanned to where her son was, blurry but still visible for everyone to recognise, face white but eyes swollen and puffy and of course as a mother, her first instinct should be to ask her son what happened for him to be in that state, but in this moment, she failed to suppress a small giggle, looking over at the picture again and seeing the hilarious expression D.O was making.

'You look so ugly!', Eun Bi laughs once more, sitting on her father's laugh and continuing to look at the picture, unbeknown to the rest of the family, D.O was already on the verge of crying again.

'Kai broke up with me!', he screams. He couldn't take it anymore. He came home last night feeling depressed and done with life only to wake up to the same feeling ten times worse since he wasn't drunk anymore. He couldn't even enjoy the party last night and now he can't even enjoy a simple breakfast.

'What?!', the rest of his family stops laughing almost instantly, simultaneously screaming at D.O in confusion as the boy continues crying, barely explaining his argument with Kai as he feels his snot slowly coming down his nose.

'Waahh!', D.O looks up, sniffing and drying his tears as his eyes fell upon Eun Bi who has also started crying on their father's lap, scrunching her face as she hugs their dad tight.

'What is it Eun Bi?' their dad tries to comfort her, confused as to why the atmosphere in the room had drastically shifted from joyous to full-on depressing with both his children crying their eyes out.

'Kai was my favourite! He treated me to ice cream and now he's gone!', Eun Bi continues to cry upon the heart-wrenching news of her older brother's love life, not really caring about his well being but the cancellation of Ice Cream Tuesday in which Kai would pick her up and they'd go get dessert after school, 'Who's going to buy me food now!'
'That's not the problem Eun Bi! The problem is that I just lost a boyfriend!', D.O screams back, not believing that his sister didn't even care about how he's feeling right now, but what did he expect from a seven-year-old?

'Guys, guys, please calm down, we'll sort this out', their mother tries to calm them down, but it only made it worse as Eun Bi slips out of their dad's lap, crying as she toddles over to where D.O is, hitting his knee with as much force as she can muster.

'I can't believe you would ruin Ice Cream Tuesday!'

'Ergh, Eun Bi, you're so selfish! Kai just broke up with me and all you're thinking about is ice cream!'

After approximately fifteen minutes of the two arguing, Eun Bi slowly forgave D.O from ruining his relationship with Kai - as if he really needed to apologise to her - but since their mother insists and since Eun Bi would not stop having a tantrum, D.O was forced to act like the older brother, even during his break-up, taking Eun Bi to the park to refresh both their minds.

Of course, Eun Bi being seven and having little to no attention span, she quickly forgot about the whole fiasco during breakfast, running around the field as she greets the many dogs passing through the park, holding up the owner as she hugs a particular husky, screaming in joy as the big dog licks her face, wagging its tail as she plays with his ears, leaving her older brother sitting on the swings by himself, swaying peacefully as he looks at her. This, in fact, didn't help since he's once again reminded of the tanned skin boy, always smiling as he walks his dog, hair swaying back and forth as he runs, holding D.O's hands along with him.

'For fuck sakes', D.O whispers to himself, massaging his forehead as he tries to forget about the boy for a moment, looking around to try and distract himself from crying. The scraping of wheels against cement is the first thing that drags D.O's attention, his eyes falling on the skate ramps by the side of the park, teenagers his age and some younger laughing as one of their friend tried doing a dragon flip, her skateboard flipping to the side as she attempted a dragon flip. D.O was immediately reminded of the time Kai had attempted to teach him how to skateboard, the girl's cry to her friends to stop laughing at her mirrors his shouts of frustration to Kai who had once again forced him to go down the skate ramp again, laughing as D.O cries once Kai lets go of him, pushing him off the edge and teleporting straight down the ramp, arms wide open to catch D.O from below.

Why does everything remind him of Kai? It gnaws at D.O the more he thinks about it, the guilt killing him inside as he reminds himself of the shit he told Kai last night at the party. He didn't mean to say it, he didn't even believe the rumours and stories, but now Kai probably thinks he does. What was he ever thinking mentioning the rumours to Kai and being so sensitive to their argument? Honestly, he really needs to grow a pair and just suck it up and apologise to Kai. Grabbing the phone from his front pockets, he scrolls to find Kai's number, his thumb hovering
around Kai's picture, hesitant for a moment as the surging feeling of embarrassment floats through him... What does he say? How does he even begin to apologise? Does he list it all or just say sorry for everything?

'Kyunggie! There you are!', Eun Bi's voice distracts him as his little sister starts to run to him, all smiles and jumping up and down whilst holding what seems to be chocolate ice cream, with D.O still swaying on the swing. 'I've been calling you for ages!', she screams in delight, D.O noticing smudges of chocolate ice cream all over her lips, even some decorating her face as she smiles up at her brother.

'Eun Bi, what the hell is up with your face', D.O tuts, bringing his sleeves forward and wiping the mess on Eun Bi's face, shaking his head and telling her off for eating ice cream in the middle of Autumn, 'Where did you even buy that? Did mum give you money?', he asks after he cleans up after Eun Bi, the ends of his sleeves now painted in chocolate, the cold ice cream seeping through the material and onto his skin.

'Who else do you think?', Eun Bi smiles her usual toothy grin, two big front teeth showing, 'Apparently Ice Cream Tuesday got moved to Saturday!', she exclaims, rushing to sit on the swing next to her brother, his little feet tiptoeing so she can get to the seat.

'What?', D.O asks her, slightly confused until he sees a shadow approaching him, blocking the morning sun from touching his cheeks as he turns around to see a tanned skin boy with a beanie covering his dark hair, a small shy smile plastered on his lips, eyes looking down on the swinging boy whose sleeves were covered in chocolate.

'Hi'

Suho has taken the liberty to let Lay and Sehun stay over his house after the party. He didn't think Lay's parents would approve of Suho knocking on their door and handing over their unconscious son smelling of weed, so there was really nothing much he can do other than drag Lay all the way back to his house. As for Sehun, well, he didn't want the boy to walk home by himself, not with soaking clothes as Suho dumps a pile of water on the boy's costume after Lay accidentally burnt it, causing mayhem which Suho didn't see coming, Sehun's hair sticking on his forehead due to the amount of water Suho had splashed at him.

But he didn't know how this happened. Waking up in the cracks of the afternoon, his eyes falling upon Lay who was still sleeping soundlessly on the floor with only Suho's towel filling the job as a blanket. He also didn't know how Sehun's arms had suddenly wrapped itself around his waist, the boy's head resting between the junction of his neck and collarbone, his hair slightly tickling Suho every time Sehun nuzzles closer to him.

'Suho! Honey! Are you still sleeping! It's past noon!', he hears his mother's shouting, loud knocking on his door making Lay flinch at the sudden noise, his head suddenly lifting up, eyes still puffy and red as he scratches his head, looking around the room.
'Where am I?', Lay groans, his voice hoarse and cracked due to all the shouting and smoking he's been doing last night.

'You're in my room', Suho whispers, trying not to wake up the sleeping sophomore next to him, his hands slowly holding onto the boy as he tries to slide out of his bed without so much disturbing Sehun.

'Why?', Lay asks, coughing as the smell of weed is still attached to him, his shirt specifically stinking of it.

'You smoked weed and passed out. That's all I'm going to say', Suho responds, gaining a wide-eyed stare from the boy on the floor as the memory suddenly floods through Lay's mind, making the boy curse out in disbelief.

'Shit...', he whispers whilst rummaging in his pockets, trying to look for his phone. Luhan was going to kill him if he ever found out about it, quickly he checks his Instagram, scrolling through to see if there was any photographic evidence that Luhan might see, scrolling through hundreds of uploaded photos from last night, mostly consisted of Chanyeol's costume and some of the others partying in the dancefloor, 'Oh thank god...', he whispers as he looks for the stoners' accounts, finding nothing with him on any pictures from last night, 'Phew...'

'You know, you should really stop hanging out with them', Suho warns, still whispering as he sees Sehun move slightly towards him, like a magnet, his arms had found its way around Suho's waist again, head resting on the boy's lap.

'But they're nice people...', Lay, despite last night's events, continues to defend them, scrunching his nose as he lifts his shirt in front of his face, smelling the ugly stench he's covered in, making Suho chuckle.

'The shower's to the left, right at the end of the corridor', Suho informs him, pointing his finger to his closet by the end of the room, 'You can use some of my clothes'

'Oh my god... Thanks, Suho, you're a lifesaver', Lay states, smiling to Suho as he stands up, groaning in pain as he tries to straighten his back after sleeping on the floor and in an awkward position, accidentally hitting his hip on Suho's desk, groaning in even more pain.

'Mhphf', Suho hears Sehun's voice muffled underneath him, the boy's head nuzzling on his lap before he turns, his eyes fluttering open as he looks up to Suho smiling down at him, 'Suho?', he groans, rubbing his eyes as he lifts his head up, being the second person to look confused as to why they're in Suho's room.

'Morning Sehun', Suho greets the freshly woken boy, ruffling his hair as Lay continues to open every drawer Suho own, pulling out joggers and an oversized shirt he got when he went to summer camp with D.O during their freshman year and the camp ran out of his size so he was forced to take the extra large which was till this day too large for him.

'Suho? Is Lay okay?', Sehun asks as the memory of last night instantly hits him, spinning his head around in search of the boy.

'Yepp. Sehun I'm still alive', Lay calls over at the mention of his name, lifting his hand up that was holding Suho's shirt, still in pain as he walks out of the room and towards Suho's bathroom.

'Oh thank god... For a moment I was worried that he'll wake up still high...', Sehun breathes out a sigh of relief, closing his eyes and rolling over to space by the end of Suho's bed, laying on his
back, his eyes staring up at the ceiling.

'Yeah, well thanks to you, we got him here safely', Suho laughs, laying beside Sehun as the boy continued to stare at the ceiling, not really looking at Suho who has edged his way closer to the boy, his chin leaning on Sehun's shoulder, legs intertwined with the sophomore as he tangles his arms around the boy's waist, 'By the way, about last night-', his sentence gets hold off as he feels the bed screeching at the sudden movement of Sehun turning around to hide his face on Suho's chest, hugging the boy back.

'Please don't mention what happened last night', Sehun muffles on Suho's shirt, gripping the material as he draws himself closer to the boy.

'Why?', Suho, filled with worry, draws Sehun's face so he can look at him, seeing the bright red cheeks and shy eyes staring back at him, 'I... I thought maybe last night might mean something? You know...'

'I like you'

'Okay, I was going to say it first, but I guess you can you ahead', Suho laughs as Sehun brings his head back to Suho's chest, hiding his embarrassingly bright red face away from the older boy, but Suho just wraps his arms around Sehun, drawing the boy closer to him.

'It's okay, I like you too'
He's staying still. Not moving and definitely not going to open his phone. Kai lays on his bed, staring at the ceiling with his damp hair wetting the pillow on his bed. He just took a shower and has now buried himself in his room again, waiting for the phone to ring, his eyes continuing at his blank white walls, the posters in his room burying the flushed brown colours of his wallpapers. His baggy jogging bottoms and slim t-shirt hugging his figure loosely.

He was not going to go first. Their argument was not his fault, it was all down to Kyungsoo, so why would he go first? Their relationship wouldn't be equal if it's always him approaching D.O. The boy should learn how to stop being shy and approach him first, begging for forgiveness for fucking up the night that was supposed to be the best night of the school year.

'Fuck it', Kai whispers, rolling off his bed and landing straight onto the cold grass of a park, his
cheeks compressed with the dirt as he emits small groans, feeling the cold and hard ground hitting his side. Getting up and wiping the grass that had pasted itself on his sweatpants, he looks around to see the small park placed by the end of D.O#'s neighbourhood, the scrapping of skate wheels on cement floors and laughing toddlers can be heard from the distance.

'Kai?!', he hears another screeching scream amongst the little kids running around the park, recognising the high-pitched voice almost immediately, not needing to turn around as spots Eun Bi running towards him, running at lightning speed with her arms wide open, clawing his legs around it, 'You're here! I thought I'd never see you again!', her screeches are muffled with Kai's jogging bottoms, but Kai can still hear it out, small and loud.

'Hey Eun Bi', he greets the small girl first, kneeling down to her level as he tries to get her grip on his leg to loosen, hugging her close before stroking her cheeks, the smile on her face making him all squirmish - he had decided that Eun Bi is still the cutest kid he's ever seen - despite her over excessive screaming and orders, 'What's up? What do you mean never see me again? We still have ice cream Tuesday', he responds, earning some sort of squeal and surges of little legs jumping up and down in excitement.

'You're still taking me out for ice cream! Yay!', Eun Bi screeches once more, dancing around Kai, her hand never letting go of his. It seems as though Eun bi had grown accustomed to the tan boy being part of her big brother's life. Almost too accustomed.

'What are you talking about? Of course, I am! I mean, since it's winter, maybe we can change it to a warmer meal'

'I thought you wouldn't want to visit me now that you and Kyunggie broke up'

This statement causes him by surprise. His smile fades and he's looking intently at the little girl.

'What are you talking about?', Kai asks Eun Bi, looking at her like he'd just received the worst news of his life. Well, he might as well have.

'Kyunggie told me you guys broke up...', Eun Bi replies, not really sure why Kai looks so surprised. Did he not remember?

'Oh D.O... You truly are a pain in my ass...', Kai laughs disbelievingly, 'One argument and your brother is making up weird things like that', he murmurs to himself mostly, wrapping his arms around Eun Bi, 'Come on, let's go get ice cream and talk to your big brother'

'Okay!'

'Hi', Kai finally approaches D.O after Eun Bi came racing to her brother first, seeing D.O looking down on his phone as he swings idly on the swing set, his eyes sad. Kai didn't want to admit it, but he was slightly glad that he was still upset since he'd spent all night awake in his bed and replaying
their argument, internally kicking himself for leaving the party before reconciling with D.O first.

'Kai? Wha- What are you doing here?', D.O stands up all of a sudden, holding onto Eun Bi but his eyes were still on Kai, transfixed on the boy in front of him, he had a shy smile on his face, his hair slightly messy and damp? He wasn't quite sure.

'What's up, Soo?', he responds, laughing as D.O takes a step back at the loving tone Kai spoke in, expecting him to be tougher and pressing since he still believes their argument is still on.

'I'm... I'm alright... Thanks...'

'Oh god, Soo can we please talk properly, this whole conversation is awkward I want to stab myself', Kai laughs, chuckling away the awkward tension as he combs his hair back, making D.O feel slightly less on guard, noticing how Kai hasn't changed in the way he acts around him - he's still is silly self.

'Yeah... Let's do that', D.O smiles, finally showing some form of expression as he, with Eun Bi's hand holding his - begins to walk to Kai, continuing to walk with each other as they leave the park.

'Look... Soo... I'm-

'I'm sorry', D.O says first, stopping just beside the crossing, holding tighter to Eun Bi since he knows her repulse to just start running around despite it being a busy road, 'Look, Kai, I was being such a jerk, a stupid one. I've never been in a serious relationship that lasted this long, so I'm not good at apologising... Or even... Doing this whole serious relationship think...', he looks up to see Kai looking intently at him, 'But I'm not making any excuses! I promise! No more excuses... The blame is solely on me', he reiterates, being reminded of his last attempt at an apology and how that went down to shit.

'Hmm... It's better than your last apology', Kai comments, resting his chin on his fingers, playfully trying to look like he was thinking hard, 'But I'm still pissed at you', he utters, pouting his lips the usual way he does whenever D.O tells him off or whenever they get into small arguments.

'Why? Was I that bad to you?', D.O look up at Kai, his sad looking like it's one step closer to crying again, more heavily this time since it was Kai who's basically telling him that he's the worst human being on earth and he doesn't-

'Break up? Really Soo? We have one argument and you want to give up and break up? That hurts my heart'

'What are you talking about?'

'Little Eun Bi told me how told your family that you and I broke up. Over one argument? What will your parents think of me? Probably a petty motherfucker', Kai whines, thinking about Mr Do and how he was already on his kind of bad impression list since he met him twice when he was drunk and looked like he just went on a murdering spree and now he was also on D.O's mum's bad side too.

'Oh... That...', D.O looks up, smiling foolishly, 'I really did think we would break up...'

'Soo, really, you have no faith in me? Just because I was pissed doesn't mean I'm going to break up with you', Kai playfully argues back with D.O, lightly punching him on the stomach, smiling brightly now that the awkward tension between them has been lifted.

'Look, I'm sorry! I was overreacting. Get over it'
'You get over it!'

'Are we going to cross or not!', Eun Bi intercepts, shouting as she now impatiently waits for the two older boys, stomping her foot in boredom as she tugs on D.O's hands, trying to get them to finally move.

Baekhyun leans his elbow on the window sill of his bedroom, his smile slowly creeping its way despite his strength in trying to suppress it. The air is cold, so cold since Autumn is finally transcending into winter, weather forecast of snow blaring on the radio his mother always puts on whilst she cooks in the kitchen every weekend.

'You know, the last you sat there, you were ready to beat the shit out of me', Baekhyun call out of his window, his chin resting on the palm of his hands as he watches Chanyeol struggle to reach for another branch closer to him, trying to get nearer to Baekhyun's window, but he ended up looking like a very long drunk monkey swinging hysterically on the other branch further away from Baekhyun.

'Can... I... Remind you... That is was not me... Who hit you...', Chanyeol points out in between breaths, hugging out as he closes his eyes before lifting himself onto the other branch, finally making his way closer to where Baekhyun was, 'I stopped them in the end. I was the good guy'

'The lesser evil amongst the bad', Baekhyun also points out, 'And plus, you burnt my arm'

'Fucking get over it Baekhyun. That was ages ago', Chanyeol breathes out in frustration once more, since Baekhyun won't fucking let go of it, 'And that was when we hated each other. Now help me in', Chanyeol reaches his hand out, waiting for his boyfriend to grab it and let him in - Baekhyun's parents had a no friends or boyfriends in the weekend policy - since the boy's mother had requested the weekend to be a family day, so Chanyeol had to get his way around some way or another.

Baekhyun doesn't move.

'Why did we hate each other again?', Baekhyun prolongs their conversation, laughing as Chanyeol shouts lucid curses at him, telling him to shut up and help him already, 'I'm just curious, I mean, I hated you because you were an idiot and you burnt my arm... But why did you hate me?'

'For fuck's sake Baekhyun, help me up. I'm ganna fall!', Chanyeol cries for help, feeling his grip on the branch loosening, forcing him to readjust himself.

'Just tell me, babe. Why did you hate me so much?'

'Ergh, fine. I hated your stupid mullet. Now help me up', Chanyeol should not have said that.

'You hated it too? Are you fucking kidding me?', Baekhyun barks, glaring and grimacing his face as he stares at Chanyeol who looks confused and about to combust since he's using all his strength
to hold on for his dear life, 'I fucking loved my old hairstyle'

'Then grow it back for all I care. Baekhyun give me your motherfucking hand!'

'But you said you hated it'

'And my opinion actually matters to you?'

Pause.

'You're right. It doesn't', Baekhyun responds nonchalantly, Chanyeol expecting that kind of answer but it still forces him to glare at his boyfriend. Baekhyun finally reaching his hands out, gripping tightly on Chanyeol's arms as he guides the boy closer to him, his legs finally landing on Baekhyun's windowsill where he was leaning a few moments ago. After a few minutes of tangling legs and arms flailing, Chanyeol has finally made his way inside the boy's room, albeit, his face is now on the carpet floors with his legs most likely bruised.

'You really can't climb, can you?', Baekhyun looks down at Chanyeol's back, shaking his head in disgrace at the state of Chanyeol. He'd seen Baekbeom so effortlessly climb without a sound, in and out of his room, sneaking back into the house during the middle of the night where Baekhyun was fast asleep, yet the older brother never wakes up to a noise.

'Fuck off, you go and try to climb a fucking tree', Chanyeol mutters, finally getting off the carpet and huffing a deep breath after such a long trek just to get inside Baekhyun's bedroom. Chanyeol had been in Baekhyun's room, he even crashed in Baekbeom's room once too and had spent one family dinner he was forced to attend since Baekhyun's mum insists OF Chanyeol eating dinner before he leaves, so he's pretty much aware of the structure of Baekhyun's house.

'I don't need to climb a tree. You can do that for me', Baekhyun chuckles, earning him another glare from Chanyeol, the tall boy jumping onto his bed and closing his eyes, feeling relaxed, the smell of peaches familiar to him.

'You changed your bed sheets?', Chanyeol noticed, grabbing a stuffed toy, reaching for a pillow for him to hug.

'How do you know that? You stalker', Baekhyun comments, climbing on the bed and laying himself next to Chanyeol, leaning his head on his hand whilst turning to his side. It seems as though, despite what happened last night, Chanyeol seems to be calm and collected, not one bit hungover - well, he didn't have much to drink in the first place since he couldn't even pout his lips together with his mask squishing his face.

'Shut up'

'What happened to your Iron Man suit anyway?', Baekhyun asks curiously, his eyes landing on the morning newspaper which had been spreading around snapchat since everyone had most probably woken up by now, their parents shoving the papers to their faces the moment they hit the dining room – or, that was what Baekhyun's parents did anyway.

'I sold it to my Uncle’s friend. He’s a professional cosplayer, so he was willing to spend a shit ton of money for it', Chanyeol replies, ‘Which reminds me’, he snakes his hands down on his front pockets, revealing to Baekhyun a small plastic bag wrapped in tape, throwing it in the air for the boy to catch – which Baekhyun obviously didn’t – landing on the mattress between them instead.

‘What is it?’, Baekhyun asks, but Chanyeol just shrugs his shoulders, not giving anything away. Baekhyun grabs hold of the small plastic, struggling to open it due to the excessive tapping,
shouting complaints as he had to stand up to where his desk was, getting hold of his scissors which were resting right beside the notice board, not sure if it should be called a notice board since it was now ripped off any important notes and memos, candid photos of Chanyeol and the rest of the group pinned at the board, Baekhyun’s particular favourite one was Chanyeol and D.O struggling to untangle the fairy lights for Lay’s birthday party, D.O practically killing Chanyeol with his death glare as the tall boy manage to get stuck in between the tangles.

Baekhyun huffs in annoyance, trying to cut the plastic in half, trying to unwrap the hardest parcel he’d think he’s had to open, turning to walk back to Chanyeol once he finally makes a tear.

‘It’s the first thing I bought once I sold the suit this morning. He really wanted the suit even more since it got featured in the newspaper’, Chanyeol comments as soon as Baekhyun stills, his eyes staring at the ever so small object which Chanyeol had made a trek for him to open.

It was a ring. More so, some sort of promise ring.

‘Really Chanyeol? A promise ring?’, Baekhyun rolls his eyes, taking the silver metal, fingers holding it close to his face, inspecting it, and sure enough, it was engraved with some sort of golden patterns. He was almost too scared to check the inner sides of the ring, just in case Chanyeol ended up doing something corny and getting his name engraved on it.

‘Dude, I thought it was fucking romantic’, Chanyeol defends himself as soon as he sees the boy glaring at him, ‘Just wear it will you’

‘So demanding’, Baekhyun snorts, looking over the signs of movements once Chanyeol gets up, ripping the ring off Baekhyun’s hold, reaching out for Baekhyun’s hands and putting it on the boy himself.

‘You’re so hard to impress’, Chanyeol murmurs whilst he completes putting the ring on Baekhyun’s ring finger, reaching his hand down to his back pockets, this time, pulling out a similar ring, but slightly bigger, putting it on his ring finger, ‘See, look how nice this looks’, Chanyeol admires as he uses the hand which the silver band rests idly on his one finger, holding onto Baekhyun’s, intertwining their fingers together, the two metal rings meeting each other to a stand point.

‘I would’ve settled with you buying me some ice cream instead’, Baekhyun breaks the silence, ruining the moment that Chanyeol had been trying to make. The tall boy has had past relationships before, many past relationships, with both girls and boys, starting all the way in middle school, so for him to do something ‘romantic’ or ‘sweet’ was not the first time – Chen can confirm that. But the one thing he never gave to any of his exes was a promise, in any form, whether it was in words or a symbolism in a form of a ring. Flowers, yes. Food, yes. But Chanyeol promised himself to only ever give a serious gift once he knows for sure that it was a relationship he wants to keep up for a long time, as long as he can anyway. He ended up concluding that his relationship with Baekhyun was the one – Chen can most definitely confirm it.

‘Ice creams don’t last forever. You’re just ganna shit my gift out’, Chanyeol earns himself a smack.

‘Real romantic’

‘It’s true though! You can’t shit my ring out’

‘I can throw it in the toilet instead. Which is where the shit will go anyway’

‘Real grateful, aren’t you?’
Kai is sitting in the living room, awkwardly since he walks into D.O’s house, his parents looking at him like he’d just murdered someone.

‘I thought you broke up with him?’, D.O’s dad mutters to his son as soon as Kai bows to him, walking past and making himself comfortable in the living room like how he usually visits the house.

‘False alarm’, D.O whispers back to his father who still didn’t know what was going on since he just witnessed D.O crying in the morning.

‘Yes sir, our break up has been discontinued’, Kai adds in.

After a few minutes of small talk and basically Kai having to explain the whole situation, the whole family can only glare and apologise over their overreactive son, laughing it off as soon as everything was clear. It was at this moment that Eun Bi has requested for their parents to drive her to her ballet lessons in the weekend instead of having D.O just drop him off like how he usually do in the weekend, complaining that he was a super slow walker. This meant that D.O and Kai were going to be alone in the house once their parents complied, talking about going to the grocery store anyway, waving a quick goodbye to the boys, closing the door and leaving them sitting in the living room alone, the soft humming noise of the TV filling the room.

Kai was fine, they’d been alone in the house before, sitting on the floor and turning up the volume, using the remote control to flick through the channels, eyes bored as he looks over the afternoon shows, settling for a rerun of a variety show he barely watches.

D.O, on the other hand, was going out of his mind. Not literally, he was still quite calm since Kai is completely not the boy he’s heard about during the breaks in class. The fuckboy. The smooth talker. The sex god. He wasn’t sure about the third one, but after last night, he can conclude that Kai wasn’t a fuckboy and he definitely doesn’t think Kai is a smooth talker either.

It’s the third one that gets him curious. And not in a good way, because now he’s just thinking of over the top scenarios that are making his cheeks flush red. Super fucking red.

Is he good in bed? Fuck, why am I even thinking that?

Their whole argument revolved around D.O not wanting to have sex just yet and here he is, being the disgusting one since it looks like Kai wasn’t even close to thinking about it, folding the tissue paper into paper cranes as he gives up trying to watch what’s on TV.

‘Hey, Soo, what do you think of this? I think I finally got my birds looking normal’, Kai turns around, showing D.O his paper cranes so proudly, although, they still look odd, the head is slightly bent. D.O can only nod, because he wasn’t paying attention – well, he is – just not what Kai was saying, rather, the way he was saying it – or in more detail, the way his lips out slightly when he spoke, something D.O didn’t notice at first, but now he does. And he can only think of one thing.
He’s totally fucked.

Kai continues to fold more tissue paper into other shapes, one being a swan, the other being a flower – that one D.O taught him during their library duties. Kai was focused, so focused on getting the frog shape right, he didn’t hear D.O’s footsteps slowly approaching him, the smaller boy’s hand reaching out to grab hold of his shoulders, twisting him around to face him.

‘Soo, what are yo-’ , Kai’s sentence was quickly cut off with D.O’s full lips pressing against his, shocking him for a moment, his eyes wide open as he looks at D.O’s closed one. Finally giving in, he adjusts himself fully, turning around for D.O lean in closer, his arms accommodating the boy’s waist as the kiss deepens, more so than any other of their make-out session that it was slightly scaring Kai. D.O’s weight begins to become more pressing, Kai having to lean back slightly as D.O pushes himself closer to Kai, his hands gliding up and down the boy’s chest –

‘Woah, Woah. Soo, stop, stop, stop’, Kai pushes the boy back, breathing heavily as he feels the sensation climbing down him, looking up, scared to see of D.O’s reaction.

‘Why? Are you okay?’, it seems like D.O didn’t know what he was doing to Kai.

‘No… No, no, I’m fine… I’m just… Yeah… I’m… Soo!’, Kai tries to compress all his feelings down to the back of his mind, trying to get this awkward silence between them whilst Kai tries to recollect his mind, but that can’t be possible when D.O had snaked his hand inside Kai’s shirt, his cold hands ironically burning Kai’s chest, ‘Soo? What are you doing?!’, Kai hissed the moment D.O’s hands glide further up his chest.

‘Come on Kai, I’m just curious’, D.O defends himself, even though, why should he? They are going out, so surely D.O didn’t need some sort of excuse.

‘Soo, didn’t we just agree on no sex?’, Kai utters, trying to get D.O’s hands away from him.

‘Yeah, but we didn’t agree in exploring’

‘What the fuck are you talking about? Soo, I’m not America and you sure as hell ain’t Christopher Columbus’, Kia finally garnered the strength to pull D.O’s hands away from him.

‘Kai, come on, I’m a virgin. The least you can do is help me practice to when we really do it. It’ll be more fun if I actually know what I’m doing the first time we do it’, D.O once again spoke over Kai’s trails of complaints and whines that D.O was barely paying attention to since he’s still thinking about how warm Kai’s stomach was.

‘Soo, listen, sex isn’t something you can learn to do. We’ll cross that obstacle once we get there, but for now-,’ , Kai seems to always be overpowered by D.O, the shorter boy’s arms suddenly caging him, D.O’s hands gripping on the wooden coffee table that Kai was leaning on, small indents of his fingers forming as he gripped tighter/

‘Come on Kai, let’s just try it once, eh? Please?’

‘For fuck’s sakes Soo… I don’t think… I…’, Kai breathes out, closing his eyes for a moment before opening it and looking straight at D.O, ‘Fuck it’

Pushing the boy back, D.O lands onto his soft mattress, Kai’s lips finding itself on his, moving along rhythmically, definitely experienced and more so when Kai’s hands starts to make its way up D.O’s shirt, imitating what he had previously done to the tanned skin boy, earning some kind of breathy moan from D.O in between their kisses.
'Do we take our shirts off or does it stop here?', Kai asks carefully, trying not to overstep his bounds as his fingers itch to get rid of the material blocking him to see D.O’s skin.

‘We… Can try it?’, D.O replies, not really sure how far his limit is at the moment, but as of right now, he was willing for Kai to slowly remove his shirt, and the boy did, leaving D.O’s upper body naked. This is the first time Kai had seen D.O’s torso, his eyes gleaming curiously, ‘Kai, stop staring, it’s creeping me out’, D.O stops the boy from his trance, bringing him to the reality that D.O was half naked right under him and fuck Kai’s teenage hormones were now going all over the place.

‘Well… What do you want me to do now? By the looks of it, this only leads to one fucking thing mate…’, Kai replies, a whining tone as D.O slaps his arm, ‘What? I’m just saying, if we go any further, I might combust’

‘That’s gross’

‘Metaphorically you dumbass’

‘Just kiss me’, D.O responds, grabbing Kai’s collar, dragging him down, their lips colliding one more time. Hands roamed each other, D.O not seeing it fair for him being the only one with no shirt, his fingers gripping hold on the ends of Kai’s shirt, lifting it up as they continue to explore each other, their lips connecting one more time.

‘Honey! Come down! We bought some pizza!’, D.O’s mum shouts across the house, banging the door open, frightening both the boys to stop their make-out session, Kai stumbling out of D.O’s bed, accidentally falling to the floor, groaning in pain as he lifts his head up, seeing that he wasn’t in D.O’s room anymore.

‘Suho? Sehun? What the fuck?!’, Kai screams the moment his eyes lands on the bed in front of him, seeing legs tangled together, lifting his head to see Suho on top of Sehun, making out with him.

‘Kai?! What the fuck are you doing here?!’, Suho screams the moment he breaks the kiss, looking down to his floor to see a half-naked Kai screaming at him.

‘Oh, my fucking god, my eyes! What the fuck?!’

‘Kai, why aren’t you wearing a shirt?!’, Sehun joins in with the shouting, pushing Suho off him by reflex.

‘Why is your tongue down Suho’s throat?’

‘Why are you in my house?’

‘What is going on?’, another voice joins, more subtle and calm than the rest, their heads turning to see Lay coming back from showering, his hair wrapped around in a towel like how girls do it, wearing Suho’s clothes which luckily fits perfectly around him, ‘Oh, Kai did you crash here too? I didn’t see you’
Chapter End Notes

so jealous that everyone else is going to elyxion and I'm sitting here, knowing that I'll never see exo live lol :'((
The First Snow

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

OST Part 43: Ed Sheeran - Perfect

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It’s Saturday night. And Xiumin continues to stay in Chen’s place, opting to play games with the boy all day in his basement, his mother would go down once in a while to check up on them, offering a snack and a drink. The whole day, they didn’t spend too much on talking, the only noise being heard is the tapping of the game controller or the noise of a film Chen had introduced Xiumin into watching, his head resting on the other’s shoulder.

‘Dude, I can’t believe you haven’t watched Fight Club, it’s like the best movie’, Chen comments, shaking his head in disapproval, nudging his shoulders with Xiumin, his eyes gleaming bright since he slowly feels the same atmosphere he’d felt with Xiumin when they were just friends, but this time it was better, much better now that he can edge his hands closer, holding onto the latter’s, intertwining his hands as they sit on the floor talking for hours on end.

‘I’m not a Fight Club kind of person’, Xiumin comments, feeling his eyelids heavily closing,
Chen’s mother feeding him mountains of food, along with hanging out in Chen’s cosy basement, making him sleepy the more the film goes on, his head making its way on Chen’s shoulder.

‘So, what kind of person are you then?’, Chen asks, curiously watching the boy by his side, watching as the boy’s eyes closed for a moment. It’s been fun. Getting to know Xiumin, even though he already knows most of Xiumin’s likes and dislikes, it still feels nice finding out something new about the boy even after all they’ve been through.

‘Inception. I like movies that psychologically fucks you up’, Xiumin murmurs, his voice getting lower and softer the more his sleep tries to overtake him, Chen lowering the volume of the TV the moment he realised Xiumin’s breathing slowed into a rhythmic motion. Chen stays like this. They stay like this. In the moment, away from everyone else, just them leaning on Chen’s drawers of the floor, stuffed toy from his childhood decorating the top shelves, the very objects which shaped Chen’s youth being in this very room, along with the person he believes is to be his youthful love – that type that you see in movies, movies he’s not a particular fan of, but he still watches.

‘Ey, fuckhead! Where have you been!’, a deep voice screeches and interrupts the moment, making Chen flinch and bopping his shoulder for Xiumin to wake up from his nap, both boys looking up to see Chanyeol’s long legs walking down the stairs, holding up three packets of popcorn, one hanging from his mouth as his other hand was preoccupied with holding bottles of coke.

‘Chanyeol? What the fuck?’, Chen whines, seeing the boy stand still the moment he noticed someone else present in Chen’s basement, looking down to glance at Xiumin, still evidently sleepy, his eyes drooping low but still open.

‘Oooooh, so this is where you’ve been’, Chanyeol smiles, spitting out the packet of popcorn hanging between his teeth, raising his brows playfully as he smirks at Chen, putting down the food on the table by the end of the stairs, gesturing his fingers in suggesting obscene things to Chen.

‘You better stop that before I electrocute you’, Chen warns, pointing a finger at the boy, small sparks forming at the tip of his index finger, making Chanyeol raise his arms in surrender, continuing to laugh.

‘Chanyeol, what are you doing here?’, Xiumin joins in the conversation, sleep has finally left him, his conscious being more present, eyes looking up at a goofy smiling Chanyeol.

‘I can ask you the same thing, huh’, the boy can only chuckle back, not buying the fact that Chen and Xiumin didn’t do anything the whole day.

‘Chanyeol, don’t even think about it–’, Chen could not even threaten Chanyeol since the boy had jumped next to Xiumin, like a frog, hands holding the older boy’s shoulders.

‘So, did you and Chen finally do it? Do the thing? The thing’, Chanyeol asks, shaking the boy back and forth until Xiumin pushes him back, freezing his arms in the process.

‘No, Chanyeol, we didn’t have sex’, Xiumin explains, gaining a snort from Chen and confusing stares from Chanyeol, he turns to face Chen, ‘What? Isn’t that what he was intending?’ , Xiumin asks, this time being the one confused as Chanyeol shakes his head, standing up to wipe the frost from his sleeves.

‘You didn’t do the thing?’, Chanyeol asks, only for Chen to grab a stuffed toy from above him, throwing it at Chanyeol.

‘We’re not thirteen anymore’, Chen call over, but Chanyeol wasn’t having it.
‘Come on dude, you’ve been doing it for everyone else you’ve asked out, it’s only fair for Xiumin to see it’, Chanyeol argues back, making Xiumin all the more curious as he sees Chen punch Chanyeol to shut him up, lips pursed tight and eyes glaring.

‘Show me what?’, Xiumin decides to butt in, getting up to walk over to the two boys still in the middle of an argument, eyes glazing over to where Chen tries to bury himself behind Chanyeol, obviously embarrassed about something.

‘Just fucking do it’, Chanyeol, being the boy’s worst best friend, edges Chen closer into embarrassing himself in front of Xiumin, who he had just started officially dating less than 24 hours ago.

‘Yeah, come on Chen, what is it you show to all your exes?’, Xiumin is now pressing on it, crossing his arms over his chest, being a little bit more irritated now that Chen refuses to show Xiumin what Chanyeol was talking about.

‘It’s nothing… It’s just something stupid I used to do…’, Chen utters, trying to turn off Xiumin from seeing it, but the boy is now even more pressed in seeing it as he sees the red tint climbing its way on Chen’s cheeks.

‘Show me’, Xiumin demands, making Chanyeol snicker since he knew Chen had no choice but to do it. Chen was going to kill the boy, this time Chanyeol won’t even be able to breathe when Chen’s finished with him.

‘For fuck’s sakes…’, Chen whispers, giving up and closing his eyes, humming something soft, lifting his finger up and gesturing it in a circular motion, the lights on the ceiling dimming, the TV beside them which continued to play scenes from the Fight Club had now turned static, grains of greys flashes on the screen. The usual static sound isn’t present, however, and all of a sudden, Xiumin sees the static disappear, forming into small shapes and sized of… Was that… A figure? A silhouette of a person?

Xiumin flashes back his gaze to Chen who is now twirling his fingers around the air, as if it was a paintbrush and the air was his canvas, he turns back to watch that Chen’s outcome was being presented on the TV screen, static now making shapes of someone’s face, someone with cat-like eyes, fluffy hair and lips which curls up with a smile.

‘Is that suppose to be me?’, Xiumin looks over, questioning as he sees the static form the eyes which looked eerily like his.

‘Chen! Chen?! Kim Jongdae! Are you messing with the cables again?!’, his father’s screams shouts across the house, forcing Chen to stop interfering with the house electricity, the lights slowly turning back on, TV screen turning blank before reshowing the movie they’ve given up watching a long time ago.

‘Sorry, dad!’, Chen shouts back, embarrassed since Xiumin continued to look at him without so much as a word coming out of him.

‘Dude, I didn’t mean to draw his face. Just do the usual thing where you write ‘can I be your boyfriend’ on the TV, why did you draw his face bruh?’, Chanyeol comments once he noticed what Chen actually did, hitting the boy in the stomach.

‘Wait, so you haven’t done that for anyone else?’, Xiumin finally spoke, asking him with a small smile growing on his face.
‘Yeah, I guess this one’s a first’, Chen replies, scratching the back of his head, still embarrassed by what he did.

‘Good’, Xiumin walks over, hugging Chen by the waist, leaning his chin on the boy’s shoulder.

‘Ergh, get a room’, Chanyeol whines, only for Chen to hit him straight in the dick, making him land on his knees squirming.

‘How about you leave the room, huh?’

It’s Sunday evening, the air is cold and strong winds even colder, signs of snow coming underway and Suho wouldn’t be surprised if it snowed anytime soon.

‘Sehun please, I’m freezing my ass off, can we go inside somewhere?’, Suho complains, chattering his teeth as the winds continued to blow, their steps slow as they walked side by side in the park, a few streets from their school, the very park D.O would drag Suho in whenever he decided to skip school.

‘Sorry’, Sehun whispers, making the strong winds stop to a still around them, ‘I just really wanted to do it again’

‘We can always do it tomorrow, it’ll be warmer tomorrow’, Suho suggests, but the younger boy just shrugs his head dissonantly, grabbing hold of Suho’s hands, fastening their pace as they turn a corner to see the lake, its backdrop of a dark silhouette of trees along with the dark blue skies, the crescent moon lighting up the cloudless sky.

‘It’s so cold’, Suho continues to whine whilst Sehun pushes him forward, his feet weightless against the water beneath them, gripping hold on Suho’s hand, joining the older boy on the water.

‘Just for five minutes. Then we can go in and I’ll buy us hot chocolate’, Sehun begs, pleading at Suho only to sigh and give in – well, they were here now – it’ll be rude for him to turn them back.

‘Okay, but just for five minutes’, Suho complies, reaching for Sehun’s second hand, gesturing it to rest just below his waist as he draws Sehun closer to him. Just as he was about to glide along the waters, Sehun stills them, removing his hand from Suho’s waist, pulling out headphones from his pockets, struggling to untangle them with one hand since the other was held tightly in Suho’s hands, plugging one earplug in Suho’s ear the moment he detangles it, cheering as he puts the other one on his.

‘What are you doing?’, Suho chuckles, now observing Sehun as he pulls out his phone, opening his music playlist and quickly choosing a song, the beat of the music quickly starting, Sehun quickly putting away his phone and grabbing hold of Suho’s waist again.

‘Ed Sheeran? Really?’, Suho giggles, the moment Sehun rests his head on his chest, hitting him
‘What? It’s my favourite song right now’, Sehun murmurs as they begin to glide slowly, back and forth at first, Sehun humming the lyrics of *Perfect*, Suho’s hands securely holding onto him, their waltz fastening until Sehun is left in a giggling state, looking down as he sees his shoes get wet, but they continue to glide around the lake, Suho lifting his arm to twirl Sehun underneath it.

‘I love this’, Sehun whispers in between the silences, hugging onto Suho more tightly once they slowed for a moment, a mist of white air being breathed out by the both of them, the air getting chillier as the evening turns to night.

‘You still have to buy me hot chocolate’, Suho jokes, hugging the boy closer, his arms wrapped around him, ‘I don’t think I can feel my toes’

‘Same’ Sehun laughs, closing his eyes as he breathes in the sweet scent of Suho’s perfume, subtle but still there.

‘Why don’t you buy the hot drinks and I’ll buy the pancakes?’, Suho offers, looking down to confirm that Sehun’s shoes were also wet from their swaying.

‘Okay’, Sehun agrees, not even bothering to look up at Suho’s his face still buried in Suho’s warm chest, the older boy having to look down at Sehun’s hair, seeing white fluff all over it.

‘Dude, have you got dandruff or something?’, Suho giggles, reaching one of his hand to ruffle Sehun’s hair, seeing the white melt in the boy’s hair. This forces Suho to look up, the midnight blue sky being ambushed with snow, white snowflakes falling down on them, melting as soon as they hit the water, but Suho can still see them, landing on their sleeves, in Sehun’s hair.

‘It’s snowing’, Suho whispers, making Sehun finally retract himself from his chest, looking up to witness the small snowflakes landing on his shoulders.

‘Woah, so cool’, Sehun whispers, smiling up as he watches the snow fall from above.

‘Wanna dance again?’

‘Yes please’

And with that, Suho breathes a sigh as he feels the water turn colder, but it’s okay, he glides on it anyway, bringing Sehun with him, laughing as he twirls the boy around one more time, Sehun’s playlist changing into another song, a more upbeat one as they laugh beneath the falling snow and above the thickening water, the cold temperature slowly making the lake freeze beneath them.

It’s snowing. Baekhyun looks up as he walks home with two bags of snacks he bought from the convenience store, shivering and chattering his teeth since he only has on his pyjamas and a small jacket to keep him warm. Fastening his pace, he tries to quickly make it to his house before his hair lightly.
is a mess and he once steps closer to getting a cold – which he did not want.

‘Baekki’, a voice from ahead calls over him as he turns a corner to his street, seeing a tall figure waiting just outside his house.

‘Chanyeol, what the fuck are you doing here?’, Baekhyun calls over, looking down at his watch and seeing how late it actually is, Chanyeol walking over, wearing a thick coat and running up to wear Baekhyun was, hugging him almost instantly.

‘Oompfh! Chanyeol, what are you – Ahhh…’, Baekhyun at first wanted to push Chanyeol back, but he felt warmth emitting from Chanyeol, warming him up in the middle of a snowy night.

‘You should be lucky that you’re dating a radiator’, Chanyeol whispers, laughing as he hears the plastic bag ruffle, Baekhyun’s arms reaching closer to hug Chanyeol.

‘I can do this too… Just not as good as you’, Baekhyun argues, but he knew Chanyeol’s warmth was better than his, of course, it was, the dude can control fire.

‘What exactly can you do with light anyway? Seems like it’s such a useless power compared to mine’, Chanyeol jokes, but he earns himself a kick in the shin, making him squirm for what seems to be the fifth time that day – why is it, everyone just loved hitting him today?

‘I can do a lot of things with my powers, thank you very much. Light is very important, it allows plants to photosynthesis for one’, Baekhyun tries to sell his powers, pouting as Chanyeol can only respond with a laugh.

‘Yeah, well why don’t you become a farmer then’, Chanyeol jokes, earning another kick on his other shin.

‘I can also make things even more pretty!’, Baekhyun defends himself, pushing Chanyeol back but only to pull him back since he instantly felt strong winds making him shiver.

‘Really? Like what?’, Chanyeol asks, but he didn’t need an answer, all he needs to do was look up to find that the clear midnight blue sky was no longer an empty cloudless pit, flowing lights glides itself above them, little bursts of lights, photons flowing into the night sky in different shades of green, hues of pink and blues added into the mix, making up an Aurora right above them, small and nowhere near as massive as the Northern Lights, but still as beautiful.

‘Shit, that does look pretty’, Chanyeol whispers, opening his coat up to cover Baekhyun with it, resting his chin on the boy’s head as he continues to look up at the sky, seeing the Aurora move and grow larger the more Baekhyun feels secure and powerful.

Kai ended up having to walk back to D.O’s house without a shirt on, knocking on the door since Suho and everyone else had told him off for teleporting, D.O’s father opening the door and glaring
at the boy once more, judging the half-naked Kai who smiles goofily as he walks back in the house.

The rest of the day is spent in D.O’s living room, no ‘exploring’ and definitely no talk about what happened beforehand.

‘Look mummy! Look! It’s snowing!’, Eun Bi cries in joy the moment she looks out of the window, jumping up and down to see the small white snowflakes falling.

‘Wow, it is, isn’t it darling’, D.O’s mother smiles, complying to Eun Bi dragging her out to the garden, opening the door and watching Eun Bi skip in the middle of the grass, arms wide open as she spins around, their parents joining her, chasing her around in the middle of the snow.

‘Gotta love the first snow, eh?’, Kai comments, giggling as he watches Eun Bi rolling around on the grass only for D.O’s dad to tell her off.

‘Yeah’, D.O smiles, looking up from the window inside to watch the snow calmly meeting the ground, ‘Although, I wish I could witness the first snow somewhere else’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Wouldn’t it be cool? You know, just to go somewhere else, to look up to see if the feeling is still the same even though you’re in another place or another country’

‘Bibbidi bobbidi boo babe’, Kai whispers, smiling as D.O looks back to him, confused.

‘What?’

‘Your wish is my command’, Kai whispers again, checking to see if D.O’s parents were looking at them before reaching his hand out, disappearing from the living room.

‘Kai! What the fuck? I’m freezing!’, D.O screams the moment the short boy can finally see his surrounding, noticing that they’re no longer inside but outside where there is thick snow beneath them, the cold strong winds forcing him to stand his ground, clenching his arms together.

‘Oops, I should’ve made us get changed first’, Kai agrees, shivering as he looks around and sure enough, this place was snowing too, although, he doubted it was the first snow, but still snowing.

‘Where are we?’, D.O asks, looking around to see no sign of light or even a village close by, noticing the tall mountains in the horizon, they were in the wild, ‘Kai, where the fuck are we?’

‘Alaska’

‘What?!!’

‘What? You said you wanted to see snow in a different country’

‘Yeah, but not all the way here! We’re thousands of miles away from my house and my parents are going to kill me!’

‘Oh, don’t worry, we’ll be back before they come back from the garden’, Kai assures D.O, walking over, thick snow covering his shoes as he stands behind D.O, hugging the boy from behind as they watch the snow fall onto the ground.

‘This is illegal and I don’t want you doing this again, alright Kai?’, D.O tells him off first before looking ahead to see that the sun was still out here in Alaska, the bright orange hues colouring the
blue skies, clouds painted across the skyline. He can see the mountain tops covered in snow, something he only sees in his default laptop wallpaper.

‘Well, you gotta admit, this looks bomb’, Kai replies, cheering to himself that he found a pretty secluded place where he can D.O can just stare at the natural horizon, just the two of them.

‘Yeah… I guess so’

Lay sits on the rooftop of his house the moment he spots a flicker of snow outside his window, wearing his jogging bottoms along with his weather, covering himself with a tick coat as he makes himself hot chocolate, wrapping his arms around it as he looks ahead, seeing the street slowly being covered in white as the hours go by, his mug emitting steam from the still hot drink which rests on his hands.

He’s never been a big fan of winter, he was more of a summer guy since you can move around without freezing your ass. But even he had to admit that the snow is the best thing about winter. Not really knowing why since snow is just frosted water; Lay was practically sitting in the rain.

‘The winter rain’, he whispers to himself, laughing at the name he gave, sipping his drink and looking out to see a few cars driving down the street and the streetlights still on. Lay couldn’t see the stars because of this, just the clear cloudless sky and a bunch of snow falling down. He noticed an oddly shaped snowflake falling down – in fact – it wasn’t even falling down, it was moving sideways.

*What the fuck?*

Lay puts his mug down, squinting his eyes to get a closer look at the snowflake, seeing it get bigger as it travels nearer to him.

*Could it be a bird? What the hell is that thing?*

Lay didn’t really know what to think of it since the size looks bigger than his hands, let alone a snowflake. It must be some sort of birds flying. Lay continues to watch it, seeing it fly up above him before rapidly falling down, landing on his lap.

‘What the…’, he whispers to himself, his eyes finally looking down to see that the thing flying around was not a bird, but a flower, a white rose with something, a piece of paper wrapped around the stem. Curiously, Lay unravels the paper, looking down with eyes wide and a huge grin on his face as he reads what was on the paper.

*I heard it’s snowing in Korea right now. Happy first snow babe.*

*Luhan.*
lol, sorry for the last chapter title, I didn't know you guys were going to freak out. 
haha, sorry for accidentally trolling you all. 
+ I really wanted to use Luhan's power since telekinesis is such a cool power and was one of my favs when he was still in exo haha.
Baekhyun nervously taps his foot whilst in the lesson, making D.O stare at him annoyingly, trying to finish the first page before the lessons end so he doesn’t have to finish the rest for homework, worrying about his other subjects that he needs to ace since the teachers have been torturing them with college.

‘What is wrong with you?’, D.O whispers, giving up as Baekhyun starts tapping his fingers against the desk, making all sorts of noises that are really pissing off D.O.

‘What? Nothing? I’m doing my work’, Baekhyun replies, looking down to see that he’s only done two questions, looking over to D.O’s notes and seeing the boy is nearly finished with his, ‘Dude, let me quickly copy’, Baekhyun panics as soon as he looks at the time, seeing that he only has a little over ten minutes to finish his work – and he seriously didn’t want to do it as extra homework.

‘Um, no. Do it yourself’, D.O rips his notebook away from Baekhyun’s grip, leaning his arms to block Baekhyun from seeing, ‘You’re supposed to figure it out yourself’, he tells of the boy next to him, getting his pencil and hitting Baekhyun in the forehead with it.

‘Come on D.O, help me out, I don’t want to do it after lessons’, Baekhyun whines.
‘Then you better quickly finish it then’

‘But I don’t know how to do it’

‘Not my problem’

‘Ergh, D.O please, come on man, I’m not gonna have time to finish all this along with all my revision, I have a chemistry exam next week’

‘And I have a History one, we’re both fucked then’, D.O grimace, trying to push Baekhyun away from him, the boy’s arms now being entangled around him as Baekhyun attempts to steal his notebook, garnering much attention from their classmates, some taking a video of the two boys who’d shot into school fame in less than a school’s semester, posting it on snapchat.

‘You two seemed very touchy during Biology class’, Kai looks at both D.O and Baekhyun who have made their way on the back of the school canteen to where a forgotten table was, right next to the school trash cans, set by the corner of the hall, both Chanyeol and Kai sitting down already, waiting for the two with glares in their eyes.

‘What are you on about’, Baekhyun whines, pushing Chanyeol slightly to the left as the tall boy was sitting in his space, laying his food down and not bothering to entertain Chanyeol at this very moment.

‘D.O, I can’t believe you let Baekhyun wrap his slimy arms all over you’, Kai pouts, looking at D.O once he sits down next to him.

‘Slimy arms? Excuse me, but Baekhyun does not have slimy hands’, Chanyeol points out, glaring at Kai who just sticks his tongue out at him.

‘And you apparently don’t have a narcissistic ego’, Kai spites back.

‘Woah, hold on, where did that come from?’’, D.O looks over, shocked that Kai would suddenly be saying that.

‘Maybe from his gang he hangs out with’, Baekhyun playfully jokes, but it seems like the tension wasn’t perfect for his comeback since D.O just glared back at him.

‘Excuse me, but Kai is not part of a gang’

‘Hey, I was just kidding’

‘You better’

‘Don’t talk to Baekhyun like that’, Chanyeol joins in yet again, bringing an arm to lean on Baekhyun’s shoulder, pulling him closer to him.
‘And you think you can talk to Soo like that?’, Kai copies Chanyeol’s movements, bringing his arm to wrap itself around D.O, looking intently at the tall boy in front of him. The group is silent, not really knowing how they got to this stage.

‘Hey, guys, what’s up?’, Chen’s loud voice interrupts the solid tension, placing his lunch right next to Chanyeol as he sits down, not knowing of the argument beforehand and diving straight to his meal, not waiting for Xiumin to settle as he digs right into his lunch, black bean pastes noodles he took with him from last night’s leftovers.

‘Hey, you guys alright?’, Xiumin, being the observant one, looks over Kai and Chanyeol who continued to glare at each other for a moment longer, ripping their gazes over each other once Lay joins them, separating Chanyeol and Baekhyun, sitting in between them whilst already eating a sandwich.

‘Hey guys, haven’t seen you guys for the whole weekend, except you Kai’, Lay adds, hugging Baekhyun quickly before finishing off his sandwich he was eating with the Chess Club members on the other side of the canteen.

‘You met Kai during the weekend?’, D.O asks, slightly confused since he remembered Kai spending the whole weekend at his place, but Kai just shrugs, forcing them to quickly end the conversation before it gets anywhere.

‘Anyway’, Lay starts, turning around to smack Chanyeol’s shoulder, ‘I heard it’s going to be your birthday soon’

Oh, for fuck’s sake.

Everyone whines, especially Baekhyun and Chen, closing their eyes as they can physically feel Chanyeol’s ego slowly riling up.

‘Why, yes, it is my dear Lay. What a great friend you are for knowing’, Chanyeol comments, his smile overtaking his face, his perfectly straight teeth showing.

‘Why did you have to mention it this early?’, Chen utters, whining as he brings his fork down the moment Chanyeol nudges him into attention, clapping his hands to gather everyone else’s attention, ‘How do you even know his birthday?’, Chen whines.

‘The whole school is talking about it’, Lay defends himself, ‘They’re excited what Chanyeol has under his sleeves again.

‘Oh god… Chanyeol’s hosting another party?’, Suho butts in, walking into the table with Sehun rather late due to his swim practice, hearing the last part of what Lay said as he pushes Kai slightly to the left to make room for both he and Sehun, ‘The picture of us is still going around twitter and I really don’t think we need another one going viral so soon’, Suho comments, shaking his head at the thought of another party.

‘Oh god… Please don’t remind me of that’, D.O winces the moment he is reminded of going to school and seeing people making fun of him, sending him memes of his crying picture in the newspaper, some pictures having hundreds of retweets.

‘That picture was hilarious’, Kai butts in despite D.O dying of embarrassment right next to him, ‘I have loads of different memes of it saved on my phone’

‘Can you delete it, please? It’s so embarrassing and it was all your fault anyway’, D.O punches Kai’s shoulder, but to no avail, since this just made Kai whip out his phone and show him all the
different edits their classmates made of D.O crying his eyes out.

‘And this one’s my favourite. Baekhyun got added in the meme’, Kai comments, showing his phone to Chanyeol to see D.O’s mouth wide open, crying with his eyes squinting close, alongside him was Baekhyun who didn’t even look bothered, eyes transfixed on the Doritos bowl.

‘When you’re supposed to comfort your friend but Doritos is life’, Chanyeol reads out the caption below, snorting as he looks back up at the picture, laughing at how well the caption actually goes.

‘It wasn’t that funny’, Baekhyun reads the caption with Chanyeol, shrugging his shoulder nonchalantly, not caring if he went viral. At least he didn’t look ugly like D.O or crazy like Lay, Sehun and Suho in the other meme that’s been going around.

Once he’s finished laughing, he claps one more time to gain everyone’s attention.

‘Now everyone. Did you hear Lay? The whole school is waiting for the next big thing’, Chanyeol shouts across the table whilst all of them look at him, ‘So, I’m waiting too’

‘Excuse me, what?’, Xiumin asks, as soon as Chanyeol stops his speech, leaving all of them to stare at each other in confusion.

‘Come on guys, I can’t do everything on my own. I’m expecting a surprise party coming from all of you’

‘A surprise party?’, Kai grimaces at the thought, looking at Xiumin who had the same exact face.

‘How would it be a surprise? You’re asking us to host you one’, Sehun looks over at Chanyeol who continued to look happy and expectant.

‘I can just fake it. Now, I need the party to be hosted somewhere else. No party should ever be in the same place, so Chen’s house?’

‘Hold on a fucking moment-’

‘And we’ll have the usual fireworks with my name written on it, and Baekki, I want you to do that thing you did last time’

‘What thing?’

‘Those weird light things that glow in the sky’

‘You mean a star?’, Suho asks, making everyone else laugh at Chanyeol.

‘No, you idiot, those colourful lights that float in the air’

‘You mean the Aurora lights?’, Baekhyun guessed, getting a nod and a click from Chanyeol.

‘Right, it’s all going to be lights and fireworks with a bit of fire. It’ll be an explosion!’, Chanyeol elaborates with his hands, gesturing an explosion.

‘Count me out’, Baekhyun utters, followed by everyone else as they continued to eat, ignoring Chanyeol’s request.

‘Hey! Hey! Come on! It’s my birthday! I want a party!’ Chanyeol whines like a little kid, as always. This is exactly why Baekhyun was nervous. He knew Chanyeol. He knew the boy wanted something big for his birthday, yet he still didn’t know what to give the boy. Shall he just give in
and set up a party for him?

‘Well, can you at least tell us what you want as a present? Just in case the party turns into a bust?’, Lay asks, reading everyone else’s mind since everyone seriously didn’t want to host another party.

‘Wow, Lay, you’ve been the only person on point today’, Chanyeol smiles at Lay, ‘Now that you’ve asked…’

‘For fuck’s sake’, Chen whispers, seeing Chanyeol pulling out a piece of paper from his front pockets. Shaking his head and dropping his fork on his plate.

‘I’ve made a list. Some are specific to individuals whilst other’s can be bought by anyone. Don’t worry, I’ve written the specific names to the objects’, Chanyeol mentions, putting the folded piece of paper in the middle, only for Kai to grab it, reading the list aloud.

‘Number one, Gucci trainers – How the fuck are we going to afford that?’, Kai’s already crossing out the first request, getting a pen out from D.O’s backpack – since he didn’t have one – crossing number one, ‘Alright, number two, hot sex from Baekhyun’

‘Dude, what the fuck?’, Baekhyun hits Chanyeol’s head the moment Kai finished reading it out, ‘Kai, cross that out’, Baekhyun orders the tan boy.

‘Now wait a minute! Don’t cross that one out yet!’, Chanyeol orders Kai as soon as he sees the boy’s pen hovering on the paper, about to cross it out, ‘We don’t know what will happen on the day! Hot sex can still be an open option’

‘No, it won’t’, Baekhyun argues back, pressing his decision as he makes Kai cross it out, Chanyeol screaming out loud as he sees Kai crossing out the second request.

‘But I want hot sex!’, he shouts, earning a lot of weird looks coming from everyone near them, some teacher who was walking past giving him a warning look and a hit on the head.

‘Well, it’s a mutual agreement and since Baekhyun said no, it’s a no’, Suho butts in, gesturing for Kai to continue reading the list out.

‘A life-size ice sculpture of me from Xiumin’, Kai reads the third point, looking at Xiumin, not really knowing if the boy was willing to do it.

‘I mean… At least it’s not hot sex, so I don’t mind doing it’, Xiumin shrugs, continuing to eat his meal, curious as to what else Chanyeol had requested, quite enjoying the odd wishes from the boy.

‘Are you sure? It’ll be a waste of your time’, Chen butts in, looking worriedly at Xiumin but the boy shrugs it off again.

‘Oh shit, what the fuck is up with number four?’, Kai asks, looking at the request, Sehun looking over his shoulders only to snort out his apple juice.

‘What is it?’, Lay asks, curious now.

‘Number four’, Kai reads out, ‘Xiumin to play Frozon from The Incredibles, Chen to play the wife, re-enact the famous ‘where is my super suit’ scene’, Kai reads out, furrowing his eyebrows, looking at Chanyeol questioningly.

‘How random is that?’, Baekhyun looks over whilst Lay tries to suppress a laugh.
‘I’m not doing that’, Chen glares at his friend, gesturing for Kai to cross it out.

‘Chen it’s not bad, we can totally just get it over and done wi-’

‘No!’, Chen screams before Xiumin can persuade or give hope to Chanyeol. Chen knew exactly why the freak wanted them to re-enact that scene – so he can video it and post it everywhere. Fuck that shit. Chanyeol can go fuck himself.

‘Alright. Moving on to number five, Tommy Hilfiger jacket – dude, we can’t fucking afford these shit’, Kai interrupts himself, immediately crossing out all the designer things Chanyeol has been requesting, scanning to see Yeezys and another Gucci, crossing them out too.

‘What? Maybe you guys might have some money to spare for little ol’ me’, Chanyeol comments, resting his hands on his chin as he smiles cutely, earning Chen to smack him on the head.

‘We’re not rich Chanyeol, and even if we are, we’re not going to spend it all on you’, D.O look over at the boy, shaking his head as he looks over the list, reading out the other request, ‘You can cross that one out too’, he comments again, grabbing the pen himself and crossing out request number six.

‘What is it?’, Xiumin looks over curiously.

‘Request six, go hiking with D.O and climb up a mountain then force him to kick the top of the mountain’

‘Chanyeol? That’s so random?’, Lay looks over, ‘Why would you want D.O to kick a mountain?’

‘I just wanna know how strong he actually is. I’ve only seen him use his powers once and it was the coolest thing I’ve ever seen’, Chanyeol explains, since Lay wasn’t there to witness the entire hot mess of that day, D.O’s power being the cherry on top that landed them in more trouble.

‘And it landed me in community service’, D.O points out, ‘Which is why I’m never using it again’

‘But it’s a sick power!’

‘It’s a dangerous and useless one and I’m not using it again’, D.O presses on, pointing at the crossed-out request, ‘Now move onto the next one’.

Kai didn’t know what it meant, the next request, having to reread it to himself again before reading it aloud since he seriously didn’t know what Chanyeol meant by this.

‘Take me away from reality for a short moment’, Kai reads, looking up at Chanyeol, not really knowing if it was directed to him due to his teleportation skills, but it didn’t have his name written next to it, so he didn’t precisely know what this one meant. No one did since they all looked at Chanyeol confusingly, waiting for him to explain himself, expecting another wacky answer. No one knew what he was on about.

No one but Chen.

His best friend stares at him, his eyes wide and worried the moment Chanyeol just shrugs his shoulders, his eyes looking down as he puts on his goofy smile, but this time he knew. This time the smile was fake.

‘Just some time off school work and shit, it’s really getting to me’
‘You barely do any work though’, D.O comments, earning another laugh from everyone.

‘Yeah well, a small break, camping or something shitty and sentimental is what I meant’

‘You want us to go camping? In this weather?’, Xiumin laughs, shaking his head, ‘I guess that’s another request crossed out’

‘Yeah, whatever’, Chanyeol gives up, grabbing the paper back to him, folding it and putting it back in his pockets, ‘I didn’t like you guys anyway, why would I spend my precious moments with you all?’, Chanyeol whines, picking up his spoon, continuing to eat. Chen continues to look at his friend with worry.

Baekhyun had taken accord Chanyeol’s wishes and has decided to ignore it, taking Chen with him after school to go shopping with him for Chanyeol’s present. They’ve only got a couple of weeks left until Chanyeol’s birthday and since a party is most definitely out of the question, Chanyeol will most likely be upset, so this will end up being his sorry present too.

‘Now, I don’t know what size he is, Chen?’, Baekhyun looks over to where Chen was, asking him for advice since he found a rather cool grey sweater that Chanyeol might like, eyes glazing over to the other sweater that was also grey but had a different partner. Shall he get matching sweaters? Or maybe that’s just going too far?

‘Chen?’, his eyes look up to see Chen, staring at him, but not really staring, sort of like he was just looking ahead but his mind was in someplace else. Baekhyun reaches his hand out, swaying it in front of Chen’s eyes, ‘Chen, you, all right?’, he asks again, this time seeing the flicker of life back in Chen’s eyes as he’s brought back to reality.

Dude… I think I need to tell you something’

They’re sitting in McDonald’s, Baekhyun munching on a Big Mac whilst Chen just opted for chicken nuggets. Chen still hasn't spoken about what he wanted to tell Baekhyun in the shops, offering to grab something to eat first since they’ve been shopping for a whole hour already.

‘What did you want to tell me by the way?’, Baekhyun asks, dipping his fries in ketchup before
munching on it, waiting for Chen to speak.

‘Look… It’s about Chanyeol…’, Chen starts, not really knowing how to approach the situation.

‘What about him?’

‘You know his birthday request?’

‘Which one?’

‘The one about being taken from reality?’

‘Yeah’

‘Do you mind if you give him that instead of a sweater?’

‘Chen, what are you talking about?’, Baekhyun asks, he stopped drinking his coke, looking intently over at Chen, finally noticing the worrying look on the boy’s face, ‘Is anything wrong with Chanyeol?’

‘Nothing… It’s just that… The bastard’s been going through some shit and I think he really needs a break from it all, and he’s finally admitting that he needs a break so… I think we should give it to him’, Chen says, but it doesn’t really answer the question, in fact, it makes Baekhyun even more confused as he tries to find moments in which Chanyeol was not happy, but whenever they were together, Chanyeol’s all smiles.

‘What’s going on?’, Baekhyun asks, this time more pressing and asking in detail.

‘It’s not in my place to say everything, but he’s not having the best of times at home’

‘Why? Family arguments?’

‘Yeah, kind of. His older sister recently moved away to the US, so that didn’t help either. He’s been lonely since then I guess’

‘Lonely? You’re fucking kidding me, right? Chanyeol? Park Chanyeol?’

‘Yes, Chanyeol the popular boy with thousands of friends is a lonely motherfucker. It’s a weird situation but think about it, have Chanyeol ever invited you to his house? Does he even talk about his parents to you?’

Baekhyun froze. He didn’t. Why did he only notice it now?

‘He and his family aren’t the tight nit nuclear family you see in movies, not that they’re dicks, his parents are quite nice, but… They’re just not close, so going home is not his favourite thing to do’

‘So… They don’t argue that much? No… Abuse or anything extreme?’

‘Oh god no, his parents would never hit him, no, no. But Chanyeol would purposely get into arguments with them’

‘Why’

‘So, they can pay attention to him’

Baekhyun stops moving completely, not even bothering to finish his food anymore. Why did he
feel like crying all of a sudden?

‘Is that why he wants to be popular so badly?’, Baekhyun questions, trying to piece together all of Chanyeol’s actions and in a weird and sad way, everything seems to fit in quite well.

‘That’s one factor, but he just likes being popular in general in school, so don’t think that Chanyeol is a depressed stereotypical popular kid who uses the school to disperse his frustration. He’s not that messed up’, Chen comments, reiterating that Chanyeol was not in a super bad position, but compared to everyone else in the group, Chanyeol had the most shit happening to him – in his home anyway.

‘Wow… Sehun’s parent’s wedding must’ve been trigger to him…’, Baekhyun whispers to himself, looking down to his feet and wishing he was more observant since he would never have guessed that Chanyeol was going through anything.

‘Baekhyun, listen to me’, Chen overtakes his thoughts, stopping him from overthinking, ‘Chanyeol might be going through shit, but he’s a strong motherfucker. He knows how to handle himself, he just needs a break from it all. Can you do that for him?’

‘Ergh, but I don’t want to have pity sex with him’

‘No, you idiot, not that request, the other one!’, Chen throws a used tissue paper at him, ‘The last one’

‘Oh that… How do we do that?’

‘I think I have an idea’
‘You’re all insane’, D.O comments as they sit around Chen’s basement, eating pancakes Xiumin had made beforehand.

‘I think it’s an alright idea’, Xiumin comments, munching on his own food, shaking his shoulder proudly since his pancakes ended up fluffy whilst crispy at the side, leaning his head on the drawers, hugging a stuffed toy he got out from the top shelf, a worn-out Pikachu.

‘Think of his health! Surely this can’t be safe for him’, D.O looks worriedly at Kai, not really
knowing how teleportation works but it seemed rather dangerous for all of them to be teleported in a completely different country.

‘D.O we can’t teleport all of us, it won’t be long till Kai gets caught jumping from one country to the next without going through immigration. No, we’re all going to chip in to buy a group ticket to Iceland and Kai will just have to teleport Chanyeol for the surprise’, Xiumin explains since Chen was too busy looking for cheap flights.

‘Why Iceland anyway? That sounds hella long’, Lay asks, grabbing another pancake from the bigger plate, pouring chocolate syrup on top of his – well, drowning more like.

‘He likes the Aurora lights I made for him. Maybe he’d appreciate a real one this time. And a bigger one’, Baekhyun chimes in, having the idea for them to spend the weekend of Chanyeol’s birthday in Iceland.

‘It takes 19 hours to get there so we all need to leave on Friday and since we haven’t ditched that many lessons this semester, we can miss Friday, there’s a late Thursday night flight, which means we’ll be there by Friday to get everything set up’, Chen explains, reading over the website he’d found that offered tickets for a cheap price, ‘And we’ll be able to leave by late Sunday and be home by early Monday morning. And if we really don’t want to miss any more lessons, we can make it to our morning period, but I would personally ditch it’, Chen informs the rest of the group.

‘That sounds pretty organised’, Lay comments, nodding his head in agreement with this plan.

‘Now hold on a minute’, D.O stops them, being the only one who seems to not really be on board with this, ‘Will our parents even allow us? I know my parents won’t, and I am not sneaking out from them’, D.O responds. Shit. That really seems to be a real problem as their eyes falter to the ground.

‘I don’t think my parents will let me either’, Sehun joins in, agreeing with D.O and not willing to lie to his parents that he was leaving the country.

‘Well… We can always all go and beg them?’, Chen suggests, but it seems like D.O and Sehun shake their head, both knowing that it won’t work.

‘We’ll just tell them you’re coming with me for a swimming competition’, Suho suggests, offering a solution for D.O, ‘Come on, they let you go with me to Malaysia for the finals last year’, Suho says and D.O’s eyes shine.

‘That’s true… They did… That might actually work’!

‘How about me? How are we going to persuade my parents?’, Sehun pouts, being the only person who might not be able to come due to his age. He is still a sophomore which means he’s still underage.

‘Can’t you take your dad with you?’, Lay suggests, ‘I mean… You’re stepdad. Didn’t you say both of you were trying to bond? Isn’t this a perfect time for it?’.

‘I don’t know if he’ll be willing to spend money to go to Iceland just for our bonding… His last suggestion was fishing so…’, Sehun murmurs.

‘Let’s just try it? And if it doesn’t work, I’ll teleport you with me just for Saturday’, Kai butts in, ruffling the boy’s hair, comforting him since Sehun seems deflated, ‘Don’t worry about it’.

‘Right, since we’ve pretty much got everyone on board, there’s a group ticket for ten people, but
since Kai and Chanyeol are teleporting, we only have seven people, we need three more people’

‘There’s Sehun’s dad if that plan works…’, Xiumin points out, everyone nodding in agreement, looking at the laptop in which Chen typed in everyone’s name in a blank word document.

‘How about the other two?’, he asks, looking around for more suggestions, but it seems like everyone was caught off. None of Kai’s friends would mix well with the rest of the group and Chanyeol and Chen’s old posse came as a pack, if one comes, the other one has to as well, which means they’ll be spending money for twenty people rather than the ten.

‘Is my boyfriend allowed to come? I think he’s free for the weekend’, Lay asks shyly, not really knowing if it was intrusive to invite his boyfriend but everyone agreed quite nonchalantly, Chen already typing his name on the list.

‘Alright, one more… Who else do we know about?’, they all sit around in silent, thinking about anyone else they’d like to invite but nothing and no one particular comes to mind, ‘Come on guys, have a bit of imagination, think of a random person, anyone that would like to come with us?’

‘Eun Bi?’, Kai whispers, only for D.O to almost strangle him.

‘Who?’

‘D.O’s little sister’, Kai breathes out between chokes.

‘No, we are not taking my sister’

‘Why not?’

‘What if she snakes us? Tells my parents that there was no swim competition? I’ll be grounded until marriage!’, D.O complains, making Suho laugh since he can agree, Eun Bi didn’t have the best habit to keep a secret.

‘Come on Soo, she loves me. If I ask her to keep quiet, she will’

‘You do not understand, she might use this against me, in a year’s time, in two years’ time. Maybe in fifteen years’ time when we’re all gathered for a Christmas dinner and she blurts it out. She’s that type of monster. She can bribe me with murder’

‘D.O, that’s a little too much’, Suho comments mid-laugh, ‘The most she can do is force you to buy her some chocolates’

‘Same thing! First, it’ll lead to chocolates, then it’ll be murder’

‘Your sister sounds like a monster’, Lay comments.

‘You have no idea’, Suho and D.O simultaneously breathe out.

‘So, is your sister coming with us or not?’, Chen asks? Tapping the keyboard and waiting for them to answer.

‘I don’t know… It seems…’

‘Come on Soo. Do you know anyone else we can invite? Or do you want all of us to pay full price?’, Kai persuades him, making D.O roll his eyes, giving up.

‘Fine. She can come’
‘Let’s go, let’s go, let’s go!’, Eun Bi jumps, being the only loud person in the silent airport, only a few people present, D.O’s parents’ holding onto her, trying to make her still. But who could rid of a child’s excitement?

‘You take care of your sister, okay?’, his mother breathes out nervously, looking down at the flight ticket, seeing Iceland printed onto it, breathing out nervously as this was the first time both her children were going somewhere really far without them. Iceland was in another whole continent away from them and she was getting more scared as the time ticks on to pass through security.

‘Honey don’t worry. They’ll be in good hands once they get there’, their father was much more lenient, being an advent traveller, being all around the world before settling in, pretty excited that his kids were able to explore the world like him, ‘The last time I’ve been in Iceland was the cold winter of ’87’, and it was beautiful. The food was amazing, try it out for me when you get there Kyungsoo’, his dad ruffles his hair, smiling down at him as he grabs hold on both his and his sister’s passport, slightly nervous that he’s responsible for both passports and tickets.

‘Mr and Mrs Do! Hello!’, Suho interrupts them, gliding his suitcase with him, waving his hand to D.O’s parents and hugging them tightly.

‘Hello Suho, nervous kid?’, they both ask, making D.O slightly guilty since he had to lie about the reason for going to Iceland. He promised himself never to lie to his parents ever again.

‘I’m okay. This one’s not a big deal. It’s not the finals so…’, Suho tries to lie, although he hasn’t dared to lie to D.O’s parents in the past, he tried really hard to sound believable, crossing his fingers behind his back.

‘That’s true boy. As long as you have fun, that’s all that matters’, D.O’s father chimes in, giving the boy a quick hug before embracing his family, waving goodbye as they walk off to security in the middle of the night, no signs of sunlight outside.

‘I’m going to hell…’, D.O murmurs as he turns around to see his parents still waving at him, waiting until he gets all his bags in check, ‘I’m a bad son’, he whispers, grabbing hold of Eun Bi’s hand so he won’t lose her.

‘Don’t be stupid. I feel like shitting myself for lying right in front of your parents… I should be the one freaking out…’, Suho whispers, gripping his suitcase tightly as the twinge of guilt is still in him.

‘Hey, guys! What took you so long?’, Xiumin shouts, patting Chen on the back to point to the last three people to fly with them.

‘I still can’t believe Sehun’s stepdad agreed to come with us’, Suho whispers to D.O, seeing Sehun grimacing in embarrassment as he watches Dr Patel talking in front of his camera, obviously vlogging the trip with a bright smile on his face and an energy you don’t usually find this late at
‘Guys, are we already?! This is going to be great!’, Sehun’s stepdad shouts, clapping his hand together, ‘Now have we all got everything? Our passports? Tickets? Bags?!’, he shouts across, being louder than Eun Bi who was still so excited.

‘Dude, where’s Luhan?’, Xiumin asks Lay, looking around to find Lay on his own, ‘Is he coming from China?’

‘Yeah, he should on the other side of the airport right now, in the arriving area’, Lay looks down at his phone, waiting for a phone call.

‘Do you want me to come with you to pick him up?’

‘Yes please’, and with that, Xiumin and Lay quickly tell Chen before going over to the other gate, Xiumin knowing the airport more than anyone since his back and forth over China had made him used to the airport.

‘Kyunggie, where’s Kai? Where’s Kai?’, Eun Bi asks, jumping across the group, accidentally knocking over Suho in the process.

‘Sorry Bi, he’s joining us tomorrow’, D.O informs her, making her pout and whine, her screeching voice already getting on his nerves.

‘Eun Bi, why don’t you come with me. I’ll buy you some sweets’, Suho comes to the rescue, holding his hand out for Eun Bi to grab as he walks off to where there was a small café open, giving Kyungsoo a bit of a break before he combusts, texting Kai in frustration.

Kyungsoo, Sehun, Chen, Baekhyun and Dr Patel waits patiently for the rest of the group to come back, Baekhyun ended up sitting on his luggage, leaning his head on Kyungsoo’s waist as he takes a quick nap, midnight nearing the airport getting slightly busier, many businessmen walking into the airport in full suits.

‘Kyunggie! I’m tired’, Eun Bi shouts the moment she and Suho finish eating, running to where D.O was, jumping up and down until the boy picks her up, huffing a breath since she’s getting kind of heavy, resting her in his arms as they wait for Lay, Xiumin and Luhan.

‘Guys! Come on, let’s go through security before we miss out flight’, Xiumin shouts, gaining their attention as they spin around, seeing three boys walking their way, Xiumin racing down to where Chen was, holding onto his hand.

‘Sorry babe, you must be tired from travelling here, now we have to go on a 19-hour flight…’, Lay whispers, hugging his boyfriend with a pout, apologising once more since he can tell Luhan was already tired.

‘It’s alright. I haven’t been to Iceland. It’ll be fun going with you’, Luhan whispers, hugging the boy back and listening to the screams ahead of him, of Kyungsoo shouting at Xiumin for waking up Eun Bi after he just got her to sleep and from Baekhyun who’s shouting at everyone for being too loud this late at night, ‘Well… With you and your friends that are’, Luhan giggles as he watches all of them argue with each other, Sehun’s stepdad vlogging everything.

‘Don’t judge. They’re nice people’, Lay defends them, despite the fact that Chen was also shouting loud, trying to gain everyone’s attention, helping Dr Patel to double check everything.
Do not fly with the group. That’s all Chen can think as he huffs out, tired and he’d just sat down in his seat.

‘Chen! Chen! Where’s my seat?!!’

‘Chen?! Where do I put my bag?!!’

‘Chen! Baekhyun stole my window seat!’

‘Suho, give me the aisle seat! I hate sitting in the middle!’

‘I want to kill myself…’, Chen whines, combing his fingers through his hair, ripping it in frustration as he gets up, ‘You, Baekhyun move back to your aisle seat, D.O shut the fuck up and just sit in the middle, Suho, you can move to your window seat now, now everyone, shut the fuck up and let me sleep!’, Chen yells across the aisle, embarrassingly earning looks from other travellers, judging the noisy section to the left.

‘You’re going to be a great dad one day’, Dr Patel laughs jokily as he sees all of them quietly comply Chen’s orders, Baekhyun muttering in complaint since he’d always sat in the windows seat, having Eun Bi sitting in the middle with Suho sitting in the window. Lay, Luhan and Sehun were seated together further in the back whereas D.O, Xiumin, Chen and Dr Patel opted to sit in the middle seats, Xiumin and Chen sandwiched in the middle, Chen already trying to relax, plugging his own headphones in and getting ready to sleep through the nineteen-hour plane journey.

‘You’re Kai’s ex-boyfriend, aren’t you?’, Eun Bi looks up, recognising the boy next her to, her hands holding onto Suho’s who was looking outside the open windows.

‘No, I’m not. I’m just his friend’, Baekhyun smiles, looking down at Eun Bi as she nods cutely, smiling up at him.

‘Good. I wouldn’t want Kyunggie hanging out with Kai’s ex’, she mutters, her legs swaying since it doesn’t reach the floor.

‘Haha, why is that?’

‘Because Kyunggie is too nice. What if you want to steal Kai back? He’d be too weak to stop it’, she huffs, ‘But it’s okay, I’ll steal Kai back if anyone wants to take him away from my brother’, Baekhyun laughs, ruffling her hair and squirming at her cuteness. Oh, if only he has a little sister rather than a brother.

‘Don’t worry. I’ll help you out too’

‘Really?’

‘Yeah, sure’

‘Then you’re a good guy! I like you’, Eun Bi gleams, smiling brightly at Baekhyun, leaning onto
him almost instantly, trusting him the moment he says he’s on her big brother’s side.

‘I like you too’, Baekhyun giggles, adjusting the armrest so Eun Bi can lay her head on his lap.

‘Hey, I’m Luhan by the way’, Luhan reaches his hand out, introducing himself to Sehun who was holding on Suho’s hand who was in front of him in the window seat.

‘Oh, hello. I’m Sehun!’, he greets the boy gladly, smiling as Luhan laughs at his overexcited manner.

‘Excited to fly?’

‘Yeah, it’s my first time going outside of the country! I can’t believe Iceland will be the first country I’ll be visiting! It’s going to be so cool!’, Sehun says in excitement, not letting go of Suho’s hand as he leans closer so Suho doesn’t have to reach too far out to hold his hands.

‘Well, let’s hope it’ll be a great time’, Luhan comments, holding onto Lay’s hands as he feels the boy’s headrest calmly on his shoulder, probably ready to sleep through the takeoff.

‘Oh, I really do hope so’

‘Park Chanyeol, you’re actually on time for once’, Mr Jungmin states as he sees Chanyeol walking in his lesson slowly, looking like a zombie on acid, ‘You alright Chanyeol? Where’s Chen?’

‘You tell me sir’, Chanyeol replies, opting to sit in the front seat, surprising everyone else even more.

‘Alright boys, what kind of drugs are you taking?’, Mr Jungmin asks, not quite believing that one, Chanyeol is on time for his lesson, but the boy is looking ahead and sitting in the front.

‘I wish I was on drugs’, Chanyeol whispers, looking bored already, but his expression was blank, ‘Chen’s ditched me and my boyfriend won’t pick up my calls’

‘It seems like Mr Park Chanyeol is on his own today, ladies and gentlemen’, Mr Jungmin pokes fun at him, making the rest of the class laugh along, but Chanyeol wasn’t having it. Chanyeol was pissed.

‘Kai! Kai! Kai, you motherfucker! Come here!’, Chanyeol shouts the moment lunch starts and he sees Kai hanging out with some of his old buddies, laughing aloud and leaning on the lockers, wearing a turtleneck sweater.

‘What’s up?’, the tan boy asks, looking at a pissed Chanyeol.

‘Where is everyone?’
‘What do you mean?’

‘Chen, Baekhyun, D.O? Suho, Sehun, Lay? Where are the idiots?’

‘Sehun is visiting Suho in swim practice, Lay is in Chess Club. Chen and Xiumin’s ditched school to hang out and D.O’s not feeling well’, Kai blurts out, almost too perfectly.

‘And Baekhyun?’

‘How am I supposed to know? He’s your boyfriend, not mine’, Kai mutters, trying too hard to remember what excuse was supposed to be made for Baekhyun, but he seriously can’t remember what Baekhyun told him. He was about to shit himself… Fuck, fuck, fuck…

‘If you’re all doing a surprise shit for my birthday, then I can understand, so I’ll just say this one thing, I want proper explosion and my life-size ice sculpture better be magnificent for me to be sitting by myself at lunch’

‘Dude, I don’t think you’ll be sitting by yourself at lunch’, Kai comments, the rest of his friends just staring at the two of them, quite curious of their relationship, they both look like they’re ready to rip each other’s heads off by the sound of things.

‘Same thing! If this is a surprise, I want it grand and big’

Of course, it wasn’t a surprise party as Chanyeol would’ve expected since he saw Baekhyun walking in the corridor after school, talking to a teacher.

‘What are you doing here?’, Chanyeol asks the moment Baekhyun rips away from the teacher.

‘What are you talking about? I’m talking to my teacher about my project’, Baekhyun responds, walking away from Chanyeol.

‘And where are you going now?’, Chanyeol asks, tailing behind the boy curiously. If he’s not skipping school to plan his surprise party, did this mean everyone else wasn’t either?

‘To my next lesson you idiot’, Baekhyun replies, waving goodbye as Baekhyun turns another corner, leaving Chanyeol behind and racing to the boy’s toilets to where Kai was.

‘Did it work?’, Kai asks, surprising everyone as he presents himself inside the cabin that they just logged into, begging for Baekhyun to return to Korea.

‘Yeah, I think so…’, Baekhyun whispers, but he surely couldn’t be sure since he left Chanyeol too soon to see any kind of reaction.

‘Oh, thank god… He was really onto us, I swear’, Kai whispers, holding Baekhyun’s hands and teleporting him back to Iceland.

‘Well, next time, don’t be so shit at lying!’, Baekhyun warns him, going back to where his room is, opening it to see Kyungsoo and Luhan still sleeping, Eun Bi sleeping in between them, resting her head on Luhan’s stomach whilst her legs were spurt out on Kyungsoo’s chest, the three sharing a bed since they couldn’t be bothered to walk upstairs to the other spare rooms just yet. They only just got here a few hours ago.
Happy Birthday.

That’s the only thing written on a card right next to a small cake. They didn’t even bother to write his name down. Chanyeol sighs, throwing the piece of paper back onto the kitchen counter, grabbing the cake and getting out some candles, placing eighteen around the small cake, having to readjust to make more room for the other candles, lighting it up with a click of a finger, placing it down the dining table as he sits down, by himself, on Saturday morning.

‘Happy Birthday Chanyeol’, he whispers to himself since he’s not getting any birthday messages from anyone, blowing out the candles by himself.

Unfortunately, due to Baekhyun’s family emergency, the boy couldn’t come to his house to spend the remainder of his birthday nor was Chen available since the dude was busy ‘fucking’ Xiumin – that’s not what he said – but he might as well, since Chen had updated him with a quick text saying he was in Xiumin’s place, so there was no point in him going to crash in Chen’s place either.

‘These people are fucking useless’, Chanyeol mutters, texting everyone else and getting the same excuses for swimming practice, family dinners and other bullshit. One party. One fucking party was all Chanyeol was asking for and honestly, it wasn’t all that much. Just invite the whole school again and get wasted. That was more fun than Chanyeol hanging around in his room all alone.

He almost believed they were ditching him because they were planning a surprise. Almost. But Kai being present made him think otherwise, and he saw them after school, he saw Suho walking out the school’s swimming pool after school along with Sehun, he saw Chen and Xiumin by the car park making out and he even saw Kai hanging out with D.O but the front gates of school during school, which means they were too busy to actually plan anything for Chanyeol.

‘What the fuck am I going to do now?’, Chanyeol mutters to himself, he can’t invite the school to a last-minute house party and he can’t call his other friends to hang out with, because they’ll be curious as to why Chanyeol as alone in the first place, leaving him to do nothing but spend his birthday alone.

Three seasons of Jane the Virgin and another season of Suits, Chanyeol was ready to call it a day, walking out of his room the moment he hears the front door of his house shutting. His dad must be home. His dad always comes home early since he was an office worker, which means he has a set time he could go home. His mum being a nurse, however, her timetable is all over the place, he won’t be surprised if she doesn’t come home at all.

‘Hey dad’, he calls over from the top of the stairs, looking down to see his dad untangling his tie, looking down to take off his shoes before giving his son a nod of acknowledgement.

‘Hey, what’s up?’, he murmurs, not really paying attention to Chanyeol, too busy making himself at home, pulling out his socks and walking up the stairs with his briefcase, ‘Do you mind moving out of the way son’, his dad calls over, trying to push pass Chanyeol who was overtaking the top of the stairs. Chanyeol sighs, giving up once again.
‘Yeah sure’, he whispers, moving aside to let his dad pass through, watching his dad ignore him as he pushes to pass the door, closing it shut and probably going to sleep.

‘Happy birthday son’, Chanyeol whispers to himself, going back to his room and closing the door shut, opting to just sleep the day away, maybe then he wouldn’t be this fucking depressed.

‘Wakey wakey you little fucker’, something kicks his bed, forcing him to open his eyelids, looking around to see a dark figure at the foot of his bed.

‘What the fuck? Mum?’, he murmurs, itching his eyes open, trying to adjust to the darkness to see someone taller than his mum, and much leaner, ‘Kai?’, Chanyeol calls out the moment he sees Kai waving at him, smiling, ‘The fuck are you doing here?’

‘I’m here to pick you up’, Kai jumps onto the bed, waking Chanyeol up, even more, pushing him around and holding onto his shoulders.

‘Kai, what the fuck? What the fuck?’, Chanyeol tries to push Kai off him.

‘It’s your birthday! Happy birthday!’ , Kai shouts, clapping excitedly. Chanyeol looks over at his clock by his bedside.

‘Too late buddy. It’s past midnight. My birthday is over’, Chanyeol comments, seeing the time flash at him, making him wonder why Kai chose this time to come visits him, seeing as he had the whole fucking day to do it – it wasn’t like Chanyeol was busy either.

‘Well, it’s not in Iceland’, Kai points out, walking around Chanyeol’s room, familiarising himself with the structure, a smile forming once he sees the boy’s closet.

‘Excuse me?’, Chanyeol responds, not really sure why that information was useful or even relevant to Chanyeol.

‘I’m just saying. Iceland is nine hours behind South Korea, which means, it’s still your birthday’, Kai explains himself, although, Chanyeol was still looking at him like an idiot, the boy opening his wardrobe and ripping off his sweaters and jeans by the minute, stuffing it in a bag he’s never seen before.

‘What are you doing?’, Chanyeol asks, climbing out of his bed finally, inspecting why Kai was rummaging around in his drawers, ‘Hey, hey! What are you doing with my boxers?!’, Chanyeol shouts, racing his way over, trying to get Kai away from stuffing his boxers in his bag, ‘Are you stealing my boxers right in front of me?!’, Chanyeol screams, but clearly Kai was just ignoring him, looking down at the bag instead.

‘Looks like we got everything all done’, Kai says before Chanyeol starts to see nothing. Literally nothing. A few flashing lights and Kai holding his arm right beside him, but that was it.
‘What the fuck?! What the fuck?!’, Chanyeol screams at Kai, trying to make him stop what he was doing, shaking the boy, screaming for him to stop fucking up Chanyeol’s mind. This must be a dream, it has to be. He doesn’t even know where he is, he could be in another dimension for all he knows. And this type of shit is what you expect from dreams, ‘Kai! You motherfucker! Get me out of here!’, he screams, choking the boy as he orders him to stop, finally seeing the blurs take shape in forms of furniture, wooden walls and a fireplace by the end of his vision.

‘Surprise!’, a loud scream forcing him to stop what he’s doing, looking around to see everyone huddled together, popping party poppers in his direction.

‘Dude, why are you choking Kai?’, Xiumin comments whilst they all stop their cheers, their eyes falling on Chanyeol’s hands wrapped around the tan boy’s neck.

‘Chanyeol, let go of Kai!’, D.O shouts, clambering over the sofa to get rid of Chanyeol’s hands around Kai, pulling his boyfriend back to safety.

‘What the hell?’, Chanyeol whispers, looking around to see balloons with his name on it hanging around the room, banners saying happy birthday wrapped in every corner of the room, the fireplace burning bright along with an ice sculpture further towards the open window to keep it from melting – it was a sculpture of him.

‘That took me the whole day to do since you wanted it life-size’, Xiumin comments as he sees Chanyeol looking at it. He couldn’t believe the idiot actually did it.

‘Oh, happy birthday Chanyeol’, he turns to see Dr Patel handing him a few boxes, wrapped in colourful wrapping paper with cartoons all over it, ‘Sehun really wanted to buy you a present, so they all chipped in. I wrapped it. Since no one else can wrap around here’, he says, laughing as he pats Chanyeol on the back, seeing the boy’s eyes widen but his lips still sealed shut, not really saying much.

‘Open it, you idiot’, Baekhyun finally makes his way to his boyfriend, hugging him from behind and kissing the nape of his neck, having to tiptoe to do it.

‘Huh?’, Chanyeol flinches at the sudden contact, turning around to see Baekhyun smiling at him, sweetly.

‘Open it’, he says again, waiting for Chanyeol to make a move. The whole group watching Chanyeol sit down, unwrapping the presents slowly and seeing two sneaker boxes, opening to find one Adidas and the other Nike sneakers.

‘We obviously can’t afford Gucci or Yeezys, but this will have to do right?’, Baekhyun comments, handing him another wrapped present, Chanyeol not saying a word as he opens it, seeing a grey sweater, similar to what Baekhyun was wearing, ‘And that’s obviously not Tommy Hilfiger, but it’s close enough right?’, Baekhyun comments, the rest of the group waiting for Chanyeol to at least say thanks.

‘Is he a mute? I don’t remember him being a mute?’, Eun Bi whispers, forcing Suho to cover her mouth since she was ruining the moment. They had an idea why Chanyeol was being so quiet. Suho gestures his other hand behind his back, urging Xiumin and Chen to come back to the living room of the cabin.

‘Honey!’, Xiumin shouts from upstairs, forcing Chanyeol – and pretty much everyone else – to look up, Xiumin shouting across the cabin.
‘What?’, they hear Chen screaming from downstairs.

‘Where’s my super suit?’

‘What?’


‘I…Uh… I put it away’

‘Where?’

‘Why do you need to know?’, Chen adds a bit of sass in his voice as he screams back, confusing the shit out of Dr Patel and Luhan who just looked at the rest of the group, begging for some answers.

‘I need it!’

‘Uh-uh! Don’t you think about running off doing derring-do? We’ve been planning this dinner for two months!’

‘The public is in danger!’

‘My **evening** is in danger!’

‘You tell me where my suit is woman! We are talking about the greater good! you are ever ‘**good**’ ‘Greater good?! I am your wife! I’m the greatest ganna get!’

The whole group cringes whilst Xiumin and Chen finish up their stupid re-enactment, clapping along and making fun of Chen as he walks back inside the living room, shrugging his embarrassment away, Lay having to explain what all that was about.

Suddenly, they heard sniffling.

‘Are you crying?’, D.O calls over, turning to see Chanyeol’s head hung low, his hand on his face.

‘Hey, idiot, you alright?’, Baekhyun asks again, kneeling down to try and look at Chanyeol. Suddenly, Chanyeol reaches out to hug him, tightly, burying his face between Baekhyun’s neck.

‘What took you all so long?’, Chanyeol utters in between sobs, making everyone look at him in shock – they’ve never seen Chanyeol cry like that.

‘We’re in Iceland Chanyeol, what makes you think took us long?’, Chen barges past everyone, going to where his best friend was, joining the hug and comforting Chanyeol with small whispers of happy birthday.

‘Shall we join the hug?’, Eun Bi whispers to Suho, looking confused since they were all playing around a moment ago, but now everyone seems to be crying. She doesn’t like it when people cry.

‘Yeah, let’s do it’, Suho replies, moving with Eun Bi to wrap his arms around Chen and Baekhyun, Eun Bi climbing over the sofa to hug Chanyeol’s back and before you know it, everyone is joining the hug, even Dr Patel and Luhan, wrapping their arms around the group who has now engulfed Chanyeol in a breath-taking – literally breath-taking – bear hug.
They spend the rest of the night sitting outside, sat around a bonfire Chanyeol started as they look up at the dark sky, seeing the Northern lights glow above them, masses of green hues mixed with pinks, blues and red painting the night sky right above them. Chanyeol munching on his marshmallow, the rest of the group still toasting theirs.

‘Here you go little kid’, Baekhyun offers his marshmallow to Eun Bi who’s still munching on a bag of chips, smiling as Baekhyun gives her his stick with a toasted marshmallow at the end.

‘Don’t give her too much. She gets hyper easily’, D.O warns, earning a whine from his little sister, only for him to ruffle her hair playfully.

‘It’s so beautiful up here. I’ve never seen anything quite like it’, Dr Patel comments, being to engaged in looking up at the sky, ‘So beautiful…’

‘I second on that’, Luhan utters, resting his arm on Lay, kissing the boy’s cheeks playfully before looking back up at the Northern lights.

‘Gotta hand it to you, Luhan. You must be dead depressed having a long-distance relationship with Lay’, Kai comments, giving him an admiring nod when he observes how Lay would cling to him, his arms wrapped around his waist.

‘Well, it is hard. Sometimes I get jealous of knowing that you have teleportation powers. Because I need that the most right now. But long-distance isn’t all that bad, once you realise you’re not going to find another person you want to spend your time with anyway’, Luhan explains, laughing as Eun Bi squirms.

‘How romantic! Luhan, can you be my boyfriend too?!’, Eun Bi screeches, making D.O glare at her even more, the rest of the group laughing as the two siblings once again interact with each other in such a cute yet feisty manner.

‘Not over my dead body’, D.O warns, hugging onto Eun Bi, caging her around his arms.

‘Well then, I’ll just have to kill you’

‘See Kai, murder’, D.O looks over to Kai, laughing as he sees the boy teleport his way next to them, wrapping his arm around his shoulder.

‘Sorry Eun Bi, you’ll have to go through me before you go through him’

‘Humpfh’, Eun Bi sighs, laughing as she feels her older brother kissing her cheeks playfully, hugging her more tightly.

Chanyeol looks over his group of friends, laughing as he watches them joke around, passing him the beer and cracking a few more banter and stories, for the first time, making Chanyeol feel a little less lonely than five hours ago.

‘You alright?’, Baekhyun asks once more, holding his hand and not letting go. Baekhyun’s not one
with emotions, he tends to not show them and he tends to hate people showing them, but this time, he wants to see Chanyeol. Properly. He internally kicked himself for not realising what Chanyeol was going through, and even though he hates it, he’s dating the boy, so the least he can do is ask about Chanyeol’s day and emotionally support the boy in however way he can. He did sign up for this too, not just the fun stuff in dating.

‘Yeah. I’m genuinely fine’, Chanyeol smiles back, pulling the sleeves of his grey sweater, matching his boyfriend’s, his Adidas sneakers already being covered in mud and grass since he wanted to help with the firewood.

‘Tell me when you’re not, okay?’, Baekhyun tells Chanyeol, his eye soft and worrying. It made something inside Chanyeol tug, to find someone pushing themselves forward just to ask about his day.

‘Okay… I will’, he whispers back, earning a smile from Baekhyun, the smaller boy’s hand wraps itself on Chanyeol’s cheeks, moving forward to kiss him on the lips.

‘Good’

‘You’ve ever done PDA with Suho before?’, Dr Patel asks once he saw the two boys kissing in front of him, nudging his stepson’s elbow playfully as he points to Sehun’s boyfriend, the one Sehun mentioned to his mother. He was quite saddened by the fact that Sehun never mentioned it to him, having to hear it from his wife. I would’ve been a perfect opportunity to make a bond, talking about relationships and all, him giving Sehun some advice.

‘Oh gosh, shut up, you’re embarrassing me’, Sehun whines, his cheeks forming a tinted red as the rest of the group laugh along, joining in the fan and making fun out of him and Suho.

‘Suho and Sehun, you know, I never saw that one coming’, Xiumin laughs, leaning his head on Chen’s shoulder as the latter feeds with toasted marshmallow.

‘Me neither’, Chen replies, chewing on some potato chips they bought in the airport.

‘You really don’t want to see it’, Kai chimes in, shaking his head, eyes looking like he’d just seen things – which he had – earning Suho to throw an empty plastic wrapper at the boy, glaring at him with a warning.

‘Well, I did. I see the way Sehun looks at you. Especially during dinner’, Dr Patel adds, earning another moan from the boy next to him, hitting him on the back.

‘Dad, stop it!’ he shouts, making everyone freeze, Dr Patel especially.

‘Dad?’, he whispers, looking over at his stepson, wanting to make sure it wasn’t just a spurt in the moment because it did sound like it for a moment.

‘Yeah dad, you’re embarrassing me and I don’t appreciate it’, Sehun comments again, shocked at first at the slip of the tongue, but the moment it rolled out – he didn’t know why – but it felt right enough for him to say it again, and to keep saying it again.

‘Dude, round of applause Dr Patel! You’ve just been upgraded to embarrassing dad’, Lay laughs, clapping whilst the others join him, laughing as Sehun tells them all to shut up, only for them to cheer louder.

‘Um, excuse me, but it’s my birthday right now, not Dr Patel’s, so this round of applause should be for me’, Chanyeol interrupts, forcing everyone to look at him.
‘Yeah, that’s right. Round of applause for cry-baby of the year!’, Baekhyun shouts, everyone, laughing as Chanyeol hits him, clapping at Chanyeol as they mimicked the way he cried earlier.

‘Wah! Wah! Such a crybaby!’, Kai shouts from across, earning a threatening punch from Chanyeol.

‘Don’t make me burn you!’, Chanyeol shouts, pointing at him.

‘Dude, you know we’re never going to let that go right?’, Xiumin laughs along, joining in Kai’s mimics, hugging Chen, re-enacting the moment Chanyeol hugged Baekhyun, refusing to let him go.

‘Shut up! You guys suck!’, Chanyeol fights back, huffing in frustration and crossing his arms over his chest.

‘Yeah, well you swallow’, Sehun bites back, earning screams and claps from everyone else, Chen losing his shit, having to run out to laugh, Kai having to spit out his drink whilst D.O tries to cover Eun Bi’s ears from the demons around them.

‘You! Come here you little shit!’, Chanyeol stands up, about to chase Sehun but is pushed back, landing on his ass as Sehun form a wind force, pushing Chanyeol back and huffing the fire to death.

‘You blew out the fire, you idiot’, Baekhyun calls over, being more upset that there was no more source of heat rather than being upset about how his boyfriend just got savaged.

‘Oh and Chanyeol, look down’, D.O calls over once everyone got their shit together, Kai still laughing like a seal with Chen running back to where they are.

‘What?’, Chanyeol asks, but still following D.O’s orders, looking at the ground to see the cracks around them, looking around till the far horizon to see the cracks still going on.

‘That’s how powerful I am by the way. Your birthday request from me is done’, D.O explains himself, showing Chanyeol that the cracks still runs until the next river, ‘Now that I’ve done my part. I’m going to sleep. We have a flight to catch and 19 hours doesn’t sound appealing now that I’ve had to go through it once’, D.O standing up, holding Eun Bi’s hands with everyone else nodding in agreement, packing away the mess they’ve made as they make their way back inside the cabin, Chanyeol opting to stay behind for a few moments longer, staring up at the Northern lights which were still there, now it was accompanied by the hundreds, millions of hundreds of stars painting the sky even more so, taking his breath away the moment his eyes fixed itself above him, warming himself up with the fire inside him as he feels the strong winds blowing through the night.

‘It’s amazing, isn’t it?’, Baekhyun interrupts his moment, tearing him away from the sky as the sudden sound frightens him. He was sure everyone went in already, apparently not Baekhyun.

‘Yeah’, Chanyeol whispers, opening his arms for Baekhyun to sit in front of him, his warm arms hugging him, ‘Sorry about making fun of your power’, Chanyeol whispers once they settle more comfortably, Baekhyun resting his head on his chest, arms snaked their wait to his waist, ‘It seems like you’ve got the most beautiful one out of all of us’

‘Thanks’, Baekhyun utters, closing his eyes and breathing in Chanyeol’s scent, familiarising himself with the way the boy holds him, feeling Chanyeol’s chin resting on the top of his head.

‘I’m being serious. You’re fucking beautiful’, Chanyeol whispers, holding the boy around him
tighter, not wanting to let him go.

‘Hey, Chanyeol?’

‘Yeah’

‘You know your request list?’

‘Yeah?’

‘It seems like we gave you everything’

‘Is it now?’

‘Yeah, two sneakers, a sweater, an ice sculpture, D.O’s powers and Chen and Xiumin acting out that stupid scene’

‘Plus, the getaway from reality’, Chanyeol adds in, making Baekhyun laugh. Of course, how could he forget about that one?

‘But we haven’t done one more’, Baekhyun whispers, kissing Chanyeol’s neck softly, making the boy tense for a moment.

‘You mean? The…’

‘No, we’re not having hot sex’, Baekhyun murmurs, gliding his hands up to wrap itself around the boy’s neck, his lips gliding up to kiss Chanyeol jaws, painting his tongue all the way to Chanyeol’s cheeks until he makes his way over to Chanyeol’s lips, breathing heavily before kissing the boy, deeply, sinking himself in.

‘We’re not having hot sex? What else is there on my list?’, Chanyeol whispers after Baekhyun breaks away from their kiss, giving Chanyeol a second to breathe.

‘How about making love instead?’, Baekhyun suggests, adjusting himself so that he’s completely turned around, straddling Chanyeol’s waist.

‘That sounds much better’, Chanyeol whispers, kissing the boy back, his hands resting on Baekhyun’s waist, edging him closer to him, eyes closed as he feels Baekhyun’s lips dance with his, their breathing heavy yet even and in sync with each other, Baekhyun’s fingers combing through his hair.

‘I… Love…you…’

‘I love you too Baekhyun’

Baekhyun hates this type of shit. Cheesy, corny shit that he throws up at whenever he watches movies. But for Chanyeol, he’s willing to be a bit cheesy. And for the first time, Baekhyun steps forward, making sure that Chanyeol was not the only one to stir the relationship, wanting to make sure even more so that despite everything they’ve said to each other, Baekhyun cares for him as equally as Chanyeol cares for him. And that for once, he doesn’t have to beg to get someone’s love. Baekhyun’s right here and ready to give it to him.
Chapter End Notes

And there ends my long ongoing updates curtsy of Chanyeol's birthday and the fact that I haven't uploaded in ages and it seems like all my uploads these days have been inconsistent.

(BTW, sorry if my updates are overwhelming you guys, it's just that I have a lot of assignment due in before semester ends so I don't think I'll be able to upload anything for a while and I really wanted to get this chapter out on Chanyeol's birthday even though I'm a couple of hours late haha. Apologies again)

Anyway, Happy Birthday Park Chanyeol~ (still waiting for Baekhyun to upload something on insta lol)
It was in a sense euphoric for the whole group to be here, in the early morning where Iceland was cold but calm, sitting on the front porch in the rented cabin, each holding a mug in their hands, hot chocolate and whipped cream with chocolate sprinkles for everyone, curtsy of Dr Patel.
The sun was already up, bright and in all its usual excellence, the snow-covered mountains filling the landscape, the feeling of the sublime as they breathe in the fresh cold air, mixed with a twinge the smoky smell of bacon.

‘Chanyeol, you’re burning the meat’, Suho mutters nonchalantly, the black smokes which had made its way present into the view alarming Chanyeol, the boy muttering an oh shit before weakening the fire on the barbeque grill. Despite the strong smell, it didn’t distract everyone else from viewing ahead, it was like watching a movie, a quiet movie, endless euphoria and an immense feeling of infinity.

D.O rests his head on Kai’s shoulder, not wanting to get rid of the feeling just yet, the feeling of calm and relaxation before they return back to reality before the year slowly ends and they near the inevitable stress of college applications and the new obstacles they must all face.

‘So Lay, are you going back to China for college?’, Sehun asks, slightly saddened by the fact that Lay was evidently moving away from them, confused as to why he was so upset over it, then finding out that in the process of confusion and bickering, Lay had wedged his way inside the group, not knowing how much he already means to everyone, and he’d only been with them for a couple of months, but then again, so did they.

‘Yeah, Luhan’s helping me with my applications since he’s a first year in college already’, Lay replied, and silence overtook them. It wasn’t only Sehun feeling slightly down over the fact that maybe, it wasn’t just Lay who was going to move away.

‘Anyone else wanting to move out the country to study, tell me now’, Chanyeol shouts across them, handing Dr Patel the first plateful of bacon, slightly blackened at the sides, but still succulent and juicy enough to eat.

‘Do I even have the grades to go to University?’, Chen mutters to himself, laughing a little, but not without Xiumin slapping him on the back, the older boy’s eyes slightly agitated.

‘Don’t worry you, idiot, you’ll get the grades’, Xiumin replies, and the whole group fell into silence again. The un-denying tension continues to grow, Kai feeling the weight on his shoulders, not because of D.O who continues to rest on it, but on the small worry in the back of his mind, scurrying the moment his homeroom teacher mentioned college application and the moment he found out through Suho that D.O was definitely aiming to get in one of the SKY Universities.

‘I might be going to Yonsei’, Kai whispers out, not really sure why, but this definitely garnered everyone’s attention, more so D.O who retracted himself from Kai’s shoulders, his eyes engorged in shock.

‘What?’

‘I said I might be thinking about going to Yonsei… Or Korea University, but out of all the SKY, I heard Yonsei is the easiest to get into’

‘Yeah, but it’s still fucking impossible to get into period. Kai, you are talking about the three biggest colleges in Korea, right?’, Xiumin responds, his head whipped in utter confusion, not because he thought Kai was stupid for even thinking about applying to a SKY university, he knew that Kai’s grade wasn’t that shit, and if he worked super hard for the rest of the year, he might land an interview, but it was the unending conversations they had late at night, the tried sleepless nights after dance practice and the thousands of auditions Kai had done for numerous theatre performance in and outside school to gear his resume to look fucking gold by the time he applies for theatre school. Where did that Kai go and why was he replaced with someone who wanted to go to
Yonsei?

‘What are you planning to do in Yonsei anyway?’, D.O asks, ignoring everyone’s cackles of Kai being stupid, his eyes kept onto the boy beside him who gave him a small smile.

‘Sport Science’

‘Oh really? Sports Science? I heard that was a great course’, Dr Patel adds on, giving Kai a thumb up and a reassuring smile, not knowing that the boy’s interest lies elsewhere.

‘Well, it’s not a very popular course either, so you won’t have to fight for it like how D.O has to fight for Law’, Suho butts in, nodding his head in agreement and in approval, everyone else following ahead, nodding in some sort of agreement. That was the problem. No one really told each other of their future plans, and even if they did, it was brief, a short summary of what they wish would happen after high school.

‘Are you sure?’, D.O continues to voice his concern, having a knowledge of what Kai wants – or wanted – he wasn’t quite sure why Kai had a drastic change of course. The very reason why he fell for this dumb idiot was for the bright shine in his eyes, the passionate smile and the unending brilliance in his voice whilst he spoke about doing theatre, to do dancing as a profession. When did he decide to change?

‘Yeah’, Kai responds, holding the boy’s hands, ‘I’m sure’

‘Alright Chanyeol, the second batch of bacon looks blacker than the first one’, Dr Patel comments, seeing the crispy black meat on the serving plate, laying it down the small coffee table with everyone refusing to even touch the abomination that was sitting right in front of them.

‘You guys are so picky’, Chanyeol whines, huffing as he sees Baekhyun putting his chopsticks down, instead of going back to drinking his hot chocolate and nibbling on the leftover marshmallows from last night, his usual pale neck not so pale.

‘What the hell did Chanyeol even do to you’, Chen comments, sitting beside Baekhyun who stayed quiet, hoping everyone else would just ignore him and carry on talking about whatever they were talking about, but Chen being Chen knew the moment Baekhyun walked out to the front porch, his scarf barely hiding the hickeys on his neck, he knew exactly what happened last night.

‘Can you shut up? Dr Patel is here’, Baekhyun hissed through gritted teeth, trying to get Chen to shut up, but it already got Xiumin’s attention, the boy reaching his arm out to tug the scarf out of the way, seeing blotched bruises all around Baekhyun’s neck, even making it all the way down to his collarbone.

‘Dammit’, Chen hissed to himself, confusing Baekhyun as Xiumin just giggled at the boy’s reactions, waiting patiently for Dr Patel to go back inside and get some more meat for Chanyeol to grill.

‘I’ll be right back kids’, he announced, ruffling Sehun’s hair on the way back inside, earning him a groan and another ‘embarrassing dad’ whine from the boy which became something he wished for Sehun to say over and over again. He didn’t think being called embarrassing would feel so honourable.

Chen and Xiumin carefully watched Dr Patel exit from the front porch, closing the door tightly behind him. The coast was clear.

‘Ladies and fucking gentlemen, I need all of your money right now’, Xiumin screams over,
clapping his hands together to garner everyone’s attention, his hand accidentally hitting Baekhyun’s face whilst doing so, causing a highly suspected glare from the already embarrassed boy.

‘Why?’, they all turn as Xiumin unravels Baekhyun’s scarf, groaning in motion as they see dozens of hickeys imprinted onto the boy’s pale skin, purples and greens all mushed together.

‘For fuck’s sakes Baekhyun. You let Chanyeol do all of that? I thought you would’ve been the dominant one’, Kai whines, pinching his nose as he glides his hand down to the front of his pocket, whipping up a fifty won bill at Xiumin who was the only person who thought Chanyeol would be the dominant one.

‘What the hell? Did you guys bet on who bottoms?’, Baekhyun calls out in disbelief, seeing the many hands passing some cash onto Xiumin who gleams at the sight on crumpled notes.

‘No, we bet on who was going to be the roughest, you know, the leading one’

‘So, not necessarily the top’, D.O points out, whipping Xiumin the cash whilst Suho beside him still refuses to give his still fairly crisp note.

‘Guys, that’s disgusting’, Chanyeol judges them, screwing his eyes in disgust as he sees Xiumin counting his money, laughing as he looks over to Luhan who was also forced to join in the bet despite not knowing anything, choosing to bet with the majority and say that Baekhyun would lead.

‘Sorry mate, but I’m gonna have to take your money’, Luhan gives out a small moan, complaining about the unfair rules, holding his hands up in favour of him being exempt from the bet, but Xiumin wasn’t having it, ‘Come on Luhan, give me my cash’

‘Wait…’, Chen third wheels the exchange, shoving Luhan’s hands away from Xiumin, looking suspiciously at his best friend, seeing the way Chanyeol randomly tugs at his sweater, his eyes zooming past him, looking at the view ahead, ‘Come here you fucker’, he gestures with his fingers, commanding Chanyeol to come closer to him, everyone’s eyes completely on Chen as Chanyeol refuses to follow his orders. Baekhyun didn’t really try to hide anything, smirking as Chen gets up himself, shoving past D.O and Kai, lifting Chanyeol’s sweater up.

‘Fucking hell mate…’, Xiumin hissed, glaring up at Chanyeol as everyone’s eyes fell upon his torso, covered in the same bruises Baekhyun has on his neck, decorated all over the tall boy’s body, from his chest all the way down to his navel, ‘Chanyeol what the fuck? You let Baekhyun do that? What is wrong with you?’, Xiumin whines, seeing Luhan smiling like an idiot as he tucks his money back into his jeans, everyone else too busy clambering over each other, trying to get their money back from Xiumin to be making fun out of Chanyeol, trails of complaints as Xiumin holds onto their money, Suho slyly slipping in his note in Chen’s back pockets since he and Chen had made another bet prior to the group’s main bet, seeing which one would give the most hickeys, Suho betted on Chanyeol.

‘This is lame. You’re all lame’, Chanyeol breathes out, pushing Chen off him and lifting his shirt back down, huffing in frustration since everyone ended up with their money along with some of Xiumin’s, now having the opportunity to make fun out of Chanyeol.

‘Well, well, well, look who ended up being wrapped around the school loner’s fingers’, Kai chuckles, wiggling his eyebrows at Chanyeol whilst giving Baekhyun a thumbs up, Chanyeol flaring all the more as everyone continues to make fun out of him.

‘At least I got laid, unlike the rest of you’, Chanyeol bites back, folding his arms and sitting down
on his chair, the fire in the grill becoming angrier the louder the group’s laugh became.

‘You said you were the only one getting laid?’, Lay points out, a playful smirk on his face plays on as his hands automatically lace on Luhan’s.

‘Ew… We shared rooms, what the fuck?’, Sehun groans, making fake gagging noises as he thinks about what Lay and Luhan were up to late at night whilst he was soundlessly asleep less than five meters away from them.

‘Gosh guys, you seriously can’t keep it in your pants, now can you?’, Kai laughs, giving Lay a quick high five before shutting up as soon as they hear Dr Patel coming back from the kitchen, the front door swinging open with the only adult in the trip holding a mountain full of meat, smiling like an idiot and tripping over his shoelaces.

‘Oopsies. Sorry about that’, Dr Patel laughs at himself, placing the meat on the table, ‘Now, what were you kids talking about?’

Chapter End Notes

quick update - just needed an excuse to say well done to my fellow exo-ls'. MAMA fucked us up real bad and I’m still lowkey angry at how exo got treated, but still proud of them for rising above it. Let's make the last month of the year exo's month, shall we?
this chapter is dedicated to Kim Jonghyun, one of the greatest vocalist and an amazing human being in general.

Rest in peace, Jonghyun.

you did well.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dGR65RWwzg8

Baekhyun drinks his bottle of coke by himself, the blaring music and loud screams of teenagers making him want to shoot them all. He couldn’t believe Chanyeol had talked him into coming to a
party with him, but he couldn’t help it. Ever since their trip, he’s been worrying nonstop about the tall boy, constantly texting him to check if he was okay, his phone never leaving his side in case Chanyeol actually replies with a worrying text message.

_That motherfucker knows how to lie_, Baekhyun thought, watching Chanyeol from afar, his smile looking genuine and true. It would break his heart if he finds out it wasn’t.

‘Byun Baekhyun. What the fuck are you doing here?’, a voice, Kai’s voice, cuts from the music, its sudden loudness making Baekhyun turn around to find that Kai was right behind him.

‘Shit’, Baekhyun flinches, ‘Kai, can you fucking stop teleporting everywhere? It’s not fun’

‘It is for me’, Kai replies, raising his beer playfully, taking a sip before reaching his arm out, leaning on Baekhyun, ‘Now, what is the mysterious lone wolf doing in a high school party?’, he asks, the smell of alcohol making Baekhyun want to throw up – seriously, how is Kai not an alcoholic yet?

‘Chanyeol’, is the only answer Baekhyun gives, his eyes turning back to the person he came for, observing the way Chanyeol converses with everyone, his phone always in his hands, taking pictures as he laughs along.

‘Ooh. Looks like we got ourselves an overprotective Baekhyun wanting to take care of his baby’, Kai coos, making fun out of Baekhyun as he raises his voice in a high-pitched baby voice, squinting his eyes and pouting his lips like a baby.

‘I will blind you’, Baekhyun threatens, giving Kai a glare before turning back to see that Chanyeol had gone inside the kitchen with a couple of college students, turning on Baekhyun’s instinct as he begins to follow his boyfriend, only to be pulled back by Kai.

‘Stop. He was fine before and he’ll be fine now. I don’t think Chanyeol would appreciate an overly protective and clingy boyfriend’, Kai warns, noticing the way Baekhyun’s eyes would always falter back to Chanyeol like a magnet. He didn’t think it was healthy, ‘Plus, clingy doesn’t suit you’

‘I’m not clingy’, Baekhyun defends himself, folding his arms, ‘I’m just worried’

‘That’s what they all say’

‘I’m not clingy!’, Baekhyun retorts back, using his strength to push Kai off him once again, glaring at him before walking away, his footsteps racing towards the kitchen where he can hear Chanyeol’s laughter, the glimmering movements of Chanyeol’s arms flailing, his eyes closed shut and mouth wide open, ‘Chanyeol’, Baekhyun interrupts them, his voice slightly softer than usual, slightly intimidated by the college students which Chanyeol felt too comfortable around, his head hanging low as he tries to give Chanyeol a look, a look for them to start getting a move on, but it seems as though the alcohol and ecstasy was getting the better of Chanyeol, his smile lopsided and awkward, his arms still leaning onto one of the strangers Baekhyun had never met before, his sentences slurred.

‘Baek… What are you doing here?’, Chanyeol was clearly crossing the border between drunk and sober, Baekhyun sighing in relief as he just made it in time before Chanyeol goes batshit crazy.

‘I think we need to leave’, he orders, his voice sterner and focus as he draws nearer to Chanyeol, his arms reaching out only for it to be swatted away.

‘It’s barely midnight’, Chanyeol whines, pushing himself back from Baekhyun’s hold, laughing as his other friends start to make fun of him, something about being pressed down or having a clingy
boyfriend, Baekhyun didn’t give a shit exactly what they were saying.

‘Chanyeol, please come on’, Baekhyun calls out again, getting a grip on the sleeves of Chanyeol’s jumper, holding tight onto it just in case the boy was going to run away from him.

‘Baekhyun, stop being a party pooper. You’re seriously no fun’

‘For fuck’s sake Chanyeol, you’re the one who’s no fun’, Baekhyun hisses, barely audible with the loud screams and noises, but it seems as though everyone within the perimeter heard Baekhyun, making them laugh even more – though Baekhyun himself never found it funny – making Chanyeol whine for making him look ‘uncool’.

‘Need any help?’, Kai’s voice pops out of nowhere, interrupting the squabbling couple before their argument turned sour.

‘Oh, thank god. Can you please get us out of here?’, Baekhyun sighs in relief the moment Kai teleported himself to the kitchen, seeing Baekhyun’s frustrated expression, stepping in to help.

‘Now?’

‘Yes, Kai, fucking now’

‘Cool’

Suho, D.O and Lay sat on the floor of Suho’s room, eating packets of chips and snacks D.O brought along with him when Suho texted him for a hangout. It’s been a long time since D.O and Suho had spent quality time together, just the two of them, and it seems as though Suho was planning this night to just be them two, but who can decline Lay who just knocked on Suho’s door at eleven o’clock at night with a goofy grin and a box of apple juice.

‘So, your parents are on a business trip to Japan right now?’

‘Yeah, and it gets so lonely just staying in the house all alone, I hope you guys don’t mind?’

‘Of course not, stay over for the whole week if you want to’, Suho offers, smiling at the Lay, sipping his apple juice as he leans his head on D.O, closing his eyes for a bit as he feels the drowsiness coming in.

‘Fuck Baekhyun! I was just about to have fun!’

‘I don’t give a shit if you were about to set the house on fire, you need to go home’

‘Guys, I don’t think this is Chanyeol’s house…’

‘Baekhyun?’
‘Chanyeol?’

‘Kai?! Did you teleport into my house again? What the fuck is wrong with you?’, Suho’s eyes widen open the moment he hears screaming, his sleepiness long gone once his eyes fall on three people standing up, screaming at each other whilst D.O stands up, his shoulder to lean on now gone and trying to calm down the three screaming drunkards – well, he wasn’t sure if all of them were drunk, but they might as well be.

‘I don’t need you to babysit me!’

‘I’m not babysitting you, I’m only trying to help’

‘Then leave me alone and let me have fun!’

‘I told you he’d hate the clinging’

‘I’m not clinging!’

‘Guys’, Suho tries to intercede, but it feels as though there were three arguments going on at the same time and he didn’t know how to begin to calm down. It seems as though Lay was also in a pickle, his eyes looking up, still sitting down crossed legged and almost scared as he listens to the rising voices of both Baekhyun and Chanyeol screaming at each other, a serious argument which differs from their usual banter, something in their voices indicating that this fight was not a joke.

‘I promised I’d fucking take care of you, and that’s exactly what I’m doing!’

‘I am not a child. I don’t need anyone to do shit for me, now if you please, get me out of here’, Chanyeol turns to Kai, crossing his arm as he waits for the boy to teleport him, but all seems futile as Kai takes a step back, his hands holding onto D.O who he holds onto tightly, his eyes slightly terrified.

‘Chanyeol…’, Suho’s voice is now soft, whispering as he takes a slow step towards the boy. Chanyeol was confused. Why was everyone staring at him like he’d just killed someone?

‘Chanyeol’, he turns his face, gazing at Baekhyun who had taken a step back towards him, eyes gazing down at him. It was only then doing Chanyeol look down, looking at the burning blue flames which sparked by his fingertips, alighting his whole hand, the flames slowly making its way towards his arm, burning his sweater long slowly.

‘Chanyeol, come here’, Suho asks, his hands reaching out, preparing to help burn the fire out, but Chanyeol just shakes his head, leaving the room and slamming the door shut, looking around to see if he can find the front door of Suho’s house, having quite the trouble since it was his first time here, but once he found the flight of stairs, he immediately transcends, walking straight out into the cold night, his hands still on fire but this time, he closes his eyes and let his fire burn his skin, seething onto his flesh which makes him squirm as he walks on.
'I knew I’d find you here’, he hears a voice behind him as he sits on the swing in the old park by the edge of the road he found whilst he was trying to decipher how to get home, giving up once he saw the swings by the park, opting to just rest for a bit.

‘Lay?’, the boy behind him smiles, sitting down on the other swing empty beside Chanyeol, the both of them swinging calmly, the cold biting their skin harshly.

‘Give me your hands’, he orders, reaching out to hold onto the brittle skin of Chanyeol’s burnt hands, his cold fingertips grazing the swollen skin, making Chanyeol hiss in pain, but the moment Lay’s hands were completely wrapped around his, the pain was gone, so was the burnt skin which resulted in Chanyeol leaving his fire too long on his skin, ‘I didn’t know your fire can burn even you’, Lay comments as he heals Chanyeol, his skin prickling in sensation as he waits for the scars to fade before letting go of Chanyeol’s hands.

‘Fire’s a burning bitch. It has no pity’, Chanyeol replies, looking up to see the starless sky above them.

‘What’s going on Chanyeol? You were okay last week’, Lay asks, not wanting to tread lightly since Baekhyun and everyone else failed to get Chanyeol to talk, his eyes calmly staring at the way Chanyeol puffs his breath and closes his eyes.

‘Nothing…’

‘Stop bullshitting. You’re not the type’

‘It’s just… I… Baekhyun… It’s the first time someone’s been so keen on checking up on me. I’ve never had that before and I don’t know how to handle it. Too much of him checking up on me… It makes me… Furious…’

‘Furious? Why? Baekhyun is only trying to take care of you’

‘Yeah, but at the end of the day, Baekhyun isn’t related to me. If someone who I’ve only been with for a couple of months can be so patience and caring for me… Then why… Don’t my own family…’, Chanyeol didn’t finish his sentence but Lay understood. He knew what Chanyeol was going through, his parents were on their third business trip, leaving him all alone once more, so he knew how much it hurts when his own parents had to leave him behind constantly.

‘We’re going to be fine. You have Baekhyun and I have you guys’, Lay comforts the both of them, letting go of Chanyeol’s clear smooth skin, patting him on the shoulder as they stare at nothing in particular, the middle of the night going well into the morning.

‘People always want to do this’, Chanyeol breaks the silence, breathing out air, his breath turning into a white fog.

‘Do want?’

‘Stay out late, party and do reckless shit in the middle of the night without their parents calling them to come home or giving them a curfew’, Chanyeol continues to rock back and forth, the swing’s chains noisily creaking.

‘God, tell me about it. Whenever my parents are home, they expect me to be home with them. And don’t get me started on family evenings. I hate being forced to come downstairs and play stupid board games with them’
'But I’d rather have that’, Chanyeol interrupts Lay’s complaints, ‘I’d rather have a curfew, to have my mum hit me in the head and tell me off for worrying her when I come home late. I could be missing for weeks and they wouldn’t have noticed’

‘Chanyeol…’, Lay noticed Chanyeol’s still movements. He’d stopped swinging, ‘Please don’t cry… I don’t know what to do if you start crying…’

‘I’m sorry… I’m just…’, Chanyeol sniffs the growing pain in his throat, the pain he feels just before he starts tearing up, ‘I don’t want to party, but it’s the only thing I could do…’

‘Chanyeol, come on, you know that’s not true’, Lay tries to comfort Chanyeol who is beginning to show signs of crying, his head hung low, Lay couldn’t see his face anymore, ‘Come on, everyone is still at Suho’s house, we’re having a slumber party and we’re more than happy to join’, Lay suggests, smiling at the idea of having everyone around for the night, ‘It’ll be so much fun. You could replace parties for a slumber party from now on’

‘Slumber party’, Chanyeol chuckles, looking up at Lay finally, ‘What are we? Third graders?’

‘It’s better than being adults, now come on, I bought apple juice too’, Lay finally stands, almost skipping to Chanyeol as he reaches out his hand, waiting for the tall boy to take it.

‘Apple juice? Jesus Christ, we really are third graders’, Chanyeol snorts, taking Lay’s hand anyway, following the boy as they head back to the direction they came from. Chanyeol couldn’t go home anyway, he has no idea where Suho’s neighbourhood is.

‘I told you not to be clingy’, Kai says once more time, earning him a hit from D.O who also has had enough of Kai’s ‘I told you so’ moments.

‘And I said I wasn’t being clingy’, Baekhyun retorts, hugging his knees as he sits on the floor between Suho and D.O, glaring at Kai.

‘Well, whatever you both did, it clearly didn’t do Chanyeol any good’, Suho tells the both of them off like a mother, scowling at the fact that they’ve witnessed Chanyeol go batshit crazy, a déjà vu moment for the first time they all got acquainted, Chanyeol’s fire scary the shit out of everyone.

‘Do you think he would… You know… Hit one of us?’ D.O begins to question, curious over the predicament of the situation. What if Chanyeol really loses it? Would he set the house on fire?

‘Are you fucking crazy? Chanyeol would never do that’, Baekhyun bites back, stopping everyone with his raised voice from thinking that Chanyeol was capable of such things.

‘I don’t know… He did set you on fire…’, Kai whispers, seeming D.O’s statement triggering him to think that Chanyeol might…

‘First of all, he set my arm on fire, not all of me. Second, I was being a dick, so maybe, only a little
bit, maybe I did deserve it’, Baekhyun tries to defend Chanyeol as best as he could. He didn’t know why, but he felt slightly agitated that everyone would think that Chanyeol would jerk out. Just him leaving the room with his hands on fire was enough for Baekhyun to know that Chanyeol would never do anything that would set anyone in danger.

The doorbell ringing is enough to distract them from their talk, making Suho whine as he hears his father shouting for him to get him, forcing him to get up from the floor and walking out of his room.

‘I just wish Chanyeol would get a grip and stop fucking around’

‘What do you mean by fucking around’, D.O asks, allowing Kai to lean on his neck, the boy too busy drinking Lay’s apple juice with a straw to argue with Baekhyun any further.

‘Stop pushing me away when I want to get serious’, Baekhyun sighs, ruffling his hair in frustration, ‘Our relationship so far has been all fun and games, but when it’s time to get serious, talk about our future, our families and problems, he just doesn’t seem to be interested. What’s the point of being in a relationship if we can’t even open up to each other? We might as well just be friends with benefits’, Baekhyun complains, taking a carton of fresh apple juice from the centre, piercing the straw in and gulping the juice.

‘I don’t know. Maybe he needs time, I don’t think he’s opened up with his previous relationships’, D.O tries to comfort Baekhyun, ‘Although, I didn’t really know Chanyeol from before, so I have no fucking idea’

‘I don’t care about his previous relationships. Just open up to me. Jesus, is it too hard to ask?’

‘Sorry’, a voice interrupts them, deep and regretful, the trio turning around to spot Chanyeol awkwardly standing by the door, not really sure if he can go in or not. Suho and Lay had already passed him, sitting back down on their old spot with Lay whining that all the juice had finished.

‘Chanyeol…’, Baekhyun whispers out, his eyes filling with worry as he looks out, checking his hands just in case.

‘I’ll try opening up to you… I promise… I just…’, Chanyeol laughs at himself, looking down in embarrassment, ‘It’s just going to take some time… Okay?’

Pause.

‘Okay’, Baekhyun replies.

‘Huh?’

‘Chanyeol, come sit down, you look even taller in this angle’, Baekhyun orders the boy, his eyes making contact with Chanyeol, soft and telling him that it was okay for him to take his time, ‘Are we both good now?’ he asks, making Chanyeol smile as he makes his way towards the group, bending down to cross his legs, sitting right next to Baekhyun.

‘That was the most dramatic fight I’d seen in a while’, Suho comments as Chanyeol slowly reaches his hand out, nervous as he waits for Baekhyun to take it, nervous that he might not, that maybe Baekhyun might be scared of it all of a sudden.

But Baekhyun takes it, intertwining his fingers with his. They both had light in them, he didn’t care if Chanyeol’s light was artificial compared to his, at the end of the day Chanyeol is the closest thing that matched with him.
‘What do you expect, it is Chanyeol and Baekhyun we’re talking about’

‘True say’
D.O looks at Kai, his eyes barely leaving as the boy continues to sip on his hot chocolate, the both of them sitting outside a café in Belgium, the snow piling down the street, cars passing them by with people speaking a foreign language which D.O did not understand one bit. Thank god, he knew how to speak a bit of English, otherwise ordering would’ve been a hassle since Kai didn’t know a word of fucking English, often looking at D.O to speak up whenever they went around the shops.

‘This is illegal’, D.O points out for what seems to be the millionth time as he looks outside, peering at the old buildings, admiring how beautiful they look despite being centuries old.
‘Yeah, but you know you love it’, Kai replies, smiling as D.O looks at him, laughing as he sees some of the foam from the whipped cream decorated by Kai’s upper lip.

‘You are one kid’, D.O whispers, reaching out to wipe the foam from his lips, grabbing a tissue and wiping his wet fingers.

‘Humph’, Kai whines as he watches D.O, ‘You’re so unromantic’, he complains, ‘You’re supposed to kiss it off me’

‘Why the hell would I do that?’, D.O looks at him, ‘Does this look like a Nicholas Sparks movie?’, he giggles once he sees Kai pouting, not really having much of an argument as he continues to sip his drink, looking outside of the café, watching a horse and carriage pass them.

‘Kai’, D.O whispers, looking up at him, this time the playful expression in his eyes gone.

‘What is it?’

‘Don’t go Yonsei’

‘Huh?’

‘I know you, you hate academics and Yonsei is all about the academics’, D.O’s voice was stern, serious and mixed with worry as he watches Kai shrugging off his request, ‘Kai…’

‘I can apply to where I want’

‘Then apply to where you want! Not to where I’m going’, D.O argues, his voice rising slightly as he watches Kai stubbornly avoiding his conversation.

‘Do you not like me?’

‘What?’

‘Why are you pushing me away when I’m clearly trying to be nearer to you’

‘But Kai-’

‘I want to be with you, can’t you understand that?’

‘I do…’, D.O replies, reaching his hand out to hold Kai’s, ‘I do, I really do. But Do you wanna know the real reason why I started liking you?’

‘Because I’m sexy?’

‘Kai be serious’, D.O pats his hand, ‘I fell for you because of how much you love to dance. Remember when you took me to the skatepark when I was suspended?’

‘Yeah…’

‘Remember telling me how much you loved to get into one of the Performing Arts Institutes since you were young? I like that Kai, I fell for that Kai’

‘That Kai is going to be three hours away from you’, Kai whispers, looking down in the defeat. He really did want to get into that school, but he’d die if he and D.O ever break up. He hadn’t been in a long-distance relationship before, but it doesn’t take a genius to know that it always ends up in smokes and flames.
'That’s fine’, D.O comforts Kai, reaching he had out to stroke the boy’s cheeks, seeing his worry about the future, *their* future, ‘I’m fine with that’

‘But I’m not…’

‘Do you really not have trust in me? I promise I won’t cheat on you’, D.O playfully nudges his hands, but Kai breaks away from his hold.

‘It’s not about that…’

‘Then what’s it about?’

‘I won’t be able to see you every day, I won’t be the person you go to when something bad happens nor will I be the first person you see when something good happens. We won’t be able to go on dates and I won’t be able to kiss you as often-’, Kai is interrupted when he feels a hit on his head, looking ahead with wide eyes as he sees D.O reaching his hand out to slap him, ‘What the heck was that for?’

‘Kim Jongin, you have the power of teleportation’, D.O laughs, shaking his head at him, ‘We are in Belgium right now. What do you mean we won’t be able to see each other? I expect you to always come to my place every day, okay?’, D.O voices out, his voice almost ordering Kai, ‘Why do you think I’ve been relaxed at the thought of a long-distance relationship? Because our relationship won’t be long-distance as long as you use your goddamn useful power, okay?’

‘Huh…’, Kai hums to himself, looking at D.O, ‘What the fuck… You’re right…’, Kai smiles to himself, thanking his parents for giving him the best powers in the world, ‘I could just teleport to you whenever I want!’, Kai laughs, sipping on his drink more cheerfully now that he actually has a plan which consists of having two things he wants, dance and D.O, by his side.

‘You are so stupid, aren’t you?’, D.O laughs, reaching his hand out to slap Kai’s head once more, smiling as he watches Kai grab hold of his hand, kissing each finger as he interlocks his hands.

They listen to the cafe music, calming and soft, ringing all around them, Kai's smile everlasting and warm - to D.O anyway - the two foreigners being looked at bypassing strangers, sweetened by two young lovers who looked oddly cute despite the soft punches D.O would give to Kai, their laughter, especially Kai's, gaining everyone's look, but they didn't mind, they liked seeing two people so infatuated with each other, that the rest of the world seemed to be a window away from them.

They walk side by side, now back in Seoul, the streets modern and air slightly stuffy. D.O misses the fresh air of Belgium air, but he was glad to be walking down the street with Kai’s hands on his.

‘You wanna stay over at mine’s tonight?’, Kai asks, looking down at the bus stop ahead which leads them straight to his house.
‘Are your parents’ home?’

‘Nah, my dad’s at a conference in Busan and my mum’s on a business trip’

‘Where’

‘Japan’

‘Sick’, D.O replies, not really knowing why his hands were slightly shaking, his mind confused yet certain at the same time, ‘You know what, yeah sure, I’ll stay over for the night’, D.O nods his head, stopping by the bus stop as he looks up at Kai, his scarf covering half his face, which he was glad about, since his cheeks were probably red.

‘Sweet, why don’t we watch a movie? My dad just bought a big Plasma TV with a built-in sound system in the living room. We can have a Nicholas Sparks marathon’, Kai suggests, planning an innocent night, offering to make D.O a quick meal despite knowing how to cook, D.O blushing all of a sudden, internally kicking himself for being the only one thinking such thoughts.

D.O has been in Kai’s house once, spending the whole night trying to tutor Kai for his next test, his parents upstairs sleeping after a hard day of work. D.O was still not used to the structure of Kai’s house, slipping his shoes off and waddling behind Kai, following him behind shyly.

‘Why don’t you sit in the living room whilst I whip out something’, Kai offers, pointing to the door which leads them to his small yet homey living room, covered with jackets and two small sofas facing the big Plasma TV Kai mentioned earlier on.

‘You sure you don’t want my help? I know how to cook…’, D.O offers, his shyness coming back and for a moment, they were back to square one, D.O not knowing what to say to Kai as the taller boy continues to intimidate him.

‘No, you’re my guest and you will be treated as such’, Kai straightens up, mimicking a butler as he bows to D.O, pushing him out of the kitchen and into the living room, ‘And don’t come in!’, Kai yells before closing the door, leaving D.O standing at the centre of the room, awkwardly pulling his sleeves down as he spins around, trying to find somewhere to sit comfortably, seeing the walls covered with photo frames. Out of curiosity, he walks over to the big one nailed in the middle of the wall, seeing a small Kai, probably barely twelve, short and skinny, smiling as he holds onto an ice cream, posing next to Mickey Mouse, wearing an oversized hat with cat ears coming out of them.

‘How cute’, he whispers, looking at the smile on Kai’s face. They must’ve gone to Disneyland. D.O has never gone Disneyland before, it was a place he’d always wanted to go and would pester his parents to take him there. Maybe one day he’ll go with Kai. He walks over, closer to where the stairs are to see another frame, this time Kai was older, probably in his early teens, standing up at a podium, holding a medal, a banner which read: Youth’s Dance Championships written behind him.
He won first place.

And to think this dickhead was going to throw away his dream just for him.

Most people would probably feel honoured, but D.O felt burdened. He’d never met anyone who would so easily give something up for him, let alone their childhood dream. He hopes he never meets someone like that, he didn’t want them giving up something so important like that.

‘Wait…’, he whispers to himself, looking at the small frame by the end of the stairs, looking at Kai in skin-tight leggings, his back arched and arms waving up high, a spotlight on him, ‘Kai!’, he shouts back, looking at the photo, giggling at how small Kai was.

‘Yeah?!’, the boy shouts back from the kitchen.

‘Did you used to do ballet?!’, he asks as he reads the banner pasted behind a small dancing Kai: Seoul Ballet Recital 2009.

‘Huh?! Uh… Yeah! When I was a kid!’, Kai shouts back. D.O couldn’t help but laugh, trying not to be too loud as he grabs his phone, snapping a quick photo of it, quickly apologising to Kai, but this was too good to keep to himself, opening the group chat and sending it.

Kakaotalk:

DOKyung21: Look what I found

Yeollie61: No fucking way! Little Miss Kai did ballet?! This is golden!

Xiumin_99: Aww Kai, you looked so cute!

Baek04: Look at his face looool.

Suho.01: And to think I was scared of him because he was a gangster…

ZhangLay_10: Guys, let’s not make fun out of Kai, it looks like he probably won an award! He’s probably an amazing ballet dancer, why doesn’t he show us his dancing?

ChenChen21: Omg, great idea Lay. Kai! Let’s get your ballet shoes and dance for us! Haha

Hunnie94: Kai! Kai! You should totally dance for us! I wanna see your moves too!

88KAI88: Soo, you betrayer.
D.O laughs the moment he sees the kitchen door opening, Kai walking in with his phone in his hands, glaring at D.O who stands by the cute picture of him.

‘And to think I was going to make noodles for you!’, Kai folds his arms, pouting his lower lip as D.O continues to laugh at him.

‘Oh, come on, you looked so cute. How can I now share it?’

‘They’re all making fun of me!’, D.O walks towards him, wrapping his arms around his waist.

‘No they’re not. They think you’re amazing’, D.O smiles, leaning his face in as he gives Kai a small kiss.

‘Look at the group chat! A group chat which Chanyeol is in! They’re making fun out of me…’, Kai whimpers, leaning his head against D.O, closing his eyes as he feels the smaller boy’s lips press against his again, humming in comfort.

‘Don’t worry. I’ll beat them up when I see them’, D.O whispers, his lips running down Kai’s lips and to his neck, ‘I promise’, he whispers in between trials of kisses, Kai tightening his grip around his waist.

‘You’re a tease, aren’t you?’, he laughs, wrapping his arms around D.O, looking at the photo of when he was young, embarrassingly enough, his parents’ still kept a stash of other photos of his childhood up in the attic, but Kai wasn’t going to tell anyone that.

‘And to think you were going to give up dancing’, D.O sighs, reaching his hand out to slap Kai lightly on the head, ‘You’re an idiot’

‘It’s called love Soo’, Kai defends himself, his arms snaking their way to hold onto D.O, ‘I’m sure you’d give up something for me too’

‘Not my education’

‘That’s mean’

‘That’s logical’, D.O rolls his eyes, a tinge of something odd and sour filling the air, ‘What’s that smell?’, he asks, turning around to find Kai’s grimacing face, also noticing the odd scent which had made its way over to the living room.

‘Shit! My food!’, Kai screams suddenly, forgetting the ramen he was cooking a moment ago, teleporting out of D.O’s arms and straight into the kitchen, ‘Shit!’, D.O can hear the boy’s cries, the smell still evidently strong where he is.

‘I can’t believe you burnt ramen’, D.O raises his voice so Kai can hear from the other room, rolling up his sleeves as he makes his way over to the kitchen, ‘Looks like I’ll be the one making our food after all’
I can only apologise for leaving this fic hanging for so long. You are allowed to be angry with me...
‘It’s been nice seeing you two’, Manager Song squeaks, her hands clapping together, her smile widening her face, ‘It’s sad to see the halls empty now that you’re all gone’, she pouts, reaching her hand out to hold the two boys who had visited her after school, offering a helping hand if she needed it.

‘Ha, don’t worry Manager Song, we’ll all visit again very soon’, Suho gleams at her, lifting the last box of storage, ‘I’ll make sure of it’

‘Same here’, Sehun points out, helping Suho with the heavy box as they walk up the stairs, Manager Song leaving them at the foot of the stairs.

‘Well, I’ll leave now since you’ve got the last box. See yourself out boys!’, she waves, her voice still piercingly too high to be human, making Sehun and Suho flinch.

‘Will do so’, Suho responds, Sehun waving goodbye with his free hands as they separate from
Manager Song, the keys resting inside Suho’s back pockets.

‘We should totally just hang out here after school’, Sehun complies, skipping excitedly next to Suho. ‘It’ll be fun!’

‘I don’t think Chanyeol, Kai or even Baekhyun is willing to waste their after-school hours volunteering. We could barely take it when we had community service’, Suho points out, huffing as he sets the box down the loft area, dust flying everywhere, making Suho a cough and close his eyes.

‘Here, let me help’, Sehun offers, walking away from Suho, opening the small window which faces the school building, his arms reaching out to open it as wide as he can before turning around, swivelling his finger to the movement of a tornado, spinning it round and round. Suho’s hair flies everywhere as the winds grew stronger, the stacks of paper flying across the room, dust spinning everywhere. Sehun gestures towards the window, blowing out all the dust and even some of the paper out of the window, flying out of the old loft.

‘Thanks, Sehun’, Suho coughs out, swatting the remaining dust which continues to dance in front of him, ‘We don’t need to clear this up, we just needed to put this in here’, Suho kicks the heavy box, ‘We should get going’, he whispers, reaching his hand out for Sehun to grab, the younger happily doing so as he skips back to Suho, fingers intertwined with the older.

‘Where do you wanna go?’, Sehun asks as soon as they make their way downstairs, Suho making sure all the doors are locked before walking out of the main entrance, locking the front doors and hiding the keys underneath the flower pot beside the gates.

‘I don’t know’, Suho responds nonchalantly, resting his arms on Sehun’s shoulder as they continue walking, ‘What do you wanna do?’, Suho asks Sehun instead, looking down to quickly read the texts D.O had sent him about work.

‘Can we hang out at your place again?’

‘My place? Yeah, sure’

Sehun had quickly gotten used to Suho’s home – one would think he lived there – since he knew where everything was. With his eyes closed, Sehun is able to go to the kitchen and make himself a cup of coffee and Suho could do the exact same whenever he visits Sehun’s place.

Sehun walks up the stairs, looking out the window of Suho’s bedroom the moment he open the door, looking through the neighbouring window which showed the view of D.O’s room, messy and scattered with Kai’s clothes he borrowed – stole is what the latter described it as – hoodies and sweatshirt which had adopted D.O’s fragrance, laid on the mattress and floor which was on full show all the way from Suho’s room. D.O and Kai were probably on a date somewhere in the world since the boy’s room was empty.
‘Sehun, do you want salt or sweet popcorn?’ Suho asks, kicking the door open with his foot since both his hands were occupied, ‘I bought both’, he explains, lifting both his hands which held two bowls of popcorn, ‘I left some drinks here this morning’, he explains as he lays the bowls down on the floor in front of his TV, Sehun already sitting on the floor, cross-legged and munching on the caramel flavoured popcorn.

‘Ah’, Suho sighs, looking at his bedside table to find dozens of empty water bottles piled upon each other – despite his class president image – he tends to be a little messy from time to time, so often leaving his house chores till last in his schedules. Sehun didn’t mind, he loved the fact that Suho had one flaw in his belt. It made him seem more human and cute as he trips over his own clothes trying to get the plastic bottles, Sehun giggling as he tries to fill it up with water.

‘But Suho, I want juice’, he whines as soon as Suho sits down next to him with a full water bottle, laughing as soon as Suho looks at him with displeasure.

‘You are so spoilt’, Suho whines, shaking his head as he gets up once again – and just like last time – trips over his clothes, walking out of his room to fetch Sehun his juice, even though the boy was obviously joking – but for him, Suho will do pretty much about everything.

‘Suho! I’m kidding!’ Sehun tries to chase after him, laughing as he tails behind the senior down the stairs, watching Suho’s determination to go to the kitchen, ‘Water is fine’, he whines this time since Suho was clearly ignoring him, the boy opening the fridge and reaching out for a half-empty orange carton.

‘Well, we’re already here, so we might as well grab a few kinds of stuff’, Suho calls over, opening the top drawer to snatch a few crisps, Sehun pouting his bottom lips as he watches Suho occupying himself with raiding his own kitchen, crisp packet hanging between his teeth, a juice carton in one hand and a few bars of chocolate in his other.

‘Your parents are going to kill us’, Sehun looks over to find that his boyfriend is now 80% junk food, ‘We’ve already got popcorn upstairs’

‘Mphhs’, Suho tries to say something, but clearly the packet in his mouth was blocking him from saying anything which made sense to Sehun, instead, he just walked passed Sehun, making his way back to his messy room with Sehun once again following him like a lost puppy, reaching his hand out to grab hold of the juice carton.

‘You know, it’s kind of your fault for spoiling me’

‘My fault? Since when was it my fault?’, Suho finally speaks as soon as he drops down to the floor, crossing his legs and looking at the TV which was now in standby mode.

‘You always held onto me and forced me to do stuff with you. I can’t help but to think you’ll do that for me every day now’, Sehun explains himself, his chin resting on Suho’s shoulder as the boy can only laugh at the situation, looking over to Sehun and his eyes wide and looking at him, lip still pouted.

‘You are…’, Suho begin, laughing when he feels Sehun’s arms begin to wrap around him, ‘Something’, Suho sighs in defeat, internally punching himself for being so hooked over Sehun, rolling his eyes more to himself as he leans in closer, closing the gap between them, their lips colliding so suddenly, it took the younger a moment to adjust, but he settles anyway, Suho’s hand which rested welcomingly on his cheeks relaxing him, breaking him away from the reality as he delves himself deeper into the kiss, feeling every movement.
‘Soo! I can see your best friend making out again!’, they hear a voice screaming from the outside, Suho’s open windows allowing the shouts of Kai from the other house to interrupt them, Sehun turning his head around to see Kai sitting on D.O’s windowsill, looking over at Suho’s room to find that the two are in the centre of his view.

‘Kai! You pervert! Get out!’, Suho shouts, grabbing a pillow which rested on the floor, throwing it at the window.

‘Soo baby! Your friend is such a bully!’, Kai calls over from behind him, presumably to where D.O is, Suho giving him a middle finger in response to ruining the moment.

Xiumin and Chen stay inside Chen’s basement, watching another movie Chen complained about at Xiumin who had never seen it before.

‘This changed cinema and film history!’, Chen continues to whine, looking over at Xiumin who paid no mind to the movie, munching on the popcorn and looking at his phone, ‘I cannot believe I’m dating an uncultured swine’

‘Okay, first of all, it’s only Pulp Fiction’, Xiumin points out the moment he hears Chen’s huffing, looking up from his phone and pointing his fingers at him, ‘And second of all, I am not uncultured, I’m just too lazy to waste my hours watching films’, Xiumin defends himself, grabbing a stuffed toy from the top shelf, throwing it at the boy.

‘I’m just saying!’, Chen calls back, holding onto the small ragged toy, throwing it back to Xiumin, grabbing his phone in the process, ‘And you need to get off your phone and concentrate on the movie!’, Chen tells him off, turning off his phone and putting it to the side along with his, automatically resting his arm on Xiumin’s shoulder once the pair settle, finally focusing on the movie in front of them.

However, Xiumin and his rather short attention span looks down on the toy he held onto, seeing the dirt marks and colour faded due to time and neglect. He takes a closer look at the Pikachu toy, twisting it around and hugging onto it out of boredom, dark curves at the bottom of its feet gaining his attention, his hands flipping the toy upside down to find a mark, a name written at the bottom.

Minseok.

Minseok? Xiumin looks at Chen who doesn’t notice Xiumin’s wide eyes, focusing on the movie. Minseok?

‘Shit’, he whispers the instant faint memories decided to come back in his mind, flashes of a little
boy crying in front of him, grazed knees and Minhyuk complaining about his stupid cousin who always tries to follow him around.

‘What is it?’, Chen asks, looking at Xiumin who had an odd expression on his face, borderline shocked yet amused.

So, you were the boy?

‘Nothing’, Xiumin smiles, chuckling to himself as he wraps the toy fondly closer to him, leaning his head on Chen’s as he looks down at the boy beside him.

It seems as though Minhyuk wasn’t my first love.

‘Minseok honey, you okay?’, his mother asks during dinner, worried at her son’s sudden quiet demeanour, watching as he plays his with peas, smiling to himself, swaying his dangling legs from side to side.

‘Nothing’, the little boy hums, looking at his plate, thinking about Minhyuk’s cousin and how cute he looked when he offered his Pikachu to him, ‘Can we go visit Minhyuk again tomorrow?’, he asks, finally snapping out of his daydream, showing his missing front teeth as he smiles at his mother.

‘Again? We just visited them today’, his mother says, laughing as she sees the little boy’s smile falter, a pout on his face making way, ‘You’ll see him again in school next week, don’t you worry’, she reaches out and ruffles her son’s hair, stroking his back as he continues to whine.

‘But…’, his voice falters, looking down as he munches on his food madly. Minhyuk wasn’t the person he was excited to see again, and his cousin doesn’t go to their school so he doesn’t know when he’s going to see him again. His mother continues to gaze at him, squirming at how his son is so upset at not seeing his best friend, quickly whispering to her husband.

‘Looks like Minseok has a little crush’, she smiles, both her and her husband looking at how Minseok so sadly munched on his food.

‘Crush?’, her husband says aloud.

‘What?’, Minseok looks over to his dad, watching as his parents try to cover up the fact that they were staring at him, but he heard what they said. They were talking about him having a crush. He has no idea what that means… He remembers one of his classmates talking about it during lunch. Something about liking someone so much – he thinks that’s what a crush is.

Well. Maybe he did have a crush.
Chanyeol's List.

OST 50: Arctic Monkeys - Fluorescent Adolescent

Chanyeol's list.

‘I have a list’

‘What is up with you and lists?’, Baekhyun groans, rolling to his sides as he hears Chanyeol climbing inside his window, his legs long and tangled as he tries to slip through the windows without making a noise – which he didn’t need to since Baekhyun’s parents were out for the night and Baekbeom was also out somewhere.

‘I seem to be a very organised person’, Chanyeol points out, huffing as he finally gets his whole body inside the boy’s room. He really needed practice on climbing trees.

‘What list?’, Baekhyun nonchalantly asks, not really caring what Chanyeol had whipped out this time, looking down on his phone as he watches the last episode of the drama he had started the start of the year but never bothered to finish since his life hurled too many bullshit for him to watch
the drama. But he’s been getting a lot freer time now that his community service was finally over.

‘A list of things we should do during sex’

‘Oh, for fuck’s sake Chanyeol, we’re not doing that!’, Baekhyun groans the moment Chanyeol starts to speak, regretting at the moment for even asking, ‘You probably have some weird shit written on it’, he complains, resting his head on his arm as he pauses the video.

‘No! I do not! I am not a weird person. I just wanna maybe, you know, spice up-

‘No, we don’t need to spice up anything’, Baekhyun interrupts him, ‘We don’t need to do anything’

‘Baekhyun, can you just take a look at it?’, Chanyeol whines, dropping himself next to Baekhyun who rolls around to make room for him.

‘No’

‘Oh, come on! It’ll be fun!’

‘For you’, Baekhyun rolls his eyes, grabbing the piece of crumpled paper which consisted of Chanyeol’s messy handwriting. He looks down to see that the list wasn’t very long, only consisting of five things which the boy had written down, ‘Number one, handcuffs’, Baekhyun turns his eyes to glare at him, ‘Hell fucking no’, he responds to that which Chanyeol just shrugs off.

‘No worries. I don’t own handcuffs anyway’

Baekhyun turns back to the piece of paper, having to squint to try and read Chanyeol’s train wreck of a handwriting.

‘Number two, crossdress – are you fucking serious?’, Baekhyun reaches his hand out to slap Chanyeol on the head, ‘What is wrong with you?’

‘What?! I heard it was hot!’, Chanyeol tries to defend himself.

‘And where did you hear that from?’

‘The internet’

Baekhyun rolls his eyes once more at the boy lying next to him.

‘Number three’, he decides to move on, reading the big handwriting, ‘Call me daddy?’

‘Now that one, that one I really wanna try’, Chanyeol points out, ‘And you don’t really need to do anything else different’

‘Except call you that?’, Baekhyun points at the word which Chanyeol had underlined five or so times, ‘I’m not calling you that’, Baekhyun dismisses any hopes for Chanyeol, already moving on to the next one.

‘Oh come on. I’m not asking for too much! Just once!’, Chanyeol pleads, leaning his chin on Baekhyun’s shoulder.

‘I’m not fuelling your superiority complex’, Baekhyun responds, ‘Number four!’’, he shouts, gesturing at the paper to show Chanyeol that he was moving on from the topic, Chanyeol sighing in defeat next to him.
'You’re no fun'

‘Number four, phone sex…’, Baekhyun looks at Chanyeol, ‘Well… At least you’re not asking me for nudes…’

‘Wait… So, you’ll do that one?’, Chanyeol chirped, smiling as soon as Baekhyun didn’t say anything, concluding it as a silent agreement.

‘I’m not crossing it out just yet’, Baekhyun presses on, trying to smash Chanyeol hopes up, but the expectation was already there, ‘Goddamn it…’, he whispers to himself, regretting getting the boy’s hopes up.

‘Number five…’, he whispers in defeat, reading the last one over and over again before looking at Chanyeol, ‘Is this supposed to be romantic or some shit like that? Because it really isn’t’, Baekhyun comments, scrunching the paper into a ball and throwing it at Chanyeol’s head, the piece of crumpled paper landing on the ground beside his bed.

‘What? I’m just listing all the things that I want’, Chanyeol comments, his arms finding themselves around Baekhyun’s waist, his eyes gleaming as he leans in to steal a kiss, ‘Can’t a man dream?’, he whispers before leaning back in, this time, not pulling away the moment his lips landed back onto Baekhyun’s, shuffling along until his body was on top of the latter, his lips moving along with Baekhyun in a playful manner before the tension explodes, open mouth and tongue dancing, Chanyeol’s hands grazing Baekhyun’s skin the moment he reaches under his shirt.

‘Chanyeol…’

‘Yeah’

‘What are you doing?’, Baekhyun murmurs, closing his eyes as he feels the hot touches of Chanyeol’s fingertips pulsating against his skin.

‘Does it feel nice?’, Chanyeol whispers, breathe touching his neck, sending shivers down his spine.

‘Please don’t set me on fire’, Baekhyun whispers, giving into the touches, his fingers intertwined in his hair, once a pastel purple, cotton candy style hair, now dark and smooth, natural yet mysterious. Baekhyun preferred this hairstyle on him.

Chanyeol chuckles upon Baekhyun’s statement, grazing one of his hands on Baekhyun’s arm, the arm which he burnt not too long ago, now perfectly smooth and fair. He couldn’t imagine hurting Baekhyun that way anymore. Not by a long shot.

‘No worries. I won’t’, Chanyeol whispers, his lips pasting itself back into Baekhyun’s skin, exploring his neck, down to his collarbone. It was the slight touches of his hands which drove Baekhyun crazy, well, to the point where he would let his guard down, his eyes shut and lips parted, eliciting moans which motivate the taller to continue his actions, grazing further down Baekhyun’s torso until his hands were resting above his jeans.

‘Do you really need to ask for permission?’, Baekhyun giggles once the touches stop, opening his eyes to see Chanyeol waiting for him, his eyes looking down at his.

‘Just in case’, Chanyeol gleams the moment he sees Baekhyun’s willingness, smiling smugly like a puppy as he goes done on him, ‘Wouldn’t want to get kicked out for sexual assault’, Chanyeol points out, unbuttoning Baekhyun’s jeans, ‘Did you lose some weight? Your legs weren’t this skinny’, Chanyeol comments the moment he rips Baekhyun of his jeans, his hands resting on his thighs, ‘Have you eaten?’
'You know, you’re ruining the moment’, Baekhyun chuckles, lifting Chanyeol’s chin up with his hands, bringing the boy’s face down on his, lips pressing against the soft pout of Chanyeol’s lips.

‘You need to eat Baekhyun’

‘I do eat’, Baekhyun points out, rushing his hands to lift Chanyeol’s shirt off, ‘I just lose weight easily’

‘Well I guess I’ll just have to feed you more food so that doesn’t happen’, Chanyeol smiles, seeing Baekhyun willingly taking off his own clothes.

‘You? Feed me? No thanks’

‘Actually, I happen to be a very good cook. Not a chef but still, I can whip up something for you’, Chanyeol defends himself, showing off his endless lists of talents, cooking apparently also being one, ‘You should be glad that you’re dating someone this perfect’, Chanyeol gestures to all of him, but his narcissist rant was cut short as Baekhyun brings him down, arms wrapped around his neck as he kisses him, open mouth and passionate.

‘Can you shut up for a moment?’, Baekhyun whines the moment they break the kiss, ‘You really are ruining the moment’

‘Okay’, Chanyeol whispers, his eyes closed as he leans in to kiss Baekhyun again, ‘Fine, I’ll shut up’, his hands continue to roam Baekhyun who is now only in his boxers, moaning out in encouragement, Chanyeol’s heart beating fast once he sees Baekhyun’s expression, hands clutching on the duvet, eyes shut tight and soft lips parted as he whispers his name.

‘Chanyeol’

Jesus, why was Baekhyun so hot? How did he not notice him before in school? Chanyeol roams his hands through Baekhyun’s hair, feeling the warming glow of him as he leans in deeper, their kiss electrocuting him to ecstasy.

‘Mum! Baekhyun and Chanyeol are doing it again!’, they hear a loud voice shouting from further away, a sudden bang from Baekhyun’s door bursting their bubble as Chanyeol lifts himself off Baekhyun, arms frantic as he tries to keep himself in check, clothes still on and hands so gently placed over his lower area, just in case the parents’ come in.

‘God damn it. Baekbeom!’, Baekhyun shouts, hurling trails of curses as he buries his head in the pillow.

‘Well… That was a buzz kill…’, Chanyeol whines, looking down to find Baekhyun rolled up in his blanket, the moment is long gone once they hear screaming of Baekbeom, announcing to the whole household what they’ve been doing.

‘I’m going to kill him one day’, Baekhyun whines, voice muffled due to the pillows.

‘We could always do it in my place? My parents are never home’, Chanyeol suggests, smirking at Baekhyun as he lays himself beside the boy, resting his head beside where Baekhyun’s shoulder is.

‘I can’t be bothered to move’, Baekhyun replies, closing his eyes as he relaxes onto his bed, hugging his blankets and looking at Chanyeol, observing the faint acne scars on the boy’s cheeks.

‘You’re no fun’
‘Nor are you, daddy’

‘Excuse me?’, Chanyeol’s eyes did a double take as he watches Baekhyun closing his eyes, feigning to sleep, his cheeks squished on the pillow, lips parted, ‘What did you just say’

‘I said daddy. Are you happy now?’, Baekhyun whispers, Chanyeol getting up from the bed and falling off.

‘No! Baekhyun why?!’, Chanyeol whines, banging his head on the floor, ‘Why?!’

‘Why what?’

‘You don’t just say it in normal situations! It has to be in the moment, you should’ve said it like five minutes ago!’, Chanyeol whines, blushing at the fact that Baekhyun actually said it – and damn he sounded hot when he did – but internally punching himself for feeling so hot and bothered and when it didn’t look like they were going to do it anyway, ‘Baekhyun!’

Chanyeol is so done with him.
‘Chanyeol is not speaking right now’

‘Why are you speaking in the third person?’

‘Because I’m so hungover that I don’t even want to be myself anymore’, Chanyeol whines, bringing his head down on the table, closing his eyes as he feels his head is about to combust, the very need to throw up surging through him.

‘That’s your fault. You need to stop drinking so much, you’ll turn into an alcoholic’, Suho tell him off, shaking his head in disappointment as he sits in the canteen, sitting in Baekhyun’s table, his books wide open as he tries to study, only to be distracted the moment Chanyeol walks in, with his tray of food and eyes so dead you’d think he was a zombie, ‘Didn’t we just agree no more parties? That’s your second one in a week. You’re not going to anymore, alright?’, the class president tells
off the most popular boy in school, scolding him like a mother with his arms crossed and eyes glaring.

‘Baekhyun, can you tell your boyfriend to leave me alone next time he goes to a party’, Kai whines after, looking at the dead Chanyeol only to be reminded of the embarrassment caused by the boy last night, glaring at him and throwing an empty wrapper.

‘What did he do?’, Lay asked out of curiosity, although he was too busy trying to cram in last minute homework since he was busy with Lacrosse training yesterday, meaning since he has less than fifteen minutes to finish the homework sheet due in for next lesson.

‘He kept on clinging to me the whole night. It looked so uncool and all my friends kept judging me’, Kai explains, reminding everyone that Chanyeol and him still had a posse outside this group, Chanyeol’s popularity causing him to hang out with everyone and Kai’s old friends continually complaining about Kai’s lack of participation in parties, peer pressuring him to go to at least one.

‘I don’t know why you still hang out with them’, Xiumin enters in the conversation, sitting next to Chen, the class clown leaning his head on his shoulder as he eats his snack, ‘You didn’t even like them in the first place’

‘I know, but they won’t stop pestering me. And I’m not that mean to say no because I don’t like them, that’s just rude’

‘What’s even ruder is hanging out with them even though you want nothing to do with them’

‘Xiumin, since when did you start becoming my mum?’, Kai bites back, trying to swipe away Xiumin’s trails of nagging, turning back to face Chanyeol, ‘So next time, don’t make the both of us look like an idiot’

‘I don’t know why you’re being so over dramatic’, D.O calls out, eating his lunch whilst he sits next to Suho, helping him with his work, looking over the boy’s notes to make sure he’s got everything right, ‘Chanyeol was just following you around. Doesn’t sound like a big deal to me’

‘He won’t let go of me and kept on singing about Baekhyun’s nipple’

‘What the fuck?’, Baekhyun turns to the sound of his name along with his body part, glaring at Chanyeol who continues to block himself from everyone else, his eyes shut tight and head still on the table, ‘Why were you talking about my-’

‘Then he threw up on my shoes and continued to say daddy or something like that...’

‘Well... Enough said... Chanyeol’s a dick when he’s drunk’, Lay comments, giggling as he sees Baekhyun reach his arm over him, hitting Chanyeol’s head with his spoon.

‘If you sing about my nipples or any other of my body parts, I will end you’, Baekhyun threatens, but his threats were ignored, soft snored emitting from Chanyeol’s lips the moment a sense of silence creeps in between them.

‘The guy is off’, Chen comments, looking at his best friend in disgust, ‘Once he’s off, he doesn’t wake up at all’, he grabs a used tissue, throwing it at Chanyeol, hitting him straight in the face, but it did nothing, Chanyeol continuing to sleep soundlessly as if he was in his room.

‘I say, we should just ditch him here’, Lay suggest, already packing his stuff away with less than ten minutes to their next class.
‘Good idea’, Xiumin seconds to that, bringing his hand down to hold Chen’s, standing up and waiting for everyone to get a move on, Sehun, who’d been silent this whole time since he didn’t want to distract Suho now in full commotion, jumping up and down as he wraps his arms around the class president, laughing when he sees D.O tripping over his own bag.

‘Isn’t it a bit rude to just leave him?’, Suho looks over, Chanyeol still not moving even though the rest of them are about to depart.

‘Nah. He can learn from his mistakes’, Baekhyun replies, grabbing Chanyeol’s untouched sandwich and stuffing it in his mouth, walking away from his boyfriend making his way to Lay since they share the next class together.

‘Dude, have you finished the homework? I still have three more questions to go’, Lay asks, worrying as he scratches the back of his head, looking down at his almost finished sheet.

‘Don’t worry man, I got you. Just quickly copy it in class’, Baekhyun reassures Lay, whipping out his crumpled homework sheet, all messy but still done.

‘Oh my god, you are a lifesaver’

‘Chen! I’m going to kill you!’, Chanyeol’s voice bellowed loudly as he opens the door to their class, five minutes late with red bulging eyes and hair that looks like it’s been through a nuclear war.

Christmas break is coming real soon, and everything seems to be abuzz, whispers of Christmas plans to skim through the air, everyone already planning their break with parties, nights out and endless mayhem. It didn’t feel real, for Sehun anyway.

‘There’s a movie night playing Christmas classics next week, do you want to come?’, Nayoung asks him, looking behind to where Sehun was sitting, smiling as she holds her phone out, showing Sehun the site, a Christmas theme cinema opening next week only in Seoul.

‘Um…’, it’s not that Sehun didn’t want to go, in fact, he’s been itching to hang out with his new friend again, but he looks over to Nayoung’s other friends, sitting around her. He didn’t feel welcomed to join.

‘Don’t worry. They don’t mind if you come’, Nayoung answers his thoughts, giving him a reassuring smile. Sehun almost forgot about her powers.

‘Are you sure?’
‘Don’t worry. They really mean no harm’, Nayoung whispers, ‘Although, Jaeyoung is still slightly pissed about the water fountain situation… He drank it first’, Nayoung adds on, giggling slightly as they were both brought back to the time Sehun pissed inside the water fountain, causing mayhem for everyone who decided to go for a drink during their break. Right now, Sehun sees that moment more of an embarrassment rather than an achievement since he did manage to get all the people who picked on him to drink his own piss. No one ever dares to talk about that day.

‘Sorry about that…’

‘No don’t. It was hilarious’, Nayoung replies, continuing to giggle, ‘I mean… It’s only funny for me since I didn’t drink from the fountain’

‘You would hate me if you did…’

‘Well, I’ll be a bit annoyed… I guess… Maybe…’, Nayoung thought to herself for a moment, shivering at the thought of drinking urine, ‘You know what, I can’t lie, I would probably hate you…’, Nayoung looks forward to seeing Sehun looking down, she smiles at him, ‘So are you coming or not?’

‘Uh… Sure’

‘Lay, real name Zhang Yixing, what exactly are you doing?’, Baekhyun gasps, looking down to see Lay’s hand softly brushing his ass as they walk in line to the canteen.

‘Nothing. Just greeting a friend hello’, Lay smiles at him, walking forward to grab two trays, passing one to him.

‘And you grab people’s ass as a way of greeting?’, Baekhyun furrowed his brows confusingly as Lay gave a playful smile as a response, getting his plateful of food from the canteen lady at the front.

‘You know, I kind of miss volunteering during lunch, we should all do it again someday’, Lay converses, humming as he skips to the back of the canteen, by the trash can where Chen and Xiumin were already sat down and eating their food, waiting for the rest to come and join them.

‘Why do I have weird friends…’, Baekhyun whispers to himself, scanning to see Kai who just teleported in between Xiumin and Chen, causing Chen to shriek with a high-pitched tone which almost deafens Kai’s ears, along with Xiumin’s reflex which freezes the whole table, Kai’s sandwich along with it.

‘Xiumin, you dumb fuck! You froze my sandwich!’

‘You almost gave me a heart attack! What did I say about you and teleporting everywhere!’, Baekhyun can only laugh, snickering as he looks down on his beloved table, all worn out and
frozen, graffitied with sharpies, curves and swirls written all over the sides, somewhat forming names after another, clearly showing who this table belongs to.

**Baekhyun’s + Chanyeol’s**

+Mister Handsome and Sexy Kai + D.O -> Kai’s baby + Xiumin and Chen + Lay

*Also belonging to Suho and Sehun.*

It was all in different writing and written in different times, but more or less, the centre table where Chanyeol and Chen used to sit in the canteen was abandoned, the nine delinquents settling for the unwanted table by the trashcans. It wasn’t anything special, in fact, it was a hassle since everyone decided to move to what was once only Baekhyun’s spot, having to readjust and add another table due to the number of people. Chen and Xiumin sitting by the corner, with Chen leaning on the wall as Chanyeol sits by Baekhyun’s side in the middle, always arguing with Kai who was in front of him alongside with D.O. Thank god, Suho and Sehun had the institution to add another table, otherwise, they’d all be squished.

The place was no longer Baekhyun’s, but he didn’t mind anymore.

The remaining weeks of school happened in a continuous fashion, waking up, going to class, spending lunch together in the canteen and hanging out at the ice cream parlour after school before they go their separate ways to repeat the same routine. It seemed rather odd that they had managed to fit each other so perfectly inside their own personal lifestyle, the odd stares given by other students at both Kai and Chanyeol as they sit in the library for three full hours after school whilst D.O and Suho attempts to tutor them; Baekhyun rolling his eyes in annoyance as he sits in Chess Club with Lay beside him, trying to teach him the beauty of the game; Sehun finally taking the courage to sign up for dance classes during his free period, albeit slightly nervous at first, but with Kai teaching him, he seems to be enjoying it more than ever, even gaining a few new friends who happened to be freshmen. Chen also being constantly dragged into one of Lay’s after school escapades, often being stuck in an Arts and Crafts club, but it was okay since he had Xiumin to drag along with him, albeit the latter’s refusal – he always ends up going anyway.

‘You think Baekhyun’s blinding everyone in Chess Club today?’, Xiumin asks, leaning his head on Chen’s lap as they sit outside, the cold making Chen shiver, his hands numb, but Xiumin doesn’t feel anything, he hasn’t felt cold in years.

‘Probably, but Lay will be there to heal everybody, so I’m not too worried’, Chen chuckles, brushing his fingers through Xiumin’s hair, looking down at the boy, his eyes tracing the outline of Xiumin’s face, the way his eyes curl up and his lips straighten, his cheeks full and nose straight.
Chen couldn’t get enough of looking at Xiumin.

‘Maybe we should try it? At least once’

‘Yeah and gain ourselves into another set of community service when Baekhyun finally breaks and actually blind someone?’, Chen laughs, finding some kind of peace when it's just him and Xiumin – don’t get him wrong, he loved hanging out with everyone – but he too needed a break once in a while.

‘Ha, well the first one wasn’t so bad, was it?’, Xiumin smiles, looking up and he glances at Chen.

‘I guess so’, Chen replies, allowing Xiumin’s hand to drag him down, bringing their lips together, feeling Xiumin’s soft yet warm lips to his cold and slightly chapped ones.

‘You two are so gross’, a voice interrupts them, Kai breaking in between as he sits down and lays his head on Chen’s shoulder, chewing on an apple which D.O had forced him to eat since he’s been begging him to eat healthily.

‘Kai, what did we say about the teleporting?’, Chen hisses, trying to shrug the boy off him, but Kai was persistent.

‘I didn’t teleport. You two are just unobservant motherfuckers’

‘Dad, really? I’m not twelve! I don’t need Baekhyun to pick me up from my game’, Baekbeom whines, Baekhyun rolling his eyes as he closes the door to shut out the argument. He also didn’t want to waste his evening travelling to Baekbeom’s high school to pick him up from his football match, but he couldn’t complain much since he knew his dad would be working and that his parents had some trust issues with Baekbeom – which he couldn’t blame since the douche always sneaks out a lot.

‘Baekhyun will be picking you up and I assure you that you better follow your older brother and not try any tricks or I will turn a blind eye and let him blind you instead, got it?’, he hears his father’s bellowing from downstairs, quietly chuckling to himself as he hears Baekbeom stomping into his room, banging the door shut.

‘What a waste man’, Baekhyun mutters, continuing to doodle on his piece of paper which was supposed to be his homework, rearranging his message board and getting rid of all of his memos and notes, the board now filled with nothing more than polaroid photos, lined by the dozen, some of them blurred and slightly shaken due to Chanyeol’s lack of photography skills, some perfectly shot by D.O or Sehun, them hanging out in Chanyeol’s car or by the rooftop of the community centre, Kai and Lay’s smiles etched on their face as they hold onto each other, sitting by the old rotting sofa along with Xiumin and Chen who, as always, are in their own world ever since they got together.
‘Baekhyun! Don’t even think about embarrassing me during the game!’, he hears his little brother screaming out before slamming his door closed.

‘Why would I bother?! You and your friends suck anyway!’, Baekhyun screams back, the whole house hearing the two boys’ argument as always.

‘Boys! Turn it down! I’m working!’, their mother joins the shouting, screaming from upstairs as she finishes her paperwork in her downstairs office.

‘Are we really going to see a proper game?’, Sehun gleams, looking at Baekhyun as he invites the whole group to his little brother’s football game at his school, which earned him a much more excited response than he’d expected.

‘Dude, it’s going to be so much fun, we could throw corndogs at your brother’, Kai laughs, elbowing D.O to get a response, but as always, both their humour were not the same, leaving D.O to just look at him in judgement.

‘Don’t touch my brother’, Baekhyun warns of them, pointing his fork at every single one of them, ‘If he messes up his game, I don’t want to see any of you laughing, got it?’. Baekhyun threatens them, eating his food as Chanyeol leans his arm around his shoulder.

‘Someone’s overprotective’, Chanyeol snorts, watching Baekhyun glare at Kai who continues to make fun out of, ‘Why aren’t you overprotective on me too?’, Chanyeol playfully nudges Baekhyun’s shoulder, but the boy just pushes him away.

‘Don’t bother’, Chen points out, holding onto Xiumin’s hand, ‘You could be sucking face with someone right now and Baekhyun wouldn’t bat an eye’, he laughs, but his best friend could only give him a glare.

‘Actually, I would bat an eye if Chanyeol was making out with someone’, Baekhyun butts in the banter, looking at Chen as Chanyeol nods at him, looking down at his boyfriend with a smile, ‘I’d tell them Chanyeol bites a lot so they should bite him back hard’, Baekhyun laughs the moment Chanyeol’s smile fades, the taller boy slapping him on the back in fury. Chanyeol still had a possessive complex and from time to time would still often make Baekhyun jealous – well, try to anyway – Baekhyun was unresponsive 99.9% of the time, the one time he did intervene was when Chanyeol was trying to flirt with a freshman and Baekhyun had to intercept due to everyone judging him, a senior, playing with a freshman.

‘You’re all no fun’, he whines as they continue to laugh at him, eating their lunch far away from everyone else.
‘You brought all of them with you too?!’, Baekbeom screams the moment he watches his brother walking into the school field with eight or so other people, eyes widening when he spots Chanyeol waving at him, having to run over to the bleachers, glaring at his brother, ‘You were supposed to only pick me up!’

‘Yeah, well, these guys wanted to watch your game so…’, Baekhyun excuses himself, pointing at a spare row by the side, gesturing for D.O to take the rest of the group without him since his Baekbeom wanted a brotherly conversation with him.

‘What, so you’re actually hanging out with friends after school too?’, Baekbeom looks at his brother, hearing shouts from the group he dragged with him, being the loudest people from the crowd.

‘Just play your goddamn game and win. I’ll be sitting in the corner’, Baekhyun looks at his brother, reaching his hand out as he ruffles the boy’s hair, laughing as his brother whines, pouting his lips and shouting at Baekhyun for making him look like a baby in front of all the girls, ‘Have fun!’, he shouts once his brother makes a run to his team, waving off his older brother who follows along the line of people making their way to their seats, Chanyeol waving at him as he pushes Chen to the side who almost drops his drink, making room for Baekhyun.

‘You are the worst best friend’, Chen whines as he looks down at his shaking hands, sending daggers at Chanyeol.

‘Shut up, you would do the same thing’, Chanyeol bites back, smiling as he reaches his hand out to grab Baekhyun’s.

‘Soo, babe, d’you want some?’, Kai offers as soon as he sits himself down next to D.O, offering the boy some fries he bought off a stand.

‘Shhh, guys the game is starting’, Baekhyun warns them, shushing them as they hear the bells signalling the start of the game, every single one of them giving Baekhyun an expression, a small smile plastered in everyone’s face as they observe how Baekhyun began to immerse himself in the game. They’ve all heard him whine and complain about his brother, wishing to hurry up and graduate high school so he can leave for college and never have to deal with his stupid younger brother again, but it was in these moments, where they saw Baekhyun cheering for his said stupid brother that they know Baekhyun was just trying to put on an appearance. Inside, they know how much he loves his brother.
‘The game was pretty sick’, Lay comments, walking side by side with the rest of the group out of the school building, both his arms resting on Suho and Sehun, blocking the couple from holding hands.

‘Do you really have to do this to us?’, Sehun whines, trying to reach his hand out to grab Suho’s but Lay continues to be in the way.

‘Oh, come on, have a bit of compassion. Kai and D.O are doing the most right now, I can’t intervene between Xiumin and Chen and I’d rather stick my head in the trash than hang out with Chanyeol and Baekhyun’, Lay whines, pointing at the other couples, hugging, kissing and joking, making Lay sick to the bone, ‘Which means I only have you two’, Lay smiles, hugging the both of them to himself.

‘You do realise that we’re dating too?’, Suho coughs as Lay’s grip tightens on him, his finger pointing at him and Sehun.

‘Yeah, but you’re both easier to control than the others, so…’

‘Ergh’, Suho whines, allowing Lay to drag them further away from the school building, ‘This won’t do…’, he whispers to himself, reaching his hand out behind Lay’s back, grabbing hold of Sehun’s. Sehun grips onto his hand as they walk with Lay between them.

‘Where’s your brother?!’, Kai asks the moment Baekhyun and Chanyeol caught up with them, Baekhyun’s hand buried inside Chanyeol’s coat as the evening turns colder.

‘He went toilet, he’s coming soon’, Baekhyun informs the whole group as they stop walking, waiting patiently by the front gates of the school, watching everyone else walk out, cheering as their school won, Baekbeom scoring the winning goal.

‘How does it feel to have a popular brother and boyfriend?’, D.O jokes, gesturing at the crowd of girls waiting patiently for Baekbeom to come out, their mobile phones already out, their voices loud and excited.

‘Draining’, Baekhyun whispers to D.O, watching another crowd of girls eyeing them – more so, eyeing Chanyeol – their eyes flirtatious, waving cute at his boyfriend.

‘Hang in there Baek’, D.O laughs, patting the boy as the girls continue to send flirtatious waves at Chanyeol. They wait a few more minutes for Baekhyun’s younger brother, planning a mini celebration, Kai excitedly jumping on the spot as Baekhyun promised to pay for their ice cream, the crowd scattering slowly from the school, a few teachers and student still hanging around.

Suddenly, an alarm turns off.

‘What was that?’, Lay asks, looking around to see the teachers running at their feet, everyone’s voices raised as they see a crowd of people running out of the school entrance. Baekhyun’s eyes instantly glued themselves to the front in search of his brother. The fire alarm continues to blare out, high pitched and ear-numbing, causing a havoc amongst the crowd as everyone scatters outwards, screaming and in chaos, looking around in curiosity to see if someone pulled the fire alarm as a prank, but once they smell the whiff of air filled with smoke, they all knew that it was real.

‘What’s going on?’, Chanyeol let’s go of Baekhyun’s hands, rushing forward to ask a teacher.

‘There’s a fire’
What?

‘There’s been a fire which started in the science department’, the teacher informs, his arms out as he tries to push people back, ‘The fire department is on their way’, with that, Chanyeol looks ahead to find smoke coming out of the building. The group looks at each other in worry, Suho grabbing hold of Sehun’s hand as they walked backwards, away from the school building.

‘Shit, guys, there’s a fire’, Chanyeol runs back, grabbing hold of Baekhyun’s arms protectively, pushing back Chen behind him, trying to block the view of the fire which had started to come out of the windows, covering the walls of the building, ‘Chen, close your eyes’, Chanyeol’s instinct was to run as far away from the building as possible, worrying for Chen since he still suffered a trauma from his previous interaction with a big fire, but his foot froze, looking over at Baekhyun, watching the boy’s expression change from confusion to pure worry. Baekbeom is still inside.

‘What’s going on?’, Chen whispers, smelling the crusted smoke, being reminded of the smell which almost choked him to death, closing his eyes as he grabs hold of Chanyeol’s jacket. Xiumin, looking over to see Chen’s distressed face, runs over to his side, wrapping his arms around the boy’s waist as he feels Chen’s body slightly shake.

‘Wait... Wait... Where’s Baekbeom?’, Baekhyun lets go of Chanyeol’s hold of him, racing to the front where a pile of student still stood, some still coming out and being dragged into the front field of the school, ‘Baekbeom?!’, Baekhyun shouts, in search for his brother, he pushed everyone out of the way, scanning every male’s face, trying to see if he can find a tall sixteen-year-old boy sporting a football gear, ‘Baekbeom?!’, Baekhyun couldn’t see his little brother anywhere.

Please tell me he got out...

He lifts his phone to his calling his brother, begging and pleading that his brother tried to sneak off from him, using the toilets as an excuse – please tell him he’s not inside the school building.

‘Baekhyun!’, he hears his brother screaming on the other end of the line, trails of a cough following afterwards.

‘Baekbeom! Baekbeom, where are you?’, Baekhyun shouts, still looking around to see if maybe his brother might be in the crowd.

‘Baekhyun! Please help me!’ his brother says in between coughs, he can hear Baekbeom chocking. He’s still inside.

‘Shit. I’m coming!’, Baekhyun screams, running straight towards the direction of the front entrance, only to be held back by Chanyeol’s arms who drags him back outside, ‘Let go of me! Let me go!’, he can feel Chanyeol dragging him further away from the school and further away from his brother.

‘Baekhyun, there’s a fucking fire happening right now!’, Chanyeol screams, the rest of the group running towards them, D.O’s arms pinning Baekhyun down, his strength is no match for anyone.

‘D.O! Let me go! I need to get Baekbeom!’, Baekhyun screams, attempting to hurl himself out of D.O’s hold, but the boy held on tighter, the rest of the group surrounding him. Kai looks over at Baekhyun worriedly, teleporting nearer to the school entrance, looking around for Baekbeom, asking the teachers and other adults if they saw him.

Chen’s eyes were closed during the whole time, letting Xiumin drag him everywhere. He breathes softly, counting in threes’. He’s seen fire before, his best friend controls fire, he should be over this
by now, but whenever he sees a big one, a big one like this, it brings him straight to the time where he was caged in flames, all by himself with nothing and no one to save him. He remembered the restrains, he remembered how painful it was to lose oxygen, to feel his lungs burning. Chen closes his eyes and buries himself in Xiumin’s chest. He wished he didn’t. He wished he’d get over his stupid trauma. He wished he’d had his eyes open so he can see Chanyeol turning away from the group, looking around to find a small area where he can’t be seen, running back towards the school building and entering through the back doors.

‘Chen. It’s going to be alright. Everything’s going to be fine’, he hears Xiumin’s soft soothing noise, Baekhyun’s cries cut of as Xiumin drags him further away from the fire and from the group, the intensity of the smoke becoming more evident as the minutes go by without the fire rescue. Chen holds onto Xiumin, the boy’s cool body settling him down.

‘Suho! Suho, please! Use your water!’, Baekhyun pleads, still in D.O’s arms, his eyes pleading for the boy in front of him to do something.

‘Baekhyun, I can walk on water and emit a few water droplets, but my powers aren’t strong enough to drown a whole school building! I could die of dehydration!’, Suho points out, looking guiltily at Baekhyun as he tries to calm the boy down. He wanted to do something to, but he knew he wasn’t capable of doing anything, not when his powers were not as strong as people think it was. He can only wait for the fire department along with the rest of the crowd.

‘Someone do something!’, Baekhyun continues to scream, his brain barely functioning as he grips onto D.O, kicking his legs out as he screams his brother’s name out.

Chen finally opens his eyes once he remembered the last time he was in this big of a fire.

‘Where’s Chanyeol?’

Chanyeol coughs, breathing in a handful of smoke which choked him. He can feel his throat burning and his lungs collapsing with every step he took, going nearer to the heavy fire, the furious red touching him, but he didn’t burn. He wasn’t scared of fire. Fire was his friend. And he was Chanyeol, the boy with the fire tricks.

‘Let’s give the kids something to talk about’, Chanyeol coughs, trying to relax his muscles as soon as he makes his way further down to the science department, looking around to see everything in ashes and flames, the fire climbing down stairs and covering walls.

He breathes in and out, the smoke no longer quaking him as soon as he tenses his hands.

He can feel his nose bleeding.
‘Where’s Chanyeol?!’, Chen screams once he opens his eyes, looking over to where Baekhyun is, surrounded by everyone, but for the life of him, he couldn’t find his tall best friend.

‘Chen, Chen are you okay?’, Xiumin asks as soon as Chen gained the strength to push him out of the way, racing towards Baekhyun, looking at everyone, double checking to see if he skipped over Chanyeol – but the boy wasn’t here.

Flashes of memories came back to him. He remembered white halls, the smell of antiseptic. He remembered the murmurs of the doctors’ voices as they explain to his parents and the boy’s parents that his body was inflamed. That his brain shut down and refused to wake up. That if he doesn’t wake up in three days, there was no choice but to declare the poor boy as brain dead.

He watched the boy who saved him slowly die.

‘Where’s Chanyeol?!’, he asks one more time, breathless, this time, not because of the flames, but because Chanyeol, that bastard, was missing. Chen can feel his insides churning, he can feel his lungs collapsing and his vision blurring. He was having a panic attack, ‘Where’s Chanyeol?!’, he screams.

Sehun whines, pulling at Suho’s jacket as he witnessed two of his friends having a panic attack, the fire growing by the minute. They can hear the teacher’s screaming at everyone to move away, to run out of the school and go home before the fire gets bigger. They all stilled.

‘Chen, Chen what the fuck is going on?’, Kai was the first to attend to Chen, teleporting back to the group, holding onto him along with Xiumin.

‘Chanyeol… He…. He can’t go inside. He can’t go inside!’, Chen screams, spinning around, trying to look for his best friend, ‘Baekhyun! He can’t go inside!’

Baekhyun’s screaming stops, his body stills, his hands holding onto D.O’s arms as he looks at Chen. He remembered the conversation he had with him a long time ago. Something about reversing fire. It can’t be done. No one has ever tried reversing their power.

‘Baekhyun! Chanyeol can’t go in! He’ll die!’, Chen screams, holding onto Xiumin for dear life as he closes his eyes once they hear an explosion, the fire ripping off the school’s roof, orange flames engulfing the building.

‘What the hell are you talking about? What is going on?’, Lay asks in between, but Chen continues to shout, shout hurls of curses and other nonsense, whereas Baekhyun stilled, frozen and eyes dull, almost as if life had been sucked out of him at that very moment.

‘He stopped the fire at a three-story building and nearly died! This is a fucking school building!’, Chen screams, his thoughts blurred, vision blurred and body shaking.

‘Baekhyun! Baekhyun! Lay! Help me!’, D.O shouts the moment he feels Baekhyun laying limp on his arms, the boy had fainted, his eyes closed and body frozen.
‘Suho…’, Sehun whimpers, looking down to find Lay racing his way on the ground to where Baekhyun is, laying his hands on either side of the boy’s cheeks, closing his eyes as he tries to wake up Baekhyun, D.O’s arms supporting Baekhyun.

‘It’s okay’, Suho whispers, hugging Sehun close to him, ‘The fire department will come’, he tries to reassure the youngest, but in honesty, he was trying to reassure himself. He didn’t know what Chen was talking about, nor did he know where Chanyeol’s whereabouts were, but it was all too much for him. He closes his eyes and prays for the firefighters to hurry the fuck up.

Suddenly, the fire stop. The red and orange hues of angry flames disappeared all at once, leaving an ashen school building, along with grey smokes which covered the evening skies. The angry shrieks of the fire crackling at the school building stop, leaving the atmosphere silent, overbearingly haunting as the grey smoke blocked the light from the sky.

The crowd pause in silence, looking up at the school building in front of them.

‘No…’, Chen whispers the moment he lifts himself, ‘Chanyeol… You bastard…’

‘Baekhyun?’

‘Huh?’, Baekhyun mumbles the moment he feels something kick his brain, waking him up.

‘Hang in there, buddy, hang in there’, Lay whispers, stroking the boy’s forehead as he wipes the sweat building up, ‘Just relax and breathe’, Lay continues to comfort him, D.O by his side as he holds onto him, hugging him as he blocks Baekhyun’s view from seeing the school.

‘Xiumin… He’s in there…’, Chen breathes out, holding onto Xiumin, ‘Chanyeol’s in there…’

‘He… Chen, did he stop the fire?’, Xiumin questions, his eyes wide and mouth open. Kai didn’t need to think twice. He zapped out.

‘Chanyeol! Chanyeol!’, Kai screams once he was inside the school building, running around every stair, teleporting to every room. He coughs a few clouds of smoke out of his lungs, opening the window of each class along the way, just in case there were any other people stuck inside the building, filling the smoke-filled rooms with air. He tries to avoid the burning metals of rails and door knobs, pushing his body to open the burnt doors, getting black ashes on his clothes.

‘Help!’, he hears someone’s distant screams from down the corridor, forcing him to spin around, instantly teleporting towards where the voice was. Kai teleports to a lab room, glasses shattered all over the floor along with the desks and tables burnt to ashes, he recognises a boy in a football gear on his knees, holding onto an unconscious body.

‘Baekbeom?!’, Kai shouts, running over to them, slipping on the floor the moment he neared them, his hands landing on the ground. He looks down to see what he slipped on, finding red painted all over the palm of his hands, his jeans and his shirt also covered in red. He stands up, looking down to find that he slipped in a pool of blood. His muscles tensed as he tries to wipe his bloodied hands, looking down to find Baekbeom holding onto a body, clothes ripped and blood dripping everywhere, from his mouth, the sides of his eyes, his ears and his nose, ‘Chanyeol?’, he cries out the moment he recognises the face, all torn and bloodied, looking down to see his hands burnt, he can see his flesh. Kai was about to throw up.

‘Please, someone help him’, Baekbeom cries out, looking down at his brother’s boyfriend, hearing Chanyeol scream his name as he hid inside the boy’s toilets by the science department, whimpering as he sees the flames getting nearer inside the toilets to where he is, only to see it fade before his
eyes. He runs towards the voice as soon as the fire disappears from the front entrance of the toilets. Baekbeom crouches down to where he found Chanyeol, laid unconscious, a pool of blood surrounding him. The pair can hear people screaming, probably the fire rescuers. The ambulances must have come to.

Kai grabs hold of both Baekbeom and Chanyeol. He teleports them out.

The next few seconds came in blurs, Kai can hear Chen screaming the moment they came back out, he can see the flashing reds of sirens, he can hear screaming. He can see firefighters bumping into him, pushing him out of the way as they try to rescue anyone else who was stuck inside. He spins around, seeing D.O run to him, hugging him into an embrace but he couldn’t feel it, he couldn’t feel anything, all he can feel is Chanyeol’s blood covering him, all he can see is his hands, those hands, all bloodied and burnt, he sees the white bones appearing.

Kai falls to his knees and collapses.


Nine boys sit silently, the smell of antiseptic hitting them, Chen feeling déjà vu as he sees nurses rushing in and out, doctors switching after a full four hours of surgery, blood covering their uniform, brows furrowed and forehead sweating, soft whispering as they pass the baton to the next doctor to try and save the boy’s life.

But, how could they?

They’ve never operated on someone who had nothing wrong with their body. They can only focus his third-degree burns but everything else? There was nothing they can do. Everyone’s powers operated differently, but one thing was for sure, the reasons why they had powers were because of the extra neuro system built inside their brain which allows them to control, to bend elements and manipulate. They couldn’t touch it. If they even remotely tried, the patient would die.

Baekbeom holds onto his brother, tears streaming down his face as he continues to wait for the results of the operation, five hours passing, midnight almost coming in.

‘Baekhyun… I’m sorry’, he whispers as he holds onto his brother who had been silent ever since he woke up, not uttering a word but continuing to hold onto his little brother. He closes his eyes.

Everyone’s parents found their way in the corridor of the operating room, finding their children huddled together, Chen completely out of it, running to his mother as he breaks down in tears, explaining that it was once again Chanyeol who was in the operating room.
‘Mum!’, Lay stands up the moment he sees his mother walking in, in full uniform, ‘Are you next?’, he asks, seeing his mother embracing him into a quick hug, knowing full well who she was going to operate on.

‘I’ll try my best honey’, she whispers, looking ahead to find everyone else looking at her, the burden of hopeful eyes looking at her. It was the worst part of her job, seeing the amount of hope entrusted to her.

‘Kai… Babe… You okay?’, D.O asks the boy once more, feeling himself worry more for the boy who refused to speak, even after they made it to the hospital, even after his parents came and gave him new clothes to replaced his bloodstained one, even after D.O aided him in the toilets where he threw up, ‘Kai?’, he asks again, reaching his hand out to feel Kai’s frozen fingers.


Chanyeol’s parents came in right after one o’clock in the morning, being the last people to arrive, Baekhyun couldn’t feel anything but bitter. Bitter with the fact that Chanyeol’s father had to be informed by Chen’s parents about his own son’s wellbeing, bitter with the fact that Chanyeol’s mother worked in the same goddamn hospital but even she couldn’t be bothered to drop everything to visit his son.

Baekhyun holds onto his brother tighter. He closes his eyes and counts to three.


‘What’s going to happen?’, Baekbeom whispers as soon as his mother grabs hold of him, forcing Baekhyun to get up and at least have a drink of water, seeing her son with chapped lips and pale face, worrying for both of their wellbeings as they wait for the never-ending surgery to end.

‘I don’t know… I don’t know’, she whispers, holding onto her husband’s hands as she looks over to her younger son, scratches and scars covering him. Baekbeom didn’t even bother to get himself checked out, running straight to the Operating Room along with his brother.


‘Kai’, Eun Bi whimpers, hugging onto the stilled boy’s body, looking up at his brother, ‘What’s wrong with Kai?’, she whines, trying to get the boy to talk, but Kai refused to look at anyone, eyes staring at the floor and hands twitching. D.O stands to where Kai’s parents were, filling them in as they talk to another doctor. It seems as though this event has taken a toll on everyone, Sehun and Suho standing by Lay as he continues to bite his nails, praying that his mother can save his friend, Sehun’s tear-stained face not having the confidence to look at anyone. Everyone was trying, everyone was at least trying to save Baekbeom and Chanyeol and what did he do? Whine like a baby as Suho holds onto him. He couldn’t bear to look at Baekhyun’s face right now.
‘D.O, come here’, Suho whispers, looking across to find D.O crying as Kai refuses to talk to him, walking over the cramped corridor, reaching his hand out to engulf D.O in a hug.

‘Why isn’t Kai speaking to me?’, he whimpers as soon as Suho turns a corner away from everyone else, leaving them alone in the darkly lit area, the light from the vending machines lighting up D.O tear-stained face as Suho looks at him.

‘Shhh, don’t worry. Kai just needs time’, Suho whispers, hugging his best friend again, stroking his back as he tries to comfort him, ‘He went in and saw Chanyeol’s state first. He needs time to calm down’

‘But… But…’, D.O couldn’t find the words to say anything, Suho looking out of the window to find the field by the hospital shaking, cracks on the ground forming as D.O continues to cry on Suho’s shoulders.

Goodbyes.

OST Part 52: Jimmy Eat World - Hear You Me

Goodbyes.

‘He lives, you die’

‘He dies, you live’

‘You both die’

‘He dies’

‘I cannot stress this enough Xiumin, I have tried every alternative, but you don’t know about the alternative future, so you’ll end up doing the exact same thing’

‘I’ve sent you texts warning about the fire, but in every future, Baekbeom still goes to the match’
‘Having infinite amount of future is not true, trust me, I’ve tried it’

‘My powers are limited to the amount of time, I can only give you a day max’

‘Baekbeom dies if you guys don’t come’

‘Chen will follow Chanyeol if he sees him’

‘Kai would’ve teleported too early and get trapped between a fallen ceiling’

‘Suho would’ve died of stroke and dehydration if he tried to stop the fire before the firefighters come’

‘Xiumin, please, trust me, this is the best alternative for you’

‘Right now, he’s at least fighting’

‘I’m sorry’

Every light bulb from the hospital stops flickering, exploding into shattered glass, water flooding the floors as the taps continue to run. The nurses were alerted to sudden winds from outside opening every window and doors, slamming against the walls as each patient from every room cries out in pain, something about their chests hurting. The hospital was experiencing a blackout, the only building to do so, causing a frenzy as their hospital equipment stops working, calls being hurled everywhere, doctors running outside to try and get signal only to find the cement floors leading outside all cracked. The caretakers look in shock as they race their way to the bathrooms, finding the flooded water turning into hard ice, freezing the stalls and doors.

Kai disappears from the hospital.

The night is cold. Their surrounding was in chaos.

An orange hue shines across the dark operating room. It was weak and small, but it burnt the ends of the sleeves.
It was a small flame.
Weak and small.
And it flickered to life.
But burnt out it's last flashes of light.

‘Chanyeol is experiencing what can only be explained as a neurotraumatic stress spasm’, Lay’s mother explains as soon as early morning breaks the night, the twilight gazing down on the cracked windows. The aftermath of last night caused thousands of distressed patients, but after the sudden blackout, the system was up and running and thankfully, no patient suffered any serious injuries or accident.

‘What does that mean?’, Chanyeol’s father asks, eyes sunken low and tired from staying up all night.

‘It means that his body has taken a total breakdown after his brain diffused a hormone which helps stimulate our powers. His brain is currently in hypersleep and his body is not responding very well’ Lay closes his eyes, shaking his head as he hears his mum explains to them what has happened after the surgery.

‘Then what took the surgery so long if you haven’t done anything?’, Chen’s parents butt in, being just as worried, their voices raised in concern.

‘We tried meddling with the neurotransmitters in his spine to see if we can stop his brain from affecting the rest of his body, thankfully his liver and kidneys were not affected but…’

‘But what?!’

‘The rest of his organs have slowly stopped working. He’s currently on life support and he’s being pumped oxygen into his system since his lungs are weak and his heart had stopped working’

‘You mean… You mean Chanyeol’s not even alive right now?’

‘No, there is still a chance of his heart beating again. He’s a fighter, he was trying to survive the surgery. His heart would’ve been the first organ to be affected by the neuro breakdown, but it kept fighting all night. It wasn’t until the end did it stop beating’

‘But… But if his heart had stopped beating… Then…’

‘We’re on borrowed time’, Lay interrupts their conversation, knowing where his mother’s conversation was headed. He had shadowed his parents during work before and he knows the exact lines his mother had memories every time she had to bring the news to the family, ‘Chanyeol’s life
is thinning and we may not be able to save him. But he really did fight until the last minute. I think it’s time for all of you to start preparing for the worse. I’m sorry’, Lay says his mother’s usual speech, looking at her, not wanting to be angry since it’s not her fault but not knowing how to feel.

‘He really was fighting, honey’, his mother states, going over to where he was, giving him a warm embrace, but it didn’t help. Nothing helped.

The corridor fell silent, Chen collapsing to the floor, his mother bending down to grab hold of him, Xiumin by their side.

‘What’s going on mummy?’, Eun Bi asks, hearing the whimpering of cries as she watches everyone break down and cry, ‘Kyunggie, what’s happening? Is your friend going to be okay?’, she whines, hearing the crying getting louder, Chen had to be dragged out of the corridor and into a spare room as he began to have another panic attack.

‘Yeah… Yeah…’, D.O whispers, shaking his head, trying to stop the tears from leaving his eyes, ‘Yeah, every thing’s fine’, is all he can say to her, hugging her softly, using his hands to block her ears, wishing for her to stop hearing the crying. It stressed him out and it made him want to throw up. He didn’t want Eun Bi seeing this at all, ‘Mum, Dad… I think it’s time for us to go’, he whispers, looking around to see the space in which Kai sat gone, the boy disappearing in the middle of the night, his parents having to leave to go look for him, ‘We need to go’, D.O says once more, feeling his heart-tugging as he looks at Baekhyun, limp and lifeless as his arms barely rests around his sleeping brother’s body, his eyes open but huge dark circles covering it.

‘Honey, are you sure you want to leave?’, his father whispers, looking at how distressed his son looks, reaching out to hold onto him, feeling his small body tense and shake underneath his, ‘Kyungsoo, we can stay a bit more-’

‘Dad, please… Please, can we leave?’

‘Okay’

A few hours later and everyone was advised to go home, each of them trailing out of the corridor, their parents’ arms around them as they tried to walk but didn’t have the energy to do so. Everyone wanted to leave the cramped space of the waiting room, muscles aching from sitting on the chairs for too long. But a glint inside them, a hint of something which pulls them back into the corridor, their eyes staring at the closed door, hoping that Chanyeol would just walk out there with a goofy smile on his face. But after the doctor’s persuasion to get some rest in their own house, the waiting room got empty.

Baekhyun stays.

‘Baekhyun, honey, the doctor says you need to rest’, his mother bends down in front of him, stroking his face as she holds onto his hands, ‘We need to go’

‘Go ahead. I’ll stay here a little bit longer…’, Baekhyun whispers, looking down on his hands, watching his mother grip tighter on it.

‘Baekhyun-’

‘Mum, Baekbeom’s tired. He had a match yesterday’, Baekhyun interrupts her, straightening up, ‘He needs rest. Dad and he are waiting in the car, just go’, he urges her on, trying to form a reassuring smile for her, ‘Please, I don’t want you to stay here and lose any more sleep’, he whispers.
Baekhyun’s mother hesitates. But what else can she do?

‘Okay, honey. Call me when you’re ready, okay?’, she whispers, giving him a kiss on the forehead before standing up, hugging her son reassuringly as she readies to leave, waving goodbye to him, leaving him all alone in the waiting room.

‘You’ve got something on your face’
‘Shut up’
‘I’m being serious’, Chanyeol reaches his hand out, flicking away the rice which rested on the corner of Baekhyun’s lips, the boy too busy watching something on his phone to be knowing how messy he was eating.

‘Chanyeol, stop distracting me, I’m watching something’
‘Oh, so I’m a distraction?’, Chanyeol smiles, raising his eyebrows teasingly, chuckling as he watches Baekhyun tear his eyes away from the small screen, glaring at him.

‘Don’t twist my words’, he warns the tall boy who rests his chin on his hands, continuing to smirk at Baekhyun.

‘I didn’t twist anything. Just quoting what you said’

‘Shut up Chanyeol’, Baekhyun warns again after giving up in trying to argue with Chanyeol, playing his drama again, but it seems as though, five seconds in, he’s already ripped away from the screen once more, a force which rests on the back of his neck forcing him forward, warm lips pressing onto his, the phone tumbling from his hands and landing on the canteen table, his eyes wide and staring at Chanyeol whose eyes are closed and lips moving so calmly despite being in public.

Baekhyun pushes. Well, he should’ve. He should’ve pushed the idiot off him and slapped his head for being such a disgusting person showing PDA in the canteen.

But what the heck. They’re in the corner of the canteen, blocked by the trashcans and out of everyone’s sight. And Chanyeol’s lips felt particularly warmer today.

‘You are both disgusting’, he hears a voice coming from behind him, Baekhyun finally gaining enough power to tear himself away from Chanyeol, only to find Suho and Sehun making a face, wrinkling their noses as they sit by Baekhyun.

‘Can you guys sit somewhere else? We’re kinda busy here’, Chanyeol groans in frustration, seeing the two settling themselves as if they own the desk.

‘We can sit wherever we want, you don’t own this table’
'Oh contrary’, Chanyeol smiles, tapping on the side of the desk where both he and Baekhyun’s name was written, slightly faded but still there.

‘Ah. Well, that won’t do’, Suho looks over, shrugging as he unzips his back, pulling out his own sharpie and writing their names below Baekhyun’s and Chanyeol’s.

‘What are you doing?’

‘Now it’s also ours. So your argument is invalid’

Kai sits on the sofa overlooking the city. He can feel the cold air hitting his skin as he sits on the rooftop of the community centre, sipping an orange juice, his eyes refusing to close. Every time he closes his eyes, he finds himself back inside the school building, seeing Chanyeol’s limp and lifeless body.

He shakes his head.

Kai refuses to remember. But it was so fresh on his mind, imprinted so boldly on his memories, he feels his stomach churning once again. He throws away his half-empty juice and hurls himself forward, throwing up for what seemed like the millionth time. Kai’s face was pale and he was beginning to feel nauseous. He hadn’t drunk anything except the orange juice and everything he ate he would throw back up.

‘Fucking hell’, he whispers to himself, fisting his hands and punching the ground, punching it over and over again until his knuckles were bleeding, until his eyes flash to a different pair of hands, burnt and bloody. He throws up again.

Kai sits inside the detention room for the third time this week, Miss Jung being her stupid self and trying to get him into trouble again, this time for his uniform conduct. He didn’t wear a tie and apparently, that means he’s a scoundrel. Kai couldn’t believe the discrimination that he was receiving. No one wore their ties to the school, not even perfect class president Suho can be seen wearing a tie, but no one sees him being dragged into the detention room. And to top it off, he was the only student in the room.
‘This is bullshit’, he whispers to himself, looking down at his phone as he scrolls through Instagram, looking up to find the teacher who was supposed to be watching the kids for an hour after school, dozing off by the teacher’s desk, headphones in.

*I could leave.*

Kai’s left detention before, more than once, probably more than a dozen. He could easily escape now. Just before he had the chance to grab his bag and teleport out, the classroom doors bang loudly, Chanyeol’s presence being known the moment he walked in, pastel purple hair, chewing gum and wearing his backpack with one strap.

*You must be fucking joking.*

Kai looks over to find that the sleeping teacher was wide awake and glaring at Chanyeol.

‘Park Chanyeol. I was wondering when you’ll come’, the teacher, who Kai didn’t know since he was a Junior teacher, but apparently, he knew Chanyeol.

‘What’s up, Mr Shim’, Chanyeol waves at him, only to receive a death glare. Seems like his detention happened during lunch, probably used his powers outside again.

‘Just sit down and be quiet. I don’t want to deal with your loud voice’

‘Okey dokey sir’

Kai hums softly to himself since he can’t get out now, might as well kill time so he won’t combust out of boredom.

‘What’re you in for?’, a voice beside him asks, Chanyeol choosing to sit right next to him despite having a whole classroom of chairs to choose from. Kai could ignore him, he could, but he knew Chanyeol, everyone knew him and one thing was for sure, the boy doesn’t shut up until he gets what he wants.

‘Uniform misconduct’, Kai replies, forcefully might he add, trying to keep his answers one worded to finish the conversation quickly, but it seems as though Chanyeol wasn’t having it.

‘Oh, same’, Chanyeol responds, smiling at him like the overly extrovert that he is, ‘Well, I burnt the ends of my sweater’, he explains himself, even though Kai didn’t ask for it, holding up the piece of clothing with was wrapped around his waist, showing the ends of the sleeved to find it blackened and burnt off, ‘But it’s not my fault. I was trying to do something but my sleeves kept sliding down during it’

‘Okay’

‘And of course, the teacher had to see me at the wrong time’

‘Yeah’

‘But, my trick still ended up pretty cool’

‘Sure’

‘You wanna see?’

‘No’
‘Okay, I’ll show you’

‘I said n-’

Chanyeol hands were already underneath the desk and far away from the teacher’s view, nodding his head, urging Kai to lean forward. Kai didn’t really wanna see anything and he sure didn’t want to be in any more trouble than he’s already in – even though he still thinks he shouldn’t be in here in the first place – but he leans in any way, rolling his eyes as he watches Chanyeol folding his hands, clicking his knuckles as he relaxes his muscles.

‘I don’t see anything’

‘Can you wait, man? This needs time and preparation’

Kai rolls his eyes, but he carries on looking.

Suddenly, a small light flash through Chanyeol’s veins, lighting it in blues and greens before Kai sees a flicker of light by the tips of his fingers, but the odd thing is, they were all different colours.

‘What the fuck?’, Kai whispers, eyes widening as he sees a pink flame next to a blue one which was next to a purple one, ‘How did you do that?’

‘I have no idea. Just a lot of playing around I guess’, Chanyeol replies, smiling as he sees the awe in Kai’s face, clicking his fingers so the flames can move to the centre of his hands, mixing the colours in a hue of a rainbow which rested on the palm of his hands.

‘That’s sick’

‘I know right’

Kai and Chanyeol weren’t friends. They’ve never been friends. Kai had his handful of dancers and athletes whilst Chanyeol had the majority of the school to hang out with, but on that evening, during detention, they were stuck with each other, so they might as well do something before they combust in boredom.

Lay sneaks into the operating room to where they still kept Chanyeol, the doctors refusing to move him just in case they hit a sensitive nerve that might trigger a stroke. No one was allowed to go in yet, not until the doctors had finished finalising their paperwork, but Lay sneaks in any way, seeing his own mother watch him go in, turning a blind eye as she walks into the waiting room where one boy still sits, holding a cup of coffee that she gave him almost an hour ago, still left untouched.

Lay can see wires. Wires everywhere injected all over Chanyeol’s arms, IV drips and an oxygen mask on his face, the small beeping of his heartbeat being forced by the electric pulses from the machine that forced his heart to continue to move, but in the end, it was no use. Once the machine is taken away from him, his heart would stop beating and he would be declared dead. He instead
focuses his gaze on the boy’s hands, wrapped around layers of bandages, imagining the worst of images as he sits down, holding onto one of his hands.

‘You really did like showing off your fire tricks, didn’t you?’ Lay whispers, looking up to find Chanyeol’s eyes closed, his chest breathing up and down, giving him some glimpse of hope that maybe he might flutter his eyes open. But Lay came from a family of doctors, a line of medical histories. Once his mother gave the speech then that was the end. Lay felt the trickle of wet tears sliding down on his face as he continues to look at the state of Chanyeol.

Why was he crying?

He knew Chanyeol for less than three months and he sure wasn’t friends with him the first few times they met. So, why was he suddenly crying as if he lost his childhood best friend? He sniffs, wiping the tears from his face as he closes his eyes, trying to stop himself from crying.

*You don’t need to know someone for a long period of time to care for them.*

Somehow, he was glad his family moved to Korea. He was suddenly filled with gratefulness that his parents accepted to be part of the Cancer Research team based in Korea. Because he had the luck of meeting Chanyeol and Suho and Sehun and Chen and Xiumin and Kai and Baekhyun and D.O. He had the luck of finding people who he knew the instant he sat down by Chanyeol’s side, he knew they were going to be staying in his life a lot longer. Lay grabs hold of the lifeless boy’s hand again.

‘You would hate to be buried with ugly looking hands’, Lay whimpers out, trying to wrap his head around the fact that by the end of the day, Chanyeol’s heart may stop beating for good, ‘Might as well make you look fancy so you won’t haunt us’, Lay whispers, standing up to grab hold of Chanyeol’s other hand, closing his eyes and tensing his hands, feeling the soft glow of his powers transferring to Chanyeol. He didn’t say anything else, just smiles down at Chanyeol as he combs his hair out of the way from his closed eyes, going back to his hands to unwrap the bandage, filled with blood and pust, undoing them to find a perfectly clear and smooth hand, contradicting the soaked bandaged which wrapped around it.

Lay throws the bandage away, making his way to the door of the room, turning back one last time.

‘I’ll see you soon’, he whispers.

Lay wasn’t a quiet person. He may look quiet but he loves people, talking to them, hanging out with them. It didn’t phase him that others might not want the same thing he does.

‘Hey guys’, he smiles, sitting down on the first table he can spot with a spare seat. It’s been his first week in Korea and so far, he’s been trying to sit at every table in the canteen, to see if a group can adopt him for the rest of the year, but every lunch, even though they talk to him, he finds the barrier that he’d been expecting between him and everyone else. First of all, the language barrier is
a bitch, even though Lay was pretty confident in Korean thanks to his parents teaching him over three languages, he was still not fluent and so often would not understand the jokes. Secondly, he joined too late, he wasn’t a sophomore or even a junior, but he was a senior, which means everyone has found their solid place and group in the school, where can someone like Lay fit in?

‘Hey’, the group of people waved at him, smiling so warmly that Lay thought he might have a chance at being comfortable with these guys, but just like before, like always, they head back to their own conversations, laughing at private jokes and planning slumber parties at homes they’ve been in dozens of time.

Lay doesn’t have a chance. There’s no one in this place who hadn’t already settled in a group of friends.

‘Guys, wait for me!’, Chen yells from the other side of the canteen, waving his hands to gain the attention of Suho and Sehun, pulling Chanyeol with him, despite the boy’s constant nagging and complaints.

Ah. I know them.

Lay contemplates whether he should leave and join them, but he didn’t know where to begin. Shall he just walk away and start following them? No, that’ll be weird. Shall he text one of them if he can join? No, he doesn’t have any of there numbers. He sighs, heaving a heavy defeat as he gives in with just eating amongst the crowd of friends who paid no mind to him. He knew this was going to happen. He knew it the moment he introduced himself to his homeroom class when they barely paid attention to his introduction. He knew –

‘Hey you’, a voice from beside him interrupts him from his trail of thoughts and self-pity. He turns around to find the tall popular boy gesturing to him, leaving Chen behind who continues to race out of the canteen and to where Suho was.

‘Me?’, he points to himself, making the whole table stop talking the moment Park Chanyeol arrives, tapping his foot impatiently as he looks down at Lay as if waiting for him to get a move on.

‘Yeah, you’, he responds, rolling his eyes, ‘Manager Song wants us fifteen minutes early at the centre. Make sure you’re on time too’, Chanyeol informs him after receiving a text from the class president. He kinda had a feeling that Lay didn’t get the text message, so he wanted to make sure the new kid knew where he was going and at what time.

‘Oh… Yeah… Sure…’, Lay responds, oddly too shock to talk as he can feel eyes ogling at him.

‘Yeah, well then, I’ll be off’, Chanyeol mutters, turning to his heel to catch up with his best friend.

‘Wait!’, Lay shouts before his mind can fully grasp what he was doing. Chanyeol turns around at the sound of his loud voice, eyes looking back and waiting.

‘What?’

‘Do you mind if I sit with you for lunch?’, Lay’s done it. He’s officially made himself look like a fool by asking such a desperate question in front of the whole canteen…

‘Yeah, sure, whatever’, is all Chanyeol says, nonchalantly offering the new kid a place to eat, not really caring or bothering at the sudden request. To him, it was nothing, but to Lay it was everything.
‘Baekhyun’, Lay’s mother bends down, grabbing hold of his cold coffee, setting it down to the floor, ‘Do you want to see him now?’, Baekhyun looks up, shock at the sudden contact of skin on his.

‘Huh?’

‘Chanyeol’s parents are coming back soon and it won’t be long till the doctors will ask them to decide whether to turn off his life support…’, her eyes are soft, she looked so much like Lay, even the way she smiles reminded him of his friend, but that didn’t help. It didn’t help the fact that she was basically asking him to say goodbye now before they throw him out of the hospital.

‘Can’t… Can’t you help him out? There’s nothing wrong with his organs, didn’t you say it was his brain? Can’t you get rid of the thing that’s causing his brain to fluctuate?’

‘The neuro system? We can’t, it’s too sensitive… And even if we can… He’ll be powerless or worse, he might gain a disability if we meddle with anything that’s connected with his spinal cord’

Impossible. Impossible, impossible, impossible.

That’s all Baekhyun can hear, that everything was impossible, that he was left with a choice on whether to give up now or to die to wait for Chanyeol to maybe, possibly wake up.

‘Three months…’, he whispers.

‘Huh?’

‘Chen says Chanyeol was in a coma for two or three months when he reversed his powers last time. What if we gave him that? What if we gave him three months to heal himself? Surely, he’ll wake-’

‘Baekhyun, I’m sorry, but I cannot give you false hope. Chanyeol’s condition back then was also very critical and it was a miracle that he woke up with nothing wrong and yes, we can thank genetics and ancestral evolution, but… The body can only experience so much trauma…’

‘Hello… My name is Chen’, the little boy looks up at the two adults sitting in the waiting room,
their eyes filled with concern. They look beside the to find a boy, no older than their son, looking up at them, his hands holding onto a bouquet of flowers.

‘Hello…’, the lady smiles, trying to comb the strands of hair which had escaped from her ponytail, trying to look presentable, ‘How may I help?’

‘Um… Well… I’m actually the boy who was… Trapped inside the building that was on fire’, Chen stutters, not wanting to say anything that might trigger them, ‘I just wanted to thank your son for saving my life…’, Chen’s voice weakens to a mere whisper, lifting his hands to give them the flowers he bought himself once he was discharged from the hospital after gaining lung infection from the fire along with traumatic stress disorder which the doctors recommended he sees a therapist after his discharge.

‘Oh, that’s lovely’, she whispers, smiling down at him, passing the flowers to her husband, ‘My son would probably be glad to have saved you’, she whispers, and Chen couldn’t do anything else but bow to them. He didn’t know how bad the boy was injured, but his mother gave him a warning not to mention or say anything which gave him some form of indication with how the boy’s wellbeing was going.

Chen left the family, praying that the boy will survive.

And within a month, his prayers were answered. He sat around his parents’ new house, the one his grandad purchased for them after the fire, Chen going back to school as normal. His mum got the phone call, an unknown number which called to tell them that Chanyeol, the boy who saved their son had woken up from his coma.

Chen raced his way back to the hospital the moment he hears the news, taking the bus straight from school, running to cross the streets as he makes his way to the front of the reception, having to tiptoe to face the receptionist, asking for a Park Chanyeol in the recovery room.

‘Hello’, he whispers as he knocks on the hospital door, sliding it open to find a boy, around his age, sitting up as his mother feeds some kind of soup. The boy looks at him oddly, confused as he turns to his mother, his eyes asking her if he knows him.

‘Oh, right’, his mother utters, setting the bowl down, ‘This is Chen, the little boy you saved from the burning building’, she introduced them, Chen approaching closer as he bows to him.

‘Thank you for saving my life’, he says, earning a soft chuckle from Chanyeol’s mother, Chanyeol himself looking at him with an amused look.

‘Mum, I think he likes me’, he whispers, giggling as Chen straightens his back, looking at the boy who was now smiling at him, ‘He thinks I’m his Superman’, he jokes, laughing as he watches Chen’s expression change from grateful to confused.

‘Um… Superman is taking it a bit far but…’, Chen comments, even making Chanyeol’s mother smile, and she doesn’t smile often.

‘I’ll leave the two of you alone’, getting up from her seat and moving along to walk out of the room.

‘Well, I might as well be since I did save you’, Chanyeol pokes fun at him, fisting his hand and punching the air, ‘I am Park Chanyeol, Chen’s Superhero!’, Chanyeol laughs, whimpering a little since he lifts his arm up too suddenly, his stitches slightly giving him pain.

‘Are you okay?’, Chen looks over to see Chanyeol still whimpering, ‘Your arm must be in pain,
here, let me help’, Chen offers, lifting himself onto the tall chair, his legs swaying back and forth, his feet not being able to touch the ground yet. He grabs onto the bowl of soup, ‘Let me feed you’

‘Thanks’, Chanyeol whispers, the pain by his side still there, but he opens his mouth as soon as he watches Chen holding the spoon.

Ever since then, his mother went back to work, leaving Chen to care for the boy before and after school, Chen often telling him stories about school and bringing in his CD player, giving Chanyeol stashes of his favourite albums, feeding him and helping him get up from the bed and go to the toilet. They’ve been inseparable ever since.

‘Chen, honey, are you okay?’, his mother wraps her arms around her son, knowing fully well of the answer, closing her eyes as she tries to hum him to sleep. It’s been almost half a day since the got back from the hospital and still, Chen hasn’t slept a wink, his eyes now red and skin pale.

‘Mum… What if the doctors are right? What if he really doesn’t make it?’, Chen whimpers, hugging his mother as he looks ahead, seeing the windows tinted with frost, ‘I don’t know what I’ll do if I lose Chanyeol now… We were supposed to go college together…’, Chen couldn’t help but choke, feeling his throat tightening, as if a massive football has been shoved down his throat, his vision blurred due to the tears that once again escaped from his eyes.

‘Chen, shh, it’s going to be okay’, his mother whispers, ‘Chanyeol woke up before, he can wake up again’, she comforts, but even she knew she was raising hope in a hopeless situation.

‘How did he survive’, she whispers, looking at the glass window which showed his son playing with the boy in a hospital gown, showing him the new Nintendo he got from his dad, letting Chanyeol play with it for a while, feeding him a usual soup which they both described as disgusting as Chanyeol urges him to try it once, laughing as he watches Chen’s face scrunch up in disgust.

‘We’re not too sure either’, the doctor replies, looking over to the paperwork for their miracle patient, ‘We tried talking to his parents but they’ve been holding off visiting him for a whole month now’, the murmur, shaking their head in slight disappointment. They’ve never met parents who would barely visit their son the moment he wakes up, leaving him in the care of random
strangers. They were with their son every day when he was unconscious, but they were nurses, they have no rights to judge their patients and their family.

‘But… Powers… Even I can’t reverse mine’, she whispers, continuing to observe his son and the boy, the boy who continued to laugh, waving his arm around. There was no after effect, no disability, no mental strain, nothing. The boy woke up looking normal as ever. She wasn’t a doctor and even she knew it was impossible.

‘It’s not in the textbooks but, I think it may be genetics’

‘Genetics?’, she turns around, gazing at the nurse by her side.

‘Yeah. I just randomly remembered my history lesson back when I was in high school. During the Middle Ages, our ancestors would so often train themselves to try and use their powers to their full abilities, some group of people even finding a way to reverse or also do the opposite of what their powers can do, like a person with invisibility skills can train themselves to turn other people invisible’, she explains to Chen’s mother, ‘Maybe his ancestors were part of the elite? One who really knew how to control their powers?’

‘But, that’s not enough to save him’

‘That’s true… Maybe he’s just one lucky kid’

‘Maybe…’

_Maybe._

Baekhyun breathes.

_In, out._

Counting to ten, he looks at Lay and his mother who stands by the end of the corridor, conversing with a serious tone. Baekhyun tries to relax, his hands holding onto the doorknob, not wanting to open it, not wanting to look at Chanyeol’s state.

He blames himself.

He blames himself for not noticing Chanyeol running away from him.

He blames himself for not stopping the boy from walking into the building.

He blames himself for having such a useless power.

He blames himself for inviting him to his brother’s game.
Chanyeol would still be alive if it wasn’t for him. They’d probably be at the ice cream parlour right now with everyone else, Chanyeol arm leaning on his shoulder, trying to feed him mint chocolate ice cream which he hates. He would start arguing would Chanyeol about how mint ice cream was just like eating toothbrush and Chanyeol would look at him as if he’s said the most offended thing, turning his head dramatically away from him, only for him to come back, pecking his cheeks as they continue to joke around with the others.

‘Oh god…’, he whispers the moment he gains the confidence to open the door, looking at Chanyeol, so lifeless, machines and wires being plugged into him. He didn’t even look human anymore. Baekhyun couldn’t help but turn around, closing his eyes as he tries not to cry anymore. His eyes were swollen and red already, voice hoarse and cracked, throat dry and aching. He wasn’t in a physical or emotional state to look at Chanyeol now, but he heard Lay’s mother on the phone with Chanyeol’s parents, asking them to turn off his life support.

They weren’t even going to turn up to say it in person. They were going to allow his son to die alone with nothing but machines and a doctor surrounding him.

‘Chanyeol…’, he whispers, walking over and sitting down on the spare chair by the boy’s side, holding onto his hands, ‘Wake up, please… Please… I promise… I’ll be good to you…’, Baekhyun pleads, shaking Chanyeol’s hands slightly, ‘I’ll be jealous once in a while… I’ll go to your stupid parties, I promise I will…’, Baekhyun was now whimpering, breathing heavily as he feels his chest give away again, this time the impact even more painful with Chanyeol being right in front of him, ‘I promise I’ll be your family… I’ll be better than your family… I won’t miss your birthdays and I promise to always throw a big party just for you… So, please… Please… I beg of you… Wake up… Hmm?’

He hears the beeping of Chanyeol’s life support, his heartbeat beeping red along with it. It criticised Baekhyun. It gave him false hope that Chanyeol was going to be okay. He leans his head on the bed, hands still holding onto Chanyeol’s, closing his eyes as he stays in this moment for one last time, to be with Chanyeol, their heartbeat in sync, one last time.

Baekhyun’s fingertips emit small balls of light which flows around the room, lighting up the dim operating room, glowing like stars in the sky, Chanyeol’s very own stars which hug his surroundings. Baekhyun sheds a glowing tear which drops onto the sheets, making the cloth glow white, illuminating light all around the room. They’ve only known each other for a few months, but he found out some quirks about Chanyeol, the way he uses one hand to stir his car, the fact that he uses his left hand to eat his food, his ability to play every single instrument you can list.

‘You’ve always hated sleeping in the dark’, Baekhyun whispers, remembering the time Chanyeol stayed over his house for the night, whining as Baekhyun shut the lights off, complaining about being in full darkness, forcing Baekhyun to make a small hovering night light beside them just so Chanyeol can sleep peacefully.

Baekhyun lets go of Chanyeol’s hands for a moment, holding onto his own hands as he makes a small ball of light, bigger than the flickering fireflies above him but still small enough to hold onto the palm of your hand, he blows it out, letting fly by Chanyeol’s side, lighting up the room even more.

‘Baekhyun?’

‘Kai?’, Baekhyun turns around to find a voice which interrupts the silence he was in, his gaze finding Kai, in the same exact state he was in, walking slowly towards him.

Kai didn’t want to go near Chanyeol, but as soon as he teleports inside the room, his eyes laid on
the body, unconscious but still breathing. His eyes lower down to where his hands are, seeing the smooth hands and not the burnt one he saw from yesterday. He sighs in relief.

‘Are you okay?’, Baekhyun asks, wiping his tears as he stands up to face Kai, knowing that the boy disappeared in the middle of the night, ‘Where were you?’, he asks as he reaches his arms out, hugging the boy, comforting him even though he didn’t have enough energy to comfort himself.

‘I’m fine. I was on the rooftop of the community centre’, Kai whispers, hugging back Baekhyun, feeling the boy’s boy heat, ‘Are you okay?’, he asks, finally looking at Baekhyun.

‘No’

Kai nods. There was nothing he can do for Baekhyun at this moment, nothing he can do for anyone other than wait for the doctors to give the final verdict.

‘I called his sister’, Kai whispers, ending the silence, which threatened to engulf them.

‘Huh?’

‘I got hold of his sister’s number after calling his dad today’, Kai informs Baekhyun, trying to distract the both of them, ‘I told her about Chanyeol. She says she’s on her way to see him’

‘Chanyeol has always said he was close with his sister’, Baekhyun whispers, ‘But I don’t think she can make it’, he sighs, turning around to look at Chanyeol, ‘Lay’s mum says Chanyeol’s parents gave the go’

‘Gave the go for what?’

‘For the doctors to turn off his life support’

‘What?’, Kai was taken aback, having to step back away from Baekhyun, his eyes transfixed on Chanyeol, ‘But…’

‘There’s nothing we can do. It’s their choice’, Baekhyun sighs, closing his eyes as he tries not to get angry. Now’s not the time to start picking a fight with Chanyeol’s parents.

‘Should I call the others?’

‘Yeah… Yeah’

Oh, Sehun. Sophomore loser and everyone’s least favourite human being. Despite the growing reputation he’s had over befriending eight Seniors, in this year, he was still a laughing stock and someone people poke fun at continuously.

He feels someone snatch his pen away from him as he tries to do his work, flinching in fear as he
feels something hard hitting his back.

‘Oh Sehun’, a voice from behind, deep and intimidating, calls him, flicking probably scrunched paper at him, hitting his head and laughing at him, ‘Where’s your water boyfriend and his hulk?’

‘Probably out having a life now they don’t have to babysit this shithead’

‘Don’t be so mean. Sehun is at least trying to be normal, give the little shithead some credit’

The taunting continued, laughter about his name and his appearance filled the room, others not joining in, but laughing nonetheless. Sehun was more than used to this, so often having to hide behind the sleeves of his jumper to try and hide his shaking hands. He’s used to this. He can handle this. Like Suho has always told him, to rise above them.

‘Guys, shut the fuck up and leave him alone!’, someone finally shouts, breaking the laughter, which had heightened after they made Sehun pick up his own scrunched work which they had stepped on, his work which took him the whole lesson to write now painted in mud and dirt.

‘Yeah, what the fuck? You guys aren’t even funny’

Sehun felt more uncomfortable than he had previously had. Since when did people start standing up for him? They hadn’t during the past year and a half, why would they start now? He continued to look down on the floor, scared if this was just a prank set up for him. He later found out that day that Chanyeol’s Halloween invitation was sent to the whole school, blacklisting anyone who dared touch Sehun and threatening an instant ban for anyone who continues to do so.

Sehun couldn’t have felt more relieved for the first time in his life as he walks down the student corridor with practically no one calling out for him. He knew that it was Lay’s idea to blacklist people, but he couldn’t help but feel happy to find Chanyeol backing him up, even though he probably cared more about the party.

‘What? What do you mean to cut his life support? It’s only been a day!’, Sehun shouts the moment Kai teleports to his living room, where he sat, lifeless as he stares off into nothing, his parents sitting by his side, holding his hands as they wait for a call.

‘I know…’

‘I’ve heard about people going into a coma for years and their family still waits for them!’, Sehun was angry, upset and absolutely terrified. Were they going to turn off Chanyeol’s life support now? Doesn’t that mean that they’re giving up on him? So soon?

‘Sehun…’, his mother tries to comfort him, but there was nothing she could do. As a nurse for over a decade, even she doesn’t know how to go about healing a person who’s had a neuro breakdown. It rarely happens and even if it does, it would usually lead to the patient being brain dead.
‘Sehun, we could stand here and argue all day about this, or we could visit Chanyeol one last time’, Kai explodes, raising his weak voice for the first time, closing his eyes as he tries to relax, Sehun flinching at Kai’s sudden outburst, his hand reaching out to hold onto his stepdad’s hands, ‘Look Sehun, I’m sorry… It’s just… We need to say goodbye now, otherwise we won’t make it’, Kai whispers, reaching his hand out for Sehun to take, the younger boy looking down, holding onto Kai as they teleport to the hospital.

Everyone was there, Baekhyun sitting at the end with Lay by his side, being the only two who stayed in the hospital the whole day, Xiumin by Suho and D.O’s side, Chen sitting right beside Chanyeol, holding onto his hand so tightly. The day was coming to an end, the window showing the night sky, the lights turned off, leaving nothing but the flashing machines to illuminate the room and a small glowing patch of cloth on Chanyeol’s bed.

‘Sehun’, Suho whispers, reaching his hand out for the younger to grab, hugging him once Sehun releases a cry. This moment was all too real and Sehun hated it. Chanyeol was his friend. Is his friend. He didn’t want to lose him just yet.

Chen looks down at his best friend, at his annoying, stupid, dumb, overdramatic best friend. He couldn’t believe that just yesterday they were all joking, making fun of each other, planning to go to their usual ice cream parlour even though it’s the middle of winter. He couldn’t believe that Chanyeol wasn’t going to sit the biology test on Monday with him, the one he’d been preparing for and Mr Jung had been drilling for them to pass. He couldn’t believe that Chanyeol won’t be driving him to school anymore.

‘I hate you’, he whispers, looking at Chanyeol, so peaceful in his sleep, ‘I fucking hate you’

D.O struggles to look at Chen. He feels sad but he couldn’t even begin to imagine how Chen must be feeling. He knew Chanyeol before anyone else did, their friendship was known around school ever since freshmen. You couldn’t get Chanyeol without Chen and you most definitely wouldn’t see Chen without Chanyeol. To even think of losing Suho was something he couldn’t fathom. He cries for Chen, leaning his head on Suho’s shoulder. D.O stares at Chen’s hands holding Chanyeol, observing the way he grips tightly on the boy’s hands, looking down at Chanyeol’s hospital gown, his eyes squinting as he spots something.

Lay’s mother walks in along with a couple of doctors, making the room tense as every single one of the stiffening.

‘Chanyeol’s parents called’, Lay’s mother announces, the other doctors making their way towards the machine, getting ready for them to turn it off.

Baekhyun closes his eyes, leaning his head on Lay who supports his weight. The room becomes even more silent, everyone holding their breath, holding onto each other.

‘Wait…’, D.O whispers, being the only one who kept his eyes open, reaching his hand out to stop the doctors from turning anything off yet, walking towards Chanyeol.

‘What is it?’, Lay whispers, watching the way D.O reaches his hand out, lifting Chanyeol’s limp arm in the air.

‘Look’, he whispers, pointing at Chanyeol’s hospital gown, ‘Do you see that?’, he points to the black edges of the sleeves.

‘Burnt marks’, Suho whispers, looking at the small burnt edges of Chanyeol’s sleeves, ‘Why are his sleeves burnt’
‘Because the dickhead burnt it’, D.O whispers, ‘I think he’s still fighting’, he whispers, laying Chanyeol’s arm back down, looking at Chanyeol, ‘He’s still alive…’

Baekhyun was the first one to jump at D.O’s statement, standing up from his chair, ignoring everyone, including the doctors who seemed sceptical over D.O’s statement, looking at Chanyeol.

‘Chanyeol… Chanyeol? Can you hear me?’, Baekhyun whispers, stroking the boy’s cheeks, ‘Chanyeol please if you can hear me, given me something. A fucking sign or some shit like that’, Baekhyun orders the unconscious boy, ‘Give us a fucking sign that you’re still in there before we pull the plug, you dumb fuck’, Baekhyun pleads, looking down to observe Chanyeol’s hands, looking around to see if Chanyeol’s fingers twitched or if his eyelids flutter, any sort of movement.

‘Baekhyun…’, Lay’s mother holds onto him, pulling him back away from Chanyeol, ‘It’s alright to feel grieve, it’s a normal proce-’

‘No fucking way’, Chen breathes out, distracting everyone, there gaze holding onto the something resting on the palm of Chanyeol's hands.
It was a small flame.
Weak and small.
But it flickered to life.
It was a small flame.
Small and weak.
But if flickered to life.
‘I need everyone out of the room. Now’, Lay’s mother commands, her voice no longer soft and comforting, but stern and confident, pushing the boys towards the doors, ‘I need every doctor available to me. Now!’ she urges the rest of the medical staffs next to her, clapping her hands as she demands action, movement. She looks over to find the small flame disappearing, they cannot waste any time, ‘Now!’

‘What is going on?’, Kai looks over, rushing to where Baekhyun and D.O stood just outside the operating room, D.O’s arms wrapped around Baekhyun’s, ‘What just happened?’

No one could fully grasp the situation that happened a few moments ago, the rest of the group still in shock, not speaking and just looking at the closed door, waiting for any kind of movement. It seems like it was only Kai who had enough adrenaline to keep asking questions, teleporting all over the hospital, asking any doctors if they had any clue what was going on.

‘He’s still alive…’, Baekhyun whispers to D.O, like a statement, even though they still didn’t know if that was the results. But they saw his flames, he made that. He must be alive. His hair, badly combed and unwashed for almost three days, leaned on D.O’s shoulder, closing his eyes and praying again and again for this small hope to pull through. The corridor seemed to be getting smaller the more they all wait, Lay’s back leaning on the wall as he urges Sehun and Suho to sit on the remaining chairs, patting Chen’s shoulder who stood by him, not conversing but biting his nails, his eyes gliding up to look at the clock above the wall in front of him.

15.56

‘Kai, come here’, Xiumin rushes forward as soon as he turns a corner to find Kai talking to a doctor. He’s been searching for the boy ever since he disappeared from the waiting room half an hour ago, having to ask mountains of nurses if they found a troublemaking teenage kid who can teleport. The smell of antiseptic and bacterial gel didn’t phase him anymore, walking past patients in hospital gowns, running up to where Kai was still asking mountains of questions.

‘So, you’re telling me it’s just a muscle spasm?’, Kai whispers, looking down as the doctor further explains that when a human die, their muscles are still active for a couple of hours, so often having spasms even though the person had died a few hours ago.

‘That could be the obvious possibility’, the doctor explains, Xiumin now standing by his side, trying to pull away Kai from the doctor, but he stops to listen, ‘But since you’ve said that they haven’t switched off the life support just yet… I could also be a number of reasons’

‘A number of reasons?’, now it was Xiumin’s turn to add questions.

‘Yeah, it seems like you’re talking about Patient Chanyeol, the boy who had just been admitted less than forty-eight hours ago…’
'What has that got to do with anything?', Xiumin presses on as he watches the doctor look at his paperwork, fully aware that he's probably busy and has other patients to care for, but there's something in his stance that didn't make sense.

'Patient Chanyeol is a special case'

'How so?'

'Well, have you ever met someone else who could reverse their powers?', the pair of them pauses, immediately silencing as they look down on the floor, 'We've never seen a case like his, not in a very long time anyway. Everything that happens now is more of a surprise to us than for you. Medical Research hasn't gone so far as investigating our powers fully since over the past centuries, it's weakened compared to other generations. We have no idea what the impact of reversible power has because we haven't seen it yet'

'So… Chanyeol's in the dark?'

'In terms of medical treatment and knowledge for his case, yes'

'Then what do we do?'

'Hope he finds the light'

'Baekhyun'

'Huh?', Sehun has retreated from Suho's side the moment he sees D.O's tired expression, dark circles under his eyes, hugging onto Baekhyun, his eyelids threatening to close as the hours go by again, another day with Chanyeol unconscious and barely holding onto life. After persuading D.O to rest for a bit, the boy has found his way leaning his head on Suho's lap, sleeping anxiously with Suho's hands holding onto him.

'I'm sorry', Sehun whispers, the moment he finally gains Baekhyun's attention, the boy out of it, barely holding on a thread as he feels himself slowly sliding down the wall, knees up and covering his chest, head leaning on it.

'Sorry about what?'

'I should've helped… I should've helped stop the fire… But I…'

'Sehun…'

'I could've stopped it from spreading… Or, or… Maybe… If I saw Chanyeol running, I would've… I would've'

'Sehun, stop', it was Baekhyun's turn to wipe the damp corners of his eyes, reaching a hand out to
pat Sehun’s quivering shoulders, ‘You couldn’t have done anything, nor could I. No one could’, Baekhyun folds his legs, sitting cross-legged as he reaches his arms and hugs Sehun, tightly, ‘Please don’t think it’s your fault’, he whispers, ‘I don’t want you to think that’

‘But…’

‘If it’s your fault, then it’s my fault too, for not trying’, Baekhyun responds before Sehun can argue any further, ‘Let’s just wait for a few minutes, okay? Then maybe we’ll go grab something to eat’

‘Okay’

Chen sits at the canteen opposite the operating room, looking down at his untouched sandwich and carton of orange juice. There were more people present now that the evening had come, visiting hours drawing to a close, most families spending their dinners here before they leave. He can hear small children running around, laughing as they use the big space in the hospital as their playground, the mothers talking to other mothers, teenagers glued on their phone and father’s lining up to buy their meals.

‘Chen, you alright?’, Lay’s voice interrupts his train of thoughts, the boy looking up to find Lay sitting down patiently, waiting for him to speak as he nimble on his sandwich, barely eating, but forcing himself to so Chen can follow him. It worried him to see his friends barely eating, Baekhyun not eating anything at all and opting to just drink water. He knew he had to take care of their wellbeing whilst they wait for Chanyeol, if this goes on any further, it won’t be just him being admitted to the hospital.

‘Yeah…’, Chen whispers, turning his gaze to the left where he can hear two children laughing, screaming as they try to chase each other, their mothers shouting for them to be careful.

‘Chanyeol, duck. I said duck!’

‘I am ducking! What do you want me to do? I told you I was tall’

‘Ergh’, Chen rolls his eyes, looking at the young boy next to him, wearing a flimsy hospital gown that looked too big for him, hands holding onto his shoulder as he follows closely behind him,
looking over his shoulder’s as he tries to hide his head behind Chen’s back.

‘That smells so good’

‘Yeah, we’re nearly there’, he whispers, looking around to see if he can spot any of Chanyeol’s nurses roaming around the hospital canteen, hiding behind a plant placed perfectly by the entrance of the heavenly place. He saved up just enough pocket money to buy Chanyeol a proper meal after being forced to eat flavourless hospital food for two months. It wasn’t much, but he did get some help from his dad when he struck a deal to not tell mum that he skipped work again.

‘Can we go now? I wanna try the food already!’

‘Shh, be patient, will you?’, Chen tells him off, swatting his hands away from his back as he turns to see if the coast was clear, gesturing Chanyeol to follow closely behind him, two young boys running towards the line of the canteen, Chen looking at the prices to see which one he could afford.

‘I want that one’, Chanyeol points, tugging at Chen’s sleeve like a five-year-old, pointing at the kimchi jjigae with somewhat lustful eyes, seeing the red stew bubble in the pot. Chen walks down to look at the price and widens his eyes.

Wow. The food here is expensive. It’s probably because this is a private hospital. He looks down to his hands where he held up scrunched up notes and coins, searching his back pocket to see if he can find any spare change.

12.

15.

16

‘Ah’, Chen feels a few coins inside his jacket pocket, pulling it out and recounting his money for the fourth time, ‘Ah yes, I have enough money’, he smiles, looking at Chanyeol who continues to look at the food with a watering mouth. Chen walks beside him, tiptoeing so the lady can see him, waving his hand for her attention.

‘Yes, how may I help you?’ she smiles, looking down at the cute little boy, no older than thirteen probably, pointing at something behind the glass.

‘Can I have one kimchi jjigae please’, he smiles, voice soft and shy since he still finds it nerve-racking to ask for himself, often relying on his mother to do so, but since Chanyeol couldn’t stop dancing around behind him, he had to take initiative.

‘Sure darling’

Chen had about enough money to buy Chanyeol one meal, having to recount his money which consisted on more coins than notes, piling them on the counter, clattering of metal against marble as he tiptoes once again – yes, he was very short for his age – holding onto the tray with the steaming hot kimchi jjigae.

‘Chen! Over here!’ he sees Chanyeol sitting down at the corner of the canteen, a table placed beside the window where they can see people walking outside the entrance of the hospital, cars and ambulances driving past. Chen quickly makes his way to Chanyeol, placing the food down.

‘You only bought one?’
‘Um... Yeah, I’m not hungry’, Chen replies, not wanting to tell Chanyeol that he could barely afford one meal, let alone two, opting to just sit facing him as he watches Chanyeol smile, looking down on the meal, chopsticks at the ready. He watches him pour the stew on the rice which he bought with it, filling it up until the rice turned red.

‘Here you go’, he passes the small bowl of food to Chen.

‘What?’

‘Have some’

‘But it's yours’

‘I don’t like eating by myself. Let’s eat together’, Chanyeol whines, pouting as Chen tries to pass back the bowl, ‘Let’s eat together’, he repeats again, getting another bowl from the front of the canteen for him, filling it with rice and more stew.

Chen paused for a moment, but since Chanyeol had already started eating, he couldn’t help but eat with him, grabbing the spare spoon and taking a bite.

‘Wow. This taste amazing’, Chen blurts out the moment the luscious sweet taste hits his tongue, slightly spicy but still delicious.

‘I know right!’, the two boys dig into their small meal, Chanyeol pretty much inhaling the food all in one go, whereas Chen takes it slow, devouring it slowly as he lets the taste sit in his mouth for a while. They were silent, a comfortable silence, too busy eating their meal to speak about anything.

‘Chanyeol! Patient Chanyeol! Where are you?’, the shouts of a familiar nurse interrupt the two of them, Chen lifting his head to find the nurse in charge of Chanyeol walking closer towards the canteen area where they are.

‘Oh damn. I think it’s time to go’, he says with his mouth full, trying to swallow the remaining of his food, looking down to see Chanyeol who was still eating, ‘I said we need to go’

‘But I haven’t finished eating!’

‘We’re gonna get caught. Come on, hurry!’; Chen wipes his mouth with the ends of his sleeves, grabbing hold of Chanyeol’s arms, pulling him out of his seat, leaving behind the half-empty kimchi jjigae, dragging Chanyeol away, running to the other side of the hospital and as far away from the nurse.

‘Patient Chanyeol!’

‘My food!’, Chanyeol whines, but he runs with Chen, right beside him, slightly limping since his muscles were still weak.

‘Come on!’; Chen urges him on, slowing down to let Chanyeol catch up with him, laughing as they see the nurse looking at them, starting a sprint to catch up, but it was too late, they’ve already passed the corner and inside the elevators.

‘Chen! Chanyeol!’

It seems like those two names never ceased to be apart from each other from that day on.
‘You think Chanyeol will be okay?’

‘What are you talking about? Of course, he is, we saw his flames. He’s still in there’, Lay responds the moment he hears Chen finally speaking, the boy looking out of the canteen and in the corners of the corridor where the old elevators were before it was renovated.

‘Yeah, but that doesn’t mean he’s okay’

‘What do you mean?’

‘This is his powers we’re talking about. Something that our brain controls. I’m not a medic but abusing it… Wouldn’t that cause… Some kind of…’

‘Disability?’ Lay makes eye contact with Chen, his eyes sunken low, ‘It’s possible’

‘What kind of disability do you think he might gain?’ Chen, now more than interested as he looks at Lay, someone who came from a family of healers and medics. He must know something.

‘Umm…’, Lay didn’t want to think about anything apart from Chanyeol waking up, he’d always imagined that they’d cross the bridge when they get there, but now that Chen’s asking…

‘Mutism is one, well… It’s the least worrisome’

‘Which one’s the most worrisome?’

‘Chen…’

‘Lay, please… Just tell me…’

Lay sighs, closing his eyes as he tries to calm himself down, combing his hair back and trying to look back at Chen with as much confidence as he can muster.

‘Sensory shut down’

‘What?’

‘His neurosensory may be severely damaged… Meaning…’, Lay looks at Chen, trying to see if he can find anything that may indicate Chen’s fear for Chanyeol’s future verdict, but Chen’s expression is stern and almost brave as he braces himself for the worst.

‘Meaning?’

‘Eyesight, hearing, sense of taste… His senses… would be severely damaged that… It might not be able to recover…’

‘So… He’ll be blind and deaf?’

‘Maybe…’
‘What else?’

‘Chen…’

‘What else?’

‘Loss control of limbs and if his brain was heavily stressed and damaged than…’

‘Loss control of all his muscles?’, Chen finishes the sentence, knowing where Lay was heading. He sighs and looks down to his hands, fiddling with the ring which rested on his middle finger.

‘He may not be able to function like a normal human being’

‘So, what’s the point of living?’

‘What?’

‘If Chanyeol is just going to be a vegetable, what’s the point in praying for him to wake up? Wouldn’t it be best to choose the painless route?’, Chen spoke, his voice raising the more he thinks about it. Chanyeol’s family will never have the time to care for him if he does wake up not being able to move or talk and for the life of him, he will not let Chanyeol be sent into a special care home to waste away.

‘Chen, living is always the better option’, Lay argues, his voice also raised as he sees the hope fading from Chen’s eyes, ‘Living is the better option’

‘Even when you can’t move any of your fucking muscles? Even if you can’t see? Or talk? Or hear? Or even taste the food you’re eating?’, Chen shouts now, gaining the attention of everyone, their heads turning to see where the commotion was, eyes landing on Chen whose hands were tightly clenched into a fist, banging on the table, ‘What’s the point?’

‘Is that you’re alive and that you can still think and feel and have a fucking dream!’, Lay reciprocates his anger, ‘Don’t you dare say that death is better than life, don’t you even dare’, he glares, almost snarling at Chen, ‘Whatever life throws at you, choose the option to live, even if it’s the hardest. Got it?’

‘Jesus, you’re both so annoyingly loud. Keep it down babe’

Before the pair can get riled up with each other, Chen so close to throwing a punch, a small, childlike voice with very heavy mature language interrupts their argument, the pair looking to the right to see a small little girl with cute pigtails smiling up at them.

‘Um… Hello?’, Lay was the first to straighten himself out, getting rid of his spiteful expression, smiling at the little girl in the red dress, holding onto a teddy bear, ‘Can I help you?’

‘You know, a sandwich isn’t going to stuff you. Why don’t you try some kimchi jjigae? They make the best here’

She continues to speak as if she had known Lay and Chen all her life, smiling as she watches the continuously stare at her with an odd expression, Chen fiving Lay signals, asking if he knew the kid, but the latter can only shrug.

‘Take care of yourself, I don’t want to have to worry about you whilst I’m up there. I’m already in a pickle’
‘Little girl, where’s your mother?’, Chen interrupts her, shaking his head as he tries to calm his mind. He reaches his hand out, patting her shoulder, ‘Is she around here?’

‘I have no idea. Last time I saw her with an older woman, we were upstairs in the paediatrician office’

‘What are you talking about?’

‘You look like shit’

‘Um, does your mother let you use that language?’, Chen asks as Lay stands from his seat, trying to look for a nurse or guard that may be walking around. They need to make an announcement for a lost kid.

‘Baby! There you are! Where have you been?!’, and like magic, a woman runs towards them, arms hugging the little girl, ‘I’ve been worried sick!’, she shouts, looking angry at her daughter, but hugging her tightly in relief, she turns around to see Chen, ‘Who are you?’

‘Oh… Um… She was asking me where her mum was and I…’, Chen didn’t know how to begin to explain to the little girl’s mother what just happened, so he opted to not mentioning it at all since he was going to sound like a creep if he did, ‘She was looking around and asking for help’

‘Oh’, she whispers, lifting her daughter up, carrying her by the arm as she kisses her forehead, ‘Thank you for helping her’, she bows softly to him, smiling as she takes off out of the hospital.

‘Mummy?’

‘Darling, don’t ever do that again’

‘Where’s my chocolate?’

‘What are you talking about, baby?’

‘He said his friend has chocolate and that he promised he’d give me one if I let him in’

‘Oh, darling. Didn’t the doctor say never to respond to spiritual energy? It gives you bad stomach remember?’

‘But he seemed so sad’

The mother turns around, looking back to see where the boy her daughter was interacting with, still standing and watching them, seeing a faint but evident shadow beside him, taller and overbearing.

Thirteen hours. That’s how long the operation took. Four doctors and three surgeons swapped throughout the day. Twenty nurses and five anaesthetists aided them. They opened up his skull and
roamed around; they opened his back and roamed around, they pierced needles and cut him into pieces, the group might as well see Frankenstein’s monster laying on the operating room more than anything.

‘Darling, you need to come home. You have a test tomorrow’, Chen’s mother says over the phone, the group all wearing their pyjamas curtsy of Kai teleporting to their houses and picking up some spare clothes since they’ve all decided to stay until some kind of news came.

‘Mum, please, please can you speak with Mr Jung? Please?’, he pleads, looking over to see everyone sitting on their seat, leaning on each other, Kai and D.O sitting on the floor with Kai’s phone leaning on D.O’s hand, the both watching a film to kill the time and distract them from any thought that might send them rushing out of the hospital.

‘I’ll try’

‘Thank you’

‘Mum!’, Lay shouts the moment he sees her mother walking back into the corridor, ‘Mum, what’s going on?’, the rest of the group stands up with Lay, D.O pausing the phone as she nears them, looking down at a clipboard.

‘His body is fine’

Everyone smiles, Baekhyun hugging onto Sehun as she reads Chanyeol’s signs and vitals. His heart had started beating again, his blood pressure normal, but there was a dark mood under her expression.

‘Mum… Isn’t this… Isn’t this a good thing?’, Lay looks down, trying to make eye contact with his mum, ‘These are all good things, right?’

‘They’re marvellous things’, she sighs, writing something down on the paper, ‘But it’s not enough’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Chanyeol’s brain is still in hypersleep. His sensory and neuro system are shut down, which means if you stab him, he still won’t feel it’

‘So, he’s trapped in his own body’

‘As of right now… Yes’, the group paused, looking at each other, not really knowing what to do or say next. This wasn’t the type of news they were expecting, nor was it the type of news they prepared themselves for.

‘But… There’s still a chance for him to wake up, right?’, Baekhyun was the first to ask the question, hands gripping tightly on Sehun’s, ‘Right?’

‘Chances are slim, but yes, there is still a chance for him to wake up’

‘So, what now?’

‘Right now, we wait’. 
‘Merry Christmas, you idiots’, Kai cheers at them in the dark, lifting a bottle of juice since alcohol was not allowed inside the hospital. They were inside the intensive care unit which had quickly become a home over the past couple of weeks, the last day of school before the holidays, the whole group decided to spend in Chanyeol’s room, the boy still unconscious but heart beating.

‘I failed biology’, Chen whines, looking down at his latest report card, seeing the big fat U, not even an F, a motherfucking U, pasted on his report card, ‘I’m dumb…’

‘Didn’t you sit that test a couple of days after Chanyeol’s incident?’, Suho looks down, putting on his glasses as he looks over Chen’s grades, mostly Cs and Bs with one A, but the U was the big one which forces itself to be known amongst the other grades, ‘Can’t you get it reversed?’

‘No, Mr Jung said he gave us enough revision notes to slay it even with during a stressful event’

‘What a dick’, Xiumin calls over, patting Chen’s shoulder, ‘It’s alright. I’ll help you past next year. I don’t think this one test will affect you very much’

‘I hope not’

‘At least you don’t have a test first day back’, Sehun calls over, eating his sandwich as he sits next to D.O and Kai, sitting beside Chanyeol’s bed.

‘That’s true. You have it shit first day back’, Lay comments, looking down at his phone and texting Luhan. It’s a shame that he had to cancel his visit back to China for Christmas, but despite the group urging him to go and have a well-deserved break with his boyfriend, he couldn’t bring himself to it. He looks over beside where Chanyeol is, another figure sitting close to him, not talking at all.

It’s been weeks since they’ve heard Baekhyun talk, the boy going about his day without speaking, walking by himself, spending lunch by himself and often cancelling plans just to go back home and probably bury himself in his room. It’s safe to say that everyone has been greatly affected by this, but Baekhyun was hit the hardest, there are times when even Chen had to stop his breakdowns just so he can care for the boy, waking up at five o’clock in the morning with a phone call, Baekhyun crying on the other side of the phone.

Lay watches as Baekhyun holds onto Chanyeol’s hands, looking at the boy but never saying anything, just looking and waiting. Lay didn’t want to leave Baekhyun like this, he didn’t think he had the heart to have a good time whilst he and everyone else stayed behind like this. They didn’t really know what to say to Baekhyun to make him feel better and everyone thought the best thing to do it allow Baekhyun to deal and grieve about this in his own way, even if it worries them on a daily basis.

‘Baekhyun, do you want some?’, D.O attempts to offer his bag of chips to him, but he shakes his head, his eyes never tearing from Chanyeol’s.

‘Hey, Chanyeol, if you’re listening, your boyfriend got an A on his sociology exam’, Chen spoke aloud, ‘And he’s probably going to lose his voice due to selective mutism, so waking up now would be a great thing to do’, Chen continues to speak aloud. The group was already used to it,
Chen speaking to Chanyeol’s unconscious body as if he was alive as if he was able to respond to him. It feels like every one of them had tried to talk to Chanyeol during visits.

The room draws itself to a quiet atmosphere as the group fell silent, not really knowing what else to talk about, just looking at the walls, listening to the buzzing of Chanyeol’s steady heartbeat. There was nothing to say or do that could possibly fill the gaps of –

A machine starts buzzing, vibrating red as it continues to blur out static noises. Baekhyun immediately let’s go of Chanyeol’s hands, tearing himself away as if he was the germ, looking around and grabbing hold of Chen’s hands as soon as the doors open, rushing nurses and doctors stepping in and checking his vitals.

‘Mum, what’s going on?’, Lay’s mother reaches to grab hold of Chanyeol’s arm, injecting some kind of substance, looking to see if his blood pressure had gone down, but the machine was still buzzing, rather erratically, the rest of the group drawing back further away, trying to make room for the other nurses which had rushed by Lay’s mother’s side.

Everyone waits for them, looking around for each other’s comfort. But Baekhyun was the only one who had his eyes fixed on Chanyeol, seeing his fades stitched which decorated his whole stomach and back, hair shaved but growing slowly, big uneven stitches across his head. He fixes his eyes on his face, calm and soft, the bobbing of his throat.

He moves slightly closer, ignoring the nurses which had tried to push past him, looking down to see if he can spot anymore movement. He sees a twitch of an eyebrow.

‘Chanyeol’, he whispers, returning his hands back to Chanyeol’s, squeezing it tightly, ‘Chanyeol?’

‘Chanyeol?’, Baekhyun asks, his voice cracked and broken, looking down at the small flame emitting from the palm of Chanyeol’s hand.

‘Damn… It’s so dark in here. I hate it’, they hear a voice which didn’t come from any of them, their eyes gazing down to the source of the voice, seeing Chanyeol’s lips parted open, his eyelids fluttering open, ‘Jesus, my throat is burning like a motherfucker…’

‘Chanyeol?’, Chen was the first to hold onto Chanyeol’s hands, knowing that the boy’s flames were not going to burn him, he holds onto him, ‘Chanyeol?!’

Everyone races to their feet.

‘What?’, Chanyeol coughs, feeling every muscle strain, ‘Why is everyone looking at me?’

‘Unbelievable’, Lay’s mother whispers, looking at the boy who had opened his eyes. He was supposed to be brain dead; his heart had stopped beating on its own. Why was he awake? She was the first one of the three doctors who stood frozen to reach for the machine, turning it off immediately.

Chanyeol was still breathing.

She turns off another machine, the one which regulated his blood flow, eyes glued onto the boy who stayed in bed, whining in pain, coughing out as he tries to speak with his voice cracked, but even with the machines off, he was still alive.

‘You’, she points to the other doctors, ‘I need all of you to check his vitals, I want a full body check up and a health report now’, she commands, stirring the room as the eight teenagers continue to huddle themselves around the boy, Baekhyun in full tears, holding onto Chanyeol’s hand, hugging
it to his face.

‘I’m sorry everyone, but I need all of you to leave’, she informs them, grabbing hold of Baekhyun as she tries to get them to leave, but the more Chanyeol coughs out, the more it triggered them to draw closer to him, Kai being the first one to not say anything, but to just stand there, looking at the way Chanyeol moves, the way his fingers gripped tightly on both Chen and Baekhyun’s hands, the way he scrunched his nose in pain, the way his lips parted as he complained about his aching back.

He can finally erase the images in his mind.

‘Chanyeol, you dumb fuck’, he breathes out, hugging Xiumin’s sides, ‘You survived’

Chanyeol’s sister was pretty, much more pretty than they imagined. She walked through the corridor, her eyes slightly tearing, but thank god it was not sadness, but tears of relief and joy once Kai texted her that her brother had woken up.

‘He’s still inside the operating room’, Kai informs, walking her to sit in the waiting room, where everyone else was, Baekhyun eating an orange which Lay gave, finally having the energy to eat.

‘You must be Baekhyun’, she smiles the moment Kai gives his seat up for her. Baekhyun stands hastily, bowing to her as he hands her a cup of water which Suho had so generously made for everyone.

‘Hello’, he introduced himself.

‘Baekhyun, you smell like shit right now’, Kai comments, Baekhyun glaring at him. Now that the worse was over, the tension had dissipated and everyone’s mood slowly began to rise.

‘He has a point’, Chanyeol’s sister points out playfully, everyone laughing at her statement, Lay dragging Baekhyun out of the waiting room to where the staffroom is. He has his mother’s keys and he’s pretty sure there was a shower in there.

Everyone treats Chanyeol’s sister with the utmost sensitivity, making sure that she’s calm and filling her in with the details that she needs, making sure to uplift her spirits when they told her about his state not too long ago.

‘It seems as though it turned out well that I came late…’, she whispers, looking to see everyone smiling at her, but she didn’t fail to notice the rest of their state, their uncombed hair, day old clothes and swollen eyes, she couldn’t help but feel saddened that his brother must have waited for her to be by his side in this moment and just like last time, she failed to do so.

‘Chen, can I speak to you for a moment’, she whispers, standing up with her drink still in her hand, smiling warmly at everyone. This is the first time she met everyone so that within itself is
overwhelming, but she knew Chen.

‘What is it?’, the boy asks as soon as they turn a corner away from the waiting room, leaving them in an isolated corridor opposite to where Chanyeol was staying. She reaches her arms out and hugs the boy tightly, closing her eyes as she breathes out a sigh of relief.

‘Thank you, for sticking by Chanyeol’, she whispers, ‘None of his family can do that for him… not even me…’

‘Sis, don’t worry… It’s not your fault…’

‘Yes, it is. I’m the only one he’s ever relied on ever since we were kids, but I’ve just been ignoring him over the past couple of years’, she murmurs, feeling the weight of her guilt catch up with her finally, hugging Chen as she begins to cry.

‘He doesn’t blame you’

‘He should. I should’ve at least taken him with me… Why did I leave him behind…’, she, out of everyone, knows her parent’s mistake, her parents lack drive to be actual parents. That was the main reason why she left, why she left to study in Japan and to stay there, so she wouldn’t have to see the parents who failed to see her potential, who failed to see her at all. She was so selfish to leave her little brother in the presence of their ghostlike parents. How did Chanyeol feel every night? How did he cope? Maybe this was her punishment.

‘He wouldn’t have wanted to come with you’, Chen whispers, ‘He wouldn’t want to leave his best friend behind’, Chen jokes, trying to make her laugh as he gestures to himself, ‘You think he can live without me?’, he chuckles, smiling as he sees a small smile plastered on her face.

‘Maybe you’re the reason that I had the courage to leave him behind in the first place’, she murmurs, stepping away from him as she reaches her hand out to ruffle his hair, ‘Because I knew that he wasn’t going to be alone’

‘Well, I can assure you, he’s not even remotely alone now’, Chen laughs, turning his head back to where they came from, remembering the waiting room full of people, waiting patiently for Chanyeol.

‘That’s good’

It was the following week when Chanyeol was finally transferred to the recovery room, meaning everyone was at home, waiting patiently for the call for them to visit him.

‘What’s up, weirdo’, his sister knocks on his room, walking in with a tray of hospital food, ‘Nurses gave me permission to feed my own brother’, she smiles, setting the tray down and laughing once Chanyeol saw the oh so familiar soup, green and mucky.
‘Please tell me you snuck in some real food’, he whines, watching his sister glare at him for even suggesting such horrible act, but her hands pull her bag out, opening it slightly to show packets of chips and chocolate bar hiding in her purse.

‘Would I be your sister if I didn’t?’, she whispers, laughing as Chanyeol fists his hand in the air for celebration, ‘But you still have to finish whatever that is’, she points at the soup, ‘So, I suggest you drink up, otherwise I’ll be having all of this to myself’

Chanyeol couldn’t help but smile uncontrollably. His sister is finally here, by his side, like the old times. Waking up in a never-ending pain was something Chanyeol hated, but he would willingly do it again if his sister came back.

‘I’m glad you’re here’, he whispers, too ashamed to be saying something so cheesy, but he said it anyway, because he was really glad for her to be back, ‘I wish you were here all the time’, he whispers, this time, she heard, because her head tilts and she gives him a sad smile.

‘You know, I never really said sorry to you, haven’t I?’

‘Sorry about what?’

‘For leaving you behind’

‘No one can blame you. You got into the University you wanted and you took the chance. I would too’, Chanyeol utters, scrunching his nose and grimacing as soon as the soup touches his tongue, something bitter gnawing at his taste buds, ‘Ergh’

‘You know, I could always come back’

‘What?’

‘There’s a job offering in Korea at a small fashion company. I could apply. I’ll get an apartment and you can move in with me’, she suggests, but Chanyeol looks at her, really looks at her. He noticed her business attire, her stature, her posture, the elegant way she did her hair. She never really told him what she did after she graduated, but he knew it was a bloody good job for her to be looking like that.

‘You know what, I think I’ll pass’, Chanyeol responds, drinking his goddamn disgusting soup and grimacing again.

‘What?’

‘I wouldn’t want to live with my sister, what a hassle. How am I going to have parties? You would tell me off every five seconds for not washing the dishes and don’t get me started on your book clubs’

‘Books clubs are for intellects’

‘Book clubs are for nerds’, Chanyeol points out, laughing as his sister lifts her hand out to slap him, but stopping mid-air, realising Chanyeol’s state.

‘Your such an annoying little brother’

‘That’s always been the dream role’, he jokes, but he pauses, swirling his spoon around the half-empty bowl, ‘But I do have one request…’
‘What is it?’

‘Please visit me on my birthdays’, he looks up at his sister, watching her expression and not seeing the expression as he had prepared himself to see, something along the lines of pity or sympathy, but he saw his sister smiling at him, an expression filled with regret and sadness.

‘Why don’t I stay over for Christmas too?’

‘I’d like that’

Chanyeol’s dad is the first to come the moment the group was forced out of the hospital, prioritising family first since Chanyeol was still profoundly weak to be visited by everyone at once. Much to everyone’s anger, Chen persuaded them to agree with the decision, leaving Chanyeol alone to deal with his family and for once, maybe this time, it’ll actually help them.

‘Hey’, Chanyeol murmurs the moment he sees his dad walk into the room, still in his business suit.

‘Hey Chanyeol’, his dad murmurs, looking down at the floor, ‘So, how have you been feeling?’, his question was uncomfortable, disrupting with his stuttering and constant gaze on the floor.

‘I’m good, thank you’, he replies, voice still hoarse and weak, ‘At least it wasn’t three months’, he whispers, laughing to himself, but his dad did not respond, just continued to look at him.

‘Chanyeol’

‘Look, I know you guys thought I was a lost cause. I would’ve too. I’m not mad that you decided to pull the plug early. With everything Yoora had told me, I’m not surprised nor hurt. I’m okay’, the room continues to stay silent, both his parents looking at each other, then looking straight down.

‘Chanyeol. We’re glad you’re alive. I couldn’t help but request a whole month leave the moment I got a call saying that you’ve woken up. I knew you would, I had no doubt about it, it’s just that…’, his dad finally spoke, trying to avoid eye contact with his son.

‘Where’s mum?’, Chanyeol looks at the closing door, noticing that no one was following his dad, realising that he was alone with just his dad and feeling a great sense of awkwardness.

‘Um… Listen, Chanyeol. I didn’t want to bring it up to you whilst you’re recovering’

The news of his parents’ divorce was an incoming event he’d been waiting for. Every night, when he once heard his parents’ continuous fight turned into nothing more but complete ignorance of each other, he knew they were going to be a sinking ship, so often he would start a fight between them just so he can get the two to talk to each other again, even if it was about him. He’d rather have them fight then ignore each other’s existence. Yoora was the first person to comfort him, staying all night, sleeping beside him on the small hospital bed, stroking his hair and humming him to sleep like the old times.
‘You think mum will ever visit us?’, he whispers one night, looking out the window and seeing the soft stars above the sky, shining against the dark velvet night. His father refused to leave Chanyeol’s side, often staying in the hospital with Yoora, spending hours at the doctors’ office learning about his son’s condition. It seems as though guilt had finally caught up to him the moment he saw Chanyeol struggling to eat by himself, his hands still weak and shaking, sticking by his side and helping the boy with the most trivial thing like walking from one side of the room to the other. He wasn’t sure if he can say the same thing for his mum.

‘I’m not sure’, Yoora whispers, looking ahead to where Chanyeol was looking at, ‘I’m not sure’

‘I just hope that Japan is nice’, he whispers, closing his eyes and melting to his sister’s sweet voice. She could always sing, not as great as him, but her voice never fails to put him to sleep, and he was glad that after all these years, she’s still willing to do it.

Chanyeol can feel pain pricking at the back of his head, making him shake in spasm, screaming in pain as Yoora turns him around, eyes scared all of a sudden at her brother’s jolts.

‘Chanyeol? Chanyeol?!’

‘I’m sorry, but the patient has refused any visitors from coming inside’, the nurse spoke to them again, the eight of them, all holding flowers, excited once they heard the news from Lay’s mother that he was now in the recovery room, doing fine.

‘What do you mean? I was told that he was okay’, Lay comments, pushing himself to the front, tapping his hands impatiently on the reception desk.

‘Park Chanyeol is doing just fine. But like it states here on the form, he wishes no visitors as of right now’

‘What’s going on?’, D.O whispers, holding onto the flowers Baekhyun picked out taking a whole week to decide on what to bring when they finally visit Chanyeol, Baekhyun even attempting to make his own food since Chen told him about Chanyeol’s distaste of hospital food, holding tightly on the plastic bag full of containers.

‘It seems like Chanyeol doesn’t want to see us’, Suho comments, looking down on his phone to see if he can get hold of Yoora.

Baekhyun stays quiet, looking down at his shoes.

Of course, Chanyeol doesn’t want to see him. He’s the reason why he’s hospitalised in the first place.

Kai slowly turns away from the group, Lay’s voice still blaring as he tries to argue with the receptionist, Suho trying to calm him down whilst Sehun and D.O stand by Baekhyun’s side. He
looks at them once more before turning a corner, disappearing straight into Chanyeol’s room where he can spot him trying to peel an orange with shaking hands and a brace around his neck.

‘Park Chanyeol’

‘Holy shit’, Chanyeol flinches at the sudden sight of Kai standing right in front of him, arms crossed and eyes looking down with a glare, ‘What the fuck are you doing here? I told them not-’

‘Told us not to come? You are fucking ruthless’, Kai kicks the end of Chanyeol’s bed, slightly shaking it but stopping instantly once he sees Chanyeol, moving, his hands massaging his shoulder and lips parted, whining about his aching back. All the flooded feeling of anger suddenly disappears once he actually focused on Chanyeol – who is alive, ‘We’ve missed you’, he says once he’d calmed down a bit more, ‘We thought you were going to die…’, Kai looks down for a moment, eyes gazing into Chanyeol’s hands, still shaking slightly, but well and not a scar on his skin, ‘I saw you… On the floor of the school… I…’

‘Well, you’ve seen me now and I’m fine’, Chanyeol interrupts, trying to shrug off the sudden tension which had started between them, the corner of Kai’s eyes slightly damped once he hears Chanyeol’s voice, not cracked and broken like how he spoke the moment he woke up. He sounded like the same Chanyeol he would constantly argue with and joke around at the same time.

‘Chanyeol’

‘You’ve seen me now. You can tell the others that I’m fine. Now, if you can please just leave-’

‘What is wrong with you?’, Kai’s anger begins to simmer again once he sees no sentiment in Chanyeol’s voice the moment he tries to get him to leave the room, ‘We were worried sick about you, every single one of us couldn’t sleep, we could barely leave the hospital! Chen barely looked alive and Baekhyun, god, Baekhyun looked like a mess-’

‘I said get out!’

‘Are you serious? Are you being for real?’, Kai looks down at him, seeing his eyes closed shut, his hands covering his face as he shouts at him, his brace on his neck still wrapped around him, ‘This is not what I wanted to happen the first time we see each other again. You’re just being a dick…’, Kai tries not to raise his voice and get any angrier than he is now, but how can he not? Chanyeol didn’t the shit they all had to go through whilst they waited for him and not even a fucking thanks you or a hug was given to them, ‘You’re a cunt. Do you have any idea how shit we all felt waiting for you to wake up and how fucking excited we are to finally see you and talk to you? All we get it this stupid shithead’, he whispers, throwing the present he got for Chanyeol on the hospital bed.

‘Kai…’

‘No, just stay there with your ugly neck brace and don’t even think about calling any one of us’, Chanyeol looks down on the small object which laid on the bed right next to the orange peels he’d tried so hard to peel off the orange for a whole hour. It’s a bracelet, made up of orange beads which change hues every time the light hits it on a different angle, mirroring a flame which burns softly.

‘I don’t have it anymore’, he whispers, his shaking fingers trying to hold onto the bracelet, not being able to pick it up due to his tremor.

‘Don’t have what? Fucking feelings?’

‘Powers. I don’t have powers anymore’
‘What?’, Kai’s expression changed from one of anger to one of numbed confusion, eyes widening as he observes Chanyeol struggling to pick up his bracelet which was right in front of him, his hands shaking uncontrollably.

‘I can barely peel a fucking orange-’, Chanyeol loses his voice, cracking as he feels his vision blurring from the tears which had started to rise above his eyes, ‘I don’t have my flames anymore…’, Kai didn’t know what to do, he watches Chanyeol break down, covering his face with his shaking hands, the half-peeled orange still by his side along with the bracelet.

‘Chanyeol, I-’
‘Please don’t tell anyone, especially Baekhyun’
‘Chanyeol, you know I can’t keep a secre-’
‘Please. Kai. I can’t have Baekhyun knowing. Please’
‘Why?’
‘I don’t want him to see me like this’

Baekhyun sits inside the waiting room, the plastic bag filled with homemade food he had attempted to make for Chanyeol – with the help of D.O – resting beside him his feet, his eyes looking at his hands which were plastered since he failed to cut onions for the first time due to his excessive amount of crying, so often being told off by D.O by not taking it seriously.

He feels a buzzing in his back pockets, bringing his phone up as he looks at his notification, looking at his brother’s name popping up, asking if Chanyeol received the homemade jjigae that he helped Baekhyun with.

Chanyeol probably hates him. He probably hates Baekbeom too. He probably regretted saving his little brother.

It’s understandable. Baekhyun understands Chanyeol’s frustration over him. He understands. But that doesn’t mean it still doesn’t fucking hurt.
Chapter End Notes

During the middle of the chapter, where Chen and Lay was visited by the little girl, it's open to interpretation (whether you think it's Chanyeol's ghost, soul or spirit which visited her) but the main gist is that, once you wake up from a coma, you cannot remember anything which happened between, meaning, Chanyeol does not remember visiting Chen and Lay. (And since this fic is based on an alternate universe where people have powers, it's not too farfetched to add some supernatural/ghostly elements in my opinion haha)
Chanyeol sits up on his hospital bed, looking at the silver spoon which lay limp on the bowl of soup, still steaming hot after Yoora placed it on the desk in front of him. He looks down to see his shaking hands, still uncontrollable even after started physiotherapy about a week ago. Doctors said something about it being neuro affected but Chanyeol didn’t care much for the details. All he knows is that he can’t use his powers. It seemed likely for him to have this effect as a consequence, but now that he’s in this position, eyes glued onto the object he can never hold properly again, he feels his chest tightening, his fury raging even more and the glaring hint of frustration as the spoon drops onto the bed, spilling the soup onto the material as his hands lose control and grip of it.

‘Fucking hell’, he whispers, throwing the spoon on the other side of the room, the clanking of metal against the wall as he yells out for the umpteenth time that day. His father had tried to calm him down yesterday when he attempted to leave his room on his own, kicking and scratching at
the door since he couldn’t even hold onto the door handle, causing a scene which worried the nurses nearby.

‘Chanyeol?’, his sister walks in, perfect timing, as she sees Chanyeol trying to pull apart his pillow, the one object he can hold, ‘Chanyeol stop’, she rushes towards him, tearing the pillow away from him, ‘The pillow didn’t do anything wrong to you’, she says half-jokingly, trying to find a sense of humour in the situation, although it breaks her heart seeing her brother like this.

‘Yoora… I can’t… I can’t do this’, he whines, looking down at his tremor. It disgusts him every time he sees his hands, he couldn’t even hold it into a fist sometimes and most days, he could barely lift anything up without dropping it. Every single time he thinks about it, it makes him sick to realise that he’ll never see the hint of orange running through his veins, firing at the tip of his fingers. Dr Zhang recommended physiotherapy so he can reclaim some strength back into his hands, but she couldn’t do anything about his powers. No doctor could do anything about his powers.

‘You know, power isn’t important anymore’, he caught his father saying to him one night as he clear Chanyeol’s bed of opened crisp packets and crumbs, ‘No one in my work field even use5 their powers, it’s been years since I’ve used mine’

‘But it’s important to me’, Chanyeol whispers, laying his head on the pillow, avoiding eye contact with his dad, looking at the midnight blue sky outside his window.

‘Son, powers aren’t everything. It doesn’t define you at all’

‘But it's all I have’

‘Now, that’s not true’, his father murmurs, turning to look at his son, laying limp and motionless for the past couple of weeks. Chanyeol was recovering well, his vitals and physical recovery are immensely impressive, but he couldn’t say the same thing for his mental wellbeing.

‘Dad, I’m tired, can you leave so I can sleep?’, he asks, his voice subtle but there was a hint of desperation, a plea to be left alone to his own accord. His father can only follow his demands, looking one last time at his son before hesitantly closing the door.

Chanyeol looks outside the window, resting his hands on his cheeks, feeling the tremor on his skin. He watches the blue sky turn into orange, hues of gold fluttering alongside the night skyline. He sees small firefly-like lights glittering amongst the oranges and reds. He turns the other way and closes his eyes.

‘Baekhyun, please don’t be too upset. Chanyeol won’t let me see him either’, Chen speaks out, seeing Baekhyun staring at his phone, his untouched burger left on the side as he attempts to text Chanyeol’s sister again, ‘Baekhyun, he can’t be mad at you. If he is, then he’s mad at everyone’, Chen comforts him, reaching his hand out to hold onto Baekhyun.
Kai stays silent, picking at the onions in his burger as the whole group sits inside McDonald's, keeping warm before they attempt to visit the hospital again. D.O is by his side, stealing his chips and speaking to Xiumin and he tries not to join in, just in case something triggers him.

*Fucking hell, why am I always the person who has to keep deep ass secrets from everyone.*

Kai has never been good with secrets, not once in his life has he ever kept one to himself, so why, oh why, did he have to be the one to always have secrets dumped onto him. He looks over at Chen and Baekhyun again, watching their solemn expression and wishing he can just tell them. He feels the urge to stand on the table, clap his hands and shout that Chanyeol had lost his powers and that’s why he doesn’t want to see them just yet.

‘Hey, Kai, d’you want my fire bacon sandwich’, Xiumin offers, half biting into the meal and instantly regretting ordering something spicy.

‘What?’, Kai turns to Xiumin, his eyes wide and lips tensed, ‘Fire? What fire?’

‘Dude chill, do you want my food or not?’, Xiumin asks, handing it to him anyway, opting to steal Chen’s Big Mac instead. D.O, who had started to know Kai a little better, observes his expression, the way he scrunches his nose and itches the back of his neck. He watches his usual loudmouth boyfriend stay quiet for once, keeping to himself and nibbling on the sandwich. He’d seen this before.

‘Kai, come with me’, he whispers, standing up and making his way out and towards the toilets, waiting for Kai to follow along with him, passing screaming children and other loud teenagers which have chosen McDonald's as their place to chill.

‘What is it?’, Kai asks the moment D.O turns a corner, out of the sight from everyone.

‘What’s going on?’

‘What do you mean?’, Kai looks down on the ground, coughing as he feels his throat constrict. God, he hated having to like to D.O, but this time, he promised he’d keep this secret, just until Chanyeol was ready. He promised…

But then he looks up to see D.O’s expression, wide eyes and sad, almost mirroring the expression Puss in Boots made in Shrek. *Goddammit.*

‘Kai, you look highly uncomfortable and guilty. You must’ve done something’

‘I didn’t do anything. I’m being serious, there’s nothing going on’

‘Kai, if you don’t tell me, I’m going to just assume that you’re cheating on me or something. Do you want me to think that?’, D.O urges, folding his arms and raising his eyebrows. There’s one thing he had to give to his boyfriend, it’s that he doesn’t quit.

‘D.O, you know I’m not cheating on you’

‘I wouldn’t know anything’

‘D.O, come on, can’t I be a little upset? Chanyeol refused to visit us, we’re all a little glum’, Kai tries to defend himself once more, his cheeks twitching as he continues to lie to D.O, but he tries to relax, forming a smile, ‘If you want me to be cheerier, you could’ve told me so’

‘Kim Jongin. Please don’t try to fool me. Something is going on and I will find out’
Fuck.

‘I promise. If something happens, you’ll be the first to know’

‘I better be’

Fuck.

Yoora looks at her phone, reading through all the messages being sent to her from Chanyeol’s friends, each and every one of them sounding more worried. She felt guilty, rather unworthy to be pushing them to the side since they were the very people who stood by her brother when she couldn’t. But she turns her gaze, watching Chanyeol attempt to pick up his spoon by himself once more, just being done with his physio session.

‘What’s the point of going to these stupid appointments when I still can’t lift this fucking spoon’, he whines, looking down on the bed, the spoon – which had become his worst enemy – laying in front, almost intimidatingly. Unlike Chanyeol, Yoora never saw the point in her powers, deeming it useless. Her family carried genetics of natural powers, hence why her brother can manipulate and create fire, her mother manipulating water and her father was also fire. She was an odd case since she gained the ability to control time. Not in the cool ways other people have, she couldn’t go back in time and she couldn’t go forward either. She can slow it down; a minute can turn into an hour and a day can turn into a week if she wants. But why would she want that? The last time she used it was when her boyfriend in high school broke up with her, she slowed time and everyone along with it, watching his expression for a good ten minutes before speeding it back to normal process. She couldn’t even begin to understand why Chanyeol’s powers mean so much to him.

She feels her phone vibrating on her palm, looking down to see Chen’s contact details on the screen.

Chen.

That’s right. She looks back up to her brother, walking away from the room once she sees he was preoccupied with the spoon, picking up the phone.

‘Hello, Chen’
Three whole days. Three whole days Baekhyun had stood at the entrance of the hospital, his eyes never peeling on the elevator doors which opens to welcome strangers who stride past him. He would walk in, nervous stride as he scans the open area by the front reception, recognising nurses and doctors who he had passed time and time again. He’d know exactly where he needed to go, you could blindfold him and he would now to turn left by the corner to where the café was. Baekhyun doesn’t go there, he continues to lean against the post by the receptionist’s desk, eyes scanning around. He couldn’t go further up since it wasn’t visiting hour, but he had a feeling, a soft whisper in his thought that maybe, maybe he might see him here.

And Baekhyun was right.

He sees Chanyeol walking out the elevator, dragging an IV drip with him, sporting a hospital gown with his hair now slightly grown, hiding the scars above his eyebrows. His body stiffens, surprised to see the boy he’d been watching motionless in bed for the past month now moving, talking to the nurses and even laughing at his own jokes.

Baekhyun didn’t have to think twice, making a move once he sees Chanyeol walking over to where the café was, following shortly behind him, the hospital still rather empty with only a few scattering visitors and nurses occupying the open space of the ground floor.

‘Chanyeol!’, he falls over. As expected, Chanyeol stops still, but he doesn’t turn around. Baekhyun can see his fingers tightening around the metal rail he dragged around with him, ‘Chanyeol…’, he calls out once more, his voice quieter. He still doesn’t turn around. He waits for a moment, wondering if Chanyeol was going to turn around, or at least speak. God, he hadn’t heard his obnoxious voice in a long time, it was driving him insane.

But he didn’t get anything.

‘I’m sorry’, he calls out, stepping closer, stopping immediately as he gets closer, scared that Chanyeol might run off if he steps any closer. He couldn’t see his face, just the back of a hospital gown, ‘I know you don’t want to talk to me but… I just wanted to see you. To see if you’re okay’, he breathes out, now having to look down to his feet, not wanting to face the fact that Chanyeol doesn’t even want to look at him right now, ‘It’s my fault and you have every right to blame me. If it wasn’t for me, you wouldn’t have been in this stupid mess… And I’m… I…’, Baekhyun takes in a breath.

Chanyeol continues to stand still, not showing sign of movement. Baekhyun didn’t know if it was a good sign.

‘You can hate me. That’s okay. I just wanted to see if you’re okay… And to say that I’m sorry and that I… If I was given a chance for me to go back in time… Way back to when we first…’, he stops talking, remembering the pivotal moment, the screaming, crowd infusing and painful feeling in his arm. He remembers the shit that they caused in the canteen. ‘I wouldn’t have pushed you. I would’ve gone to the back exit of the canteen and leave you alone with your stupid fire tricks and your pretentious grin. I would’ve avoided you at all cost since you would’ve been hanging out with all your other stupid friends’

Chanyeol tried not to turn his head. He avoided the urge to twist his whole body around to finally face Byun Baekhyun, the person he hated with a passion and continued to do so, but now the emotion had changed. Hearing Baekhyun wishing that they had never interacted tore him, not in a melodramatic cinematic kind of way where he feels his own heart breaking in two, but it still hurts like a bitch, like someone decides to add salt to the wound and burn his flameless skin.
‘Then I would wait by your car which is always parked right next to the exit because you’re a lazy motherfucker and no one dares steal Park Chanyeol’s car space. You’ll probably be the last person to come out of school since you actually like that place, but I’d still wait for you. And maybe, when you’re by yourself, just you, walking towards me. Not with your stupid posse, or idiotic grin or you’re stupid fire tricks. Without all the things that distracted me from seeing the real you, all the things which, in fact, made me hate you. Then I would’ve asked you out on a date. Or at least a cup of coffee or something…’

Baekhyun didn’t know how to finish what he was saying, he didn’t know it would turn out this way, him blabbering on whilst Chanyeol still refused to turn around. In the back of his mind, he had always hoped that maybe Chanyeol might reply to him or at least shout at him, something, anything is better than this.

‘I guess I’ll go now…’, Baekhyun’s shoulders falter in defeat, raising his gaze to find that Chanyeol had not moved, his back facing him, blocking him from moving forward and hugging the tall boy in his arms, ‘I’ll… I’ll see you around…’.

Chanyeol heard Baekhyun’s murmurs, biting his bottom lip until he tasted metal.

*Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck.*

The silence indicated that Baekhyun had already left, being confirmed by Chanyeol twisting his body to see Baekhyun walking away from him, turning a corner and leaving his sight.


He slides his hand down one of the pockets of his hospital attire, hands still trembling despite his desperation to hide it from Baekhyun, his thumb shuffling along to try and press the call button.

‘Chanyeol?’

‘Kai… I think I just accidentally broke up with Baekhyun’

‘Kai, why are we here?’, Chanyeol whispers, seeing that he was no longer in the hospital. The place was dark and barely visible until Kai furrowed around the venue to turn the lights on, quickly giving insight that the both of them were in fact inside a bowling alley, ‘Why are we in a bowling alley?’, he whines, stepping away from the side, observing the way Kai so nonchalantly rebooted the system, lights, music and the actual bowling alley brought back to life despite being hours ahead of its closing time.

‘I used to work here during the summer’, Kai informs him, useless information in Chanyeol’s opinion since it did not answer his question.

‘Yeah, no one cares’
‘Listen here you little piece of shit. You just unknowingly broke up with Baekhyun because you were too scared to turn around and tell him that you’re no longer the stupid ass flaming charisma Chanyeol. You’ve pissed off not one, but all eight of us’, Kai argues, throwing Chanyeol a pair of bowling shoes, ‘And you’ve still got that problem over there’, Kai points at Chanyeol’s hands, which had improved since he started physio but still far from healed, his fingers still involuntarily trembling even when Chanyeol was sleeping.

‘And? Care to throw more shit at me? I’m already guilty as it is’, Chanyeol whines, sitting down as he struggles to put on his shoes, wondering how he was going to tie the laces with his useless hands now.

‘Which is why we’re going to play’, Kai complies, bending to his knees as he swats Chanyeol’s fingers away, tying the shoelaces himself.

‘Play?’

‘You and me. Bowling. Winner gets to go out on a date-’

‘What kind of prize is that?’, Chanyeol butts in the moment Kai stands up, finishing the task at hand and already making his way to where the bowling balls were.

‘With Baekhyun’, Kai finishes despite Chanyeol’s interruption, ‘Winner gets to take Baekhyun out for the night’

‘First of all, you have a boyfriend’, Chanyeol snorts, laughing at Kai’s idea, but his competitive spirit was already being poked at with the sight of Kai inspecting each ball, looking like he might actually be good at bowling, ‘And second of all, this whole thing still doesn’t make sense to me’

‘You and me. We’ve always kind of been rivals. Now, of course, there’s Jae Woo, but at the end of the day, people at school still thought I was cooler. Sometimes even cooler than you’

‘You are not cooler than me’, Chanyeol points out, picking himself up and finding himself right next to Kai, lifting up a ball, ‘People thought you were from a gang. They were scared of you. That’s not real admiration’

‘And laughing like a seal and burning your hands on a piece of paper a couple of times is admirable?’, Kai chuckles, playfully pushing Chanyeol to the side, ‘the first person to score three strikes win’, he informs him, the scoreboard already set up with their names, ready to go.

‘You’re not going to gain anything by winning. D.O might cut your dick off if he finds out you’re fighting for Baekhyun’, Chanyeol continues to call out, the ball still on his hand as he follows Kai.

‘Soo’s not going to know and even if he is, it’s just going to be me and Baekhyun hanging out. Nothing more, but…’, Kai smirks at Chanyeol, ‘The whole school’s not going to think that…’, Kai, using his free hand, slides out his phone, showing Chanyeol his social media accounts and lord behold, photos of Baekhyun was scattered in and around his posts, ‘Half the school already thinks we’re up to something…’

‘You wouldn’t dare’, Chanyeol glares at him, knowing full well what the idiot was trying to do. He was poking Chanyeol’s already vulnerable popularity. Once the school thinks that his friend stole his boyfriend, along with the fact that he no longer has powers, that’s it. It’s game over for him. He’ll spend the rest of the school year alone and pitiful.

‘And remember… Who was Baekhyun’s first crush?’
Chanyeol feels a pang in his stomach as Kai wiggles his eyebrows, riling the boy up to the point where he grips onto the bowling ball tighter.

‘Why the hell are you doing this? You’re just being more annoying than you already are’, Chanyeol, trying so hard not to throw the ball at Kai.

‘You work best when you’re threatened’, Kai comments, ‘I’m here to steal your man and popularity. You up for it?’

Chanyeol looks down at his hands, trembling and uncontrollable. His doctor had stated that it’ll take months, maybe even years for his tremor to slow down, even then, there was no guarantee that it will ever stop. Not when he’s neuro system had been ‘compromised’ as they stated. He not only no longer has powers, but muscle spasms will be an everyday occurrence for Chanyeol. He was going to shit himself in bowling, a sport which consists with somewhat steady hands to play.

‘Game on’

Byun Baekhyun lays on his bed, looking up at the ceiling as he tries to distract himself. He’s done all his crying, he promised himself he wouldn’t be so depressed over Chanyeol. After walking out the hospital with no one chasing him back like he’d have hoped, the remainder of the day consist of Baekhyun burying himself in his room with the lights off and the TV blaring out obnoxiously – his whole family could probably hear the trash TV he was watching – but they let him do whatever they want.

The ring was still on his finger. The stupid promise he hadn’t even noticed until he looked down to pick up an empty water bottle, his eyes landing on the silver band around his finger. He wasn’t a big fan of wearing it all the time, so often being told off by Chanyeol every time he decided to leave it behind in his room for the day. His slim fingers brace itself to take it off, slowly sliding it off his ring finger. He didn’t know what he was going to do with it, but since Chanyeol showed no sign of forgiving him anytime soon, it didn’t feel like it belonged on his finger.

‘You look ugly’, he hears a foreign voice interrupting his quiet self-pity party, Baekhyun looking up to find Kai leaning on the door frame, ‘You need to at least put a new shirt on’

‘Kai, please’, Baekhyun sighs, placing the ring inside his front pockets, ‘I don’t have time for you’

‘Okay, ouch’, Kai comments, switching the lights on to find messes all over the floor, open packet crisps, crumbs, untouched meals his mum would leave out for him and lots of empty water bottles, ‘Chanyeol’s not going to like the fact that you’ve been like this. I mean look at you. Look at all the weight you’ve lost’, Kai continues to knit pick on all the things in Baekhyun’s room.

‘Kai’, Baekhyun tries to stop Kai from talking about Chanyeol, not when he’d just finished crying over him, ‘Can you please leave? I don’t feel well today’
‘Alright’, Kai replies, sitting down next to Baekhyun, ‘But you’re coming with me’

‘Wha-’

Baekhyun had no opportunity to interrupt, feeling the gush of wind and flashing colours dash into his view like he had just been lifted off the ground.

‘Kai!’, Baekhyun screams the moment they landed on the ground, hard cement floors hitting his back, ‘What the fuck is wrong with you?’, the cold air hits him like a ton of bricks, Kai probably teleporting them to the North Pole by the feeling of it and especially since Baekhyun was only wearing a shirt and joggers. Baekhyun was just about to hit Kai, an array of curses just hanging off his mouth, but to his dismay, the boy was no longer by his side. Baekhyun was left all alone. In realisation that Kai had abandoned him, his body retaliates by quickly getting up, scanning his surrounding to find the high rise of buildings that seemed oddly familiar. He was surrounded by old objects, a rotting sofa and tables without legs, being hoisted by books and other means for it to be able to stand.

He was on the rooftop of the community centre.

‘Baekhyun?’

He turns around, spotting another figure with him. It wasn’t Kai. He knew Kai’s voice. And he definitely knew the figure’s voice too. Almost too well, it scared him.

‘Chanyeol?’, Baekhyun drew his hands up, sending a beam of light towards the direction of where the figure was standing. And there he was. Still in his hospital gown, shivering by the looks of it, his hands were shaking.

‘Hey’, he calls out, waving at him with a small smile, ‘Baekhyun’

‘What the hell are you doing here? It’s freezing! You should be in the hospital! What the hell?’, Baekhyun could’ve done anything right now. Hugged him. Slapped him. Kissed him. But to see Chanyeol, practically wearing a sheet of paper in the middle of winter on a rooftop, it urged him to shout at the boy instead, ‘You’re not allowed to go outside the hospital!’

Chanyeol laughs, seeing the worry in Baekhyun’s face. The boy still cared despite being such a dick to him. It was cute but it made him even more guilty. He noticed that he was not the only person dressed lightly for a cold winter night, the goosebumps on Baekhyun’s exposed arms indicating that he too was just as cold as him. He wanted to keep him warm. To hug him and make sure he doesn’t gain a cold.

‘We need to call Kai now. What if something happens to you now?’, Baekhyun, still in his state of worry in finding Chanyeol were he shouldn’t be, tries to find his phone in his pockets, ‘Chanyeol, your sister must be looking for you! I mean, the doctors must be all over the place trying to look for yo-’

‘I love you’

…

The silence came the moment Chanyeol’s weak voice blocks Baekhyun’s trails of thoughts, the smaller boy’s mouth parted in shock, stopped in midsentence.

‘I said I love you’, Chanyeol repeats, ‘And I didn’t like your small monologue earlier on’
‘Huh?’

‘About going back in time. Something about asking me out on a date did garner my attention, but…’, Chanyeol steps forward and Baekhyun takes a step back, ‘Say, if someone gave me the chance to go back in time, do you wanna know what I’d do?’, he asks, chuckling as soon as he takes another step, but this time, Baekhyun doesn’t move back.

‘Chanyeol… I…’

‘I’d go back, all the way back, and maybe burn your other arm or something’

‘What?’

‘That’s all I’m willing to change. I wouldn’t wanna change anything else, not even the way I treated you afterwards. Not even the day I let you get beaten up by Jae Woo and those college twats’, his hands reached out for Baekhyun’s and they both notice just how shaky they are, ‘I wouldn’t change anything’, he steps closer, so close that there was no more space between them, ‘Because if I did, than I wouldn’t have fallen in love with you. Not all of you anyway’

‘Chanyeol-’

‘You wanna know why we work? I’ve been giving it a thought and I think I’ve got it all figured out’, he slid his hands away from Baekhyun, snaking it around his waist and bringing him closer, ‘It’s because we’ve always been ourselves around each other. When you like someone, you only show the good side of yourself and it’s only later on in the relationship do you start seeing each other’s flaws. But us being us, we did it the other way around, didn’t we? We showed our shit side first, me and my narcissistic self along with you being a dickhead’

‘Hey’, Baekhyun nudges Chanyeol, hearing the boy laugh again, making him relaxed, making him feel okay again. Baekhyun is finally able to speak after the initial shock of Chanyeol’s approaching him for the first time.

‘I’m just saying’, Chanyeol comments, ‘But, later on, we started seeing the good things about each other, well, I mean, I did anyway… I saw the way you smiled whenever Chen made you laugh or the way you shouted and clung onto me when I was trying to kill the spider. I noticed how much you cared when we were taking care of the children and the way you boss Baekbeom around. It was cute. You were cute’

‘Chanyeol, this all sounds very romantic and sweet, but I still don’t understand. I mean, one minute you’re avoiding me like the plague, the next, you have your hands wrapped around me… What is going on? Don’t you hate me?’

‘The first words that I’ve said to you since I woke up is the complete opposite of that’

‘But…’

‘I said we were ourselves when we first met each other… Will you be okay if I’m… Let’s say… Just fifty percent myself now?’

‘What are you talking about?’, Chanyeol didn’t answer him. Instead, he wraps his arms around Baekhyun, pulling him closer so that there was no longer any space between them. He can feel Baekhyun’s soft breathing and his arms hugging him closer too. The wind blew past them, leaving behind the chills which caused the both of them to shiver. Chanyeol drops his hands behind him to grab hold of Baekhyun’s.
‘I’m sorry I can’t keep you warm’, he whispers, closing his eyes and feeling the surge of sorrow he felt when he woke up with Dr Zhang by his side, explaining to him the sudden shock he had the night before. He remembered having to look down at his hands to find that he had lost control of it and for a couple of days, he lost control of his legs too, so often waking up to the movement of his legs spasm.

Baekhyun now feels the trembling hands. He realised they weren’t shivering from the cold.

He looks up, finally making the eye contact he’d been praying for the moment those eyes closed for the longest of time.

‘Don’t worry. I’ll do it’, he whispers, tiptoeing so that his lips connected with Chanyeol’s, their hands still holding onto each other. A speck of light travels down Baekhyun’s veins, glowing and luminous, the sensation of warm skin greeting Chanyeol’s hands, ‘I never liked your flames in the first place’

‘Well, you’re going to love the new and improved Chanyeol then’, the taller boy, despite his predicament, jokes, closing his eyes and finally feeling of Baekhyun’s arms around him.

‘Yeah. I do. I love you’, Baekhyun replies a heavy weight on his shoulders being lifted as soon as he feels Chanyeol’s grip tighten around him rather than loosen. Chanyeol was alive. And more importantly, he was still his.

‘Wait… Is that why you’ve been avoiding me? Because you became powerless?’, Baekhyun pushes Chanyeol back so he can look up at him more clearly. The sudden flash of realisation comes in the moment he pieces the two and two together, a splurge of anger beginning to rise in.

‘I mean… Who would want to talk to a flameless human being? Right?’, Chanyeol defends himself, but Baekhyun wasn’t having it.

‘You mean to tell me, that I’ve been shedding tears at the fact that you might’ve hated me for what’s happened to you, only to find out that you were just being a pussy? Are you being serious?’, Baekhyun, the old blabbering Baekhyun, begin to resurrect, his glare already prominent in his face as he tightens his grip on Chanyeol’s hands, ‘You fucking idiot!’

‘Wait… You cried?’, Chanyeol comments, completely missing the point.

‘That’s… Really? That’s what you got out of this whole thing? Of course, I fucking cried! How heartless do you think I am?’

‘You once told me you’d laugh if I ever fell off the tree by your room’

‘That’s a joke you dickhead’, Baekhyun pushes Chanyeol completely off him, his hands on his waist, lights disappearing.

‘Babe, come back here, I’m really cold’, Chanyeol whines, trying to pull him back.

‘Fuck off Park Chanyeol’

‘I love you too’
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

OST Part 55: McFly - I'll Be Okay.

‘Game on’, Chanyeol calls out, looking in front of him, to where his aisle is, seeing the bowling pins aligned perfectly, waiting to be hit by none other than Park Chanyeol, ‘You know, I’m pro at bowling, so you’re going to lose’, he calls over, watching as Kai takes a seat behind him.

‘Well, I’d like to see you try’, Kai shouts from behind him, fiddling with his phone, both their names are written on the scoreboard above. Kai was taking this whole game with a stride and it pissed off Chanyeol, more so than he let on, ‘First go is yours so, after you princess’, Kai continuous to poke Chanyeol’s nerves, having the time of his life doing so as he watches Chanyeol huff, combing back his short hair and rolling the sleeves of his hospital gown. He had to stifle a laugh when he saw Chanyeol trip over himself as he tries to find the right bowling ball for him, trying to find the heaviest one to show off to Kai.

Chanyeol almost forgot about his tremor.
But, like a bitch, it bit back, surging spasms as soon as he picked up a heavier bowling ball, signalling him to calm the fuck down and not get too overexcited. He picked a much lighter one, despite his wishes to go for his usual sixteen pounds bowling ball. His hands were still uncontrollable, so often jerking him awake in the middle of the night with the movement of his fisted hands punching his stomach or face. Chanyeol didn’t want to admit it to anyone, but he didn’t see a near future where he can suddenly calm his hands back to his control. But a game is a game, and Chanyeol was going to make sure he was going to win it, even with trembling hands.

It was silent since the bowling alley was empty, but the whole place was lit, to the point where Chanyeol thought it was still the afternoon outside. The music played softly in the background; Kai must’ve put it on. The ball in his hands was getting heavier the more he stood there, looking at the target but not really making a move.

‘Anytime now’, Kai trails on, whining as he watches Chanyeol stand still. He knows he should give Chanyeol as much time as he can, that’s what a real friend should do. But it’s been two weeks since the rest of the group had seen Chanyeol. It’s been a month since Chen had seen his best friend alive and well. It’s been a month since they’ve heard this twat speak. And it’s been two weeks since Kai had kept this secret from D.O. He wasn’t going to let it go further. Not anymore.

All Chanyeol needed was a little push. And Kai was going to give him a big fat one.

‘Ergh. Fine, I’ll go first’, Kai gets up, straightening his sweatshirt as he moves over, taking a bowling ball along with him and pushing Chanyeol out of the way, ‘Now let me show you how it’s done’, he smirks, winking playfully at Chanyeol, bending his knees slightly, closing one eye and focusing on the target ahead of him. Kai was not that good of a bowling ball player and working in a bowling alley for one summer years ago didn’t help him improve anyway. He holds his pose before making a run for it, teleporting nearer to the target as fast as he can and throwing the ball, hitting all ten bowling pins. Kai quickly rushes back to where he is within a matter of seconds. He closes his eyes and prays Chanyeol didn’t notice anything.

‘What the fuck?’, he hears Chanyeol’s deep voice beside him, ‘You got a strike already?’, the whining in his voice made Kai relax a bit. Chanyeol hadn’t noticed a thing.

‘I told you I was good’, Kai points out, patting Chanyeol’s back as the tall boy looks at him in shock. He can see the slight falter in Chanyeol’s eyes as he gestures him forward, waiting for Chanyeol to stand in front, a new set of bowling pins perfectly placed at the end, ‘Now, are you going to do it or are you backing out?’

Chanyeol made no adjustments to his decisions, coughing a little as he follows Kai’s gestures, going back into position with his eyes upon the ten bowling pins. If Kai can do it, then so can he. Without looking, or even so much thinking, he gripped tightly onto his ball, feeling his muscles ache at the sudden movement. He swings before his hands can overtake his control, falling to the ground at the weight of the ball flying out his hands, crouching in pain as he looks down to feel his fingers turn numb.

‘Well… That was a fail’, Kai looks forward to seeing that Chanyeol’s ball went straight to the gutter. He looks down to see Chanyeol still crouched down on the floor, still in slight pain, but he gets back up, grabbing another ball, this time heavier than the other, ‘Wait… Chanyeol, wait a minute’- before Kai can rush forward and stop Chanyeol, the boy had found himself back on his feet, swinging another bowling ball and repeating the previous actions in faltering to the ground and whining in pain, ‘Chanyeol!’, Kai teleports his way towards Chanyeol, pinning him down so he wouldn’t get back up, ‘What the hell were you doing? That was my turn’, Kai looks down, seeing the way Chanyeol glared at his hands, not wincing anymore, but his brows were still
‘Fucking hell. Stupid fucking…’, Chanyeol whispers in between frustration. This is not going to work. Not when his hands were like this. He can’t even hold onto a bowling ball, how was he even going to write? ‘Fuck. Fuck this’, Kai can feel Chanyeol’s sudden urge to get up, pushing him out of the way and away from him, ‘Damn it. I can’t do it’, Chanyeol, voice now raised, looked back ahead on the bowling pins to see them still standing straight.

‘Chanyeol. Just calm down and take it one at a time-’

‘One at a time?! One at a time? Kai, look at me! Look at this!’, suddenly, all of Chanyeol’s riled up anger decides to explode now, seeing his hands which were still shaking, looking out to see the target he can’t hit, then looking down at Kai who managed to get a strike in his first try, ‘I can’t fucking do it!’, Chanyeol had tried to get over the fact that he had a tremor, he tried getting over the fact that he no longer had powers. His sister said powers aren’t important and his dad has reminded him that powers aren’t needed in the work field, so he doesn’t need to worry. But god, did he still wish he had them.

‘Chanyeol, calm down, calm down. You still have a few chances left. I only had one strike’

‘Kai, I can’t beat you. I can barely lift up that motherfucking spoon!’, Chanyeol yells, kicking the side of the table as he moves away from the alley, sitting on the chair Kai previously occupied, ‘This is useless…’

‘What’s useless is the fact that you’re clearly letting Kai beat you’, a foreign voice comes from behind them, startling the two teenagers as they see shadows approaching them, the light not quite hitting them yet.

‘What the fuck?’, Kai breathes out, seeing the shadow form into six different people, walking closer towards them.

‘You look shit’, a voice which belonged to the shadow closer to Kai and Chanyeol says, the light finally hitting him.

‘Chen?’

‘Gosh, I’m slightly disappointed to hear my best friend giving in so easily right after he cheated death’, Chen sighs, but there was a hint of happiness in his voice the moment Chanyeol stands up, rushing over to where he is, arms already open wide and engulfing him into a heart-wrenching hug, ‘I would hit you for being an overly stupid human being, but…’, Chen calls over, his voice muffled due to Chanyeol’s broad shoulders. His main plan was to punch Chanyeol in the face, but his instinct was to wrap his arms around Chanyeol, hugging him back with as much force.

‘Who told you that you could go through this yourself? Huh?’, after Yoora’s phone call, Chen was dead set in murdering Chanyeol himself, the voice of his sister breaking once she explained to him Chanyeol’s situation. And to think the boy refused to call him, going through it all by himself. He figured out Kai knew something the moment he watches D.O practically drag Kai to the toilets whilst they were out having lunch and it wasn’t hard to put two and two together when he watches Kai bolt out of their usual movie night at his house with excuses like curfew. Kai is a teleporter, he has no idea what a curfew is. And he also has no idea how to lie either.

‘Didn’t I tell you I would kill you if you hid anything from me?’, D.O points out the moment he makes his way to Kai, eyes glaring but hands reaching out to hold onto his.
‘Give me a break’, Kai holds onto D.O’s hands firmly, leaning in to whisper in his ear, ‘Chanyeol’s not doing good’, D.O nodded in response, looking out as the rest of the group made their way over to Chanyeol, Sehun running up behind the two hugging boys and joining in.

‘I’ve missed you’, they hear the sophomore, Chanyeol laughing as he makes room for Sehun.

‘Chanyeol, you okay?’, Suho comes forward, opting to pat Chanyeol on the back instead since he was already too busy hugging two people, Xiumin standing by his side with little to no action compared to the rest, but he smiled at Chanyeol, subtle yet comforting. Lay can only stand by Suho, waiting till Chen and Sehun let go before he can give his friend a hug.

‘Of course, he’s not okay. This idiot is losing to me’, Kai points over, trying to motivate Chanyeol again once he sees the fear in his eyes disappearing. Chanyeol twists his body around, pointing a finger at Kai.

‘One strike’

‘Huh?’

‘If I can get one strike, I can have Baekhyun’

‘What the hell is he on about?’, D.O whispers to Kai as soon as Chanyeol made his preposition, the rest of the group looking at Kai for some form of explanation.

‘We made a dumb deal. The person who wins gets to go out on a date with Baekhyun’

‘What kind of deal is that?’, Lay calls out, slightly confused since last time he checked, Chanyeol was already dating Baekhyun.

‘Chanyeol kind of accidentally broke up with Baekhyun when he tried to visit him today…’, Kai explains, a simultaneous noise of what can be known as a sigh but also a whine as each head turn back to Chanyeol, shaking their heads disappointedly.

‘You’re a twat’, D.O exclaims, trying to find the self-control to not hit Chanyeol across the face, ‘You’re glad we’re holding off on hitting you’

‘It’s not my fault… Who would want to see this’, Chanyeol looks down on his hands, still pretty sensitive about his situation.

‘Baekhyun would still see you even if you’ve lost both your legs’, Lay leans his arms around Chanyeol’s shoulder, massaging them as he tries to get Chanyeol to look up and at least give them a smile since he was going back to his usual slump rather quickly, the subject of his hands triggering it.

‘Baekhyun would probably offer to wheel you around everywhere’

‘He’ll probably be the one to feed you as well’

‘Guys, please. I don’t need this, I’m already tripping over it’, Chanyeol calls over, but he was pushed aside, the rest of the group following both Kai and D.O as they sit around the chairs right in front of the bowling alley, talking amongst themselves, joking and paying no attention of Chanyeol’s complaints, ‘Guys?’

‘Well, you said one strike. Go on then’, Kai calls over, resting his head on D.O’s shoulder. Chanyeol still for a moment, looking back at the alley and observing the pins. He then looks down
at his hands.

‘Aren’t you going to play?’, Lay whispers, walking back to where Chanyeol was, holding onto his hands, ‘You know you can do it, right? You’re Park Chanyeol’, Lay pats his hands before walking forward, sitting right between Sehun and Suho much to the couple’s dismay, Suho glaring at him as he leans his head on Sehun’s broad shoulders.

Chanyeol shakes his head, closing his eyes as he tries to focus. Now he has an audience. A proper one. This, in some odd way, pumps him up, the adrenaline coursing through as he picks up a bowling ball, walking at the end of the alley, his eyes still closed as he hears their voices behind him. He can hear Xiumin laughing at something Chen said, he can hear Suho and Lay arguing. He breathes in slow rhythms, feeling the small wind against in his skin which came from the ventilation, he hears the soft humming of the lights flickering above him and the small stomping of the floors vibrating beneath him.

One, two, three. He breathes in numbers, taking it slow, feeling a surge of soft glow rushing through him like someone had just given him a warm blanket to cover up. All of a sudden, he couldn’t feel shaking, he felt still, completely still, like all of him can finally cooperate as one.

He opens his eyes and strikes.

One, three, five, six, seven, eight, nine…

‘Strike!’, Chen shouts the moment the last pin dropped to the ground, all seven of them standing up to clap for Chanyeol, Lay racing over to be the first one to hug Chanyeol, lifting him up and spinning him around.

‘Well done!’, Lay shouts along with Chen. Chanyeol didn’t really know what was going on, his attention was fixed on the pins and once he sees all of them falling to the ground, it’s like his mind wiped everything else away. He couldn’t even move – not like he could – Lay and Chen had their arms wrapped around him.

‘I did it…’, Chanyeol breathes out the moment the shock had gone over his head, looking down at his steady hands, albeit, still shaking but still. This shows that he can still control them, ‘I did it!’, he screams back to Lay and Chen, jumping along with them, ‘I fucking did it! Yes!’

‘Who’s going to tell them?’

‘Don’t you fucking dare Xiumin’

‘I had to’

The rest of the group stayed behind, watching over the three-naïve people too busy dancing to see everyone staring at D.O.

‘He practically had a strike. It was just one pin…’, D.O defends himself, the rest of the group then simultaneously looking down at the ground surrounding D.O, noticing the small cracks decorated around his feet.

‘That’s cheating’, Sehun whispers, looking back ahead, quite sadden by Chanyeol’s celebration.

‘Sehun, let Chanyeol have this moment. He needed a shove in this direction anyway’, Suho comments, looking at everyone, the five of them silently agreeing that they will speak nothing of D.O’s actions, concluding that Chanyeol did score a strike. It wasn’t a proper game anyway, it was supposed to motivate Chanyeol to pick himself back up. And by the sound of screaming and
laughter, it seems like Kai’s plans were working.

Despite Chanyeol’s steady recovery, ever since Dr Zhang found out of Chanyeol’s escapades, the boy had gone back to full lockdown, not being allowed to leave his room let alone the hospital. His vitals were still shaking, blood pressure heightening at random times which worried the doctor at first, but she concluded that all he needed is some well-earned rest and more tests to make sure nothing odd resurges in his results. Soon, his well-earned rest became more than two months, Chanyeol having the luck to miss out the first couple of weeks back to school after the Christmas break.

‘Kai! Kai!’, Baekhyun calls out as soon as the lunch bell rings, Baekhyun escaping from his classroom, looking around to find Kai roaming around the school corridors, talking to a few of his friends, ‘Kai!’, he shouts, gaining not just his attention, but everyone else, students’ and teachers’ heads turning as Baekhyun runs off, grabbing Kai’s hands as he drags him out to the school field.

‘What is it?’, Kai asks worriedly, ‘Has something happened to Chanyeol?’

‘What? No, I need you to teleport me to the hospital’

‘Why?’

‘Because I want to see my boyfriend, now come on’, Baekhyun whines, seeing Kai’s hesitant face.

‘But we all said we’ll be visiting him after school together’, Kai points out, reiterating what was said in the group chat by Suho, the rest of the group already planning to go to the local flower shop and get some gifts for Chanyeol who is now recovering very well and complaining every five seconds in the group chat about how bored he is.

‘Come on Kai, let’s make an exception’, Baekhyun tries to persuade the boy, looking up at him and pouting his lips, ‘I really wanna see him now…’

‘Ergh’, Kai gives up, ‘Fine! But we have to get back soon, otherwise, they’re all going to find out’, Kai grabs hold of Baekhyun’s hands, zapping them out of school and straight into Chanyeol’s private recovery room which his sister had upgraded him too.

‘Chanyeol!’, Baekhyun gleams, clapping his eyes together as he sees Chanyeol for the first time in 24 hours, Kai also smiling and giving him a wave.

‘Ah!’, Chanyeol screams the moment he sees two people appearing right in front of them, covering himself with the thin sheets, his cheeks reddening as he tries throws his phone on the bed in shock.

‘Chanyeol?’, Baekhyun steps closer, Kai walking beside him.

‘Dude, are you pissing right now?’, Kai shouts, looking at the small urinal bag by Chanyeol’s side, slowly filling up. Baekhyun and Kai take a step back.
‘Guys! Who said you could teleport whenever you want?!’, Chanyeol shouts at them, pointing his fingers accusingly, ‘You should’ve called me!’, Chanyeol’s cheeks were not red in embarrassment. After his operation, he wasn’t allowed to move just yet, which meant he had to do his business in a bag for the past three days, ‘Get out of here!’

‘Shit, he was actually taking a piss’, Kai begins to laugh, pointing at him as he looks at Baekhyun, pushing his weight onto the boy as his laughter grew. Baekhyun couldn’t help but stifle his laughter, coughing as he tries to keep a straight face.

‘You think it’s funny, huh? Come here! I’ll show you what’s funny! Come back here Kai!’, Chanyeol shouts, threatening to kill the boy as he throws an empty cup at him.

‘Chanyeol, stop! We came to visit’, Baekhyun laughs, trying to intercept between the two boys, holding his hands up as he walks closer, bringing Chanyeol to him, hugging him tightly. Chanyeol freezes, shutting his lips as he hugs the boy back, so glad that Baekhyun has finally visited him.

‘I can’t believe you’re hugging him whilst he’s pissing’, Kai shouts out, continuing to make fun out of Chanyeol, eyes never leaving the boy who’s glaring at him now.

‘Shut up! I’ve stopped pissing!’, Chanyeol defends himself, ‘Don’t make me throw my urinal bag at you!’, he threatens, holding onto Baekhyun’s hands, the boy leaning his head on his shoulder as he laughs at Chanyeol’s voice.

‘Chanyeol, what’s going on?’, his sister slides the doors open to be welcomed with Kai pointing his fingers as he continues to laugh at him, Chanyeol reaching out to grab hold of an empty bowl to throw at him, ‘Chanyeol! Don’t throw that, those are the hospital’s stuff’, she warns, sprinting over to grab the bowl out of her little brother’s reach, bowing to Baekhyun who smiles warmly at him.

‘Yoora, you should’ve seen him!’, Kai laughs, running over to lean his arms around her. Chanyeol throws him a deadening glare, silently warning him to shut his mouth.

‘Seen him what?’, she asks, smiling as she sees Chanyeol being his usual self, energetic and hyperactive, his hands interlocking with Baekhyun’s as he screams at Kai. She watches them for a moment, stepping outside the room to give them some privacy, walking down the corridor and into the small waiting room.

_He’s going to be fine._

The room was full and loud, Chen’s high-pitched whining making everyone shout for him to shut the fuck up, Xiumin holding the cake with no candles and fire.

‘Get off me you freak’, Sehun whines, pushing Kai off him as he continues to play around with the hospital equipment, stealing one of the doctor’s stethoscope, spinning it around until it hits Lay in the face.
“Ah shit, sorry buddy”, he chuckles, looking at Lay who was the only one who stayed seated, caring for Chanyeol as he feeds the boy with the cake they sneaked it, it was small and not very much, but they manage to end up having small slices each.

“So, how was the test?”, Chanyeol asks, making Chen whine even more as he continues to complain how he was ten minutes late since he had to take the bus for the first time in two years, ‘That’s why you need to get a driving’s license’, Chanyeol points out, opening his mouth as he waits for Lay to feed him his cake.

“You know, just because we’re helping you out doesn’t mean you get to sit there acting like a king’, Suho points out, looking at the way Chanyeol orders Lay around, even so much as asking the boy to wipe his face for him.

“Oh, come on, I may not have heard it, but I bet you were all crying for me’, Chanyeol points back, ‘I bet you were all worried about me, crying about how irreplaceable the leader of the squad is’

‘Who said you were the leader?!’, they all shout simultaneously, glaring at him as they argue about who the real leader is.

‘It’s actually me’, Baekhyun blurs out, ‘If it weren’t for me, we wouldn’t be in community service, so-’

‘Actually, mind you, I broke the canteen floors and gathered all of us together with one kick’, D.O points out, ruffling Baekhyun’s hair, ‘So, I think it’s me’

‘Who said it was you? No one dared to talk to anyone when we were at the centre, it was only me who bothered to talk!’, Kai points out, wrapping his arms around D.O’s neck.

“You? Talking? Bullshit’, Xiumin snorts, ‘I’m not a leader because I didn’t care about any of you, but you sure aren’t either’, Xiumin argues with Kai, the younger of the two sticking his tongue out.

“I don’t remember much on our first day of community service…’, Chen points out, joining Lay as he grabs hold of the plate full of cake, slicing one and eating it, only for Chanyeol to whine like a baby about stealing his slice.

“That’s because you were too busy ogling at Xiumin’, Sehun points out, earning a trail of laughter as they mimic the way Chen stared at Xiumin the first time they were acquainted.

“That’s not funny!”

“It kinda is funny”, Xiumin laughs, ‘But it’s okay, I have my very own pet now’, he giggles, ruffling Chen’s hair, giving him a small peck on the cheeks.

“But can we all remember the time when Sehun completely annihilated that worm? That creeped me the fuck out…’, Baekhyun points out, pointing at Sehun who calmly stood in the middle of the screaming boys.

“That’s true! Sehun, you were so creepy at first’, Kai points out, laughing as the younger took refuge in Suho’s arms, sticking his tongue out in defence.

“I only killed it because you were scared of it!”

‘Haha, Kai the school gangster screaming because of a worm. That was hilarious’, Suho reminisce, hugging Sehun closer to him as the group continue with their banter, Lay joining in and commenting about how he knew Baekhyun and Chanyeol were mad for each other since the
moment he arrived.

‘We were not mad for each other!’

‘That’s right! Baekhyun was the only one mad at me’

‘Excuse me?’

‘Now that I’m thinking about it, you’ve had a crush on me since day one, haven’t you?’

‘Ha! You wish!’

‘Was that why you pushed me during lunch? So you can grab my attention?’, Chanyeol wriggles his eyebrows, playfully smirking at Baekhyun, ‘If so, then you should have just asked, maybe I would’ve given you one date’

‘Shut the fuck up, Park Chanyeol’

Laughter filled the room, nine boys filling in the silence as they stood by Chanyeol’s side, promising to assist him back to health, already making a rota on who visits him on which days – curtesy of Suho – planning a huge celebration in the hospital once Chanyeol’s discharge was finalised, Lay’s mother taking in a closer look at his health, just in case something goes wrong.

‘How did he survive this time?’, Chen’s mother gleams through the glass doors of the recovery room, watching her son and Chanyeol close by, along with the other boys which found their way in each other’s lives, laughing together with Chanyeol seated on his bed. He wanted to visit Chanyeol to make sure that the boy wasn’t lonely, remembering the time she would so often visit him out of pure guilt, sitting by his side as he fought for his life back then too.

‘I have no idea’, the nurse whispers, walking over to her side, looking at the patient that the whole hospital has been talking about nonstop for the past couple of days, observing the way he leans back, clapping his hands as he slaps Chen, laughing loudly, ‘He’s a rare case I guess’

‘Reversing fire, twice, fire he didn’t even make with his own power…’, Chen’s mother whispers, shaking her head in disbelief, ‘That’s not possible’

‘Well, it’s surely not in the textbooks but…’

Chen’s mother felt a sense of déjà vu as she turns her gaze on a different nurse, a different nurse but with the same words.

‘You’re going to tell me it’s genetics? Old ancestral evolution?’, she whispers, laughing at the situation.

‘No, I was actually going to say, it’s his soul’
'Huh?'

‘There’s an old saying in my family, that when a soul is still needed, the winds pierce it down to the ground so it won’t be able to leave’, the nurse explains, the two adults looking through the glass together, watching how Chanyeol made space for Baekhyun to sit beside him, their hands never leaving each other, ‘It’s said that the soul has no choice but to return back to their body’

‘Is that so?’

‘But it’s just an old folklore, maybe Patient Chanyeol is just lucky’, she laughs it off, patting Chen’s mother on the back before dismissing herself, walking away from the room and to the corridors, Chen’s mother’s eyes fixated on the group of boys in front of her.

‘Maybe he is’, she whispers, smiling down at her hands as she looks at the old cd player she found in Chen’s basement and a few worn out CDs that she was sure hasn’t been played since the day her husband got Chen his very first MP3 player.

‘Maybe he is’

Chapter End Notes

The End.

What a shit ending... I can only apologise lololol.
Kai didn’t know why he was sitting in his old high school hall with hundreds of other people, being spoken to by the Principal who he hadn’t seen since he graduated two years ago, looking like he gave up on the students with the way his voice droned on. The draining voice of the Principle echoes around the cracked walls of the halls, the people in front of him wasn’t even listening. He
had his chin resting on his hands as he sat, bored and tired.

‘We applaud these students for taking education seriously and congratulate them as they step forward into society…’, the Principal continues to make his speech, Kai remembering some of the lines which he had repeated from his graduation.

‘This is taking so fucking long’, he hears someone whispering beside him, groaning as the Principal showed no signs of stopping.

‘Shut the fuck up, this is my boyfriend’s graduation and I’m not letting you guys ruin the moment’, another voice hisses, threatening the other voice to shut the fuck up.

‘God, your boyfriend is only graduating now? And you’re what? Second year in college… That’s disgusting…’

‘That’s gross’

‘Oh, my fucking god, how long has it been and you two are still acting like children’, the man sitting next to Kai whispers, telling off the two voices having their own commentary party besides him, hitting the man sitting next to him.

‘Ow! Xiumin, that really hurts’, Chen whines, pouting his lips as he furrows his brows at the boy next to him, ‘This is domestic abuse’

‘If you don’t want it to turn into murder than you and Chanyeol better shut the fuck up’, Xiumin threatens them, earning a thank you look from Suho who sits next to Sehun’s parents, their camcorders at the ready, waiting for each student to be called out already.

The man in front of him turns around.

‘Babe, do you want some water?’, D.O looks to Kai who was still giving him a silent treatment since he refused to sit at the back with him and the other loud fuckers who would most likely gain attention to themselves and cause a huge ruckus, opting to sit with Lay and Luhan, who had flown in from China just to see Sehun graduate, along with Baekhyun who also had the same logic as D.O, choosing to sit in the next row and far away from Chanyeol’s blabbering.

Kai continues to have a tantrum, folding his arms as he looks ahead at the stage, avoiding D.O.

‘Suit yourself, you weirdo’, D.O whispers back, passing the spare water bottle to Baekhyun who gladly took it, since graduation always happens in the summer, which means they were stuck inside an oven of a school hall along with hundreds of other people, Baekhyun’s forehead already beading sweat.

‘Sehun’s surname is Oh, which means we have to wait for the bastard to get to the last of the alphabet before we see Sehun’, Baekhyun whines, fanning himself with a piece of paper which was given to him by the students; it was a map of the school for the family of students to come in and find their own.

Find their own way my ass.

Baekhyun knows this school inside and out, he knows the littlest shit that happened here and continues to know every time Sehun opens his mouth and updates them on fucking shits that students get up to, even hearing of the time someone burnt the front of the canteen, causing them to land into a set of community service. But he didn’t use his powers, he was using a lighter to burn someone’s homework.
Ever since they left school after graduation, there’s never been another student with the power to control fire – much to the teacher’s celebration – which meant, no one was ever going to be as popular as the legendary Park Chanyeol who was known to have hosted the best parties ever and someone who stopped two massive fires with just a click of a finger. Even after coming back powerless, surprisingly enough, it didn’t stop him from being popular, even gaining more admirers after the students find out exactly why Chanyeol lost his powers. It was a huge gain for Chanyeol and his self-esteem but a loss for everyone else as they had to cater to dozens of more people trying to bombard them during lunch just so they can talk to Chanyeol.

‘This is fucking stupid…’, Baekhyun whines as they stand up to clap as each class take their seat at the front of the stage, ‘I have to go to Baekbeom’s graduation next week too’, Baekhyun whispers to himself, not wanting to experience being stuck in hell itself, fanning himself as he is forced to stand up and clap for every motherfucking student who got their diploma, ‘D.O, you’re coming to Baekbeom’s graduation with me’

‘Why?’, the boy beside him whines, looking as if he was also about to experience heat stroke, fanning himself with his hands. He feels a cool breeze beside him, making him momentarily moan as it hits his skin, he turns around, ‘Luhan, was that you?’, he asked the elder boy who had recently graduated college, smiling as he turns to D.O.

‘Yepp, do you want some’, he offers, smiling as he flicks his fingers towards D.O and Baekhyun, a wave of cool air hitting their faces.

‘Oh, yes fucking please’, Baekhyun sighs in relief.

‘How are you doing that?’, D.O asks, curiously looking at Lay who smiles proudly at his boyfriend.

‘I’m telekinetic’

‘Yeah, which means you can move shit around’

‘Is air not shit?’

‘You can move air around too?’, Chanyeol calls over, his voice slightly raised which gained some attention from the people around them, causing Baekhyun to hit him for the second time that day.

‘Yeah’

‘Sick, pass some air here too!’, Chanyeol requests, once again, not knowing when to be quiet, now the group earning glares from other parents.

‘Babe, can I cool down to?’, Chen asks, not needing Luhan’s power since he has his own freezer with him, Xiumin nodding as he leans his chin on Chen’s shoulder, Chen holding his ice-cold hands and sighing in pleasure as he feels Xiumin’s cold cheeks touching his, ‘Ahh, one of the many benefits in dating you’, he whispers, pecking him on the cheeks, laughing as Xiumin nudges him playfully.

‘I cannot believe you didn’t offer me a drink’, Kai hisses, taking the half-empty bottle of water that D.O was holding on at the front, drinking the remaining water.

‘What are you talking about? I did. You said no’, D.O defends himself, looking at Kai who gave up on his silent treatment, drinking the water since it looked like he was about to collapse, wrapping his sweaty around D.O’s neck, resting his chin on the top of his head as they continue to wait for Oh Sehun.
‘Musical actors are so spoilt, aren’t they?’, Baekhyun whispers to D.O, looking at the way Kai continues to cling to D.O even after two whole years of dating.

‘Tell me about it’, D.O whispers back, ‘But I guess it’s not as bad as an athlete’, D.O points out, chuckling as Baekhyun rolls his eyes, turning their back to look at Chanyeol, a college student who is also part of the National snowboarding team along as being the Captain of the bowling team in his college, preparing for the finals. It seems as though the bowling match he and Kai had during their senior year brought something more than motivation for the boy. Every day and night Chanyeol can be found in the football field, archery club, bowling alley and every kind of athletic and sports field you can find practising his ass off to gain as much control as he can with his hands. Along the lines and over the years, his reasons for playing sports changed to something more, a passion he never knew he had until he tried it. It didn’t matter, the moment he went to college, he applied to every sport they could offer, becoming Captain for most of them and even saving up some money to buy his own apartment close to the University so he can make use of their gym without paying too much for the ridiculous rent for student accommodation.

‘Don’t get me started on the time he had to fly over to Japan for the finals’, Baekhyun whines, ‘He wouldn’t stop talking about the time he saved a cat, a fucking cat… He didn’t even talk about the snowboarding competition at all’, Baekhyun continues to complain, residing his worries to D.O, despite D.O often complaining to him in the middle of the night how moody Kai gets whenever he messes up his choreography during practice.

‘How’s college going for you?’, Dr Patel asks, also getting bored since his son’s name was still far out.

‘Oh, it’s been wonderful. I’ve been loving my course’

‘What is it again?’

‘Law, me and D.O are doing the same course and in the same University’, Suho informs him, even though he did remember mentioning it when they graduated two years ago – maybe Dr Patel forgot? It has been a long time since they had all come together in one place.

‘What are the rest doing again? I keep on forgetting’

‘Oh, well, Chanyeol’s studying Sports Science along and he’s going to the same college as Chen who’s doing Business and Management’, Suho explains, looking over the pair of best friends who seemed to be getting more childish the more they’re left alone together sharing the same apartment since Chen didn’t want to spend money on accommodation, crashing into Chanyeol’s apartment and informally moving in by the end of their first year, ‘Anyway, Lay’s gone back to China to do Medicine so we don’t get to see him a lot, but he always spends the summer with us when he can’, Suho looks over to Lay who was busy opening a sausage which Baekhyun handed to him, excited that he’s finally going to eat something after a full two hours of just sitting, ‘He’s moved in with Luhan who recently got a job in an entertainment company’

‘What did that Luhan kid study?’

‘Public Relations’

‘Ah…’

‘Yeah, and Xiumin ended up taking music in the same arts institute as Kai actually’, Suho informs which still shocks them to this day since they didn’t even know he sang or played any instruments, unlike Chanyeol, who continued to show off how talented he was in everything, but once Senior
year was finishing up, Suho took a look at his college applications and found that Xiumin had the same creative dream as Kai, not so much as a musical actor or anything, but he specialised in composition and song writing.

‘And isn’t Baekhyun taking up a teaching diploma?’

‘Well, he’s currently studying social sciences, but yeah, after he graduates he’s planning on picking up a teaching diploma’, Suho informs, looking over to where Baekhyun was, once known as a lone wolf who hated every living thing that breathes, he is now doing the one job which included being in a room with humans. A lot has changed over the years and Suho has a feeling that it will continue to change, but it’s okay, as long as they’re with each other, he didn’t mind at all.

‘Oh Sehun’, the principal calls out the boy’s name finally, everyone standing up to their feet, Chanyeol going all the way as to stand on his chair, cheering on the shy boy who smiles when he hears his friends calling out his name, clapping for him as he stands up, Nayoung patting him on the back as she too claps for him, his hair no longer the bright orange, but black, dark and simple, just how Suho likes it. He walks over to where his Principal was, smiling as he was handed his diploma which took him god knows how many sleepless nights to earn.

‘Oh Sehun, class president, head of the anti-bullying campaign, valedictorian and a role model to the whole school. Let’s give a round of applause everyone’, he hears the cheers again, this time not holding back as he tiptoes, waving his hand frantically to his parents, pointing at his diploma as he sees his mother blowing a kiss at him, his father giving him a thumbs up, smiling as he sees Suho cheering him on, clapping his hands and mouthing a ‘well done’, Chanyeol and Chen’s screams distracting everyone else who turns around to see what the hassle was at the back.

‘What’s the idiot doing in college again?’, Chen asks as soon as he sits back down, looking at Suho for the answers.

‘Psychology’

‘Well shit than’, Chanyeol whistles, impressed as he looks ahead at Sehun who sits back down at Nayoung, giving her a high five as they wait for the rest of the students, his hands holding on a few cards which they all knew was his speech that he’d been preparing months before.

‘Suho was our valedictorian when we graduated and now Sehun is in his year’, Xiumin comments, looking over at Suho who looked proudly at Sehun, smiling at Xiumin’s statement as he waits for Sehun’s speech, praying that it’ll turn out okay and that it wouldn’t turn into hell like his.

‘Remember how long it was?’ Kai reminisces, laughing as he reaches his hand out to high five Lay.

‘That’s not funny’, Suho whines, looking over at Lay who ruined his speech, but the sad part was, he couldn’t blame the boy, it wasn’t his fault that the druggies offered him one last blunt before graduation, ending up arriving at the ceremony high as fuck, Kai having to teleport to the pharmacy to get some sleeping pills so Lay could keep quiet and not get caught. It was too late, Lay was already hurling around, dancing in the middle of Suho’s speech, being forced down by D.O who broke Suho’s mic in the process, which forced Suho to scream his oh so inspiring speech to everyone.

‘That was hilarious’, Chanyeol laughs, patting Lay’s back who still regretted his actions and continuously apologised to Suho whenever the event was brought up in every conversation, ‘Plus, it was the first time that I had nothing to do with it’, Chanyeol comments but it didn’t help as Suho reaches his hand out, hurling water on Chanyeol’s face.
‘Don’t ever talk about my graduation speech again’, Suho threatens him, Chanyeol using Chen’s sleeves to wipe his wet face.

‘Now please welcome, Valedictorian Oh Sehun’, the Principal claps, reaching his hand out to shake Sehun’s, giving him the stand all to himself, a built-in mic already placed ready for him due to a previous incident a few years ago.

‘Hello everyone’, he says, his voice shaking as he looks at the crowd, the nerves kicking in as he looks down on his sheet of paper, only to find his visions blurred. There was a pause as the people wait for him to continue to his speech, but Sehun didn’t think he could. Not when they’re all staring at him like that. He looks down at his sheets, not wanting to look up and to see hundreds of stares. He sees something flickering on his hand, a small ball of light which hovered above his hands, he looks up, squinting his eyes until he found a boy, standing up and smiling at him. Baekhyun gives him a thumbs up, mouthing a ‘go ahead’ as he comforts the boy. He remembers the day the boy got beaten up for him a long time ago when he was getting bullied.

Suddenly, he hears the buzzing of his microphone, seeing a small spark fly across, Chen holding up a sign he and Chanyeol made in the morning in their apartment.

Sehun, cheer up baby!

The silence continued, everyone murmuring to themselves, confused as to why the Valedictorian wasn’t speaking, but how could he when he sees water flooding by his shoes, soaking them along with a small paper crane which had appeared right in front of him, resting right beside his notes and he knew that it was Kai who teleported the small object to him. He feels a buzzing in his stomach, like someone was tickling him, comforting him, the water underneath him freezing, forming a heart shape right below his feet. He can feel something vibrating underneath him, his eyes glued to the floor of the stage, looking at the small cracks which formed by itself, small and cursive. D.O was writing something to him.

We’re here with you.

Sehun smiles, looking up and finally gaining the courage to open his mouth.

He sees a small flame resting on the palm of his hands, but it didn’t burn him.

‘Hello everyone’, he smiles, this time, genuinely, ‘It’s been a journey just to be able to stand here with everyone. It’s been a tiring journey, spending all those sleepless nights and tiring after-school sessions right before our exams, the gruelling pop quizzes and college applications and entrance exams. But it’s also been a fun journey, the games we all played, the trouble we got up to, messing around with the teachers, sneaking out in between classes…’, he pauses and looks towards his teachers, ‘Sorry Mr Jung’, he apologises, earning a trail of laughter as his science teacher gave him a playful glare, ‘It’s also been a journey of self-discovery’, Sehun raises his voice, his eyes gliding to stop at the group of boys right at the back of the hall, his eyes fixated on their smiles, Chanyeol’s face being blocked with his phone since he was busy videoing Sehun, ‘It’s been a journey of trying new things, forming friendships you never knew you can form. It’s about making mistakes, stumbling and getting back up’, he stares at Chen and Xiumin, ‘It’s about falling in love and breaking your past fears and doubts’, he can see Xiumin waving at him, his eyes scanning to look at D.O and Baekhyun, ‘It’s a journey of change, because, at this age, you don’t really know who you are, but that’s okay, because it’s the perfect time to become something new and to be with people who can celebrate your changes with you’, his eyes glides pass them and towards Kai and Lay, ‘But maybe you have found yourself and instead of changing, maybe it’s a journey of growth’, his eyes finally settled to Suho, the soft glow he always feel whenever he sees Suho rising up inside him, ‘And finally, it’s been a journey of acceptance too, of seeing yourself as you truly
are, and maybe you don’t fit in social standards, maybe you do and you don’t want to, I’m just glad I finally met someone who stuck by my side whilst I was going through that journey’, Sehun waves at them, stopping his speech just so he can thank the eight boys at the back, ‘Now that our time in this school has come to an end, many of us will be celebrating, many of us will be crying and many of us will be reminiscing, but one thing is for sure, we still have a lot of growing to do but we’re all glad that we’re able to grow with each other by our sides. Thank you and I hope we all have a bright future ahead of us. Class of 2020, congratulations!’

A ray of applause follows ahead of his speech, every single one of the students throwing their hats in the air, Nayoung running over to Sehun, hugging him as the ceremony closes to an end and the end of another generation draws its curtains one last time.

‘Your ceremony was so boring’, Chanyeol points out the moment Sehun walks out of the school one last time, turning back as he looks at it. An old building, cracked walls and shit lab rooms, wonky chairs and desks covered in graffiti, canteen which had been overly abused by students, dented walls, cracked floors, trash cans piled with trash, an old canteen table, no longer owned by a lone wolf with socialising problems.

‘It’s better than yours’, Sehun comments, turning his back at the school one last time, running as he tries to catch up with the rest of them.

‘Actually, our ceremony was the best!’, Kai points out, leaning his arms on both Lay and Luhan, ‘Lay got high and ruined Suho’s long ass speech’

‘Could you stop mentioning it every time you open your mouth? It’s so embarrassing’, Lay calls out Kai, kicking him in the foot as Luhan glares at him. The older boy had a massive go at him when he watched Lay make a fool out of himself during his graduation ceremony which he saved up money to fly and attend. Luhan was still pissed at Lay about the havoc he caused – and it wasn’t even his own graduation.

‘Don’t listen to them Sehun. You did a great job’, Suho points out, reaching his hand out, interlocking his hands with Sehun who has had a bit of a growth spurt, now being taller than him, which pissed him off at first, but at least he was still taller than D.O.

‘Thanks, guys, I don’t think I would’ve done it without you all’, Sehun whispers, feeling content when everyone was back together. Sehun didn’t want to say it, but it’s been a long time since they were all here in one place, together, especially since Lay was in China and Chanyeol was constantly travelling around the world in his spare time, ‘I’m glad you could all make it’

‘Sehun, we love you, but if you start crying, we’re not afraid to leave you behind’, Chanyeol points out, hearing the way Sehun’s voice cracked slightly, pushing Sehun, ‘Come on and man up’

‘Sorry’, Sehun sniffs, looking down as he tries to push back his tears.
‘Hey, why don’t we have some ice cream? Just like the old times? Sehun, is the ice cream parlour still open?’, Kai asks, running up ahead of them, turning back as he waves for everyone to hurry up.

‘Yeah, it’s still open, but they did change into a dessert parlour now’, Sehun shouts at Kai.

‘Nice, that means more food to eat!’, Chen comments, running to catch up with Kai, pushing Kai as the two try to outrun each other.

‘We’re in our twenties and they still act like they’re eighteen’, D.O whines, looking at his boyfriend as he teleports ahead of Chen only for the boy to reach out and electrocute Kai for cheating, the boy falling to the ground, shouting for Chen to come back so he can fuck him up.

‘Could you imagine moving in with him?’, Xiumin asks, D.O almost fainting to the ground at the thought of having to take care of Kai even at home. Not yet, he’ll wait a couple more years for Kai to mature – if he matures.

‘Hey, I heard Eun Bi’s turning nine soon’, Lay converses with D.O, having so many questions to ask since he hasn’t seen anyone for a long time and with the third year of college starting soon, he didn’t think he’ll be seeing the guys for another long period of time, which means he loads of questions were piling in his head, one after the other.

‘Yeah, gosh, she’s all grown up’, D.O shakes his head in disbelief, shocked at how fast the years have come, ‘She asked me to buy her make up for her birthday’

‘Oh gosh, she’s gonna go into her annoying teen phase where all she does is cause mayhem and become annoying’, Chanyeol adds, shaking his head like an elder.

‘Chanyeol, you do know that’s you right now?’, Suho comments, laughing as Chanyeol slaps him on the shoulder.

‘Rude’, Chanyeol glares at Suho, walking ahead with the rest of the group, turning the corner to pass the park, on their way to the old ice cream parlour they hanged in after school every day.

The day has cooled once the afternoon shifts to evening, the breeze cooling them down, their laughter filling in the atmosphere, hands leaning on each other. Yes, they may not see each other as much like they used to and yes, they may change in the coming years, but one thing was for sure, they were going to change and grow, they were going to make mistakes and change their minds and they are going to start something new, go in different directions and paths from each other, but they were going to do it together, by each other’s side and with each other’s support. They’re going to slap each other back into their senses and comfort each other during the slumps in their life. They’re going to embarrass each other and probably get each other fired from their future jobs. They’re going to get wasted beyond compare with each other and most likely get blacklisted from entering a country with each other. They’re going to be in each other’s life for a long time.
Chapter End Notes

And that, ladies and gentlemen, concludes the trash that is this fic. It started off as a short fic that I started over the summer during ko ko bop era, and now it has become the monster that is this 200k wordfest of a fic. I apologise for the long chapters and weeks of not updating. To be honest, this fic has grown on me and I'm going to miss writing it but enough is enough haha, this fic needed to end. Thank you for the 1k kudos and numerous comments btw. I read them over and over again and it makes me smile that you guys are just as invested to this story as I was. You guys mean a lot to me.

So, this ends the longest fic I’ve ever written. It’s been one hell of a ride and it was supposed to end by the end of Summer 2017 but after much requests, I’ve decided to prolong it and I don’t regret it because I ended up writing some chapters which I enjoyed a lot.
I’m so thankful that this story has gotten as much love as it got and it still shocks me that people genuinely enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it. I love reading all your comments and I would constantly read it over and over again to make me smile, that’s how much your feedback means to me. I’ve even seen some people talking about it on Instagram which shocked me when I was scrolling down. Honestly, there’s no need to recommend this story since it’s kinda a long ass pile of trash compared to other EXO fics in my opinion, haha.
Apologies for the long chapters, countless of grammatical error and typos since I have a bad habit of not proofreading and I know once I read over the fic as a whole, I’m going to find millions of mistakes that I will most likely cringe over and edit, but even with the mistakes and lack of creative writing skills, I’m glad it’s become a story that all of you have enjoyed.
A sequel is possible, depending if people are still willing to read about EXO and their stupid escapades in this fic but as of right now, I think it’s right for me to end this story as it is now. (I've actually already written the first chapter of the sequel due to boredom, but I highly doubt I'll be posting it haha)
Thank you once again for all your love and support. You guys have been amazing.

If you wanna talk about anything, then feel free to contact me:
twitter & ig: @darlingjongin
Chapter Notes

just a little gift for you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Fire and The Flood.

High School Memories.
Babe I said I was sorry

You didn't let me visit you at the hospital for three days

I love you...

Don't even try

I love you ❤

Love you too I guess
Finally discharged from the hospital 😍
14.01.18 ❤️

Kim Minseok
Wtf does that mean?
Just now  Reply • Like • Reply

Park Chanyeol
It means I’m out of the hospital and free to burn your ass for forgetting my discharge date
Just now  Reply • Like • Reply

Oh Sehun
But you have no powers
Just now  Reply • Like • Reply

Park Chanyeol
Too soon Sehun. Too fucking soon 😞
Just now  Reply • Like • Reply
Now that my powers gone, who's ganna start my fireplace?

Byun Baek
Chanyeol use a fucking match you dickhead
10 minutes ago • Like • Reply

Park Chanyeol
Why don't I just burn you alive instead?
9 minutes ago • Like • Reply

Kim Jongin
Are you sure you two are dating?
6 minutes ago • Like • Reply
mrchanboy Thanks from picking me up from the hospital babe 😊
mrchanboy Thanks from picking me up from the hospital babo 😍

baekhyunnie Dw about it💕 d'you wanna come over my place?
2h Reply

mrchanboy @baekhyunnie you know I do 😏 see you in a bit
2h Reply

kimkai You two are gross 😊
2h Reply

mrchanboy @kimkai what? I lost my powers but I still have my 🐹
2h Reply

xingcorn Ew. Twenty points! Twenty fucking points Perk Chanyeol!!!! 😳
2h Reply
Baekhyun, pls collect your man 😶
Chen pls come pick up your man
423 likes

baekhyunnie @mrchanboy why are you smiling so much?

View all 5 comments

2 DAYS AGO
baekhyunnie @mrchanboy why are you smiling so much?

mrchanboy Bcos I'm better looking than you 😊
2d  Reply

baekhyunnie @mrchanboy pls leave my ig you're not wanted.
2d 47 Likes  Reply

mrchanboy I'm literally in the picture hyunnie 😳
2d  74 Likes  Reply

kimkai The both of you get a room and piss of will you? Ruining my insta feed 😤
2d 55 Likes  Reply
Stolen by none other than sexy Kai 😘❤️
Don’t hate us cos you ain’t us 😎
Suho...

What is it?

Nothing...

Sehun?...

Can you come pick me up from practice?

Why? You just started

Is someone messing with
Can you come pick me up from practice?

Why? You just started

20/02/2018 12:21 pm

Is someone messing with you?

Pls just pick me up

I'm taking Chanyeol with me

20/02/2018 12:23 am

Thank you xx
Thanks for picking me up 😊
Chanyeol teaching Sehun how to drive
Figuratively speaking... we'd make a great avengers team

20/02/2018 1:24 am

Chen... it's one o'clock in the morning...

20/02/2018 12:29 am

I'm just saying... we'd be lethal

20/02/2018 12:29 am

I'm still choosing D.O and Suho

20/02/2018 12:29 am

Plus you don't have
K Jongdae

Chanyeol to burn us anymore

20/02/2018 12:29 am

We'll you best believe Sehun will blow the shit out of you

20/02/2018 12:29 am

And Kai will be our cheerleader

20/02/2018 12:29 am

We'll be the iron man and you guys are the hawk eyes

20/02/2018 12:29 am

Chen ffs go to sleep
xiu Midnight drive with chanyeol's 🚘 😍

View all 4 comments

10 DAYS AGO
xiu Midnight drive with chanyeol's 😊

mrchanboy You stole my car ?!
6d  85 Likes  Reply

chensshi @mrchanboy *burrowed
6d  14 Likes  Reply

xiu @mrchanboy @chensshi
*burrowed without permission
now  45 Likes  Reply
hunnieyah Thank you @kyungdo for picking me up after practice 😊
hunniejah Thank you @kyungdo for picking me up after practice 😊

kyungdo Dw Seun. Call me next time they bother you again

1d 11 Likes  Reply

mrchanboy Are they still picking on you? Tell me their address, I'll burn their house down

1d  Reply

xiu You don’t have powers anymore

1d  Reply

mrchanboy @xiu I still have a lighter. Come on Seun, tell me where they live

1d  Reply
865 likes

hunniyah Squad goals 💥🔥ész
hunnieyah Squad goals 🤗⚡️

chensshi No offence but lightning and frost would so totally beat you ⚡️❄️

40m Reply

xiu @chenssi here we go again with your competitive ass 😘

37m Reply

xingcorn Me and @suho001 can totally beat all of you tho 🌸🚚

34m Reply

kimkai Since when was I stuck with @baekhyunnie ? Light is so useless 😩

13m Reply

baekhyunnie @kimkai your face is useless 😞

9m Reply
baekhyunnie #tbt 😍🔥

kimkai Still look ugly 😒 24m 4 Likes Reply

baekhyunnie @kimkai still don't care 😊/thumbup 24m 12 Likes Reply

xingcorn You guys are mean. His mullet looks fine 👍 23m Reply

kyungdo That's cos you didn't see it up close and personal 21m Reply

suho001 @kimkai did you hack into d.o's account? 20m Reply
suho001 Preparing 🎉

mrchanboy A rooftop party? Just for me? Thanks guys 😘❤️🔥🎉

1d  Reply

baekhyunnie @mrchanboy Supposed to be for Kai and D.O's bday but I mean...

1m  Reply

mrchanboy My bday party was better anyway 😏

1d  Reply

kimkai @mrchanboy that's cos I took you to Iceland dumbass

1d  Reply

xiu Isn't this party supposed to be a surprise ?

1d  Reply
xingcorn When you're bored and need someone to hang out with 😆 thank god @kimkai is always free 😁
xingcorn When you're bored and need someone to hang out with 😊 thank god @kimkai is always free 😊

5m  2 Likes  Reply

mrchanboy @kimkai wtf are you doing on my car?! 😳

5m  2 Likes  Reply

kimkai @mrchanboy making it look sexy, what else? 😝

4m  Reply

mrchanboy @kimkai gtfo my car m!

3m  Reply

chensshi Dude come and pick me...

2m  Reply

kimkai Cool 😎👍

1m  Reply
hunnieyah Thanks for standing up for me. Even though we had to runaway at the end 😅

View all 5 comments

1 DAY AGO
hunniedyah Thanks for standing up for me. Even though we had to run away at the end 😜

mrchanboy If I still had my powers they'd be dead 😏

chensshi @xingcorn did you seriously take a pic of us running away??

xingcorn @chensshi what? Every moment is a memory

xiu @xingcorn Is that why you fell and sprained your ankle?
kyungdo @kimkai tried to take me camping in Thailand but he forgot to bring the tents😊
kyungdo @kimkai tried to take me camping in Thailand but he forgot to bring the tents 😂

chensshi You two are in Thailand rn ?! Wtf take me with you 😖
47m 2 Likes  Reply

xingcorn @kimkai take us now! Let’s go let’s go let’s go!
40m  Reply

hunnieyah Thailand! I’ve always wanted to go 😊
38m  Reply

kyungdo @hunnieyah sehun no
35m  Reply

hunnieyah Sehun yes 😍
27m  Reply
2,485 likes

kyungdo Taking our Eun Bi for her bday. Thanks for making her feel like a princess...
Museum Date 😍

Oh Sehun
Love you 😍
Just now  Reply • Like • Reply

Byun Baek
Why does it look like Sehun doesn’t want to be there ?
Just now  Reply • Like • Reply
Byun Baek
Yesterday

It was his first time experiencing the cold. Don't worry you can burrow my scarf.
Byun Baek
Yesterday

Like • Comment • Share

Park Chanyeol
I still don't understand how you guys do it...
1 day ago • Like • Reply

Zhang Yixing
With a lot of eating and self hatred
1 day ago • Like • Reply

Kim Jongdae
Are we still talking about the cold ??
1 day ago • Like • Reply
kyungdo @kimkai why do you always teleport in my house whenever you're drunk?

View all 6 comments

3 HOURS AGO
kyungdo @kimkai why do you always teleport in my house whenever you're drunk?

xiu I'm gonna raise my hand and say it's my fault 😅 sorry d.o

kyungdo @xiu you dared him to down a bottle of vodka again didn't you?

xiu 😱😱😱

xingcorn Can I just say that nor Chanyeol had completely nothing to do with this

kyungdo @xingcorn you too? @mrchanboy can you stop influencing him pls?!
suho001 Farewell party for @xingcorn 💕
have fun in China and don't get too stressed
suho001 Farewell party for @xingcorn❤️
have fun in China and don't get too
stressed

xingcorn @suho001 @hunnieyah
@chenssi @mrchanboy @xiu
@kimkai @baekhyunnie @kyungdo
love you all 😢 I'll miss you all so
much 😔

5m 8 Likes  Reply

xiu Dw @xingcorn we'll visit you
during break

5m  Reply

mrchanboy You can't rid of us that
easily @xingcorn. We are now your
very own parasite

3m  Reply

hunnieyah Don't forget to call us
when you land 😘

2m  Reply
Throwback to our second day of community service and Chen’s second day of drooling all over Xiumin 😂
Kim Jongdae
You fucker. Since when did you take a pic of me?
1 day ago · Like · Reply

Zhang Yixing
You really were hooked on xiumin... I guess the whole school wasn't joking...
1 day ago · Like · Reply

Kim Jongdae
What do you mean the whole school ?!
1 day ago · Like · Reply

Park Chanyeol
Chen are you actually going to act as if you haven't been so obvious since the first day?
1 day ago · Like · Reply
Kim Jongin
Yesterday • Friends

Another throwback to the time the actual apocalypse was Baekhyun’s hair 😂

65 Likes
Kim Junmyeon
How many hidden pics have you got on your phone ?!
Just now  Reply • Like • Reply

Byun Baek
Kai fuck off. you're just jealous that you can't pull it off
Just now  Reply • Like • Reply

Park Chanyeol
Babe even I gotta agree with the twat. Your hair was a mess
Just now  Reply • Like • Reply

Byun Baek
Your whole life is a mess
Just now  Reply • Like • Reply

Kim Jongdae
Ooohhhhh shots fired 🔥💥💥
Zhang Yixing
Just now • China • Friends

The cuties visiting me ❤️
Oh Sehun
China is so amazing and thanks for feeding us ❤️❤️

Just now  Reply • Like • Reply

Zhang Yixing
No probs. Tell the others to visit me too!

Just now  Reply • Like • Reply

Do Kyungsoo
We were supposed to go together but the other two decided to go earlier for a romantic getaway 😊

Just now  Reply • Like • Reply

Kim Junmyeon
D.O are you still pissed at me about that?

Just now  Reply • Like • Reply

Do Kyungsoo
Don't talk to me. All I have is Kai

Just now  Reply • Like • Reply
Hawaii with the bae 😍

Kim Jongdae
You know, can you stop posting so many pics of your holiday? I'm drowning in work and this is not helping 😩

16 minutes ago • Like • Reply
hunnieyah Thank you for coming to my graduation 🎓 💗 love you guys ❤️
hunniyah Thank you for coming to my graduation 🎓 💕 love you guys 💖

suho001 Congrats babe 💕 I'm so proud of you ❤️

xingcorn Well done 🙌🏻🎉

kyungdo Why do you look older than me? 😳

mrchanboy Tbh @kyungdo you've always looked like a twelve year old 😳

kyungdo @mrchanboy suck a dick 😑
xiu Happy Valentines babe @chenssi 😳
Helping @mrchanboy with his training ❤️
Hey there! I am using W...
babe
babe guess what?!?!
what?
what is it Chanyeol?!
chanyeol?
I'm on fire
I beg your pardon??
hyunnie... I saw flames on my fingertips
Baekhyun?
Roommates with the person I haven't lived without since I was five
You're doing amazing 🙌
Want to share an update?

Kim Minseok
Just now • Beijing • Friends

Weekend getaway 🍭

54 Likes 5 Comments
Kim Minseok
Just now • Beijing • Friends

Do Kyungsoo
I cannot believe you didn’t take us with you 😢

Kim Jongdae
Kai had a performance and we’re not waiting for you

Kim Jongin
The rudeness... first Sehun and Suho now you three...

Park Chanyeol
You know what Baekhyun... ouch 😭

Byun Baek
You’re getting physio rn! Dr. Zhang has got you on a tight schedule 😁
Trying to teach @baekhyunnie snowboarding is the best and word decision of my life 😁
hunniyah On our way to visit @xingcorn

xingcorn Guys! I can't believe you're all going! I love you guys 😢
1d 8 Likes  Reply

mrchanboy Dw @suho001 is paying for everything 💁
1d  Reply

suho001 @mrchanboy don't get used to it. This is a one off
1d  Reply

chensshi Don't bother me whilst I'm sleeping on the plane. Got it? 😓
1d  Reply

xiu @chenssi babe it's a one hour flight...
1d  Reply

Add a comment...  Post
Chapter End Notes

talk to me:
twitter & ig: @darlingjongin
The One After Ten Years.

Chapter Notes

The Reunion starts in Blooming Day.
Please [drop by the archive and comment](link to sequel) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!